





R A M B L I N G P R O G R A M M E .

Date.

Date.	Ramble.	Meet.	Time.	Leader.	Cost.
Mar. 1st.	Thornton Hough.	Pier Head.	2 p.m.	J.Clooney.	1/-
8th.	Belmont.	Sth John St.	10 a.m.	S.O'Neill.	3/6
15th.	Abergelle (Benediction)	Central Stn.	9.40.	S.O'Neill.	6/6
22nd.	Great Budworth.	Pier Head.	10 a.m.	F.Quick.	3/-
29th.	Carrog Weekend.	Details later.		Ramb. Comm.	
29th.	Frodsham.	Details later.		J.Clooney	

T R E A D S O F T L Y .

I believe that there will shortly be a scheme on foot to teach members how to lead! I wouldn't presume to offer advice to such a body of men (and women of course) so address my few words of wisdom to the 'roughage' of the Club (see Kellogg's Corn Flakes).

Lets start at the begining (you realise how unconventional I am). Unfortunately, there has grown up in the Club a tradition for unpunctuality. You know the idea 'I know the meet is at ten o'clock, but what boat (or bus, or train) are we really catching? Now this may be alright for the 'Social' types, but for the keen types, viz-choir and rambles- this isn't just good enough. I remember that at one Rambling Sub-Committee Meeting held many moons ago some-one asked for more half-day rambles, and a surprised member said 'Why; I thought they were all half-day efforts! Mind you, I know some of the times arranged for meeting are so early as to be fantastic, and I presume that the Rambling Sub-Committee know of a Parish which has weekly midnight Mass, or perhaps they make allowances for the latecomers. Anyway, let's take it the rambles start on time (if the leader is there); what next?

Lets go through the hardy perenials. I can't be facetious about something that affects peoples' livelihood. Gates MUST be closed, crops MUST be avoided, but apart from this the proper place for a rambling club is on the path or along the edge of the field. Remember, a Saving of Seconds on a Ramble may mean a Loss of a Loaf in the Rations! I suppose all this boils down to consideration for others.

This also applies to singing. We all enjoy giving voice (have you joined the choir yet) but even the most sanguine of us wouldn't pretend that our row would exactly soothe the savage beast. After all, there are plenty of places on rambles where we can let go without worrying any-one - and do our leaders find them!

Bill Roberts.

(More moralising in future issues, I fear).

AN EARLY LAKE DISTRICT VISITOR.

A walk from Keswick as it would have been 200 years ago, as related by Thomas Gray, the eminent Poet:

"Bid farewell to Keswick and took the Ambleside road in a gloomy morning; wind east and afterwards north east; about two miles from the town mounted an eninence called Castle Rigg, and the sun bracking out discovered the most beautiful view I have yet seen of the whole valley behind me, the two lakes, the river, the mountain, all in their glory! had almost a mind to have gone back again. The road in some little patches is not completed, but good country road through sound, but narrow and stony lanes, very safe in broad daylight. This is the case about Causeway-foot and among Naddle-fells to Lanthwaite. The vale you go in has little breadth, the mountains are vast and rocky, the fields little and poor, and the inhabitants are now making hay, and see not the sun by two hours in a day so long as at Keswick. Came to the foot of Helvellyn along which runs an excellent road, looking down from a little height on Lees-water (called also Thirlmere, or Wiborn water) and soon descending on its margin. The lake from its depth looks black ( though really as clear as glass), and from the gloom of the vast crags, that scowl over it: it is narrow and three miles long, resembling a river in its course; little shining torrents hurry down the rocks to join it, with not a bush to overshadow them or cover their march; all is rock and loose stones up to the very brow, which lies so near your way, that not above half the height of Helvellyn can be seen.



ICE ON THE EQUATOR.

(Continued from the last Issue.)

The jagged main peaks - the eroded core of an ancient volcano - overlooked this valley, indeed they block out all else and create the impression that here one has really come to the "end of the earth". The glaciers which cling to their precipitous slopes reflect the strong glare of the sun by day, and the soft phosphorescent glow of the moon by night, providing an awesome setting of the loneliness and grandeur. The grotesque vegetation lends strangeness to the scene: giant lobelia, withered groundsel, and heather growing as high as a normal tree!

We made various excursions from the hut to higher ground around the peaks, including visits to the two huts of the Mountain Club of Kenya. One is at Two Tarn Col (14,850 ft.) where the clearest of lakes reflect the rock, snow and ice which seem to fall sheer into waters. The other is known as the "Top Hut", situated at 15,500 ft. on the edge of the Lewis Glacier and at the foot of Point Lenana, a 16,300 ft. peak which was our major objective. The view from the summit is famous; the countryside for literally hundreds of miles around can be seen, including the valleys and lakes of Mnt. Kenya itself. Unfortunately we cannot vouch for this as, just when we were starting the climb up the edge of the Glacier with a sheer drop on one side, we were engulfed in a dense swirling mass of cloud which swept across the peaks. In the hope that it would clear we pressed on cautiously, passing a large iron cross placed here in 1933 by some Italian Missionary Fathers, who had received it as a gift from the Pope. We sheltered in a nook of rock for about two hours, then two of us continued the last 100 yards to the summit. Here our freezing vigil for another hour was at last rewarded by a better impression of the majestic proportions of the mountains structure, for now and then, through a clearing in the mists, we caught sight of the dim silhouette of the main peaks, or a half hidden tarn perched high on the walls of a valley. Having waited as long as we dared we stumbled of down, to reach the hut just as darkness closed in, reflecting ruefully that after all, such unpredictable behaviour is half the charm of high places and must be accepted when indulging in this brand of mountain madness.

The next day, our last at the top, the weather was not fit for further climbing so we spent a most enjoyable time in this little world of our own - eating, playing cards, and discussing everything from Philosophy to Theology! The descent on the following day was less trying on the lungs than going upwards, but hard on the poor old feet - we did 17 miles in 6½ hours, including neal stops. But we all felt that the outlay in energy on the whole safari had brought its own reward in terms of achievement, new experiences, and that sense of peace such as only long days in the vastness of the mountains can give. With one of the original party I am now planning an assault on Mnt. Kilimanjaro, the highest in the Africa continent at 19,565 ft., which we hope to do in March. So wish us luck!

Austin Callaghan.  
Nairobi, Kenya.

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ABROAD WITH RAMBLER.

Jan. 18th. 1953.

MUDLARKS AT MICKLE TRAFFORD.

Leaving Dick Marsden and young Stephen at the Ferry to guide latecomers, nine of us (five ladies) started on the boat and bus journey to Backford.

It was one of those gloriously sunny days which reward the winter diehards, and we set off at a warming pace for Croughton. This was slowed down a little when Stella and Mona started exchanging confidences, but Len's judicious use of a healthy twig markedly improved the speed. The path soon deteriorated into a miniature river, but it was a lovely day for a paddle. We ate sandwiches under the Hen Hatch/Fishermans Shelter on the Canal Bank at Wervin, accompanied by a lecture on "Life Saving" from Pat Brophy. Three quarters of a mile



of road walk then brought us to Millbrook, and the pleasantest part of the walk along the bank.

We had tea in the garden at Anne's Pantry. Even the fittest of us were looking a bit blue about the gills, but the lady of the house was ill and this was all they could manage. Passing Plemstall Church and crossing the railway, we celebrated our arrival at Great Barrow with a square dance session. I strongly advocate the removal of rucksacks for this pastime, as they're inclined to become lethal weapons when swinging. Here began a series of diabolical stiles, which varied from "quite difficult", through "very tricky" to "frankly impossible". Even this latter type were accomplished, but we found that Bernard was literally 'up to the knees in it' after helping us across. I can only think that the farmers around there are allergic to Ramblers. As the red wintry sun was setting, a thick ground mist came up, and we were all prepared to wax poetical about the pink tinted mist when Bernard pointed out that we'd better save our breath for the water jump looming up in front of us, just where the Leader had intended to come. Coming on to the road at Dunham on the Hill, we were amazed to see motor cars crawling along in a very heavy mist, which we must have been walking in for quite a while. How do you do it, Bernard? Second sight or Witchcraft?

A quick cup of tea and a bun in Chester enabled us to make an early finish to one of the muddiest, but happiest rambles I've enjoyed for quite a while. Congratulations to Mary and Johnny, the only unbooted members of the party, on a very sticky job well done.

THE MUDLARK.

TODMORDEN      Jan. 25th. 1953.

On Sunday 25th. we took the train to Todmorden. There were 12 in our party (six boys and six girls). The train left punctually at 10.5 a.m. and we arrived at Todmorden at noon, in time for lunch at the Queens.

After lunch we commenced our climb over the moors, on the way up "Sean", perhaps having lunched too well, accidentally knocked part of a wall down, fortunately he escaped without injury. The view was lovely, the sun was shining and the village and meadows looked very pleasant.

Frank walked into a marsh, he must have thought it was warm enough for a "paddle". At the top of Hogs Head, Jack and Rose gave a demonstration of an Old Tyme Waltz, John providing the music (?) with his mouthorgan. We continued our walk across the moors for some time and then made our way back. On the return journey we came to an uninhabited farmhouse, the furniture was at the back, and we sat in the field and ate our sandwiches. Refreshed once more we resumed our journey to Todmorden, paying a short visit to St. Joseph's Church. After our visit to the Church we had tea at a milk bar, then on to the train where all twelve got into one compartment. We had a sing-song on the train and upon arrival at Manchester changed into the Liverpool train - 12 of us in a compartment for 6 - it was a bit crowded - to put it mildly - but the luggage rack made a good "Rose" bed. We arrived at Lime Street at 10.30 p.m. after a very enjoyable day and I take this opportunity on behalf of all who took part in the ramble to say thank you JOE for a very happy and enjoyable day.

M.T.C.

Throu' bush, Thro' briar, Thro' mud, Thro' wire (preferably barbed)  
I do wander everywhere.      Misquote.

Little Switzerland.      Feb. 1st. 1953.

In perishing cold a band of seventeen stalwarts - all hoping to conquer that Alpine vastness known as Little Switzerland - assembled at 10 o'clock on the Pier Head eagerly awaiting the Leader's arrival and anticipating an early start. The next forty minutes passed pleasantly enough supping hot coffee. Did you really get 50% commission on all coffee sold to the Ramblers, Ted?

At 10.40 the Widnes bus left the Pier Head and the journey was passed in animated discussion of the Fancy Dress. Weird and wonderful were the ideas with Bernard trying hard to sell a winner. After crossing the Mersey via the Transporter we continued our journey by bus to Frodsham much to the chagrin of our two newcomers who were



beginning to think we were ramblers in name only.

By now it was time for lunch, so we repaired to our favourite cafe, famous for its glaring anachronism. There the fluorescent glow competed effectively with Greatgrandpa's huntin' shootin' and fishin' trophies. Nevertheless, the tea was hot, strong and plentiful, and so replenished we at last turned our thoughts to scaling formidable Frodsham Hill. But first let it be recorded that, in accordance with tradition, a selection of square dancing was expertly and delightfully executed(?) on the mud path by the front door.

Now began the ramble proper. After a fairly stiff ascent, we crested the hill to find (gift from the Gods) a childrens' playground. Oh! what gurgles of delight. It was here, gently swinging on the monkey bars, that Joe found us and informed us that Kath and Ted had turned back. Hope you feel better by now, Kath. You don't know what you missed. Joe took on the leadership, and we proceeded along the crest of the hill over towards Delamere.

The weather was ideal for walking - cool and calm with the ground springy underfoot, very few mud patches and not a sign of rain. It soon became obvious that the rearguard consisted of Stella and her three musketeers (all choir boys) with the theme song "If you knew Stella as I know Stella". Which charm school did you say you went to, Stella? Anyway, they made two good finds, a pair of goloshes and Len a rusty flat iron, to be carefully placed in his 'Hopo Chest'. Exhibiting more housewifely qualities, Len?

When dusk fell, we had unfortunately to abandon the fields for the road and the going became considerable harder. After quite a trek, we thankfully reached the Boot Inn, and there demolished the remains of our sandwiches and drank gallons of tea.

On leaving the "Boot", Bernard was solemnly created Chief Whipper-in and duly invested with the insignia of office - "The Torch". The walk back to Frodsham was long and uneventful, the party keeping their spirits up with snatches of songs old and new. We just managed to catch the last Widnes bus home, so once again missed that much discussed Mid-night Hike. Congratulations, Agnes and Mary! You put up a wonderful show and shamed one old member.

How many miles did we walk? Who cares! Those with long legs think fifteen, but to those with short legs it seemed more like thirty.

Yours to a blister,  
Trotshi.

### S P O R T S R E P O R T .

#### T E N N I S .

Brrrr! The very thought of running about in tennis shorts makes us feel cold, but it isn't really very long until May 2nd, when we will be opening our tennis season. A

As announced verbally since the last issue of the Newsletter, the subscription for the season has now been fixed at the very low figure of One Guinea (21/-), and we are looking forward to a bumper season at our courts at Garden View, West Derby. Hand your name in to me, or any of the Committee, as soon as you can, so that if you wish it arrangements can be made for your subscription to be paid by instalments.

Cyril.

#### F O O T B A L L .

The past few weeks have not been very fruitful for the Football Team, as we have been beaten 3-0 by WATERLOO C.8 and 1-0 by ALBERT UNITED.

Although having as much, if not more, of the play than our opponents (particularly against Albert United), the forwards have not taken advantage of the opportunities offered. Stronger finishing is required if the Ramblers are to improve their league position.

After several unsuccessful attempts to erect the goal-posts during the recent gale - incidentally breaking one of the crossbars in the process - the game against Harrison Rangers had to be postponed.

We still need more players, so if any new members are interested, please contact either G. Penlington, H. Burns or A. Mitchell.

#### N. E. T B A L L .

Our team has played weekly, including the gale weekend, and we've even had a MALE helping to make the numbers up. We would like to have the full fourteen players for practice games, and any new members interested should contact Madelaine Maguire.



Social life is at its best about this time of year, and the Club has proved no exception to this rule. An atmosphere of conviviality pervades all our activities, and activity is the watchword of the Committee. To back up the first statement, I must fall back on reports of rambles, socials and meetings of various committees. To substantiate my second claim it is necessary only to observe the work that is being put into the Club, and the results obtained.

Seldom, for example, has such a successful fancy dress social been held. Whilst there are always some who may not agree with the judge's decisions, we must agree that few of us envied them their task. Who were the judges? Tom Inight and Pat McLinden (two members of long standing) and Mary Roberts (the sister of Mona and Bill) who, though not a member, has rendered valuable service to the Club on many occasions, as at the St. Valentine Dance. To them all goes our sincere thanks.

Whilst the fancy dress night proved the wealth of social feeling in the Club, the film show proved the amount of thought and work that the committee put into the organisation of club life. It was Cyril Kelly's idea, and though I hear that the sound system packed up and the film of Rome was too worn to be exhibited, the show seems to have been entertaining and informative.

As a combination of hard work and social atmosphere, we have the example of the St. Valentine Dance. An occasion of this nature requires quite a lot of organising and planning if success is to be assured, and all this is still of no avail unless those attending mix well. Despite a last minute hitch, all went well and those concerned are deserving of credit.

The forthcoming "Coronation" trip has not been in the news of late and a discrete enquiry brings to light the fact that the scheme is still working out well. A couple of folk have backed down, I'm told, and if you're quick you may get a seat. In another direction, activity takes the form of training Leaders, and those interested are to be asked to take part in a refresher and training scheme. Good idea!

As I foreshadowed in the last edition, the Committee has now got around to considering additional evening activities. Such specialities as Choir, drama, discussion groups, dance lessons etc may be catered for. It's my guess that those participating would be expected to contribute to the small expense incurred by room rent and so on. Still it might be worth while.

Summer looms nigh and many of you will be thinking of holidays (I would too if I could afford some!) The panel of Leaders is at work arranging at least one walking tour - for Scotland. Perhaps they could help you too, eh? Summer brings to mind tennis and what a good idea it is to collect subscriptions weekly. Far from sunnery is the thought of Netball. Don't be shy girls; have a chat with Mona about it. (Anyone will tell you who Mona is) Few will not agree that Netball - or Basket Ball - is a good game, but they won't turn up at St. Hugh's. Will any gent arrange a team and challenge the girls?

According to information received, there was nearly a prize going begging at the Fancy Dress Social. The material for that beautiful Nell Gwyn dress of Hazel's was earmarked for chair covers but don't tell Hazel's Dad what became of it!!! Parting shot: Do you remember the Gypsy at Blackpool Bernard? She was right, wasn't she?

To round off, here are the first verses of a poem, entitled " Our Committee ", that I have acquired.

OUR COMMITTEE.

<p>This verse the Chairman introduces;          Now he's a man of many uses!          He teaches little boys all day          And beats their bonces, so they say.          At night-time, though, we find our          Willie          Running meetings willy nilly.</p>	<p>At Socials you will often see          A chap swop partners frequently          He's our Vice-Chairman - quite a toff,          He has a car but the wheels drop off.          He advertises, just for fun :-          Insurance and light carting done.</p>
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Yours Socially,

SENIORES POPULI.