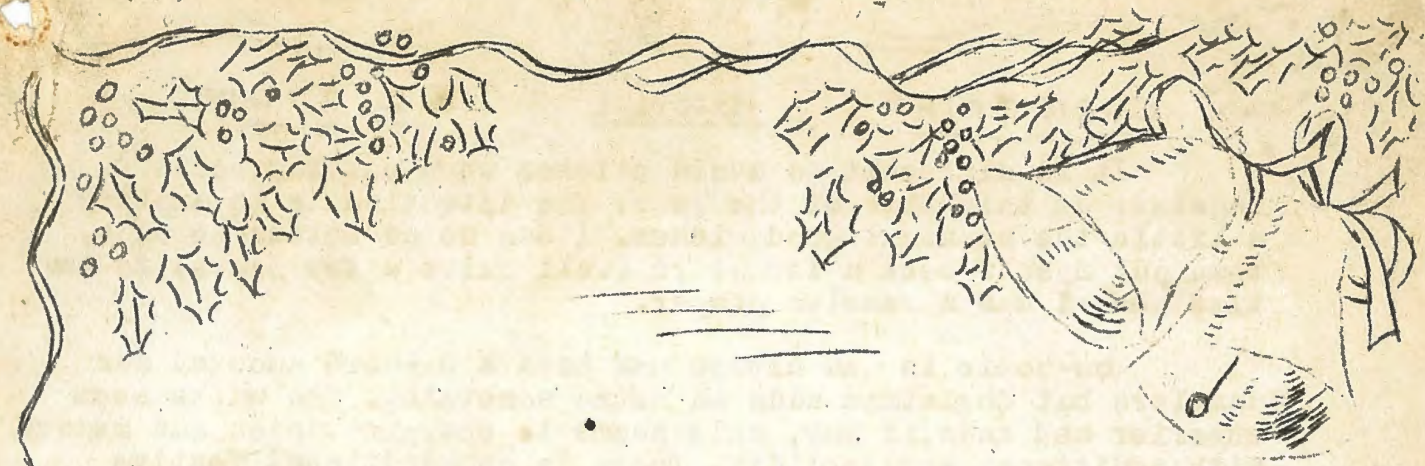
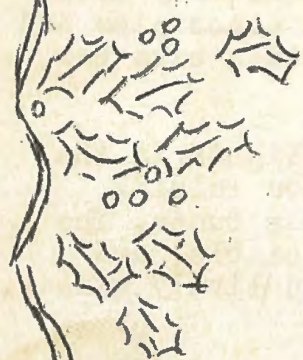


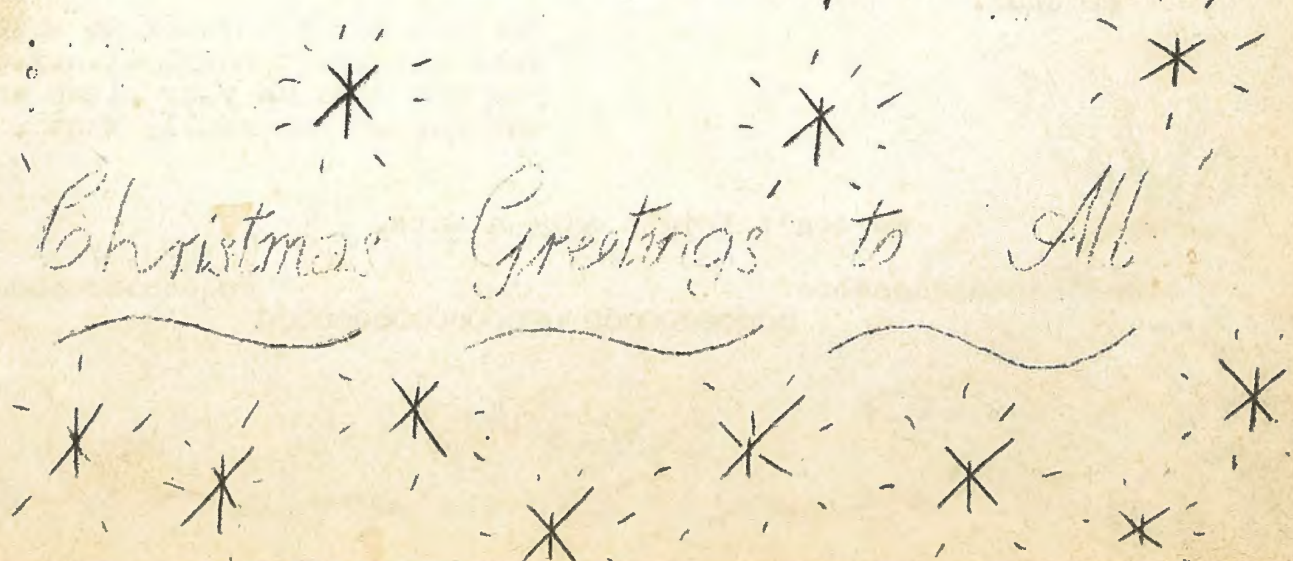
DEC. 1960 TO NOV 1962



No. 140



Christmas Greetings to All





CHRISTMAS

Editorial

EDITION



It is difficult to avoid cliches when putting words together at this time of the year. The intention is to amplify a little the seasonal good wishes. I can do no better perhaps, than put myself back a few years (well quite a few years) to the time when I was a rambler proper.

Bon-homie is and always has been a by-word amongst our Ramblers but Christmas adds an extra something. The walks seem cheerier and snow, if any, only seems to sharpen vision and memory with additional durability. There is an additional festive atmosphere even with cups of tea at the tea stops, usually decorated anyway. There is nothing to stop you bringing mince pies and pudding - and it would not be the first time Christmas cake has been passed around.

Darkness falls, a glint of frost, coloured lights in the houses here and there, and otherwise tuneless voices raising harmony strangely enough, with a medley of Christmas tunes. The Club Socials at this time of the year seem more sociable, and our Christmas party is normally a well attended and lively affair. All in keeping with the time of year.

Our seasonal wishes have a sound backing therefore, because as members of the Club we enhance mutually this occasion as much as any other event in the year. This will be because of our unified and Catholic outlook and our inner appreciation and conviction of the importance of the occasion.

A HAPPY AND A HOLY CHRISTMAS THEN AND MAY THE NEW YEAR HOLD FOR YOU ALL YOU WOULD WISH.

THE EDITOR.



OUR DANCE

At the State on the 7th January.

Dance with the Merseysippi Jazz Band.

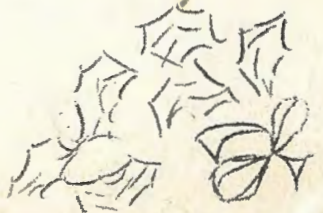
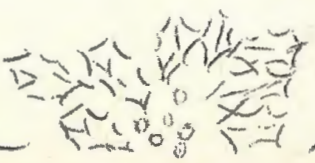
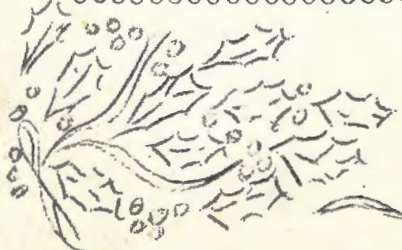
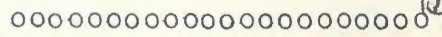
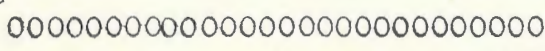
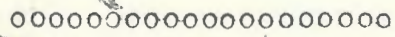
7.30 till 11.45.

Tickets 5/- from Stan Cunningham.

These are popular dances, bring your friends.

The bus for the Yuletide Walk does not start until 11.a.m. and you can make up your sleep on the bus if you really want .

So don't forget make a date.



TROUGH OF BOWLAND - SORRY GLOCAENOG FOREST - 27th NOVEMBER

In pouring rain (as usual), about thirty five weather hardy types arrived at St. John's Lane all well muffled up to brave the worst weather the Trough could offer. But surprise, we found ourselves going through the Mersey Tunnel, in the bus of course, and were informed by our leader, Ron, that we were, in fact, going to Glocaenog Forest, this change being due to the Foot and Mouth restrictions.

A stop was made for the usual break at the Clwyd Gate Cafe just before Ruthin. On emerging from the cafe to re-board the bus, there was much neck craning trying to identify the blue patch above us. One of the older members, who has experience in these matters, remembered from his youth that it was a blue sky. Thus in ideal weather conditions we alighted at Glocaenog Forest.

Due to the Foot and Mouth restrictions we kept mainly to the road as we made our way to the pine clad hill in front of us. Before actually climbing the hill, the walk had its official christening as we tried to cross a swollen stream (ably assisted? by Chris Scott). On reaching the Monument on top of the aforesaid hill, we then continued on towards the hamlet of Pennant, having as distant guides three members of the C.R.A. who must have thought that the rest of the party had contacted the dreaded Foot and Mouth.

Ever obliging the MEN of the C.R.A. decided to compensate Monica (the gentle one) for having missed the Trough of Bowland by giving her a personal visit to the local pig trough (head first).

Remarks as to the lovely colours were heard far and wide as we watched the sun slowly sinking in the west - behind the old fir trees. Then as dusk fell - bump - we headed for the last round up (or so we thought) to the top of Craig Bron Branog (1,644ft). Alas it was not to be and after a short rest we returned through the forest again - still fir trees of course. The walk back to the road was uneventful although a few members of the Club had to be forcibly restrained from pulling up some of the smaller Christmas trees. On reaching the road, we were happy to see the tired little faces of the girls light up with pleasure on being told that there were a further five miles of road to be walked to the coach. Of course no allowance had been made for the gallant Mr. John Potter, who sparing no personal effort gallantly 'acquired' a lift by car along the road to where the coach was waiting, taking with him two of the more weary members of the party.


These three stalwarts dutifully collected the coach (plus driver) and returned to Clwyd Cafe picking up the rest of the party on the way. The journey home was quieter than usual, with just a small amount of singing. Thank you Steve 'Sinatra' Hall for lending your mellow voice to the occasion.

Suddenly there was an announcement, two of our members had decided to take the plunge and become engaged. After the congratulations and good wishes from all of us it was a sad blow when they issued the following press statement, "Its all a big mistake, we are just good friends."

Many thanks to our beloved leader, Ronald, for a very enjoyable day and for his good leadership at such short notice.  
Well done lad.

The Madlarks.





To see the fresh clean and tidy ensemble at St. John's Lane, brighteyed, handsome, glamorous and not so blessed together. Real proper angel type blokes and gals ye know. One would scarcely dare to envisage the battle stained band after a magnificent day of combat with the elements that reigned (No not rained my dear, hardly a spot all day ye know) and yelping the war cries of victory and displaying the trophies won. All this in glorious technicolour after the braves had donned the war paint of glory on their now hideous faces in red, white and blue (Max Factor had invaded the Sioux country).

Well folks, to cut a short story long we passed through the ancient city of St. Asaph, the smallest in the Kingdom and halted the wagon train at Bodelwyddan for luncheon (pardon) close to a most picturesque church with a beautiful spire, all in white limestone.

Having persuaded the togger types to jack it in the mob took a screw along a fairly muddy path until we perchanced a lake as yet uncharted. Not being desirous of wetting our tootsies we plunged over the nearest hedge in true Aintree fashion. A stray Scottish colt decided to jump Beechers instead but his downfall proved to be someone's "mud in your eye". Suddenly a red object came hurtling past, Monica No.1 practising for operation 'Mad Bull'. We tiptoed our way quietly through the field of bulls with no Toreadore, Matador or Backdoor in sight (only a 6ft wall). All the time a wary eye was kept on the two tons of black beef surrounded by frisky stalwarts, we were then rudely distracted by an electric fence, no o'fence was taken until some bright spark tingled at its touch.


After passing a farm even our C in C Ronald had misgivings about a left turn, but undaunted after a look at the map we swish swash gurgle popped through some glorious mud which was whipped better than any brand of cooking fat. Little did we realise worse was to come and we were fresh out of HIPPOPOTOMI.. POTTY ????????. Our aspiring Don Qixotes let us down, they just threw boulders. We hurtled on like cloven hooved beasts in search of water and found it, but why one should have a gate leading into a stream beats even me. This stream was negotiated successfully and only then did we realise we had left the gate open. The river Elwys raged past on our left and it would have been good fun to canoe through the trees. The wooden bridge across the stream was a wonderful sight, very reminiscent of the bridge from Seaforth to New Brighton. No one had a spare Cadbury's snack so that pleasure had to be foregone. Sean fell off a wall onto his back with the disappointment of it. Unhappily it wasn't a drop of the hard stuff he fell into. Ronald's disciples weried and hungry with many miles of hard travel (3 miles in 3 hours) pushed on to the bridge at Ddol only to be scattered to the wall by cars trying to cross its loft. wide expanse. One car almost didn't stand on ceremony.

We continued to Pentre Isaf and our highest point 919 ft. and were almost blown down in the process. We proceeded via a couple of horse troughs which Monica (the gentle one) just had to inspect. The biting cold wind chilled us to the marra on the top, the sensible ones played football till Ronald had us on the run again along the road to Trefnant. By now the sun had gone west and sunk in the Atlantic. Passing through the village of Henllan we noticed a rather unique church with a Norman style tower.

Back at the coach the girls went to clean themselves up while Big Chief Puffing Ronald condescended to collect the fares.

Thanks Ronald for yet another hit.

SCREWBALL



| Date.    | SOCIAL         |            | PROGRAMME              |  | Gram Carriers.          |
|----------|----------------|------------|------------------------|--|-------------------------|
|          | M. C.          | R'Ments    | Dishwashers            |  |                         |
| Jan 4th. | G. Penlington  | M. Sparks  | R. Doyle.<br>K. Byrne. |  | T. Kelly<br>S. Cummins  |
| " 11th.  | R. Boardman    | M. Henwood | S. Dwyer<br>P. Dwyer   |  | E. Kavanagh<br>A. Leek. |
| " 18th.  | C. Dobbin.     | M. Smith.  | R. Walker<br>A. Hyde.  |  | J. Potter<br>S. Hall    |
| " 25th.  | S. Cunningham. | J. Bravin. | S. Cadley<br>M. Barret |  | B. Burns<br>T. Gilmore  |

M.C.'s

You can't help but notice the gratifying results of the new panel of M.C.s. They are doing a grand job. All we ask is that you continue to support them by answering their appeals to the floor. To the more practised and experienced M.C.s all we want is for you to help and coach the new ones if requested.

RECORD PROGRAMME

|            |                               |                |
|------------|-------------------------------|----------------|
| Dec. 28th. | Ella Fitzgerald.              | Barbara Grant. |
| Jan. 4th.  | Beethoven's Emperor Concerto. | Fred Norbury.  |
| Jan. 11th. | South Pacific.                | Bill Potter.   |
| Jan. 18th. | Traditional Jazz.             | -              |

RAMBLING PROGRAMME

| Date.        | Area.             | Leader.                    | Meet.           | Cost.     |
|--------------|-------------------|----------------------------|-----------------|-----------|
| Jan. 8th.    | Yuletide Walk     | Committee.                 |                 |           |
| Jan. 14/15th | CHALET.           |                            |                 |           |
| Jan. 22nd.   | Hartford. (Ben)   | C. Scott                   | Lime St. 10.15  | 6/-       |
| Jan. 29th.   | Trough of Bowland | H. O'Neill<br>b. J. Joyce. | St. John's Lane | 9.50. 9/- |

C. H. G. Re-union.

The heading stands for the Catholic Holiday Guild and there will be a re-union open to members in the Liverpool Area at the Clubroom on Wednesday 8th February 1961.

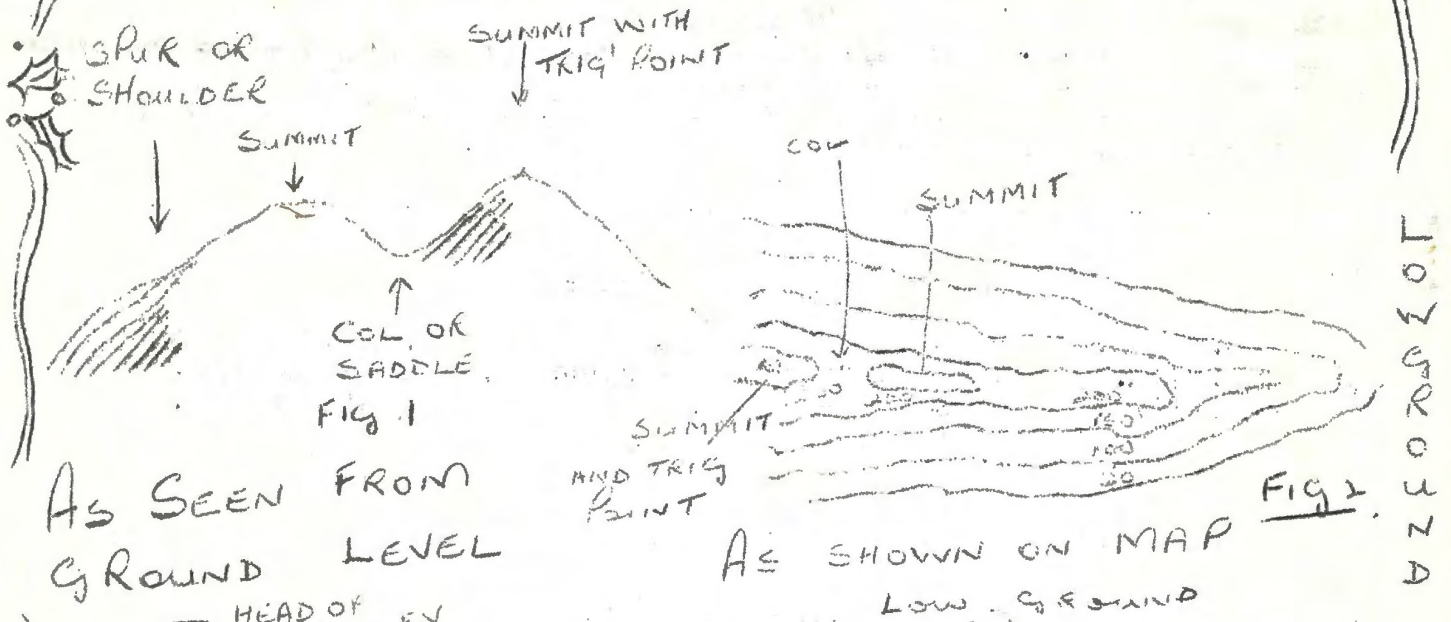
It will still be club night too, but there will be a band and buffet preceded by a slide show given by Tony Thompson featuring the Club's activities and members.

Keep the date in mind and roll along in numbers that will impress any newcomers and visitors, who knows, they may want to join us too?

KEEP AN EYE ON THIS SPACE.

# MAP READING (2)

JUST A FEW IMPORTANT POINTS TO BE BORNE IN MIND BEFORE LEAVING THE SUBJECT OF CONTOURS.

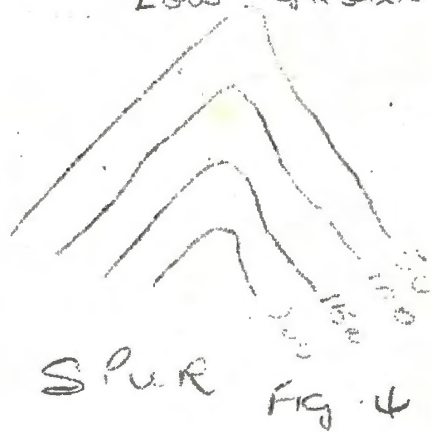


AS SEEN FROM GROUND LEVEL

AS SHOWN ON MAP



Fig 3



SPUR Fig 4

WHEN THE V OF CONTOUR LINES POINTS TO HIGH GROUND THE LAND FORM IS A VALLEY OR DIP AS IN Fig 3. CONVERSELY, WHEN THE V POINTS TO LOW GROUND IT IS A SPUR AS IN Fig 4. A TRIANGLE MARK ON A MOUNTAIN SUMMIT  $\Delta$  IS A ORDNANCE SURVEY POINT KNOWN AS A TRIANGULATION POINT. THIS IS HANDY FOR RECOGNISING A SPECIAL SUMMIT OR FROM WHICH TO TAKE BEARINGS.

'COMPASS'