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E D I T O R I A L

Well, I hope you all had a good Christmas, and that the New Year continues accordingly. Taking stock, as many do at this time of the year, I find that the present Club members have "put to" and arranged Club functions as well as ever they were done "in the old days" - and that with the added difficulty of a postponed Christmas Party held at very short notice. And very good it was too!

When the weather deteriorates, rambles seem to decline in numbers, which surprises me, for the colder and sharper the weather, the healthier. It is more than likely that the recent frost will be repeated at least once before Spring, so take the opportunity to see the countryside in different garb.

"Socially" speaking, the weather has hardly affected numbers, especially if one takes into account either of the Christmas Parties. We hope the same keenness and interest will continue, and will redouble itself a few times over for the "State" Dance on Saturday, 27th January - the reunion at the Cathedral Buildings on Saturday, 17th February, and, although some weeks ahead, the Grafton Dance, on THURSDAY, APRIL 12th!

It is not too soon to mention Tennis! - a dozen weeks from now, the season will be upon us - so stand by to heed, firstly, requests for working parties and, secondly, the call for members - oft times a rush! (see Peter Atherton)

In our "taking stock" the following would seem to need mention

- 1) Coach deposits: - if, on the strength of your putting your name down, a coach is booked, and you don't turn up, the Club is left to pay for empty and wasted seats. It is understandable, therefore, if we come on you for the money so lost. So, either don't book if you are not certain of going, or, be prepared to make up the loss.
- 2) Chalet charge: - this only covers you for meals from Saturday evening, and those attending the Chalet from Friday evening must provide, or arrange, their own meals up to and including Saturday mid-day.

I imagine I've said sufficient for now, especially as there is far more entertaining reading in the rest of this newsletter - but before you pass on don't forget our appeals for your co-operation, particularly as regards the TENNIS COURTS. THIS IS URGENT AND IMMEDIATE! There will be someone up at the Courts each Saturday, about 3pm., RALLY ROUND YOU PEOPLE!!

We regret to announce the passing of Mr. T. J. Dobson, one of the early members of the L.C.R.A., In the early 1930's Mr. Dobson had a keen and active interest in the Association - and later in the establishment of the C.H.G., From its formation until very recently he was a member of the Council of Management. For his work for the C.R.A., he was made an Honorary Member in about 1939.

We also extend our sympathy to John and Joseph Kennedy on the recent death of their Father, and to the relatives of James Keown, a former member, who died recently.

MAY THEY REST IN PEACE.



Far Clwyd 'A'. 10th December 1961:

Our trip by coach was a quiet one, apart from the usual barbarism; our stop was at Star Crossing. From there our way was by lane and farm track up to the heart of the hills - our first objective was one of the many hillforts of the Clwydian Range, that of Moel Arthur. Here many years ago, our ancestors played one of their most favourite games - that of war - this was a pastime which required an abundance of boulders, and also, of course, a number of rivals to throw them at! Should no rivals turn up, I suppose they threw them at one another - an example of this being the Tower on Moel Famau.

On from Moel Arthur to yeti another hillfort bearing the name of Ochygeladdiau, translated it merely means OUCH! This simple name of the fort came about when Geladdiau, leader of the rebellious Celts, when he was hit on the head by a boulder weighing several tons, which was thrown by an invader, or one of his own men who was not in favour of his pay pause. The day was a bit cloudy, but the most refreshing wind, which really helped to blow away the cobwebs from us, but "Terry the Terrible" (who shall remain anonymous) insisted on helping the wind to clear the cobwebs by giving us frequent thumps - Terry's ruthless behaviour made many

RAMBLER?

members of the party think she was the culprit who threw the boulder at poor old Geladdiau. Coming down to civilisation, we came across a few bods who were washing down their mo-bykes with mud, but some kind soul informed me that this was known as "scrambling".

Wiping the mud and oil from our eyes, we made our way up to the top of an unnamed 1300 footer, from the top could be seen the beautiful Vale of Clwyd, and stretching far inland the Clwydian Range. It was noticed that there were many species of ANTHYLIS VULNERARIA (flowers) growing in abundance (this is not a type of flowerpot). Now this particular species GELADDIAU used to soothe the pain in his "bonce", but it was no use, he died later; from old age, of course!.

Finally, we descended to Afon Wen at which point we met the coach. Coffee and "chomp" were had at Mold and we were soon back in our old favourite abode. Thank you most sincerely Tony for a most enjoyable day.

"SHOVELL".

The Christmas Party: 20th December 1961:

365 evenings in a year, and yet the fog had to make a full-scale attack on the Wednesday before Christmas! A nuisance any time, but on the night of the partyWELL!

Yet, undeterred by conditions, four ladies tackled the hazardous face of Brownlow Hill brandishing an assortment of trifles, contained in an even larger assortment of tin boxes, bags, etc.,. A fifth member of the party, hiding behind a smog mask, turned out to be C.S. who had been press-ganged by the ladies into going straight from work to the club.

Preparations complete, the guests were awaited, and as time elapsed, lone souls drifted in, each being greeted like a long lost child, together with a cry of "Did you walk?" - much laughter. Soon we numbered fourteen, but not having a band - couldn't make it - the record player sufficed, and the dancing began. Between dances everyone tackled the splendid array of food, and M.McD. produced several cigars to add party spirit - and produce several complaints.

Hope had been lost for any further guests, when Ronnie and Harry entered - better late than never. More dancing and this time several skirmishes over pieces of mistletoe, brought the evening to an end. We certainly enjoyed ourselves, and it was worth fighting the fog. Thank you, ladies, for such hard work on the catering, and we can but hope further efforts will not be spoilt by the weather.

Finally, to round off the evening, one gentleman was heard to mutter, from behind a large cigar ... NEVER HAS SO MUCH BEEN PREPARED, FOR SO MANY, TO BE ENJOYED BY SO FEW!

MATNAB.

<u>DATE:</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS:</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP:</u>
7.2.62.	B. Kelly.	P. Murray.	R. McDonell + M. Martin.
14.2.62.	G. Penlington.	P. Cunningham.	M. Kelly + B. Grant.
21.2.62.	L. Pearson.	M. Connor.	M. Howard + J. Brown.
28.2.62.	C. Scott.	A. O'Malley.	S. King + N. McGlory.

Beeston Castle: 17th December 1961:

With a touching display of confidence in their lady leader, doing her first-ever lead, the five men in the party came armed with maps, compasses, one said he'd a sleeping bag, and Leo even had a do-it-yourself stretcher kit! All had left instructions at home that they were carrying iron rations and that search parties were not to set out until Monday teatime! Leaving the one civilian in our carriage to ponder on how a near corpse could assemble a stretcher on the 3" rockledge on to which he had fallen, and then lower himself down the precipitous face on his tod, we crawled out at Rock Ferry to await our connection.



Inspired and uplifted by their trust in her, Roz detained us at Beeston North and let us feed immediately. Terry (Oh, thou fool!) volunteered to collect the tea, Bovril and coffee money. When Roz decided to move on with the more honest among us, we left Terry and the rogues puzzling out (at least Terry was) how you could possibly be 6d down when collecting only 3/9d! She is now a firm convert to the decimal system. They don't deal in tanners!

We were supposed to charge, breathing orally, through the odiferous cattle market opposite, but the temptation to sort ourselves out into "Fat Pigs" and "Store Cattle" was irresistible. By the time we had sneaked out through the "Attested Cattle" exit, the tycoons (still 6d down or up according to which side you were on!) sneaked in. The hide and seek grew quite exciting but, as Roz pointed out, we'd come out to walk, not have fun! What a conscientious body of men the farmers in this district are. Never before have fields been so beautifully manured! AND none of your 6oz of this mixture to 2 gallons of water to be sprayed on fields two hours after sunset - the real McCoy every time. By the time we'd traversed the first field, everybody's best friend had told them, and we were all walking 10 yards apart! Peter Sylvester then created a boot-cleaning dance - a rather more robust version of The Twist. The main step was a sideways kick at the grassy verge with the sides of our filthy boots. When Terry took a flying kick at a concealed telegraph post and dislocated her instep, the dance came to an hysterical close.

SUNDAY
EVENING
MEAL

The countryside was lovely, and with instructions in German flying between Roz and her fellow pioneers, Harry and Ron, we proceeded through pine forests and game country with a pheasant every now and then breaking cover with a huge clacking of wings. Passing through one field complete with herd of cows and an untethered bull, an aesthetic discussion as to what makes a bull vicious became rather less academic as the bull took a tentative step or two in our direction. While we did a Burnham Beeches to the nearest stile, even the plaintive cry of "Anybody like a liquorice allsort" was hushed. We'd passed Beeston Castle, a shadow of its former self, but Peckfordham now loomed up, its battlemented walls eerie and ghostly in the growing dusk. When it loomed up a second time, out of the now fully grown dusk, it was even more eerie and ghostly, so we snaked into Indian file behind a friendly native who looked as though he might know in which direction civilisation was. He did, bless him, and a nice firm main road soon stretched before us.

We now took railway line and canals in our stride, and Brian's learned dissertation on the working of the locks made the decline and fall of the canal in Britain quite understandable! Ever anxious to increase the knowledge of the local flora and fauna among us, the males now tried to petrify us by shining torches on the far bank to illuminate the water rats cavorting there. In the absence of any movement, we decided that the rats were on our side of the "cut", carrying torches!

Once more, the railway hostelry offered us hospitality, and ~~one~~ more Terry (Oh, twice fool thou!) volunteered to collect the cash. I think she finished up 9d down. Up with the decimal system! I almost forgot to mention the breaks. They were fascinating ... one for tomato soup, thousands for liquorice allsorts, a P.T. break, and a garter break during which Peter donned his elastic kneeband! It was never decided whether Leo wanted a "big butty break" or a break for a big butty, but Pat was on his side, so we had one! A real laugh day! Thank you, Prefects!

R. M. F.,

DATE:	DESTINATION:	LEADER:	MEET:	TIME:	APP. COST
3/4.2.62.	Chalet Weekend.	Committee.	Woodside.	6.50pm.	16/-
11.2.62.	*Glocaenog Forest.	H. O'Neill,	St. Johns Lane.		6/-
18.2.62.	Mystery Ramble.	R. Boardman.	Xchange St.	10.45am.	4/-
25.2.62.	*Macclesfield.	(a) J. Potter.	St. Johns Lane.	10.00am.	6/-
*Coach trips.		(b) W. Potter.			

The Parbold "Scramble". 31st December 1961:

Has it ever struck you as peculiar, that with so many club members going on rambles, to so many areas, under the guidance of so many leaders, that the "write ups" have so much in common?. Our scribes always seem to be out on "ideal" walks, with perfect company, and, invariably conclude with praise for the guide - a certainty for the next Everest Expedition! The only explanation for such fantasy must surely be that the leaders do their own write-ups!

As a regular Rambler, I long to go on one of these "ideal" rambles, but instead always seem to find myself on rambles similar to that which took place on New Year's Eve. With only seven brave souls on the bus, the journey promised to be pleasant, and quiet. Providing that one hasn't any great aversion to ice being ladled at frequent and regular intervals down one's back, the ride was quite good.

Once away from civilisation, however, and on the open and snow-covered fields, the picture was quite different. Three young ladies with singleness of purpose, proved to be overwhelming opposition for we poor males - before long we had retreated from battle with aching arms and tingling fingers. Quietness reigned for the next mile or so - the sort of calm that precedes a storm! To anyone who hasn't been on a ramble, but only read the club newsletters, the situation would have seemed unique. Despite such a small party, we had split into two distinct groups. The ladies, headed by our leader, Monica C. were yards in front, obviously planning more trouble - we struggled behind, trying to keep up, and, at the same time, keeping as far away as possible. Two thirds of the torture had, by this time, been completed. Our homeward route took us past a ploughed field, which in summer would have looked rather ordinary. How different it was bathed in the light of a wintry sunset, each snow-covered furrow ablaze with the warm glow - while, at the same time, casting a deep blue shadow over its neighbour.

Our aesthetic contemplations were suddenly interrupted by the "terrible trio" who had discovered a large snowdrift. Despite our tired and weary limbs, (and being gentlemen) we complied with their wishes and, after digging a large hole, gently deposited them therein. Sorry, lads, despite burying them under about three foot - they survived!

My forgiving nature, coupled with restrictions on suitable adjectives, forbids me describing the remainder of the day. May I conclude by assuring our leader that anyone who said "thanks" at the end of the day was not being sarcastic, but merely expressing sincere gratitude that they had lived through it! As for myself - the injuries sustained have healed surprisingly well, and I will, therefore, drop the legal proceedings!

"VIBRAM"

SOCIALITE:

After a week or so of wading through many arithmetical calculations, I have come to the conclusion that 1961 ended some four days before I started! So now may I be the last in wishing you all a very Happy New Year?. Should you not have recovered from all the Christmas and New Year festivities, may I recommend a very fine pick-me-up ... SROI VNYM MRAISHIECYN BONYC ... "Schweppes Bitter Lemon" - unlike all others, it does not harm the inside of your piano, (but it plays havoc with your heart-strings!)

The Kellys and Athertons played excellent hosts at their respective abodes to a number of club members (mainly human ones) on New Year's Eve. Both parties were definitely a "hit".

Wednesday, 20th December, was to have been our Christmas Party, but the very bad fog that night prevented all but 16 people (who must have been fitted with radar) from attending. The Social Sub-Committee decided on the need for a "Wednesday Spectacular" and so a New Year Party was held on January 10th, and it was a Magna Successiva, which translated into Latin means "I' wuz smashin'!"

Still on the subject of dancing, please do not miss the State Dance (27.1.62) - it is the dancing that matters not the internal decor (which is very good) - even so, if you can't dance, there are some good murals on the walls! Another date you must not miss is April 12th, our dance at the Grafton, so keep it in mind, because it is too big for the pocket! (The Grafton, of course, not the date - nit).

But there are many Wednesday Socials before April, and your Committee really are doing their best to make them enjoyable, so please join in - it is you that make the socials "go" - do not worry, the walls will not fall in if you lean off - the floor may be a bit warped too - at least try and straighten it out by dancing on it!

Anyway, space is short, and strength is lacking, so I must go ... and do keep the socials "sociable" ... Auf Wiedersehn!

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE DUE!

TURTON HEIGHTS: 26th November 1961:

Steve Hall, club soccer captain, replaced L. Pearson as leader of the attack on Turton Heights. Although his team numbered one less than that at his command on Saturdays, he was confident that they would conquer The Heights, and issued a statement to this effect to the posse of pressmen who thronged the platform at Exchange Station.

Press interviews over, we bid farewell to the big smokey city and departed on the 10.5am. for Bolton. Despite the nip in the air, (and in the British Railways carriage), we settled down and discovered that the pioneers of the Yuletide Walk had penetrated our ranks.

The journey to Bolton was uneventful and gave our leader an opportunity to review his forces. Dave Bullen was making his winter debut, and was closely followed (in "Take good care of my baby" fashion) by Sheila and Stan who had returned to the walking fold the previous week at Llanarmon.

At Bolton we parted company with Bill Potter and Co. who travelled on to Rivington to bury treasure.

The pace through the town centre was dictated by Barbara, Sheila and Terry - who exercised fully their rights to window shop. Morning coffee and rolls were taken at the bus terminus cafe. At this point Dave Bullen advised all and sundry that there would be a fifteen minute waiting period before the 206 departed, and on account of this two gents decided "to have a Ball". They returned ten minutes later only to find no bus and no rambles!

Twenty minutes later another 206 left with two passengers who didn't know where they were going, except for the fact that wherever it was the fare was a tempenny single! John looked up from his newspaper just in time to see Steve at the side of the road signalling the bus to stop! We were at Bromley Cross and to be more exact the Local Inn...this was the venue for lunch and liquid refreshment. It also served as a court for the trial of one, "Big Bad Dave" who pleaded guilty to leading his colleagues astray. However, the jury were lenient and as a punishment bestowed upon him the duties of whipper-in. Food eaten, Stan's reminiscing of other rambles complete, and glasses emptied, the headman lined up his army in twos (shades of the Duke) on the road and with Dave bringing up the rear marched us up hill and down dale.

The next stopping point was Turton Tower which overlooked the railway line. Des, a "Tower of Strength" lead the way to the top and gave a lecture on train spotting. Nearby stood "Dukesville" a stately home. Food eaten, and having sampled Barbara's "whisky and orange" we sped once more along the path towards the Triangulation Point. It could well have been a "Strangulation Point" as the girls took the liberty to deposit huge pieces of ice down the backs of Sean and John. Pressing on, and turning left off the path, we crossed the fields and then followed a climbing, winding, path to Turton Heights which consisted of thick undulating marshland. Crossing The Heights and two miles further on another break was taken whilst the jets wove patterns across the blue winter sky. Rambling on, we inspected the Druid's Circle and paused to throw stones into a nearby pond which, until then, had been frozen over. To the extreme left and shrouded by cloud lay Winter Hill. Moving on, and descending quietly into Dimple via pathway and field, we returned to Turton Tower and Bromley Cross by the same route as we had used for the outward journey.

It was now dark, damp, and cold, as we waited for the bus to take us back into Bolton. However, we hadn't long to wait and soon we were comfortably installed in a cafe, where the knife and fork brigade went quickly into action. Appetites satisfied, we were out in the cold again, but not for long. After a careful survey, we selected a comfortable hotel where a very enjoyable evening was spent pending the arrival of the train. Back on the platform at Bolton we soon joined forces with the Rivington Pioneer Corp and boarded the train for the "Pool" and home. The carriage vibrated with song, and in next to no time the journey was over!

Thank you, Steve, for a "fantabulous" ramble which was conducted at a good steady pace, and which included varied and interesting country - an ample number of stopping points, and adequate facilities for a meal or a glass of milk.

"FORTY SHADES OF GREEN"

Calder Valley ... B Walk:

A few people were thought to have missed the ramble, but they caught us up later on ... they had come up by Ribble Bus!

Both the A and B parties followed the same path for the first mile or two, ... The problem was maps! One map was old and did not show all the paths, and the other was a new one! Anyway, the handicapped leader should have the new one, (this still caused a problem - it was difficult to decide on who was handicapped! ... the bloke with the crowd, or the fellow with the windows!)

The A and B separated at the mouth of Gryedale Valley, and the B climbed up to Barnacre Reservoir. The view from there was fine - the Bowland Forest Hills to the north were drenched in their Autumn colours.

Our next objective was the village of Oakenclough, and from there we followed the Calder Valley - down past the fish hatcheries, to the village of Calder Vale. Here we left the road and made our way over fields to Heath Farm. This was our last chance to view the Lancashire Plains before dropping down to Garstang. The sun was setting on our way down, and the sea in the distance shone a brilliant gold, then red ... and the sun finally disappeared over the horizon.

Coffee was had at the Wyne Cafe - to the usual accompaniment of "pop" records, and after that - HOME!

Thank you, John, for a most enjoyable day.

S. N. O. B.,

G R A N D

R A M B L E R S R E U N I O N

A T

CATHEDRAL BUILDINGS

SATURDAY:

17th FEBRUARY, 1962

DANCING

8pm. 11.30pm

ADMISSION: 3/6d

SPOT PRIZES

REFRESHMENTS INC

STOP PRESS NEWS:

Congratulations to Doreen and Eric Thomas on the birth of a Son - born on Tuesday, 23rd January and to - Ursula and Jim Feely on the birth of a Daughter - born on Monday, 22nd January.

MEMBERSHIP SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE DUE