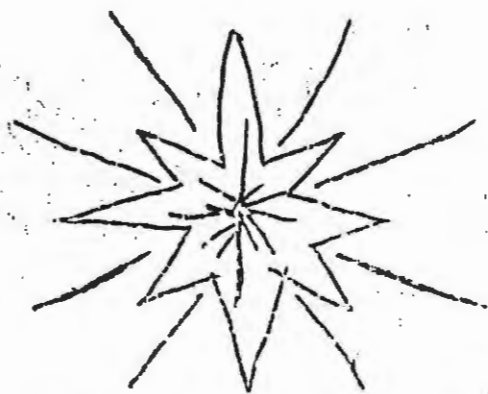


# Christmas Newsletter

December 1997 7th Series Issue 11

LIVERPOOL  
CATHOLIC  
RAMBLERS



## Editor's Ramblings

FRONT COVER design was taken from our 1981 Christmas newsletter. Well, this current wet spell has guaranteed us muddy boots on rambles but we have now got a couple of weeks over the festive period in which to scrape off the mud for a clean start to the New Year. In the meantime you have the chance to sneak in a walk in Delamere Forest on Sunday December 28th (see opposite page).

Our Buffet Dance at Churchills attracted seventy-five of the General Section to another good value-for-money buffet plus a moderate disco where you could still hold a conversation without being drowned out by the sound. In addition to the trophy presentations that night there were many prizes to be won, plus the hamper. Thanks are due to Tom Reilly for organising the buffet and to Mike Riley for organising the hamper draw. Both venue and date may be changed next year due to the low turnout.

This year's Retreat at Loyola Hall in November was given by Monsignor Richard Atherton and attended by approximately 26 members from both the Seniors' Section and General Section.

Finally, thanks to everyone who contributed to this edition, including Roy's D.I.Y. reports. Well, I just had to postpone Will's little story and Roni's other poems, plus archive snippets, until next time as I ran out of space, but keep those articles, poems, etc, flooding in.

Now all that remains on behalf of the Committee and myself is to wish you

**A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year**

*Dave Newns*



**NEW MEMBERS** We welcome all new members who have joined us recently and we hope that you have many memorable walks with us in the years to come.

### RAY BOOKED FOR ANOTHER 12 MONTHS

Ray McIntosh has been re-elected as Chairman of the Rambling Sub-Committee for the following twelve months. There's more to the job than just taking bookings on Sundays. In fact the City car park attendants seem to be the best at doing Sunday bookings! (See below on car parking).

### THE ANNUAL PRESENTATION OF TROPHIES

At the recent Buffet Dance the Fred Norbury Cup was presented to some chap with a mere 31 years with the club. I don't think this was for leading walks in his own unique style, but more for not losing his bearings as Newsletter Editor. That description seems to fit me (Dave Newns).

The other trophy - the Cyril Kelly Cup has been awarded to Bernadette Doyle for her services as Chairwoman, now for her ninth year. The recent Special Anniversary Newsletter explains why we have the Fred Norbury and Cyril Kelly Trophies. So its thanks and congratulations to both of us.

### A WARNING ON SUNDAY CAR PARKING

Please note that it is now £1 to Pay and Display your parking ticket on Sundays. A number of members unfortunately forgot to pay recently and it cost them a £20 fine on return from their ramble.

### EASTER WEEKEND/WEEK AT BRIXHAM - Places still available

Anyone still interested in a weekend or a week at Brixham with the club should contact Ray McIntosh

**OBITUARY - LINDA ROXBY.** Sadly, Linda died last month after a short illness. We offer our condolences and deepest sympathy to her teenage son Kevin, relatives and close friends.



## Ramblerite

The Duddon Valley is pretty well inaccessible to us for a Sunday ramble, the roads being somewhat tight for a 53 seater bus. However we have managed to visit this area quite often and I've explored it quite extensively.

From the watershed near the Three Shires Stone at the top of the Wrynose Pass, and birthplace of the Duddon, you can set off Southward towards Conistown via Wet Side Edge saving a lot of climbing in the process. Similarly, if you strike North, it's a good setting off point for Red Tarn, The Crinkles and Pike of Blisco, wonderful walks usually tackled from Gt. Langdale. Following the river Westward takes us down to the Wrynose bottom and Cockly Beck. It's a wild and arduous walk from here up to the Scafells, I've done this on several occasions, once camping with my lads at Lingcove Beck Waterfalls, at the top of Mosedale, overnight.

Downstream again we arrive at Seathwaite, we once climbed Harter Fell from here, I remember it well, and the abuse from a certain Scottish Lady. We had lunch here after a walk on the way home from the Eskdale W/E a year or so ago. The River passes through a wonderful gorge through which a superb path passes. Remember the ants, enormous things and the hawser over the stepping stones? About the first time I met Will and Chris was when we climbed Dow Crag from here, I remember floundering about in the swamp above Seathwaite Tarn.

Snitter and Ralph holed up here in the mine and it was above here at Levers Hause that they met the Tod.

(Name the book and win a prize, answers to Ed.)

We've also tackled Caw and Stickle Pike from Broughton in Furness, on a recci with Tom we saw a Buzzard on a post as close as ever I've seen one. I spotted a deer in my rear mirror that day also. You'll have a chance to visit again on the 1st March '97.



William Wordsworth wrote a few poems about the Duddon Valley and the following was read at Linda Roxby's funeral:

## AFTER-THOUGHT

I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my  
guide,  
As being past away.— Vain sympathies!  
For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my  
eyes,  
I see what is, and is, and will abide;  
Still glides the stream, and shall for ever  
glide;  
The Form remains, the Function never  
dies;  
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the  
wise,  
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied  
The elements, must vanish;— be it so!  
Enough, if something from our hands have  
power  
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;  
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,  
Through love, through hope, and faith's  
transcendent dower,  
We feel that we are greater than we know ■

## CHRISTMAS WALK

SUNDAY 28th DEC.

DELAMERE FOREST

Meet at 11am Delamere Station.

A train leaves Central Station at 9.34am  
change at Chester £5.90 ret.

*It would be more convenient to travel by  
car so arrange lifts if possible.*

A visit to the Visitor Centre where we  
will be able to see all sorts of birds  
including Nuthatches and Tree Creepers,  
and then have a cup of tea, will be  
followed by a stroll through the forest and  
for those who wish, lunch at a local  
hostelry.



Merry Christmas from Ray McIntosh ☺

## 1998 Walking Holiday in Poland

AT a recent meeting held on Thursday 20th November at the Cornmarket pub, it was decided that there would be a holiday to the Tatra Mountains in southern Poland, staying in the town of Zakopane.

We will be travelling from Thursday 10th September 1998 to Ramsgate with one night's bed and breakfast. The following day (Friday) we will meet our Millennium Holiday courier at the ferry port, then departing to Belgium and onto Poland with seven nights in Zakopane returning to Ramsgate on Sunday 20th September.

Costs without transport from Liverpool to Ramsgate, which includes one night bed and breakfast, half board in Zakopane with private WC and shower, walking supplement and

insurance, is a total of £270, with a discount in the region of £21 if sufficient people attend. If you are a non-walker a reduction of £45 from the total cost will be given. A deposit of £45 will be required in the new year, to cover insurance and holiday deposit.

The trip from Ostend (Belgium) is by a two-storey international coach, the journey lasts 24 hours, with one night spent upon the coach, with stops approximately every three hours.

There is only a limited number of places, so if you are interested (or you were unable to attend the meeting) please contact

**David Dickel 01244-533995 or**

**Mike Riley 0151-521 2268**

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## The Social Scene

Dec	11th	Christmas Bingo and Mince Pie Night	Helen, Nina and Peter Ramejkis
	18th	No Club Night	
	25th	No Club Night	
Jan	1st	No Club Night	Irene and Ray Segerberg
	8th	"That Was The Year That Was"	
	15th	Beer Quiz	Tony Bond
	22nd	Sandwich Night	Norma R and John B
	29th	Music Quiz	
Feb	5th	Cheese and Wine Night	Will and Chris Jack Henderson
	12th	Dingbats	
	19th	Place the Face	

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## Annual Yuletide Event Sunday January 4th

### RAMBLE, HOT-POT and BARN DANCE

Coach departs at 9.30am from William Brown Street

Ramble followed by a hot-pot and barn dance at the County Hotel, Carnforth

*Barn Dance by the FUMBLING FINGERS (same band as last year)*

Arrival back in Liverpool approx 10.30pm

**Coach cost £5 plus £6 for the hot-pot and band = total £11**

*Actual cost of meal is £4.50 plus cost towards band of £1.50 each (subsidised by the club)*

Bookings to Ray Mc preferably BEFORE Christmas to secure your coach seat

## ROMAN EAGLES AT BAMPTON

## 'B' WALK

THE run up to one of the least trodden areas of the Lakes in our double-glazed air-conditioned coach was a doddle. As Paul Healy would say: " 'Ere lad I remember just after the War (Falklands!) it was so cold on back of coach lad, you had to wear all thy jumpers and by 'eck you could still see thee breath!"

Arrival at Bampton Grange quickly brought the urge to get off the coach as soon as possible and get the body moving on those fells. Crossing over Haweswater Beck, (an excellent place to remove the ole mud later on ) a gradual climbing road was utilised for the first mile or so. The temptation to take one of Farmers Giles many footpaths was not taken, which was a lucky decision, as the 'A' walkers who did, found themselves on a delightful mystery tour of the vanishing paths. Rumours of *Eric the Viking* ( 'A' walk leader ), leaving cartoon shapes in the unfortunate fences/walls etc. have yet to be confirmed.

Leaving the lane gave way to further climbing and an opening Autumn landscape in the form of dancing leaves and rusty brown heather with a cold wind as a further reminder of Winters approach. New member Liz (Welcome to our humble club mate ) wasn't taking any chances as she kept her Corsack Patrol hat firmly on

As with most things in life a little effort can give maximum benefit and after a hour of steady climbing Bampton Common was a case in point. Stretching out before us before was the magnificent sight of Haweswater, manmade we know, so folks in Manchester can have a cup of tea, but looking very natural in its surroundings. At the West end of Haweswater the skyline is commanded by some of Lakelands excellent peaks, Harter Fell, High Street and not to be out done, Kidsty Pike can be picked out too, preceded by High Raise. Glancing down to west shore of Haweswater the map indicates an ole Roman fortification on a superb logistically placed crag aptly named Castle Crag. This important post would certainly give any enemy of the Empire the inconvenience of an extensive 'D' tour to avoid detection, something the 'A' walkers would no doubt relish! A mile south of that is Eagle Crag part of an impressive and highly recommended ridge walk which lays West from High Street to the shores of Haweswater. Eagle Crag by a coincidence of names is reputed to be home of the Golden Eagles. For the Romans who used the Eagle as a form of emblem, it must of been a magnificent sight to watch these Lords of the sky glide on the thermals with expert ease. In recent times the Eagles have come under a round the clock protection to guard their rare eggs from poachers, which has had a limited success.

Moving on, we were now heading towards our highest goal, Wether Fell and as the height was ticked off so the wind was getting a bit more nippy. Rather than suffer in the cold later on at the booty break on top of the fell, it was decided to drop short and make a temporary camp. It was at this point we thought we could hear strange noises mixing with the wind, in fact it wasn't too dissimilar from the theme music from the movie, *Jaws*. Anxiously we looked towards the nearby brow, at first there was one shape, then another appeared, then... " Good grief Grommit, its the 'A' Walk lad!"

Why is it when 'A' walkers finally manage to catch up with us 'B' crowd ( quite a common sight nowadays ), they always give the impression that its part of the master plan and really its just slight hiccup. However, cracks were starting to appear amongst the ranks, William, a recent 'R' reg. member of our club, made a brave choice to joined our relaxed group. With the excitement over we pushed on, bagging Wether Hill, then taking the ole Roman Road north to Loadpot Hill, 671m. We were joined on the way by a friendly bunch of mountain bikers, obviously enjoying the hills as much as we were, as they made their way to Penrith.

A final look at the high fells and it was time to drop down to Bampton Grange. During the last mile or so we had fell in to the ole trap of doing circle dances in the farmers fields or should I say the Swamps! I do admit I was a bit tired and basically just wanted a pint at this stage of the day, therefore I am indeed indebted to *John the carrot* for getting me out of the er...well...something the farmers spread on their fields. Thanks mate!



'Ere lad, there's nowt like choice...' and with four walks to choose from, variety is the spice of life. 'A' walk saw Dave leading, or as he admitted later on, whipping in a determined crew of five to conquer yet again the Old Man of Coniston. To 'B' or not to 'B' that is... Ray Mac taking a bootleg walk on to the east side of Coniston Water, whilst Ken Regan took the official 'B' walk to Tom Heights and beyond. This left a elite group of 18 on the 'C'...ish walk.

Leaving the heavy traffic and the melting lolly ices of Coniston we made a sharp exit north past the Youth Hostel and in to the welcoming coolness of the woodland below Mart and Yewdale Craggs.



In Springtime this is a real haven for beds of bluebells and snowdrops, but today the shade given from the umbrella of lush foliage was good enough for us.

Crossing the busy A593 with no Patrol Lady was a daunting prospect, a feat however that us youngsters soon took in our stride. Safely across, we quickly came upon Hay Meadow, complete with a beautiful cottage, colourful array of flowers and at tricking stream for good measure. Clearly a Lottery win here would secure a 99 year lease and more.

Into Tarn Hows woods which soon gave up its secrets, panoramic views of the Yewdale Fells to the west of us. It was so good you just had to stop, ( this of course had nothing to do with being cream crackered, overheated etc ) the scenery was just outstanding, even though we were only at a modest height. Pity then that yet again I forgot the camera, but not to worry, the ole brain was down-loading the images to be played back, no doubt during future pub chats.

Out of the woods and a short uphill road led to reserved grass side streets only meant one thing, we had arrived at Tarn Hows! Always popular for

day trippers and booty breaks, but there was room for everybody, including Ken's 'B' party. Suddenly a new found confidence came over the 'C' crew , had we actually caught up with the 'B' party or just a desert mirage? It was now or never as I strode over to Ken, having now grown to 8ft high and for good measure I kept the Sun behind me ( just like Clint Eastwood in 'Few dollars more' ).

"Howdy folks, were the 'C' walk, just thought we would settle 'ere and take in these awesome views. Were you good people headin'?"

(Ken) "Er..er..awright mate like, were goin' to ..er..Tom Heights like"

Before you could say John Wayne , the 'B' walk were dowsing the camp fires and off into those hills Was the 'C' walks motto now to be 'anything you Can do we Can do better'? Watch this space .

Tarn Hows was to be our furthest point today, but with everybody feeling good, it seem an excellent idea to move North along the Cumbria Way towards High Arnside. The Cumbria Way may ring a bell with the lucky walkers who went to High Raise in the Langdales back in June. It was the path we took back for the final miles back to Dungeon Ghyll. Trekking along this path proved to be a shrewd decision as even more pleasant views unfolded and at this rate of knots High Arnside was soon upon us. This then was the turning point of the walk and a good excuse for a swig of pop.

Earlier there were strong rumours circulating that a tempting ice cream van was seen back at Tarn Hows, so by a unanimous vote it was decided to make a bee line for this supply depot. Ice creams clamped firmly in the crew's handies made a picture of complete bliss and happiness. It's nice to know the simple things in life can still bring a lump to the ole throat i.e. a wafer stuck halfway down.

A quick look at the National Trust stand and was time to drop down through the woodlands towards Coniston.

Once on the main road one of two choices could be made, one . . . stay on the road all the way or . . . two, head for Guards Wood. In order to get more people to leave the road, a tongue in cheek statement was made that it was only a 'small' hill to climb (the in joke of the day!). It was not long before the ole sweat beads were breaking out, even when you were going downhill, however the effort was well worth it, as Guards Wood never fails to impress.

All in all a good walking area, greatly enhanced with cheerful company.

Cheers Roy Thiis

## ***Next time you wear shorts in the country, BEWARE!***

*A newspaper cutting has been handed to me by a vigilant member. Here are the scary details:*

### **Deadly vampire grass tick**

**A WARNING** has been given that there is a dangerous tick around with a bite that could be fatal if not treated. Common tick bites are just an irritant but this increasing breed of tiny blood-sucking parasites transmits the deadly Lyme Disease.

In America, 12,000 cases a year are reported. Here only 300 cases were reported last year but experts say it is on the increase and the National Farmers Union is calling for a national campaign to raise awareness. They say most doctors don't recognise the early signs - when the disease is curable.

Infected ticks are concentrated in the West Country, Scottish Highlands, Southern Uplands, Pennines, Lake District, North Yorkshire moors, parts of Wales and wooded areas in the South and East.

A Somerset farmer almost died of Lyme Disease. He said he experienced a searing pain from his knee to his groin.

His GP wrongly diagnosed a trapped nerve and gave him painkillers but the next day his leg collapsed under him. Over a period of ten days he developed blurred vision, had hallucinations and was on maximum painkillers.

Three weeks later, when Lyme Disease was finally confirmed, he was immediately hooked up to intravenous antibiotics. He stayed in hospital for another fortnight and was still very weak after that.

So when walking in the countryside, especially through bracken, bilberry and long grass you are urged to wear long-sleeved tops and trousers tucked into boots.

A professor from Yorkshire says: "Always check for ticks. If you find any, do not attempt to burn them off, but twist the tick anti-clockwise without pulling or jerking."

***Editor's note: So, we have been warned! Now can anyone suggest how you get to grips with this tiny tick to twist it anti-clockwise?***



BAMPTON WALK (near Haweswater) - Butty Break at Load Pot Hill



## Seniors' Section Ramble to Chipping

THE GROUP was small for our Sunday ramble to this lovely corner of the country, but large in enthusiasm to be out and about, far from the madding crowd of city life. The landmark of St Bartholomew's Church, seen from our approach through winding lanes clearly signposted a day in rural England, and the warm air, swallows skimming the cool breeze for their fill, a heat haze wrapping the nearby hills, sure signs for a weight-shedding walk.

The parish church structure was of the 17th Century, on the site of an earlier place of worship about the year 1200. Local 'Tea Places' were hard to resist, but we set off for the surrounding footways through rolling hills and stream-filled glens, where wild deer roamed.

The curiously named lost village of Dinkling Green deserved our close attention. Dating from the same period as the parish church, it consisted of three terraced cottages, a barn and a Tudor building set in a small dell. A multitude of footpaths in all directions is an attractive plus for leaders in this area, one of which led us to Leagram Hall, which included its own R.C. chapel and priests' hiding place. Most of the old buildings in the vicinity have windows and doors

designed for defending the occupants against their enemies of the Civil War. The Harrison family were prominent landowners of the district who were, it is said, on the King's side. A stone plaque inscribed with their name and heraldry was plain to see on the hall front. Another king's man, however, had his estate sequestered after the Civil War, for his trouble.

Lunch time was called for and agreed to by our leader, and a suitable place was found among the old hummocks of the limestone digs, such dry conditions being a bonus for the partaking of refreshment. It was disappointing that the backdrop of hills were in haze all day (stop moaning), but the River Hodder, on its way to join the Lune then into the Irish Sea, was music as we dined, while the westerly breeze that cooled the brow came from there by return.

All too soon we were on our feet completing the circle back to the ancient village in time for some wet refreshment, then speedy travel to the Myerscough Arms for an evening meal and a leisurely drive home. Many thanks to Gerry for leading, and Jean for whipping in, and Freda, George, Maureen and Amy for their company.

W.A.P.

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## Family Section

- |          |                     |   |
|----------|---------------------|---|
| Dec 14th | Frodsham Hill       | Peter Wilkinson (017048 7016). Meet in Mersey View car park At the top of the hill, 12 noon.            |
| Jan 4th  | Yuletide            | See notice in this newsletter. The County Hotel is in the centre of Carnforth by the A6 traffic lights. |
| Feb 7th  | Wirral Country Park | Anthony Brockway (608 0425). Meet at Visitors Centre car park Thurstaston, 12 noon.                     |

## CLUB BADGE COMPETITION

About 30 years ago our club had their own cloth badges. Now there is a move to have new ones made and put on sale. The old badge was similar to the logo on the front of your rambling programmes, triangular in shape but slightly larger. It was coloured blue with yellow lettering. This design could still be used but it was suggested that a new design may be in order. So get your ideas on paper, put your name on the back and give them to me (Dave Newns) or any committee member by January 31st. A suitable prize will be given for the best design.

## Poets Corner

Roni Murray has sent in a selection of poems. There isn't much space left so they will appear in the next edition. However, here is a witty one that was inspired to her by the ice-cream man. It is untitled but is copyright by Roni.

*An ice-cream van goes past our gate, every night at half past eight.  
He wakes up the baby and starts the howling of the dog . . .  
One of these nights . . . I'll punch him in the gob!*