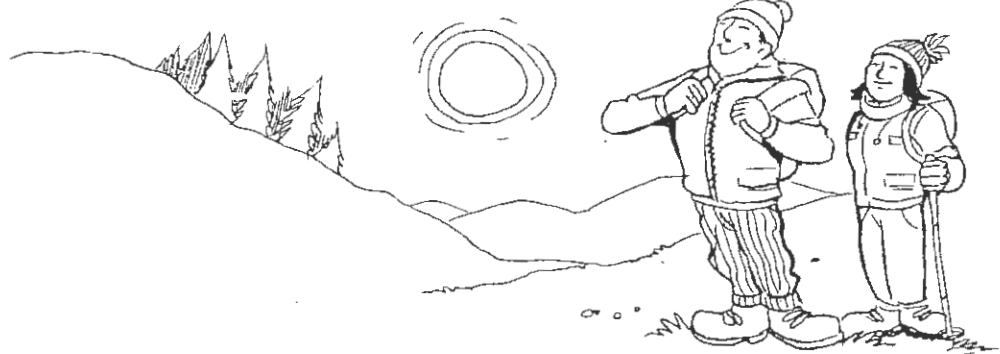


# Liverpool Catholic Ramblers' Association

# Newsletter

December 2006 Issue 59 Seventh Series



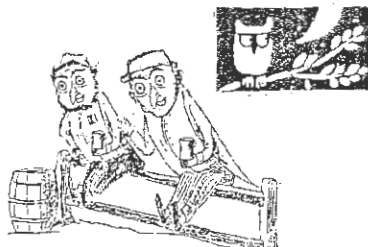
## In this newsletter:

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It's *doz ceveza* for  
Lin and Pat in Peru  
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Two owl'd ramblers  
sleep through a party –  
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### **CHRISTMAS HAMPER and raffle prizes wanted**

Donate all your items  
(bottles, grub, etc) to  
Mike Riley. Thanks

**Have you renewed your Annual Subscriptions yet? They are now overdue**

Single Members £5 Married Couples £6

# Ramblerite



A BRISK walk in the scenic wintry countryside, without too many breaks or delays during the ramble, is often less tiring than a walk in the heat of the summer.

But, halfway into the recent Pendle Hill ramble I was chatting to Ken at the tail-end of Richie's 'B' walk when I suddenly realised that I had left my walking stick at Downham, 10 minutes away.

I decided at first not to go back for it as I would delay the walk and it was only a cheap Aldi stick. But, anyway, Ken persuaded me to go back while he went ahead to tell Richie. However, it wasn't where I thought it was – I found it near the ducks! This took me another ten minutes. Luckily, the delay never spoilt Richie's walk.



But, regrettably, there are just a few members who are often holding up the 'B' walks, walking a long way behind the rest, and chatting away, apparently unconcerned!

Why don't these members show concern for the rest of the group and choose the 'C' walk? This should suit their slower pace.

With the exception of the 'C' walks, we all need reminding that it is the duty of the leader to REFUSE to take anyone on their walk who they judge, for whatever reason, are not going to be able to keep up with the pace of a particular walk, and thus make it a frustrating time for both the leader and the rest of the group.

Finally, the problems with the coach having to double back on another job on that Pendle trip were, I believe, a combination of our booking it at fairly short notice and a shortage of drivers. It was the first walk on our winter programme. Ample notice has been given for our other winter bookings, so this was a one-off, we all hope!

*Dave News*

## Wife releases grip on axe alongside husband

SCENARIO: You were on holiday with your wife and she bought an axe!

Well, what happened was that near a famous Polish lake, Morski Oko, Irene and her husband were leaning over the rails of a bridge overlooking a very steep cascading waterfall when she dropped her brand new souvenir wooden axe onto the rocky banks about 60 feet below.

Then, Phil, without hesitation, climbed down the wet slimy cliffs, despite all our protests to him that it was too dangerous. After a bit of a struggle he was seen climbing back up again grasping Irene's chopper.

So, would you call this a real act of dedication to Irene?

Well, Ray hadn't moved from Irene's side during the episode!

Ray said: "You must be joking! Phil could have killed himself! I wouldn't risk my life retrieving an axe for my wife to swing around!"



## A list of deceased club members

AN IDEA from Father Frank Johnson (himself an ex club 'A' walker who has been celebrating our annual Mass for the last two years) is that we compile a list of all deceased members of the club, but try to give the actual date when they died so that he would say a Mass for them each time their anniversary day comes up.

Well, in theory it sounds okay, but it would mean looking up all of the past accessible newsletters. This could take some time. Then other main problem is that most say "died recently" – so maybe some members out there could help to fill in those actual dates.

## A brief rambling preview



Nov 26

**Baslow** – The 'C's will be rambling around public paths through and near the beautiful Chatsworth Estate of Derbyshire, with both the A's and B's going over Froggatt, Curbar and Baslow Edges.

Leaders

A: Carol Kellett, B: Roy Fletcher  
C: Dave News.

Dec 3

**Betws-y-Coed** – There should be less traffic in Wales this time. My 'A' is more of a 'B-plus' heading up to Llyn Elsi and then down to the Lledr Valley and return to Betws-y-Coed.

Leaders

A: Dave News, B: Dot Murphy,  
C: Dave Labeque.

Dec 10 No ramble

Dec 17

**Castleton** – There's always a good Christmas atmosphere at Castleton, and it should be a full coach, so don't leave it too late to book.

Leaders for this will be appointed at the December committee meeting.

Jan 7

**Rivington** – The Winter Hill area. Don't be expecting a barn dance & hot-pot – sadly, just memories now.

## New Year at Ambleside

They now have their own bar at the Ambleside hostel so this year they have introduced a NO ALCOHOL to be consumed in the lounge that has not been purchased on the premises policy. *Just use your loaf!* Bookings are closed for the club now. You may be able to book privately.

## No change in Chairmen

Will Harris has been re-elected the sub-committee Rambling Chairman. Duties include booking coaches and coordinating the rambles. He is also club Treasurer. Mike Riley is sub-committee Social Chairman and also Chairman of the General Committee.

## December's Cheese and Wine Night and our Christmas Dance are both in the same week



– so come to both for a good start to Christmas (see back page) – Thurs 7<sup>th</sup> Dec and Sat 9<sup>th</sup> Dec

# Our day out at spooky Pendle Hill

5th November

**PENDLE'S** curse of the witches seemed to kick in immediately, and malevolent forces conspired against us as our driver informed us he could only take us outwards, as he had to pick up a school party and then be back home for 3pm.

This was because he was driving up to Ayrshire at 3.00 in the morning and had to have a 12-hour break. However, a relief driver would drive our coach back again to pick us up in the evening. (See *Ramblerite*)

Rather worryingly, we had to leave all our spare clothes bags at the front end of the coach near the driver, and we were assured that they would be fine. But three rambblers were dissatisfied and got off the coach. At the end of the day our gear was, indeed, found to be okay.

As joint 'A/B' leader for the day I decided to start from the quiet village of Sabden at the south rather than from the usual Barley to the east. The coach journey is quicker this way – an important consideration for shorter daylight hours, plus the roads are better and it is easier to get to the summit. The scenery is also nicer and it is close to the amenities of Clitheroe where I fortuitously booked coach parking.

Arriving at Sabden around 11am Roy also disembarked with his 'C' party and headed off down the road after passing a pub aptly called the Pendle Witch!

My group took the farm path via Churn Clough Reservoir, looking like something from the Lake District.

Passing through a small dark wood we ascended Pendle Hill – the steepest part of the walk, alongside a bubbling stream gushing down the hill. Unfortunately, clouds gathered and the spooky Pendle mist arrived. Visibility got worse, but fortunately we had reached the flagged path over Spence Moor, leading to the summit of Pendle Hill, so we couldn't get lost!

Fell runners wished us good day as they sped along. Nothing could be seen near the summit, save a few other rambblers, but Steve McNally spotted a couple from the Rambler's Association and he had a brief chat with them.

We were glad to descend out of the cold wind and mist towards the lovely quaint village of Downham – famous for the actual filming of 'Whistle Down The Wind.' Its humpback bridge, ducks on the river and the evident lack of pavements seemed to increase its charm.

Some of us inspected the quaint toilets converted from farm buildings. While we were having a break by the river, Barbara started wiggling her hips and appeared to be doing a few pelvic thrust exercises on the river verge! Then Dave Newns began to bend his knees and looked like he had mounted an invisible horse! What on earth were they both doing?

Well, it seemed they were attempting to remove the mud off their boots by shuffling about in this rather bizarre manner. Bewildered ducks looked on – they'd never have this worry!

We were walking along pleasant paths, gazing at the mist-shrouded Pendle Hill and headed for Worston, passing oak trees and sheep, when I was informed that Dave had vanished! Those witches again?

Ken said Dave had left his stick back in Downham toilets! The remaining nine of us rested for half an hour, then he reappeared, flying along, with broomstick in hand (sorry, walking stick!) and we greeted him with a clap.

Later, unruffled shepherds guided sheep with their dogs after we had passed through a gate, but at around 3.45, the Calf's Head at Worston was found after nearly forking right by mistake. It is a hidden gem with a large beer garden. It could have accommodated our coach. The menu boasted Worston Whale, Japanese Prawns (which Dave jokingly said were yellow) and other mouth-watering meals at reasonable prices. After a quick pint we walked a mile or so through fields to Clitheroe where a large bonfire nearby lightened the darkening sky.

We just arrived in time to find our relief driver pacing up and down, wondering if he would ever find us, but he had not been there long. We had been in telephone touch with Roy so knew his party was happily ensconced in a pub nearby, but our driver's phone wasn't getting a signal, so the driver didn't know this.

Tom O'Connor's pedometer indicated we had walked 10.5 miles. We set off at 6pm watching firework displays during various parts of the journey, and I was home by 7.50pm after a very enjoyable day, despite the difficulty with the coach and the mist. Roy's 'C' party also seemed very happy, and I understand they got to see the ski slope by the Nick of Pendle!

Richie Cannon



# PERU and the INCA TRAIL

**AFTER our 14-hour flight, the trip from Lima airport to the hotel was an experience in itself as it was likened to playing a game of pinball. The city had a certain buzz to it, very vibrant. We did think that we would have trouble with the language, but we mastered it quite quickly: dos ceveza (two beers).**

We met up with the rest of the party, a good mixture of nationalities; then we all set off to Ballestas Islands to see the wild life on the coast – then on to Nazca, the desert area. In the evening four of us went out to taste the local Inca Cola (yellow in colour) by adding vodka to make it taste better! By the end of the bottle this was the agreement of all of us: Lin, Pat, Steve and Joss.

Next morning we had a flight to see the desert drawing from the air, which was fascinating, and then on to beach bugging in the desert.



After we all boarded a night bus to Arequipa, I (Lin) managed to sleep all the way but everyone else was saying how awful the journey was. Arequipa was one of my favourite places. The monastery was excellent – as was our visit to see ‘Juanita’ (the young girl that was an Inca sacrifice many years ago but preserved in the ice).

That night we dined out, and one of the party ordered a guinea pig, as it is a delicacy in Peru. (*I was horrified as I used to keep them as pets as a child.*)

The next day we were on another coach to the awe-inspiring Colca Canyon (actually deeper than the Grand Canyon!) to see the Condors, We had an overnight stay in the Canyon at Chivay. It was cold in the hotel – minus 2 at night and they gave us all hot water bottles to take to bed.

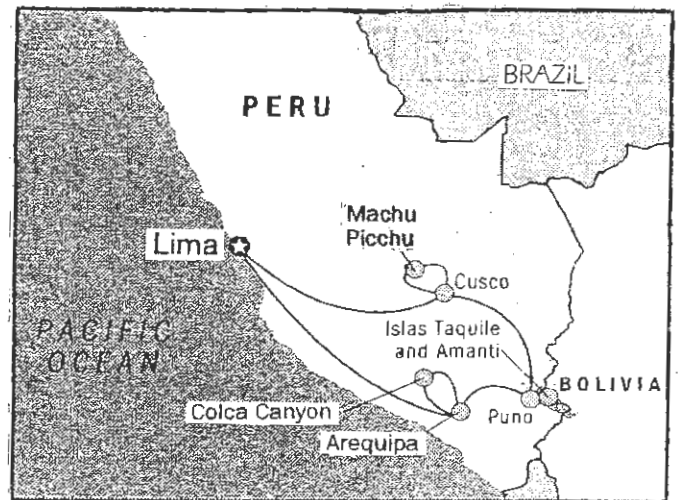
Back to Arequipa, and as it was election time the next day, no bars open after 11pm – but we were on holiday! So we had to have a lock-in at the restaurant, then we could carry on drinking.

In the morning we took a bus to Puno – this was a great place, the typical Peru. We went out to the night market to get our ‘Max Wall’ tights for the Inca Trail as it was going to be cold when camping at night. Pat was very taken with the kids in Puno as they ran backwards and forwards trying to sell you finger puppets – we both ended up with loads.

Early in the morning we took a bike carriage down to Lake Titicaca. They were racing each other down to the port a bit hairy, as there was a lot of traffic. We then caught the boat over to the

home stay island (staying overnight with one of the local families). The walk on the island was hard as it was at high altitude and you had trouble breathing, but well worth it as there was a fantastic view at the top, seeing the sunset. Staying the night with the family was a bit ‘grim’ as it had an outside toilet but no light at night. They also cooked all our food – it was an experience!!!!

Up early again to catch the boat back to Puno, stopping at the reed island on the way back; and then yet another early start . . . up at 6am to catch a bus to Cusco, a 5-hour trip.



The finale and highlight of our trip was to walk ‘The Inca Trail’ and see the lost city of the Incas: Machu Picchu.

We had one day in Cusco, which was very commercialised; loads of bars – you kept getting pestered all the time.

Later that day we had to get our packs ready for the 4-day trek. We carried a daypack and the porters carried the rest (tents, chairs, cooker, etc). I have to say it was luxury camping and our food that was prepared was fantastic.

Walking the trail was a real challenge – it took stamina and determination to climb 13,281 feet to the ancient site. It was 44km at altitude, through sub-tropical vegetation surrounded by beautiful snow-capped mountains.

The sense of achievement for both of us on reaching the top was unbelievable. The views were stunning – a country absolutely fascinating and the people so friendly.

Our holiday was self-funded, but we did raise £1002 for Arthritis Research.

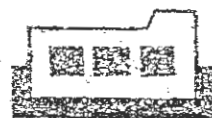
THANK YOU TO ALL WHO CONTRIBUTED.

Lin and Pat



# Ten of us bunked off for a weekend

SLEEPING in a bunkhouse near slate quarries above Llanberis was not everyone's cup of tea; but Linda mustered eleven of us, along with four of her office colleagues, for a diverse Deiniolen weekend.



But, as the date loomed closer, one married couple decided it was not for them. So that left just thirteen of us. Oh! Could that be unlucky?

Meanwhile, Joan Duffy had to stay at home as she was dying with a cold. Then two more had finally planned to go up on the Saturday by bus, but they backed out at the last minute.

And so it transpired that just we three men were sharing with seven women. Well, I would not exactly describe that situation as unlucky!

I had better explain that Lin's four friends were still happily married women but had left their husbands at home (some with the kids) so that the four Liver Birds could try rambling.

Ann and Kevin were already a couple, so that left six of us coincidentally paired off by name – two Pats, two Lindas and two Daves.

So, on the Friday night, in the packed local pub, an Irish artiste played Liverpool and Irish tunes (*then a few Welsh ones*). He had a female vocalist and lucky Kevin won a bottle of wine!

The following night saw our four desperate housewives getting spruced up for a pub meal – so we men all had a hair-straightening demo as they all shared our dining room electric socket!

Two of us slept like a log that night; then Kevin asked: "Did we not hear all the women singing in the early hours?" We didn't, honestly! Kevin couldn't believe we slept through it all!

Thanks are due to Lin for organising everything and buying ample breakfast for thirteen. We must have devoured more bacon, egg and sausage than we have ever done in a weekend!

And now Ann gives us a poetic perspective:

## Above Llanberis, 20-22 October

While on a bunkhouse break in Wales with Lin;  
Dave and Dave and Kevin, Ann and Pat and Lin  
Set off out to Snowdon,  
But there was no room at the inn (*Penny Pass car park*).

As the clouds were low and the rain not far away  
We changed our plans and set off on another path that day.  
The waterproofs were on and off as we passed the copper mine,  
So we ascended quickly up the rocky steep incline.

After some discussion, when the sun began to shine  
We sat down to dinner on the path above the mine.

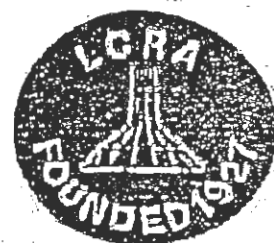
As we descended to the lake, Dave thought he'd lost his map  
Until it was discovered underneath Kevin's rucksack.  
We skirted round the lake upon a very rocky path  
And headed for the road where we thought we'd find a caf(é).

Meanwhile Lin's friends trekked along the Watkin Path with Dave;  
Out on their first ramble, they were feeling very brave.  
So, by chance, we met them as we came out of the caf(é).  
Dave, Ruth, Pat, Lyn and Esme – they'd all had a laugh.

The weekend went quite smoothly, with a chuckle here and there;  
Everybody helping with the dishes and the chairs.

We had some more refreshments when it was not quite light,  
And Lin's friends entertained us with some songs into the night.

Maybe if we ask them they will come again quite soon,  
And join us on a ramble on one Sunday afternoon.



## Club Badges

They are twice the size above and are on blue felt, ready for sewing or glueing onto rucksacks, jackets or hats. Buy them on the coach or contact Will Harris.

Just £2



*It should be noted that the above weekend was carefully planned to occur when there was no Sunday ramble*

**800 YEARS AGO** (also 80 yrs)  
I WISH to point out that next year, 2007, is the 800th Anniversary of LIVERPOOL and not the anniversary of the Echo as wrongly given in the last newsletter. This is to celebrate the signing of the Magna Carta of King John in 1207.

Liverpool City Council recognises the importance of this historic occasion, and so, wishes to chronicle the city's culture, character and history in time for its 800th birthday next year. That was the reason the council got in touch with the Echo to say that they are trying to contact people, or any organisation that is celebrating an 80th birthday or perhaps 8th or any such milestone event; and put it in print.

So, the person in charge of the city's Cultural Committee has shown an interest in our club's 80th anniversary in 2007, and seeing as the Catholic Ramblers uses the prefix of 'Liverpool' I think we should reciprocate this interest. **Roni Murray**

PS: This is not to be mixed up with the following year, 2008, the year of culture for Liverpool.

## Liverpool Catholic Ramblers' 80th Anniversary - 2007

PLANS are already being made to celebrate this unique occasion by a Dinner Dance next October, at Christ the King Club, near Queen's Drive, Wavertree. A special sub-committee has been set up to organise this special day out.

Now, regarding Liverpool's 800th Anniversary (opposite) and anyone with an 80th anniversary, or birthday, we are happily aware of this unique connection in regard to our club and we will be coordinating with the person in charge of the city's cultural committee and the Echo.

Incidentally, it was my 40th anniversary in the club this November; but being only halfway there is not quite the same. The buzzword going around when I joined was that an imminent skiing holiday was planned for the January of 1967. Amongst those ramblers on skis were Bill Potter and Hilda O'Keefe (now Laycock) plus quite a number of others. Hilda Laycock now helps to coordinate the unnamed group (mostly war babies; born around 1946 - now about 60 yrs old or younger) who hopefully will be reunited with us at our anniversary do.



### Christmas Cheese and Wine Night

Thursday 7th December  
at the Ship and Mitre (upstairs)

Mince Pies, etc Only £1.50 incl wine

Liverpool Catholic Ramblers



### Christmas Dance

at the Eldonian Village Hall  
Burlington Street, off Vauxhall Road

SATURDAY, 9th DECEMBER

Tickets only £5

Hamper Draw plus many other prizes Parking

And don't forget our New Year Cheese and Wine Night on Thurs 4th Jan at the Ship and Mitre 😊

*The Chairman and Committee wish you all a very Happy  
Christmas and all the best in our 80th anniversary New Year*

## EDITOR'S FOOTNOTE



ARTISTIC drawing skills are not really my forte, hence some newsletter artwork is photocopied from various sources and then pasted onto a page. Example: Are these my feet here?

So, I said to this Knotty Ash assistant in Billinge Library: "Where can I find a typical witch, Luv?" Well, she took me straight to one of her less alluring assistants - but I told her that her nose was too small! However, I did find a couple of witches!

Many thanks are due to Linda White, Ann O'Keefe, Richie Cannon and Roni Murray who all helped me to cram the 6 pages of this newsletter.

NEXT EDITION will appear early in the New Year, so start sending in all your contributions as soon as possible, either on disc (Microsoft Word) or by email; or simply pass any material to me in person. Thanks. *Dave News*

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