



Having fraternised with the R.A. 'C' Party in Conway and duly taken leave of George and his band, the 13 remaining members, leader Peter, set off at a brisk pace. A togger ball was found lying in the road but it became evident that for once Peter was not going to be lured into a game, so realising that energy should be conserved for what lay ahead, it soon lay neglected.

The town was left behind and having skirted the Hospital we reached the open moorland where we rapidly gained height. The atmosphere was very humid with the earlier promise of sunshine not materialising. A very different day from the one spent in the area last September in almost tropical conditions.



"... having skirted the hospital".

After three hours, just when yours truly was absolutely flaking and wondering if Peter's heart was really made of stone, he called a halt and with mist swirling around we gratefully sank to the ground in the shelter of some rocks. Duly re-energised with coffee and plenty of carbo-hydrates in the usual form, and also the rest, it was almost a relief to get underway once again as chill quickly seeped in.

The mist lifted soon afterwards to show a clear sky. This was certainly an up-down, up-down day, and finally our highest point, the summit of Tal-y-Fan was reached. There was no time to linger, however, as daylight was fading, so on we went this time down and up to the top of Moelfre, and then on through the Stone Circle.

Having descended into the Fairy Glen, negotiated the rapids and clambered up the far side, the lights of Conway soon became visible in the distance. Across the Sychnant Pass with a two minute stop to quench thirsts, and so over Conway Mountain and back to the town and a reunion with the 'B' Party, who had been keeping the Pansella's Ice Cream Parlour in business while awaiting our arrival.

Many Thanks Peter for yet another splendidly led and satisfying ramble.

N.D: The "A" walks are certainly to be recommended to those galls who wish to enjoy peaceful rambling.

"LEAKY BOOTS"

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THURSTASTON

21st February, 1960

Luck was certainly on the Ramblers' side this morning because, not only was the weather our favourite kind, warm and sunny with a clear blue sky, but we also had the good fortune of an extra hour in bed, a rare luxury.

37 duly boarded the bus at Woodside after a pleasant sail across the Mersey, and if some members had to be dissuaded from spending the day cruising, well who could blame them; after all it isn't every February we have an almost Indian summer day. The last of the rebels was picked up at Arrowe Park and we made our way through the Park, the boys putting in some good togger practice, and also working up large appetites. The would-be Roger Bannisters of the Wirral were also training, encouraged by the cheers (or jeers) of some of our members.

On we pressed to Irby and Cherry Tree Farm, our lunch stop. Here Mrs. Bradshaw made us very welcome and those with outsize capacities were able to purchase sausage rolls, home-made scones, etc. Lunch (which was eaten in the garden) was followed by another game of togger to aid?? digestion until Bernard rounded us up and off we set.

The path now lay through the woods and up on to Thurstaston Hill where one of the local children looked askance at the "Barbara Moores" as he called us. We crossed over busy Telegraph Road and then cut across the fields to the Dungeon, where a halt was called. However, not all wanted to laze and Chris used his surplus energy in Tarzan stunts. Gerry Cullen, not to be outdone, followed suit but he had an extremely ulterior motive. Was the rucker retrieved from the tree-top??

Across the fields and down to Heswall shore after a very muddy descent of the cliffs, during which boots collected about a ton of mud each. However, a quick paddle helped somewhat. The togger boys were in their element again - this really was their hey-day, and very slowly the long crocodile advanced. Tea was eaten ~~xxx~~ sitting on a wall watching the gulls wheeling in the sunlight, and cheering some local Cheyennes. Across the river Moel Fammau still looked wintry cloaked in white. (Watch out next week girls)!!

So onwards to Parkgate and a cafe that was cosy in name only. Still we did get a cuppa eventually, some of the more fortunate having invaded the Espresso Bar. Duly refreshed we made our way to St. Winifred's, Neston, where we heard Mass. A perfect ending to a perfect day. Thanks a lot Bern.

"TICH"

MOEL-FAMMAU

Sunday dawned as usually happens after a Saturday, and a quarter past ten found a merry if somewhat sleepy band of rambblers all ready for a good days walking. Across the river we met a few more people eager to join the group and proceeded to wait for the bus.

After a somewhat crowded journey we alighted at Clwyd Gate (much to the delight of the conductor) and ate our dinner in a nearby cafe.

Dinner over, the leader decided it was time to move, and so we set off. Moel Fenley was our first goal and half way up we found one of the group running full speed after us (sorry we forgot you Sheila). After Moel Fenley came Moel Fammau. Some of us myself included were about to give up half way, until it was pointed out by one of the stalwarts of the group that if the old gent walking alongside us could do it, so could we!

We reached the top at last, from where we had the most wonderful view of the countryside. Then we were given the "welcome" news that we still had to climb Moel Arthur, but we would worry about that when we came to it, now it was time for more food, (much to my delight). It was here that "Barbara Armstrong-Jones" got to work with her camera, and our gallant leader put a splint on Mon's "BROKEN LEG".

The sight of Moel Arthur must have scared some, because two people (feeling guilty?) walked up the road, and I seem to remember a voice asking could we use the road. Still somehow or other all the party reached the top.

Time to wend our weary way home, only to find that "Suzi Wong" had torn her slacks and had to fix them with safety pins.



MRF MRP

Still never mind, the day was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. Thanks John,

"FIFI"

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ROSARY - Wednesday, 6th April @ 8.30 p.m. Meet Club-room at 8.15 to go to Crypt.

23rd April - is the proposed date for the Tennis A.G.M. and this will be followed by a social. Listen for more details during the Wednesday "Announcements".

REMEMBER - there will be no Wednesday social during Holy Week.

CHALET - bookings for 9/10th April Chalet Weekend will be taken on Wednesday, 30th March (to-night). If your name isn't down now, then I imagine you'll have to go on a waiting list!



Shortly after the Winter Programme was distributed, the Rambling Sub. Committee received three or four complaints concerning the contents of the card.

These were not entirely unexpected, nor for that matter, unwelcome. They were welcomed in as much as they showed interest and were constructive. They were expected because we knew the programme could have been better.

Why wasn't it better?

It lacked your co-operation. Although we can't please everyone, we feel that we can please a big percentage of the membership if you will help us.

What sort of walks do you want?

Do we need some halfday walks in the summer programme? How do you feel about coach trips? We need your views on these subjects and any others concerning rambling. Please let us hear from you. In particular may we appeal for more leaders, especially for new areas. If you're a little worried about leading for the first time - don't be; we will give you all the help we can.

There will be a notice displayed at the clubroom - on it will be some suggested walks for the summer, and all the dates for the summer programme. Let's see if we can have the name of a leader opposite each of these dates.

We are most concerned about the small number of Leaders we have at the moment and we feel that this is in some measure due to the fear in many of starting their first lead. To overcome this obstacle we really do invite any interested party to go with the leader on any ramble on which he or she is taking part, and take a few instructions in map reading, amongst other things.


If there are a few amongst you who would like to be give more detailed guidance please see Bill Potter who will do all he possibly can to help you.

Having said this we again stress the need for more Leaders, and we ask you to overcome what shyness you may have and let us have your names.

"RAMBLERITE"

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C H A L E T      W E E K E N D      13/14th Feb, 1960

 "Snow, snow, thick, thick snow". This was the order for the weekend which started "To the Light of the Silvery Moon" on the Friday night. We soon found we were lacking an electric gram, although we had a clockwork masterpiece without spring, handle, or a decent speaker (do you mind!). It was somewhat monotonous holding the needle in one hand and spinning one of the ancient discs with the other. No wonder Cyril was in the mood for a midnight ramble.

After food, and the phone box was left in peace (S.O.S. for a gram), Peter had us and Bernard Duffy (up for the day) under way for a ramble which gave way to a good snowball fight en route. HINT Never walk beneath a snow laden overhanging tree in front of two wags with glints in their eyes. Mona and Cyril were just not amused! Soon we were peeling anoraks and sweaters as we climbed the snowy slopes of the Glywlians, thus making certain members of the 13 more vulnerable to getting snow in the wrong places. It tastes nice as well. What goes up must come down - so to prove it Mona and Kathy (sore leg an'orl)! showed us, demonstrationwise, by somersaulting and some delicate rolls how easy it is to come down steep slopes in slippery snow. Everyone else joined in the clowning, or was it??? What a laugh!! On the strength (or weakness) of our exertions we

Having dined we plodded the whitened path to Moel Farnau. Three GENTS were soon left behind with the quickened pace (or plain desertion), but some good tracking and we found them (you couldn't miss those big boot prints.....) - We nearly did!!

Reunited we set off down the valley, crossing the river in search of some wellknown cafe for char. After a diversity of opinion we couldn't find it, so undaunted we pressed on down till we came across a notice "5 minutes up the hill Queensway Cafe". By democratic persuasion we decided to forego the beverage and continued down the river valley to Loggerheads. We passed Colomendy Camp in a snow shower and arrived at the Chalet fit to eat a horse, but it was only a delicious savoury mincepie (Chalet made by Angela) Yum Yum!!

Comment has already been made of the heroism of Tom and Bill going back to Liverpool only to return with two record players, one Stereo at that, with some great classical records. Thanks again.

Runour had it that tobogganning was in fashion. At least Cyril was talking a lot about having an odd shaped sunshine roof installed in his car. In winter too!! Well this tobogganning was marvellous, especially if you were able to steer the things. Our lady passengers were great sports risking their necks! Legs and arms were flung about helplessly as the tobogannners ejected themselves into a farcical heap or spreadeagled themselves in the snow, or even some friendly gorse bushes.... They're off!! (Seen:- Four legs and boots). Did the snaps come out??

The day party invaded just before lunch on the Sunday, and plans were made for a ramble, but a blizzard of heavy (oh yes?!) snow had started. Would the fireside hold sway?

Surprised by a big turnout we set off not knowing our fate or the distance we would manage. The battle started immediately on the plush white carpet of fresh snow - progress was slow - you get used to snowballs in the face but you must keep your mouth shut. Some wags started rolling a huge snowball but when it broke they couldn't find any collotape to stick it together again. Tom Reinforde's chivalry in defending Sheila was striking! This follows his unceremonious dethronement at Rivington during the Yuletide Walk by that strong-armed Marn. Soaked, happy and tired (only 90 minutes walk all along the road which we never noticed), we arrived back at the Chalet.

There was concern about the buses still running or not, but the weekend closed without much further ado and is now just a pleasant memory.

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MARCH 6th

EDALE "A"

After a very long coach journey and a rather short lunch break, we bade farewell to the "B" party and, crossing a rustic bridge, ascended a gentle grassy slope. We followed the course of the river for a while, the, evidently deciding that we had shaken off all pursuers, Peter led us up the rugged rocks.

We toiled upwards and were rewarded by the sight of a sheer rockface. We inched our way gingerly up this and in true Rambler tradition stood stoically by, paying no heed to the piteous cries of our two ladies, stranded on the ledge below. Helping hands were eventually extended, however, and we pressed on across Edale Moor at a steady pace, very necessary in view of the damp chilling mist which lay all about.

The turf here was delightfully springy underfoot but scorning such luxury, we proceeded in what appeared from the sand and pebbles on the bottom, and the high banks on either side, to be a dried-up river bed.

Eventually we found ourselves on a mountain side, and the geologists amongst us noted some rather strange rock-formations (No, dear, not Martys' Wildcates). Epstein probably saught inspiration here.

Our way now lay downhill through the dry, crackling bracken, then we climbed again scaring some families of white rabbits (or were they March hares?) in the process.

After a short pause for cigs, oranges and the like, we raced downhill, negotiating stiles, walls, and streams with careless grace, then slowed to a respectable saunter whilst passing through the grounds of the exceedingly swish Rowland Cote Youth Hostel. We were approaching civilisation now, and by way of a farmyard, we reached the River Nol, and crossed it without mishap, though the tail-enders were hampered by boulders unerringly flung by John to cause the maximum amount of splash.

We actually walked on a road for a few strides, then crossed a railway bridge, but away in the distance, shrouded in the mist we could discern a cloud-capped tower - Lose Hill. Conjecture gave way to foreboding, then to resignation. Peters' eyes, like Mr. McMillans' were on the Summit. We straggled up it and just like the Grand old Duke of York straggled down again, pausing for high tea in the lee of the draughtiest, dry-stone wall in Derbyshire.

The light was thickening fast now as we stepped it briskly out along the Vale of Edale, and back to the coach which took us to Castleton where the "B" party joined us and the familiar bedlam ensued.

Thanks Peter for a very good ramble.

ROAMIN' CATHOLIC

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PERSONAL: Our congratulations to Ursula Flattery and Jim Fealy, and Jean Bravin and Gerry McDonald on their recent engagements. Vera and Arthur Brockway are the proud parents of a baby boy, and Austin and Maureen have an addition to their family of a baby girl.

RAMBLING PROGRAMME:

<u>DATE</u>	<u>LEADER</u>	<u>RAMBLE</u>	<u>MEET &amp; TIME</u>	<u>COST</u>
April 3	M. Coughlan	Trevor Rocks	James St. Stn. 10.15a.m.	6/-s.
9/10	Chalet Weekend			
18	(Easter Monday) (R.A. Train)			
	B. Edwards	Rydymwyn	See press for train time.	
24	H. O'Neill	Nant-y-Frith	James St.Stn.9.50 a.m.	5/-s.
May	Keswick Weekend.	Nemes and Cash to W. Potter.		

SOCIAL PROGRAMME:

	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>Refreshments</u>	<u>Washers-up.</u>	<u>Gram.Carriers.</u>
Apr.6	Jerry Cullen	Marie Henwood	Connolly Sisters.	Chris Dobbins & Geo.Skillicorn.
13	Bill Potter	Jean Bravin	Cath Gilligan & Brenda Bergun.	Mike McCormack & Ron Hughes.
20	Harry O'Neill	Mona Roberts	Ann Boggan & J. Devitt.	Bill Potter & Peter Atherton.
27	Peter Atherton	Ann McCann	Cath Byrne & R. Doyle.	Jim McEvoy & Mike Coughlan
May 4	Gerry Penlington	Mgt. Gilmour	Mgt. Kelly & R. Hoctor	Jim Hodgkinson & Stan Cunningham.



S O C I A L I T E .

With Spring on the calendar and in the air, very appropriately comes the news of two engagements. Congratulations first to Gerry McDonald and assistant secretary Jean Bravin and then to Kim Fealey and Ursula Flattery.

Still on personel, Austen and Maureen Callaghan have just had a baby girl and there is now a son and heir for Arthur and Vera Brockway. Best wishes for the newcomers.

At our Quarterly Meeting last week we didn't seem to get very far away from rambling - reasonable enough in a rambling club. Put up for consideration by Bill Potter and Fred were suggestion re methods for Chalet Bookings, conducting of rambling and many other points. Ann gave a talk on music appreciation, mainly to the effect that we haven't any. How necessary this was. What we need for our private buses, and the top of Mool Fanneau, as suggested by Fred, is gently nurtured choir something on the lines of the Christmas one.

But standing out from everything else was an appeal for New Leaders. No rambling club can regard itself as thriving when, with the exception of two or three new men and women, the same old faithfuls are called upon to shepherd us safely there and back Sunday after Sunday. Surely to take an intelligent interest in anything adds to the pleasure of any pastime and an adequate knowledge of map reading is a fine way of increasing your pleasure on walking. To know what the Leader means (assuming that he really knows!) when he says that "we have to top the next two rises, go round the shoulder of the third height, then descend into the valley for tea at that little inn" can be a great help, or a shock. At least you know the best or worse and can strive on or lay down and die. And its surely time that we had a few more graduations from the 'B' to 'A' parties from the ladies! Effort, girls! Its well worth it.

Tennis was given a brief but very necessary airing with an appeal for additions to the working parties and the information that there are about twelve vacancies. As Bill promised to help any prospective new leader, Cyril promised to help along any tennis beginners, and they are both sincere in their ~~efforts~~ offers.

We just didn't get round to the Social side of things at all, though though Gerry did tell us that we were only just breaking even here. Without our dances, things wouldn't be at all rosy. Don't forget to put your shilling in though you have come in late. After all, most of your job goes towards the rent of the room, and you have had the loan of the hall even if you missed your cuppa. After the Meeting closed with a prayer, Gerry downed his Treasurer's tools and zipped away into a really lively social.

Gerry and Jean, inspite of their very new engagement, have not let this take their minds off the really important things in life, e.g. Club Swimming. Our own night is out of question for this season so if anybody knows of a Club to whom we could second for the few remaining Fridays see one or other of the above mentioned happy pair. For bur' night next season we'll need Instructors. The "Corpy" form didn't make it clear whether Instructors just need to be able to teach people to swim, have certificates or be life-savers, but if you know anybody who might have these qualifications let us know right now.

Would you please keep your eyes (Newsletters) and ears (Notices) open for your turn as washer-up or equipment carrier? M.C.s. are not as plentiful as flowers in May and those we have we'd like to keep. The prospect of finding replacements for absentees from the duty roostas is seeing them off fast and furiously.