



MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF
THE LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS'
ASSOCIATION & HOLIDAY GUILD.

Registrar: Miss Mona Roberts,
7 Elmbank Road,
LIVERPOOL 15.
Tel: Sefton Park 2122

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

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Editors Report

Printed elsewhere in this issue is a very interesting letter from an old member of the Club - a member of some 23 to 28 years ago. That's a long time ago and it's quite before my time, and quite before the time of most of you I imagine.

Over such a period of time, and with a war inbetween, one could expect changes, and changes there have been, no doubt. The changes, however, will only be incidental. The Club, basically, is the same.

It's most certainly the same where Annual General Meetings are concerned. The A.G.M. is still an obligation, a necessity, an annual opportunity, when we review the past year, heap goals of fire, or, more usually, vie competitively in mutual admiration.

More important is the election of officers and Committee for the following year. Over the years the Club has always been grateful for the continuity of service by so many willing and constant members. This past year has been no exception, for you have been well served by a good committee and we hereby record our gratitude to them accordingly. You may wish to return them to service - you may wish to replace them - either way your presence and your vote at the A.G.M. is required.

I know many of the things reported or discussed at these meetings are just so much duckweed to many of you - they always were to so many in the past - but facts and figures show how the club is progressing - or otherwise - and it is our duty to present them to you.

Our 32nd Annual General Meeting will be held at the Cathedral Buildings on Wednesday, the 24th September, commencing promptly at 8.30 p.m. We hope and trust (in the words of the 'telly' programme) "YOU ARE THERE".

Finally, to divert from "Forthcoming Attractions" and to return to Mr. Reynolds' letter, we heartily endorse his commendation of that anonymous and versatile band for "The well written accounts of the rambles". So, folks, whether it's a matter of service to the Club in any form, attendance at rambles, socials and, of course, General Meetings, we say "KEEP IT UP".

... The Editor ...

PERSONAL NEWS

Our Hearty congratulations to Pauline Naylor and Bill Roberts, Margaret Rigby and Albert Whitfield, . . . Irene Roche and Jim Flaherty, and Kevin Murphy, who have ~~now~~ entered the married status.

Peter Roche and his wife Joan are the proud parents of a baby boy.

Eileen Molloy and Tony Atherton have announced their engagement, and we send them our best wishes and congratulations. No doubt you heard that Cyrils' wife has been very ill, but we are glad to say that she is well on the way to complete recovery, and take this opportunity of thanking all who sent cards and 'get well' wishes.

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S O C I A L P R O G R A M M E

3rd Sept.	M.C.	Refreshments	Washers-up	Gram.Carriers
	G.Skillicorn	P. Murray	M.Walsh & R.Bond	H.O'Neill/ G. Hennigan
10th "	T. Rainford	M. Smith	M.Martin & A.Bowden	T.Kelly/ T.Rainford
17th "	J.McGee	M.Roberts	B.Bergun & J.Hunt	H.Sheridan/ T.Roche
24th "	A.G.M.	M.Henwood	P.Banford & M.Smith	J.Smullen/ B.O'Leary
1 st Oct.	H.O'Neill	P.Roberts	M.Lyons & J.Bravin	J.Kennedy/ C.Murphy

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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>Leader</u>	<u>Approx.Fare</u>
Sept.7	Hardcastle Crags.	Exchange Station	9.50	W.Potter	7/-
	Fairly strenuous walk.				
Sept.14	Swimming (Southport)	Exchange Stn.	10.45	D.Edwards	4/-
Sept.21	Tryfan (coach)	St.Johns Lane	9.45	A).B.Edwards B).W.Potter	11/6d
	(Tough climb)				
Sept.28	ANNUAL MASS & RETREAT.				
Oct. 4/5	Chalet week-end. Details at club.				

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N.B. Sept.21st - TRYFAN. Names are being taken for this coach trip.

ANNUAL MASS & RETREAT. Names to be given to Gerry Penlington as soon as possible, and we would like as many as possible to attend.

CHALET WEEK-END. Names and deposits will be taken at 8.15 p.m. before the social on 21st September. You know from previous experience how difficult it is to get in at the chalet - so to be sure of getting in - BE EARLY FOR BOOKING.

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R O S A R Y

Rosary will be recited in the upstairs Chapel on the 1st October, 1958, and as attendances have been pretty low recently, due, we hope, to holidays, we trust you will all make a grand effort to be early.

Rosary commences at 8.30 p.m.

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A bit more personal news - we have just heard that Freda Johnston and George Skillicorn have announced their engagement - congratulations to them both.

WEAVER VALLEY - 29th July, 1958

The sun was doing its best to shine on this not too promising Sunday morning, when nine of us met at the Pier Head. After waiting some 20 minutes or so for any late comers, our small party boarded the Crosville bus which took us through Speke to Widnes.

We crossed the Mersey via the Suspension Bridge, and I think we were all rather relieved to alight on the far side at Runcorn, and here we caught another bus into Frodsham, where we headed for the nearest cafe to partake of sarnies and cups of char.

Thus refreshed and in good form (or so we thought) we set off to climb Frodsham Hill which looked much smaller from the bottom than we found in ascending it. Once at the top though we sprawled on the grass to catch our breath, to admire the view and to await Bernard who had gone to enquire about the time of Benediction.

All present again, we set off in the direction of the childrens' playground, but the temptation was too great for us and we just had to have a go on the Holter Skelter, headed (please note) by our leader. The weather was still fine as we began the descent over fields and through paths which were difficult to find, as some had been fenced off and we had to take to the road in parts. ~~After one attempt to follow a path we enquired from a local farmer and we were told "Thee'll not git thro' there, tha's best stayin' on road".~~ I don't think he was too pleased to see us somehow. However, we managed to find our way round and continued on past a field with a cow daring us to cross.

Just before 5 O'clock we came to the banks of river Weaver and after walking quite a distance, decided to flop down and rest our weary legs, for a while. Continuing on again, towards Frodsham we were caught in a terrific downpour as the heavens opened on us.

After tea our somewhat damp party made for the church of St. Lukes where we attended Mass and Benediction. Our halo's must have been visible as we came out of church after hearing Mass for the second time that day. It was still pouring with rain, so we decided to have any early night and caught the bus back to Runcorn straight away. We had to wait a while for our second bus after crossing the Suspension Bridge, but we arrived at the Pier Head at 9 O'clock in the best of spirit. Ta, Bernard.

... Pat ...

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R A M B L I N G N O T E S

Holidays over - it's back to work and rambling for most of us! No doubt about it, the Autumn is one of the best seasons for rambling, and the time when most of us go in for new boots and winter 'togs'. Take a tip and don't just get a pair of boots - go to a proper shoe shop and at least consider a decent pair of good hiking boots. I know they are dearer - but well worth it in the long run.

The bus 'do's' go along very well. The three weeks 'rule' still is very much in force, and the next one is Tryfan (September 21st). Bernard will be taking names now.

We must apologise to Arthur Brockway who very loyally turned up to take a recent swimming walk - and found only two other people there. It appears that a coach trip had been organised by another section on that day - and Arthur wasn't approached re this matter. A regrettable incident, and one which we hope will never reoccur.

Sorry Arthur, there had been no official approval for this.

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CHURCH STRETTON

I have never seen so many supporters at a C.R.A. Football match - I have never seen any supporters at a C.R.A. Football match!! but they did us proud at Church Stretton last Sunday, when a coach took us to the college to play a friendly match.

Meeting at 9.45 a.m. outside Hussy's, we looked totally different from our Sunday rambling meetings - almost unrecognisable in our Sunday best

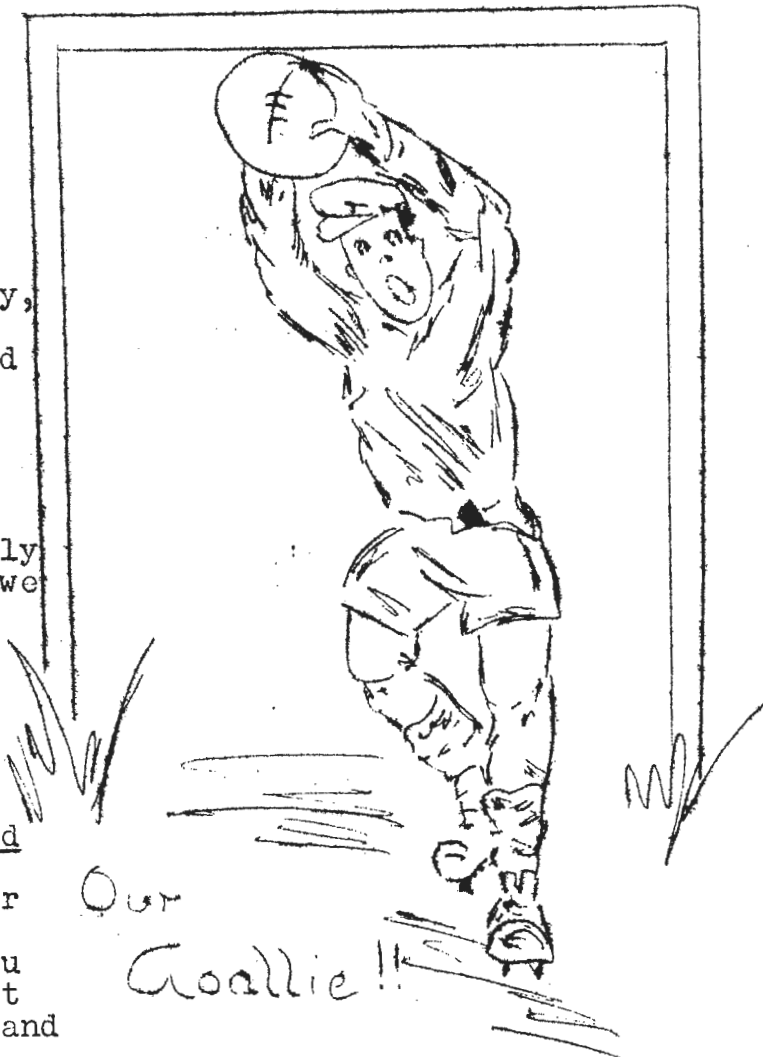
However, when 'introductions' were made, and we had politely and coolly said "Good morning" to Michael Cullen (Politely because he has relations in the club, and coolly because he was playing for the opposition) we set off, taking great care that our team were comfortable!!

We started a ramble just before dinner - this was a surprise item thought up specially for the "A" walkers who were bemoaning the fact that it was a shame to be in such nice country without rambling - so we rambled (and in high-heels this was no joke) along the Carlington Valley. The cafe we were making for seemed miles from anywhere, and poor Cyril arrived on his knees. He hadn't wanted to walk so far I'm sure, but Marie had his sandwiches talk about holding a carrot in front of a donkey!!! Sorry Cyril, no offence. Anyway, we satisfied the ramblers amongst us

Eventually we arrived at the College and immediately we're made very welcome. The boys toddled off to practice their football, whilst the girls began a tour of inspection around the grounds, and the little Convent where four extremely happy nuns live and generally look after the boys. Surprise, surprise, when we went up to the swimming pool, there where Joe Ferns and Tom Rainford going through their paces - so we had now satisfied the swimmers amongst us.

Then - it couldn't be put off any longer - the football match commenced. The spectators sat spellbound as they watched - 'yes', 'no', 'impossible' just to mention three reactions to our first goal. Oh, yes, no doubt about it, we had brought with us the cream of footballers. Eddie played frantically well - like a being possessed; Tonys' fancy footwork had them groggy (for all of two minutes), Jerry amused us with his somersaults, Barney was running himself silly, (and still going strong at the Pier Head when we left him); and our Goal-keeper had a hat that put Eva Bartok and Hartnell to shame. All the team deserve a mention (for one reason or another) but I'd like to keep some friends! However, seriously they all played very well, and we are proud to say that the game ended with a draw of five all. The opposition were just that, in every sense of the word, and afforded us some really 'hard earned' pleasure.

Tea-time - and this satisfied the hungry amongst us. Being well replenished we sat back for a while until asked if anyone would volunteer to wash up. You will be pleased to know that not one girl refused this request, and we only broke one plate.



Home time was drawing horribly near, and no-one wanted to leave. But it had to be done, so having piled back into the bus, and waved our goodbyes, we settled down to the journey home. Eddie provided the 'band' and Cyril provided a head-ache for more than one with his singing. What can you do?? You can't just turn round and say what you honestly think, as he is extremely touchy - so he sang all the way home

After this we hope more spectators will watch our matches and we also hope that more friendly matches can be arranged with the College. What about it, Jerry?

In summing up I'd like to say that the whole days' outing satisfied everyone

.... Supporter

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Here is a copy of the letter received from Mr. Anthony Reynolds living in South Africa:

"Dear Mr. Penlington,

You didn't know your L.C.R. Associations Bulletin had such a wide circulation as to travel south of the equator, thanks to the kindness of a parent of one of your members.

As a former member of the Club (1930-35) I was interested to read of the Associations' activities in the issues of March and June 1958. Comparison with the "Good old days" and the present is inevitable, but this time I'm all for the present after reading the Bulletin. As Tommy Trinder says 'You Lucky people'!! But this is not to say that in my time things were not so good, certainly for one thing we could not afford a succession of weekly hikes and transport cost as shown in the Bulletin. This is not adverse criticism but an observation on improved conditions which make possible such long range trips, which is all to the good.

It would seem that the Club is a real live affair with lots of initiative and keenness to keep such a programme of activities on the go, so bouquets to an efficient committee and congratulations to the members on their co-operation in bringing to fruition the bright ideas of the Brains Trust.

Finally a special word of appreciation for the well written accounts of the rambles, particularly Holywell by "A good Handmaid", page 6, Issue 109.

Sincerely yours,

Anthony Reynolds".

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T E N N I S

Has ever a year gone by as quickly as this one? It seems only a few weeks ago when the season opened and then our first try at team matches took place. It's a known fact that we didn't do well in the League but I don't think anyone failed to notice that the standard of play improved, and enthusiasm was there right from the start.

The weather hasn't been too bad taking a long term view of our season - at least when one thinks of the happy days spent up at the Groves.

We recently had a most enjoyable friendly match with Crawfords and at their grounds. Again the score wasn't too good (but may I add not as low as some of our team matches) but it was without a doubt a very happy day, and one for some first class tennis. We are going to return here on Saturday, 20th Sept., this time as "Outside Hosts", to our friends at Crawfords. Details will

be announced very soon. Now to the future. This is a most serious matter. First, there is lots of hard work to be done down at the Groves during the winter. This must start as soon as the season finishes, and continue nearly all the winter. DON'T THINK THAT YOU WON'T BE WELCOME TO TAKE PART IN THIS. Just remember that they are your Courts and you must help ~~them~~ to keep them playable. Secondly, at the General Meeting of tennis members it was felt that the subscription should be raised to £2. 10. 0d. and now that we have progressed through the season and see that our expenses have been very large, there seems no doubt that the inspiration at that first meeting may prove correct. You have been warned. Roll on next year!

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ABER COACH TRIP - August 23rd, 1958.

As you'll appreciate even more poignantly after this benighted Summer we're suffering, there is rain AND rain. It was the latter type we had for this ramble. You know the soft misty rain which refreshes and renews you? Well, it wasn't like that. The heavens didn't so open on us as collapse.

After a few prior enquiries from Bill, I'd decided to do the 'B' walk. He informed us just as the Bus set off that the intended 'B' leader hadn't turned up and that we were all going 'A'. Bill is my favourite optimist. Kidding ourselves that we really were all 'A' types, we set off at a spanking pace up the steeping hill we could find after leaving the bus near Llanwrst. It was soon way behind and only George's story of setting off for a fortnight's holiday in Spain without his camera kept my spirits up. The bit he told us about having read very carefully the chapter on "Packing a Camera for a long journey" was as good as a chair lift for the more precipitous portion of the hill. Just after we had all de-jacketted because of the clammy atmosphere, the rains came. We weren't bothered - it was too heavy to last. Famous last words. After the hilly start, the road faded away into a lovely grassy path and flattened out considerably. The rain still fell but we were so wet now that it didn't matter any more and we had some rare laughs. The party gradually spread out and the "A" look went right out of fashion. Eventually, one of the ladies (bless her little wet cotton socks), waved the white flag in surrender and Bill came to see how many were in sympathy with her. In about two seconds everybody within reach had borrowed and waved aloft Ann's wet white hanky so Bill decided that the proposed "A" walk was off. When we weaklings volunteered to go back and round by road we thought we were taking the easy way out until we were told that this would mean a dozen or so miles of the said road. We were only trying to be helpful, Bill!

Setting off obliquely on the new route, we climbed up steadily for a while and struck almost exactly the spot our leader had intended. Stopping on the top only for a hurried share-out of oranges etc., we careered headlong downwards, scorning paths in our hurry through the gorse and heathery country. Suddenly, it was all worth while. A lovely valley opened up, free from mist and with a river winding steadily down to the Menai Straits. Puffin Island was greyly visible, with Anglesey in the distance. All was quiet and still except for the mournful snail of humans as they lost their footing on the wet grassy slope and reached bottom in more ways than one. Our leader gathered us together here ~~in~~ (those who were still on their feet), and told us a fairy tale. "Many weeks ago when he had planned the ramble he had ~~planned~~ intended to go up and down two more heights, round the corner, keep height for about another five miles and then fall straight down into Aber. If he'd ever got the lot of us that far the "falling down" to Aber would have been literally true.

Hot scones and hotter tea were just right before the short walk to the bus. The back row was much in demand as a changing room. Then the market opened and dry socks were bartered for dry woolies, even newspapers finding a ready sale to make sitting in wet slacks slightly more tolerable. Gerry Mac. won in a yellow jumper and pink cardigan.

Thanks for a love "washout" Bill.

Mona R.

Don't forget to give your names in for the Retreat at the White Sisters'