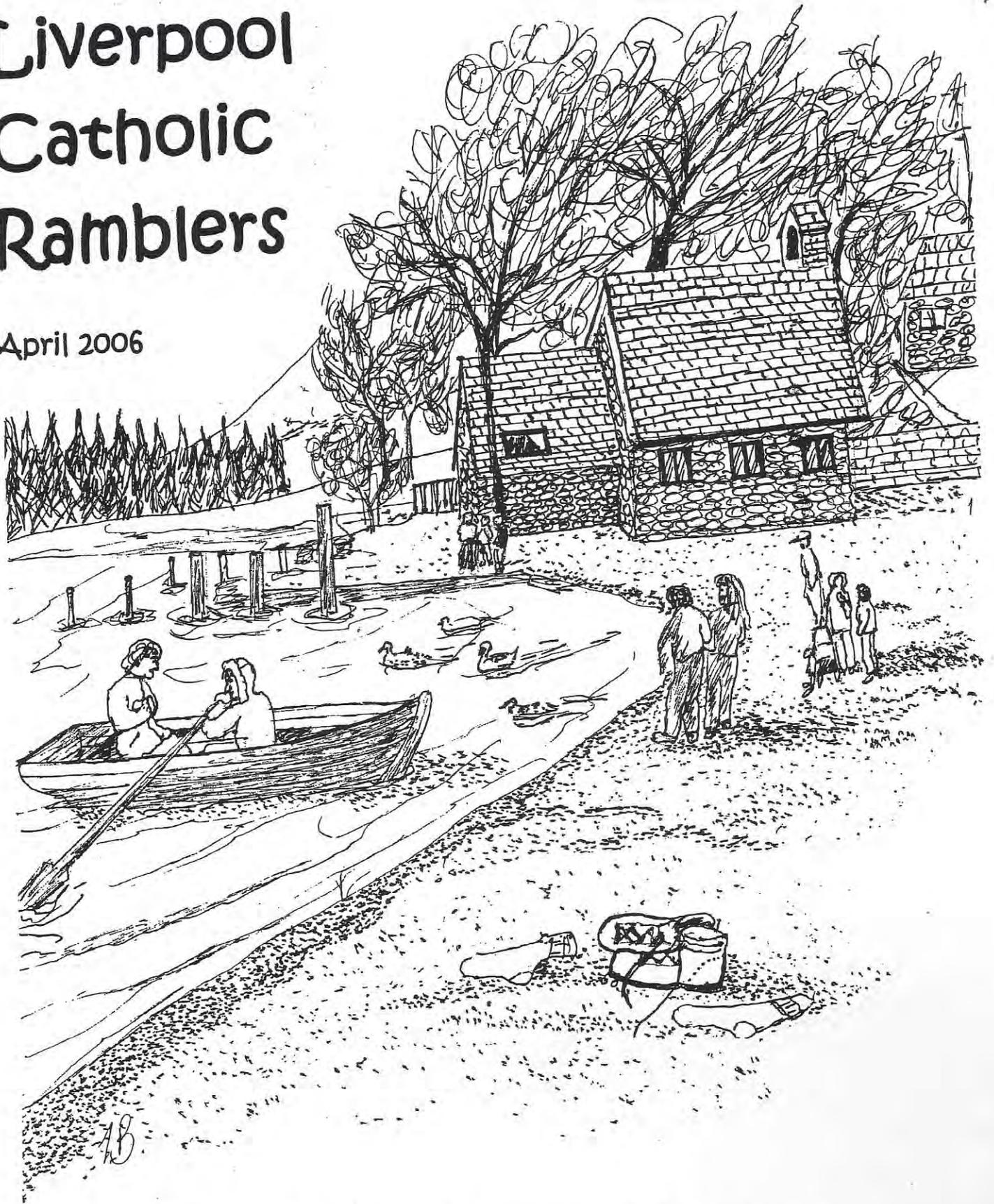


Liverpool Catholic Ramblers

April 2006



Easter Newsletter

Seventh Series

Edition number 55

Victoria Walkers (Australia) V Liverpool LCRA

Catholic Walking Club of Victoria 13, Liverpool Catholic Ramblers 2

ALL I HAVE for this six-page Easter newsletter is a ramble write-up from the Seniors' Section and a new front cover by Tricia Bentley. Thanks Tricia. I have just been looking through an Australian newsletter for inspiration. Their club is only half the size of ours, and like us, they have a newsletter roughly every two months.

Well, I have just counted thirteen different contributors, all reporting rambling trips, etc. Are these Australians divinely inspired?

I could do with a bit of divine inspiration myself, but hang on; I heard a thump from my letterbox. Well now, it was the SAS delivering Richie's contribution on how to prepare for a walk in Borneo (below). It's good - read it.



So, how does one do a report? Don't put the kettle on first - just do it! Then read through it and play around with it until you get it right. I could fill the newsletter with my own stories but it is yours that we need. Ah well, I guess I will have to put the kettle on!

Dave News



NEW MEMBERS

WELCOME to all new members who have joined our ranks recently. We hope that you will enjoy many happy and healthy years with us.

Cheese & Wine nights

These nights are held on the first Thursday of each month, at the Ship and Mitre, Dale Street (upstairs).

We have a free and easy quiz with prizes and we have our own musicians strumming a few songs during intervals. They call themselves **Free and Easy**.

So, get writing!

YOUR newsletter is now being published on a brand new computer from Dellboy, or something like that. It's a lot faster than the old one, so I hope that I can keep up with it!

Luckily I can type much faster than I can write. That could be something to do with my 30 years of slavery on newspapers - I am free now of course!

So don't forget to send me all those articles, either to my email address at davenews@hotmail.com

or at my other address: 7 Abbots Way, Billinge, Wigan WN5 7SB. Thanks.

SAS advice on how to prepare for a walk in Borneo

You'll find the high spot of your day,' said the major, 'is cleaning your teeth. The only bit of you you can keep clean. Don't shave in the jungle, because the slightest nick turns septic at once. And don't take more than one change of clothes, because you must keep your Bergen weight well down below sixty pounds. And don't expect your Iban trackers to carry it for you, either, because they have enough to do transporting their own food. So keep one set of dry kit in a sealed bag in your pack. Get into that each night after you've eaten.

Powder yourself all over, too, with zinc talc - don't feel sissy about it - you'll halve the rashes and the rot and the skin fungus. Then sleep. Then get up at 5.30 and into your wet kit. It's uncomfortable at first, but don't weaken - ever; if you do, there'll be two sets of wet kit in no time, you'll lose sleep and lose strength and then there'll be a disaster. But take as many dry socks as you can. Stuff them into all the crannies in your pack. And, in the morning,

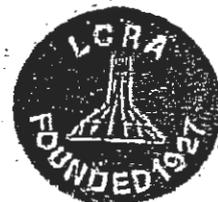
soak the pairs you are going to wear in autan insect repellent, to keep the leeches out of your boots. Stick it on your arms and round your waist and neck and in your hair, too, while you're about it, but not on your forehead because the sweat carries it into your eyes and it stings. Cover yourself at night, too against the mosquitoes. Take them seriously, because malaria is a terrible thing and it's easy to get, pills or no.

Get some jungle boots, good thick trousers and strong shirts. You won't want to nancy about in shorts once the first leech has had a go at you, believe me. Acclimatise slowly. The tropics takes people in different ways. Fit young men here just collapse in Brunei. You'll think it's the end of the world. You can't breathe. You can't move.

And then after two weeks you'll be used to it. And once in the jungle proper you'll never want to come out.

Forthcoming Rambles

- May
7 CASTLETON, Peak District. Route M62
14 MALHAM, Yorks Dales. M58/M6
21 SKELWITH BRIDGE/CONISTON, Lakes M58/M6
28 No ramble (Bank Holiday)



CLUB'S CLOTH BADGES

Just £2 each

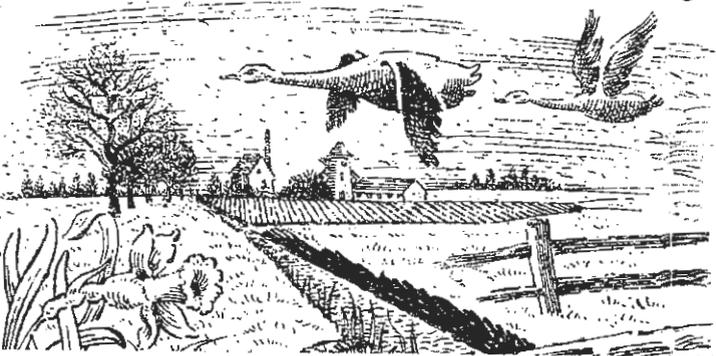
Twice this size here. Sold on the coach.

Ramblerite

SNOW hijacked the coach recently. Dot made a phone call from our snowy departure point at 9.30am on March 12th only to learn that the coach couldn't even get out of the depot.

On April 3rd my 'A' party of six found pockets of snow on the upper slopes of the Pike of Blisco in the Lake District. The other two walks were ably led by Lyn and Dot in the 'slightly damp' Langdale Valley area. With fierce bubbling streams and waterfalls everywhere, I was quite surprised to find the lofty Red Tarn (near Crinkle Crag) only half full. Apparently the last two winters have been the driest for over 70 years.

Many members were disappointed by the Tebay ramble being cancelled, apparently because we couldn't get any leaders. We need an 'A', 'B' and 'C' leader for each walk, so, in theory, we need nine leaders each month for our new pink rambling programme. The leaders will be designated for forthcoming rambles at the monthly committee meetings.



On the recent Clapham trip I was asked if I could lead the 'C' walk as we were short of a leader. Well I knew the area quite well – at least I thought I did, but came unstuck later that afternoon when our path hit the corner of a 7ft high stone wall (on the edge of Norber). There was a path behind the wall (prominently marked on the map) but no stile. It forced us to make a rugged diversion over a limestone pavement which was a bit too much for some. Mind you, Kay, one of our oldest members, told me after her tough venture that she actually 'enjoyed' the experience.

Earlier that same day we had been walking for just over an hour when I spotted tables and benches outside a pub in Austwick. Most of us had not eaten since breakfast and we'd had only a toilet stop en route, but the solitude of this village was suddenly shattered by an outburst from three veteran members saying that it was too early for my group to have a break. One of them egotistically announced that they had eaten their sandwiches on the coach. Most of us (especially some new members) were taken aback by their attitude. So, I then asked for a show of hands, and the majority wanted a break but the three mutineers went for a walk around. They'd be shot in some countries but we were in Limestone Country!

There has been a bad smell from the back of the coach recently – it was a urine smell from the toilet! The coach company have been informed. If it happens again I am sure we will be changing coach companies pretty rapidly. Anyway your editor has been typing this for an hour, so I am now taking a break!

Dave Newns

Walking stimulates the entire cell metabolism

RAMBLING, especially when walking uphill and into the mountains at a steady pace, has all kinds of benefits and there is a full list of them.

This is an extract from the writings of Alfred Vogel (1983). Further details and website are shown at end of this article.

MANY people would not have died at 50 or 60 if they had done more walking, because this healthy and relaxing exercise releases healing powers that benefit our body tremendously. Walking's invigorating movement is a vitalising exercise.

We take in plenty of oxygen, being forced to inhale deeply and evenly; this is a promising healing factor, acting in time like an inner massage on the cells, strengthening and revitalising blood vessels.

The entire cell metabolism is stimulated, and the exchange of gasses will be improved. The glands, especially the lymphatic system, will derive great benefit from the pure, energy-laden air. The bone marrow, too, will be stimulated to produce more red blood corpuscles as a result of our exposure to increased ultraviolet rays.

Most of all our nerves will find great relief in the undisturbed solicitude of Nature. Could they only speak they would shout for joy, because the quiet and peace we can still experience in the hills and mountains are among the best cures for a strained nervous system.

Finally to be away from roaring traffic is extremely important for our nerves. It is indeed disturbing that pedestrians are gradually losing out.

In built-up areas there are few footpaths left on which you are safe from exhaust fumes. All these changes have been detrimental to our health, so we should persist in finding footpaths on which we can still feel quiet exhilaration and enjoy the aromatic scents of glorious Nature in full measure.

Well, how about adding . . . You can achieve all this with the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers! – Editor

The Nature Doctor by Alfred Vogel is available in paperback, price £12.99, from your local health store or at www.AVogel.co.uk



Walk 10,000 steps a day

There's another article in the health magazine I picked up which encourages us to walk 10,000 steps a day. You can easily work out how many steps you take by setting a pedometer to your average pace – 10,000 steps is roughly 4½ miles.

Keswick Weekend

Friday 21 April to Sunday 23 April

FORTY-FIVE members have promptly booked for our club weekend at Lakeside House, which is now full. Any more wishing to come should have no problem finding accommodation – there are at least three other members staying elsewhere in Keswick for this weekend away. Your transport up there has to be arranged individually, sharing cars.

NOTE: Everyone must have paid ALL outstanding money, even if you owe just a pound or so, as none will be collected on the actual weekend away.

Anyone not residing at the house but wishing to have a meal there must also pay Will before the weekend.

If you haven't finalised your payments (£63.50 per person) then either pay on Thurs April 6 or the ramble on April 9 or send a cheque to: Will Harris, 57 Higher Road, L26 1TA. Cheques to be made out to LCRA.

MEALS: include breakfast on the Saturday and Sunday plus evening meals on the Saturday and Sunday, but do not include Friday night. There are lots of places where you can eat on Friday in Keswick. Some are quite happy to dine in the café above the chippy at the corner of the main street, while others prefer more salubrious surroundings.

Mealtimes: Saturday breakfast 8.00, evening meal 6.30; Sunday breakfast 9.15 (*enabling people to attend the 8.00 Mass*), evening meal 5.00, departing afterwards.

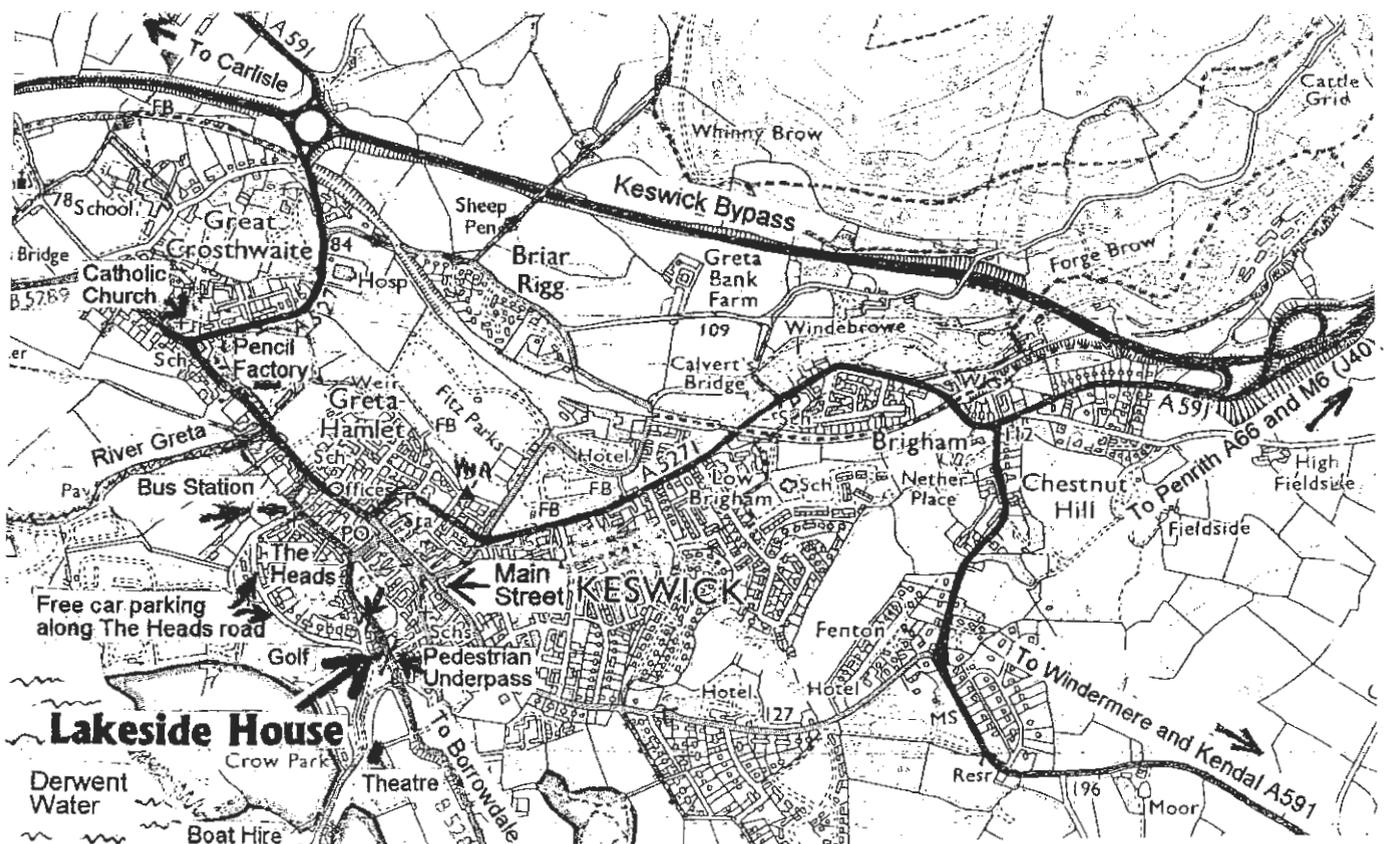


The Moot Hall, Keswick

THE ROUTE (with newcomers in mind): Up the M6 to Junction 40 (Penrith). This is about 15 miles longer than the scenic route through the Lakes (via Kendal/Windermere) but is quicker in time. Some go up the scenic way through the Lakes and come back the other way. On arrival at Keswick, head for the bus station as Keswick's main street is blocked off (see map) – then turn into The Heads, opposite the main car park.

£60 WARNING: Ignore the parking regulations at your peril! Many people have been booked for parking illegally during the day outside Lakeside House. Parking your car along The Heads (no parking restrictions) could mean a possible short walk in the rain, but is better than a £60 fine!

WALKS: As usual, several rambles will be planned over the weekend (A, B and C) or you can do your own thing. Ensure you have food and drink – there is at least one sandwich shop in Keswick.



High-speed rambling – about 70 miles a day!

ASCENDING up to around eight mountains a day with *no effort, and relaxing now and again, on the balcony of sun-drenched mountain restaurants was like a dream for our ever-changing groups of skiing ramblers for a period going back over 40 years.

Record turnout was 24 members skiing in the Austrian Tyrol in 1968 – my second year on skis.

Over the years it became high-speed rambling, and in the late 80's we were gliding along wide mountain ridges and zooming down valleys at Saalbach, covering 70 miles a day. Unbelievable!

Redundancy swept me off the slopes in 1990 – plus a lack of good snow (milder winters) – and finally, our remaining few hung their ski boots up.

**The ski lifts at Saalbach, linked eight mountains called a 'ski circus'. Ski circuses are everywhere now.*

From the ski slopes to the Inca Trail

LYN (White) and PAT (Manley) will be jetting off to Lima at the end of May to walk the rugged Inca Trail. They will be joining an organised group and the programme sounds pretty tough. Lyn should be fit as she recently returned from a week's skiing in the Italian Dolomites with a group of 50 other skiers.

I haven't heard of any of our members ever having done the Inca Trail before, so have a good trek, ladies!

They hope to do a report of this astounding trip in one of our summer newsletters.

Three other globetrotters

SHEENA (Downing) was roving around India during the festive season. On Christmas Day she was 5,000 metres high on the cold summit of Mount Abu. By contrast, on New Year's Day she was in an Indian desert on a 3,000-mile Camel Safari, but I believe she was on four wheels, not a camel!

Since returning, Sheena says she has been too busy to write about this exciting trip in our newsletter so far. She recently started up a new business venture and a few days ago (March 28th) she became a 'young' grandmother – for the fifth time (Nancy Louise).

GERALDINE (Martin) had a great fortnight in Dubai at the end of February. Her busy social life has kept her off rambles since but she will tell us all about it on the Keswick weekend. She used to work over there and certainly noticed big changes since.

KATH (Robinson) is in Singapore for a week at the moment, before flying to Australia for five weeks to visit her daughter who has emigrated there.

CAUGHT SKI BUG

I EVENTUALLY got the ski bug again 16 months ago, at Zakopane, escorted by one of my three sisters, who had skied once before. Mike, Dave D, Helen and Brenda came along but hadn't skied before. Mike and Dave decided to give it a try while Brenda and Helen did a few snowy rambles. The flights were so cheap

that I actually took a second trip two months later with two beginners, Flo and Rene, both in their 60s – no age barriers for anyone learning to ski! Rene used to water ski and soon proved to be a fast learner.

All fir trees and no undies!

ANYWAY, two months ago, a return winter trip was made by Mike, Dave D, Helen, Brenda, Ron and his wife Sylvia plus Emma and John (*Mike and Helen's snow-boarding son*) all hiring ski equipment. These eight also did several low-level rambles in deep snow.

Meanwhile George and I were off to the six-seater chairlift ski slopes sandwiched between deep rows of fir trees. Ron joined us one day and John zoomed past us on his snowboard occasionally.

About 20 years ago George gave up skiing for fatherly duties. Now, amusingly, he spent the first morning looking around Zakopane, not sightseeing, but for . . . gent's underpants! Well, he had packed a bag of them at home, plus long Johns; but forgot to put them in his suitcase!

We did see a pair of Calvin Klein briefs in a sports shop costing £7. Wow! That's a day's wage in Poland! Eventually, we found cheaper ones at the far end of the market. George then promptly fell over three times – in the street! It was so slippery with all that snow and ice. He never fell over once he was back on skis!

Okay, we've got enough snow now!

After several days we were wishing the sporadic snowfalls would ease off a bit! Finally, the sun shone on the day after Valentine's Day and I flagged down a minibus at 7.30 to the cable car (missing breakfast) to beat the long queue expected. By 9am there was a five-hour queue!!! The queues are just as bad in the summer with thousands of walkers using the cable car. It only takes 30 people up every ten minutes. They are supposed to be getting another lift erected soon.

Anyway, after a mere 30-minute queue, by 8.30 I was having a cup of tea at the summit, and meeting up with a few experienced Poles. They hadn't done the black run down the left side of the mountain but I had done it last year – in a blizzard, so they asked me would I show them the way down! So here I was, an English skier leading four men from Warsaw down the mountain. It was marked by poles, but there were several unmarked junctions on the way down.

Needless to say, I really enjoyed that exhilarating five-mile ski run down from the summit of Zakopane's 7,000ft mountain, taking only 35 minutes. Two of us could have been much faster but we had to keep waiting for the other three! I then joined George back at the hotel at 9.50. He was just finishing breakfast, but I forgot to bring him that famous box of Cadbury's chocolates!

Dave Newski

NEW BRIGHTON

12th March 2006 Leader Tony Gilmore

IT first appeared in the car park in New Brighton, an over all grey shape. Was it an escaped bear from Chester Zoo? Unlikely. Was it Big Foot of the American Rockies? Most Unlikely. Was it the abominable snowman sneaked over in a container ship – docking at Bidston? Perhaps. If it was a yeti, then it had two appendages not yet recorded by yeti hunters – two fluorescent green paws!

It joined our party as we ascended a hill upon leaving the car park to gain the hinterland, following paths which by-passed thickets of gorse, then bush and storm-stunted trees, all sodden by the twelve hours of continuous rain, leaving puddled paths and sodden meadowland.

Lunch was partaken at the base of Leasow Lighthouse (c1763) and Tony gave us a brief history of the light. It was operational until the mid thirties, and was still occupied by the keeper's widow until her death, when it was abandoned. It was eventually renovated by local volunteers. Most surprising was when it was built; access to it was by rowing boat. It now stands a few hundred metres inland. Close by are some smallholdings and very 'des reses.'

As I munched my lunch I recalled being caught by my mum during a midnight raid. With a swift slap (pre parental correctness, I may add!) I was sent back to bed with threats of dire retribution. I wonder what dire retribution Mother has in store as we miscreants plunder her larder?

It was strange to think where we stood was the sea bed 233 years ago. Will Leasowe Lighthouse still be landlocked in another 233 years?



With the afternoon waning and the v. des reses becoming more numerous, the furthest point of the walk was reached, so we gratefully turned our backs to the wind and rain. Our return followed the shore line, past fishing boats left stranded by the receding tide. Looking back I saw our yeti surreptitiously taking photographs of the boats and later of a notice on Leasowe golf links, warning of low flying golf balls. Well, I suppose there aren't many fishing boats and golf links where he came from!

I am pretty sure that Tony G. will agree with me that on such a day, with lowering clouds draining the colour from sea and scenery, even the great wordsmith William W. would hardly be inspired to sharpen his quill, but happily a good ramble does not depend upon the weather, for the day was lightened by Tony's famous home made mince pies, Lilian's sweets and the company of Ita, Marcia and Anne, joining in the general banter and laughter.

There was one disappointment, though – there was a forty-minute wait for a table in the Derby Pool Pub, so we called it a day, and all went home. Oh yes, the yeti – it was last seen sitting snugly in the passenger seat with Marci driving!

Many thanks to Tony for leading; along with condolences upon the sad loss of Margaret, his sister, a stalwart walker of many years. She is in our thoughts and prayers. **G.**

The following doesn't really apply to the Seniors' Section, but it's worth noting that a couple of years ago, in Poland, at least one 80-year-old lady was enjoying skiing lessons! Presumably, her knees and all her other joints were still in good working order.



How long does it take to learn to ski?

SOME people learn faster than others. I was about average with four hours of dry ski instruction here, then four hours a day for a week in a ski school on nursery slopes in the Austrian Tyrol – 39 years ago!

The dozen people in my ski class soon had aching sides – not with the skiing but with laughing! The following year I could ski down a mountain on the blue (easy) runs but it took a few more years of instruction before I could do “parallels” – which is appearing to keep the skis glued together when turning and stopping at speed – essential on steeper slopes.

Dave Newnski