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EDITORIAL

Following the "strike" by "writer-uppers" in the last issue, anyone hoping for a follow-on strike by the Editor in this issue is going to be disappointed ... not that I can get out of it, anyway ... "they" are twisting my other arm!

Well, Spring has been a-coming-in for four or five weeks, though up to now tis very hard to find. This January weather must break soon, however, and we are promised a glorious Summer. Come on out and see it from the right side for once!

The Quarterly Meeting more than lived up to expectations - over 80 of you turned up despite wind and rain - most creditable! Many pertinent questions were asked, which, together with the cross-fire of constant comment and discussion, should demolish any charge of apathy or lack of interest. Some "hardy annuals" were raised again, none the less commendable for repetition. Table Tennis ... "an extra social night each week" ... or ... "our own youth centre". With the one of these that is practicable, there is not the support, whilst another, with your wholehearted support is bound to be impracticable for other reasons. Nevertheless, all such matters are always in the minds of your Committee and Sub-Committees - awaiting only the opportunity.

Not being by any means a "dancing club" fan, I understand the Grafton Dance was worth waiting fifteen months for! It's only nine months to the next one in January - with one at the State in the meantime (October). Time rolls by, inexorably, and "before we know where we are" one, and then the other will be upon us. In the meantime - roll on rambles (and tennis!)

Apropos last month's newsletter (which was the "shock" we hoped it would be) you will see inside that the flow of write-ups is running again ... keep it up!

EDITOR.

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DATE:	DESTINATION:	LEADER:	MEET:	TIME:	COST:	
5.5.62.	Kettlewell(Joint)	*C. Scott.	St. Johns La.	9.50am.	10/-	(Moderate)
13.5.62.	Holywell (Ben)	M. Kelly.	James St.	10.20am.	7/6	(Easy)
20.5.62.	Two Mills(Hooton)	J. Joyce.	Pier Head.	10.15am.	5/-	(Dodgy)
27.5.62.	River Cruise.	S. Hall.	Details at Club.		10/6	(Swing)

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THE GRAFTON DANCE

After all the waiting and hoping months, the Grafton Dance is now over, and it was a really great success - both socially and financially. No doubt it will be referred to elsewhere in this newsletter, but I want to take this opportunity to thank all those members - committee and otherwise - who worked so hard ... distributing tickets, selling tickets, looking after "spots", etc., and doing all the other numerous chores, which are so essential to a successful effort like this.

Thanks again to one and all, and here's hoping that you will all work just as hard for our next Grafton Dance in January.

Our coach left St. Johns Lane at 10.30am. with evidence of new faces, new boots, new anoraks, and the promise of a fine day ahead. What a hope! We picked up three more ramblers in Birkenhead, and went on our way to pass Mold and Loggerheads. Cyril made a bright remark "It looks like rain". It always rains, if he comes out, a natural hazard! A stop was made at Clwyd Gate for lunch - two members; Winnie and Terry being delayed. "Oh dear what can the matter be? Two young ramblers ....."

The ramble started in bright, very cold weather, and we meandered along a country lane to the edge of the Forest, passing on route, a sheep dipping trough. One or two sheep being dipped, we made a hasty move into the forest to avoid a sudden shower of sleet. The "sudden" shower lasted for the next half hour or so, and we walked through the shelter of the forest - over a thick bed of pine needles. A short stop was called at the edge of a clearing to "cape up" and eat, if necessary, before facing the bleak wind.

Our way now led through a glorious bog, which split the party into two portions, as one or two new members were not so well equipped. After much hard work we reached the edge of a new patch of forest, just in time to take cover again from the rain. Plodding along under cover for quite a time we were lucky enough to emerge from the trees just as the rain ceased. The day ended with a long road walk back to cups of hot tea and dry clothes. Everyone had to agree it was worth the effort, and despite conditions all thanked Harry O'Neill for a very good ramble.

MATNAB.

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KINDERSCOUT: 25.2.1962.

The coach left promptly at 10am. with the usual high spirits and singing. It looked a promising day for a hike (with plenty of snow). On arriving at Hayfield we de-bused and entered the Peak District's equivalent of the Adelphi - where we were greeted by a smiling waitress who immediately rushed us to our reserved suite in the luxurious establishment. Quickly overcoming our awe of the magnificent decor, we sat down to an exotic repast of sarnies and mugs of tea. After dining we took our leave of the establishment. After a brief snowball raid, the 'A' party got off to a good start by proceeding to trek over Middle Moor. Halfway across the moor we immediately encountered a heavy snowstorm which continued till we reached the rise over-looking the reservoir. Here we enjoyed the breath-taking view of Kinderscout, which later on we were to climb. Past the reservoir we ascended William Clough (for the illiterate Clough means valley) and made our way to Ashop Head. Approaching Kinderscout Edge we saw one of Winnie's relatives, namely a hare, bound up the edge with unparalleled vigour. By this time the snow had ceased, and on climbing the edge we again enjoyed the beautiful scenery. After grumbling about the biting cold wind, and the usual high jinks, we plodded on through another snowstorm to Kinder Downfall where there was a well enjoyed buttie-stop. Fully refreshed - well almost - we crossed the frozen stream and proceeded along the range, with that common phenomenon mist, which added a certain atmosphere to the landscape. Passing Cluther Rocks, we had a short rest at the trig point on Kinderlow. Down Kinderlow end and across by track to Broad Clough.

The reservoir was again in sight ... passing this by the side of a plantation we made our way down the peaceful Kinder Valley back to Hayfield and the welcome sight of the coach. Thanks, Mr. Potter for a very enjoyable ramble.

"BUTTIE STOP FAN"

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RIVINGTON/BELMONT: 4.3.1962.

The day dawned fresh and beautiful with promise of a good day ahead. What with the wonderful, white blanket of snow, and the crunching of marching boots, I began thinking of 1812 and the Retreat from Moscow. Jim Joyce, the leader, soon showed his military bent and marshalled his tropps with enviable precision. The military aspect of this ramble became even more evident during the many skirmishes in the snow. The male members being, of course, better snowballers soon had the "Amazons" worried. This did not stop our hardy ladies, however, and they had us retreating on several occasions, only to find the enemy replying with well-performed rear-guard actions. During the many, and often long, lulls between "battles" we all admired the scenery of beautiful Belmont and Rivington. With the covering of snow, the hilltop views were even more breathtaking than normal. We reached the barn in Rivington around noon and a cease-fire was called while we renewed our strength with sarnies and char. Once we had become accustomed to the gloom inside the barn, we "rookies" were able to admire its quaint beauty. One unfortunate female, however, fell over a chair before getting her "cat's eyes"!

### RIVINGTON (Cont'd)

After this refreshing halt we trod onwards and upwards through lovely Lever Park, and the ramble took on an even more military air with ambushes from fortifications obviously designed for such a purpose. About an hour later we reached a large, square watch-tower-of-sorts on a hilltop commanding a beautiful view of the surrounding countryside. After lingering here for a while we descended to the white plains below, and up again to Winter Hill where we met Peggy and Betty who had been brought there by Chris and Bernard from Belmont. With their arrival the N.U.T.S. now amounted to quite a handful. Because of the cold and the possibility of being "taken" by ITV's cameras (the girls were not made up for it!) we soon left Winter Hill and started down again. The steepness of the descent and the depth of the drifts caused many to stumble and fall, amid roars of laughter from the rest. Some of the energetic vanguard helped a motorist who had literally "come adrift".

Tea-time was had in the Barn again, and after some grub a couple of energetic couples danced to "Pops of the Piano" by Peter, helped by the silvery tones of George's Glee Club. One "squaw", bored with so many pale-faces, succeeded, with Mike's help, in turning yours truly into a Redskin, by daubing my face with lipstick - warpaint - which later refused to be moved. After a good rest Jim regrouped his troops and we set out again for the bus back to Bolton. Owing to injury some of us lagged behind, but put our trust in Maureen who "knew" where the route lay ..... well! After a few false turns we finally met Bernard who had come back to find us, and we rejoined the rest of the brigade. Back in Bolton we had over an hour to wait for the train so we all tropped into one of the locals. Here Auntie Win, most probably jealous of "Big Chief Dirty Face" had a few puffs on the peace-pipes of Pete and Bernard. Refreshed again, we crossed over again to the stion - because of an acute shortage of room, 16 of us crowded into one compartment, and despite the obvious discomfort, we sang as well as usual, and climbed out all in one piece at Exchange Station - to end a wonderful ramble. Thank you very much Jim, for a truly great ramble.

"NAPOLEON DE WINTER HILL" :

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### CONWAY 'A' - 11.3.1962.

Having turned the B party off the coach at Conway, the A group, comprising 14 hardy souls, took an extra ride inland as far as Tal-y-bont. A brief mile along a winding narrow road past Llanbedr brought us to the steep-sloped Pen-y-gaer to the summit of which in truth only a small section of the party climbed, the rest having suddenly developed an intense interest in the art of contouring. There followed a short exercise in wall scaling and when we all thought we were gently by-passing the next mountain, leader Chris suddenly took a sharp turn to starboard and puffed us up Tan-y-bwlch.

Weather conditions were fine and everything was going well when the higher ground gradually changed in colour from brown to white. On closer examination there was found a curious white substance which, whilst normally lying flat on the ground, mysteriously acquired the power suddenly to take on a globular shape and fly through the air. Anyone who got in the way experienced a rapid fall in temperature. It was really amazing how these missiles seemed to make a target of anybody clambering over a wall! It must have been all the magnetic personalities. A comfortable al fresco tea, in which everyone partook of any but his own, was followed by a further clamber over rocks, where one of the young ladies, to wit a certain Winifred, showed beyond a shadow of doubt that her true vocation lies in pot-holing. Her ability to put her foot inextricably and inevitably in every single hole in the ground was nothing short of amazing. How she survived without half a dozen compound fractures is known only to her over-worked Guardian Angel!

So high did we climb towards the Drum that the view was soon blotted out by cloud. Being well prepared for such conditions Chris extracted a compass from his voluminous pack and continued undaunted on course. After two hours a descent of about 500 feet brought us below cloud level, and in the dusk were seen the welcome, though distant, lights of Conway. A pleasantly relaxing downhill return to civilisation in the cool of the dark evening was being quietly enjoyed by the writer when Chris pulled alongside. It was not, however, a social call, but a last-minute request by the leader for a write-up. In view of the dire straits in which the newsletter was finding itself refusal was out of the question; after all, it's not very often that one is called on for a literary exercise.

Those of the B party who had shirked the A missed a splendid, medium-paced ramble that was well within the capacity of most members, and Chris is hereby much thanked for a

CHALET WEEKEND: 16/18th March 1962.

A mere handful of us arrived on the Friday night for what we hoped would be a great weekend - it was "swingin'". It started off "very dodgy" - no water for getting washed in - or was that a blessing? - no milk for tea, and halucinations on the way up. George (Gorgeous) and Mike arrived before the search party had set out to look for them, and we soon got started on the free for all around the cooker - the ladies are not even trusted to cook beans on toast now. Grub eaten, we gathered round the fire for the usual Friday night record session, and the first hearing, but by no means the last, of "Cryin' in the rain" and "Forget me not".

Saturday dawned bright and sunny, and at the crack of dawn breakfast was served by the lads - whoever heard of toasted fishpaste! Saturday afternoon we set off for the Rock of Gibraltar, and a wonderful afternoon was had watching the monkeys performing their tricks. George decided to have a try and after a final combing of his hair was fastened to the rope, and began his descent to a chorus of "swingin'" - after a very dodgy start he came down like a professional, whilst meanwhile back at the chalet (outside of course) Cyril and Pete were getting in some tennis practice.

The Saturday night social was celebrated in true St. Patrick's night style, with Irish dancing and square dances - not to mention the twisters, and after a great evening with plenty of fun we said night prayers and retired.

Sunday morning was spent playing with motorbikes and twisting (anyone who'd like to learn this latest craze please see Cyril). When the day party had arrived we set off on the ramble with Chris as our leader, leaving only the cooks and one or two lazy ones behind. It was a glorious afternoon, ideal for walking, and puffing and panting we climbed Moel Findeg. Win has now been declared a non-runner for the Grand National after her performances of the afternoon. There was some delay when Daphne dislocated her arm, and the B for B campaigners were able to stage one of their sit down strikes. Monica No.2 and Pauline escorted her back to the chalet and we carried on. After the final descent we arrived at the "Rainbow" and walked along the road to Maesafn corner for the long grind back to the chalet - "very dodgy". After dinner and one last murdering of "Cryin' in the rain" etc., the bus party set off leaving the "elite" car and bike crews to clear up.

Our thanks for a really "swingin'" chalet weekend - to the cooks - Saturday night M.C., (Dad), and our Sunday leader - a wonderful weekend, with a few dodgy moments!

BIG BAD ?

ARNSIDE: 'A' - 25.3.1962.

We set off from St. Johns Lane by coach with 41 ramblers, bound for Arnside - and rain. Arriving at our destination we were somehow segregated - half to a "Transport Cafe" and the rest of us to a "Posh" hotel - where we were escorted upstairs to eat our butties in peace. Then our other half joined us from the Cafe and Paulel heralded them in by knocking a cup of tea over (we fan't take her anywhere can we?). After the feast the B party climbed into the coach and off they went.

Through the rain we walked till we came to a bridge over a stream, which led us into the Deer Park. We didn't meet any deer, but the swans and ducks on the stream wanted us to have a buttie stop, but we had just had lunch - it was raining, and besides they ought to have known better, as if we would have butties for them with Terry on the ramble! We sighted a woods so it was full steam ahead for the shelter of the trees. As we went through the woods Chris told us the legend of the "Fairy Steps" - that if you wish before you walk down them your wish will come true - on one condition that you don't touch the sides as you descend. I think "twinkle toes" Brian wished it would stop raining, but spoilt it by actually getting stuck half-way down - so if your anorak is still wet, or you are suffering from cold, there is the culprit ... but to show there were no hard feelings, the fairies stopped the rain for a bit (while it snowed).

A cracking pace was set as we headed for Arnside Moss and then on to the Promenade where we had our first stop, but not for butties. It was to look at the bus time-table, because by this time the wind and the rain had started to penetrate through Anoraks, etc., which wasn't very pleasant. There were no buses to be had, so we raced to Arnside Knott, then on to Arnside Tower - by this time we were soaked and were relieved to see Eaves Wood in sight, with calls of "is everybody happy?" we paddled along the road to the waiting coach.

The saying of the day was, no not "swingin'", but "rainin'". Thanks Chris for finding the woods for us, and for such a well led ramble, and thanks to Jim from the B party.

TODMORDEN RAMBLE: 1.4.1962.

Thirteen ramblers arrived at Exchange Station, and after vain attempts to April Fool some of them into believing such things as there wasn't a ramble, etc., we almost missed our train - or did the guard succeed to April Fool all of us by blowing his whistle, making us run the full length of the platform and telling us that the train was leaving! Arriving at Todmorden, or better known as "Toddy", we walked to a cafe, where we had lunch. Pete then made enquiries as to the time of the buses running from Hebden Bridge (this being our destination) back to Toddy ... while we waited for him who should arrive but Chris who had hitched to catch up as he had missed the train.

Everybody ready and rarin' to go, we set off past the Bear, but reaching Godding's Dam we ran into difficulties. 1) it had to be crossed 2) there was no bridge, and, 3) it couldn't be jumped as there was snow on the opposite bank, so a hunt was started to find some stones. We could see plenty on the other side, but could we find any on our side? At last Bernard found one - this thrown into the centre of the dam - we eventually crossed, but I think poor Mona would have been drier had she walked straight through - because as she climbed up the bank some helpful, but nevertheless, nameless ramblers, decided to make the crossing easier by throwing some more stepping stones in! Everybody safely across, we walked on for a while, then what should meet us again but the dam! You might have told us Pete we had to cross it again - we could have transported the stepping stones with us!!!

We plodded over the heather for quite a time, but it certainly wasn't dull - there was plenty of snow about and plenty of people to throw it at, and certain lady tennis players practiced their over-hand throwing, so the boys can count themselves lucky because that's the reason they weren't hit by a great many more snowballs! By this time a heavy mist was setting and the snow was being blown all over the show. We were relieved to reach Stoodley Pike monument, where we had a well deserved butty stop, but not until we had climbed the spiral staircase to the top of the monument - all traces of butties disappeared, the mist and snow gone, we started off past Bell House Moor. Here we stopped to admire "etc"! ... a lovely tree house ... on we headed for Hebden Bridge where we scrambled on to a bus and were very disappointed to find it had taken us all day to walk a 10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> bus ride! Arriving back at Toddy we paid the cafe a second visit - then rushed for the train, only to discover it was running 30 minutes late, so off to the waiting room we marched, where your Aunty Win found an 'L' plate which nobody seemed to have lost ... perhaps it belonged to the driver of the train which was 30 minutes late.

Thanks Chris, for doing an "A+" ramble by retrieving "you know who" from a few "near misses", but we had to give you your 3d extra's worth. We arrived at Liverpool after a wonderful day - thanks a million, Pete.

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LLANGOLLEN: 8.4.1962.

Well, I got landed! I was asked to do the write-up and couldn't refuse cos it's not done! 27 of the mob ventured out, despite the stormy morning, but we had a glorious day - we even did our first sunbathing of the year. We de-trained at Ruabon and caught the bus to Llangollen for our butty stop. We started off with a visit to Plas Newydd, to the house of the "Three sisters of Llangollen", and after wandering down to the glen, we set off on our "ramble proper".

I can't tell you where we went vos our leader only told me - and I quote - "We've been to Wales" - but we climbed all the hills and fences, and traversed all the woods, in the neighbourhood! The ramble over, we had our butties once again in Llangollen, and then got the bus back to Ruabon, where the train was due to leave any minute. After a last minute spurt of energy, we puffed our way into the station, only to find that British Railways, true to form, (sorry Bill & Co.) were running the train 20 minutes late. Soon we were back in Liverpool - too soon for some (no names mentioned). Thanks, Mac, for a very enjoyable day rambling.

BIG BAD ?

DATE:

M.C.,

REFRESHMENTS:

WASHERS-UP:

2.5.62.	B. Kelly.	P. Cunningham.	R. McDonnell + M. Martin.
9.5.62.	G. Penlington.	P. Murray.	M. Kelly + B. Grant.
16.5.62.	L. Pearson.	M. Connor.	M. Howard + J. Brown.
23.5.62.	C. Scott.	A. O'Malley.	S. King + N. Sheridan.
30.5.62.	J. Burns.	M. McDonald.	B. Kershaw + J. O'Malley.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

When we received this letter we asked for some biographical details. "Mark" confessed to being the author of two standard works on dancing ... "Ban the Beguin" and "Bitter but not Twisted" in the "I don't know the Game" series. He weighs 10 stone 4 pounds, and has two left feet.

EDITOR.

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Silvester's Psychiatric Ward.

Dear Editor:

Once again the subject of dancing - or the lack of interest in dancing - has been raised in the newsletter. This subject makes a regular appearance, both in the Editorial and in Socialite's column, and the more I read your comments, the more I realise that you are both blissfully unaware of the true significance of the problem. Let me inform the reader that I am one of the culprits who do NOT dance on Wednesday evenings, and therefore find Socialite's recent comments, and all the previous comments, on this subject, rather disturbing.

But please let me explain novel-wise .....

CHAPTER ONE:

"THE NIGHT OF THE VANISHING WALLFLOWERS"

It was many, many, months ago. I arrived at the club earlier than usual and found a friend looking a little worried. He explained that he was M.C., and was hoping the dance would go well. The dance eventually started, but soon the number of girls sitting round the room far outnumbered those dancing. The MC's anxious voice now seemed to be directed at me - "Please, please, take a partner - you don't have to be a Fred Astaire". I confused this latter statement with my own chronic case of not knowing two basic steps, and turned to the nearest girl. She was too startled to say NO, but my rash action obviously surprised the other girls. No attempt will be made to describe my dancing efforts, but I returned a once happy girl - but who was now rather pale and nervous - to her friends, who tried to console her. For the rest of the evening girls were in short supply!

CHAPTER TWO:

"THE FIRST LESSON"

It may be the impression amongst our girls that the boys who do not ask them to dance are either snooty, or too indifferent to take a few simple dancing lessons. This is not true.

Do you remember your first dancing lesson? I certainly remember mine because it was also the last! I was greeted by a tall, smooth, gentleman - with heavily brilliantined hair - glossy patent-leather shoes, and an air of sympathy for his new pupil. He directed me onto the waxed floor and told me to lead. Feeling as composed as a giraffe on an ice-rink, I quickly developed a deep dislike for the tutor. I remember wishing that I was wearing long-spiked crampons, firstly to give me some grip on the skid-pan of a floor, and secondly, (uncharitable though it was) to make a worthwhile impression on those glossy patent-leather shoes of my tormentor (sorry, I mean tutor). So endeth the first lesson.

CHAPTER THREE:

"IT'S ALL IN THE BOOK"

Feeling rather daunted, I wrote to "Auntie Margaret" for advice, and was told that the Central Library had a good selection of books on dancing. Climbing the stone staircase of the library, (this reminded me of the "fairy steps" on the recent Arnside ramble) the sixth floor was reached. However, this was a lucky day because there were several shelves of books on mountaineering. The following are recommended ... "Upon that Mountain" by Eric Shipton ... "High Adventure" by Ed. Hillary .. and ... "Annapurna" by Maurice Herzog. Several months later the books on dancing were discovered.

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marked "HIS and "HERS" be cut out and numbered. These were placed on the floor for the appropriate dance. Unfortunately, my only source of music was the radio, and I was rather disturbed to find that it was easier to waltz to the "News and Weather Forecast" on the "Home Service" than to the sounds of Chubby Checker on the "Light". It was all very dodgy!

FINAL CHAPTER:

Perhaps it is now realised that some efforts have been made, but I wonder if they are worthwhile ... if the Editor will permit me to quote ... "Dancing originated as a ceremonial act in primeval society, in association with marriage and warfare" Enough said!!

Finally, on behalf of the non-dancing ramblers, two things should be said ...

- a) we hope our position is understood and that our "bad press" will not continue.
- b) we consider the girls to be wonderful (er ... er ... well sometimes), but if they are feeling unappreciated it is respectfully suggested that they leave the big city, with its canned music, and join the Sunday rambles. It is in the invigorating air of the hills, with the real music of mountain streams, that all members will find the happiest atmosphere - and the real heart of this club.

M A R K

Your Rambling Sub invite the following leaders to meet at the clubrooms at 8pm on Wednesday, 9th May, for briefing on the leader's responsibility, and backing they can expect from the Committee. M. Kelly - J. Joyce - S. Hall - P. Sharkey - T. Crutchley - P. Murray - H. O'Neill - P. Lightfoot - B. Duffy - L. Fagan.

Spring is with us, or should be, and the regular walkers will find new faces in their midst, (our fine weather friends) eyeing them with a look which conveys "Oh, hello, you're new". Don't be too hard on them, they have more sense than us, but extend a welcome, plus some of your undivided attention during the day's ramble. Talking about spring, how it hits some! - in their ethereal bliss - staggering to the rear accommodation of future coach trips. Oh! how ignorant and blissful the old fogies would be!

Boots will be a must shortly on the more strenuous summer walks. Snowdon, Oswestry, Aber, etc., I believe John Potter speaks well of his supplier - showing everyone a clean pair of heels. Have a few thousand to spare, or a rich uncle? Yes? - how about opening a mountaineering, etc., sports shop - where yours truly could despatch pronto cur keen, but so poorly equipped, new ramblers.

Leaders please note - maps and torches can be obtained from B. Potter, but unless you return same after use, the I.C.R.A., assets will soon be nil.

No apologies for harping on the cupid season, but please keep one eye on the leader, as well as the "beau". I assure you it's pleasant holding hands at the front, as well as miles away at the rear.

May 6th will be the first of our joint ventures this year with other Catholic Ramblers ... namely, Newcastle, North Staffs, Birmingham, - past C.H.G. friendships may be renewed ... I hope you will support your committee's efforts!

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Congratulations to Jean and Gerry Mac on the birth of a daughter - on 19th April.