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EDITORIAL

THE THIRTY FIFTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING. Thirty five Annual meetings.....Thirty five years.....Half a life-time!!!!!!!!!!!!

The first of those meetings takes us back to the so-called 'Roaring Twenties' when all jazz was 'Trad' fashions were just as unbelievable as those of today and most rambles were preceeded by an exciting jaunt to the meeting place on the open top deck of a swinging,swaying cream and red coloured tram.

Times change,many faces have changed,meeting places are changed but the Club carries on unchanged.

For that we must thank the wisdom and foresight of past officers and members,some of whom are still with us from the early years,and pay tribute too to the vast numbers of willing workers and helpers,without whom the Club could not exist for one week let alone thirty five years.

The time has come again to revue the work and progress of the past year and to enlist your support both moral and physical for the coming twelve months.

We need your views on both what has been done and what remains to be done just as we need your names as candidates for doing what has to be done.

The Annual Meeting will be held at Cathedral Buildings on Wednesday September 20th,1961 starting promptly at 8.30.p.m.

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In recent years the meetings have been extremely well-attended and have rresultedvin your being represented by good committees. May this year be no exception.

As usual a nomination list will be put up in the Club room a few weeks before the meeting. If you are unable to serve please at least put down the name of someone you know is able and willing.

BUT TURN UP ON THE NIGHT.....

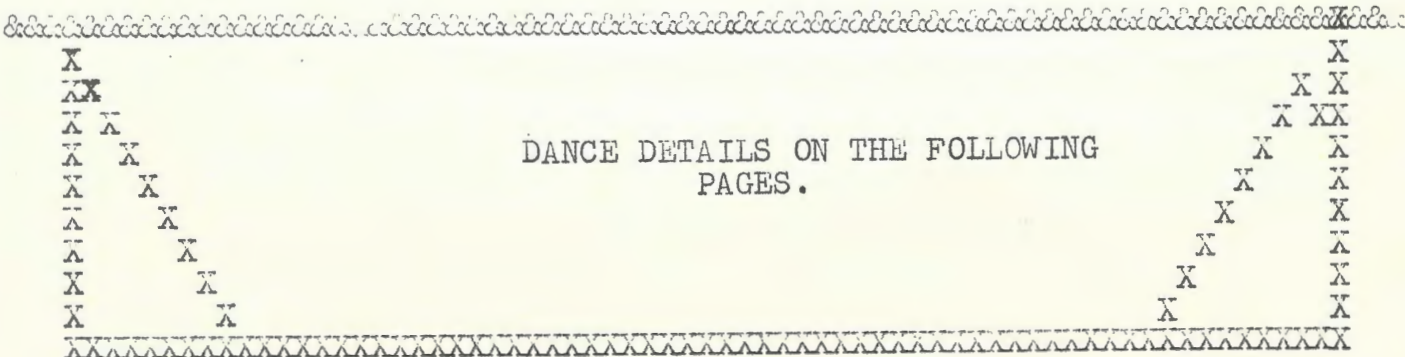
- YOUR CLUB NEEDS YOUR SUPPORT.....
- YOUR VIEWS.....
- YOUR ABILITY.....
- YOUR WILLINGNESS.....
- YOUR CO-OPERATION.....

THE EDITOR.

DANCE DETAILS ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES.

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What a smart turn out for this ramble for a moment I thought I was with the wrong party when we joined forces at Chester station, new anoraks boots and laces being very much in existence. "OUR LOT" will certainly be a credit to us in Austria and Dolomites we hope.....

This was an uneventful ady as far as Harry awns concerned. He usually likes to practise 'Wireobatics' at Prestatyn to the detriment of his togs (sorry Harry) but maybe he just had the walking holiday in mind.

Bill was in his element this was definitely his type of ramble starting with a Parfait before lunch in Fortes milk bar and ending with a huge Knickerbocker Glory at supper time. We know now why Bill always wangles days off for this and also the Conway ramble. Its O.K. Bill they looked absolutely delicious.

Harry certainly had things well organised, even down to the weather. We had a bit of jungle reconnoitring to do before reaching the summit of Gop Hill and once the identity of the wild animals was known (we thought we had Stan Cunningham with us on more than one occasion) good progress was made. At the top Bill and Bernard became very nostalgic at the sight of far distant Snowdon. Anne O'Malley here had difficulty in maintaining the height she had gained, Shovel and John Burns seemed determined to roll her to the bottom. These lads can be an absolute menace at times.

Our way lead on th ough very pleasant country until eventually having climbed Ochr'Foel we dropped down into Dyserth and back into civilisation with a bang. The roar of the cars of the Sunday tourists was deafening and the petrol fumes quite strong, but we could afford to look snug at these people dashing along madly in persuit of pleasure when we had had such a happy day amid the peace of the countryside and in pleasant company. Benediction made a perfect ending to a perfect day.

Many thanks Harry.

MOGS.

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TENNIS.

The season opened well with the usual amount of enthusiasm but with the approach of holidays there was a slackening off in attendance. so that we now have only a steady attendance of 12 to 16 at weekends. The tournaments have always, however, been a success, as also have the evening socials and we are hoping that the tournament to be held on Sept. 23rd will be just as well attended. It will be followed by the usual social which will be held regardless of thw weather. Please do your utmost to make this event the success we hope it will be.

FRED

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ANNUAL MASS

This will be at 11.0'clock at St Nicholas' on Sunday Sept 24th. After a breakfast either at Lyons or at home a coach will leave St. Johns Lane at 1 0'clock for Our Lady's Shrine at Fernyhough.

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DANCE TIME WILL BE AT THE STATE BALLROM OCTOBER 14th 1961

Trad Ancient & Modern Prizes Spots R'ments



It must be very gratifying for our leader, Steve Hall, to hear how very enthusiastic everyone was for his twelve mile hike over the Yorkshire Moors. When we set off from Liverpool there were a few grumbles about the slight delay in starting and at the rain which streamed incessantly down the coach windows. But when we returned there was no one who could say that he or she had not enjoyed it.

Our route lay between Grindleton, Harrop Fell, Easington Fell and from there to Grindleton Village and thence to Chatburn. Between these landmarks our boots surely trod every conceivable type of ground, beginning and ending with the hard surface of the road, so trying to the rambler.

We passed over soft peaty soil, yellow oozing marshes, boulder like clumps of coarse grass. We jumped over and occasionally into small streams, evrywhere we were confonted by ferns in abundance still wet with the morning's rain. Grindleton Fell is a notable example of this type of countryside, through the dense undergrowth we scrambled and sometimes slid to be met at the botton by another of those interminable grey stone walls which stretch in never ending lines over the landscape. If by any chance our arms felt more tired than our legs at the end of the day the blame rsted on those walls. It took some precision in putting our feet on the right stonrs in order to avoid an avalanche in our wake.

If the walk was a contrast in scenery it was also varied in weather. The rain, happily for those who like dry rambling cascaded by the time we made our way up the road from Grindleton. The gey misty skies added a certain atmosphere to the bleak landscape making everything seem more desolate. By the time we returned to Chatburn and civilisation, a calm evening made the land look a bit more friendly. Quiye apart from the interest in the ground which we covered the walk was a success in that it was sufficiently challenging for the experienced without leaving the others by the wayside. When we arrived back in Liverpool we were glad that our efforts had been rewarded by such enjoyment.

CAPTAIN PATCH.

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PERSONAL. We must apologise for a mistake which occurred in last month's S cialite column, Tom Geraghty and Win Wren were married at St. Columba's Huyton and not as stated at St. Aloysius's. Tom's sister Pat was a bridesmaid, Dave Cullen was best man and Jim Hendre was a groomsman.

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SOCIAL PROGRAMME.

<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMETS</u>	<u>WASHERS UP</u>	<u>GRAM CARRIERS</u>
SEPT 6th Ladies Night	Rose Bond	Maureen Kelly Clare	B. Potter S. Cunningham.
" 13th J. Potter	M. Gilmore	A. O'Malley J. O'Malley	J. Joyce. S. Cummins.
" 20th J. Burns	M. Sparks	M. O'Brien J. Spragg	M. Coughlan. C. Dobbins.
" 27th C. Scott	B. Grant	P. Donelan R. McDonald	J. Kennedy. O. McDonough.

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Our Regular Reader will notice the absence from this month's edition some of our usual and looked-forward to features. We wish to assure all our regular column readers that these scandalous and libelous features will appear undiminished and in full force in our next issue.

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The Battle of the Peaks or Faith can Move Mountains.

At seven p.m. on Friday July 21st. Jim Joyce, John Potter, Chris Scott and Bernard Duffey set off in Bernard's car while Bill tailed along behind on his Matchbox. We noticed Bill was missing when we reached the last pub in England so we turned back only to have Bill pass us going hell bent at twenty miles an hour in the right direction, needless to say he did not see us. We arrived at Pen-y-Pass at 9.10 to find that Belting Bill had just pipped and was taking a well earned rest. By 9.20 we were on our way with two heavy and two light rucsacs. We made good progress in the dusk and were soon labouring up the Pyg Track. The rucsacs were exchanged frequently and gladly, soon darkness fell completely and the Lake faded from our view. We staggered up what we hoped was the path with our eyes aching from trying to become accustomed to the gloom. A cairn, a mine shaft and a recognised iron bar then lost we ploded upwards again. Chris was floundring John couldn't see and the others were no better off.

At one stop we welcomed the new day but no Liver clock struck to greet us only stillness and the swish of the mountain stream. Soon we struck the railway track and heartened we pushed onwards to the summit where we decided to pitch the two tents on the first level spot. Boulders were gathered to hold down the guylines seeing that no pegs could penetrate Snowdon's Sacred Sod. At 1.20 we settled down to try and sleep. At 4 we were awakened by a sharp cool wind and Chris' determination not to sleep in the open air having been pushed accidentally (or deliberately) out of the tent. The three assault party prepared their breakfast and with a cheery farewell to the others disappeared into the mist. Soon the remaining two Jim and Chris after breakfast packed everything and staggered back into Pen-y-Pass. Bernard John and Chris came down over Crib-y-Drysg and over Crib Goch down to Nant Paeris where the endless ascent of Glyder Fawr started. The weather despite the mist on Y-Wyddfa turned out to be great and the party sweltered in the heat of the later day. After too many hours Glyder Fawr was conquered. It was soon realised that water was in short supply and great demand and the pace slowed. Y Garn and the Glyders were ~~were~~ wearily climbed. The last of the water was consumed on Tryfan at the staggering hour of 3.30 p.m. in brilliant sunshine. The weary three staggered down to Ogwen where they were joyfully greeted by Chris and Jim who had hitched to Ogwen to meet Bill Beagles and his young friend Ian both friends of Bernard who had prepared a roadside banquet of chicken soup and coffee for the five venturers. Alas the assault party arrived 2-3 hours overdue haggard and weary. It was now after five and the hope of finishing the walk was rapidly diminishing Chris and Ian volunteered to go on the Carnedd's if any of the 3 still felt fit enough to stand another 8 hours walking, only Bernard was strong enough to brave this second stage.

Gallantly Bernard set off with his new found liege to plod up Penyr Olwen which after much labour and sweat was climbed just after 7.30 p.m. From now on the way was comparatively easy, the evening sun and a cool breeze helped to lighten the spirits and the views were terrific, Daffyd Yr Elan and Llewellyn were conquered with the aid of three minute stops for rest at each summit. Liquid refreshment was freely handed around and even ice was used in some grapefruit squash. Foel Goch was reached and the memories of the mist the previous Sunday became more vivid. Foel Fras was tiredly climbed and Bernard was congratulated at the Trig Point on the summit. It was still 26 minutes to midnight. The last descent started and soon we saw a feeble light flickering in the distance, this gradually became stronger and soon turned out to be the car headlights. Forgetting our planned route we made straight for the light like moths crossing walls ditches and streams until at last we reached the river which had to be ~~crossed~~ crossed, luck was with us, we found an easy fording place. Over this and a welcoming man's drink was waiting for us in Bill's hand. This done we were soon on our way to Bets-Y-Coed, food and tents and a welcome rest.

Well done Bernard.

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