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Princes of the Church just seem to us distant V.I.P.s, living afar in remote places. They are personages one only reads about - seldom sees or knows.

Cardinal Godfrey, however, was known to many of us to a greater degree than usual. He was a Liverpool man born and bred, and when first ordained, his first duties as a priest were in Liverpool. That wasn't for long, however, and he spent many years in important posts and appointments.

The chief of these was his 15-year tenure as Apostolic Delegate in Britain, a historic, and perhaps prophetic, innovation insofar as matters between our country and the Holy See are concerned.

Just about ten years ago he returned once again to his home town - this time as its Archbishop, and to everyone's genuine pleasure and rejoicing. Pride was intermingled with further celebration when, just three years later, he became Archbishop of Westminster and subsequently Cardinal, the highest Catholic honour in this country.

Whilst Archbishop of Liverpool he was Patron of the C.R.A. Now he has passed away and we cannot but be sad. Please remember him in your prayers.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

'Editor'

SOCIAL PROGRAMME

<u>Date:</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>Hostess:</u>	<u>Host:</u>	<u>Refreshments:</u>
Feb 6 *	(H. O'Neill (Rosary at 8-30pm.	P. Cunningham	E. Cavanagh	R. Bond
13 *	B. Potter	B. Turner	R. Boardman	P. Cunningham
20	M. Marsden	A. O'Malley	J. Burn	B. Turner
27th	G. Penlington	R. Bond	J. Kelly	A. O'Malley
Mar 6 *	C. Dobbin	P. Murray	E. Cavanagh	M. Mc.Donald
13	H. O'Neill	P. Cunningham	J. Potter	R. Bond
20	M. Marsden	A. O'Malley	J. Burn	B. Turner
27	G. Penlington	R. Bond	J. Kelly	A. O'Malley

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Washers-up</u>	<u>Gram-Carriers:</u>
Feb 6	R. Walker & J. O'Malley	J. Johnston & P. Hudson
13	B. & C. Molyneux	W. Burn & S. Cummins
20	M. Kelly & A. Bundock	R. Boardman & P. Atherton
27	M. McLean & B. Kershaw	J. Potter & J. Joyce
Mar 6	B. Featherstone & P. Jones	H. Molloy & J. Sheerin
13	S. Wilson & K. Holden	T. O'Connor & C. Scott
20	R. Walker & J. O'Malley	J. Johnston & P. Hudson
27	B. & C. Molyneux	W. Burn & S. Cummins

* Dates to note:- 6th Feb Rosary in Club Room at 8-30p.m.
6th Mar " " " "

RAMBLING PROGRAMME

<u>Date:</u>	<u>Destination:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>	<u>Meet:</u>	<u>App. Cost:</u>
Feb 2-3	Chalet Week-end	Details at clubroom		
10	Conway (Coach Ramble)	(a) J. Potter (b) J. Burn	10-00 St. John's Ln.	10/6
17	Weaver Valley (Ben)	J. Johnson	10-15 Pier Head	5/-
24	Berwyn	H. O'Neill	10-20 James St. Stn.	6/-
Mar 3	Arnside (Ben) (Coach Ramble)	(a) C. Scott (b) B. Kelly	10-00 St. John's Ln.	9/-
10	Belmont	T. Crutchley	9-50 Exchange Stn.	7/-
17	Llyn Elsi	R. Boardman	10-00 St. John's Ln.	10/-
24	Brock Valley	P. Atherton	11-00 Skelborne St.	7/-
31	Hawarden	M. Gilmour	9-55 James St. Stn.	5/6

Any alterations to the programme will
be announced in the Club Room.

RAMBLERITE:

I know how much fun we have with snowballs and snowfights, but please be careful. The apparent deep drifts of snow may hide the danger in fencing posts, barbed wire etc.

Members who have not ventured on a ramble to date, the present season of winter is most worthwhile - the write-ups bear this out.

We re-print below for your guide the "Country Code", and ask all who find their pleasure in the great outdoor to please adhere.

Country Code

To-

Guard against all risk of fire

Fasten all gates

Keep dogs under proper control

Keep to the paths across farm
land

Avoid damaging fences, hedges
and walls

Leave no litter

Safeguard water supplies

Protect wild life, wild plants
and trees

Go carefully on country roads

Respect the life of the countryside

HARDCASTLE CRAGS 25th November, 1962.

The journey to Todmorden was very pleasant although it was rather early in the morning. The mist, which was fairly thick in places gave us some misgivings, but good fortune was on our side, for on reaching our destination, we found that the mist had nearly dispersed and the sun was shining.

The first leg of our journey was to the New Delight Inn, a short three miles which was just long enough to sharpen our appetites. On arrival we proceeded to demolish our lunch with the utmost delight. Refreshed, but a little loth to face the moors and the mist which had thickened slightly, we endeavoured to linger in the pleasant warmth of the Inn. But our leader had different ideas and we were soon on our way, across the moors towards Hebden Waters. On the higher ground were the remains of last week's snow drifts. Unfortunately snow fights can not last long when the essential ingredients are in such short supply.

We eventually reached Hebden Waters, which is a rock strewn, fast flowing, fairly wide stream running in a lightly wooded valley. After a short rest and just as the light was beginning to fail, we started on the last leg towards Hebden Bridge.

Just imagine walking along the river bank, a bank which was like the river itself, strewn with rocks and boulders. You can hear the dull thunder of the foaming waters as they cascade down stream. When you look upwards you can see the silhouettes of the trees against the pale evening sky. The temperature is pleasant and the wind a gentle murmur in the tree tops. These are a few of my memories of this delightful ramble. On behalf of the other Ramblers -
Thank you Peter (Lightfoot)

EJC.

BILLINGE: 9th December, 1962.

The inhabitants had either anticipated us or were hibernating, for not a drop of "Rosie Lee" was to be had when we arrived at Billinge. This must have had a psychological effect on the party for some were wont to wander (probably in search of water) and had to be herded back again by our leader Chris Scott, who was determined that all should keep to the straight and muddy path or die in the attempt. We then struck out across the fields with our sights on a landmark which I had been informed was a beacon (it could have been anything), and it might have been Billinge Beacon. Not to worry for it wasn't long before we arrived back to where we started - like bloodhounds who had lost the scent.

However, undaunted we pressed on and using Chris' "brolly" as a water deviner we arrived at the Delph Tavern where the local beverage was available to all weary, and may I say thirsty travellers. All was well until someone discovered a dart board and then it was a case of keeping the "weather eye" open in case a stray missile should change course and become entangled in one's sandwiches. The proprietor was a patient soul and even provided literature informing us of all the landmarks in the vicinity.

We set out once more and having warily traversed a golf course we eventually entered Dean Wood. This consisted of a river bed (with a river) and its muddy slopes (with mud) which proved very tricky going. It provided one of the highlights of the day as Jack decided to give us a demonstration of ski-ing by sliding down the muddy slope - backwards.

As we emerged from the woods' in the twilight we noticed something amiss. The bell tower on Upholland College seemed to have moved, which proved very upsetting like seeing "pink Elephants" (due to the sandwiches, no doubt) or were we off course?

What stood out in my mind were the number of dogs encountered enroute, dogs which barked and sniffed at us as if we were Sunday's dinner.

However, the day's outing was enjoyed by all, thanks to our leader, and we managed to attend Benediction as well.

'Joeser Daly'

Far Clwyd 16th December, 1962.

In the works of the immortal but unknown bard, we were once again allowed into Welsh Wales for a Sunday hike "as long as we didn't enjoy ourselves". Thus our despondent relief driver (Bill Dunlop indisposed) shepherded us to Bodfari via the Ritz Cafe in Mold where we holed out from twenty to one till twelve fifteen - which is quite amazing considering we arrived in Mold at about 11 o'clock and started walking from Bodfari onto the Clwdian Hills shortly after noon. The elevenses threatened to return us to breakfast if the clock was to continue on its mad way!

With due deference to the paternal wishes of a fortunate "Daddies Girl" we refrained from climbing as there were no rocks to be had and proceeded to stroll up the hillside, while some discussed the attributes of rhubarb. The weather was wild and gusty on the heights, (the remains of the previous nights great storm) blowing the occasional hail shower. But alas no snow was to be seen. A butty stop was soon called when a convenient wallwas espied, to shelter us from the biting wind, though some preferred the open! Maybe the choice was not theirs. They were certainly more noisy than us wall proppers, displaying posies of gorse and cadging soup they were indeed.

We were soon on our way again braving the elements muffled with scarves and with hands gloved. The views of the Vale of Clwyd even on this day were magnificent. The delicate contrast of winter colours among the conifers on the hillside below us were most beautiful. I could not help reflecting the aspirations of the Ramblers' Association in their quest to make this area a National Park. From a wet Moel Arthur the shaddowy whiteened form of Moel Fammaus Jubilee (suits me) Tower was seen while a solitary ray of sunlight pierced the leadened skies across the murky Denbigh moors.

Following the Duke of York we plodded on through the rain soaked heather, thence to Nannerch past the reservoir in the evening gloom. Mr. Cavanagh was wont to make a party speech in a country lane and nearly roused Plaid Cymru J.P. making a short reply for the government having recently reunited the coalition of twenty odd ramblers (sorry for the unfortunate pun!)

The dampened but spirited group at last piled into the coach and headed back to Mold for a natural break. Eddie Quinn was busy shooting people (not J.P.) with an electric flash gun and camera (of course!) catching some interesting poses I hope, colour at that. Finally Mr. Lawrence Fagan having donned his most singularly holy Sunday sweater and doffing his most becoming headpiece thanked our leader, John Potter, on our behalf while anticipating a similar tribute of appreciation herewith.

C. Robin.

C R O S S W O R D

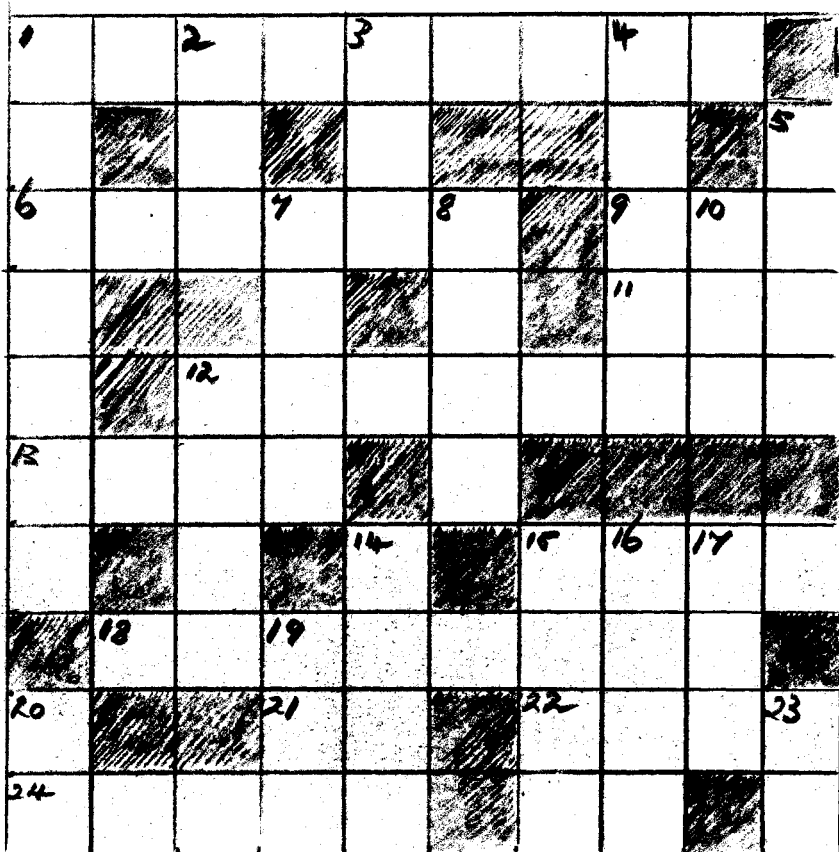
Last Month's Solution.

Across:

Down:

1. Downhill (8)
6. London (6)
8. Bus (3)
10. Ta (2)
11. Nab (3)
12. Nimble (6)
15. Lent (4)
17. Twist (5)
18. A Rut (1)(3)
19. My (2)
20. YESTERday (3)
21. Hub (3)

1. Dobbin (6)
2. Ewe (2)
3. Hell (4)
4. Splinter (4)
5. Ron (3)
7. Danger (6)
9. Summits (7)
12. Butty (5)
14. Latin (5)
15. La (2)
10. Numb (4)



Crossword Clues

Across:

1. They are not needed in this weather (9)
6. Christian soldiers in hospital we hear (6)
9. A buzzer thats said to be busy (3)
11. Search the shore and you might find metal (3)
12. An all round battle. (5)(3)
13. He fell for an apple (4)
15. Something to do with the mouth (4)
18. Anagram of Spindled (8)
21. A final alternative from doctor (2)
22. As dead as a? (4)
24. He won't be back for another eleven months (5)

Down:

1. A cold hearted male (4)(3)
2. Not soomer or later (3)
3. You might find a female in there (3)
4. You need this kind of room when drinking (5)
5. A title for a short sighted man? (4)
7. A small thing to split (4)
8. Not very bright (4)
10. Are about to produce a time?(3)
12. Turn your paws about and get stung
14. Five in front of era and you'll find her (4)
15. A bookmaker will give you these(4)
16. A trio about to cause a disturbance (4)
17. Not subtract! (3)
19. The final plot gives many (3)
20. A written after thought (1)(1)
23. A short consent? (1)(1)

Solution next month.

Home Made Cherry Brandy

1lb. Morello Cherries
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Castor Sugar
12 Almonds

Method

Put alternate layers of clean dry fruit and castor sugar in a dry Kilner Jar. Screw down and shake at times for 3 days. Add the 12 almonds, then add 1 pint of Brandy. Fasten down tightly and leave jar at least 3 months before straining, filtering and bottling.

It is inadvisable to drink the bottle in one go. Keep the bottle, just drink the Cherry Brandy.

WIRRAL WANDER: Sunday, 23rd December, 1962.

Sackcloth and campfires, so this scribe was lost on the Wirral Wander! However, 1962 was an odd year and after some curious escapades in Wales, the Lakes and Skye, fate played its mysterious hand again.

There was a Jolly atmosphere on this crisp Christmas ramble, and from the start the leader Winifred O'Connor decided to lead like the Good Shepherd - from the back! Bernard provided a seasonal fragrance with the cigars, and Larry added to the general wit.

L.F. "What is Irish Stew?"

Pauline M "O'Slattery's Christmas dinner"

L.F. "No, it's the policeman's code -
Irish stew in the name of the law"

We had lunch overlooking the Dee, watching a glowing sun in a cold blue sky send flashes of gold shimmering across the waters in the estuary. Occasionally a hungry gull would come in from the sands and glide over the frozen ploughed fields. We wandered away from the estuary and discovered an old dis-used single line railway track. Our leader (from the back) asked us all to be quiet so as not to wake the sleepers. For this we wished to tie her to the TWACK but her brother Terry sadly pointed out there would be no TWAIN. As we left the railway the following came to mind:-

There was a young rambler called win
who had a mischievous grin
A tomato she threw
It made us quite blue
Because it was still in the tin!

A small group including Pauline Cunningham, Mike and Terry, Bill P., Eric C. and Larry were slowly following the whipper-in (yes, that's right). Conversation was punctuated with laughs and mock groans (or mock laughs and real groans) but this I remember

Q. "How can I tell a weasel from a stoat?"

A. "A weasel is weasily recognised, but
a stoat is stoatally different!"

I walked ahead to join Jim J. who was the 'path-finder'. We left a dull road and followed the track leading to a pleasant valley with bracken covered sides. That was the last Jim and I saw of the fifteen wanderers. The ghosts of Christmas past had obviously struck again! We felt sad, we thought of a Wirral Mountain Rescue team, we thought of our leader who was, until recently, the club's Winnie Minor, we thought of the spirits of the season.

It was a dark, freezing, wonderful night as the two wandered from village tea-shops to village hostelrys searching for the missing fifteen.

The two were last seen walking into the night singing:-

"We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas
And a Happy New Year

Oh, lost on the Wirral Wander
Oh, where did Winnie Wander
Oh, lost on the Wirral Wander
But there's plenty of cheer (hic!)

'Mark'

The following is a letter from the Sisters of Charity at St. Vincent's Hospice, thanking us for our Christmas donation of 10 gns.

"Many thanks for the very handsome cheque which you were so kind as to send us for our funds.

It will be a great help to us and we are very appreciative.

May we in turn, wish our benefactors in the association, all Graces and Blessings of the Holy Season."

A Poet's Doodles

One day in December
As well I remember
He needed a summit
 quite awful
He'd been up the Bed
And Snowdon, Oh then
He completed the treble
 with Scawfell

*****^{*}*****

The name of our Trustee is Fred
In our bankbook he always sees red
We'll not spend a dime on your
 debts or mine
But spend it on Tennis instead

There once was a man quite a tiger
Who wanted to go climb the Eiger
He was quite a comic
Worked at the atomic
And proceeded to climb with a geiger

Oh, dearest sweet mountain
I'll climb you once more
To stand on your summit to
 ogle with awe
You'll banish my sorrows
 the banshee an' all
And as long as I'm careful
I'm sure I won't fall

HOLIDAYS

HOME

AND

ABROAD

Literature is available at the Club Rooms
from the Ramblers' Association.

SOCIALITE

The festive season is now over. The Christmas party was a social success, due to most people having the Christmas spirit and our very capable Master of Ceremonies, Harry O'Neill. We must also give mention to Monica Martin wearing her most delightful wig!

Our ever popular Yuletide walk was most exhilarating with the snow and ice clad countryside. I think all enjoyed the fun hardened and non walkers alike. The evening social was especially enjoyable. Even though twisting was a little difficult after two helpings of hot-pot earlier on.

Our thanks must go to those who laid the Treasure Trail earlier on in the day, and to Bill Potter for making the social such a success.

Gossip and General Notices:

Congratulation: to Ann (nee McCann) and Gerry Cullen and the "Wee Bairne" born on 8th December, 1962.

Rosemary Amstutz (Peggy Sharkey's Friend) was married in her home town, Engleberg, Switzerland, on September 3rd, 1962.

Don't forget that Annual Subscriptions (5s.) are now well over due.

13th February there will be a Valentine's Dance in the Clubroom - admission 2/6d.

On the first Wednesday in every month the Rosary is recited in the clubroom at 8-30p.m.. On these nights make a special effort to be at the club early.

HONEST! OFFICERS, WE ARE ONLY
ON A TREASURE HUNT!

