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Issue No. 132

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NEWSLETTER for MAY 1960

Another holiday week-end has passed when, judging from press, radio and T.V., almost the whole population has swarmed into the countryside in cars, mopeds and so on.

Looking at the statistics automobiles, whether two, three, four, or more wheeled, are very much on the increase - there are not a few in the club. Which brings me to the question- will rambling be affected.

The R.A. shows a decline in individual membership but I doubt if automobiles are the cause. We for our part show increasing membership - at the moment. But what of say ten years from now? Will we still be getting a sufficient proportion of RAMBLERS in the club, or will rambling be taking a second or third place with tennis and socials?

It may be of no avail pointing out that the countryside cannot be seen properly from a vehicle pelting along one of a network of M (for monotonous) highways; that petrol fumes are no substitute for fresh air; and that crowded highways are by no means sociable.

Come to think of it, there must be a considerable number already aware of the afore-mentioned drawbacks, for rambling is still popular. One can visualise one form of compromise - having the meeting place at the actual commencement of the walk, with a large car park handy!

However, even if by 10 or 20 years from now the motorways have been extended by a 1,000 miles (which I doubt) motoring will still not equal the pleasure gained from rambling. Only one thing disturbs me - the depredations on footpaths and countryside by such roads as are built.

In the meantime, ramble when you can, where you can and as much as you can!

*** THE EDITOR ***

RAMBLING PROGRAMME FOR MAY 1960

DATE	RAMBLE	MEET	COST	LEADER
May 1	Church Stretton (Ben). (Coach).	St. Johns Lane 10.15 a.m.	9/-	Jerry Cullen
8	Belmont	Exchange Stn. 9.50 a.m.	6/6d	Marie Kenwood
15	Snowdon A & B (Coach)	St. Johns Lane 10.0 a.m.	11/6d	A).B.Duffy B).J.Potter
22	Hawarden (Coach)	St. Johns Lane 11.0 a.m.	5/-	S. Lawlor

DESCRIPTION OF WALKS ETC: Belmont - Moderate. Hawarden - Suitable for beginners. Names for Snowdon will be taken on 4th May.

ROSARY - WEDNESDAY, 4th MAY @ 8.30 p.m. MEET CLUBROOM BERTGREENHALL OR IF YOU ARE A LITTLE LATE THEN MAKE YOUR WAY DIRECT TO THE CHURCH.

"A" PARTY - ABER. MARCH 13th

Some people believe that the best way to teach a youngster to swim is to throw it in at the deep end. Bill Potter obviously believes that the same theory applies to climbing mountains: no sooner had our assorted band of ten waved goodbye to a strolling crowd of 'B's than we found ourselves with eyes down and toes up. Step by step - and groan by groan - we sought the heights. Not content with Fridd Ddu and Moel Union (1903 feet) we were remorselessly driven on to Drogul, a mere 2484 feet, where a glimmer of humanity permitted a ten-minute break for coffee. There was now even time to notice that a drizzling rain had ceased to fall, no doubt having decided that the A's were unputtable.

Picking a way carefully through many rocks of varying sizes we now found it well worth while to snatch occasional glances at the remarkably varied landscape - sudden glimpses of nearby precipitous mountains struck us with a certain foreboding: could it be that our climb was to be even steeper?? Mercifully, our inexhaustible leader's appetite was satisfied with a successful assault on the 3196 foot Foel-grach.

After entertaining serious doubts about seeing other friendly faces ever again we were treated to an impressive display of mapmanship by W.P. - it's amazing what can be done with a compass when you find yourself in cloud. All we needed was oxygen.

The route now seemed to be doubling back to Conway Bay which from time to time appeared through the clouds until at about 5 p.m. everyone was glad to welcome strong sunshine. Variety was certainly not lacking on this walk, even though none of the ladies fell into a stream.

The return in a pleasant warm evening via the Drum with impressive views over the sea served to put everyone into a contented frame of mind. What more can one ask of a walk? Thanks very much, Bill.

Starting back at about 10 p.m. - but that's another story.

*** ANGN ***

R A M B L E R I T E

Your Summer programme is now in the printers hands and with hope and a prayer you should receive it with acclaim before the end of the winter programme.

The Rambling Committee were overwhelmed and overjoyed to receive so many new leaders, who will drive you one way or another through the Summer days to come.

By the time you receive this Newsletter your leaders will have had a meeting to make sure they know what

they are doing! We hope this will serve as a reminder to you to make sure you know what your about when on a ramble. Adhering to leaders' instruction singing in public, etc., but there are hints not included in the club rules:

1. Always when walking stay behind the leader - it avoids taking the wrong turning.
2. When you turn left or right, see if the person following knows his left from right.
3. Climbing a locked gate always use the hinge side.

4. Keep off the summer crops, stay on the footpath, always.
5. If becoming exhausted or unable to go on, tell the leader.
6. Don't let the Bee's upset your balance, they are really harmless.

PERSONAL: A Mass is being offered on behalf of the club for the repose of the soul of Laureen Loftus' father who died a short while ago. R.I.P.

T E N N I S

This is the first year when we have been able to say that there are vacancies in this section for members who wish to join. If you cannot play tennis but are anxious to learn, then don't hesitate to join - the cost is only £2.10.0d and you will be most welcome.

We have 10 vacancies so join as soon as possible. The season began on Easter Saturday and very pleasant it was for the 16 who turned up on the Sunday and Monday. It is a good start for the season

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TREVOR ROCKS RAMBLE

Sunday threatened a rainy day as our party duly arrived at James Street station and departed, on time for Rock Ferry. The drizzle soon began as we sped towards Euabon and lunch.

On arrival a hasty race was led to the two by four dining place - two people to four square inches.

Tea and coffee orders were rapidly dispensed by the harrassed proprietor, and lunches finished, reluctantly a move was made to shuffle out into the rain. Faces brightened somewhat when a further halt was called at the nearest bus stop. The more energetic males cavorted about at football whilst the rest of us enjoyed the sight of Sheila turning a delicate shade of green after gaily inhaling a puff of cigar smoke. Much mirth, when the bus arrived.

The ensuing scramble for a foothold on the already loaded bus was enjoyed with tolerant amusement by its occupants, homeward bound from a nearby factory. The somewhat dour conductor was neither possessed of a sense of humour nor was he intimidated by our number, as he left some half dozen behind to tramp the two miles to Trevor Station.

No doubt the fresh air during the route march was responsible for the more normal colour of Sheila's face, as they joined us later.

Reunited, spirits rose again and with macs on and heads down we set off at a gallant pace towards Llangollen. Reassured by Mike as to the moderate nature of the hike, we galloped along in grand style, presenting a strange appearance with gaudy colours to rival Joseph. One of the gang wore amazing headgear similar to the foreign Legionnaires.

Details of our jaunt soon slip the mind, but there is the pleasant memory of the Ramblers plodding merrily through the mud on our way. Soon, after some stile-climbing and stream jumping we arrived at open, rocky ground. It seems that the sight of water does one or two things to people, either they want to stop and drink or else the tendency is to hurl bigger and better stones into the stream - especially when you know "who" is crossing!

Frivolities over and now miles from anywhere we plunged forward and up, always ascending until the backs of legs sagged like over-stretched elastic, and breathing came in short gasps. The journey continued on over rough jagged ground, as we now goose-stepped through the gorse in an effort to dodge hidden rock and perchance to preserve pants from complete saturation.

At an Ordnance Point, gratefully we sank to recuperate and wait for Roy and Jim, observed on the horizon; somebody was having boot trouble. Map consultation followed and then compass check as mist was moving in fast around us.

Chilled and tiring the party hurried along in good humour, some still finding surplus energy to hurl the ball about.

The remainder of the walk is a hazy collection of up-hill trends with side-stepping, slithering descents, when the last of the troupe are observed during their crazy scramble not with any real concern for their safety, but of sheer expentant fun, waiting for someone to complete the run on their seat.

Before too long we tramped into Longollen, for the inevitable cups of tea and more nourishment. The leader had no difficulty in rousing even the sorest of us with the news that the R.A. were heading in the direction of our bus. Visions of a two mile trek how did not appeal to any of our members, but we were alright this time, Jack!

The brief wait at Llanabon Station was occupied with scrubbing and for the wisest amongst us - a change of pants and dry shoes and socks. The rest just squelched until arriving home again. Pleasantly tired now, once again we munched the minutes away in manner suitable to the Sabbath.

Imagine our inmost thoughts on trains in general and Welsh ones in particular, on learning that we would be waiting an hour for ours.

The guard did extend his hospitality to open a waiting room for us; as soon as his back was turned we made proper use of his two gas fires, to dry the worst of the wetness; the steam we created fogged the windows and together with tobacco smoke helped to warm the rest of the room.

Finally the train arrived, packed, causing us to split up - some to superior 1st class accommodation; we underprivileged could soon hear sounds of merriment and harmony plus the occasional shriek from familiar voices.

Our gang had somehow managed to squeeze in together, effervescent to the end.

A big thank you Michael for the day's outing.

*** BAN ***

CLITHEROE - R.A. TRAIN 27th March

A small band of ramblers boarded the diesel at Line Street Station on a bright but cool morning. The number was boosted at St. Helens by the addition of Pat and Sheila, who remarked more than once during the day that this was a route the rambles should take more often.

Arriving in Clitheroe the party proceeded on their way, crossing an old Roman road and on to the village of Worston. Spring was really in evidence with the lambs that were to be seen under the protection of the ewes. The company increased in number by a friendly horse which accompanied us as far as he could along the path. We then went over the shoulder of Fendle Hill to the village of Barley. After lunching out of doors and refreshing ourselves with piping hot cups of tea, we set off once more.

From the top of Fendle Hill and Beacon we admired the views below, the reservoirs of Barley and Wheatley Booth adding interest to the scene. Walking over Fendle Moor, Sheila's leg disappeared down a muddy hole from which she was duly hauled - still in one piece. (Don't some mothers' have them).

On to Clitheroe in good time for some refreshment and the train, and having to clamber over the station gate which was the only way of entering the station. A pleasant journey home, and the end of an enjoyable day. Thanks Bill.

"ANONYMOUS"

RHYDYNWYN - EASTER MONDAY

It was a Rhydy nice day for this walk and a large band assembled to see us off: at least we thought they'd come to see us off, but they came with us! In fact we found three still with us half way round the walk, under the impression we were the official R.A. party.

On the other hand we had an official defection of thirteen whom we were to meet later on the train going home. Apparently, they had quite a nice day including a built-in swimming ramble, and ending perforce with a fancy dress

ramble for at least one member.

However, that is really by the way. Bernard's party pressed on over field and hedgerow, across quarries and lanes and finally stopped for lunch. A long rest ensued, followed by a few more miles during which we by-passed Cilcarn and set our sights at Noel Arthur.

Another rest and then the fine view of the Clwydians. In the interval, May had lost her one social asset, George had become self-appointed whipper in, and the party had generally maintained a most decorous level of behaviour.

The descent from Noel Arthur was to Tardd-y-Dwr Halt - where we did - gladly. Thence we pushed on to Nannerch where a local hostelry provided excellent fare.

What a lovely ending to a day to wallow in beautify frothy

SOCIAL PROGRAMME FOR MAY

DATE	M.C.	REFRESHMENTS	WASHES-UP	GRAM. CARRIERS
4th	JERRY CULLEN	Jean Bravin	M. Kelly & R. Hoctor	Tom Kelly Tom Rainford
11th	PETER ATTERTON	Mary Smith	R. McIre & H. Loftus	J. Kennedy J. Burns
18th	GEORGE SWILLICORN	Marie Henwood	J. Hunt & U. Flattery	Gerry Mac B. Potter
25th	HARRY O'NEILL	Mona Roberts	F. Donelan & F. Johnston	J. McGuirk F. Molloy

THE SPIRIT OF THE C. E. A

Being new at any place is sometimes disconcerting:

Being left to make one's way is often very hurting.
So if you are an 'Cldy' and you see new folk arrive
Go and have a chat with them, or ask them for a jive.

Perhaps they're ballroom experts - or wouldbe mountaineers -

But probably they're rather shy, so please allay their fears
Of meeting piles of strangers, and going on the walks,
You never know what you will learn from having little talks

With people who are new to you - a newfound friend perhaps:

Act NOW and prove you're C.E.A., don't let more time elapse.
Just do what you would hope they'd do if you were in their place;
You wouldn't like a hostile back, so greet them face to face.

Well-known for being friendly, let's keep the standard high;

It does you good to calculate - don't let a chance slip by,
For you can air your knowledge, impressing not a few
By telling them when you were new just how we welcomed you.

S O C I A L I T E C H A T T E R .

After a period of varying degrees of self-denial during Lent, the Club certainly made Eastertide a time of rejoicing.

Like homing pigeons, we were off to the Lake District and North Wales. Tom, Pat Dwyer and Monica went to Lakeside House, with Tom and friends (after travelling up in 'his' Dauphine) camping nearby. Eric and Doreen also had a camping party, whose highlight appears to have been Coniston Mountain. The Gilmores and Larry stayed in Betws-y-Coed and did our old favourites, Tryfan and Snowdon. Don't forget to put your names forward for the Tryfan bus trip coming off shortly. Hostelling was Jim Joyce's and Ron's way of seeing as much as possible of the Lakes in a short time. The stay-at-homes were not to be outdone, and thirty turned out for the Rhydymyen Walk led by Bernard. For the purists among you the correct spelling of Rhydy---- is given in George's write-up.

Easter wouldn't be Easter without a wedding, and we have heard of two. Reg Hughes and Margaret (Edwards) were married on Tuesday at St Matthews, with Bernard as Best Man and May and Madeleine among the guests, Cyril, George and Freda managing to attend the Mass. The couple have also joined the Lakeland exodus in their 'bubble'.

A recent ex-member, Sheila Murray, was married on Easter Monday, with the Feeneys and Leo and Joan Dobson among those present, at St. Clares.

We're becoming quite cosmopolitan in our correspondence. From America came a 'blooming' Easter card from Pat to May and Barn. Margaret Coleman, late of Maghull, has now changed her job and moved down to London and is settling in nicely. She sends us her regards and Easter wishes and is going to join the Blessed Thomas Moore walking Club in London when we can get her the necessary information:

Another nice surprise card came from Mary Barrett in Paris. It was that lovely view of Sacre Coeur from the bottom of the huge frontal flight of steps. In her following letter, she reiterated her Easter good wishes and tried to make us jealous of the perfect weather she's enjoying. We refuse to go green, Mary. The weather here over the holiday was all that could be desired. We only need to hear from Kath Daniels, browning nicely in the Azores and Albert, somewhere in Austria by now I think, and that would about complete the set. Quite a few long-absent friends turned up last Wednesday and it was pleasant to/ them again. Steve Cummings breezed in briefly from wherever he earns his bread and butter nowadays; We have just heard from Albert. He is now knee deep in Austria near Linz busy on re-housing the refugees. He says how much appreciated is the effort being put into World Refugee Year and how it makes the refugees themselves a little happier. The Club, on your behalf, has donated ten guineas. Albert, in his spare time, has been up in the mountains, living rough. It sounds great.

If the weather over Easter was fine for walking, it was ideal for tennis. The enthusiasts turned up about a dozen strong each day and thoroughly enjoyed themselves, on courts which are playing beautifully. We haven't seen many of our new members yet but John McGuirk and Des Bateman have played. Do make a start, you newcomers. Cyril is on Duty every Saturday afternoon from 2.00 to 3.00 p.m. with the sole object of coaching. If there isn't a demand, naturally he'll stop, so its up to anybody in search of a few tips to show that there is a demand. We had the A.G.M. at the Pavilion on Saturday last which was followed by a really good social for the 25 who were able to make it, with Harry in charge of the dancing. Ann catered beautifully with Eileen (nee FiFi) an extremely kitchen wallah! More doughnuts next time, Anne. We practically drew blood over the last one.

That's all for now. Do keep writing, you away from it all ones. Its good to hear from you.

Yours Socialite.