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EDITORIAL

COMPLAINTS

Paper is a commodity that is taken very much for granted, like many other simple things without which we could not exist.

Some live with it more than others, and have to fight their way through mounds of it each day, writing or typing on it, reading or copying from it, wrapping it around objects or plastering walls and ceilings with it.

An eminent person once said during the last war that if either side could deprive the other of paper the war could be won in a week, and I reckon he knew what he was talking about.

For all this there appears to be some who are absolute strangers to this common substance. Whenever they have complaints or grievances they make a proper "O'Grady Says", of it in small groups instead of forthrightly putting them on paper addressed to the Secretary or Committee.

If supply is the difficulty I'll give them a sheet, and I will lend them a pencil too, and then they can let us know that the rambles are fermenting slowly, or that the Socials smell, or whatever it is with which they disagree.

Let me assure you that everything that is brought to the notice of the Committee is discussed and dealt with accordingly. Your Officers act as directed by the Committee, and the Committee acts as directed by you as a majority.

So, please do not be hesitant let us have your suggestions.

	<u>SOCIAL</u>	<u>PROGRAMME</u>
	M.C.	R'Ments.
Nov. 2nd.	Stan Cunningham.	M. Sparks.
" 9th.	John Burns.	M. Henwood.
" 16th.	Eric Thomas.	M. Smith.
" 23rd.	Bill Potter.	J. Bravin.
	Washers Up.	
" 2nd	Sheila Cadley, Mary Barrett.	Gram Carr's
" 9th.	Rose McDonnell, Maureen O'Brien.	S. Lawlor/ W. Lyon.
" 16th.	Pat Ellis, Ann O'Malley.	T. Kelly/ S. Cummins.
" 23rd.	Nancy McGlory, Bertha Mythen.	E. Kavanagh/ A. Leek.
		J. Potter/ S. Hall.

INGLETON WALK.

There were a number of genuine complaints after the above walk regarding the service supplied by the coach driver on the occasion.

We have accordingly passed these on to a Co-Director of the coach firm, who expressed apologies for the inconvenience caused and promised that there would not be a repetition.

Date. Sunday, August 21st.
Place. Much Wenlock-Craven Arms.
Leader. Ron Boardman.
Distance. 12 miles.

The coach leaving half an hour late as usual very nearly travelled no further than the Mersey Tunnel, we were stopped at the Birkenhead side where it turned out that the driver had unfortunately paid the incorrect toll

After this the trip proceeded uneventfully as far as Prees Heath where we had a lunch break for half an hour or so. We finally reached Longville for the start of the walk about 2.0.p.m.

We started by descending the south slope of the Much Wenlock ridge and passed within a matter of yards of the National Trust property of Wilderhope Manor, 400 years old and now serving as a Youth Hostel. This is one of the many houses throughout Britain which has its own ghost, but due to either the size of the party or the daylight it did not appear for us.

Shortly afterwards we came to the jungle or what seemed like such. It developed into quite a struggle pushing our way through, and we were not at all helped by the abundance of blackberries which were the cause of bottlenecks every time someone stopped to pick them.

A couple of hours of this and we came into open country again and were able to make much better time. By the time 7 o'clock came around most people were beginning to feel tired and looking forward to the end of the walk at Craven Arms. Our destination was reached at 7.30.p.m. and after a quick bite and a wash for those who wanted one we climbed in the coach again.

The trip home seemed a very happy one with most people taking part in one song or another. A good sign, thought Ron. Although not an essentially tough walk it was nevertheless a tiring one, and our thanks go out to Ron for a good first attempt at leading.

"Y.H."

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Your Subs Are Now Due.

Our new Registrar is a happy girl with no grey hairs in her head, so help to keep it that way by paying up your subs smart-like. I know its an old grudge but it is one that has to be pushed until you have all paid up.

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While we are on financial matters, Harry O'Neill would be glad to see anyone who still owes money for dance tickets.

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Date. Oct. 9th.
 Place. World's End.
 Leader. Eric Thomas.
 Distance. 8/9 miles.

If it was not the weather, then it must have been the dramatic name of the destination which encouraged 23 cheerful faces to follow Eric to World's End in North Wales. As usual the ramblers helped the Railway by using the minimum number of compartments.

At Llangollen, Pat (with the hat) hit the jackpot with an over generous milk machine which gave him two for one. The resulting milk rush reminded some of the Klondike days. Within ten minutes the clever machine sold more milk (on a strict par basis) than the people of the town could drink in a week. Pat later officially denied that he was in any way connected with the "drinka pinta" campaign.

In the cafe, all were listening to the strains of 'Finlandia' when a new member added a stereophonic touch to the percussion by suddenly crashing to the floor. He was playing a new type of instrument, namely a musical collapsing chair. The cafe owner joined in the applause from the stalls, but Tony shyly refused to give an encore.

After this we started on the walk the first mile of which was along a pleasant lane which unhappily lead to a hillside with a 1 in 2 gradient. The wind and rain were far from being light and variable as is oft quoted by the famous 'Eccles'. Everyone cheered up at the announcement that 'Lyndoe' had forecast a late summer.

The landscape was one of moorland clothed in heather and brown fern dissected by streams increased by the recent heavy rains. We surprised an unusual species of fauna, this was a creature moving with a lopsided motion, and adorned with a large hump. The top pair of its four arma were waving wildly in the wind. We captured it and later released it upon learning it was a dreaded 'YETI POTTERIUS' wearing a new camouflage coat.

In good time we reached our destination, where big chief "puffing Ron", soon got his pocket size campfire going and attracted a large circle of admirers. After a short break we pushed on again, but we were soon stopped when we found that Celia's new boots were giving her trouble. This was soon remedied by Jim and an expert application of first aid. My final memory of the day is another musical one. Stan and Shelagh asked Eric (pleasant alto) to execute his popular "Woad", he, misunderstanding them sang it instead. John Potter (Bass) gave us a new song which seems certain to reach the top of the Rambler's hit parade. Requests for this should be sent on unstamped postcards only please. Finally after a good walk we reached Liverpool at 9 o'clock.

As a new member who likes a good ramble, I would like to say that the work done by the leaders and Committee members, and also the experienced ramblers who give help and inspire confidence on a climb is certainly appreciated by members such as I who are just 'learning the ropes'.

"ANTOINE".

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Our sympathies go out to Joan O'Malley who we learn is at present residing in Broadgreen Hospital after being in collision with a hockey ball on Sunday last. It seems that Joan's radar set was not working properly and she did not duck when she should have done,

We hope they won't keep you in too long Joan.

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LLNWK&T - 2nd OCTOBER, 1960.

Justice is non-existent. Here was a ramble that had been pioneered to the nth degree. A and B walks had been diligently pioneered, there was a nicely filled bus booked and the weather for the preceding week had been better than for any week during this benighted Summer. Then developed a textbook example of the schemes of mice and men ganging aft agley. On Saturday the weather broke and on Sunday the B leader, Larry, was completely out of action. Peter scratched his A walk and all the heartsearching as to which party to go with died a natural. Some of our ever zealous football team started off the day with a little practice in and out of the cars speeding up and down the main road. Such enthusiasm merits reward, if you live.

Now, if I'd written the whole writeup as I did the first paragraph - while it was still fresh in my mind - I'd be able to give a step by step account of the day's walking. As it is, it's just a happy blur. I did try to ask some intelligent questions as to what hill we were on or struggling up or which lake we were looking down on, but as I couldn't translate some of the Welsh names I gave up. The colours were just becoming autumnal and stops to admire the scenery were genuine, with every shade from a still springlike green to rusty reds rampant about us.

The poetic feeling was doused a little when we realised that we were four short. We don't know who the clot was who turned off without making sure that the people following knew of the change in direction, but we'll hope it was a 'newey'. It was worth it though, as Monica's crack to Peter about Big Brother watching him was the laugh line of the day. Dusk was now truly with us and we were glad of a firm road under our feet. Leaving Billie Burns to round up the strays we carried on to the bus, surprising our Driver with the prompt return. With John Potter with the strays, we didn't worry overmuch, and the party was soon complete again.

The bus out and back was very pleasant. As most of the crowd were there before the bus, we just piled in, mixing the old and new, quiet and noisy, singers and non-singers, very happily. The usual revered hush at the front was quietly shattered, but musically, and everyone was happy.

Arriving back in Liverpool almost early enough for all to walk home, we looked back on a really satisfying day. Maybe it hadn't been energetic enough for some and too energetic for others, but the happy air of compromise made it a good day for all.

Middleman.

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After the bustle of the A.G.M. edition, it's nice to get back to more ordinary matters. Not too humdrum, though. We've been hearing from our wanderers all over the world. Margaret Brennan is in San Francisco and sent Bern and May a lovely card of the Chinese quarter. From White Plains, New York, Pat Murray has written with the gladsome news that she'll be home for Christmas. Johnny Bickerstaffe has gone abroad again, on the same day as Margaret but more leisurely by boat. Now that the Seamen's Strike has been settled Hugh is not so much in evidence. We've Mary Barrett back in our midst from Paris, but we don't know for how long. Some of the lads keep in touch with Albert Dowding, and he's still continuing the good work.

Congratulations, belated, to Barbara Grant on her Higher National in Chemistry. She must be our first, if not our only lady to get so far. May Lamb is also doing nicely for herself by winning a fiver at St. Matthew's Bingo Drive. Jerry Cullen has been out of circulation for a little while but we're hoping he'll be back with us this weekend.

Don't forget your subs., will you? Treat Babs gently 'till she toughens up a bit!

For now,

Yours,

Socialite.

RAMBLING PROGRAMME

- Nov. 6th. Parbold, leader Chris Scott, meet at Skelthorne Bus Station at 10.30 a.m. approx. cost 4/- easy walk.
- 13th. Chalet week-end names and deposits will be taken on Wed. November 2nd.
- 20th. Delamere, leader Peggy Sharkey, meet at James St. Station at 10.15 a.m. approx cost 5/-. This will be a Benediction Ramble. moderate.
- 27th. Trough of Bowland. Coach trip meeting at St. John's Lane at 10.15 a.m. 'A' leader H.O'Neill cost 9/-.
'B' leader C. Scott.

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INGLETON 'A' WALK

This was attended by six keen ramblers only. They left the coach upon arrival at Ingleton and without waiting for any tea etc. pounced off right away. Unfortunately I was one of them, we made our way through the town and came to the falls. We followed the Peca and Snow falls up to the gorge and through to Beezley's Tarn.

Here we had a break for a quick lunch and then off again. The weather was in good form and encouraged walking rather than loafing around. We ascended Twistleton Scar and came out on the limestone plateau which forms the ridge.

We had a very good view of Ingleborough on our right but as yet could see no signs of the 'B' party. The plateau reminded some of the Giant's Causeway, being as I have said, limestone (pardon the typing) which has been eaten away by the wind and rain. We moved along by jumping from block to block.

As yet there was no sign of our destination, Cable Tack, but we pressed on with a smile on our lips and a song in our hearts, as the old saying goes. A short break, this time for Terry to borrow some socks from John, his own had all but fallen off. Taking advantage of the rest Eric promptly tried to poison us with some queer tablets of his and like suckers we took them.

By this time we were climbing steeply and the effort was beginning to tell, but we were shortly rewarded by the sight of the summit. We spent a while taking some photos and looking down on the Ribblesdale viaduct built towards the end of the last century.

Time to be getting back now so we backtracked for a few minutes before dropping down the shoulder of Wharfedale to the village of Chapcle-le-Dale crossing the river where it did one of its periodic disappearing acts. On to the main road and we followed the Doe valley back down to White Scar Cave where we bumped into the 'B' party once more.

Acme.