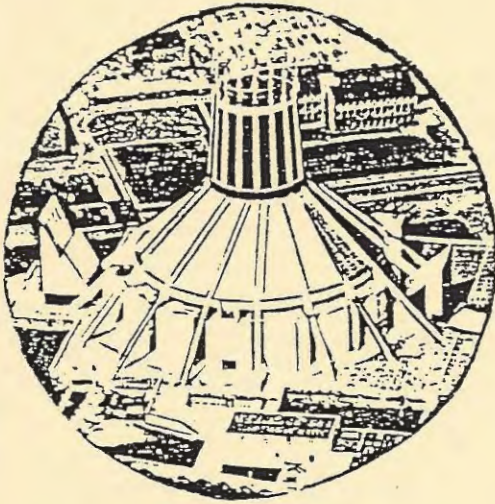


18.7.94

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION



NEWSLETTER



6th Series Issue 4

June 1994

NO NEWS IS GOOD NEWS (OR IS IT?)



Here we are, coming up to the end of June with our fourth computerised newsletter. Suggestions for further improvement or criticism is always appreciated. So far, there has been just a little feedback. If people like something they obviously won't complain, but it has been pointed out that some items are a bit over the top and getting too personal. So naturally, articles will be toned down to avoid further offence.

Another complaint was that a more traditional newsletter with less graphics would be preferred, but on the other hand this probably doesn't reflect the views of the majority of the club. My complaint is about people complaining! - verbally, instead of lodging them through our Postbag section. A few letters of praise, where appropriate, would also be welcomed.

More writers are needed. It requires just a little effort by a few of you members out there. And don't forget, even the BBC newsreaders now crack the odd joke to relieve the boredom!

Your sacks of material for the next newsletter should be either handed to me or sent to me at 7 Abbots Way, Billinge,
WIGAN WN5 7SB.

Meanwhile, keep smiling.
Dave News, Editor



WHAT MAKES THE CLUB TICK?

Did you know that in addition to our monthly Committee Meetings that we also have a Sub-Committee Meeting on the first Monday of every month, when EVERYONE can come along and either listen, bring one's complaints along, or take an active part in the planning of our future rambles and socials. They are held at Birch House, Bishop Eaton. Simply meet us on the ground floor in the bar at 8 pm. If you want to know more, then see any committee member.

NEW MEMBERS

We have a shedful of new members. Here's wishing you all have many enjoyable rambles with us.

FULL MEMBERS Paul Morgan, Clare Dunne, Marie Moore, Pat Heskell, Paul Jensen, Elaine Campbell, Eric and Collette Heller, Stephanie Biggs, Kenneth and Barbara Macaulay, Norman and Rita Richards, Katrina Asbury, Catherine Edwards, Clare Edwards, Agnes Maddison, Margaret Scotland and Sebastian Contamine.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS Stephen Nuttall and Susannah Higgins.

Total club membership now stands at 237 with a breakdown of 148 Full, 44 Associate and 45 Seniors' Section Members.

RAMBLERITE

Since the last Ramblerite the weather has been much improved, along with the numbers on the coaches. We had some super walks during May, particularly the Bethania one which was a special highlight for me leading the "A", taking in as it did, Snowdon and Crib Goch. I also led a walk over Crinkle Crags. The view from Long Top towards the Scafells, takes some beating, encompassing a wide sweep of Eskdale and Great Moss, a wonderfully wild place, little visited, being so remote and yet paradoxically set between some of the most popular hills in the Lake District. We could also see from there Harter Fell and the Duddon Valley which we visited on the following Sunday. On this occasion the "A" walk numbers were unusually twice those of the "C", though it was only a 24-seater coach.

The booking situation for the next few weeks is looking very healthy, so once again I need to remind you all that you should be booking at least two weeks in advance to ensure a seat.

THIRLMERE, 3rd July. "A" walk will be led by "yours truly" - an opportunity for me to do some "Wainwright-bagging" on the Dodds.

KETTLEWELL, 10th July. Will Harris will be taking the "B" up Buckden Pike. Chris, of course, leading the "A" will be an old hand by then, though by no means as experienced as the venerable Dave Newns, who will be leading the "C". Incidentally, there's an interesting piece of information in this edition about a Polish airman who survived a plane crash in the Kettlewell area in 1942.

Ray McIntosh, Rambling Chairman

NOW, DIG THIS!

AN INVITATION WALK FOR FREE TRAVEL PASS OWNERS IN THE MERSEYSIDE AREA

I recently discovered, to my delight, a newly-established country park just a stone's throw from Rainford Junction and it has prompted me to organise three walks in that area at no expense to all Free Travel Pass owners. The walks will take place on Wednesdays.

As the outer limit of the Free Travel Pass is Rainford Junction Railway Station, that is the ideal location for the start of our walks. The countryside is a delight to the eye with a pleasant surprise around every corner. The area has an abundance of footpaths and quiet country lanes, and the newly-established country park with a picnic site has enhanced the locality. To round it off, if we have to wait for the train on the return journey I can think of no more idyllic place than the Junction Hotel opposite the station.

Our big adventure will take place on the following dates:

Wednesday 27 July, Wednesday 24 August, Wednesday 21 September

Kirkby train leaves Central Station at 11.10am. Change at Kirkby for Rainford Junction. Departs from Kirkby 11.31, arrives at Rainford 11.39. I shall board the train at Rice Lane at 11.20.

Joe Rowke

HELL-BENT FOR DENT AFTER A NIGHT'S PAUSE AT HAWES



KEPT CALM BUT LOST MY BOTTLE!

People seemed too reticent to try Tom's weekend away. He may have been misheard to say the Bank Holiday would be intense. Words were actually IN TENTS! Consequently, this witty saga features our mere "Magnificent Seven" (minus one).

The advance party on Friday, at the crack of noon, were having major problems after tent had been spread-eagled on Yorkshire soil. "You won't believe this Chris, but I can't find the tent poles" (feel like burying head in sand!). "Oh well, I'll get the stove and boil the kettle while we think this out. Oh sugar! Calor Gas bottle is with tent poles! That's it, I'll just have to drive the ninety miles back to Billinge."

"You can't do that Dave, not just for two cups of tea!" Young Chris was happy enough as the only things he had left at home were his parents! Decide to take my problems to the farmhouse phone. Tom naturally thought that I was winding him up. He was just about to leave home and sorry but he didn't have any spare poles to bring.

CHATting UP THE BIRDS

We now organised a "C" walk into Hawes in search for a sky hook or something to hold up the tent. Hawes was less than a mile away but needless to say, we got lost! Eventually we returned, triumphant, after purchasing three wooden poles. Two eligible Merseyside ladies had just pitched tent near our plot. Now to start pitching ours. Wait! Must get priorities right, so go back to chat up the ladies! Revealed they had also forgotten their poles recently.

Anyway, back to work. The poles were sawn to size with Chris's lethal Crocodile Dundee knife. At this point an intrigued gentleman donated a roll of sticky tape mentioning that he had forgotten - yes, you can guess what! Well, I felt better now. It seemed trendy to leave poles at home - only morons bring them with their tents!

Meanwhile, just as tent was finally erected, Tom appeared with food, Calor Gas, and his tent poles. He also brought some useful accessories including wife Ann, devotedly picking her up from work en route, still in her working outfit. The Calor Gas didn't produce half as much heat and flames as Ann did when she found that he had forgotten her CHANGE OF CLOTHES!

Now Tom had a conundrum of poles - a real Krypton Factor. Even Tom didn't know where to start. These are the ones that should have been left behind! We spent a great deal of the afternoon trying every which way until, by some miracle, a mammoth tent materialised complete with bedrooms and dining area.

A DISASTROUS DENT IN A HAWES FIELD

Maureen and Ray now drove up to tents. It was getting quite cool now, so a hot Italian was prepared by the ladies (meal, that is!). Ann's meals would have certainly pleased club's gastronomes Tony Bond and Paul Healy. Afterwards all six of us sought the warmth of a Hawes hostelry where Maureen soon organised the cabaret with her dulcet voice.

We were now teetering back across a horse field (or was it a Hawes field!), the stars were shining and Maureen was gazing Heavenwards when she disastrously dropped into an unseen depression. Wasn't that The Plough up there? A sudden plunge into space and I promptly dropped into same dent. Both slightly anaesthetised, only thing damaged was the grass! So, after chuckles, we all adjourned to Tom's circus tent for supper.

In the early hours we experienced an unseasonal thick frost and I for one slept fully clothed inside my cosy sleeping bag (must take my boots off next time!). Reverberations of loud country dance music saw our bacon suddenly curling up next morning as zealous dancers practised outside their tents. Tom verbally knee-capped them before volume was lowered - no tomfoolery allowed with Tom!

A BARBECUED HORSE IN A DENT FIELD

Our camp commandant was a proud Yorkshire woman in a fictitious SS uniform, and it was with this Norah Batty in mind that the plan was to move elsewhere. So later, with a mental click of jackboots and a "Sieg Heil!" to Lady and Lord Haw Hawes, we now escaped to cogitate campsites around Hardraw before making an elongated bee-line for the encampment in Dent, near Sedbergh.

This superb location was lower down the valley, with Jack Frost keeping well away. Ray, the Irish builder, now helped to construct Tom's tent ("Roof side up lads!") in record time! Now for hot showers while appetizing meals were being prepared on site. Numerous hungry cyclists were here, near the Dales Cycleway. I'm sure they could eat a horse. Maybe that's what was sizzling on barbecues nearby!

BLISTER HILL

Next day Whernside got cheesed off with our gang trampling over its hard drought-stricken surface and it punished our two lady campers with a blister or two, but sore feet were soon forgotten after wining, dining and Sun-Inning again.

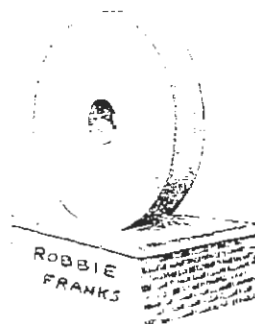
After a good night's kip with large zeds above every Dent tent we were greeted with brilliant sunshine next morning and upped camp before having elevenses at a Dent teashop. We chose beautiful Barbon Dale for the scenic run back, passing many sat-by-our-cars picknickers in the Dale. Finally we browsed around Kirkby Lonsdale and tried on funny German military hats before making our exodus.

Thanks must go to Ann (head chef), Tom (automatic dishwasher) and Michael Fish for making it such a memorable long weekend.

Ann Ostrich

SANDSTONE TROPHY AWARD

Robbie Franks not only led a marathon saturday walk along part of the Sandstone Trail from Helsby to Delamere Forest recently, but also managed to grab the last train back from Frodsham via Chester to Liverpool at midnight! The trophy will be placed on Robbie at the earliest convenient moment.



PLANE CRASH OVER KETTLEWELL



On July 10th we will be walking in the Kettlewell area of the Pennines. It was on Buckden Pike, overlooking Kettlewell, that one Polish airman, serving with the RAF in 1942, survived an air crash on that peak, but his other five companions all died.

They had taken off in a Wellington bomber from Warwickshire on January 31st on a training flight but after passing over Skipton, visibility suddenly dropped to zero in a blizzard and tragically, the plane hit a boundary wall just below the summit of Buckden Pike.

A young gunner miraculously crawled from the wreck after discovering that all but one of his crewmen were dead. He gave first aid to his severely injured colleague, then in spite of a broken leg he managed to make himself a splint and set out in Arctic conditions to get help.

He headed through the storm, not knowing which direction to go on this bleak fellside but soon came across tracks in the snow which he recognised as those of a fox. He knew that foxes, in severe weather, would make for human habitation in search of food. After a long painful struggle he followed the tracks which led him to the village of Buckden where the alarm was raised.

It was too late to save his comrade's life, but this survivor, Joe Fusniak, survived the war and thirty years later returned to the spot where the plane crashed, erecting a memorial in the shape of a 7 foot cross and a stone which reads:

"Thanksgiving to God
The Parker family and local people
And in memory of Five Polish RAF Airmen who died here
on 31.1.42 - Buried in Newark
The Survivor"



He did not forget the fox, either, for a fox's head also appears on the memorial.

FROM THE ARCHIVES

Much information on the history of our club can be gleaned from past newsletters. I will be extracting more of these for the next newsletter as there's ample material for this edition. In the meantime, here's just a few interesting facts:

Archives photographs reveal that in 1927, when the club was established, men wore bowler hats on rambles and carried attache cases instead of rucksacks. The ladies wore long skirts with hats pulled down over the ears and eyes. I think we can safely say that progress has been made since then. On the social scene was a piano, which gave way to a gramophone with 78 rpm records and country dancing for many years, then, more recently, a disco with flashing lights.

Today we just get together for a pint and a chat on a Thursday night, but do hope to restart the popular quizzes and have the occasional cheese and wine night in the near future.



TRINITY LAKES CHALLENGE



8 MAY 1994

A classic figure eight walk of 25 miles in length and involving in excess of 8,000ft of ascent, taking in some of the most scenic ridge walking in the lakes.

The challenge started and finished in Glenridding Village and takes in Striding Edge, Hellvelyn, Nethermost Pike, High Crag, Dollywagon Pike, Grisdale Tarn, Fairfield, Hart Crag, Dove Crag, High Pike, Low Pike, Low Sweden, Rydal, Nab Scar, Heron Pike, Great Rig, Fairfield 2nd time, Cofa Pike, Deepdale Hause, St Sunday Crag.

Two intrepid club members Ken Clark and Charles Wagg both participated in this walk.

The weather on the 8 May was not good long distance walking weather, it was perfect.. if you're sunbathing.

The sun beat down on our weary bodies sapping all our strength, there was no way we could carry enough fluid for this type of walk on such a hot day and with only one watering station at Rydal Hall [15 miles] it was quite a challenge, but like all Intrepid Catholic Ramblers we rose to the challenge and got on with the walk.

The sun was shining at the start of the walk and continued to shine throughout the day making conditions very uncomfortable.

The Walk was sponsored by Brown and Mason and was for the Trinity Hospice in Fylde, the turnout on the day was 610 Walkers, and the walk had to be completed in 12 hours.

CROXTETH HALL & COUNTRY PARK

Croxteth Hall is at the heart of what was once a great country estate stretching over hundreds of square miles and was the ancestral home of the

Molyneux Family, Earls of Sefton.

The Hall together with the Victorian Walled Garden, Home Farm and 500 acres of parkland provide us with a unique record of a way of life that no longer exists.

It is now one of the Major Heritage Centres of the North West.

On the death in 1972 of Hugh William Osbert Molyneux, the 7th and last Earl of Sefton, the estate was bequeathed to the City of Liverpool. It is now managed by the Leisure Services Directorate and attracts thousands of visitors each year.

A visit to the Hall begins with the lifestyles of servants and their aristocratic masters of the late Victorian / Edwardian period.

The Walled Garden at Croxteth is one of the great kitchen gardens of the past, it has numerous historic features and remains much the same as it was in the mid-nineteen century. some of the fruit trees are over one hundred years old.

Home Farm was developed as a 'model farm' in the 19th century to supply the Hall with fresh meat, poultry and dairy produce. Today, it is one of the best visited farms in the North West and an approved centre of Rare Breeds Survival Trust, housing a fine collection of farm animals.

Croxteth Park is well worth a visit, there is a small charge to the Hall and Farm.

Ken Clark
Countryside Recreation Forum.

ASSOCIATION'S INSURANCE ARRANGEMENTS

The Association has recently been reviewing with Insurance Brokers present insurance arrangements, and it is appropriate at this time to remind members of all sections of their obligations under these arrangements when participating in Club rambles.

The Committee would like to make it clear that the Club's insurance is of a Third Party nature, and does not cover any personal accidents which may occur to members during the course of a ramble. Members who feel the need for Personal Accident insurance should make their own arrangements, as they participate in Club activities entirely at their own risk.

The following points, however, must be noted in regard to the participation in Club rambles.

1. The leader is in charge of the ramble at all times, and any directions or instructions which he may give must be obeyed by the party.
2. The Association's insurance can only cover members, and consequently members who have not renewed their subscription are not so covered. It has been decided that as the financial year of the Association is 31 August, annual subscriptions must be renewed by 31 October following the end of the financial year, and failing to do this will render these lapsed members ineligible to participate in any Club rambles after that date until the subscription has been paid.

In the case of potential new members it has been decided that they will be allowed to participate in a maximum of two walks before payment of subscription is requested, but for insurance reasons, will not be permitted to take part in any further walks until the subscription has been paid.

It is essential for the Association to ensure that the arrangements entered into with the Insurance Brokers through the insurance policy, are observed, and it is the intention of the Committee to enforce these rules to that end. They earnestly request the full co-operation of all members in this important matter.

NO SUBS, NO RAMBLE, AFTER OCTOBER 31

Human nature being what it is, many of you will have bypassed the last article on insurance. If you take the time to read it you will discover the reasons for the above statement. Lapsed members who turn up at the coach without booking, will only be allowed on board on payment of subs (seat vacancies accepted).

The good news - new members who have joined us since July 1st do not have to renew their subs until September 1995.

POSTBAG



Just one solitary letter has been received from one of our 237 members under his usual nom de plume.

We've tried to gag him but he promises to write only once in every six weeks

Dear Editor,

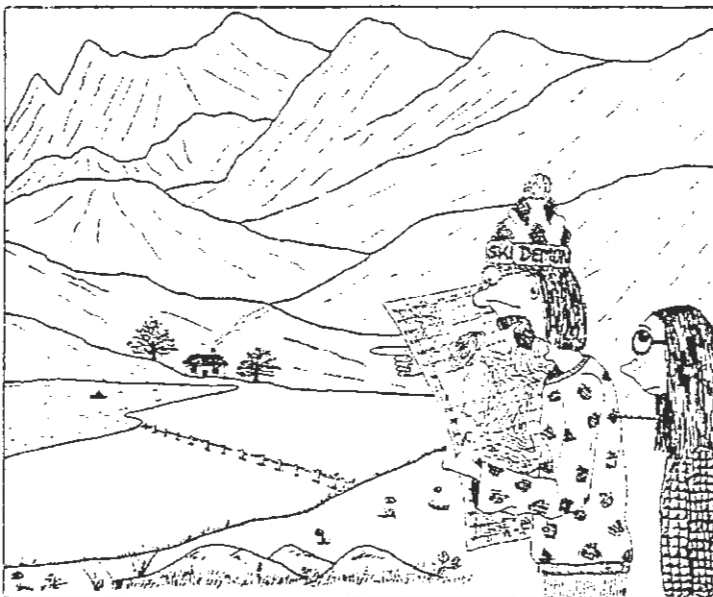
It was palpable that certain members, including yourself, used the medium of the newsletter as a cudgel with which to bludgeon our Rambling Chairman. Such scurrilous and intemperate ragings, against a good servant of our club were totally unwarranted. To vilify a paragon in such terms, masquerading as panegyrics, is a gross misapplication of the profound authority invested in your exalted position.

I feel sure that on reflection, you will find it more appropriate to show a little kindness to, if not to lionise, a fellow Rambler who ceaselessly displays such humility.

Gerome Fisher

It was all in good humour, but Isn't Ray Mc still the Rambling Chairman then?

The Editor



FOR SALE

Gents Racing Bike

• 5 Speed •

• Good Condition •

£45

Interested ? Contact Leo Pearson

Tel: (051) 489 0746

CAPTION COMPETITION

"Look, you can see our house from here"

Shella Shore.

"I don't remember crossing that big lake down there last winter when I had my skis on"

Dave News.

"Where is Joe, just when you need him most?"

Ray McIntosh.

And the winner is **Shella Shore.**

Seriously Ill

John McLindon, who used to help out as our club's DJ not too many years ago, is seriously ill.

Your prayers for him would be appreciated.

SENIORS' SECTION

RAMBLES

JULY 10 - PETER ATHERTON - 526 2153.

JULY 24 - LEO PEARSON - 489 0746.

HOUSE MEETINGS

AUGUST 4 - PETER & MARIE ATHERTON -
12 Meadow Lane, Maghull.

WRITE-UPS

LLANARMON YN IAL - May 8

Our rendezvous, the Raven Inn, at Llanarmon (where our General Section have February hot-pots) proved to be an idyllic spot. In Jean's absence (providing moral support for much improved husband) it fell to Freda to suggest coffee and this was taken al fresco on a morning of brilliant sunshine. Bill had been up and about so long enjoying its delights that he called for a sustaining plate of toast.

Seven finally set off - passing, to our astonishment, through a small housing estate, then into lovely open countryside. The way took us past some ponds at which a few fishermen meditated in soulful inactivity; May and Frank were tempted to suggest that they had passed this way before on one of their forays from the Chalet - and were soon proved right. We continued past a deer farm. "Ever had venison?" Tony quipped - "No it's too dear!"

We were seven simple souls out to enjoy ourselves - and how we feasted on the superb views! A long moderate ascent brought us to Moel y Plas where lunch was taken and we had a 360 degree panorama. George and Tony, equipped with binoculars, were able to identify the Carnedd's and Tryfan. After lunch we continued for some time along Offa's Dyke and eventually the Clwyd Gate cafe came into view.

Near the cafe we were distressed to find a notice deploring the building of a bypass herabouts and imploring signatures from protesters. We made our way to Bwlch Uchaf to register our feelings but, alas, found the householders absent.

At this point we had come down to the road but only for a short distance. We were soon deep in rural Wales again, exclaiming in delight at the views and marvelling at the number of stiles we had climbed. May had become a little bored with the orthodox methods of surmounting them and was suddenly seen to try diving over. We were very impressed and luckily she came to no harm. I think we were all more concerned than she was! She had certainly outshone Farmer Bill who had merely rounded up an errant sheep and guided it back to its pen!

The scenery changed to a very dark wood then more open views, more woodland, but always there was something of interest, even in the fact that George had no sandwiches left for his tea - he readily conceded that Freda could do the job for him next time as she obviously had a superior talent to him.

A lovely day had to end. Thanks to Tony and Molly.

Feda

SENIORS' SECTION

SADDLEWORTH - May 21

There were only three who accepted Bill's invite to walk with him starting from Dovestone Reservoir. After climbing only twenty feet we were not to see anyone else apart from a man and his dog and two young lads who had come the long way round.

Bill led us in rain and drizzle up Chew Hill, only 1500 feet, but with no run-in, one of us (I'm not saying who) found it hard going. At the top, while Bill and George were reading a memorial plaque, Freda was being chatted up by two young lads - "... what time is it please?" "Quarter past one."

Lunch was taken in the shelter of rocks and afterwards Bill set a steady pace over the moors heading for the Ashcroft Memorial. The drizzle persisted there was low cloud and the only colour in the monochrome landscape was the bright red new leaves of bilberries.

Nearing the memorial, which was erected to an MP who lost his life there when his gun fired accidentally, the weather took a turn for the worse, biting wind and rain. But who should we meet having their lunch? (a very exposed place to stop) - "... what time is it now please?" "Twenty past two", replied Freda.

We left them to it and headed for Raven Crag. Guess what! We missed it, but considering the mist, etcetera, not surprising. But Bill, not daunted, knew how to get us back - down a steep ravine and to a path on the other side of the river. Easier said than done. Freda and I disdained the boulders hurled into the fast flowing river by our two gallant gentlemen and we all with great agility made it, dryshod to the other side.

Bill led the way along what he called a sheep track - a rather challenging one! I'd have thought it possibly a track for goats as they're supposed to be even more agile on mountains, but the more I walked it I was sure it was meant for haggis!

Eventually we reached the point where we should have come down from Raven Crag and we had to renegotiate the river. Again with great agility, ability and gymnastic prowess we made dry land (I keep calling it a river but it could have been a stream. It was quite deep and fast flowing and gave the impression of a river, so we promoted it).

A drink was called for to celebrate, and George also took photos to prove that the weather had lifted and was quite pleasant as we continued on level paths alongside the Yeoman Hey and Dovestone Reservoirs. The last part was through the edge of a forest, and so back to civilisation.

An excellent day. Many thanks Bill. (I only promised this write up, to ensure a lift home).

P.P.

THANKS FROM THE POLISH LADS

Just as this Newsletter was going to print, a letter of thanks has been received by the General Section from the Polish trainee priests who had walked with us occasionally during the past 12 months.

THE FARMER AND THE COUNCILLOR

The signpost pointed through the corn,
Clear as a signpost may;
It did its very best to make
The path as clear as day -
But this was hard, because there was
No sign of any way.

The Farmer eyed it sulkily,
Because he thought the crowd
Of ramblers had no business there
After the field was ploughed.
'It's very rude of them', he said,
'And should not be allowed'

The Farmer with the Councillor
Was hand in glove; and they
Both wept like anything to see
So many rights of way.
'If these were only closed' they said,
'O, that would be the day'

'If seven farmers seven years
With ploughs the paths bulldozed,
Do you suppose', the farmer said,
'That we could get them closed?'
'I doubt it,' said the councillor:
'It's bound to be opposed'

The eldest Rambler spoke to him,
And many an hour he talked;
The eldest Rambler made it plain
That they would not be baulked,
Meaning to say they did not choose
To leave the paths unwalked.

A few young ramblers blazed the trail,
A-fire to make a track -
Their shoes were stout, their maps were new
Their garb the anorak -
But this was hard, because of paths
There was a total lack.

The Farmer and the Councillor.
They watched the ramblers go,
And then they sat long hours and talked.
Conveniently low.....
And on the wretched ramblers trudged,
All strung out in a row.

'The time has come', the Farmer said,
'To talk of many things -
Of dogs and damage, gates unlatched,
Of mess, and trespassings,
Of how to rationalise the paths
And how to pull the strings.'

'A friend high up', the farmer said,
'Is really quite a must;
Support from landowners we have
Already got, I trust....
So if you're ready, ramblers all,
The case can be discussed.'

'It was so kind of you to come;
It's very nice of you.'
The Councillor said nothing [as
They all too often do]
Except 'I wish you'd hurry up
And get the business through.'

'I weep for you,' the farmer said;
'I deeply sympathise.'
With sobs he pointed out the paths
He wished to rationalise,
Holding his pocket handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

'O ramblers?' said the Councillor:
'You've had your bit of fun,
So now you can walk home again....'
But footpaths there were none -
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd closed them every one.

This poem by the late
M Tomkins,
a keen defender of public paths in
Hertfordshire, is reproduced by kind
permission of The Countryman Magazine.



The poem was sent into
the Newsletter by
Joe Rourke.

