

Liverpool Catholic Ramblers NEWSLETTER



Autumn 2004

Seventh Series

Issue 47

Reminder note to those who haven't yet renewed

Annual Subscriptions are now overdue

Single members £5, Married couples £6

Wedding Bells



Mary Black and Francesco Manzano (Paco)
and

Sally Mason and David Parry

walked down the aisle recently – just in time to save £4
by paying the married couples joint £6 annual subs!

Best wishes for your future happiness.

Editor's note: I was asked if it was possible to include a wedding photo. I pointed out the quality would be very disappointing due to the high-speed photocopier used. Each newsletter is printed and stapled in six seconds! Photos could be successful if the speed was reduced, but the staff are reluctant to do this if there is a queue for their super copier. However, all drawings reproduce fine, so above is an artist's impression by Ivor Bookfull!

Forthcoming Socials

at the Ship and Mitre (upstairs)

Thursday November 4th and

Thursday December 2nd

Cheese and Wine Nights

with Ken's Quiz

and our own musicians **'Free and Easy'**

PLUS

The **SECOND** Thursday in December

FLOG IT

Help to boost our club's funds at our

BRING and BUY SALE

at the Ship and Mitre (upstairs)

On Thursday December 9th



Bring any unwanted items from your house that
you think will generate money for the club, but
no jumble, thanks.

Big attraction for this special festive night –

Mince Pies

Sale will start about 9.30pm

Lyn Perrow is your auctioneer

Editor's briefs

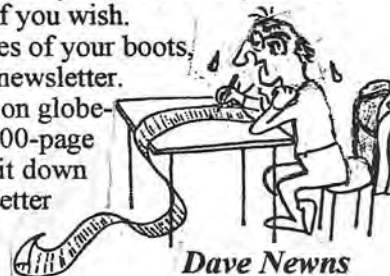
SEVERAL good ramble reports and a witty poem
appear in this edition. Thanks to all contributors.

However, there was scope for another half-a-dozen
reports for rambles that took place since the last news-
letter, but alas, there weren't any reports sent to me.

If every member wrote just one ramble report per
year we would end up with a comprehensive record of
most of our rambles. This actually happened not too
many years ago – so, how about putting pen to paper? It
can be brief or as lengthy as you like, and you can
always remain anonymous if you wish.

Anyway, check the insides of your boots,
and then enjoy reading this newsletter.

Meanwhile I'm working on globe-
trotting Albert Downing's 600-page
story – drastically reducing it down
to about six pages for newsletter
serialisation and it certainly
is a bit of a challenge!



Dave News

NEXT EDITION is the Christmas one, so give or send material to
me ASAP at 7 Abbotts Way, Billinge, Wigan WN5 7SB. Thanks.

NEW MEMBERS

A HEARTY welcome is given to all new members who
have joined our ranks over the past few months.

The latest recruits are: Ronnie and Sylvia Kavanagh,
Frank Lunney, Margaret Smith and Barry Faulkner.

We hope you will enjoy many happy years with us.

NEW ARRIVAL – Congratulations to Lyn Cain and
Eric on the arrival of a baby boy, Michael, at 7lb 11oz.

WANTED

CHRISTMAS HAMPER ITEMS

THINK of something YOU would like to find in a
Christmas hamper, then donate the same to Mike Riley
for him to include in our Hamper Draw at the
Christmas Dance. Bottles can be included.

Christmas Dance

at the Eldonian Village Hall,
Burlington Street, off Vauxhall Road

SATURDAY 18TH DECEMBER 2004

Live Entertainment plus Disco dancing
From 8.00pm till 1.00am

Hamper Draw - Raffle
Safe Parking

Licensed Bar - Refreshments
should be available at a nominal
charge - more details will be
given in the Christmas Newsletter



Tickets £5

Tickets now available

Anglesey - A Tale of Two Walks

The first walk:

ON August 1st myself, Carol and Richie set off to do a recce for the club's walk on Anglesey for the following month. The sun was shining and it was the most pleasant day you could imagine.

After Richie picked us up at Lime Street around 10am we did a slight detour to Holywell where the water is reputed to have healing powers; then, after a short stop, we headed off along the coast.

A few miles past Bangor we crossed the Menai Bridge and were soon passing the statue of Admiral Nelson towering above the Nautical Academy. The waters around Anglesey are supposed to be some of the most treacherous in Britain, experiencing many shipwrecks over the years.

A few hours later we had devised a really pleasant 'C' walk in the Trearddur Bay area along the dramatic rugged coastline down to Rhoscolyn. Carol planned to start her 'A' walk from Holyhead taking in Holyhead Mountain. Eventually, at the end of the day, we had enjoyed one of the best walks, weatherwise, that we'd had all summer.

The second walk:

Unfortunately we have no control over the weather and when the club did the actual walk on September 12th it was atrocious, with rain all day, and even worse, we had to struggle against strong winds hitting us at gale-force from the sea and Richie had to abandon parts of his coastal route.

Paradoxically, I actually enjoyed our 'A' walk led by Carol, who took in Holyhead Mountain and along to South Stack taking us back to Trearddur Bay. It was wild and windy but the rugged coastline, I thought, was magnificent.

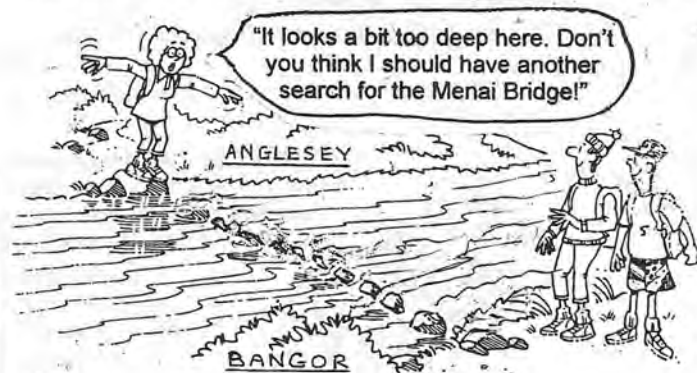
I'd like to thank Richie in his endeavour to organise a good coastal 'C' walk, for finding somewhere for the coach to park and even had the 'Liverpool Inn' earmarked for relaxation after the ramble. But in the end the weather had the final say and the walks were forced to finish early. Lamentably, we then found the pub shut and not due to open until 6pm. However we did compromise later with a stop at the 'Leprechaun' in Queensferry.

Oh well, that's life as a seasoned Rambler, I suppose!

I think people remember a ramble in particular by the weather, so what a shame that, because of the blustery conditions, this walk had to be modified so drastically. I do hope that we can revisit Anglesey on a calm, sunny day in the future as I think there are some good coastal walks there, especially for the 'C' walkers.

PS: This really was a "Sea" walk!

Ken R



Ambleside at New Year

From Friday 31st December to
Monday 3rd January (Bank Holiday)

JUST a few vacancies now remain for a three-night stay (sharing with about 200 other hostellers) at the Ambleside YHA, situated near the Ferry Landing Stage on Lake Windermere.

Total cost for three nights includes all breakfasts and evening meals/buffet. Packed lunches may be purchased extra (ordered the day before required):

2-bedded room	£89.40
4-bedded room	£86.40
8-bedded dormitory (men)	£85.40

Note: The club will not be arranging transport, so before you book make sure you can either take your own car or you can get a lift in someone else's car - or you could possibly arrange to get public transport up there. State your room preference when booking. No bookings will be taken without your £5 deposit.

NOTE: Total amount for all bookings must be paid by November 20th

Any remaining beds that the club have by this date will be taken back and used by the YHA.

All cheques to be made out to LCRA.

Pay the person taking bookings on the coach, or
Will Harris.



Dave the Peg

TREADING gingerly, I set off to lead the Buxton 'C' walk after a ten-week break due to my severe ankle sprain. Soon after starting, I was aware of a lump under my left heel. Oh no! That was my dodgy foot.

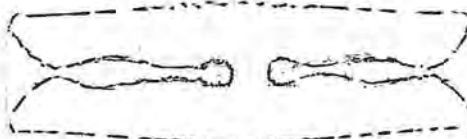
After tugging my sock I still felt a lump so assumed it was my insole not properly pushed into the boot. Resolving to sort it out at the break, the muddy terrain was now the main priority and my little lump was soon forgotten.

Next day, before stuffing newspaper into my wet boots I took out the insoles, and, to my astonishment, out fell a small clothes peg!

"But how did that get there?" I asked myself. Then I remembered that I had dropped a couple of pegs near my back door a while ago. And yes, my boots were nearby, with the insoles out. As I popped the insoles back, I didn't detect that elusive peg inside my boot.

I now have a peg-shaped groove under the heel of my left polystyrene insole. Incredibly, that much-travelled clothes peg seems to have given me the lift that my dodgy ankle needed!

But all future sprained ankle sufferers beware! It worked for me, but it might not work for you - so don't try this at home!



Actual
size of
the peg

Holy Cows! or have you herd about the Anglesey ramble

IT was summer 1989 when I first visited and took an instant liking to Anglesey. My husband, our six-year-old son and myself spent an idyllic two weeks there.

We walked for miles around the coastline and up along on the cliff's edge. Along country lanes my husband pointed out wild plants and flowers, explaining to me and our son their various medicinal and herbal uses and remedies.

Thought wistfully of Anglesey

We stayed at a farmhouse where we dined on sumptuous homemade food. We were only ten minutes from the beach, where my husband and son would scour the little rock pools searching for signs of marine life, while I lazily sat by the river's edge watching the local lads jumping into the water from off the pier when it was high tide.

We holidayed in Anglesey two more times; the last time being in 1991. Unfortunately, shortly after that, my husband and I were to go our separate ways.

Tragically, and to my bitter regret, my husband died not long afterwards, at the relatively young age of 56, after contracting the silent killer of pneumonia.

Then, after years of thinking that if only we had still been together I just may have got him medical help in time, and then, after many other just maybes, I finally pulled myself together. But I had often thought wistfully of the beautiful Isle of Anglesey.

Cemaes Bay was the place where we stayed, and I often used to say that I would love to live there.

I returned to that idyllic island

And so, fifteen years after that first visit, I finally returned, but this time it was with the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers for one of their 'C' walks on a stormy September 2004 Sunday.

When the coach trundled over the Menai Straits Bridge I felt a huge surge of emotion. I also felt I was returning to the island to lay some ghosts of my past.

Later, as the coach arrived at our destination in Holyhead, gale force winds had descended – a mini hurricane seemed to be blowing angrily all around us.

Wrapped up in our rainproof gear, we set off after Richie, our intrepid leader for the day. I'm sure he was wearing skates hidden beneath his waterproofs.



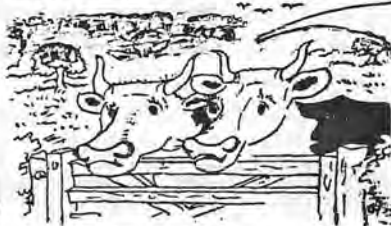
"I had often thought of living here in Anglesey, you know!"



The storm gathered momentum as we raced after him with our heads held down; over stiles; across fields; down by the cliff's edge to view the lashing waves.

It was getting impossible to lift up our little heads to face the onslaught of Hurricane Richie – erm, I mean Hurricane Oliver.

And then! It was about three hours later, after we had climbed stiles, crossed fields and sauntered by the cliff's edge to view the lashing waves again (about 50 times that day!) – we confronted them... cows – about a hundred of them, racing madly around us, looking ready to charge.



"Those ramblers must be mad walking in this blustery weather. Come on, we'd better stir the rest of our herd into action!"

Myself, and the rest of the tail-enders ran to scale the nearest wall. But, after helping Flo over – or rather, having to push Flo over because her foot was stuck (poor dear!) I had fallen unceremoniously into a ditch and agonisingly sprained my wrist.

But get this; especially Pat: Those animals were not cows – but all BULLS!

As we watched safely from the other side of the wall we were amazed at how the rest of the party could stand still while the bulls ran around them.

And leaving the field, completely unruffled by the bulls, was lucky legs Richie himself, still racing along on his hidden skates, while the rest of us tried to keep up, completely cow-shocked by the episode.

Put to rest

It was later that night, as I nursed my sprained wrist I was able to award myself a few giggles at the day's events.

I wearily climbed the stairs to my bed, suddenly remembering my past intentions of wanting to live in Anglesey. After today – No thanks!

And what about the ghosts of my past that I wanted to put to rest? The only thing I wanted to put to rest was my aching body. My past was now well and truly put to rest.

I switched off the lamp.

'Goodnight,' I murmured sleepily, to no one in particular.

Roni Murray, 2004

Richie's been hounded by hurricanes lately. He was in Florida when the first one narrowly missed him – then another one followed Richie to Trearddur Bay.

He now only feels safe once he's inside his own office!



Ramble to Piethorne

Sunday, 12th Sept

ON a lovely fresh sunny Sunday, eight ramblers met Harry, our leader, in the car park by Ogden Reservoir

Our walk began uphill through a field of very friendly bullocks who took great interest in us as we passed by.

Further along, the path led through an old moorland village where the original stone houses had all been refurbished (the old school house built in the 1700's) all combining to make a very attractive complex. Soon we reached the top of the moor where we could see Winter Hill in the distance.

Throughout this walk we were going to see quite a number of reservoirs (at least five) as we rambled along parts of the Pennine Way. The scenery all around was impressive.

From such a remote area we were surprised to pass a newly built house with a peacock strutting in a landscaped garden and a live hedgehog sitting on a wall. Shortly afterwards it was lunchtime and we sat in the shelter of a stone wall admiring the moorland landscape all around us.



After lunch it became windier and cooler and a shower of rain meant our waterproofs had to be put on. The paths crisscrossed the land around the reservoirs belonging to North West Water and it was interesting to see the engineering involved from a lofty view.

At one part of our ramble we passed through a Nature Reserve but by now the weather had become very windy with intermittent showers.

On arrival back at the Ogden Reservoir a short break was taken while one of our party stopped to photograph one of the numerous dinner plate-sized toadstools in a field. Then, back at the car park, our leader had another surprise for us – we walked up the hill back to the village and the Barn. This was a series of farm buildings built in 1710 and renovated recently. Delicious homemade cakes were now enjoyed as we had a welcome tea/coffee break.

Eventually, we rambled back through the field of bullocks (all waiting by the gate to greet us). Gerry stood guard as the more timorous members in the party edged past.

Bill then suggested as we had some time to spare, we might like to add another mile before ending the ramble. All agreed and a further two-mile lap of Ogden Reservoir was done.

Our day ended with an excellent meal in the Black Horse in nearby Denshaw. Harry had planned a most enjoyable walk and meal with great thought. Thank you Harry for such a good day. Fortunately the stormy weather didn't arrive until on the journey home.

The quotation: "Water, water everywhere, nor any drop to drink" (Samuel Taylor Coleridge) summed up this outing. *L.A.*

A meal in the Piazza

ABOUT one in four of our combined members attended our Annual Mass recently at the Cathedral Crypt, celebrated by the Rev Fr Michael Gaine. Afterwards, about twenty Seniors' Section members enjoyed a meal at the Cathedral's new restaurant in the Piazza. A few others, including myself, Chris Dobbin and Fr Gaine, also dropped in. Three even shot off to Llandudno by car for a ramble.

During the Mass we prayed for those members who had sadly died during the past twelve months, including: Bernard Edwards, Mark Walsh, Kath Burns and Mary Smith.

We were then reminded of the parents of our current members who had also died during the past twelve months including Thomas Newns, Teresa Black, and Cyril and Joyce Plummer (*Marcia Thompson's parents*).

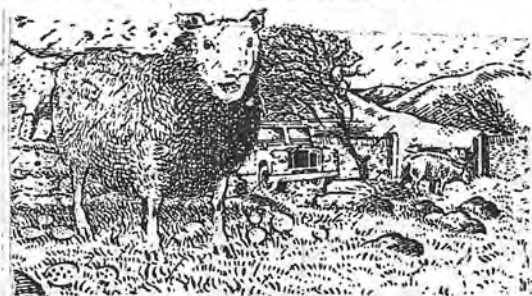
Finally we prayed for Kenneth Bigley (*who was still in captivity at the time*) and his family that they might find courage.

Ramblings of a Rambler

Completely drenched – wet through to the skin

With a rucksack that weighs half a tonne,

Just what could possibly be more fun?
And who needs a day in the sun?



The sheep start yawning, not frisky,
As we ramblers go squelching by,
Wishing our flasks contained whisky –
With some homemade steroid pie.

"A mile to go," the leader now said,
Overlooking the odd eight or nine!
And that ominous hill just ahead
That he swears wasn't there the last time!

We've now climbed every stile in North Wales

And I'm flagging ever so slightly.
I try to picture that pub with real ales
And the log fires burning so brightly.

At last the coach appears in a haze,
Boots and rucksack dissolve in a heap,
Then Ken utters that immortal phrase:
"Would you like to book for next week?"

Paula Larkin

☹ Chairless

There were no nominations for chairman at our recent AGM. In this situation, the president or a vice-president takes over temporarily.

Technically, it's incorrect to say chairperson. You wouldn't say a policeperson or a postperson! A woman can correctly be a chairman but it's also acceptable to be called chairwoman or chairlady.

☠ Hijackings

We've had two recently. On October 3rd the Cat and Fiddle to Buxton ramble was hijacked due to the Cat and Fiddle Pass being closed for road repairs. We compromised by doing a Buxton circular walk, but with hindsight, in spite of the muddy conditions, I think that Whalley Bridge to Buxton would have made a better ramble.

At Haworth on October 24th when our coach drove into the car park to pick us up at the end of the walks the wheelclampers deliberately blocked our exit from the car park. It's just as well that we are not allowed to carry guns around with us in this country, but in the end a compromise of £4 was paid before the belligerent clampers moved their white van out of the way.

Incidentally, Haworth is noted for being a wheelclampers paradise. I nearly choked on my muesli when I heard the Howarth warning on National radio, nine years ago. Ironically, just a week before that warning, I had been clamped at Howarth after being just a few minutes over a two-hour paid-for visit to that same car park.

It me cost £25 to get unclamped! – Editor.

Do your bit for the club by photocopying this poster, and then get it posted in your library or church, etc.

Ramblerite

BEAUTIFUL autumn sun is shining at the moment and is forecast for a while yet, and this should encourage many of us to book for the walks. Due to my sprained ankle, I've not been out rambling during August and September – however, I did get out on the recent Buxton and Ambleside walks.

At Ambleside the 'A' walk went north over the ridges while the 'B' and 'C' both included Wansfell, leaving the popular Loughrigg Terrace route above Grasmere free for the New Year weekend.

Partly due to successful advertising, there was a healthy turnout for the Haworth walk last week and the rain kept off during the walks but drenched everyone coming out of the pub in the evening.

Apart from better weather, all we need now is a few more walk leaders. A suggestion at the recent AGM was to take a leaf out of the book of some other clubs where someone will be familiar with a particular walk and volunteer to lead just that one walk. There must be quite a few in the club could do this. Meanwhile the regular leaders will continue to fill any vacant slots.

The weather looks promising for the Coniston walk, so, like the others who have booked for tomorrow, I'm looking forward to getting out into the autumn sunshine. So here's hoping we now get many more dry days in the new winter programme of walks.

Dave Newns

A dog loves to go for a walk



So do we; with regular walks to the Lake District, the Yorkshire Dales, the Peak District, Snowdonia, etc

We cater for all types from the moderate Rambler to the devoted fell walker, and you are never over the hill with us – ages are 18 to 80

We also enjoy monthly Cheese and Wine nights, quizzes, etc

So why not try a day of 'walkies' with us
The Liverpool Catholic Ramblers

All denominations welcome

Give Will a buzz on 0151-486 6541