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## SWISS CLUB MANCHESTER. Easter Ramble 1958.

Years ago the Good Friday ramble, an annual affair for men only, under the able guidance of the late Messrs. Bebie, Guggisberg and Muller, encouraged in the younger members of the Club a love for the rather austere beauty of Derbyshire.

New ideas, subsequently new rules, plus a debatable desire for equality of men and women and change of day to Easter Saturday, have altered the composition of the party and the rather drab appearance of former assemblies has now given way to far more colourful and exuberant pictures of the ramblers.

Bollington Station, below White Nancy in the foothills of Cheshire, was the starting point. In spite of threatening skies and icy winds it was a great pleasure on such a day as this to welcome people who for so many years have been members of the Swiss colony. I should particularly mention: Mrs. Bebie, accompanied by her two grandchildren; Mrs. Schedler, back from the Continent; Mr. and Mrs. Berner, now living over the border in far off Waddington, Yorkshire; quite apart from a number of young ladies who brighten up proceedings by song, gesture and happy chatter.

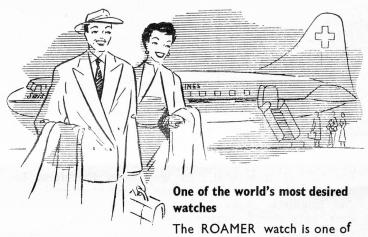
An early picnic lunch was taken in an old quarry in the Kerridge Hills, where, protected from the gale, a beautiful, warming and cheering fire belied events awaiting us.

The route took us through quaint, secluded, Rainow with rather rough going to Walker Barn, and then along by Charity Lane (!) to Macclesfield Forest—the last three miles at the height of 1,570 feet being a severe trial to the resistance and stamina of all of us. We marched in mist and in a howling gale, and indeed were truly thankful eventually to reach calmer roads by the protection of Toot Hill, which led us, rather too early, to Langley, where Mrs. Poole in the Leather Smithy Inn offered us, in spite of closing hours, the warmth of their parlour, which was followed by a substantial meal upstairs, truly welcomed.

It gave us great pleasure to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Kubler, newly-weds, and we could only regret the fact that Mrs. Kubler's first contact with the Swiss colony was spoilt by this wintry air from which there seemed to be no escape.

The part of Langley which we traversed, and which acts as the gathering ground for Macclesfield water supply, is indeed a most beautiful part of Cheshire, in so many ways reminding us of our Homeland. Very little, however, could be seen, and neither trees nor bushes showed in any way the re-awakening of Nature which April usually promises. Nevertheless, the atmosphere inside the Inn was now cheerful, and indeed as new life flowed into the limbs of all of us the recent fatigue and hardship were soon forgotten.

Nobody, however, who actually undertook the walk will quickly forget it, but it is to be hoped that at some time in the future the views and the glorious countryside to which we had so very much looked forward will be revisited under a warmer sun and in pleasanter air.



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