



## WINTER RAMBLES

CARTMEL recently saw a sprinkling of snow on the felltops but very muddy paths soon wiped out any great-to-be-out feelings.

After a good forecast, the first December walk, in the Castleton area, seems quite promising. In the heart of the Peak District, Mam Tor (called the 'shivering mountain') near Edale, is the prominent peak.

The following week at Grassington, the village should be celebrating their annual Victorian event but Sunday is not as lively as the Saturday at that event. The usual rambles take place but there will be time in hand to savour that quaint village.

After the Christmas break, Arnside on Jan 9<sup>th</sup> will be a part coastal walk and we may even spot the cockle-pickers at work.

## NEW MEMBERS

The following new members have joined us during recent months: Ita MacDonnell, Eve Nieman, Glenys Nieman, Susanne Sefton, Mike Fowler and Valerie Liptrott. We hope you share many happy memories with us.

## COACH RAFFLE

We have introduced an occasional raffle on the coach to help with club funds. The last two lucky winners of a bottle of wine were Steve Fergus and Dave Newns (hic!).

## MORE HAMPER ITEMS WANTED

Your donations of food, drink, etc, are now urgently needed to help fill the Hamper that will be drawn for at the Christmas Dance. Mike Riley is the man to see.

**Next Cheese & Wine Nights**  
Thursday January 7 and Thursday February 4  
at the Ship and Mitre, Dale Street (upstairs)

## Bring and Buy Sale

Mince Pies included

Thursday, December 9th

at the Ship and Mitre, Dale Street (upstairs)

*In the last edition I got carried away with my editorial skills and altered this poem in several places, but I have since realised that Paula wished it to be left unscathed – so here's the original poem that Paula composed – Editor.*

## The Ramblings of a Rambler

Completely drenched and 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 just watching,  
As the rambles hurtle by,  
Clutching their flasks of Scotch Whisky  
And home-made steroid pie.

"A mile to go," the leader shouts,  
Overlooking the odd ninety-nine!  
And that ominous hill in the distance  
That he swears wasn't there the last time!

We've now climbed stile two hundred and  
three

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

At last! The coach comes into view,  
Boots and rucksack dissolve in a heap,  
And someone utters those immortal words:  
"Would you like to book for next week?"

*Paula Larkin*

## Christmas Dance

Eldonian Village Hall

Burlington Street, off Vauxhall Road

SAT, 18<sup>th</sup> DECEMBER

Live Entertainment plus Disco Dancing  
8pm till 1am Refreshments can be purchased

Hamper Draw + Raffle + Safe Parking

Contact Mike Riley for tickets £5 each

Tel: 521 2268

# Liverpool Catholic Ramblers Christmas Newsletter 2004

Seventh Series

Issue 48



*The Officers and Committee  
wish you all a very Happy Christmas  
and all the very best for the New Year*



## EDITOR'S BRIEFS

THIS half-size Christmas newsletter has been produced to keep down the increased photocopying cost. Basically, Office World were charging only 5p for a double-sided sheet but Staples (*who recently bought out Office World in Warrington, where I usually call*) are now charging 8p. This translates as £48 for 200 six-page copies - old cost £30.

I was pleased that Dave Labeque sent me his story on a floppy disc, which I enhanced, but don't let this put you budding writers off with no discs, as I am quite a fast typist.

Now the good news: I have just phoned Office World in Wigan, and they still charge the old price, but your next full A4-size edition won't appear until mid-February, as I'll be whizzing down the Pope's old ski slopes in Zakopane, Poland at the back end of January, so don't try to ring me then.

Dave Newns

Dear Editor



*I recently joined the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers club and have enjoyed it very much. I have managed to get out on two walks, one wet (Buxton) and one dry (Torver to Coniston).*

*Many thanks to Carol, the 'A' walk leader, for patience and consideration to her walking group at Coniston, and thanks also for leading a difficult walk at Buxton due to road and path closures/changes. It takes a lot of doing on the hoof - plus a special mention to Ken for guidance and advice on what to do and expect. It was a great help to me.*

*Also thanks to you Dave for a great newsletter, and all the other organisers, I thought everyone was great - a really good walking club.*

*Cheers everybody. See you soon.*

Mike (Fowler)

Editors Note: *Leaders sometimes get criticised, so it is good to get a bit of praise, especially from a new member. Incidentally, Mike's job at the Jaguar factory involves some Sunday work, thus he can only get out occasionally.*

## A WINDOW IN THE WEATHER

A FEW weeks ago Joan and I had a five-day break in Conwy. The forecast for the week was high winds, gales and rain, except for one fine day - Wednesday, when it would be warm and sunny with slight winds.

For a long time I had wanted to climb Moel Siabod and we decided Wednesday would be the day to do it. And so 11am that day saw us parked one mile outside Capel Curig armed with map, book and compass. We set off - 2600ft and 7.8 miles, the book said. We took our time up the scenic route and we were not disappointed; up stony tracks through forests and by waterfalls.

### Too close to the edge

I then realised I had lost my glasses and returned to one of the waterfalls in search of them.

Yes, there they were, lying on the grass but when I picked them up the glass fell out and the arm fell off (Not very happy!). I must have trodden on them when I dropped them; still Joan had a pair I could use.

We had our lunch on the dam at the end of the lake before we started the scramble to the top. From the dam the scramble looked quite scary but when we were up there it was quite wide. At one point when Joan got a little bit too close to the edge she panicked and froze but we managed to overcome this after a little stop and a ciggy.

Now fully composed, we pressed on to the summit and the trig point. The views were fantastic - 360 degrees and mountains all around - we could see for miles. I started to point out and name the mountains in the distance until I named one Joan said was in the Lakes and she then realised I didn't know the names of any of them!

### Made our first mistake

We had spent a while on the top, it was now 4pm and the slight wind was getting cold so we put on hats and gloves and made our way along the ridge until we reached the gorge, then down a steep rocky slope until we reached a stile (nothing about a stile in the book) but we climbed over... we had just made our first mistake!

We could see we were heading in the right direction so on we went through reeds

and over small ditches, then reached another stile. It hadn't been used for years but there was another stile 30 yards further along the fence. Over we went and followed a path still heading towards our goal but it was not the path we should have been on. We saw a house and a lane but we couldn't get to it. We crossed a stream then further on crossed back again; undergrowth was getting thicker - the path disappeared; we crossed the stream again!

Joan was getting tired now and it was getting dark. We saw the house again up a small embankment; a barbed wire fence surrounded it. We climbed up and to our astonishment we saw a small gate in the fence. I opened it and shouted: 'HELLO! HELLO!' - nobody came. Joan said: 'I'm going in, I don't care if they shoot me!'

I said: 'If you were in Wales they would shoot you!' 'But we are in Wales!' she replied... OOPS!

### Confronted by a wolf dog

Four steps led to a path around the side of the house; all the doors were open; the house was being renovated. We turned the corner to the front of the house and there it was, a dog, a wolf dog the size of a Shetland pony barking and running towards us!

I held my stick out in front of me and the dog stopped a few feet away. Just in time a young man came around the corner and called off the dog. Mercifully, he was very friendly and asked us if we had had a good walk. He directed us to the main road, which was just a few hundred yards down the lane, over the bridge and back to the car.

When we got to the car I was going to check the map to see where I went wrong but Joan muttered something unprintable as she dived into the boot for her cigarettes.

Three ciggies later she was her own sweet self again. We had planned to have a nice meal out, but settled for pie and chips and a soak in the bath - a most memorable day.

Dave Labeque