

ISSUE No. 1 (Third Series). CHRISTMAS 1962.

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It is just about twenty-five years since the Club issued it's first newsletter - that was the 'First' series, which came to a halt in that hectic 1940 summer of Dunkirk and 'blitz'.

The Second series commenced almost straight away after the war - Autumn 1946 - and reached its 160th edition last month.

That's a lot of effort over the years - writing, typing, running-off, drying-off (all over floors, tables, pianos etc.), stapling, enveloping, distributing, posting - and for some if they will admit it - reading!

What a tremendous service some 200 editions have rendered over all those years to our rambles, socials, dances and our entertainment generally - what a goldmine of memories of so many happy times 'midst hosts of hikers!

This newsletter is an innovation and coincides with its Silver Jubilee - we hope you like it. No doubt in due course you will tell us whether you do or not.

It also coincides with Christmas and we hope and trust each and everyone of you has A HAPPY AND HOLY CHRISTMAS WITH A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR TO FOLLOW.

<u>Date:</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>Hostess:</u>	<u>Host:</u>	<u>Refreshments:</u>
12/12/62	C. Dobbin	P. Murray	E. Cavanagh	M.McDonald
*19/12/62	H. O'Neill	(Christmas Party)		
26/12/62	(Boxing Day)	CLUB WILL BE CLOSED		
2/1/62	( G.Penlington	P. Cunningham	J. Potter	P. Murray.
	( Club re-opens with Rosary at 8-30 p.m.)			
9/1/62	B. Potter	B. Turner	P. Atherton	P.Cunningham.

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<u>Date:</u>	<u>Washers-up:</u>	<u>Gram-Carriers:</u>
12/12/62	S. Wilton & K. Holden	J. Sheerin & H. Molloy
19/12/62	Committee	Committee
2/1/62	B. Featherstone & P. Jones	T. O'Connor & J. Potter
9/1/62	P. Murphy & P. McCormack	B. Burns & C. Scott

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SOCIAL PROGRAMME

<u>DATE:</u>	<u>DESTINATION:</u>	<u>LEADER:</u>	<u>MEET:</u>	<u>TIME:</u>	<u>APPROX COST:</u>
9/12/62	Billinge	C.Scott	Sth.John St.	10-40am.	5/-
16/12/62	Far Clwyd(Coach)	J.Potter	St.John's Lne.	10-15am.	6/-
23/12/62	Wirral Wander(Ben)	W.O'Connor	Pier Head	10-15am.	3/6
30/12/62	Hartford	M.Marsden	Pier Head	10-15am.	4/-
* 6/1/62	Yuletide Walk	Details at Club.			

\* Dates to note:- 19th December - Christmas Party  
6th January - Yuletide Walk  
31st January - Grafton Dance (and not as stated in  
your winter programme)

## RAMBLERITE

The annual weekend in the Lake District turned out a success, all who were there spoke highly of the Y.H.A. at Grasmere, enjoying both Saturday and Sunday excursions. More about the weekend in the write-ups. I only want to say that more of you should try it next year.

The Club's next annual outing is the YULETIDE at Rivington. It goes without saying it's the best moneys worth any member spends on a day out with the club. Many and varied are the activities arranged for you, a TREASURE HUNT, with prizes galore, HOT-POT SUPPER and DANCING in the "OLD BARN". If you wish to attend make sure of booking early and secure with a deposit. Details of meet etc., will be announced later.

It has been noticed during this last summer that there have been a number of books of knowledge held at the ready on club outings. Have we any budding Zoologists, Geologists, Biologists in our midst? The chape collecting trees is having great difficulty, but we must not be too sympathetic, for one A.S.C. (Amateur Stone Collector) will not be deterred until TRYFAN is in his backyard, leaving no stone unturned, as for the Birdmanist who wants to collect more, we have plenty in our midst. Be that as it may I'm all for a bit of dilettantism, and will be on the look out for anyone interested in the Nyctalopis animal life - articles such as these would be most welcome to the committee for publication in your News Letter, EDITOR'S discretion of course (sole rights not returnable etc.)

A sticky problem these coming months is keeping DRY. Some, I know, will reach for their capes, plastics, oil-skins, sowesters and all, but have you ever thought of taking a complete change of clothing, protected inside a plastic bag, carried in your rucksack? It is also a good thing to carry a towel with you. The advantages outway any moral support derived from water-proof garments.

SNAKE PASS "A" Sunday, 14th October.

On Sunday 14th October twenty members of the "A" party left the coach at the Snake Pass Inn, having finished their respective lunches.

Brian leading, we headed towards the hills. The first thing we encountered was a narrow slippery plank suspended over the river, which was called a bridge. Everybody safely over we plodded on towards a small shooting cabin on the otherside of the river.

Having viewed the brickwork, we carried on our journey which took us up The Edge. Pauline Mc. decided to find out how deep a certain very black muddy bog was - she found out. It went up to her knees! With Pauline well in front, we reached the top, where we had a rest and a fine view of the surrounding countryside.

Our next port of call was a large stream where Brian versus Mike and Eddie, had a splashing competition. Nobody really found out who won, but Brian looked rather wet afterwards.

After about half an hour we slowly descended the Big Hill towards the river. This time everybody decided to find their own way over, which was the best idea in the long run. Once over we found more boggy ground. Having tramped through that and climbed up a slope we reached the road.

We did hear a whisper that it was ten weeks since some ramblers had been out, you could tell which ones they were, by their flushed faces.

The other end of the "A" walk, we heard was very good, but so was our two mile road walk. Later on in the Snake Pass cafe we met up with the "B" party who had arrived just ahead of us.

Just one more very enjoyable walk - thank you Brian.

SNAKE PASS "B" Sunday, 14th October.

Area-wise.. The Peak District, an area of rolling hills midway between Manchester and Sheffield.

Leader-wise.. (of course he is!)  
Ron Boardman, alias 'Donald Duck'  
and onetime fellow of the anti-  
scooter-hooter society.

The journey is remembered for the unprovoked disturbance of several silent gentlemen's scenic appreciations (i.e. the pleasing array of tar factories, button works, and sock silos which were a delight for any eye. Non of this waving gaily in breeze nonsense when the square symetrical beauty of a sock silo is studied!) But back to the disturbance which was caused by the 'enemy' (misses T.C., W.O., P.M., T.L., etc.) weaving such intricate webs of confusion with the long laces of the gentlemen's boots that the said latter were kept fully occupied trying to de-code double bowlines without creating a string-reaction of triple reefs. Such things should KNOT be allowed.

We de-bused at the small Derbyshire town of Glossop and started the walk through the municipal park. It was our privilege to have a leader who takes keen interest in the fauna of the countryside and I was particularly keen to add to my own limited knowledge of this subject. Questions were numerous. The walk through the park brought us to a children's zoo, and behind the wire netting were (no not children!) some interesting inmates. Each cage was clearly labelled and so the leader's advice was not needed. The favourite inmates were a pair of two-legged blue and white feathered creatures with bright red plumes; each gave forth gay melodic chirps. These were "Angola Rabbits".

Our route into the Peak District was via a valley called the 'Doctor's Gate'. Teresa Lloyd and Valerie were setting a good pace and Cyril also seemed eager to enjoy a good walk in the warm October sunshine. Two little girls in Blue were the two Anns - O'Malley and Fountain, the latter wearing her now famous long king-size anorak, together with a minute mini-rucksack in which all equipment is probably carried transverse-wise.

We left the valley by ascending its gentle slopes to reach a point from which we could look down on the Snake Pass. A short walk parallel with the Pass brought us to the waiting coach. Thank you Ron for an enjoyable ramble.

The evening coach cabaret was of a high musical standard with star billing going to Winifred and John (and reader you too can become a C.C. star if you learn some odes or buy a song book) However, if you were a Callas or a Faith we may even consider you for our chorus.

'Mark'

Poem

or

So-Lily-Quay

There's peace and holy quiet there,  
As at the scene you'd stand and stare,  
Great clouds along pacific skies,  
Bring mighteous wonder to the eyes,  
A bosky wood, a slumbrous stream,  
Oh, would you not sit down to dream,  
While little kindly winds just creep,  
Round twilight corners half asleep,  
But not today for it did rain,  
And instead of joy there was but pain,  
'Tis sight of mist, of rain filled skies,  
that makes us solemn with heavy sighs,  
We contemplate the track in front,  
And let our leader take the brunt,  
His leading we cannot reproach,  
As thankfully we reach the coach.  
Some go to hide to chage wet clothes,  
While others just sat there and froze.  
So for the future bring more apparel,  
And your motto be

"Have spares will travel"

'Waverley'



LONGRIDGE FELL - Sunday, October 21st

We, being nine males and four females, left Skelhorne Street by bus (probably because we could not leave there by train) for Longridge we alighted (encouraged by the toe of thy boot) and scrambled for safety into a nearby cafe. Alas! This was not to be our place of rest - we were again encouraged by the toe of thy boot (enlightened) out into the adjacent field, and from here further persuaded into taking a path which led to.....?

Along this path we found the formidable concoction of rain-water and soil - MUD? But this was not the ordinary type of mud, the makers said it contained W.M.7, also Marrow-bone Jelly. What increased the difficulty in walking was the bargain packs containing more than the 'top-of-the-boot' level. This was not to deter us, we were soon off crossing fields, ditches and farms without putting a foot down! But there was no time to question this phenomina, the answer propably lay in the soil or the tea. We landed at a golfcourse which was situated on the top of a hill, we were struck by the view, and the occasional golf-ball - this gave us added determination to move on.

Quite unexpectedly we came by a cafe, which our leader tried desperately to conceal, but luck was with us, either that or the devil looks after his own! The wind was blowing the right way so that a fellow partisan could smell the brew. Here we took advantage to nurse our bruises and make up for lost sleep. This time we were prepared to meet our leader - we had the energy to move quicker than the all powerfull 'toe of thy boot'.

After passing a reservoir the way was along a lane where upon a path, by the side of a farm, was taken to....?

This path was also a victim of high Pressure Sales technique, because the unmistakable aroma of a perfume which had cost 9 gns. a tone to import, hug low on the ground.

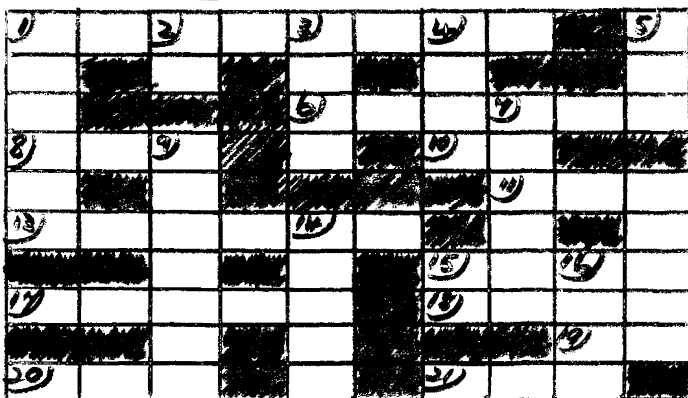
It really is amazing what the human frame can put up with, after this practice of proper breathing technique, that is, through your nose instead of the boots! The track led back to Longridge, and to the same cafe' where we met with our first encounter, with our most encouraging leader!

On the journey home my head was dizzy from the excitement of the day, I counted the number of cows, steam-rollers, farm yards, Junk-boxes, pots of tea and Putting sticks which amounted to 8-30 p.m. This rang a bell - it was the time on the clock at Skelhorne Street Bus Station, and there was just enough time to thank Monica sincerely for a most enjoyable and interesting walk.

°Walton/46750.NB.39°

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CROSSWORD



## Crossword Clues

### Across

1. Some ramblers wish the road was always thus
6. Are its streets paved with gold?
8. A rambler's dream of paradise
10. A short thanks
11. Turn ban and you might get a catch
12. Are all our ramblers thus
15. Is it a borrowed time?
17. A Swindler's Dance
18. One might get stuck in it
19. It belongs to me!
20. Consent begins the day before today
21. The centre of things

### Down:

1. Chris the horsey club member
2. Us on the tail of a female sheep
3. The lowest point
4. Antiseptic cloth in splinter
5. A bird watching; pipe smoking; thin on top member
7. Ranged provides a risk turned round  
(Anagram)
9. The highest points
12. Essential item of Rambler's diet
14. Mass language
15. It is sung before tea?
16. Unfeeling and cold?

\* \* \* \* \*

## THOUGHTS ON THE GRASMERE WEEKEND

The good ship L.C.R.A. has yet again braved foreign waters and with no mean success. Many were wary of the Y.H.A. and I am pleased to say that all the weekenders were pleasantly surprised with a most delightful hostel which some said had some advantages over our beloved Lakeside House of treasured memory. An Unceasing supply of "boiling" hot water was the mystery of the weekend! Then all the furniture was as new as any newcomer to rambling. The important substance food was in capacious quantities and was a credit to the warden and his wife. A good warden at a hostel goes a long way to creating the community spirit of the Youth Hostel Association, and Mr. Christian a more patient, understanding and helpful man you are yet to meet. It might be said that my praise is due to the fact that he allowed us the use of the Dining Room for our social, provided the necessary electrical equipment and even gave us an extension after 10-30 p.m. But the fact that everyone enjoyed their stay (and there were 80 people staying in the Hostel on the Saturday night) is sufficient to tell you of the task facing him.

Bill Potter was M.C. for the Social in which everyone in the hostel took part. Not since the Yuletide, Rivington Barn Dance, has the atmosphere been so uproaring, what with A.B. W.ÔC tiring herself out with too many twist dances and the rest getting hep with the Boston Two Step and the Eightsome Reel, I can't recall whether I pulled the muscle in my foot on the langdale ramble or with too much unaccustomed dancing.

Grasmere 'A' Walk. Saturday 27th October.

I suppose this write-up should have been completed about a fortnight ago, but I deliberately refrained from putting down my thoughts, in the hope that by the time my boots had more or less dried out, I would see the brighter side of the walk. This true, with the passing of time some of the worst moments have lost some of their horror, but despite pep pills, tranquillising pills and even Carter's Little Liver Pills, no glimmer of a brighter side can I recall.

Obviously the biggest mistake of all, was in starting out once it was realised that the monsoon season had arrived, but for this I blame the ladies. On occasions such as this, I think it is the duty of the ladies to at least pretend that they are the weaker sex, instead of happily disembarking from the coach, and gaily exposing their delicate beings to the fury of the storm.

There is very little that one can say about the walk itself. The first ten minutes were spent trying to get accustomed to the small streams cascading down the inside of one's anorak. I discovered that by introducing a slight 'twist' action to my stride, I was able to divert the course of some of the more troublesome waterfalls. This was quite amusing for a while, but unfortunately I'm one of those people who aren't really 'with it', and found the strain hardly worth the reward.

After crossing a mountain range, we descended to the road at the Three Shire Stone, with the rain easing, and only about four miles back to the coach it looked as though the worst was over. The ladies, however, hadn't had enough, and decided that the long way round over 'the top' would be far more interesting. The men, game till the last, and without voicing their thoughts

stolidly plodded along behind. As you probably guessed, at about 800 ft. the rain returned. I'm not sure whether we were getting hardened or deadened to these conditions, but this second half was almost pleasant.

It's amazing the effects a hot shower and a good meal can have after a day such as this. I even began to look forward to the walk on Sunday. Unfortunately I didn't escape without some after effect - I got up for almost every dance at the evening social!

Thanks Chris for a lead that even in better conditions would have been very good.

'Itshide'

Grasmere 'C' + + + Sunday, 28th October.

On leaving Ambleside we walked along the main road (which ran alongside the River Brathay) until reaching Clatterbridge Village; here we took a right turn and walked along a secondary road until we came to crossroads only to find an armless signpost. It was decided that we should continue on the same road as far as Loughrigg Tarn. We then turned left and proceeded to climb a rather steep hill. The view from the top was magnificent, one side Loughrigg Tarn the other Elter Water. The mountain tops were covered in snow whilst the valley below bathed in the warm sunshine.

We descended the hill, then through the muddiest woods imaginable back on the road alongside the River Brathay once more. We walked beside the river till we came to "The Ford". Here we left

the path for a better look at the ford, and then on to Skelwith Bridge - the border of two counties. After walking amile or so, we found another signpost. (only two arms missing this time). This did not seem right so we back-tracked as far as the armless signpost, turned right and kept on walking. Before long we reached a very steep decline (a notice read "Change into bottom gear") A nearby signpost read "Grasmere 3 Miles" (I wonder if it was an Irishman who measured those miles?!) The base of the decline was named "Dale End". From here onwards the going was pretty easy, and we made up for lost time, eventually arriving back in Grasmere after a most enjoyable ramble.

Thank you John.

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### Ruminations of a Rambler

With rucksack firmly lodged upon my back, anorak hood pulled up to stop the water finding its way down my neck, trousers tucked into boots, I splashed my way along an incipient stream, marked down, so the leader tells us, as a path. I was thinking how it all started; what nit thought up the idea. In my youth, I had been somewhat interested in the poets, and so in my mind I sought for the one on whose doorstep I could lay the blame. I thought of Thomas Hardy:

"Through time to times anon

Leaping from place to place"

Definitely a rambler, and an energetic one to boot. (Forgive the pun!) I began to think along the lines of dancing on his grave as my right boot began to let in water, but then as the wind changed and blew the rain into our faces I remembered the words of our friend from the Rydal Ramblers, on William Wordsworth, who I seem to remember wandered lonely as a cloud, and the words also of John Davidson;

"The Glory of a march without a halt

The triumph of a stride like yours and mine"

Yes they were both sold on the idea, and I began to feel rather uncharitable towards them. Lord Byron, never a favourite of mine, certainly rose in my estimation when I remember what now I consider immortal lines:

"So he'll go no more a-roving"

Yes, My Lord, definitely swinging! How idols of the past fall and crumble when really put to the test! Henry Vaughan, not very well known, but who in my estimation was always one of the boys, certainly took a tumble when I remembered his words:

"Oh let me climb!"

On the other hand, Alfred Lord Tennyson, always assessed by me as daft as a brush, rose considerably in my top ten when I remembered his line:

"He is gone to the mountain"

the inference being, of course, that Alf himself had some sense and had not gone on that trip. I should have followed his example, I thought, as my anorak finally gave in to the pressure of the rain. It was all right for Chaucer, the bloke that did the write-up in verse on that little trip from London to Canterbury, when he was secretary of Ye Canterbury Climbing Clubbe. He probably had good weather. Mind you, they did not have cafes in those days, they just stopped at a wayside inn and shouted "Hey valet, bring me a stoupe of Malmsey" or some such words.

They followed that up by stopping for their usual 'butty break' as:

"Now I am come unto this woodes side,  
maugree your head, the cock shall here  
abide,  
I will eat him in faith, and that anon"

Continued on page 20



## Exchange and 'Mark'

### Private Eye

A shrewd amateur stop-at-nothing type of agent needed to plant a certain rambler's umbrella in the midst of the Passenger Transport Department's Christmas collection. Contact A.A.T/Re/C.S's/UMB.

### Exchange

Will exchange a 1954 framed rucksack in good condition for a 1962 Hillman Minx... Contact J.J. (No dealers!)

### Gifts

- (a) Strong steel screw-on non-removable lids for the pipes (tobacco) of B.D., P.A., R.B. (No, not Rose Bond!) B.P., and J.P.
- (c) A build-it-yourself mountain kit for C.S. to compensate for the possible 'sad' loss of that lethal flying umbrella machine.

### Recipe

The recipe of "Olde English Ramble Cake" rather took my fancy when I heard it on the crystal set last week. A handful of dried linen laces, twenty-five ounces of turnip oil juice, and two dozen hardboiled eggs are powdered together with a crate of corysanthemum leaves to form a very potent poultice. What will it cure? Haven't a clue gentlefolks, but it may solve your gift problem. Try sending it to Misses W.O., T.C., C.M., R.B., (No not Ron Boardman!) P.M., and M.R.

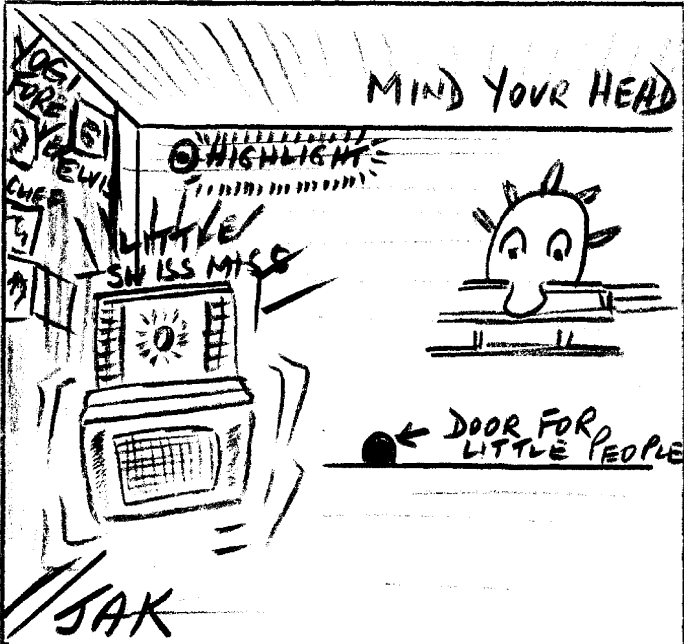
### Best

Best wishes for a merry Christmas, and happy walking and hitching (the hiking sort is said to be earier) throughout 1963.

THE CARTOONIST'S CORNER

or

HATCHMERE SNOWRIDE



HATCHMERE Sunday, 18th November, 1962

Four Lady Ramblers and nine Snowball Raiders departed from the Pier Head bound for Hatchmere and the snow, arriving at our destination 'The Tender Trap' where we had lunch, the 'squares' sat round the fire, while the Cliff and Elvis addicts played the Juke-Box. All trace of butties gone our leader decided it was time to depart.

Up we plodded through fern and mud, then came the 'Rock Climb' and it really was a 'Rock Climb' although there were no ripped trews to prove it.

Then we hit 'it' or should I say 'it' hit us that's right 'it' was snow, the second snow ramble this season, the first being up in Grasmere.

After the four Lady Ramblers had literally been buried alive in the snow and a keen game of football, with a poor frozen mangel, we reached Delamere Forest, where we had a 'butty' stop in the shelter of the trees.

It was now getting dark, so we quickly made our way back to Frodsham for Benediction, but before we arrived we had some more excitement, two rambles were offered a lift and two others lost themselves.

Everybody rounded up we boarded the bus for home.

Thanks Maureen for a very enjoyable and well lead ramble.

'Fairy Snow'

## SOCIALITE AND PERSONAL

Just lately Wednesday Socials have been less sociable than usual. It is very hard to pin point the weakness. Is it that the men are becoming shy or the girls are less attractive? I refuse to admit the latter. In order to overcome the gentlemen's shyness the Social Committee have started weekly dancing instructions at the Clubroom between 8 p.m. and 9 p.m. each Wednesday. Girls are also welcome. It is hoped that at the end of the session we will not be hearing the usual excuse "I can't dance".

The Social Committee are anxious for any criticism (they'll grin and bear it) or suggestions members may have regarding Wednesday Socials.

'Socialite'

19th December, 1962. The Christmas Party will be held at the Clubroom on this date - all members past and present are welcome to enjoy the festivities of the evening.

31st January, 1963: C.R.A. Dance at the Grafton Rooms. Tickets will be available later.

Best wishes for the future to our newly-weds, Barbara and Steve, Brenda and Jim.

Congratulations; Monica (Byrne) on her Gold Medal award for "Nurse of the Year" at the Royal Southern Hospital, and also passing her S.R.N.

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Continued from page 16

In modern English, this means, "Now we've got to the wood, my chicken butties are not going any farther, because I'm going to eat them in a minute, inspite of what the leader says".