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E D I T O R I A L

THE WIND OF CHANGE

Our 34th Annual General Meeting was most probably the best attended ever, certainly best since the war. You turned out in force, nearly 120 strong, and if it was to meet a challenge, the results correspond.

Firstly, you re-elected Cyril Kelly as Chairman, with something very much akin to a vote of confidence.

Secondly, in place of the many able and competent administrators who can no longer serve you swept into power a promising majority of senators new to our councils.

We have 'new blood' on our committees with a vengeance, nine 'new' members out of a possible 17, and I welcome you and wish you every success in your various labours and ventures.

This is the opportunity for a fresh outlook, fresh ideas or, at least, a fresh way carrying on our time-honoured activities. All, of course, in accordance with the wishes of, or at the direction of the majority of the club.

To get back to the meeting, if it could have gone on for another two hours I doubt if all the matters in mind could have been discussed, or all burning questions answered fully. Rambles came under heavy fire, but lack of time precluded vindication, if any was required. Some criticism may be warranted, and even at that due to circumstances beyond the control of the Club, but an answer should be one of the first duties of the new committee, if only in fairness to those who bore the brunt of the attacks.

To those retiring from service I wish to record our appreciation of so much work so well done. If I pick two out for special mention it will be partly because they've volunteered to type and run off this Newsletter after they 'retired' at the A.G.M. I'm referring to Marie Henwood and Jean Bravin, whose present gesture is typical of their constancy and willingness to work in the past. Their successors have a high standard to achieve.

Let us now go to it and as we move along, heed our Chairman's remarks made at the A.G.M. Back up your committee, use your committee. Don't gripe amongst yourselves in small groups - you'll serve yourselves and the Club best by voicing any complaints to a committee member or putting them in writing to the Secretary; when brought to the notice of the committee in this way, no item is ever ignored.

There is a wind of change blowing:
LET US USE IT TO ADVANTAGE. THE OLD SHIP HAS COME A LONG WAY,
THROUGH FAIR WEATHER, AND STORMY - AND ONWARD SHE RIDES!!

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Personal: Congratulations to Tom Geraghty & Winnie Wren on their engagement; to Mr.& Mrs.Wildes and baby son.

"Y.H" - Sorry your write-up is held over till next month. The ramble was "Much Wenlock-Craven Arms" led by Ron Boardman.

The Ramblers' went to Church Stretton minus their usual coach-load of supporters, but with the assurance of a 5-1 victory gained the previous day, instead of continuing where they left off however, they walked into a goal-blitz, which found them down by a similar score at half time. St. Marys sporting a number of new signings set about their work with more urgency than the C.R.A., and were one up in five minutes. Joe Gilday quickly equalised, however, but St. Marys quicker to the ball and shooting on sight put in four more goals as the C.R.A. defence floundered around in the face of the home team's direct play. With the forwards out of touch the team was rather ragged and to make matters worse goal-keeper Terry Kennedy was knocked out when he collided with a home forward in a goal mouth scrimmage. He resumed after attention, but was badly shaken..

In the second half the Ramblers improved considerably, and with the wing halves starting to dominate the mid-field, the C.R.A. had their best spell yet. Two quick goals from Andy Cimmelly opened up the game again as the "Whites" attacked the home goal, St. Mary's however made their tally 6, with another well-taken goal, and to add to the C.R.A.'s trouble Terry Kennedy was again injured and had to be taken off, being subsequently taken to the Royal Sallop Infirmary with slight concussion.

The re-organised C.R.A. with Bill Burns in goal and Jerry Cullen substituting on the wing fought on, but St. Mary's made it 7, Andy again replied for the Visitors who had some near misses before the finish.

Not altogether a very lucky day for the C.R.A. (and this is only half of the story), but without doubt the better team took the honours by virtue of their opportunism in the first half, and are to be congratulated on a fine display. The record book shows one win to each side, and a draw in this series of matches, but with St. Marys stronger now than in the past, the Ramblers will need to tighten up their game considerably if the balance is to be tipped in their favour when the teams meet again next April.

..... "UN-BIASED"

I would like to express my profound apologies to the Committee and to any parents who were caused anxiety by our very late return from Church Stretton - it was impossible for us to get back any earlier unfortunately, due to unforeseen circumstances.

Chris Dobbin.

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YOUR COMMITTEE FOR THE COMING YEAR STANDS AS FOLLOWS:-

OFFICERS:

- CHAIRMAN ... Cyril Kelly
- SECRETARY ... Eric Thomas ASST. SECRETARY ... Marjory Sparks
- REGISTRAR ... Barbara Kershaw TREASURER ... Gerry Penlington
- VICE-CHAIRMAN ... Bill Potter
- TRUSTEES Mark Walsh
- Fred Norbury

COMMITTEE:

- Mona Roberts Peter Atherton
- Margaret Gilnour John Burns
- Barbara Grant Ron Boardman
- Stan Cunningham
- Chris. Scott
- Jim Joyce

SUB.COMMITTEES WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN THE NEXT NEWSLETTER

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

- Oct. M.C. REFRESHMENTS GRAM.CARRIERS WASHERS-UP
- 5. G.Penlington. A.McCann Ron Boardman/ K.Davis and
J.McGuirk P.Connelly
- 12. P.Atherton. Mona Roberts J.Kennedy/J.Burns. R.McIre/M.Loftus
- 19. Chris.Dobbin Barbara Kershaw Gerry Mc/B.Potter J.Hunt/U.Flattery
- 26. Ron Boardman Barbara Grant B.Cunningham/
J.McEvoy Monica/Fifi

"A" CAPEL CURIG - AUGUST 7th 1960

A few quiet games off the coach and a brief struggle for refreshment at Bettws-y were sufficient to spur some dozen or so of us to follow Larry whither he would lead us.

The rain was holding off, but Margaret Gilmour's delight in aquatic sports is too well known for anyone to expect that this would be a dry ramble. Soon she, and later we, were up to our knees in deep water.

After a sparkling display of high wire technique by Chris Scott on the remains of a footbridge we rested at the head of Llyn Colwydd where we met a party of young Alpinists whose leader told us that they had just crossed the moraine. We did not find the "Moraine" but climbed a little and rested again for photographs and a distribution of the prizes we would have won if we had had a treasure hunt.

The descent of Cefn Cyferrwdd was somewhat precipitous but Chris again surpassed himself, not only by descending twice but by climbing to the summit to regain his cap. Another young member was so delighted with Cefn that she took some of it home to her garden rockery.

Lovely and secluded Llyn Grafnant keeps her secret from the profane crowds and only a few motorists lingered by her steep banks.

Threading our way along the wooded cliffs we climbed away from Grafnant until we saw Siabod ahead, dominant in the evening sunlight, but we heeded not his call for once more we were plunging forward, literally I may add, towards Capel Curig and the coach.

Thank you, Larry, we enjoyed the ramble very much.

" D "

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R O S A R Y - 5th O C T O B E R

Rosary will be recited in the Crypt on Wednesday the 5th October at 8.30 p.m. It is only once a month that we ask you to make the extra effort to be early at the club.

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"B" CAPEL CURIG It was a bright party of ramblers on a bright and sunny morning who set out by coach for the land of CAERNARVON and with a stop half way at Swallow Falls for the usual eating ritual long associated with the C.R.'s, everyone was contented. There remained only one problem, which party to go with, the "A"s or "B"s. Anyway, this was settled at Capel Curig, the "A" party tumbled out of the coach and those left behind were the "B"s which were now the responsibility of our leader Jerry Cullen, who had us all straight out of the coach, on to and over a wall at the bottom of which was a stream, and of course, Pat Ellis just HAD to step right into it, apparently she had forgotten to bring her horse!

These obstacles overcome we walked on our way, all still in quite a cheerful mood, seeing that our leader was not heading in the direction of nearby TRYFAN or Snowdon. Little did we know that Gerry had in store for us a mountain (I think it was a mountain), situated in the middle of a jungle, which to get to we had to cross swampland called CLOGWYN MOOR. Even at this stage Mary Smith (yes, we were honoured with her presence) had a few adjectives for our leader and Rose was there to back her up - poor Jerry!!!!

Today we were destined to reach the heights, and onwards and upwards we struggled, over rocks, through thick treacherous undergrowths, which concealed many rocks as we found out to our cost - and to other people's amusement. Onwards round precipitous ledges with one or maybe as many as two handholds to grasp if you were lucky enough to find them. Jerry told us a hundred times that he had brought the elastoplast if we wanted to use it, but we all knew that even if we knotted them all together and stretched them they would not make a

decent rope which was our real need.

Success! Success! We reached the top and were rewarded for our efforts with a wonderful view of the surrounding countryside with lakes around us situated down in the valleys and we were content to rest and just admire the scenery.

Tea could be had at a farm-house down in the valley, and this provided the incentive to make the descent, so off we set. It had been hard work getting up but getting down was even worse. However, the ramblers were undaunted and by the simple process of sliding down and where necessary swinging from tree to tree, we reached the bottom of the valley, where everyone checked that they were all in one piece - believe it or not they were too!

Well we enjoyed our tea, out in the open air true continental style, but the brains of the ramblers had worked out that if we had come down to the valley we would have to go upwards to get out of it, and consequently there was a general reluctance to move.

Anyway, if we wanted to see our homes again, we must make the effort and Jerry was way out in front marching strongly upwards and this served to inspire us to make the effort, and as it turned out we made the journey back in record time, simply because the route back was not blocked by jungles, rocks, swamps, etc. The only difficulty encountered was a stream which we crossed, only to cross back over it again; there was no need for this except perhaps our leader wanted to justify the fact that he was equipped with Wellington boots.

The injury list was not too serious - Eric Kavanagh injured his ankle, he will insist on racing up hills, this won't do! Wendy on her first ramble was attacked by gnats or flies or something which was unidentifiable; Joan was bruised through some unknown cause, anyone's guess in fact, and the rest of the party were possibly one degree under.

Thanks Jerry, it was a great day out, and let it be said now the ramblers are a great crowd - really great.

"CLUB-MAN"

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ECCLESTON FERRY AUGUST 28th, 1960

Bright sunlight and blue skies greeted the score or so of "Keen Walkers" assembled at the Pier Head en route for Eccleston via Chester. Described in the programme as "suitable for beginners" quite a number of our newer members were conspicuous by their absence! Could it be that the 10.20 a.m. start (rather early for a ramble so close to home) was the reason for their non-appearance??

Our leader now having arrived, we crossed the Mersey via the ferry to Woodside, and then boarded a bus for our journey to Chester.

Alighting from the bus at the market place we were met by Peggy (standing guard once again)! Our party now complete in number we converged upon St. Ursula's Cafe - known to some as the "Dungeons", just as the sky darkened and the first spots of rain began to fall.

Tea and sandwiches etc., having been consumed we set off - the rain now having become a steady downpour. Our path led us along the river bank where an archway provided convenient cover for a few moments from the fast falling rain. Onwards once more and across the meadows at the bend of the river, to a pleasant tree-lined path still keeping parallel with the Dee and passing through numerous gates and over stiles, distant rumbles of thunder could be heard and the rain showed no sign of letting up.

Pressing on we came to Eccleston, not lingering here for very long but ploughing ahead through some woodland. Having rested and

partaken of more butties, etc., cover provided in the form of a disused building, we proceeded on through part of the "Eaton Hall" grounds and along an impressive drive to Eccleston.

The rain now having decided to call it a day, and the sun shining through once more, we started on the homeward path to Chester via the now familiar "gate and stile" route. On nearing Chester, whilst some made use of the refreshment stall on the riverside path - entertainment was provided by the more energetic members (male and female) of the party in the shape of an intensely thrilling football match, rounding off the day in grand style!

Many thanks to our leader, Walter, for a very enjoyable day.

"R"

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TRYFAN "A" PARTY - 4.9.60

This was no "walk to the Paradise cergen", although our first parents, as ever, awaited our arrival on the summit. The weather promised nothing good and soon boded ill, but we were making good way up the North face and veterans and first-timers alike were really keeping well together.

Tryfan hereself was no less hospitable than in friendlier years. The cool rock extended its eternal handclasp. The footholds were sure but cautionary. But mists veiled the prospect and we did not linger long at the summit.

Down Tryfan and up Brizley - helter skelter; little time was wasted, but at the top a mist pierced our flank, dividing our party until a biting shower re-united us under sheltering slabs of rock.

Those who looked forward to supping at the Devils Kitchen were to be disappointed for shortly we were descending a slippery, slithery slope. Someone sat in a stream - what snapshots we missed! but others had their own misfortunes. The skies were heavy but the heather was in glorious bloom, although the going somewhat treacherous.

Pen-y-Gwryd hotel was not far off but it never seemed to come nearer. At last we were there, the coach summoned and homeward bound. Thank you Peter. Of Tryfan we always seem to say "Never again", but next year, I hope we shall spend another day, sunnier D.V., amongst those Delectable Mountains.

.....D.M.....

I N G L E T O N ... 18.9.60 ("B" PARTY)

What a glorious day for a ramble. With a party of thirty-three, the coach sped merrily on its way to Ingleton via Preston, and the M.6. On arriving at our destination, we all piled eagerly out of the coach and into the cafe known to the local inhabitants as the Three Peaks. There we listened to the juke box whilst devouring sandwiches, coffee, etc., and when everyone came to the conclusion that he, or she, could eat no more, the two parties separated and the ramble began.

We were twenty-five strong, and raring to go! After crossing some fields and grass paths we eventually came to IT. The Ingleborough which towered 2,373 ft above sea level. I wish I'd had a camera to capture the expressions on some of the faces. It was a steady climb, but very breathtaking. On reaching the top, we found yet another party of ramblers catching their breath. The lads had their usual game of football, whilst some of the girls played passball. The less energetic types sat and watched.

There was a high mound of stones on the top of Ingleborough, but for some reason it could not stand the weight of Stan. After descending, Jin, our leader, brought us close to the White Scar caves, but unfortunately time was running short and we could not visit them or have hot buttered scones as promised. Not to worry!

Without any warning whatsoever, we found ourselves face to face with the Beezleys Falls. Poor Shiela was doing very nicely until she lost her balance, and finding herself in the water, decided to go for a paddle. It was better than a Punch and Judy show watching everyone crossing over to the other side. Especially when Margaret Kelly got on her knees to examine the water more closely for bacteria. She really did it the hard way! When everyone had replaced their boots and socks, we all refreshed ourselves with milk or lemonade from one of the local farm houses. Retracing our steps back to Ingleton we passed some potholes and a lead-mine, and eventually wended our way back to the Three Peaks only to find the coach was out of action. That's when the biggest laugh came, watching the He-men of the club pushing the coach to try and start up the engine. As this was unsuccessful the driver decided to borrow another coach. Thank goodness! We were all ready to write out our wills and testaments!!!

On the homeward journey most of the party was tired, but there were a few with surplus energy who actually sang songs. I am sure I can speak for everyone when I say thank you Jim for a most enjoyable and interesting walk.

"BROWN EYES"

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RAMBLERITE By the time this newsletter is published your new Rambling committee will have been formed, and to help then with getting the Winter programme compiled and printed as soon as possible leaders are asked to give their preference for an area in which they are willing to take our members on a ramble.

By the way you won't be refused if your offer extends to more than one ramble, and a female leader will be welcomed with 'open arms'.

It is hoped that a meeting will be held in Room 71 for leaders with the object of getting acquainted with using a compass. No doubt it will be a great help during the coming winter months to know how to take bearings, set up a map, and plan a route with bearings.

Listen to the Wednesday announcements for the date of this meeting, as the Newsletter will not be out in time, or ask a committee member.

Keswick will be the 14th/16th (Friday to Sunday) October, and again a hope is that the programme for the weekend, i.e., walks, meal times, etc., will be printed for distribution to those members going on the club week-end. Here's wishing them good weather and a happy weekend.

RAMBLING PROGRAMME OCTOBER

<u>Date.</u>	<u>Ramble</u>	<u>Meet</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Cost</u>	<u>Leader</u>
2nd	Llanrwst	St. John's Lane	10.a.m.	11/-	A).P.Atherton B). L.Fagan
9th	Worlds End	James St.Stn.	10.15.	6/-	E. Thomas
16th	KESWICK.	Details at club for time leaving on Friday etc.14th.			
23rd	Todmorden	Exchange Stn.	10.5 a.m.	8/-	Bill Potter
30th	Hope	James St.Stn.	9.50 a.m.	5/-	Steve Hall

Description (subject to alteration, according to pioneer.
Best to approach Leader for details).

- Llanrwst - A. & B. walks (self explanatory).
- Worlds End - Moderate.
- Todmorden - Suitable for beginners.
- Hope - also suitable for beginners.

TRYFAN 'B' September 4th, 1960.

If I ever emigrate to the Outer Hebrides or Inner Mongolia, I'll take one picture of Bill Potter. He'll be standing just past a tricky little patch on Tryfan, looking down at his victims and saying "No knees". Knowing full well that I'll use not only knees but eyelashes and what teeth I have left, its not the words that impress but the quiet air of confidence in his victims that he exudes. How could you possibly fall and break a leg or neck when your leader is so sure you'll manage it easily.

We set off about nine weak, having lost Sheila and Stan (she not feeling up to it) and won a wise refugee from the 'A' party. Rumour suggests that there should have been more! To allow the other mob to draw well ahead, we sidetracked along the heather terrace. Revelling in the riot of colour, we began to realise that Bill was not as enamoured as we were. He decided that his plan of cutting obliquely up towards the everloving couple on the top was not one hundred per cent safe so we retraced a little then struck up over land untouched by human foot. Amazingly quickly, the Canon came into view. Offers for photographer's models to climb out along the Canon in the swirling mist were not forthcoming, so we continued. With the odd push or pull for the ladies by the other men in the party when Bill wasn't looking, we arrived at the before mentioned Adam and Eve in time to say goodbye to the remnants of the 'A' party.

Without any distant views and with the chilly air, the only thing that kept us on the summit was watching a group of climbers coming up one of the other faces. We females felt very chastened when we heard that three girls had done one of the climbs - unaided, I think. Anybody going to night school to learn how this Winter?

With a last lingering look at the colourful array of empty tin cans, chocolate wrappers and waxed paper from the loaf that stopped Mother baking, we careered happily down, after the careful slog up. Why is it not possible to use the same muscles going up and coming down? It would be half as painful, then! On reaching the valley, the heavens opened for the only real rain of the day, and a daft half hour was spent sheltering in the cave Bill beat us all to. The Shack by the Hostel, with its made to measure tea, soup, dishwasher or normal as required, warmed us up beautifully before we joined the bus to go round for the 'A' party.

Another wonderful day on a wonderful mountain, Bill.

R.M.F.

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

Winds of Change! Not only Africa is feeling the draught. Our Annual General Meeting this year was as lively as anyone could wish. Gerry will have written his Editorial on the more serious aspect of it so all that remains to me is to comment. With three up for Chairman, two for Vice-chairman, two for Secretary and a change in Registrar, a pitch of enthusiasm was reached which has not been seen in recent years. The time-honoured question "Why don't more Committee Members go on rambles" received its time-honoured answer. Because they legislate for the Club's activities, they could not and are not expected to take part in every pastime. Can you imagine me playing tennis, for instance.

Some of the comments were made a little more forcibly than usual, but, 'unaccustomed as some of us are to public speaking', this was to be expected.

May the coming year prove to be as lively as last years (week's) A.G.M.. and long may the skin and hair fly and the blood flow!

Bye for now.

Socialite.