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Easter and the Tennis Season arrived together but whereas the former has departed, the latter is still with us - a fact which seems to have escaped the notice of several of our tennis players. No doubt the inclement weather has had something to do with this, and we must hope that the warm spell forecast for May will tempt the absentees out of hibernation.

The Annual General Meeting was one of those tranquill affairs which suggested that either everybody was quite happy with things as they are or wished to dispense with the talking and get on with the eating which was to follow. The introduction of two singles competitions, one for ladies and one for gents is the principle innovation which the committee are putting on trial this season. Peter Atherton has charge of the running of both competitions and all competitors are asked to help him in this task - particularly in the matter of aranging matches with opponents and playing them off by the specified date. It is the intention to complete the competition as soon as possible, without I hope resorting to the unsatisfactory practice of scratching players who do not play off before the stipulated date. In the interest of this experimental competition therefore, I ask all competitors to co-operate to the full.

In conclusion, the wearing of "whites" on court is desirable but will not be enforced. This is in order not to debar any member who has not the proper attire or is just taking up the game and would be put to heavy initial expense. The committee wish to make it clear however that members having "whites" are expected to wear them and not to abuse this concession.

Rambling Programme

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Destination:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>	<u>Meet:</u>	<u>App. Cost:</u>
May 3rd	Beeston	Larry Fagan	Central 10.20.	7/6d.
" 10th	Hollingworth Lake	Keith Scott	Exchange 9.50.	8/-d.
" 18th	Whit Monday R.A.	Train to Corwen & Dee Valley	- See Press & Club	
" 24th	Tryfan	(a) Peter Atherton	St. John's Ln.	11/-d.
	(Coach)	(b) Chris Scott	9.45 a.m.	
" 31st	Freshfield	Tom Keenan		4/6d
June 6/7th	Chalet Weekend	Details at Club		
" 14th	Lyne Park	Eddie Quinn		
	(Coach)			
" 21st	Blackpool (Swimming etc.)	Bernard Manley	St. John's Ln.	7/6d.
	(Coach)		10.15 a.m.	
" 28th	Frodsham	Len Rand	St. John's Ln.	8/6d.
			10.30 a.m.	
			Pier Head 10.15	6/-d.

* Coach Trips, names to be given three weeks beforehand, and all bookings render members liable to the full cost.

Any alterations to the programme will be announced in the clubroom.

WARNING

Stan Cunningham has passed his driving test.

LITTLE SWITZERLAND 9th February, 1964.

What breathtaking adventures lay ahead of the score of hardy adventurers preparing to embark on this journey into the unknown? Where was this mysterious place, the very name of which brings to mind that thrilling account of the Duffey, Scott and Thompson expedition to the Swiss Alps? Our leader looked anxiously at the map and at the faces of her loyal band of followers - had anyone been there before - did anyone know where it was? such was the turmoil going on in Win's head. At last she took her great decision - we boarded the train for Chester.

After the usual hot soup at Chester station we were taken on an additional mystery tour led by Bernard M. who led us through the back streets of Chester past the "Barley Mow" and various other places of refreshment and came to a halt by a bus stop. The party were settling down for a patient wait when lo and behold those two pipe smoking leaders of many a fine walk, Bernard Duffey and Bill Potter rolled up in a Triumph Herald and greeted us with that "we've given up queuing for buses" air. They had decided to make the journey in style, and left the rest of the party to the higher means of transportation (on top deck of a bus).

At last we reached our destination, the few cottages on the hillside made me wonder if that was Little Switzerland. We didn't worry about it but adjourned to the "Plough" having been deprived of the use of the Juke box at the local café by a bunch of motor cyclists. After partaking of this refreshment Win led us on a gentle stroll along country lanes and forest paths through the Delamere forest. With the assistance of Bernard D. and Bill P. she found, much to her surprise, the Delamere Y.H.A. where a butty stop was taken. We were given a few lessons in golf or baseball, I couldn't decide which, by Angela who also proved that "Shoe Trees" do grow in the forest luckily for Terry O'Connor. As we had a couple of new members with new boots we took advantage of some mud patches to have the usual initiation ceremony.

The return journey was relatively uneventful so

may I on behalf of all the conquerors of Little Switzerland thank our leader, Win O'Connor, for a very enjoyable stroll.

BALA 15th March, 1964.

Having left the A party to their fate with C.Scott, B. Duffey, J. Keenan and other Spartans, the B party, pleasure-bent, stepped lightly through the swamps situated somewhere near Snowdonia; spring fashions were much admired, especially the ankle length anorak of Mille.Manley whose olive green colour (not Bernard's) melted chicly into the landscape of pylons and civil engineering works.

Nobody fell into the stream that was our first obstacle, much to the regret of our photographer, a faceless youth who remained moody for the rest of the day. Cheer up Len, better luck next time. Wending our way between the mist capped hills, hurling rocks into lakes and consuming an occasional sandwich, the afternoon drifted pleasantly on. (Some afternoon). L. Fagan, B.Manley and R. Curtis were in splendid form, minting jokes by the minute; the ladies, charming as always, were among the first to reach the summit, well ahead of the writer for one. Just before this, Eric and Larry had done some extra pioneering, the formers smooth leadership stopping ugly and mutinous scenes; pacified by the promise of refreshment at the top, we put down our chunks of mountain and followed, docile, beaten.

Much more than this I cannot remember; through the mist as we descended came strains of the Beatles and bits of Verdi - gruesome really - and occasionally a druidlike figure with frosted hair and eyebrows. The two blue blurs we saw proved to be B. Duffey and T. O'connor of the A party; Olympic selectors may care to know this.

Once more in the coach, it was but a short time before our friends of the A walk tottered aboard, and we were rolling home, soothed by the singing of W.Potter amongst others.

This was an entirely super ramble, thanks Eric, and with the pleasure of seeing some new members - welcome all.

EASTER BANK HOLIDAY RAMBLE - LLANGOLLEN

The large turnout on this ramble proved the necessity of having a properly appointed leader on the R.A. train excursions.

Some of the party, who obviously weren't used to boarding Bank Holiday trains, were left behind at Rock Ferry, but fortunately British Railways had another train up their sleeve, and they followed on in real rail comfort.

During the journey, young Terry asked the ladies in the company to assist him in the manufacturing of string vests, and of course the ladies were most helpful in providing all the anorak strings they could muster.

After a shopping spree, and lunch, in Llangollen our gay party set out on a most strenuous "C" walk (by popular demand) along the canal in the direction of the "Chain Bridge" hotel. It was at this point that two of our most ardent regular Sunday ramblers decided the pace was too much, and they chucked it - they were immediately ordered back to H.Q. and off they went with their tails between their legs - the shame of it!

After crossing the canal (the once-famous Shropshire Union) we started one of those dreaded up type climbs. The view from the top was fab, but the rest was even fabber!

When the rest of the party had caught up, and we had scoffed all our butties, we set off once again. This time making for the ruined Valle Crucis Abbey. As there was an admission charge of a tanner to the Abbey grounds we passed it at a great speed - being thrifty folk.

From the Abbey we made our way across a rifle range where some character was firing away with a pop gun at a target which must have been a whole ten yards away.

When the Colonel in charge of our party explained to the party the ins and outs of army firing parties, there was a rush of 49½ recruits, for the 1st Regiment of the Welsh Home Guard (Mounted).

The next item on the agenda was to find the hardest and steepest ascent of Castel Dinas Bran, just to see what sort of material the party was made of!

From the dizzy heights of the castle ruins one member of the party decided there hadn't been enough excitement and so she threw her rucker down the hill.

Llangollen was only a few minutes stroll away from the castle and with the thought of a chippy we were back in no time.

To those members of the party who don't seem to come out so often - please try and join some of the rambles before next Bank Holiday!

'Grand Louis'

What is written here is not to be read;
It's not for you to know. Although it
Is highly improbable that anyone will
Not read the first sentence, there may
Be someone in the club with a little
More will power. Tempting, isn't it?
This is nearly the halfway mark; go on,
Be an angel and overlook the rest of
This paragraph. This is highly confid-
ential. TURN BACK!! now or else. Go
On, this is your last chance. You
Don't want to learn the truth about
Yourself, do you? Well here it is, the
Down to earth bitter truth. It's not
Very nice, so be prepared. YOU ARE NOSEY.

CHALET WEEKEND March 1964

It is a fine night when we go to the Chalet, that is, if you are thinking that the rain is good

for the garden. We arrive at the Chalet by various means at various times, finding also that there is plenty of work to be doing. When Friday becomes Saturday we find that twenty people are present, give or take half a dozen, as mathematics is not by any means one of my strong subjects.

When it grows light we find that it is Saturday morning, and breakfast is being cooked in the kitchen, which is certainly a good idea in my estimation, and also in Terry's as she is eating breakfast in bed, which is by no means a bad idea. After the eating is finished, some knowledgeable youth remembers that there is an important conference at Aintree over four miles in the afternoon, and several of the guys think this is a good way of increasing their capital. I am very much interested myself in this as this is a form of sport which I often follow, with my friend, Harry the Horse, who is being called this for a long time owing to his penchant for the Sport of Kings. However, as it so happens, I am misinformed of the likely animals in which to invest, as they are much more interested in sitting down grazing, and playing with their jockeys, than in getting on with the serious business in hand. Those who go out walking all come in for tea, and Bill comes on a motor-bike without mishap (which is unable to come) and a record player on which to play records for a social which happens in the evening. People are arriving all afternoon and being picked up on motor-bikes and things to wit.

The social happens in the evening when it goes dark, which they tell me is usual in the evening, and we are having fun and cocoa later with cheese and biscuits and things, though some prefer the things and such, though I am finding the cocoa very fine.

After the social is ending, we all go to bed and some fill hot water bottles with hot water, and there is a knocking on the roof and all that, and those with nervous dispositions are finding themselves disposed to nervousness, but some others just kip which is by no means a bad idea.

As usual a party arrives during the morning, and Hughie, Celia, Sheila, find themselves at the Chalet by car and Monica and Len by bus who are being picked up on a motor-bike. They all go out walking in the day and return to eat food prepared by those who are staying in all day, and Winnie makes the custard which is a good idea as no one else is quite sure of this, and it is good custard and voted so by one and all.

They all go home by bus and motor-bike, Peter having one that is breaking down in Mold, and Daphne goes home by bus followed by Bill and John, who is coming up on the day party and whom we are all glad to be seeing to wit.

However we all are arriving we all arrive back to civilisation and Liverpool quite safely and look forward to when we are again going to the Chalet.

'Imaswent'

PRESTATYN April 5th 1964.

Sunday morning turned out to be the first day of spring, or so it seemed, sun shining and all that. Sixteen hardy ramblers arrived all ready for a good days walk, and that is what they got, plus sunburned faces. We were well travelled by the time we arrived in Prestatyn, having had to change trains three times. We finally ended up at the Island Cafe quite close to the station, for our coffee and sandwiches.

The first lap of our journey took us along the Main Street walking steadily upwards towards "The Hill", having met one of the locals who told us of a short cut. We thanked him and proceeded on, stopping only to admire the view from a sort of balcony, from which we had a fabulous view of Prestatyn and the surrounding holiday camps.

Photographs taken, on we went, breathing in a mixture of country and seaside air - just what the doctor ordered! Graig Fawr was our first peak. It was shortly after coming down from this that we bumped into one of our fellow members, out for the day with a group of children from St. Mary's, Woolton.

Passing through Dyserth we came to the foot of Moel Hiraddog, where we decided to have our afternoon tea stop. It was then that we saw the donkeys (no not the rambles), but real live donkeys - friendly they were too - they ate half of our sandwiches.

Tea over and more photographs taken, we ascended Moel Hiraddog where again we met our friend from St. Mary's. From here our path took us passed Mia Hall to Gop Hill, then on to Gwaenysgor.

The next part of the walk was through Bryn-Uwyn, a couple more fields then back to the path through the gorse we had found at the beginning of the walk, then down to Prestatyn and back to the coffee bar for the rest of our sandwiches.

Three hours and three trains later we arrived back in Liverpool, tired, but happy after a very good day. Many thanks John.

'Chunk'

SITUATIONS VACANT

M.C's. Wanted.

Liverpool Catholic Ramblers' Social Sub-Committee invite applications from keen young men between the ages of 18 and 92 for appointments as M.C's. Previous bitter experience not essential. These are permanent positions and salaries will be in accordance with individual qualifications but won't be less anywhere else. Only men of endurance, endowed with a sense of humour and an abundance of patience and understanding need apply.

All applications typewritten in own handwriting should be made verbally to any member of the Social-sub Committee.

Q. Why did the elephant paint its soles Yellow?

A. So it couldn't be seen floating upside down in a bowl of custard.

JOINT TENNIS DANCE

This dance was held in The Grafton Rooms on 16th April in conjunction with The Campion, Old Xavarians and Catholic Metropolitan Clubs. The attendance was 455 and the organisers are proposing to hold a similar dance next year. The date is not fixed yet, but it is anticipated it will take place in April again. The Tennis Club wish to thank all those from the C.R.A. who supported the function. Profits are to be distributed on the basis of the number of tickets sold by each of the four clubs concerned, and this will result in a useful contribution to our Tennis Club in its efforts to balance the budget.

Chris Dobbin.

STATE DANCE

The Social-Sub Committee wish to thank the members for the support given to this dance, and for making it such a success both socially and financially. Our next dance will be on 8th October at the Grafton. Please make a note in your diaries.

Chairman.

PERSONAL COLUMN

Messrs. Wood and Hatchet, Solicitors of East Prince's Dock regret to announce that owing to a disagreement between the partners the firm has broken up.

One armed violinist requires assistant.

Q. What happens if you cross a mouse with an elephant?

A. You get bigger holes in your skirting board.

Social Chatter

While many on Mersyside will have their own ideas why the weekend of 18/19th April was memorable it was certainly a great success for the club. I refer of course to the Joint Walk with Birmingham and North Staffs Catholic Ramblers. All told 85 persons turned up including 35 from L.C.R.A. There was a wonderful friendly atmosphere and many friends were made I am sure. Those of us who supported the ramble certainly proved our sociability and ability to mix. It was almost a case of regret and tears at our inevitable parting after tea at Carding Mill. May there be many more of these rambles! "I'll give it foive and buy it". N.B. The weather was fine and dry.

I was rather pleased to see so many turn up the other Wednesday for Bernard Duffey's films of the Matterhorn and Scotland. The movies brought vivid memories to at least three members of their holidays, but the standard of the photography submitted by our patrons, the Mountaineering Association, was a little disappointing and did little justice to their subject matter. The highlight seemed to be the humour created by the more than apparent climbing deficiencies of the poor girl who was dragged up the rockfaces. Still the good attendance proved that there is interest in the club and helpful criticism about the lack of commentary and translation of the pidgeon-Chinese will be kept in mind. As it was Bernard, Larry and his brother did a grand job in producing their divertimento.

We have been having a lot of films and slides recently as you know, what with Eddie Quinns slides of recent rambles, which brought back memories to a fair number and the interesting Gas Board films with Fr. McCarten's film on retreats.

The courts at Lance Grove are in terrific condition and the tennis season is well under way. Peter Atherton has organised a knockout competition which is stimulating interest. So if you are a member, see who you are playing. If you are still eating carrots and lettuce as some imprudent person suggested at the A.G.M. don't take umbridge. Get someone to show you the basic strokes and take your place with all the other bunnies who enjoy a Saturday afternoon at Tennis. Pass me

another salad please!

You will notice in your new programme (when you get it) that there is a full day excursion to Blackpool. This I am sure will interest a number of the club members, and if the sun's hot in June there is a chance of some sunbathing. And the run of the towns many entertainments available.

Belated 21st birthday congratulations to Agnes Vaughan - Many Happy Returns. Congratulations are extended also to Maureen Kelly and John Johnston who were married on Easter Monday at St. George's church, Maghull. Maureen wore a white full length brocade dress with a scalloped neck line, dropped waist and unpressed pleats down the back. Her bouquet was of red & white carnations with lily of the valley. Her bridesmaids dresses were short length turquoise brocade which were almost the same style as her own. Their bouquets were one pink carnation surrounded by freesia. Maureen made her own dress.

May we take this opportunity of wishing John Gilbertson, who recently emigrated to Australia, every success and happiness. We understand from his brother Bob that he has found himself a job and has made several friends.

'Socialite'

We hear that:-

1. There is no truth in the rumour that Billy Burns and Steve Cummins have signed the pledge since the Budget. 2. At the Joint Tennis Dance the bicycle races organised between the participating clubs resulted in a win for C.R.A. in both male and female sections. 3. The matter of the disappearance of Thompson's bob-cap was again raised in the House of Commons before the Easter recess. In reply to the question the Prime Minister said he was aware of the seriousness of the situation and enquiries were still in progress. He went on to say that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would include in his budget the cost of a new bob-cap in case a replacement should be found necessary.