

M A Y N E W S L E T T E R  
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E D I T O R I A L  
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Summertime is here again, by the clock at any rate! This means to me what I hope it means to most other members of the Club - better weather and more daylight hours for rambling. The weather doesn't always materialise but the daylight is there.

Some of our members, however, are not rambling it seems, and it's nothing to do with time or the elements. A further letter to the editor, re-printed in this edition, puts the cause as something much more within the scope of remedy by the Club.

The Club has a large membership, of whom far more should be rambling than actually do join in, and from what one sees of the 70, 80 or more of each social, all are potentially good, sociable walkers.

To me, a ramble hasn't just the one sole objective of destination - this is, if anything, the least important attainment. Good company with a common aim, pleasant surroundings away from the "brick jungle", a beautiful view of hills of woodland, these are just a few of the important features of rambling. Walking is the oldest form of exercise footpaths are the oldest form of highway, and byway, older even than roman roads - walking, footpaths, the oldest and best exercise for mind and body.

Risking repetition, I say that we are a rambling club, and that we should ramble as a club and so organise ourselves that the greatest number possible turn out each occasion - make the rambles such that the greatest number possible WANT to turn out each occasion.

The writers of the letters to the Editor each say they are speaking for a number of others of like opinion, which could mean 10 or 20, more or less. If this is so, the matter needs urgent consideration and attention. Two swallows don't make a summer, two letters don't portend a crisis, but nothing has been heard from the advocates of any other point of view. If the present rambling programme does not satisfy or meet the desires of the majority of the walkers, then the onus lies on not a few of you for allowing the "tail" to wag the "dog".

THE EDITOR.

WIRRAL FOOTPATHS AND OPEN SPACES PRESERVATION SOCIETY  
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The editorial makes passing reference to the ancient status of many of our footpaths, and the "Echo" on Friday, 10th April, gave considerable space to the above Societys' appeal for support and members. The Club is in no position to give independent attention to footpaths, but those bodies that make it their business to preserve our ancient rights of way should be supported by Cluhs such as ours, at least by nominal membership or affiliation.

Can I put to such of you as may be interested to keep this and similar societies in mind - I shall. I hope to obtain further details and will pass them on to you through the Newsletter.

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We apologise to those people who rendezvoused at James Street Station instead of Exchange for the ramble to Belmont on Sunday, the 8th of March.

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T E N N I S

The A.G.M. of the above section has now been held, and the Ladies and Gents Captains and Vice Captains have been elected. The courts are open for play officially from 2.30 p.m. until dark on Saturdays and Sundays, and from 7.30 p.m. till dark on weekdays, except on Tuesday evenings, when the League matches are played. Thursday evenings, one court will be used for team practice, but one court is still available for ordinary play. Although the above times are official, the courts can be used by members at any time, providing they leave the courts brushed, and the nets lowered when they have finished play. The programme of League matches will be published each month in the newsletter, and spectators are very welcome.

I must remind intending members that the fee of £2-10-0d is due in full by 31st May, and this amount, or instalments of same, should be paid to Mary Smith as soon as possible. I have been told by the Tennis Secretary, George Skillicorn, that he now has the official handbook for the season, and these can be obtained from him on application. Don't forget team practice every Thursday for ALL PROSPECTIVE TEAM PLAYERS.

Cyril.

P.S. I must remind all visitors that the fees are 2/6d for Saturdays, and 1/6d for the weekdays. No visitors are allowed on Sundays. Fees are normally paid to the steward in charge, but should he or she not be available, please put all monies in the "VISITORS" box provided. Thank you.

You will notice in the Personal column that our Tennis Chairman has been involved in a road accident, and the Tennis section wish him a speedy return to the courts.

..... We give you copy of letter received in reply to that published.....  
in last months Newsletter:

Dear Mr. Penlington,

I am writing to you to add my views, together with quite a few other members who go walking, to the letter on easier walks published in the last Newsletter.

I know that the views expressed in that letter will not be agreed to by the hard walking members. If they are trying to prove who is the best walker they will never get more than a small number of people on their walks, as has been the case on many walks.

I must say that the recent walk near Hawarden was enjoyed by all concerned and more of this type of walk would be welcome.

I was glad to see the editor comment in the last letter, and can remember him saying a while back that the leader should set his pace to allow for the slower walker.

I hope the committee will consider the points put forward because they are with the object of encouraging all members to take part in the rambles.

Yours sincerely,  
T. GERAGHTY

DAY OF RECOLLECTION  
\*\*\*\*\* A day of Recollection will be held at the Cenacle Convent, Lance Lane, on Sunday May the 3rd, from 11.30 until 5.30. The full cost for the day will be 6/6d. Will those interested, please give their names to Tony Irwin, or any member of the Committee, as soon as possible. No ramble is being organised for this day.

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A list of the Tennis Fixtures will be given in the next issue of the Newsletter. The first match is on the 5th May - so TEAM PRACTICE IS VERY NECESSARY ON THURSDAY EVENINGS FOR ALL POTENTIAL TEAM MEMBERS.

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NOTE WITH CARE - JUNE 6th, 1959

On Saturday, June 6th, we are holding our next dance. It isn't a big affair this time. Just a dance for the members of the club and their immediate friends. It will be held at St. Francis Xavours Hall in Salisbury St. (7.30 to 11 p.m). Tickets are only 3/6d each, including refreshments, and are obtainable from the usual "source".

Can we please have your help on this occasion? Would you try and make your sales before Monday, June 1st. This is so that we can inform the caterers about how many to expect. If the tickets you take are not booked by your friends by that date - PLEASE LET US KNOW.

The band for the evening is George Edwards - and may I say not in any way related to the Edwards of Lowerson! I do not get any rake off for the arrangement. Seriously, he plays at the New Mecca in town.

Bernard.

P.S. How many tickets do you want? Get them now.

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HOLYWELL ..... 15th MARCH, 1959 (JUMP SUNDAY)

After reading in the last newsletter that spring was in the air and the buds were on the boughs, we three decided to drag our weary bones from our maiden couches, and venture forth to see this phenomenon.

Leaving James Street at 10.45 all FIFTEEN of us, then females and five others (Mr. Potters fatal charm again), we arrived at our destination at 1 p.m, visited St. Winifreds Well, then proceeded to the Hospice for cups of tea. Time was getting on, and so it was decided to start our walk and return for Mass in the evening. A typical jump Sunday was observed by our leader. We took the fences like Aintree fillies!

As we trotted along enjoying the Spring air, and sunshine, one of "us three" happened to remark - "What an uneventful ramble this is". Fatal words!

After a most enjoyable ramble, we arrived in time for Mass, followed by tea once again at the Hospice. Whilst ploughing our way through the cream buns - what buns! Rock buns! Mona was seen disappearing through the door shouting "Train bods". We arrived just in time to miss the last train. Luck was with us, however, and we managed to catch a bus.

Arriving in Liverpool at quite an early hour, thanks to Bill, who seemed to get things sorted out, with the minimum of fuss. Ta Lad.

"US THREE".

RULES FOR THE SWIMMING RAMBLES

1. The Leader to check times of tides.
2. Position of intended swim to be pioneered.
3. No swimming on outgoing tides.
4. No member to go swimming alone.
5. Members to let leader know before entering water.
6. Leader to be a competent swimmer.

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NOTE. We are back to our Wednesday night upstairs - so please remember this, and don't turn up on a Tuesday by mistake.

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ABERGELE AMBLE

22nd March, 1959

It is obvious that anyone arriving at the meet in a pair of pumps that are whiter than Omcs' Even-Whiter-than-White, will receive the oppositions undivided attention. It is equally obvious that to take ones footwear off in a confined space will also have the same effect, and when the two happen to be the same then that spells T R O U B L E -

and it did in the persons of Atherton P, and Rainford T. The net result would have made thousands for I.T.A., a pair of plimsols bearing such august inscriptions as "Guinness is good for you", "I like Elvis", "A Double Diamond works wonders" written in the cutest blue biro ink.

Outside Abergele the path to Tower Hill followed a newly ploughed field which was garnished with a most delicious smelling fertilizer. This caused a rebel group to be formed amongst the feminine members, who threatened Tony if he persisted in this direction. But Tony, true to the cause, was not to be dissuaded by these rebel "Back-wenches", and carried on up through a gloomy forest of pines.

Tower Hill is ingeniously named, for it is surmounted by a Tower. To us this tower was of obscure origin and purpose, one or two of the guesses of the said purpose were just as obscure. While most lay basking in the warm spring sunshine a "Togger" was unearthed and a game started. If nothing else, this saved Tower Hill from acquiring a reputation similar to another place of the same name.

Moelfre Isaf was the main objective, from which a fine view was afforded of a valley stretching to the sea. It had turned 4 p.m and time to return for Rosary and Benediction at the Modernistic Church of St. David.

But were the high jinks over? Not on your Nell., with an hour or so to "Kill" out came the Togger again and the seashore was the 'field' in which a game was started between the traditional Protagonists, with the exception of one renegade, bearing the initials "P.A". No longer do I believe in the myth of the gentle sex, no, not any more, not after seeing fifteen-stoner Molloy H., floored in a tackle by a whisp of an eight-stoner!

After a very happy day, the return journey was made - which was surprising!!

V. DIFF.

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L L A N F E C H I A N

For some time now I have been unable to join the rambles, but on Easter Monday it was like old times, dashing out at the last minute to catch a bus to the Pier Head.

It was a beautiful day and I expected dozens out. Imagine my surprise when only nine turned up. We couldn't wait to get cracking and Bill took a lot of ragging when the train started two minutes late.

On Arrival at Llanfechain no time was lost. Mrs. Potters' son set off at a steady gallop for the nearest hills. As we steadily gained height I steadily lost weight, but eventually we reached MERYDDY (1276 ft) and stopped for a smoke. We had just "lip up" when Bill wanted us to push on. It was no use asking him for a longer rest so Eileen sat on him and then pretended we hadn't heard him.

After a suitable rest we pushed on. Down on our right lay the Fanat Valley. It has everything a proper valley should have, mountains, trees and a lovely river which winds its way down from the Berwyns. We pressed on towards Yglos, from where we hoped to see Lake Vyrnwy, but alas our path was barred by excessive fencing.

Whilst our leader looked for alternative paths we sat down to rest and admire the beautiful scenery. This was the first time many of us had been in this area, but all agreed it wouldn't be the last. It is ideal for rambling. The views of the Berwyn Mountains held us spellbound and brought back to me, many happy memories of previous rambles in that area.

A promise of a "smashing cup of char" had us back on our feet in no time. Five miles later we found a safe at Llanfyllin - "You Rotter Potter"!! On one of the tracks before Llanfyllin we saw a lamb only seconds old attempting to stand up and dash about - it's no

We then went on to Church and heard Mass.

The coach was awaiting us, and with one short stop and a fairly quiet journey, we reached Liverpool at 8.30 p.m. This had been a most enjoyable ramble for three reasons:

- 1. The late meet.
- 2. A pace which enabled you to catch up easily with anyone ahead, and
- 3. An early return.

Why don't we have more rambles like this? Thank you Bernard. "M"

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R A M B L I N G    P R O G R A M M E

May		<u>Meet</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Cost</u>	<u>Approx.</u>	<u>Leader</u>
10th	CHURCH STRETTON (coach)	St. Johns Ln.		11/6d		J. Cullen
18th	GARSTANG	Exchange Stn.	9.40	6/3d		W. Potter
23/24th	CHALET	Details at club. Names will be taken at 8.0 p.m. on Wednesday, 14th May.				
24th	WIRRAL WANDER	Pier Head	2.30	2/6d		K. Kerwan
31st	PRESTATYN (Ben).	James St. Stn	9.40	7/-d		B. Edwards

DESCRIPTION OF WALKS. Church Stretton - Football team and supporters.  
Garstang - Hilly, but moderate walk.  
Wirral - Half day walk, specially for beginners  
Prestatyn - Moderate walk.

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ROSARY AT 8.30 p.m.  
on the 3th of  
J U N E  
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N.B. N.B.

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PERSONAL: On his way to a Committee meeting our Mr. Fred Norbury was knocked off his bike by a car, and woke up in hospital. Unfortunately he will be unable to attend the club for a while, but we all wish him a speedy recovery from his injuries.

Five of our members have requested me to ask you all to pray for special intentions. I am sure that you will not forget these requests in your daily prayers.  
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Have you paid for your dance tickets (State dance last month). If not see Bernard now please.  
Tennis subs are due in full by the end of May, to Mary Smith.  
Mona is on the war-path!! Subs are well over-due now.  
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## S O C I A D      C H A T T E R .

The extra hour has gone on. They've stopped working at the Tennis Courts and actually started to play tennis(??). We've done Snowdon. There was only one sign missing and now we've had that. The first day's play of the cricket season has been rained off - Summer is truly icumen in!

The past month has been quite a hectic one. The State Dance was a definite innovation, since the band was none other than the Merseysippi. I'm not quite sure whether I was at a dance where the band clowned, or at a vaudeville show where the audience danced, but the whole thing was a huge success. The squares who had gone along stoically to listen rather than to rock and roll were quite well catered for, although I think an extra waltz or two would have made this minority completely happy. Somewhat ironically, on the occasion when just sitting and listening would have almost been as pleasureable as dancing, there was hardly a wallflower to be seen. The rhythm certainly brought the men into the ballroom and then kept them dancing.

Our Temis Social, held at Lance Close, had to give way to the State Dance in everything but enjoyment. Looking at these socials in the cold light of day - concrete floor with enough dust being raised to send us back for another X-Ray, a mat which turns up so persistently at the corners that it seems to be alive, and a good crowd in a smallish space - it is quite obvious that they cannot be enjoyable. Then you go to one and spend the week trying to find out what was wrong with your reasoning. Part of it, of course, is the stupendous spot prizes, fiendishly purchased with reckless prodigality by Bernard and May. But - don't have a spot waltz with Tom. You'll be handed back the empty sweet wrapper at the end of the dance and everybody around you will be guzzling your prize. Did that cream do your complexion any good, May? If you'd seen Pat and Anne come dripping in like two drawned rats, with the making of the refreshments, with a heartbroken appeal to Cyril on their lips to nip into his Minx and collect the cakes, you'd have appreciated the eats even more. Harry, bless his cotton socks, came early with the player and the butties were made to music. Mary says she's opting out of the tea making unless you get a bigger and better Primus. Nice M.C.ing Bern.

Talking of Tennis, Team Practice has started on Thursdays, but don't forget that only one court is used for this purpose. All the other courts are at the disposal of the lesser mortals like you and me. The Athies are making valient efforts to make their day off coincide and John has been going on straight from work. Lets hope we have a more successful season from a scoring point of view.

During the month also we finally returned to the Wednesday Club Night, after a very enjoyable sojourn with the Knights. One week we had socials on Tuesday and Wednesday. For those who were a little confused by this I'd better explain that it was done to ensure the McInerney sisters being present at at least one social. It is simply not true that this week they decided to come on Friday.

We hope to get the Rambling programme out next week, although we are still shy of a couple of leaders. In an effort to woo back two of our lady members who have deserted to the enemy, we have embarked upon a couple of halfday Sunday Rambles, which Kevin Kerwan is to lead. The Committee feels that there is a call for a more social ramble than the full days and this experiment should be helpful. Rather than scrape round trying to fill a bus, we have used more of the Ramblers' Excursions, the times of which are not yet available. We'll have to get Bill Potter on the Railway Executive and speed this matter up.

Harrold Burns and Betty nipped in to see us last Wednesday and it was pleasant also to have those members back who couldn't make it on ~~Wexthursda~~ Tuesdays. I will probably now be inundated with yells from those who cannot make Wednesdays, but that does seem to be the best night for the majority.

See you WEDNESDAY - repeat - WEDNESDAY,

Socialite.

wonder they don't live long is it? As soon as we arrived back at the train, Jean insisted she was going to wear pumps - the rest of the mob insisted she wasn't. The fight ended in a draw!!! The rest of the trip was very quiet and Birkenhead was reached without casualties.

Many thanks Bill for an extra good ramble.

Nyto

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WORLDS END ::::::::::: ::::::::::: ::::::::::: 12th APRIL, '59

Fifteen assorted 'bods' met at James St. for the train to Rock Ferry, and on from there by train to Ruabon. We were joined at Chester by two local females, who found that our carriage was nearly full, so they occupied another.

It was only a short ride to Ruabon, the time was spent admiring the scenery which could be seen passing on both sides (I think). (I was sandwiched by four occupants!) We tumbled out at Ruabon, and followed the smell of overdone toast to a nearby "Caff" for dinner-de-sandwiches. Our leader coaxed us out into the sun which then hid behind a huge cloud and was never seen for the rest of the day. Onward then along the winding road to Pen-Y-Cae; after passing through the Village we left the road to pass Ruabons' two Reservoirs by way of a quiet track. A steady ascent was made then up on to the moors above Pen-Y-Cae which were, in places, a little watery. Nevertheless we plodded on down into the steep sided valley at Worlds' End, where a few snaps of the party were taken. After a short rest we then followed the Afon Eglwyseg down by its course for a few minutes, and then made a steep climb up onto the ridge. We had to cross the river to make this ascent and the only bridge provided consisted of two aged logs; some members of the party took the risk of crossing by the two logs, the remainder crossed by balancing on stones. Albert thought that another stepping stone was needed so he provided one ever so gently!! Rotter. The way was then easy along the ridge which commanded a fine view of the valley, and the picturesque mountains on the other side. The way was then around the back of Craigian Eglwyseg, to drop down into the Vale near Trefor Rocks and skirting the hillock supporting Castell Dinas Brau. The walk down into Llangollen was by way of a lane which ended not far from the cafe and the bus-stop.

We ate our fill and the last stretch was completed by bus. Alighting at Ruabon Station we were greeted by that friendly smell of overdone toast. A relaxing journey was made back to Liverpool which was unusual. The reason was that every compartment was occupied, and we had to disperse in two's and three's. Arriving back at Liverpool at an hour which was not too early nor too late, we quickly disappeared onto our homeward-bound buses.

Many thanks for a grand day George,

"DRYP DRY"

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S O C I A L P R O G R A M M E

<u>M.C.</u>	<u>DATE-MAY</u>	<u>REFRESHMENTS</u>	<u>WASHERS-UP</u>	<u>GRAM. CARRIERS</u>
Bernard Edwards	6th	Mary Smith	R. Bond/T. <del>Smith</del> Smith	T. Gilmore/ J. Kenedy
Jerry Cullen	13th	Mona Roberts	M. Maguire/M. Edwards	T. Rainford/ T. Kelly
George Skillicorn	20th	Jean Bravin	P. Donclan/ F. Johnston	J. Cullen/ F. Rowe
BARN DANCE	27th	Anne McCann	Z. Bowden/ F. Molyneux	T & P. Atherton

REMEMBER - WE ARE NOW BACK TO WEDNESDAY EVENINGS

IN THE UPSTAIRS HALL

## H A W A R D E N

Happily there was a lete meet for this ramble due to the revels of the previous evening. This, combined with the unexpectedly bright sunshine, filled us with high expectations. Soon our group had swelled to the required number but our bold leader - with the accent on the bold - was still seeking for the elusive coach. Some confusion had arisen from an earlier cancellation so we sunned ourselves on a wall and scoffed Francis's sweets whilst we waited.

Eventually a very smart coach rolled up and, everyone settled in, we headed for Birkenhead to seek out the Gilmores. Tony and Margaret (wearing a provocative jellybag) had almost become permanent landmarks but were so relieved to see us that all intended rebukes were forgotten.

The first part of the journey was uneventful apart from Pauline and Paul becoming rather obstreperous on the back seat. During our stop for lunch at a coffee bar Tony tested his strength on a rather odd-looking machine. He didn't quite reach the sausage-skinners' doubtful total but unfortunately made up for this later in the day. Francis toyed with a large juke-box whilst May toyed with his sandwiches.

Soon, everyone refreshed, we were back in the coach speeding through beautiful country lanes. We alighted at Hawarden, the majority thankfully heaving their rucksacks in the coach, and made off over the bridge and along a road, turning off through the fields and along the bank of a narrow river. Here, for the first time, the rascally nature of a certain seemingly quiet rambler was revealed. As we of the gentler sex stumbled over three roots on the narrow path and clung to the barbed wire, he hurled boulders into the river, aided and abetted by a second miscreant, Francis. The said boulders had first to be extracted from the hard ground, so we were able to reach a little bridge and terra firma without being unduly wetted. To get on to the road we went through a hole in the hedge like a string of rabbits. Johnny Burns decided this was the right moment for a rugger tackle - stick to football, boy!!

Keeping an eye on the mutinous faction at the rear we continued along the road until we reached yet another bridge to cross, Pauls yells to "Dad" in the front went unheeded. On the far side of the bridge we came upon a group of workmen and a large hole. All work ceased as we came over two-by-two. They evidently thought we'd been let out for the week-end.

We now crossed through the fields and ascended a small hill where we were allowed our first rest. By this time Angela, Mutting, Gert and Ros had adorned themselves with flowers and were regarded with envy by we buttonhole-less ones. We admired the view then posed for a photo by that intrepid photographer Frank, (Rowe). On the move again, we armed ourselves with sticks as a defence measure - but what was this - a sly attack from the rear and swift despatch into a rhododendron bush. No need to say who was responsible!

Forcing our way through brambles, etc., we came out into the open fields among the lambs and their fond mamas. Joe Kennedy very nobly rescued a little lamb which got itself into difficulties, and we tiptoed away, Ascending once more, Helen was unlucky enough to get cut across the ankles by the brambles. It was about here, on the road again that Edwids discovered the loss of his bespoke. While he went back for her Tony found some prickly holly which kept us busy, for quite some time. Oh the joys of battling with holly in one hand and a thorny branch in the other! Francis still bears the scars.

We were now heading, in a roundabout way, for Mold. At one point we came through a field containing four dead sheep then crossed the river by means of a decaying tree. There was a steep ascent from here, then, as we tried to avoid being pushed into boggy patches between the trees, we were directed through a rubbish dump, at the back of someone's house, in order not to disturb their geese! From this point we reached the main road into Mold and took possession of our favourite coffee bar just two minutes before the R.A. arrived.