

Registrar, Barbara Kaershaw,
26, Oxford Road,
Liverpool, 22.

Editor, Gerry Penlington,
43, Alexandra Dr.,
Bootle, 20.

))
TOPICAL TALK

If this Editorial is not controversial then it is not for the want of the right kind of topics, reference to the R.A. magazine or even the last General Committee minutes could flood the newsletter with such topics.

Having mentioned the last Committee meeting it might be as well to see how the new Committee is settling down. Speaking as one who has sat on many a C.R.A. Committee I can assure you that as a general body you chose well. The new members you elected are both active and keen. Here of course I must say that the old members you re-elected are also active and keen, or some of them will be getting a 'cob' on.

By the time you read this all the Sub-Committees will have met at least once (Finance C'Tee excepted, nuff sed). Some results can be judged by the speed with which the social and rambling programmes have been drawn up. The items that come up before the Committee each month are numerous and varied, comparing an average agenda with a conveyor belt would not be too much of an exaggeration. The results of some of the discussions and decisions will be featured throuout this edition. Among those that should interest you were the considerations shown to charity appeals from the Bishop of Minevia for schools and the Bishop of Shillong for lepers.

The appeal from the Bishop of Minevia is an annual one, and it pointed out on this occasion that the average Sunday collection from a third of the parishes in his diocese is only £5 (Five pounds) not enough to keep a ministering priest let alone provide Catholic education facilities. The Club has sent a donation to each appeal, in each case not a large one but if all Catholic bodies and associations did likewise (and I do not think they do) the financial worries of some deserving causes would be tremendously alleviated.

One item that cropped up at the last meeting was the matter of a small charge at the chalet for tea provided for the day party. It seems that some demurred although how they could do so is not understood. Had they visited a cafe there would be no question about payment. Tea milk and sugar still have to be provided and the levy was no mere passing whim of some officious official but a levy which has been in force for some considerable time.

Some remaining items I see are due for a special featur in the near future so I will not jump the gur. I will mention in passing the Catholic Holiday Guild Re-Union for the Liverpool Area which will be run by the Club in a few months time.

More anon from

THE EDITOR

))
NOTICE

Any write-ups or other items for the newsletter should be passed tp our Secretary, Eric Thomas. That bald statement is loaded with the confidence that there is going to be a continual stream of material.

The Club has been publishing a Newsletter for 17 years now both before and after the war all based on just that confidence, and we know no reason why the source should dry up now.

So folks, once again your write-ups, letters, notices, scandals and so forth to Eric.

THANKS.

Rumour had it at breakfast that the 'A' expedition had been cancelled. Most of the ramblers were quite unperturbed, not many had it in mind anyway; perhaps they knew what was coming. On the coach to Seatoller, however, various mutterings, winks and nods culminated in Peter's receiving Bill P's unqualified blessing for a rapid breakaway in the direction of Scafell. A party of 11 including two ladies, the indomitable Margaret (was she so keen to keep out of Mike's way?) and Ron - set off to Seathwaite at what was considered a fair pace.

Peter next drove us about a mile up Grain's Ghyll then Taylor Ghyll and Styhead Pass to the Mountain Rescue Post, in one hour flat from the bus. From now on we were told we were on the guides route, and I do not mean Girl Guides. Whoever pioneered it must have had the ability to bridge chasms with astonishing ability and ease; I refuse for one moment to believe that we went off track.

The mountain somehow seemed to become a monstrous overhang, far too difficult for ropes, and progress to the top consisted of really strenuous scrambling amid gurgling streams and poignant inspirations. At last the whips were put away whilst we had a most welcome sandwich on Brown Mow in glorious sunshine. By this time even the most ambitious realised that time was too short to go all the way - thank goodness!

The return was made around the back of Great End, Esk Hause and Grain's Ghyll to Seathwaite. We had all of fifteen minutes to reach the bus stop at Seathwaite so were able to dawdle along the road for the last mile. All involved will remember the effort and enjoyment of a hectic but well worthwhile lightning tour of the Lakes! Thanks very much, Peter.

oo

GREAT GABLE 'B' WALK SATURDAY OCTOBER, 15th, 1960

After collecting our packed lunches, flasks of coffee etc., we set off on a fine Autumn morning for our ascent of Great Gable. We left the coach at Seathwaite and at the farm left the 'A' party. We were small in number (future 'A' rambles should have plenty of new recruits this winter) but included a veteran Rambler, Mrs Kelly, making a great comeback.

The walk had hardly got underway when Sheila decided to take a cooler in a stream, so she was not pushed or tripped but she fell. Up by Sour Milk Ghyll and on to Great Gable where we had a stop for lunch. It was agreed by all that the Autumn is certainly the best time to see the Lakes. The varied colours, browns, golds, russets etc., all blended in perfect harmony.

On again for our final stage, the wind was blowing colder now as we scrambled over the rocks and in a short while we were all on the summit. For those who want all the details the height was 2,900 ft. above sea level. Naturally on top the inevitable camera appeared and we all posed looking I am sure like nothing on earth. Pat suddenly thought she had found her long lost boots but on closer inspection decided that she did not take size 10s.

As we had a breather we caught sight of the 'A' party wending their way upwards, unfortunately they all arrived safe and sound. We left them having a well earned break and admiring the view. Down, literally so in some cases when we reached the scree, but with this over we made better time to Sty Head Pass, passing the Rescue Box on the way. Then we had a steady walk until we were once more in sight of the coach. Naturally before boarding we took ourselves off for some liquid refreshment at a little cottage cafe lit by a paraffin lamp and with an inviting fire burning in the hearth. The milk campaign found some good supporters among us. After everyone had refreshed themselves we piled into the coach and back to Keswick. At the Guest house it was one mad dash for baths and showers before dinner which was enjoyed by all.

Thanks very much Chris for an enjoyable day.

In perfect weather Roy Lamb (The Lonely Man) a 'Strand' in his strode down James St. to the Railway Station. On arrival Roy had the additional company of 14 ramblers, a good turn out in view of the attraction of the Keswick week-end. The journey to Beeston was via Rock Ferry and Chester and the time was passed in sedate and varied conversation. The centre of attraction at Chester Railway Station was the blond W.R.A.F. wearing a new line in hats.

The First Aid Service was in the hands of Dr. Sean Lawlor, who checked for various symptoms during the mid-day break at the local tea shop at Terporley. After the break and the inevitable game of football the ramble began in earnest. The initial stages included undulating farmland a number of stiles and a pond with a thick blanket of algae. The River Gowie was on our right flank. Barbara Grant succeeded in making a perfect three point landing from one of the stiles and must surely have wished that she had accepted a lift in a luxurious car after all.

When Barbara had been lifted to her feet by the ever obliging male posse she sighted the Beeston ruins to her right and immediately ahead Peckforton Castle. Shortly afterwards we reached Castlegate Farm where Roy (a pig fancier of no mean repute) inspected the poultry and animals. We now turned left on the Peckforton Road and passed through a village of stone cottages with lattice windows with a church of red brick surrounded by Cypress trees. Passing through more fields Monica Connor discovered that the fences were gaily decorated by crows' carcasses and was so fascinated by this that she had to be pulled away before the walk could continue.

After a short respite we entered a wood of oak trees which fringed the walls of Peckforton Castle. The undergrowth was dense in the initial stages, but undaunted, Roy guided his charges to the comparative safety of a much trodden path. Pressing on we reached a clearing which was an ideal site for further refreshment, football and photography. The photographers, Jim Joyce and Ron were kept busy. Monica and Nancy spent the break inspecting some nearby graves. The break over we followed the path once more through a pine forest on to the Table Rock. The view of the two castles and Cheshire plain was pleasant and led our two camera men into action again. Whilst this was going on that other man of action, Wally Lyon, was sleeping. Apparently he is to be auditioned shortly for the part of 'Babe in the Wood' at the Prescot Palais and thought this was an ideal time to rehearse.

With Walter aroused from his slumbers we descended to the village of Burwardsley and selected a field where tea was taken and football played. With the sun slowly sinking in the west Roy led us on through field and meadow, by-passing another pine forest which teemed with pheasants and partridges. Shortly afterwards we reached the road for Tarporley and on the last mile home Walter performed the duties of chief whipper-in expertly, stalking his charges in true 'Leo' fashion. It was dark when the ramble finished at Tarporley Railway Station where with about two hours to spare we again utilised the local tea shop where coffee and a pleasant chat were had by all.

Our appetite satisfied and our tongues temporarily worn out we moved off to the Railway Station where we found that the train would be half an hour late. However, Walter, obliging as ever stepped into the breach and gave an exhibition of the Tango with Barbara Grant. Dancing over and the engine driver bidding 'Come fly with me', we boarded the train and relaxed until we reached Chester. Here the train for Rock Ferry was late and we took the opportunity to rub shoulders with H.M. Forces at the station buffet. Bob Malin has no hesitation in recommending the meat pies served up. The train when it arrived was packed and left us no alternative but to travel in the guard's van. With his permission and the help of the 'Owen Owen Trio' (Pauline Monica and Nancy) numerous songs were sung and concluded a ramble of five star quality, which included beautiful scenery, varied walking conditions and plenty of stopping points.

Thanks very much Roy.

TODMORDEN WALK SUNDAY, OCTOBER, 23rd 1960

The ramble started in brilliant sunshine after a train trip made noteworthy by Monica (Owen Owen) doing a 'Roger Bannister' along the platform at Exchange Station in an effort to catch the train, which she did, unhappily.

A short walk through 'Tod' town(one member of the party called it a village and was nearly decapitated by a local yokel who was within earshot at the time) brought us out on to some pleasant Torkshire moorland, and a patch of mud brought tears to the eyes of some 'new boots types' in the party. After this we had a nice tough stretch uphill and soon some of us were 'blowing for tugs' so to speak. We were glad of an early break to eat our 'butties' Unfortunately this was taken by the side of something resembling an open sewer.

However, our leader John P. (deputising for brother Bill) soon had us wending our way over the moors once 'moor', oops sorry! Scenery typical of the North Country soon unfolded itself before our eyes and after a few pleasant miles we had another stop by a reservoir whilst the more energetic types played togger, i.e. football. Onwards oncemore, and soon we hove to by an object looking like a Polaris missile from a distance. On closer inspection from the mob itproved an ideal vantage point from which to survey the locality.

After this a short gallop downhill brought us to civilisation once more and we were soon back in 'Tod' waiting for our train. Lastly a vote of thanks to John for leading a very interesting walk, "Be well Sun thar knows".

An Uncontrolable Primitive.

oo

HOPE WALK SUNDAY, OCTOBER, 30th 1960.

It was a beautiful day and we were able to take full advantage of it by getting away to an early start. After the usual high spirited train journey we arrived at Caergwrle where the boys soon found a foot-ball pitch while the rest of the party went in search of a cafe.

In brilliant sunshine we set out to climb Hope Mountain and made steady progress to the summit, via a Golf Course where we stopped for breath and a chance to admire the landscape. On the way down through a woodland we spied a squirrel scurry to and fro in the tree tops, this fascinated a certain member of the party, alas not for sentimental reasons but merely because he felt hungry.

We passed a herd of horses (much to Pat's delight) as the leader held a steady pace towards Coed Talyn and the cafe. Here we frightened the proprietress half out of her wits when she saw the size of the party, but the girls were only too willing to give a hand with making the tea and assisted by the leader and Sean everyone was soon happy.

After our much needed rest we started our homeward trek shrouded in a faint mist and extra clothing. Torches were in force as we skirted Hope Mountain and were led back to Caergwrle by the cheerful sound of 'er' singing up front. Soon we were speeding back towards Liverpool and the journey was shortened by the help of Steve Cummins who delighted us all with a pleasant rendering of some old favourites.

On behalf of those of the walk I should like to extend a vote of thanks to Steve Hall, our able leader, for a truly wonderful day.

It was a fine late Autumn day, the sunlight showing showing the now faded colours of Nature which were once filled with so much breath-taking beauty. The West of Lancashire though unromantic in its urge to visit it has many secret gems to reveal to the discerning wanderer. The little brooks have a comparable charm to the mountain torrents which wind their way across other parts of our native land. The views from Parbold Hill and Horricks Hill vied with each other for their individual offers of attraction. The first which we encountered on our travels gave an unrivalled picture of the far off coast line curving in a distinct arc between the Mersey and Ribble estuaries. Behind us we had Winter Hill and Rivington Pike whilst in front of us the discordant union of coal pit, mill, village and farm settled into an untidy pattern.

On our way to Horricks Hill we came across the still live embers of a bonfire which was soon brought up to a roaring blaze by the outdoor stalwarts. If no sing song took place at least it was the equivalent to any Guy Fawkes celebrations. One guy refusing to ludge very nearly became a real live roasted one. It was from Horricks Hill that the sunset in all its glory was seen. I have heard it said that we on Merseyside get an extra wonderful view of this delightful happening. The sky was a collection of every colour from the spectrum with the dirty brown industrial haze forming an unsightly backcloth.

It gave us a deep satisfying inward glow as we trod our steps down to the nearby village of Ecclestone. In our hearts we thanked God for another wonderful day. It would be both impossible to describe and unfair to tell you of the biggest laugh of the day, but if you really want to know then ask anyone who was out.

From the 12 out, thanks a lot Chris!

W.A.D.

oo

FOOTBALL GOSSIP

The fortunes of the Ramblers dropped during the last month but we hope that they will soon pick up again. Against Loyola and in view of some welcome supporters we went down fighting to a very good team. We finished by losing 6-2.

v St. Peters in the 2nd. round of the Cup.

There was no evidence of any nerves as we set off at a cracking pace on a very heavy ground. Thanks to John Martin we took an early lead but the equaliser came just before half time. After the interval we led again through the efforts of Andy until the Saints scored a brilliant goal. The heavy ground was telling on us as the Saints managed to get two more to our one. A very good game indeed.

v. Cavalier.

We started off very well and had a lead of 2-1 by half-time thanks to our gallant ten. Our fortunes changed in the second half and we went down 7-3 despite great work by John Martin, Jeff and Andy.

v. St. Colombia.

Our much weakened team took the field with the intention of winning at least one game in the month. The going was heavy but once again the start of the second half saw us in a leading position. This was due to some tremendous work by Steve, Bill Cowley and Mick. But unhappily for us the Saints had an inspired spell and ran out winners 5-3.

If there are any budding Billy Liddells in the club or any one who thinks that he could play a decent game just contact either John Burns or John Martin.

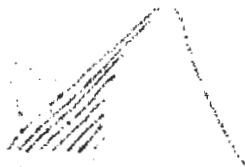
MAP READING

We hope in this series on map reading to give an added interest to your monthly newsletter. In doing it we hope it will increase your enjoyment on Sunday walks by helping you to pick out the surrounding features of the countryside and pin point them on the map. This will also help you to plan your walks with more confidence. The newsletter committee will feel amply rewarded if new leaders, especially ladies step forward after reading this series.

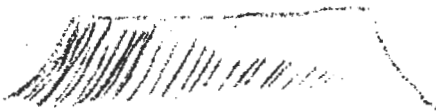
The first and most important thing that the 1" to the mile Ordnance Survey Map tells us is that the land form, mountains, valleys, escarpments etc., is represented by lines which are known as contour lines. These are usually brown in colour and weave an irregular pattern over the map's surface. The height of these lines (from sea level) is marked on them and they are separated by 50' intervals. The shape of the land can be deduced from the pattern made by the lines, for instance the wider apart the lines the flatter the land. When they are grouped closely together it means the land is hillier and steeper, where they are all practically one then the ground rises vertically.

AS SEEN

CONTOURS



CONICAL



PLATEAU



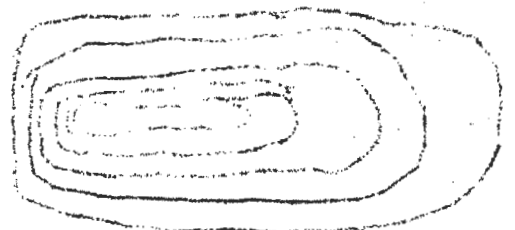
RIVER VALLEY



ROUGH COUNTRY



ESCARPMENT



"COMPASS"

SOCIAL

CHAPTER

Another effort has been made towards an earlier start for Wednesday socials which appears to have born fruit. "May the crop be ever green, again it was a film show which dragged us from telly, fireside and local. Tony Thompson showed us colour slides of scooter tours by himself and Ron Boardman in Scotland and Europe. Thoroughly enjoyable ! I thought maybe it was a bit long for the dance types but it appeared not, there was no immediate rush on to the floor afterwards.

A further idea for earlier socials is to have ½ hour record sessions from 8 to 8.30.p.m. each Wednesday. Margaret Gilmore is M.C. for these sessions so do see her if you have any discs which you think would appeal to us. We have not any particular height or depth of brow in mind. So do something positive about this and see Margaret, we will probably start off with some of the musicals. Fred Norbury has a set of these if anybody has any particular choice. One small point in the Christian Charity Section, we've had quite a number of new M.Cs. these last few weeks and it is quite a kick in the teeth the first few times when they announce a dance and 3 couples get up. When they've M.Cd. a few times more they wont give a hoot if the floor caves in, but while they're new eh !

Congratulations Mike on your engagement to Marie and best wisnes for the future. A couple of sly ones we have there ! State Dance, Yuletide Walk, Christmas Social, Bus Trips, bags of things going off. Get your tickets early from Stan Cunningham for the State Dance. This is on January 7th and Stan is another 'newey' on the job so help make it easy on him.

Yours,

'SOCIALITE '

oo00000oo

| | <u>RAMBLING</u> | <u>PROGRAMME</u> | | |
|-----------|----------------------|------------------|------------------|------|
| Date. | Destination. | Leader | Meet. | Cost |
| Dec.4th. | Hollingsworth Lake | B. Potter | 9.55. Exchange | 7/6 |
| Dec.11th. | Chirk. | B. Duffey. | 10.15 James St. | 6/6 |
| Dec.18th. | Thornton Hough (Ben) | M. Gilmore. | 10.15 Pier Head. | 3/6 |
| Dec.25th. | NO | RAMBLE | | |
| Jan. 8th. | Yuletide Walk. | Committee. | Details Later. | |

NOTICE.

The Committee has decided that in order to clear up any misunderstanding which may exist all rambles will in future finish, or at least be planned to finish in Liverpool by 11 p.m. at the latest.

oo0000000oo