Issue 109

# ASSOCIATION & HOLIDAY GUILD

MARCH, 1958

# MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

Editor: Mr. G. Penlington, ++++++ \(\frac{1}{2}\) Alexandra Drive, Liverpool 20.

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Someone in Committee has said "It's a matter of principle". Now it's ten to one that when principle is raised, momey is involved, and this occasion was no exception.

Like all organisations the Club must look to its finances else it might soon be out of business. That is the real reason for those statements and balance sheets you see decorating the hall at General Meetings. I know the opinion of some of you wouldn't even classify those pieces of paper as decorative, not if they were painted!

Nevertheless, they tell us if we are paying our way, or whether we are existing on our capital, our accumulated funds. The latter resource would only last as long as the funds lasted, after which-bankruptcy!!

We are not in that position yet - not by a long chalk, but any tendencies towards it must be corrected. Now it is not only the duty of your Committee to watch the Clubs' finances, it is the duty of each and every member.

Some of you don't seem to realise this, and just a few of you are even so thoughtless as to involve the Club in a loss here and there.

How? The bus trips are an example. Enough of you out names down for a bus, which, once booked, is a financial liability. Others give in their names, but there are not enough for a second bus, and they are disappointed. When the time comes for the bus to depart, however,—empty seats! Too late to rope in any that would and could have turned up. Those travelling are faced with a deficit, to be met either by increased cost to themselves or by subsidy from Club funds, which latter course was resorted to twice in the last month or so. Now the Club in general body might not agree to this and thus it is that members are reminded that if they put their names down for a bus, t ey must be prepared to pay for the seat - occupied or not!

I can hear one or two voices saying 'Just look at the profit the Club makes - especially on Dances'. Let me tell you if it weren't for the profit the Club has been making - especially on dances - we would be using our capital in no small way. Speaking of dances, only a week or so ago, I was still being handed ticket money for the October dance, along with that for the February dance. If that doesn't illustrate my point - nothing will:

I could go into the matter of subscriptions, due on the 1st September, but which are still dribbling in during February, March - ay, and much later.

Our bank manager will honour our cheques up to a point, after which he will get tough and charge interest into the bargain. We could get tough and maybe charge you interest, but we think it's all a matter of thoughtlessness, on the part of those responsible. Perhaps as a result of my few words, you will be more considerate.

=== The Editor ===

PERSONAL We offer our sincere sympathy to Winnifred and Arthur Brockway on the death of their father. A Mass is being offered on behalf of the Club. R.I.P.

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PARSONAL: We are pleased to announce the engagement of Sally Turnbull and John - our congratulations to them both, and lso our congratulations to STELLA BROPF (nee Devoy) on the birth of a baby boy.

The following letter has been received from Fr. Kelly acknowledging the cheque sent from the collection taken at the Christmas Party, for the Lourdes Sick Fund:

Doar Mr. Penlington,

1 37 13

You may tell the members of your Association that their cheque for £10 -15 -0d is most acceptable to the Sick Pilgrim Fund. Last year we spent over £1,000 in helping the Sick poor to go to Lourdes.

No doubt this year the calls will be just as heavy. At the same time we are trying to build up an energency fund against any time that our sick are stranded en route through strikes or accident. That gives you some idea how welcome was your unexpected & generous donation.

Please excuse my delay in replying. The days are not long enough for the work that comes to me here.

I trust that your Association is thriving.

Yours faithfully,

DENNIS JOSEPH KELLY.

NOTICES: TENMIS SUBS: As soon as you possibly can, will you give your tennis subs to either Angela or Mary Smith - and if you haven't yet given your name, then you'd better hurry and save possible disappointment.

SHIM ING: Well I did all I could to coax you to come along, in the last Newsletter, so if you haven't already given it a trial then all I can say is you are a coyord! The water is STILL warm, we still get an average of 2 people each week, but please note the change of baths, Tiven on page 7.

PHOTOGRAPHS: From time to time we make appeals for photographs for the club albums - have you any good ones that would be nice to look back upon ? If so please let us have a copy.

DANCE: Last but not least in our list of announcements is the dance to be held on the 25th April. This is a Tennis Dance, and will be held at the State. The 25th is a Friday, but we hope you will make a note of the date - and girls, get thinking what you're going to wear!!!!

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ROSARY

o 8.30 p.m. ..... 5th March

### January 26th, 1958

"ON BOY", I though, during the few days preceeding this walk, "IF THIS SNOWY WEATHER CONTINUES, THE ABERCELE WALK WILL BE A SNOW RAMBLE". Alas I was wrong. In fact the ramble itself was almost like a summer one. Truthfully, the sun was decidedly hot!

We started, as most of our walks do, at James Street Station, there said hello to the brothers twitter going to help our Assistant Sec., on her Pioneer to Holywell. Meanwhile the 100 per cent Sec., arrived, and as she was going to lead us, we soon found ourselves on our way.

The lift on the underground managed the weight alright, but the party seemed to be in two separate groups on the Rock Ferry train. Once we got to Chester we sorted ourselves out, and in fact didn't have long here. It wasn't long either before we reached Abergele itself, and it was grand to stand in the warm sun for a couple of 'seconds' before Marie got us stepping it out.

She made us bash up Tower Hill, only to descend again before we reached the summit. Morrid girl: Eyewipes are bad enough anytime, but this one was such hard going. Anyway, onward we sped o'er hill and dale, and found the countryside most pleasant. There was still enough snow about for some of "Les Girls" to sample on route. Gert and Mutting got it thick and heavy, from all angles. As espected the mud was solid going too.

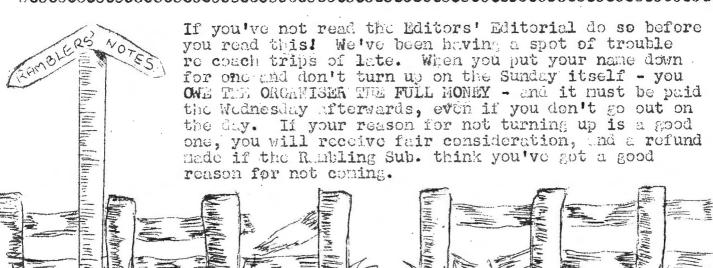
We only stopped once during the whole day - and continued walking steady until nightfall. We wound our way down a very dark and bushy track, only to reach the end to find that we'd lost some of the group. Bob and Barney went up to look for them - the others waited for awhile but had to proceed hoping we all net again at the Tea Place.

We had been there some 10 to 15 minutes, when into the cafe they walked. Warie smacked them all and then had to wipe away their tears.....

Not too long was spent here, because Benediction was at 6.30. It was very cold in the church but the service was short and levely.

Down to the Station for our train at 7.30. We sat around waiting for it - some talked in the waiting room and other sat outside, and sang and sang and sang!

This continued on the train too. It was a pleasant homeward journey, and once in Chester we had to wait for the Rock Ferry connection. As per Gert Murra's instruction, enquiries were made by Bernard re paying excess because we were going straight to Liverpool and not Woodside. It was only 6d each. Once on the train, half of us had time to pay up and the others the guard told us 'Must do so at Line Street itself'. Question - did they????



### DUMBINA ON COLUMNIAL

Setting off gaily for a rumble on a Sunday Morning with a clean pair of boots and a clean pair of jeans (all in one piece) have you ever thought that it isn't worth the bother when a few hours later you look as though you've been rolled in mud????

27 enthusiastic mombers set off on the Chester bus on this warn winters day, little knowing what was in store for them, whilst one, Roderick by name, rode behind on his secoter.

Mighting it Backford we set off o'er the fields, crossed the Shropshire Union Canal and continued along beside the Mill Brook Canal until two weary hours later we came onto the road once more, and stopped for refreshment at Bridge Trafford. There wesn't even a 'cuppa' to be had, but we comped down on the grass and Bernie went in search of a t irst quencher. A while later he staggered down the road with a few big bottles of lemonade, and only Bernie knows what he went through before he managed to get the money from us to pay for them.

Grub eaten we set off once more and went on up to Pleastall, and then out across the fields. You wish't tain't I mean those nice green, grassy fields that one sees in the summer. But those were inches deep in water and with squelchy boots and dirty jeans we paddled our way, elong. One of our new members paddled in her stocking feet, while John (another of those Kennedys') made nice, work of Maries' jeans!?!?! Soon we came to Great Barrow where one of the party left us.

On we went around Broom Will, by now we were nearly knee deep in muddy water, and what with barbed wire sences, (which had to be crawled under or climbed over, according to your hight) ditches whichhad to be jumped over and faulty stiles we all consider ourselves very lucky to have escaped injury.

The daylight had now disappeared and we wended our way along, the rain lashing down upon us, and we passed under the railway bridge and set off across more muddy fields to Dunke on the Fill.

Wet and muddy we sera bled onto the bus for Chester, and here we encountered that falous en-Everton player Dixic Dean, who approved of the many blue anaraks we have in the club. We caught the 6.5 bus been to Birkenhead after a very good ramble. Then'ts Bernie.

"MOD SPLASIED".

N.B. NOTE, MARK AND INWARDLY DIGEST THE HEISTON OF "GOODS" IN THIS WRITE-UP AND B. REGINDED SOLE OF YOU, OF THE ADVISABILITY OF WEARING BOOTS ON FLAVE SHOES OF RALBERS. IN FACT BOOTS, AND BOOTS ONLY, ARE ESSENTIAL OF MOST RATBERS.

## "RANDLING" PROGRAMME FOR MARCH

DATE	RADLE	<u> 1345T</u>	This	COST	LEADLE
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++	"12	J.Bolan (Quarterly M	M. Henwood leeting)	M.Walsh/R.Bond	J.Carol/3.Edwards	+ +				
+	"19	H.O'Neill	P. Haylor	H.Martin/A.Bowden	H.O'Neili/Gerry Hennigan	+				
++	"26	G. Penlington	F. Johnston	B.Bergum/J.Hunt	T. Kelly/T.R. inford	+ + +				
+THERE WILL BE NO SOCIAL ON APRIL 2nd - HOLY WEEK +										

#### MOEL-FARMA ..... 9th February, 1958

Ten brave souls ventured out on a cold showy norning, nine of whom were inhabitants of Bootle and Waterloo. Now we know where the tough 'uns come from!

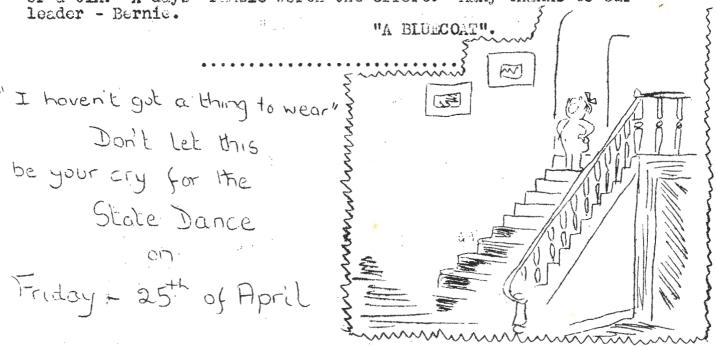
We/caught the bus to the Clwyd Gate and feasted around a stove fire and an electric fire. "Come on let's get cracking", the bearded 'gentleman' was heard to murpur more than once.

Drizzling rain and flapping macs made the scene of our ascent. Snow and ice covered the hills making us look more like a winter sports team than a rambling club. We looked like Hillary's party, Bernie as Hillary, of course, continually losing sight of each other through the mist. Moel-Famma loomed up before us like a dark cloud sinouetted against the sky. An achievement was made, we'd reached Scott Base! Call for refreshment where we shared our food (and germs) as Bernie remarked.

Our fourth climb was a case of two steps forward, four steps back, with gasps of "Water .... water ....", we decided to settle for our third nourishment of the day huddled behind a 'mold' of stones to escape the continual howling wind.

By this time it began to grow dark and after tip-toeing through what seemed like miles of snow and ice, we finally reached the road; on we tramped, Barney making the pace, he'd visions of 'pots of tea' before him???? Our one hope of a tea-stop was dashed as we found Rhydymwyn in darkness. Sunday in Wales, you know. Four miles to Hold so off we went again, and two arrived earlier than expected!!! where we devoured our crumbs and relaxed - thanks to Horlicks!

On the bus home, we again shared our germs cating tangerines out of a tin. A days' rabble worth the effort. Many thanks to our leader - Bernie.



HOLYWELL

Our Leader's now professional

The second time she's led

So now instead of Eileen

She answers to 'Bighead'.

Holywell - and what a day 
The sun was shining brightly.

A hint of Spring was in the air

Which made us girls feel sprightly!

The men of course - oblivious

To natures well known call 
Preferred to 'turn their fancy'

To playing - yes, football!!

But leader was a lady
So they didn't play for long.
And we continued o'er the fields
Accompanied by song.

The monastry at Pant Asaph
Was reached for Benediction,
And here we found a little dog
Who had a Church addiction.

This dog was quiet, well-behaved,

He didn't growl or 'woof',

But when he heard Jean start to sing

He went - he'd had enough...??

Well, on we pressed down lanes of mud, with Bill in great elation.
You'd think he'd won the football pools so much is jubilation.

He wouldn't give the cause for it,
To ask him was in vain The climax came when later on
We piled into the train.

And then he sang - he wouldn't stop .
He entertained us all,
But please remember Gigli boy,
"PRIDE GOES BEFORE A FALL".

Another "Frantic" rambler
Known locally as Joe,
Taught Delia that he'd always make
A better friend than foe -

Just because she 'topt' his slippers,
(So he wouldn't lose them),
Well, after all a ramble isn't
Quite the place to use them!!!!

However, when he'd simmered down,

Belongings we retrieved.

I bet when we got off THAT train

The Railways were relieved.....??????

We rounded off a lovely day
With each one feeling merry,
And sang our final choruses
When crossing on the Ferry.

Thirtoon fellows - thirteen girls, then went their septrate ways, For each in his or her own way, had shared a 'day of days'.

... A GOOD HANDMAID ...

 SWIMMING: Although the swimming evening is the same, we are now going along to the NORRIS GREEN baths instead of Westminster Road. The time is still 8 to 9 p.m., and in addition to the Friday evening, it is possible for you to go along on Tuesday nights as well, so we hope this will suit those of you who have not been able to get along on previous Friday nights at Westminster Road.

CONSTITUTION: Copies of the Constitution are now available, and should prove of interest to all members. If, therefore, you would like to receive a copy will you please give your name to Marie.

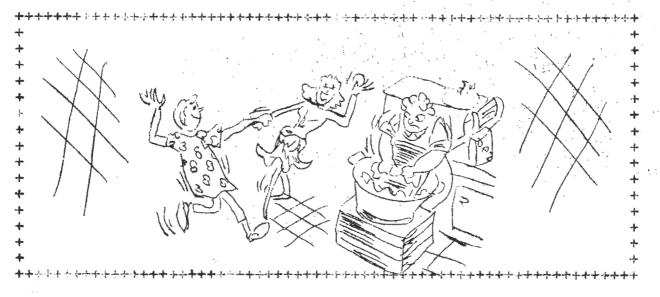
#### TENNIS WORKING PARTY:

We are coming along in grand style with the Pavilion repairs, but we still need your help, in forming a working party to come along to the Courts each Saturday.

I'm sure that all the male tennis members in particular will want to pull their weight in helping with the floor-laying, etc., and if it isn't possible for some of you to come on Saturdays - maybe if you have any free time during the week you would contact Harry O'Neill,

Fred Norbury or Bernard, and they will tell you what jobs could be done. As soon as the floor is ready, we will be wanting a working party of the girls as well, to make the place looked 'lived in', but more about this in the next Newsletter.





If you have any jokes or photos you would like to see in your newsletter - will you let either Eileen or me have them?

There weren't nearly enough in costume for the Fancy Dress Evening but, again, those partaking were good. A band was hired for the night but their efforts paled into insignificance before the onslaught of The Blue Faces Quartet. Nice legshow, Barney. It was just as well they didn't all smoke or the prize would have worked out at 2.1/9th cigarettes each instead of 2.3/7ths. The cast of "Love's a Luxury" didn't win a prize but the publicity angle must have been worth the cost of Anne's goosepimples and Kath's red nose, which lasted rather longer than was expected. Doreen was my favourite prize winner. After the judging she shared out the rock of her "Rock and Roll" costume among us. Very tasty! Margaret and Bernard's "Emergency Ward 11" was literally one up on the I.T.V. programme. Our Toff, Harry Sheridan, was really on his dignity and at the other end of the scale Marie's and Jean's Babes in the Wood were the bonniest babies theClub has yet seen. Mrs. Maxwell deserved a medal for sewing "CARNIVAL" on Maureen's costume hat in beads.

Our football team chalked up a win on Saturday fortnight against Kingsley Amateurs (Saint Bernards' I think), and got a rousing cheer when it was announced at the Club. They look very natty these days in their white and black strip with the Club's badge giving a touch of colour. Shaun, who was a staunch member of the team, is now in a new job at Rotherham, and he has all our good wishes.

Tony Atherton has a fresh stock of badges so hurry and get yours. They look really good on the Royal Blue anoraks which are practially 'de rigeur' nowadays for walks. We almost lost a good member a few weeks ago. Doreen turned up in a FAWN anorak! We couldn't beleive our eyes. We reasoned quietly with her until she realized the enormity of her error and swapped the scorned fawn for a royal blue one. Marie is contemplating buying a green one so we'll have to get working on her, girls.

In this Centenary year, the Club is certainly taking an interest in the Lourdes Pilgrimage. We've about ten or twelve members going as Brancardiers or Handmaidens and quite a few of these attended a re-union at Bootle Town Hall recently. Archbishop Heenan was present and the Lord and Lady Mayoress of Bootle hurried along from another engagement.

Father Glass from St. Anthony's gave us a wonderful lecture with colour slides on Lourdes. We saw the Pilgrimage from all viewpoints.—as it affects the general public, the brancardiers and handmaidens and the sick. The slides gave us a really intimate impression of the layout of Lourdes, even its back alleys', and there were some fine photos of the improvements which are now nearly completed. It was interesting to see Father Atherton and Tony helping with the stretcher cases and a fleeting glimpse of Peter on one of the processions. The slides of the torch-light processions were particularly impressive, with the moving torches looking like a flamecoloured ribbon winding through the darkness.

The State Dance of February 8th was another sell-out. It would have been an even bigger one if the bright sparks who returned tickets after the event had been as co-operative a week earlier. That is a gentle hint for next time. There is very little fresh that can be said about the State Dances, they all go with such a swing. But where the heck did the dancing during the interval get to, this time?!? Bernard put the records on as usual. Don't forget the next dance - 25th April.

I learnt last Sunday that at least EIGHT MEN are required for laying the ready mixed concrete, this coming Saturday, at Lance Grove. From my limited knowledge of the building trade, it appears that the mush has to be ladled onto the floor rather smart-like - two men would have to be exceptionally smart, four could manage without killing themselves, but eight or thereabouts would be ideal. Please see gaffers Fred Norbury and Harry O'Neill TO-NIGHT.

Yours SOCIALITE

Members who have not paid their subscriptions for 1957/58 will get a reminder letter with this Newsletter. We do not wish you to pay your five bobs if you are no longer interested, but a reply either way would be helpful.

The Registrar ++++++++