

Registrar: Miss M. Roberts,
7, Elmbank Road,
Liverpool, 18.

Editor: Mr. G. Penlington,
43, Alexandra Drive,
Liverpool, 20.

First, I must apologise for the absence of your Newsletter last month, and need hardly point out that various members of the editorial and printing staff were tripping around different parts of Britain and the Continent. I trust it kept fine for them and hope they enjoyed themselves.

We are now coming up to our 31st Annual General Meeting, to be held on Wednesday, the 25th September, 1957, so prepare yourselves for the usual harangue.

Not a few of us treat these affairs as comparable to something the cat brought in, and to be avoided accordingly. Nevertheless, without Annual meetings at which you decide polling and appoint your Committee representatives, we should very soon deteriorate into chaos and confusion. All thanks then to those who serve on the Committee so selflessly and zealously each year.

However, for various reasons, not all of the present Committee may be able to stand for election for the coming year, apart from which you may wish to change some (or all) of them anyway, so that the first need is for willing candidates. You can't all be too shy, and as enthusiastic members of the Club you will have at least the minimum ability to serve, whilst the demands on your time would amount at most to a few meetings each month.

A list will be put up in the Club a couple of weeks prior to the A.G.M., and if you feel you can't put your own name down, nominate a likely candidate, be he or she a friend or otherwise.

We then want your presence at the A.G.M. with your vote and voice.

We want your views and decisions on, for instance, A. & B. Parties, a Club Badge, Swimming, etc. etc.

REMEMBERS THE TIME AND DATE

8 p.m. 25th SEPTEMBER, 1957.

The Editor.

oooo00000oooo

RAMBLING PROGRAMME

| <u>Date</u> | <u>Ramble</u> | <u>Meet</u> | <u>Time</u> | <u>Leader</u> | <u>Cost</u> |
|-------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------|-------------|---------------|-------------|
| Sept. 1. | Dyserth (Ben:) | James St. Stn. | 10.15 | L. Burke | 6/6d. |
| 8. | Tryfan | St. John's Lane | 10.15 | B. Edwards | 12/6d. |
| 15. | Swimming | Exchange Stn. | 11.00 | B. Edwards | 2/6d. |
| 22. | Chalet Week-end. | | | | |
| 29. | Annual Mass at the Pro-Cathedral, | | 11 a.m. | | |

PERSONAL

Congratulations and best wishes to Johnny Peloe and Cath. Keenan on announcing their engagement.

We offer sincere sympathy to Gerry McDonald on the death of his mother, R.I.P. A Mass has been offered on behalf of the Club.

CASTLETON - 30th JUNE

When Castleton was reached, for long we did not tarry,
(I've written this verse all by myself without any help from Marie).

We started to climb almost immediately,
Reaching the top Tony told us agreeably,
1 mile and a quarter was all we had done,
While the girls thought it more like 101.

After Barney had stood on his head (a good cure for shock),
The leader told us it was time to move off.

After a while it began to get wet,
and some of the local Ramblers we met,
though we did not agree with them, must have thought themselves
He-Men,
for they went around showing their chests.

Further on we met a Bull who gave us a look so cold,
We all decided to quit the path for the road.

From there we went to the Castle,
Which we could only view from afar,
A sort of path I spied with a gleam,
a quick way down it did seem,
It was, for afterwards I learnt with horror,
it would have landed us in a deep ravine.

When we reached the coach we all agreed, we had enjoyed the ramble,
And soon out of wet clothes into dry ones did scramble.

On the way home it was a puzzle, not wanting to offend.
Which end of the coach to attend.
We had a celestial choir up front
and a Jazz session at the end.

John was glad, that day it was raining,
for he could bring the washboard without fear of Ma complaining.

So the day ended happily with everybody singing.
Our grateful thanks to the Leaders for leading.

Tail End.

+++++

"R A M B L E I T E"

Leaders! We are approaching the end of our Summer programme and will soon be drawing up the Winter schedule. Do you want to lead? Give your name to any Rambling Sub. bod. If you have not led before and you desire to but don't know how, I should like to advise contacting any leader between now and the end of the Summer programme, go with him on his pioneer, see how he plans a walk from his map, how he arranges tea places, and bus and train arrangements. I am certain after being on a pioneer you will be confident to lead one ramble for a try-out.

Starting on Wednesday, the 22nd, Bernard Edwards will have been collecting DEPOSITS and names for our excursion to Tryfan. The following are musts if you are contemplating going:-

1. Boots will be worn on the walk.
2. Rainwear should be brought with you.

I also suggest, off the cuff, to bring a change in case of heavy rain. It can be left in the bus while you are walking.

There are two parties "A" and "B", so don't over estimate your capabilities.

To all leaders on the present programme, please get your write-up in early. You can do this by telling "write-up waller" to send it direct to Mona Roberts, 7 Elmbank Road, Liverpool, 18.

ECCELESTON - 14th JUNE

This ramble turned out to be a farewell ramble for our leader, John Bickerstaffe, who was to set off for Canada the next day. It was nearly farewell too to Kathleen who almost got swallowed up in a bed of nettles, but more about that later.

John led us gently along the Dee; he took it easy; he had to be up early on the morrow, but then Bernard found a short cut and it began to look as though John might have to go straight from the ramble to the boat.

We crossed the Dee at Eccleston Ferry; the Ferry tolls this week should show a fine profit, unless they have to replace the boat which was listing heavily after the second party of ramblers had crossed.

We had arranged to have tea in a hotel at Aldford, as Bernard strode ahead I began to think we had shown lack of foresight in not booking bed and breakfast at the same time. However, our fears were groundless, so, apparently, were the nettles in the field that lay between us and Aldford. A long narrow and totally unsafe-looking plank stretched seemingly to infinity. On either side of the plank nettles rose waist and, in May's case, neck high. With shrieks and screams, which were I trust entirely connected with the nettles, our brave young ladies fought their way through. We less brave men just kept on hoping that there must be another way through - there wasn't.

And so to Aldford. There we feasted and then departed, wishing John a good trip and good fortune during his stay in Canada.

+++++

AUGUST MONDAY - R.A. TRAIN TO CARNFORTH

On arriving at Carnforth, we fortified ourselves with coffee and took the bus to Burton some $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant. We had only a fleeting glance of this village which seemed to be mainly in tudor style. We went straight up a cobbled lane, over some fields to the foot of Curwin Craggs. We made our way through a dense growth of bracken which had grown waist high, and decided to have our lunch before going any further. Then we started off over the crags. As we hopped, stepped, jumped and staggered from foothold to foothold, we must have seemed like a flock of mountain goats, though perhaps not so sure footed. This tremendous quantity of limestone was deposited here in the great Ice Age. At first, it seems as though it may have been one huge solid mass which became broken up during the ensuing movements of the earth's crust. What a deafening roar there must have been! Now, of course, the crags have all been weathered smooth and deep down between the boulders ferns of various species are growing.

We climbed over Curwin Craggs, Hutton Roof Craggs and Dalton Craggs. In no place was the ascent steep. The highest point we reached was about 800 ft. The novelty of Crag climbing brought a feeling of freshness and exhilaration.

Down from the Craggs we came and through more bracken into Dalton Woods, and so back to Burton. From Burton we walked to Carnforth. In all we had rambled about twelve miles. The heavens themselves blazed forth our return to Liverpool with a fanfare of thunder and a display of lightning and torrential rain.

"MAYORKER IN DERE MEDDY"

ROSARY

+++++
 | WEDNESDAY, |
 | 4th |
 | SEPTEMBER |
 +++++

+++++

DON'T FORGET, FOLKS! THE ROSARY IS
 RECITED IN THE CHAPEL ON THE 1st
 FLOOR. CATHEDRAL BUILDINGS, ON THE
 FIRST WEDNESDAY OF THE MONTH AT 8.20.

ROSARY

+++++
 | WEDNESDAY, |
 | 4th |
 | SEPTEMBER |
 +++++

LLANFAIRFECHAN "A" - 11th AUGUST

The "path" was in full spate. Starting as a mere dribble it progressed, as we progressed, till it assumed river-like proportions lapping round our ankles, except one unfortunate whose toes it caressed, for his boot sole had divorced his upper!

This river bed wound round one hill, round another hill and up yet another hill, half way up the "Riots-Act" had to be read, when some reactionaries spotted a lake and decided they'd like a swim, undaunted apparently by the fact that there wasn't a swim suit amongst us. Only by convincing them that it was a reservoir were we able to conquer their aquatic tendencies.

As it was after 2 p.m. when we started out, there wasn't much time for idling, not that the weather was an inducement to idle, it is on such days as this that one wonders whether one is completely sane to be out rambling. Swirling mist and driving rain, with visibility cut to a matter of yards.

Breasting the last rise, a weird "Wellsian" shape materialised, bits and pieces stuck here, there and round and about, some whirling around, some regarding us with stolid indifference. As it made no attempt to disintegrate or atomise us we left it strictly alone, as requested by the Minister of Defence.

Now the summit had been attained, our intrepid leader, in true Himalayan style ("Might as well get right to the top") scaled the last remaining feet to the top of the cairn, whilst we lesser mortals took refuge on the lee of it to recover from our state of anoxia. So we had arrived at the "Drum", all that was left now was to beat it, which we did, keeping our height as we swung right, always hoping that the visibility would improve so that our route could be checked, but no such thing was to happen.

Some miles of roughish walking passed when an outcrop of Craggs loomed, where no self-respecting Craggs should have loomed, according to our map anyway!

The path we had planned to take had not put in an appearance, which was not surprising under the trying conditions, so it was decided it would be safer and less risky to take an alternative route back to Llanfairfechan, rather than go galivanting around the countryside looking for it. This shouldn't be taken as a reflection upon our leader who had only taken on the leadership at the last moment, as substitute.

Still shrouded in mist, the descent into Llanfairfechan commenced. Only a hundred yards lower and Conway Bay unfolded before us giving an uninterrupted view stretching across to Anglesey and Puffin Island, the receding tide leaving silvery patterns on the sands.

A ten minute rest, while one girl learned the folly of taking "pep pills", and then a leisurely stroll back into the town.

V. DIFF.

::::::::::

LLANFAIRFECHAN "B"

August, when the sun shines! Or so we thought until we started out for our bus to Llanfairfechan on August 11th. The dampened but jovial party greeted us in the rain, suitably dressed in mackintoshes, and all shapes and sizes of hats (for all shapes and sizes of heads, of course). Someone even had the courage to suggest it was a swimming ramble, but he has probably drowned by now.

Nevertheless, we proceeded on the bus, when things brightened up a little with the promise of a fine day. On arrival at Llanfairfechan we piled out of the bus and the two parties went on their separate ways.

/contd.

LLANFAIRFECHAN "B" (contd)

The weather was brighter as we followed Bill up the sloping road towards the River Afon Dou, which dashed and tumbled over the rocky river bed. Some of us even dashed and tumbled as we crossed the river over the stones which brought us on to a steep moor. The slope seemed to be an eternal one as our feet sank into the deep heather, until we came to the track which was winding its way over the top.

Being a crowd of optimists, we had shed our winter woollies when the sun came sneaking from underneath the clouds, its bright rays sweeping like a golden yellow carpet down the dark green mountainside. But as we strode up past Lake Llyth towards the Drum, 2,529 ft., the mist quickly overtook us until we had to adopt our gruesome attire of waterproofs again.

We appeared like shadows against the grey mist as we climbed upwards in neat single file, coolie fashion, until we reached Foel Fras, 3,092 ft. Here we rested, admiring the view with about 20 yds. visibility, before Bill led the way back down the other side, across marshy ground and rocks, until we came to the River Anafon roaring its way down to Aber Falls.

The descent past the Falls split the party slightly, with a couple of stragglers (including yours truly) making everyone wonder if the rain-swollen Falls had swallowed them up, never to grace the Club's doorstep again. Eventually they caught up in the valley below, and it wasn't long before the slight delay was made up, arriving soon after at Llanfairfechan for our bus.

We were soon to be "all shook up" on the journey home, with an improvised skiffle group and chorus using any surplus energy left to round off yet another enjoyable ramble during which we covered 13 miles.

Thanks go to our leaders, Bill Potter and Joe Ferns.

T.T.

::::::::::

SOCIAL PROGRAMME

| <u>DATE</u> | <u>M.C.</u> | <u>REFRESHMENTS</u> | <u>WASHERS-UP</u> | <u>GRAM. ROTA</u> |
|-------------|-------------|---------------------|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| SEPT. 4. | H.O'Neill | A. Bowden | B. Grant & B. Grant | B. Gahan & W. Potter |
| " 11. | B. Gahan | M. Roberts | V. Callaghan & M. Lamb | B. Edwards & J. Carroll |
| " 18. | A. Brockway | M. Smith | M. Henwood & J. Bravin | F. Rowe & C. Murphy |
| " 25. | B. Edwards | P. Naylor | S. Turnbull & M. Martin | A. Brockway & H.O'Neill |

::::::::::

CASTLETON A. We were having the usual moan at the Newsletter about the lack of rambling write-ups. "If only", I said, "I could remember the name of the perisher who promised to write about the 'A' party on the Castleton Walk. Gorgeous day! Wouldn't have minded doing the write-up myself". Bill Potter gazed at me ruminatingly like. Slowly the horrible truth dawned on "Its me", I yelled ungrammatically. AND it was, so here goes.

I'd no hesitation in going 'A' will Bill Potter leading - a lad after my own heart who keeps to the spirit of A and B rambles rather than the letter. I think the parties split fairly evenly, with a liason party of Len, Marie and May hovering in the middle. Having in mind my last walk in this area on Kinder Scout itself I was prepared for another dose of walking on a carpet of dusty black velvet into which odd members disappeared occasionally. Not here, though. It was a different world. We went up at a steady pace with the sun trying to decide whether to put in a full day's work. The first highlight was The Lord's Seat. I can only think the Cont'd.

weather was a bit more promising when Lord Whoever-It-Was sat there. There's a nice colour transparency in existence if partakers are interested. The view was improved by a fleeting glimpse of the 'B' party taking it a bit more leisurely below us. We kept along the tops for quite a while, hoping that the skies would clear and let us have a view of the many gentle valleys stretching for miles around. By the time we reached Mam Tor the sun had joined the "No Sunday Work" Union and packed in. The first solid session of rain then fell. Put the stress on 'solid' in that sentence. Soon some Scouts splashed happily passed us, naked to the waist and with ruc-sacs bulging with nice dry shirts and woollies. The girls gazed enviously at this method of keeping dry (long term though it was) and swung on with their plastic macs wrapped lovingly round their knees. No rain lasts forever and quite soon this first dose passed on as we walked along the grassy paths taking mainly (for our little group) of the forcoming Lourdes Pilgrimage.

"Why the Peak District"? I asked the world at large. Lovely undulating hills and valleys stretching for miles with roads mercifully hidden in their folds, but where were the Peaks? Len passed by just then and carelessly flung this piece of information in our general direction. It appears that the Picts (of "and Scots" fame) made this area a home from home in a marauding kind of way. "Pict District", when the Lancashire rambles of whatever century it was got hold of it, soon became phonetically "Peakt" District and eventually finished up with its present name, losing the 't' en route.

On a walk beautifully free from roadwork we'll skip the next ten minutes and, skirting a quarry, and by-passing a luscious strip of meadow, we sneaked off the planned route in search of a 'cuppa', all the nicer for being unexpected. More-or-less as we popped our heads out of the teaplace the expected rain started in earnest, and kept us company all the way back to Castleton. Only time prevented Peter testing the guarantee given with his anorak "Waterproof for up to fourteen hours". Let it be whispered, we even cut a little bit of the walk in order to get back to the bus like a lot of cheery but half-drowned rats to change into dry clothing. Thanks, Bill, it was good.

A/B:

;o:o:o:o:o:o:o:o:o:o:

N.B. Tryfan Meet is 9.30 a.m. not as in your programme, for a 9.45 start.

Holidays, which have been taking a heavy toll of members on Wednesdays and Rambles, seem mainly to be over now and the usual numbers are seen at the Club. Everybody seems to have had good times from the Keswick enthusiasts (quite a few with the Guild), Bill and Freda back from shepherding their erstwhile scholars around Colomendy o. Brittany, Uncles Bassett and McColgan from leading for the Guild in Austria, the raw fish and whalemeat eaters from Norway, Angela discussing the finer points of Bull Fighting and hosts of others. The prize for the best suntan definitely goes to Margaret Brennan, with Kath Keenan a close second.

The Archbishop's Rally on 21st July was attended by between forty/fifty members, their numbers being added to by Mrs. Heneghan and the Kellys. Most set off from the Majestic Cinema though a dozen or so from Tennis joined in at the site.

Another Mum joined us one Wednesday at the Club - Mrs. Sheridan over from Ireland on holiday. It was nice to see her.

Now that most of you are back, could we have a few more up at tennis, especially on team nights!

Don't forget that note above regarding the Tryfan start. It should be a fine walk (its just been pioneered for the second time) and to do it full justice on the shortening days an early start is essential.

All for now,
Socialite.