

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOC.
& HOLIDAY GUILD

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It was with deep regret we learnt of the death of our Cardinal, and we feel sure you will all remember him in your prayers. R.I.P.

EDITORIAL

Convention time is on in America. I heard some of the goings on via "Steam-Radio" the other evening. All the virtues etc. of Ike and Adlai were shouted from the housetops with the help of brass bands, heavenly choirs, girls in tights, crooners, streamers cheering crowds, "Honest Al", "Happy Larry" and anyone else who could successfully hack his way to the "mike" through a howling wall of human flesh.

Well, I regret to inform you that we can provide none of these on the occasion of our own convention, to wit, the Annual General Meeting. I might interpolate slyly here that some of our Committee Meetings would give even the Americans ideas, but the A.G.M. ? hardly !

Nevertheless, our A.G.M. is just as important to us, comparatively, as any of these other affairs are to those so riotously participating in them. Oh! that we could enthuse just the merest fraction ! I'm not asking for the brass bands etc. - just your enthusiastic interest - just your interest, perhaps - OR JUST YOU! In our club of 200 members there is a nucleus, a hard core of workers, but each year some replacements are needed, for one reason or another. Perhaps in your view they all need replacing. Well, come along and do something about it, and if your anarchical views don't prevail you at least will have had your say.

Most of you, of course, are not so extremist but will want to enquire as to how the Club has been run, is being run or, more importantly, will be run. You may even be willing to serve on the Committee. Your support is undoubtedly required, for without you there could be no Meeting.

THE NIGHT - Wednesday 26th September, 1956.

THE TIME - 8.p.m. Prompt.

THE OCCASION - OUR CONVENTION.

EDITOR.

RAMBLING PROGRAMME

<u>DATE</u>	<u>DESTINATION.</u>	<u>LEADER</u>	<u>MEET</u>	<u>TIME.</u>	<u>APP.COST</u>
Sept. 9th.	Southport Baths.	B. Edwards.	Exchange Stn.	11.00.	2/9d.
" 16th.	Goyt Valley (Spec.Coach)	L. Bassett.	St. Johns La.	11.00.	
" 23rd.	Weaver Valley (Ben)	D. McChesney.	James St.	10.30.	4/6d.
" 30th.	Trough of Bowland. (Spec.Coach)		Details from Clubroom.		
Oct. 7th.	Annual Mass & Retreat	(Names & deposits to G. Penlington by 12th September)			

P E R S O N A L

Congratulations to Joe Sands & Angela Gallagher on their recent engagement.

Congratulations also to - Ken O'Neill & Eveyln Robinson,
Shaun O'Neill & Joan Cannon.
Brendan Howard & Violet (Blackburn)

who have just recently been married.

Your charitable prayers are asked for Bill Wildes Mother, who is ill in hospital.

ECCLESTON FERRY

A pleasant Sunday afternoon stole by the banks of a placidly flowing river, the air heavy with the perfume of July's flowers with only the sounds of a few industrious birds to disturb the drowsy calm of the hot summer's afternoon - this was what our party of 19 poetically minded ramblers expected when they met at James Street for the Chester train. That is what they expected - and this is what happened.

We staggered out of the train at Chester - even our usual cattle truck had been packed out - with people - and at once decided to have lunch. The cafe we chose was a delightful old world place in a basement in which more modern and prosaic people would keep coal. It dated back to medieval times and the tea went back probably even earlier. Queen Elizabeth, or somebody, had sat on my chair - hard.

It was good to get out of this quaint though dark and gloomy hole into the bright sunshine again - only by this time it was raining heavily. However our gallant and cheerful leader Barney urged us forward and I was pleasantly surprised to find how soon we reached the Dee. Barney then told me that the roaring foaming torrent in front of us was Foregate Street and the Dee was still a little way ahead. Eventually we reached the path by the side of the Dee - it must have been the path because the water was only ankle deep. We walked on with Bill keeping the stragglers heads above water, and, when we had paddled as far as Eccleston Ferry we stopped, as the sun came out, to eat the remains of our sandwiches now pleasantly flavoured with rain-water. Then we were threatened by a herd of cattle. Joan took refuge in the road and Len bravely turned his back on them, and, braver still, faced the girls who demanded prompt action from him - against the cattle. When we arose to march on I discovered the reason for the cattle's alarm. It seems I had inadvertently put my cape down in such a way as to seriously disturb their sanitary arrangements.

On we went through Easton Hall estate and some of us proceeded too far ahead. Barney rescued us just in time to reach the cafe before the others drank all the tea. The cafe was a pub (closed for serious drinking) where we had tea on the back lawn. Then we bashed on to catch the bus for Chester and Benediction. We just made it to the bus and Kathy is now being considered for the sprint events in the Olympic Games. Benediction at Chester and then some of the party left by the early train for home while the rest of us decided to have some refreshments first. On the way Ann(C) was in grave difficulties with a broken zip on her jeans while Ann(S) gave a remarkable demonstration of how to replace shorts with slacks without loss of face.

A gay band of ten, with Bob at his merriest, went home in the later train. The other occupant of the carriage kindly refrained from pulling the communication cord, so he must have enjoyed himself as did we all, even Mo, squeezed between the mighty torsos of Bob & Barney. Thanks Barney for a memorable ramble.

F.G.

FOOTBALL NOTES

by "WINGER"

With the start of the new football season our Club team is busy preparing for the opening match. The pitch is once again at Calderstones (Buses 4, 5 and 61) and non-playing clubmembers will be very welcome as spectators to give the lads that little bit extra "will to win". The final placing in last year's table was not what could be described as satisfactory, but at least there were teams underneath us; in the months ahead we are hoping to meet with better success.

Although the managing committee remains the same - Chairman Sean O'Neill, Secretary Joe Connell, and Treasurer Johnny Martin, we have a new Captain in Eddie Jones. He was one of the most consistent players last season and should make a good "skipper". Joe Ferns is back in the team after leaving us halfway through last season to go to Coventry & another player whose return is most welcome is "veteran" Alec Mitchell.

We hope that the team will be composed of as many Club members

as possible, so if you would like a game see one of the Officers mentioned above and they will fix you up.

The weekly sweep will be run again in the Clubroom, and we ask you to support it as well as you have done in the past. Future newsletters will contain reports of matches etc. and the team for the Saturday games will be announced in the Club each Wednesday.

One final word - It is YOUR Club team - lets see what sort of support you can give it.

PLEASINGTON

10.30.a.m. the bus moved off from St.John's Lane after we had all eventually arrived at the right place, Kath having been wandering around South Castle Street and Skelhorne Street. The weather seemed quite good and we had hopes of a fine ramble for a change.

After changing at Preston we arrived at Walton le Dale at about 12.45 then started our trek through muddy water-logged fields, through Pippin Street, which was just like any other country lane, down into Brindle. This is where Bernard started feeling hungry and yelling for his "butty's".

From there we rambled on beside the Leeds/Liverpool Canal. Once on the main road again Bill tried without success to find somewhere where we could get a 'cuppa'. No luck! so off we started again, by now faint with hunger. We stopped about 3 o'clock in a field just below Houghton Towers and ate our sandwiches. Then Bill & Bernard went in search of tea, while we lazed in the sun. Success this time and we went up into Houghton Towers and had tea in the Cafe.

After leaving Houghton Towers we descended through ferns and undergrowth, down some slippery rocks where Anne managed to lose her haversack in the stream. We eventually found it after it had been swept down-stream with the current. Frank & Bernard's combined efforts retrieved it with a long stick. We then carried on through Salmesbury Bottoms and made our way back to Preston for the bus home after a most enjoyable day.

SM & E.

CAERGRWLE

July 29th.

A Sunday in late July with the sun, albeit a little watery, beginning to appear through the clouds as we met. Quite a few new faces and everyone in good form. The usual train "fare" and after refreshment we began to ascend the Caergrwle hill... and then suddenly the ramble was already over. The clouds opened and it pelted incessantly for the rest of the afternoon. After taking what shelter the hill provided, we eventually agreed with Arthur's wise decision that we should make our way again to the village and catch an earlier train back to Liverpool. This sounds a pretty gruesome sort of Sunday out doesn't it? Well it wasn't: sweet are the uses of adversity and the adversity gave full scope to the wits and songsters who seemed to go from strength to strength as they became more and more bedraggled. If you are still not convinced then the trouble is, brother, or sister, that you just ain't ever been on a ramble that's all.

L.T.B.

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--- SOCIAL PROGRAMME ---

M.C.

Sept. 5th. Reunion & Parents Night.

(Band) Social Sub. M. Roberts. P. Murray &

B. Peagram

" 12th. J. Waldron.

M. Lamb. S. Thompson & R. Bond

" 19th. B. Potter.

V. Callaghan. M. Henwood & J. Bravin

" 26th. A.G.M. B. Doyle.

J. Gannon. M. McQuirk & A. Shearer

Oct. 3rd. F. Gibbons.

A. Bowden. M. Dunn & B. Dunn.

WASHERS UP

CORWEN - July 15th.

It was a typically English summer morning - mist, low black clouds and heavy rain. At Woodside three stalwarts met, all male, and courageously decided to do the walk, despite the weather. The leader was optimistic "There'll be more of the gang at Rock Ferry". On the dreary, wind-swept platform at Rock Ferry; however, we descried the figure of only one member of our adventurous club - a single, solitary representative of the weaker sex. This young lady was evidently an ardent supporter of the Government. To give full support to the appeals by the Chancellor of the Exchequer for economy in all spheres of expenditure, she was trying to travel from Liverpool to Corwen on a fourpenny ticket! This problem child was sorted out satisfactorily at Corwen, where a genial, elderly ticket collector relieved her of some surplus cash, declined to prosecute and promised to send the ticket down to Llangollen via the guard on the evening train.

At Corwen the rain had stopped, but the clouds were still low and threatening as we left the snack bar and climbed the steep track to the forest. At the forest edge we picked up an escort of flies which buzzed solicitously around our heads, and refused to take our none to gentle hints that they were "persona non grata". Their casualties were heavy during the day. Several hundred were swatted and many more died of exhaustion, en route. A few insubordinate bluebottles deserted to enjoy the rotting remains of a dead sheep.

The stillness of the day lay like a thick blanket over the whole countryside. Here in the forest nothing stirred. Among the orderly ranks of pine, spruce and fir the sounds of our passage were amplified; the clink of boot on rock echoed down the gloomy corridors, and our voices broke out of the stillness with bell-like timbre. Raindrops from the higher branches dripped in staccato rhythm on the leaves beneath, to fall and cling to the long grass in the path. The air was laden with the rich scent of mouldering leaves and fresh cut pine, and all the sweet fragrance that a heavy rain stirs from the earth. The overgrown track led us out of the forest to the moors. The desolation was inspiring. A lonely curlew swooped around us, his sad, piercing cry answering the plaintive beats of scattered sheep. A rustling in the deep grass, a loud flap of giant wings! - a magnificent grouse took to the air from under our feet and swooped heather-top high over the hill. We reached the ruins of Liberty Hall, then left the track to head down into the valley. Thick deep heather retarded our steps and detours were necessary to avoid bog patches. We reached the cairn on Blotch-y-Gaseg, where our leader bemoaned the fact that the thick mist had robbed us of a glorious view.

To reach Plas-Newydd we broke through heather and bracken, crossed deep fern choked gullies to a shepherd's hut, where we found a sheep track that took us up to a saddle. From here it was easy walking to the top. We descended into another valley, crossed the little river Nant-y-Pandy, and followed an old quarry tramway to a point where a short steep climb brought us to a road. It began to rain as we pressed on through Glynceiriog Forest. Our boots and trousers were already soaked, so the donning of waterproofs was purely a matter of form. We took a short cut down a leafy track, missed a vital turning, and descended a long steep lane, gradient 1 in 4, to be greeted at the bottom by a sign outside a Welsh Chapel which read "If your knees shake, kneel on them". After that descent our knees were really shaking! To our great chagrin and dismay we discovered that we should not have descended the hill, that we should have turned left instead of right, at the shortcut, and - worst of all - that we had to climb back up the hill! With groans of anguish and self-pity, four bedraggled creatures crawled slowly upwards in the rain, mentally counting the years of Purgatory earned by this agonising ascent. As usual, our spirits were resurrected once the top was reached, and the last few miles to Llangollen were covered in good time.

Whilst waiting for the train we went on a cafe crawl during which considerable quantities of tea and horlicks were consumed. At the station our wayward child was pushed hurriedly on to the platform before the collector could ask for her ticket and the remaining minutes were spent in idle reminiscing. When the train arrived, we collected the ticket from the guard, bagged a compartment to ourselves, and travelled back in /contd

Still our M.C.s. go grey at the temples in an endeavour to get people to dance who are far too interested in circulating holiday snaps to give a hoot! The Smiths started the rot early in June with some good ones of Home and there's been a steady supply since from all parts of Home and Abroad. We've seen how Les Lollas painted Dublin Town red (its still a pale pink). Then there was sunbathing in Devon, Cannes and Majorca, scrambling in Yugoslavia, swimming (involuntarily) in the Lake District, and lots of others. Among those yet to come are the Cyclists in Rome, Anne and Kath gallivanting around Italy, our Chairman's of Devon and Johnny Peloe's from Austria. Doing Denmark next year, Johnny? Whose was the photo album? I missed it!

Rather longer travels are being enjoyed by Alec Ardis and Chris Coleman. He is on a round the world trip with two friends via Hong Kong, and India, and then by boat to New Zealand. If that schedule is geographically impossible its only so because I've got the place names in the wrong order. Chris Coleman couldn't find a branch of C.R.A. where she is so she's done the next best thing and taken a job down on the farm. She hopes to be home next year after seeing quite a bit of the worlden route.

Tennis is certainly taking a beating this season but we used every minute of the only good Sunday in August. Frank and Gay Barry enlivened the occasion by paying a visit to Lance Grove with Baby Stephen. Its nice to see you up and about again after your pneumonia, Gay. There's an open invitation to visit them in Mimosa Road just near the Courts but Gay insists that all parties over twenty in number must bring their own scoff and a "brew". Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cook have a son and Master Patrick is now an official addition to the Penlington household. That's all the "arrivals" news for the moment.

To mark the end of the Summer Season, a Social will be held in the Tennis Pavilion on Saturday 29th September. The last one was excellent although a little late in starting, and we do hope you'll make it a bit earlier this time. Lets have a good crown so that this 'glorious' season can be decently buried and forgotten!

Bob and Barney almost burst into the Chalet last Saturday, carrying some honest scars and a football. Their first words were "Well, ask us". Taking the gentle hint, we asked them how many they won by. After the usual remarks as to the nature of the team they'd played and the health of the Referee (number of limbs and eyesight) we were jubilantly informed that Waterloo Park had been beaten by two goals to one. They say that if our team hadn't eased up a bit in the later stages of the game then the opponents' 'one' might not have happened. Kepp it up lads. We'll be round the first Saturday its too cold to play Tennis.

This next is more in the nature of an announcement than chatter. Our ANNUAL MASS is to be on October 7th this year at 11 a.m. at the Pro-Cathedral. This has been an enthusiastic year in most of the Club's activities and we would like to round it off with a really good attendance at this Mass. Please mention it to any members (or ex-members) of whom we haven't seen much recently. The Mass is to be followed by the RETREAT. In past years we have gone straight on to The White Sister's Convent, but on this occasion the Sisters are unable to provide a lunch. This means that you will have to make your own arrangements for a meal and be at the Convent for about 2.0 p.m. Father Harris is in charge of the Services. Tea will be laid on for us at an approximate charge of 3/-d. Jerry Penlington will be taking names and deposits in the very near future.

Don't forget that our Editorial is your official notice of the A.G.M. so you won't be getting another written reminder.

All for now,

Socialite.