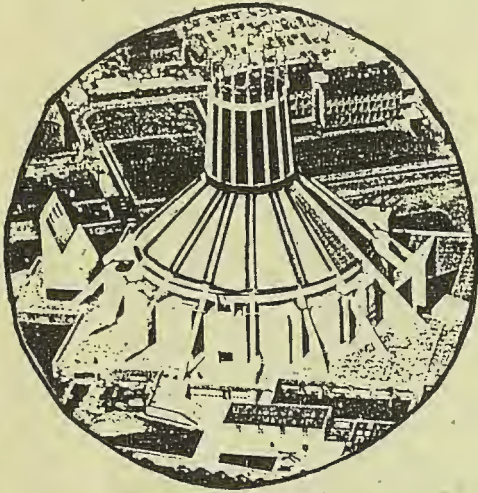


10-5-94

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION



NEWSLETTER



6TH Series Issue 3

April 1994

CHIT CHAT



Following the last issue's Special Feature, which impressed absolutely no-one, we decided to follow it up with an equally unmemorable and inaccurately reported conversation with no less a person than our very own Editor-in-Chief, Dave Newns.

Now Dave, as everyone knows, is of an unassuming nature with a benign countenance and would offend no-one. However the author has evidence to the contrary, for beyond this facade lurks a seething cauldron of unbridled bigotry and egocentric despotism, for how on earth can a full blown "pie eater" use such disparaging terminology, when referring to our own club members, the text of which follows:-

- RAY:- "I'm reliably informed Dave, that you have a penchant for wandering aimlessly through green pastures and hedgerows, often offending otherwise beneficent farmers"
- DAVE:- "I can't think how you got hold of an idea like that Ray, unless it was from one of them lot that follow me"
- RAY:- "Come off it Dave, on one of your forays, you were spotted with a wildly gesticulating farmer, and there was a wall-eyed border collie hanging from your throat"
- DAVE:- "It was playing and anyway the farmer was only blessing me - besides I'm sure he forgives my trespasses"
- RAY:- "Your errors in navigation are notorious though, aren't they Dave?"
- DAVE:- "Well, I did once set out to attend one of Joe's map-reading classes, but I couldn't find his house. Visibility was very poor that day, I was wearing my glasses"
- RAY:- "Now that you come to mention it Dave, you are the only person I know who takes off his glasses to study a map"
- DAVE:- "Oh I see - I think - I don't want to make a spectacle of myself"
- RAY:- "And that reminds me. Do you remember the time you led us to the wrong mountain? I never did get to see the photos of the subsequent celebrations"
- DAVE:- "Ah well, I em - had my finger over the lens"
- RAY:- "I'd like to talk about your editorial skills, Dave"
- DAVE:- "Now that's something I'm really good at"
- RAY:- "What, editing?"
- DAVE:- "No, talking about it"
- RAY:- "Why do you always substitute key words in my contributions, thereby totally changing my intended meaning?"
- DAVE:- "Could you explain the question please?"
- RAY:- "Never mind. Some of your contributors possess considerable literary abilities. Didn't one of them include the word serendipitous in the last edition?"
- DAVE:- "Yes, luckily I found that letter quite by accident, whilst sorting out the circulars and bills last month"



RAY:- "In contrast the Social Section's Briefs, were of infinitely mediocre proportions"

DAVE:- "Through dieting, do you think Ray?"

RAY:- "I can see why they call you the Billing Bounder"

DAVE:- "Well I get a little annoyed by whingeing, carping letters especially from Gerome Fisher"

RAY:- "Everybody's entitled to his own opinions Dave"

DAVE:- "I suppose so"

RAY:- "I was particular captivated by the "Merseyside Recipe" section, I'm surprised no-one suggested scouse"

DAVE:- "Scouse - er, I didn't think of that"

RAY:- "It would have been more appropriate than "Derwentwater Duckling"

DAVE:- "It found it's way back from Lakeside House, or some such place, in Jemima's handbag--"

RAY:- "Remind me to have a chat with Brian for the next edition"

DAVE:- "As I was saying, I had my reservations about including that, and the bit about burying pots, pans and binbags around the countryside. Thing is Bernie wasn't here to advise me, and I did so want to show initiative"

RAY:- "Nevertheless it must be an enormous responsibility producing the Newsletter"

DAVE:- "Yes, look at Ken. He's only been involved for two months and he's gone white with the strain of it all"

RAY:- "What then is the secret of your youthful appearance Dave?"

DAVE:- "You shouldn't take life too seriously Ray"

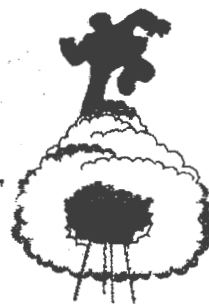
RAY:- "Oh, I agree Dave, we only come this way once"

DAVE:- "Unless of course I'm leading"

RAY:- "You know, at times my laid back attitude diminutively reflects yours, Dave"

DAVE:- "That's just the way you think Ray"

RAY:- "Well thanks for that comment, Dave, I can't stand people who get personal"-----



DID YOU SPOT DAVE'S DERISIVE REFERENCE TO LIVERPUDIANS?

Since the last Newsletter's Special Feature I have received several letters from someone named Sue, also one from a gentleman who signs his surname in triplicate on beautifully headed note-paper. For these I thank you.

Ray McIntosh

NO ROOM AT THE INN

[er "Can you come back next week?"]

Searching for a word beginning with the letter 'K' to go with Keswick for the description of the forthcoming weekend in the last edition, all I could come up with was The Keswick Kerfuffle - not quite the right word really, I thought at the time, as everything usually runs smoothly at Keswick.

Now read on and judge for yourselves!

Our scouting party [Beryl and Ian] went up ahead of our coach party for the weekend and to cut a long story a bit shorter, Marian, the manageress of Lakeside House went a whiter shade of pale when she discovered that we would be arriving that Friday night.

"But you are not due until NEXT weekend - and a coach party are coming from Manchester this weekend. There's no room for us" she told them.

Well, a few phone calls later, with Brian and Tom both going a whiter shade of pale and skipping a light fandango, Marian had somehow managed to book us all in at various addresses throughout Keswick; full praise due to Marian.

All that was left now was for Brian to work out who was going to stay where and sort out the single beds from the double beds. Well, that was a job-and-a-half to start with; then there was the proplem of liaising between hotels and working out a rendezvous for picking up for the walks.

In the end, everything seemed to fall into place and some of us had a bonus by stopping bed and breakfast only and all meeting in Keswick for a Saturday night meal out on the refund.

The weekend itself started with an almost Alpine setting as snow had fallen during the night over the peaks and Saturday morning was bathed in sunshine with a good day's walking ahead of us. Actually the snow proved to be too deep and dangerous on the highest peaks so we had to keep at a reasonable height for our walks starting mainly in Buttermere area.

Ray McIntosh and his wife met us on the Saturday morning and left us on the Saturday evening - a wise move! On Sunday's "B" walk, led by me, two deer were spotted, on the way to Watendlath - the other two dears were with me, spending the afternoon finding kissing gates and permissive paths.....but that's another story!

I had to smile, when yesterday, listening to the 7am news coming to a close on Radio 4, the announcer said "It is ten past nine. Sorry, eight, no seven!"

It's nice to know that even the best people make mistakes!

Dave News



BANK HOLIDAY CAMPING WEEKEND

[May 27 - 30]

The camp will be at Hawes, a village up in Wensleydale, which is part of the Yorkshire Dales National Park. The area consists of beautiful hills that appear to fold in on each other, with hidden brooks and leas running down from the tops.

Members wishing to come on this adventurous weekend should be prepared to provide or share cars, tents, food and camping equipment. We will probably have a communal kitchen for the cooking, depending upon the numbers that wish to go.

Contact me for further details [737 1041]

Tom Reilly

PANEGYRIC POEMS

In appreciation to the interviews conceded in these editions these panegyrics [pieces of writing in praise of a person] are dedicated to everyone's favourite rambler, the one and only [and thank goodness for that!] "Io loikes moy coider" McIntosh:

BIG FAT MAC

[to be recited to the tune of "Postman Pat"]

Big fat Mac,
Big fat Mac,
Big fat Mac,
and his green rucksack.
Early in the morning as the day is dawning,
he puts the big green pack on his back.

Everybody knows his bright red face,
Everybody cringes as he waves to greet them.
Maybe, you can never be sure,
He'll be puffing and panting and falling on the floor.

Big fat Mac,
Big fat Mac,
Big fat Mac,
He's a little bit slack.

Early in the morning, without any warning, he'll keel over - blocking off a whole footpath!!!

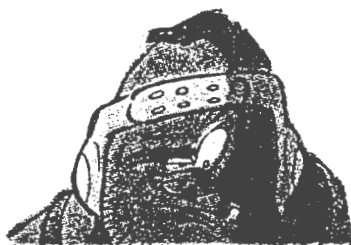
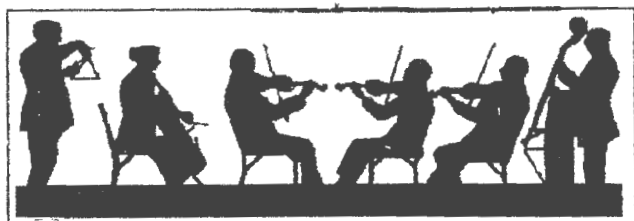
Chris Grice

[Leader of the campaign against Reg Holdsworth impersonations]

THE MUSIC OF THE BITE

[Phantom of the Opera tune]

Spite time sharpens,
Heightens each sensation,
Ray Mc stirs and wakes imagination,
Silently he senses when climbing over fences,
Helpless to resist this little fight,
For I compose the music of the bite.



Slowly, gently, fright grips that big spender,
Grasp him, shake him, tremulous and tender,
Chatting is believing,
Interviews deceiving,
Hard as lightening,
Soft as candle light,
Dare you trust Ray Mac on any night?

Close your book for your book will only tell the truth and the truth isn't what you want to see.
In the club it is easy to pretend but the truth is what it ought to be.
Softly, deftly, newsletters caress you,
Write it, read it, words that just possess you, open up your mind, let your fantasies unwind
In the club where you know you shouldn't fight,
You too can meet Ray Mac any Thursday night.

I wish to remain anonymous - EDITOR.



Hawkshead "B" Walk (13 March)

Joe Rourke may very well harp on about his sea-going adventures around the world, but what a lot of people don't know is that I am a bit of an ole sea lion myself. Oh yes, I remember my short, but distant career with the Wallasey Ferries on the good ship M.V. Mountwood at the tender age of 16 (long time ago of course).



"let go of that rope Thiis!"
"Aye, aye, Captain!"

I remember vividly the power I had over those helpless passengers.... "Get behind the brass line please!" "Your feet are over the line, move back please!" etc. Yet, going to and fro 24 times a day from the Pierhead was a real test for any deckhand.

So what the heck has all this got to do with the Hawkshead ramble? Well, today's ramble was due to start with a ferry from Bownes to the distant land of Far Sawrey. As you can imagine, the excitement for me was almost unbearable as our coach approached the launch area. Quickly I did a mental checklist: Water wings, yes! Ex-Wallasey Corporation flares, check! parrot on shoulder, check! Patch on eye, Check!.... But the unthinkable happened! As I was striding towards the jetty, chewing on my sea-sickness tablets, one of our crew in the advance party was on the retreat saying that all ferry crossings were cancelled today due to high winds!

For me personally I felt I had been hit by torpedoes one, two and three! As luck would have it, Ken was still nearby with his trusted coach and we were soon back aboard, cruising along the winding road to Ambleside and around Lake Windemere. This gave me time to check the charts and re-plot the route, hopefully with time for a decent ramble.

We disembarked at the hamlet of Outgate, starting at an inn in which we stayed out..yes, you can guess it: "The Outgate Inn". A number of pleasant gentle paths soon led us to the foot of Latterbarrow Hill which we ascended. Despite the cold wind the old sweat bands appeared; no doubt a full sweat

on a summers day. Latterbarrow is only a modest hill of 244 metres but still gives rewarding views in all directions with rolling hills, fields and forests, not to mention the lake below, being relaxing on the ole eyes. Obviously a good place for a butty break despite the strong winds which were lessened by getting on the lee side of the hill.

An unexpected bonus came along in the form of the 'A' party led by Dave who has just clambered up to our height. To be fair they start at Hawkshead. Even so, a strong sense of satisfaction was felt by our group at beating the 'A' to the top!

By gum, it must be 10 years since that I set foot on these hills and in these days way-markers were as rare as Mick Norgate getting a round in! I am pleased to report that the paths around there are probably the best sign-posted in the Lakes. This meant good time could be kept and the original route given out on the coach could be done, minus tea at Mrs Potters at Near Sawrey.

The Wainwright Guide lent to me by Dave proved to be invaluable, especially regarding Moss Eccles Tarn. All in all, shipmates, a good ramble with only one big hail shower to contend with. Ken the driver had an extra £10.00 bonus from all the twenty pences that were collected but not used for the ferry!

Cheers,

Roy Thiis

LOOKING FORWARD TO THE PAST

**Sorry, no room in this edition
so it will appear in the
next when material will be
dug up from the
club's archives.**

POST BAG



Dear Editor,

I would like to point out that your description of the cover picture on the last Newsletter, was wildly inaccurate. This could not possibly have been "Looking North from Pike of Stickle" as stated, it could only have been somewhere in the region of Dovedale or Brothers Water near Hartsop village in the Lake District.

I would suggest that the original photograph was probably taken in late November or early December sometime around midday. Furthermore, I could suggest suitable camera settings for such a photograph, but modestly precludes.

I must congratulate you however, on the appropriateness of inset picture, as it is indeed the Metropolitan Cathedral of Christ the King, this being apparent by its distinctive structural configurations.

Yours sincerely,
Gerome Fisher.

The Publisher would like to suggest something to Mr Fisher, but has been restrained from answering your comments by the Editor.

April 14, Billinge.

Dear Ken [Clark]

I have been getting some stick from this Gerome Fisher about the front cover of the last newsletter not being the view from the top of the Pike of Stickle.

I must admit that, on reflection, I was looking through some of your superb snapshots at the time and inadvertently got the one of Ray McIntoshes back garden printed onto the front cover.

My apologies to yourself and to Ray.

Dave News

Thank you Dave for taking the time to write in, I wish more members of our club would do the same, I must admit, that Gerome and his chunnerings are becoming a little boring!

Publisher

Welcome to the following
NEW MEMBERS

Ann Howard, Susan Critchley,
Sean Mitchel, Theresa Martin,
Robert Bethnell, Lyn Edwards,
Helen Lepper and Rose Dunn

The following Polish Lads
have joined as
honorary members:-

Richard Hoppe, Norbert Gajda,
and Wiesalw Dudar.

Last
month's
WINNING CAPTION



"THIS FEELS DIFFERENT SINCE
I MET MRS BOBBIT!"
and the winner was
Will Harris [fame at last]

Other suggestions were:

- "I wish this rucksack wasn't as heav-eeey!"
Ray Ben
- "I never wanted to be an opera singer!"
Maureen McCoy
- "Nobody told me fencing was this good!"
Brian Keller
- My normal caption is barred in this club
Brian Keller
- "Now I can sing Alto!"
Ian Alister
- "Now I'll be able to talk like John Cavannagh!"
Chris Grice
- "Goodness me! These shorts appear to have
ehrunk"
Bill Edwards

FAMILY SECTION



The ramble in March was wet - two families braved the elements and arrived in Garswood.

The walk took in some of our industrial heritage,

Carr mill Dam and a number of swollen streams which had only been trickles on the pioneer.

Here are the future rambles, hopefully with better weather.

8th MAY ARROWE PARK

Anthony Brockway 608 0425.

Come off the M53 at junction 3, take the fourth turn off the motorway roundabout to Heswall, at the next roundabout turn left, after 100 metres turn right into the golf club car park [opposite Landican Cemetery] START 1200 HRS.

12th JUNE BEACON FELL

Bernard Foley 0257 254276.

Take A6 from Preston North for 3 miles, turn right onto the B5269, after 1 mile follow signs [left] for Beacon Fell Country Park. The road round the fell is one way, follow it to the car park with information centre and toilets. START 1200 HRS

10th JULY DELAMERE

George Riley 07048 70161.

Meet at the information centre, past the railway station. START 1200 HRS.

We are presently looking for venues and leaders for the next programme, August - January. If you have any ideas or are willing to lead, please let me know.

Anthony Brockway 608 0425.



WANTED

Baby Carrier
must be in good condition
Contact Beryl on
639 2057

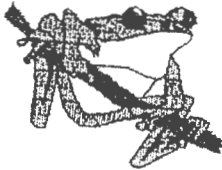
SENIORS' SECTION

FRESHFIELD 27TH FEBRUARY

I don't know how I have the nerve to put my name to this write-up. George Parkie genned me up on the route, and Maureen changed my rough estimate of numbers present [about twenty] to a clinically correct nineteen, and I added the hound!



'Twas a cold, grey day. To the initiated, we did the walk in a clockwise direction. George had been out beforehand, making sure that his request to the weatherman for hard, damp sand had been adhered to, and it made for comfortable walking. It's little touches like this that make a good leader!



Has anyone ever seen a Natterjack Toad? I've been around there at hibernating, mating, bringing up the little ones or shoving them out into the cold hard pond - with never a sight of them. I think it's a tourist trap myself!

The highlight of the day's information was that there are to be underground toilets installed in the National Trust part of the area. They can be over, under or above ground as long as they are, as far as I am concerned!



Cindy was an admirable co-leader. She trotted up a little hill with George to survey the route and came down beaming. Obviously all was under control.

A very friendly ramble, this was. We all seemed to stick together with the formation forever changing. It was a reasonably early finish and was accomplished in dry, if dull, weather. The rain held off beautifully until we were getting into the cars. George refused a lift and we passed him on our way, building up to a real soaking. A lovely walk George. Sorry Audrey hasn't toughened up enough after her op, but we look forward to her return to our walks.

Thank you,

Mona

THE ELWY VALLEY 13TH MARCH

The rendezvous, Llanfair Talhaiarn, is a lovely village, set in this attractive valley. Sadly, on this day, it's attractions were ignored by all except the leader, his whipper-in and Tony T, making the walk a sort of trio in C sharp Major.

We had come equipped with storm-proof clothing [not needed] map and compass [not used] and high hopes - well fulfilled.

Our clockwise circular took about 3½ hours and 2,000 calories and a good time was had by all Three.

GeFa.

PETER ATHERTON

After just returning from a trip to the Holy Land, has had an operation in hospital here. We offer our prayers for a speedy recovery.

SENIORS' SECTION

BICKERSTAFFE 27TH MARCH

This was a ramble that should be repeated in better weather, as unfortunately the rain which began just as fifteen of us met at Holy Trinity Church, continued for the afternoon and prevented our appreciating the pleasant surroundings.

We set off, clad in waterproofs, on a path alongside the church and after skirting woodland crossed over the Rainford Bypass. The way took us alongside ploughed fields and if daring to look up from the mud and brave the piercing rain in one's face, the bursting buds in the trees and hedgerows could be seen.

At one point our leader offered us the option of shortening the walk, but as the majority seemed not to want to look faint - hearted, we pressed on as planned.

The dogs at Higher End Farm appeared none too friendly, but was it only the dogs around there that were to be avoided? A sign nearby warned "Beware of Children"!

It was just as well that everyone had eaten either before leaving home or in the car, as the usually welcome stop would not have been a very pleasant break.

By now a good many were feeling rather damp as the rain persisted and penetrated the non-waterproof garments. We continued along paths and through fields, where sometimes the soil was quite black, perhaps some spoil from old collieries was responsible.

The Skem Jazzer One straight track along which we walked had once carried the Ormskirk to Rainford railway line. The line closed in November 1956. The last train on Saturday nights was nicknamed

"The Skem Jazzer" as people who'd been to dances in Ormskirk often carried on dancing on the train.



After again crossing the dual carriageway it was not long before Bickerstaffe Church came into view. In the circumstances it quite a welcome sight although we had enjoyed about five-and-a-half miles of fresh air and exercise all on level ground.

Thank you Rosemary and Norah, we know you were not responsible for the weather.

Maureen

PROGRAMME DATES

April 24th - This was to be Gerry and Jean's lead to Aldford, but has now been cancelled because of Gerry's Fall.

May 8th - LLANARMON with Tony and Mollie Roche leading, ring 4864235

May 22nd - SADDLEWORTH. Bill Potter is leading, ring 486-7952

June 12th - DOLPHINHOLME. Gerry and Jean Mac are leading, ring 526-6775

June 26th -A WIRRAL walk with Tony and Mollie Roche leading. ring 486 4235

Audrey Parkinson has just rang to tell us that Rachel and Neil now have a baby son, Matthew. Mum and babe are well.

CONGRATULATIONS, and best wishes for Matthew's future.



HOUSE MEETINGS

MAY 5TH - Peter and Marie Atherton, 12 Meadow Lane, Maghull

JUNE 2ND - Tony and Mollie Roche, 16 Hillfoot Avenue, Liverpool

JUNE 7th - Frank and May Leyland, 92 Wavertree Nook Road, Childwall.

NOW HEAR THIS

MAP & COMPASS TUITION.

Anyone out there like mid-week Map and Compass Tuition?
Do you have four wheels to take us to the area of your choice?

Any Tuesday, Wednesday or Thursday.

Rendezvous at Walton Sports Centre, Walton Hall Park 9am, must be willing to take well behaved Labrador doggy who is very good at finding stiles. I shall pay my way regards petrol and other expenses that may occur and also provide Map and Compass.

Within reason you will be proficient in the skills of Map and Compass in four outings, enjoy the proven way of acquiring these skills on the hoof.

Joe Rourke 256-9144.

CONTINUING OUR "ON GOING" MAP AND COMPASS TUITION.

The Club walk at Kirkby Lonsdale will be an invitation to all Map & Compass enthusiasts to take part, as we all will be walking where no man has walked before.

Scheduled for Sunday May 1st The coach will be a twenty four sealer, as this is a completely new walk for the club, cobbled together by The South Lakes Tourist Board it is thirteen miles from Kirkby Lonsdale to Arnsdale.

The "Limestone Walk" as it is called will be a test for the skills of Map & Compass. There will be an alternative lesser walk centred around Kirkby Lonsdale or Arnsdale.

Be there or be square.

Joe Rourke

OBITUARY

Peter Webster from the General Section lost his father recently.
He died suddenly when on a walking holiday in Grasmere at the age of 81.

We share our sympathy with him at this time.

