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THE RAMBLER'S SOLILOQUY

(Variations on a theme by Shakespeare)

To walk or not to walk: that is the question:
Whether 'tis easier on the feet to suffer
The hills and valleys of an A-type ramble
Or to take 'bus or an ancient two-stroke
And see the world in comfort? Roast beef for lunch
No more; and rambling, will it bring
Sore feet and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to? 'Tis an old condition
Found by the most unfit. In rain to walk,
To walk, perchance all day; aye, there's the rub;
For with that rain, what clothing will get soaked,
'Cos we have walked those many miles
In thoughtless haste: that's the fault
That makes a walk so hard to bear;
For who will watch the cars and bikes in rain,
The poor man's Ford, the rich man's new Rolls Royce,
The speedy T.R.4, the Austin Seven
When walking through the rain. Soaking wet,
The coach appears at last through misty rain
And some return to Liverpool
In Colonel's trousers! Who would rambles go
To grunt and sweat up a slippery hill,
For the thought of something at the end,
Liverpool town, to whose bourn
Our ramblers must return, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear the hills we have
Than seek the others that we know not of?
Thus thinking doth makes cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action.

ANON.

Editor's note:

A master-piece reaches us from time to time, and I feel this is an occasion when I must take a bow, and give the space to this "immortal composition".

ROSARY IN CLUBROOMS ... 8.30pm. ... 4th July 1962

TENNIS TOURNAMENT & SOCIAL:

The tournament held on Saturday, 2nd June, was quite well attended considering the short notice, and the changed date. A very pleasant afternoon was enjoyed by all, and the winners were ...

Ladies ... Wyn O'Connor; Runner-up ... Ann O'Malley;
Gents ... Keith Scott; Runner-up ... Mike Marsden;

The tournament was followed by the usual all-action social, and our thanks are due to all who helped in any way with the arrangements. PLEASE NOTE our next tournament will take place at 2.30pm on Saturday, 30th June, and will again be followed by a social. All wishing to take part in the tournament, please give names to P. Atherton, and those coming to the social, names to M. Connor so that everyone will have enough to eat! See you all on the 30th! CYRIL.

"SHOWERS ON YORKSHIRE HILLS"

In blazing sunshine and good spirits over 30 members (and some teenagers) of our Tyneside branch of the C.R.C. (more commonly known as "North East Showers" arrived at Kettlewell beyond - a pleasant valley with a pleasant tavern, and here we greeted our Lancashire counterparts. Handshakes, back thumping, pushing each other in the river and words like "hallo", "good afternoon" and "what cheor" were used to make everybody welcome.

After dinner we began our hike by taking the bus from beyond to Kettlewell. A brisk walk soon took us to the top of a hill and we paused here to admire the scenery, and wait for the other 68 who had not found the walk so brisk. Just as the Lancashire showers arrived, the warm weather changed to rain. Undaunted we swam on, led by John Bainbridge, whose billowing cycle cape looked rather like a nightie! We followed him faithfully and doubled back several times.

The hikes, lasting all the afternoon, took us over hills, moorland and high stone walls. We saw sheep and lambs and they saw us - and ran away. We were disappointed to find the natives (sheep) so unfriendly and sorry we failed to climb Snowdon, or was it Ben Hur?

Eventually the rugged and tussocked moorland brought us to a steep slope above Buckden. And so, slithering, slipping and sliding, in sudden spurts, we scaled its soft grassy slopes (Wordsworth!) Down by the riverside at Buckden we brewed up and splashed anyone standing beside the river. Despite the torrential rain, interspersed with intermittent showers, John used nearly half the river to put the fire out, and Les, sitting by the fire, was lost for sometime in a cloud of steam. We got up, found a high stone wall, climbed over it and went on with our hike! For a few moments the rain faded away and we were able to see ahead of us - it was John's! We rambled on and enjoyed seeing Winifred jamb her foot in a bridge. To amuse us still further she did a double act with Monica, who helped her to fall in the river, and oh how Monica's water ballet enthralled us!

Our day was nearly over. We made our farewells - some cried - some danced - it was a sad and happy occasion when we finally waved farewell to Kettlewell and our Lancashire lads and lasses.

(By a member of the Tyneside Catholic Ramblers)

SNOWDON: 3.6.62.

With the barometer set fair, and spirits high, we set off from St. Johns Lane through the tunnel and out onto the road to Wales - through Conway, and onto the road to Betwys-y-Coed, where we had our first butty stop at the Swallow Falls Cafe. Having sufficiently stuffed ourselves, we then made our way back to the coach and onwards through the Welsh countryside to the neighbourhood of Snowdon. After a brief stop, while we deposited the B party, we hardy souls of the A continued a little further and then de-coached to begin our ramble - following at first the Watkin-Path. The sun streaming down made it warm and thirsty work as we began our ascent. First hazard was the crossing of a little waterfall with somewhat slippery rocks on either side, so Auntie Winnie decided to take a dip! I'm sure there are easier ways of keeping cool, but every man to his taste! Ascending further we encountered Larry and Bernard who had begun independently, but now joined forces with us, and Bernard relieved our thirst with his Spanish water-bottle, which has the dual purpose of providing a shower as well!

As we plodded on, getting progressively hotter and more and more out of puff, Chris, our leader pointed out the landscape and route we were following. In the distance, and considerably higher up, could be seen the vague shape of a building, which he assured us was the Summit Cafe. Inspired by the thought of the cup of char awaiting us, we all battled nobly on, but by this time the ramble was pretty well thinned out and hikers were strung out across the mountainside like a caravan in the desert. The desert-like nature of the walk became more in evidence as we approached the Summit and the Cafe, which had a curious habit of receding further, the nearer you got to it (or so it seemed). In fact, just as yours truly had abandoned all hope and decided it must surely be a mirage, lo! there it was, looming forth within stepping distance.

Hot and panting we staggered in and plied ourselves with copious liquid refreshment. Corporally and spiritually refreshed, we made our exit and posed for a photo at the railway station, where the board proudly announced "Summit of Snowdon". Flushed with success, we now began our descent - slipping and slithering down the mountainside with loose stones all round us, we again ranged ourselves across the horizon with the advance party gambolling on ahead like mountain goats - the hardy annuals, in the middle, and the injured bringing up the rear. The ascent of Crib Goch being out of the question owing to recent warnings, we made our way back over the ridge. Scrambling over rocks with magnificent views on either side, we followed the route past Lake Llyn Llydaw and onwards over softer ground until we reached a path which finally led us out onto the

/over...

SNOWDON...

main road and the awaiting coach. Here certain members of our party refreshed themselves in the sheep trough, whereas other more conventional characters chose the local inn, where the most expensive beverage appears to have been WATER!

The journey home was reasonably uneventful with the usual community singing and everyone well satisfied with an exhilarating walk and breathtaking views - for which we thank our leader, Chris, and the weather, respectively.

The other weekend we decide to go camping. It is a fine weekend all the time, particularly the time that it is not raining, which is all the time. The place in which we are camping is Bettwys-y-Coed, which is a fine place, though somewhat narrow-minded, a gentleman not being able to quench his thirst on all seven days of the week, but only on six of them, which is not at all a good thing, especially for those who wish to quench their thirst very frequently. Also the people of the town are not very excellent at mathematics, as we find that they add up 2 steak and chips plus one egg and chips to 21/6d, which does not seem right at all, even to well-educated gentlemen like our campers.

The camp site is very nice as it is by a river, which some learned gentleman tells me is made out of water which can be very useful for washing in, though personally I never see the need for this myself. When all are arriving at the camp on motor bikes, scooters, and other mechanical things of uncertain performance and doubtful ancestry tea with grass is served and is enjoyed by one and all, particularly all. On the Sunday, which they say is dry, some get themselves very wet in the water which they find in the river on lilos, which is enjoyed most especially by the learned gentleman who are throwing stones at the gentlemen on lilos which the ladies enjoy no little. In the afternoon, I am told we are going to Elsie, which I later discover is a lake with water in it, and very beautiful to the eye, particularly if you like lakes with water in them.

Everybody is very keen to climb Snowdon at dawn, and so that is why all retire to bed at an early hour and arise at 9am to see two gentlemen ready to eat their breakfast so that they can climb Tryfan, which is a large piece of rock, though why anyone should wish to do this I cannot understand, as they only have to come down this large piece of rock, which is back where they start. When they arrive back from this exhibition (expedition?) they find several visitors, who are coming from all the civilised parts of the country, and from some parts of Liverpool.

We then return to Liverpool on the motor bikes and scooters and other machinery by way of Ruthin, because the road passes through there, though not wishing to knock Ruthin in any way whatsoever, the islands for traffic are built the wrong way round, again not wishing to knock anyone in particular, as I promised Peter I would not mention the incident in any way whatsoever, and though I do not wish to sound very virtuous, I always keep my promises, except of course, when there is cash concerned, because that always invalidates such promises. The weekend was enjoyed by one and all, particularly all, and it was, as was one gentleman on Tryfan, swingin'!

(With apologies to the late Damon Runyon)

14 Peaks attempt - 19th May 1962. (The 14 mountains over 3000' in North Wales)

A few readers will be asking "Did that mad shower successfully achieve their objective? I can but say that the weather conditions were not conducive to the safe continuance of the walk. Having slept overnight in the garage at Pen-y-pass - weathering out the torrential rain of the night, a brisk start was made at 4.17am. to ascend a cloud free Crib Goch. Shortly after leaving the ridge the weather started to deteriorate and Grib y Drysgol and Snowdon were climbed in a blustery wet mist. Soaked through and having noticed just a few snowflakes on top, we descended to Nant Peris where breakfast was being prepared in the Dormobile. Clothes having been either just wrung out or changed, the party plus a couple of supporters proceeded up Elidir Fawr at 8am and were soon overcome by a blizzard of snow (Believe it or not in May). Conditions were becoming Antarctic, so at 11am the party decided to forego climbing Y Garn and slowly trudged through the snow with frozen wet feet in a traverse of the mountain and across to the Devils Kitchen which was descended in brighter conditions below the snow line. The shivering and chattering of teeth was minimised lower down and after a cup of tea at the stall by Lake Ogwen we walked towards Capel until we were picked up by the Dormobile which was making its way from Llanberis pass to meet us. Our next attempt we hope is on the 16th June when, with a bit of luck, we might fare vetter.

IN MEMORIAM: We ask your prayers for our sad bereavement on the way home, Sunday, after much ailing and guts trouble, suddenly losing her spare tyre & being all fused up inside, our minibus engine dies near the Clwyd Gate of a burst water pipe which ruptured inexorably her big end. R.I.P., Sadly missed.

PEKNESE TYPE BLOKE.

P.S., I'm pleased to state that 4 members of LCRA have successfully negotiated the peaks since the above was written. The two teams took 13.37 hours and 15.13 hours respectively to complete the course.

ST. CLARE'S RIVER CRUISE: 27.5.62. "The day the ramblers were up the creek!"

Well our curiosity is settled at last - so much was left to speculation about this trip no one could foresee its potential. It was with a happy sense of anticipation the party set forth on the coach to Northwich. Monica M. even gave us her version of the "chara twist" + had a few rolling in the aisle (with laughter?) Our hopes were built higher crossing the Runcorn Bridge as we noticed a regatta of small sailing craft decked with bunting, but not for us. At last the quiet girl in the loud (orange) jeans asserted her leadership. Pat Hall was the only person who knew where we were supposed to go. We were deposited near the ICI works where the 3 NUTS greeted us with "we've seen it". This quizzed us as we were led through the Waterways Yard and to the cut complete with barges, and yokel bargees. Their greetings were friendly but the watchdog took a dislike to Eddie + set about sampling his trousers. We were then ushered past the barges tied up and on to an onerous looking craft "Lapwing" (50'x5') - where was the promenade deck, gay usherettes, or even a gondolier? We set off up the cut at 2 1/2 mph, and "glory be" we were heading for the Tunnel of Love, or was it just one of the many long dark canal tunnels we were yet to encounter. Pat distributed cups of tea or coffee and we ate our sandwiches. The pilot's instructions were "Don't climb onto the canopy + keep hands in while passing through the tunnels", when we realised conversation was getting short + bottled refreshment had lost its appeal - how were we to entertain ourselves! Great fun was had with a polythene bottle of orange juice, ending up by dragging it through the canal on string, much to the worry of the owner. Even sandwiches were thought not to have flavour enough and were naughtily perfumed with Eau-de-Canal. The vane efforts at dancing to the "Billy Cotton Band Show" were as restricted as at the Loc on Saturday night, but who was trying here?

I had heard a rumour that there might be a short walk incorporated into the day's programme but the possibility was becoming remote so not to be outdone I determined myself to abandoning ship for an enjoyable stroll along the bank, making sure not to walk too fast in case I left the barge behind. This section was the most rewarding of the day for scenic beauty + all too soon we reached the lock-gate at the Bridgewater Canal. Myself and the one other stretching his legs were rewarded by helping to heave the lock gate open and the jeerers who thought we were lost irreparably from renewing acquaintanceship aboard were silenced. The boat proceeded onto the Bridgewater, then turned round for a return trip. On arrival at the lock gates a 5minute "natural break" was called. Unfortunately the nature study types + rambling sympathisers were left behind, well almost! A new gimmick was thought up for the return journey, ie. trying to fall into the canal without making the final gesture. The vogue having been set by Brian, it was thought Monica M would be interested in sampling the canal whereby the lads from St. Clares who had come to know her potential proceeded to oblige. Not content with having her feet washed, she was treated to "crossing the equator" ceremonial and a wonderful "squeeze-weeze" shampoo "a la canali". The high spirits were soon to be dampened by some heavy thundery rain and apart from the fact that the canvas drapings were tied down, we might well have been obliged to bail - however the worst damage was only a diluted Mackeson.

Time was spent chatting about this and that and the rare sight of a heron was seen as motionless in the field as on our way out. Our Crosville driver, aboard, proved to be an amiable type and even the barge pilot was friendly when a few of us climbed to his tiller platform to exchange words. Northwich was reached at 5pm and having thanked the pilot and his two assistants we returned to the coach and Liverpool.

On reflection I thought it an interesting day's outing and given perfect weather we might have enjoyed it more .. but having sampled the trip once I might think of a more dynamic way of passing my Sunday afternoon. Thank heavens the anti-canal types of a couple of years ago were not out - think of the remarks of a certain "Farrington" ramble applying to this trip. Thanks Pat and Eddie for your efforts and hard work in organising our "Sunday School type outing".

"A RUMBLIED RAMBLER".

<u>DATE:</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>HOST & HOSTESS:</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS:</u>	<u>WASHERS UP:</u>	<u>GRAM CARRIERS:</u>
4.7.62.	R. Boardman.	J. McEvoy. R. Bond.	A. O'Malley.	C. + B. Molyneux.	L. Pearson. D. McLinden.
11.7.62.	J. Potter.	R. Boardman. P. Murray.	M. McDonald.	J. Spragg M. O'Brien.	C. Scott J. Johnston.
18.7.62.	B. Kelly.	J. Burns. M. McDonald.	P. Cunningham.	R. McDonell. M. Martin.	W. Johnson. E. Hanley.
25.7.62.	G. Pen- lington.	B. Potter. P. Cunningham.	P. Murray.	M. Kelly. B. Grant.	C. Dobbin. J. Bembow.

WANTED: A 19" Haversack with frame. Anyone possessing one, and willing to sell it, please contact Chris Scott.