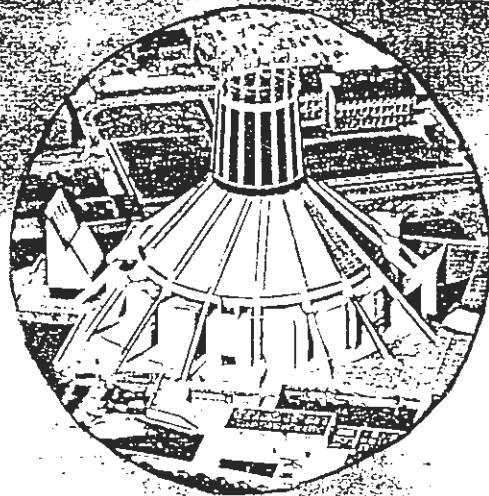


# LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION



## NEWSLETTER

6th Series  
Issue 1  
February 1994.



## NEWSLETTER.



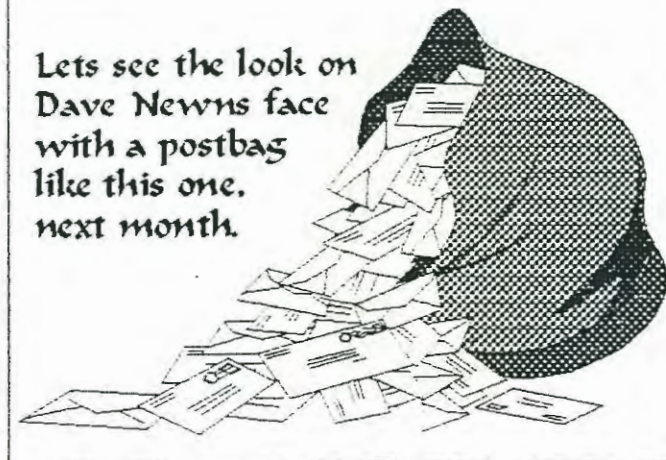
Hope you enjoy the new style Newsletter produced and printed by Ken Clark, 22 Lusitania Road, Walton, Liverpool, L4 6SX, Tel. No. 051-523-2914. Dave Newns is still the editor so, if you have any contributions please contact Dave, 7 Abbots Way, Billinge, Lancs, WN5 7SB. Tel. No. 0744-892791.

This Newsletter is YOURS so use it!! as you can see the newsletter is full of interesting items, so come on all you budding cooks authors, poets, send in your contributions to Dave or Ken.

We also need suggestions for the newsletter - maybe a SWOP SHOP or a POSTBAG page, maybe something for the junior members, so please send in your suggestions or thoughts - it can't be done without you - get pencils and paper out and start writing.



Lets see the look on  
Dave Newns face  
with a postbag  
like this one.  
next month.



## DAVE'S DIVULGENCIES

Hands covered in thick duplicating ink, wax stencils ripping, then an explosion from the club's newsletter machine in my Aladdins cave at Billinge! This was the scene before Christmas as I stood there, rubbing the old lamp of the Roneo machine wishing there was a better way of doing this.

Then flash! bang! abracadabra! - the genie appeared, in the form of Ken Clark with this computerised edition. So come on, all you budding scribes and scribblers, we want your stories and designs for future NEWSLETTERS. Switch your telly off for an hour or so, and get productive!

New, an appeal for eager volunteers to come down to Birch House, Bishop Eaton on the first Monday of the month, 8 pm, to see us in action at our Rambling and Social sub-committee meetings - licensed bar! We need new ideas, especially on the social side. Just contact Beryl or indeed, any committee member for further details.

Many thanks to all the contributors to this, the first newfangled Edition, especially to Ken.

So now all fill your sacks with new material for the next edition and give it to Ken or to me, or post it to 7 Abbots Way, Billinge, Wigan, WN5 7SB.

DAVE NEWS.  
EDITOR.



## FAMILY SECTION



The Family Section will meet at Town Green Railway Station Aughten at 12 noon on February 13. Contact Peter Wilkinson on 0695 421681.

## KESWICK WEEKEND

Ten pound deposits are now being taken by Tom Reilly for this superior quest house accommodation on the 19/21 March.

Cost is around £50 or slightly more including coach for a *fantastic walking weekend* in the heart of the Lake District.



# **SOCIALITE.**

**Happy New Year**

**A brief summary of the Club's Social events over the last few months.**

**Buffet Barn Dance in aid of Brownies and Scouts held at Christ the King, was attended by several of our members.**

**I feel I must make a special mention to Tom Reilly for putting us in touch with his friend Gordon Gorst our caterer for this our second Christmas Party at Chruchills. The meal was excellent and well presented and enjoyed by everyone.**

**Not to be out-done with special mentions are our very own Snowdonia Challenge Walkers, well done to you all and for all the money that was raised on behalf of several local charities.**

**It gave me great pleasure to have Colin Molloy present medals and certificates to the following people:-**

<b>Ann Wilson</b>	<b>Gary Wilson</b>	<b>Chris Harris</b>	<b>Phil Smith</b>
<b>Ray McIntosh</b>	<b>Mike Newby</b>	<b>Chris Grice</b>	<b>Anthony Brockway</b>
<b>Frank Walton</b>	<b>Doug Chadwick</b>	<b>Will Harris</b>	<b>Alan Caple</b>
<b>Barry Dooley</b>			

**This walk would not have been possible without the invaluable help of the back-up team, Bernie Doyle, Helen and Brian Eassom, Dave Newnes, and several others.**

**The Christmas Party at the Legs of Man was well attended.**

**Well what about Rivington!! - 4 children's walks, 3 club walks, a chicken and chip supper, followed by musical chairs, bingo and barn dancing.**

**I am only sorry to have missed Joe Rourke being knocked out of musical chairs, Joe claims it was a young man aged about seven who tripped him, he intends to put in an official complaint.**

**Thank you Terry and Paul for calling bingo - a very enjoyable day**

**There are two theatre trips to the Play House planned:-**

**Wednesday February 23 - Fur Coat and No Knickers - a comedy play costing about £6.00**

**Wednesday March 23 - On Approval - which is also a comedy costing about £6.00.**

**People who wish to go please let me have the money as soon as possible.**

**Welcome the following new members Robert Bethel, Georgian Davies, Joan Collins, Ken and Josie Clark, Joan Duck, Teresa Martin, Charles Wagg.**

**I can be reached by telephone on 639 2057, 3 Hale Road, Wallasey, L45 7QT with any ideas for socials and subs or for booking Theatre Trips etc.**

*Beryl Baker*

# LEADER FOR THE DAY

## "WHITBARROW SCAR"

Ray Mac approached me and explained that the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers were short of Club Leaders for future walks, and would I consider becoming a leader in the New Year? I was delighted to be asked and also that he had confidence in me as a future leader.

If I was to become a leader I would have to learn some new skills ie. Map and Compass Reading. Who better to ask for advice and training than our very own Joe Rourke.

Joe was very obliging and only too willing to pass on the skills that he had acquired over the many years he had been walking - I started my training - after two lessons Joe suggested that I 'tag' along on his next "C" Walk with me doing the leading under his guidance.

This very same walk came along quicker than I had expected, doubt was rearing its ugly head "was I ready", "will I get the group lost" - too late now - off we went to do a reconnaissance ("Whitbarrow Scar") a few weeks before the actual walk. To my delight and surprise all went well, much easier than I anticipated, all my fears disappeared, - *time to put my newly aquired skills into practice.*

### Sunday 28 November 1993 - Whitbarrow Scar

The journey by coach was pleasant, we arrived in good time, the club members were quite surprised on assembling for the start of the walk to be informed by Joe that their leader was in fact me, (was that fear on their faces).

The group was 20 strong we confidently started our walk, I pointed out the interesting things along the way, all was going well....

On the way up to the Scar, the scenery was spectacular - we stopped on top of Yewbarrow to take in the views, "what views cried the members in unison" I explained that on our previous walk the visibility was much better you could see Morecombe Bay and the hills of the Lake District - no one listened.

Oh dear!! was this the beginning of the end. We had our first 'butty' break in a beautiful valley within sight of a private school (Witherslack Hall). The walk so far had been across fields and roads, we now had the Scar to climb.

There was a steep climb to the top of Whitbarrow Scar all members did the climb with the usual remarks "This can't be a 'C' walk" "There must be an easier way up". It was good just to listen for a change and not to take part in light hearted criticism.

Once at the top it was just a short hike to Lords Seat (land mark) - I was right, things were going wrong, Joe suggested to the members that they could have a choice (was that the hair on my neck standing up) the choice of walking along the top or going around the back of the Scar [the reconnoitred way back]

("please, please, go through the woods I said to myself"). The group chose the top (well wouldn't they?) - this was it, the end of my very short career as a leader was looming up before me, I knew that all the paths on the top of the Scar were not on any maps (why would they) and we would have to come down ad hoc, (that means on your feet or on your bum depending on your level of confidence). Well, here we go this is it, put on your air of confidence Ken and reassure the members that you would find them a way down.

"Oh boy" did I find a way down!!

Off we set - it wasn't as bad as I feared, quite straight forward really - ...had I spoken too soon? I looked at the rocky decent and then back towards the 'C' walkers, the back bone of the Club they might be - mountain climbers, they were not.



Between Joe and I we encouraged them down the rocky decent (everyone deserved a medal) they were just congratulating themselves when they spotted the next move. The next bit was easy (I thought) my only worry was that night was creeping in.

Not for the first time today I saw the look of fear on the faces of the walkers, what was easy to me and some members, was like the worse ride imaginable in Alton Towers - spiral corkscrew eat your heart out. The decent was about 1000 foot of loose scree - off I set to show them how a 'real walker' tackles a decent, phew!! that was lucky I managed to stay on my feet, so did the members who followed me - I looked up, I couldn't believe my eyes the next group was being lead by Josie, Tina and Margaret, the giggles could be heard all the way back to Liverpool (as usual) - they'd found an easy way of descending a mountain - on their posteriors, not very lady-like or professional - but very, very quick!!

Okay, I'll admit, my ears are still ringing with the remarks made by the members of the group

Two kilometres to the coach and all would be well, I thought!!!

I missed the next turn and Joe had to put me right, again. The next foot path would lead us to the road and, then, and only then, could I relax and take a good breath as the walk ... was .... finally .... over.

All back with a bit of luck - and few sore bums and a lot of laughs, (and believe it or not) in plenty of time at 16.40 hrs.

"Thanks for the walk" cried the members "it was great" [our club members are so good]. "Maybe I can rescue my new career after all" I said to myself"

\*\*\*\*\*

### MAP AND COMPASS TUITION

*There will be a change of venue for the four Tuesdays in February. Ken and Josie Clark, have very kindly offered the facilities of their home for the month of February, living a bit further up off Walton Hall Avenue. They reside at 22 Lusitania Road - no need to get that sinking feeling, we shall offer to show you green pastures and the right paths to follow.*

*Recent events, not only in this club, but in Scotland and Wales have highlighted the dangers of winter walking. Its not only knowing when to go - but more important when to turn back. Learn the skills of Map and Compass and enjoy the freedom of the hills*

*Joe Rourke*

## SILVERDALE "A" WALK.

The last ramble of 1993 and what better place than Silverdale.  
Being so close to Christmas it seemed very appropriate to start the festive walk at the deer park at Milnthorpe.

Leaving the coach gave an extra bite to the sharp wind, but at least it was dry overhead. Proof of the previous night's downpour came in the form of the swollen river which, thankfully was easy to cross by the park's entrance across a stone-grey bridge.

Ascending a modest hill it was not long before we could see the light brown deer in the distance gathering into a tight herd either for protection or more than likely to keep warm!  
Even though we were downwind of the deer they were soon alerted by our cautious approach.  
Suddenly, Mr Head Antlers, being a rather timid animal, bottled out and led his group formation to safer ground.

Which six, I wondered, would Father Christmas pick for this year's flying.....

Leaving the park we dropped down to the old mill where the river was in an impressive foaming mood over the old weir. No fishcake would survive long in this torrent of water; however, help was at hand with the aid of the 'fish ladder'. It must be frustrating to the battered fish who successfully negotiated all the obstacles only to end up in some smiling fisherman's basket. A sobering thought indeed as I took another bite from my salmon-pate butty!

A few minutes later we strolled through a local village and spend a few worthwhile minutes admiring the church and churchyard before we moved up to the low ridge where the wind was rather keen to remind us of its coldness.

After passing through a pleasant wooded area we descended the 'Fairy Steps' a tightgap in the sandstone to force your rucksack through! - a couple of miles were soon behind us as we trekked along the easy-going paths.

Our number two butty break was at the old ruined tower which typically commands a key position on the hills.  
As usual, a good discussion soon developed over the purpose and use of the tower .... was it to spot those viking types coming ashore at Silverdale [only to find there's no pubs!] or perhaps to watch the English warriors attacking the Scots?

These wild thoughts were soon brought to a halt by a real life K9 as it came on the scene with its own tracking device strapped around its neck.  
This little black and white doggie didn't appear to be bothered by its own 'black box recorder' bit of modern technology, it seemed more interested in Frank's chicken leg!

With K9 running off into the sunset, with the chicken of course, it was time to press on to the sleeping Silverdale and the beach.  
Arriving at the shore it soon became apparent that the old tide was close at hand filling all the available gulleys.

Being good at the long jump was a distinct advantage if an early bath was to be avoided. These olympic antics soon brought us to the deserted caravan site and the last leg of the walk....the coastal path to Arnside. People who have been to Devon and Cornwall will make the connection of how similar the locations are.

The last mile, always the longest, was now in darkness, broken only by our torches and the sight of the distant Christmas tree lights on the tree at Arnside promenade.  
Parked just beside the Christmas tree was Ken's coach and on boarding it was reassuring to see that everybody was back safe and spirits were high.

Thanks to Brian Easson for a great ramble.  
Cheers.

*Roy Thies.*



DON'T FORGET  
VALENTINES'S DAY

## CATHOLIC SUPPORT FOR CLAIRE HOUSE CHARITY

A recent report in the Catholic Pictorial will be of interest to members who donated to this charity which our club had chosen last year.

[courtesy of Beryl and Ian]

It is reproduced as follows:-

### Royal boost for hospice

CLAIRE House Children's Hospice Appeal, which will provide facilities for children of Merseyside, North Wales, Cheshire and the Isle of Man, has received a financial boost from the Princess of Wales bringing the total amount of the fund to date to £400,000.

The hospice which will be built on land close to Clatterbridge Hospital, Wirral, has support from a host of Catholic parishes and individuals.

Organiser Steve Robarts said: 'We are on our way to meeting that half a million mark. We cannot say yet when building work will begin, that depends on the money and the plans on how we want to build the hospice.'

The appeal was named after Claire Cain, aged nine, who died in 1989 after suffering from cancer.



● Claire Cain



PUT A CAPTION TO  
THE JOKE ABOVE.

NO PRIZES,

Just fame in the  
next issue.

## CAMPING WEEKEND

Keep your ears to the ground for  
details of Tom Reilly's weekend  
at the end of May.

Also tell Tom how many can be  
accommodated inside your tent, if  
you have one.

### SMELLY BOOTS

Sprinkle the insides  
with  
bicarbonate of soda.



## "C" WALKERS

How about a "B" Walk  
next time out?



## SENIORS' SECTION

### **WIRRAL WANDER, 12 DECEMBER 1993.**

Cold winds and swirling sleet were viewed with a frown over Sunday's hurried breakfast. Galactic thoughts, appropriate for Sunday, entered the mind but not so much "Why are we here?" more rather "Why can't we stay here?"

The answer came not from above, but from across the table - "because you need the exercise and the fresh air is good for you".

So that was it, we set off early, too early as usual.

In the empty car park at Hooton Station the sleet had turned to snow and our waiting car's windows became opaque. Whilst sitting in the pseudo 'fridge' I began to wonder what I had done wrong during the week and thinking will anyone else come?

The walk, to be led by Bill Potter, was due to start at 11.30 and on the minute five metal igloos opened. Bill was surprised, but was he pleased? No cosy retreat for B.P now - perish the thought.

Seven followed Bill as he set off along the Wirral Way to Hadlow Road Station Museum. We had lunch in the waiting room and looked at old posters and the

Station Masters Office.

Tony Gilmore supplied his home baked mince pies which were excellent.

George Skillcorn said that he had made gravy once - Freda produced an understanding smile.

Gerry McDonald and Tony Thopson were unusually quiet - perhaps they are excellent cooks and were being modest - yes that is probably it.

The path to Burton gave evidence of a week of rain. The snow, now turned to continuous rain, didn't improve the stretch of quagmire and flooding.

These conditions are not unusual for winter walks and two ramblers were wearing Wellington Boots. With a medium thick sock, trousers tucked inside the boots, and with overtrousers to complete the lower ensemble, they were comfortable and impervious to mud and floods. A bonus at the end of the day is that the Wellington seems to be self cleaning.

However, on this wet day when six friends in leather boots are wading through deep floods there must have been thought that the Wellington wearers could at least fall over to equalise the discomfort.

Eventually Bill checked his map and altered course - Marcia guessed rightly that this was to avoid embarrassing the non-swimmers in the group.

So we returned to Hooton and made haste to the warmth and comfort of a local hotel. Thank You, Bill, for the Wirral Wander which satisfied the 'anti-cosy' spirit which lies in the soul of most ramblers.

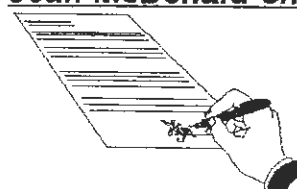
*ATOM*

At the time of writing, the year is drawing to a close and I hope the Editor will allow me a final note.

It is to say thank you to all the 1993 Ramble Leaders and also to the producers of the Newsletter. The imaginative front page drawings have been appreciated and the interesting reports on the 14 Peaks, and the helicopter rescues, have brought a touch of adventure to the reader and have underlined the need for caution on the hills.

If I can be allowed to nominate a WRITE-UP OF THE YEAR award I would turn to Newsletter 37 and that classic piece of positive thinking by Jean McDonald on the walk at Conder Green when no-body turned up.

Newsletter team for 1994, we would like some more



*ATOM.*

\*\*\*\*\*

### BRIAN KELLY

The recent sad loss of one of our past members, Brian Kelly, son of the late Cyril Kelly, is reported in the Seniors' Section of this edition.

Brian, who was only in his middle fifties, was active in our club during the 1960's when he was not only a walk leader and active "a" walker but was also a keen member of our [then] Tennis Section.

He moved out of the area in the early 1970's.

May he rest in peace.

The Editor.

### CHALET DATES 1994.

*We've Monday to Friday 7-11 March*

*Monday to Friday 23-27 May*

*Sadly, only one weekend 21-23 October*

*The midweeks should prove a welcome near spring and near summer break and we hope to see everybody on the weekend*

*[My fault for tardy booking]*

*Please join us on the weekdays whenever you can.*



# **A DICKENSIAN DAY**

Josie Clark

The weather was foul - horrendously windy, torrential rain and very cold. It was 9.40am on the 11 December 1993 when the 24 seater bus left Liverpool for Grassington.

Voices could be heard travelling up and down the bus declaring "It's sure to brighten up later", "The rains too heavy to last", "I heard on the radio that it will clear up later....."

The ramblers were not trying to cheer themselves up, they are more than used to braving the weather, (infact foul weather can sometimes make the day) all their thoughts (silent and vocal) were with the people of Grassington who put so much effort into making the whole day a success for the hundreds of visitors who visit their village at this time of the year.

As we travelled down the motorway the weather worsened (well just wouldn't it). When we stopped half way for coffee break, there was still no improvement - the ramblers had given up being amateur weather forecasters.

Those ramblers who wished to walk into Grassington alighted from the bus at Cracoe, for a short time there was a slight improvement in the weather, once again, the amateur weather forecasters declared their forecast for the day..... The walk was lovely nothing too strenuous (no hills), we followed the walled path that was to lead us to our destination. On the way we encountered some hunters in their red and cream outfits giving their hunting dogs some exercise, to the delight of Bosun our very lively and excited companion for the day (Joe's dog).

Very shortly we came within sight of Grassington in the distance, and by some miracle the rain had stopped and the sun was shining, between the villages of Lipton and Grassington was the most beautiful rainbow we all smiled - the weather forecasters once again started .....

We reached a stream that was flooded and flowing quite fast - no way across we thought, suddenly, there was Bosun showing off by standing on a large boulder that was straddling the stream - our way over, "thank you Bosun".

We stopped in the beautiful village of Lipton - the village brass band played Christmas Carols in the square outside the small pub - while some listened to the band others scurried into the pub for a well earned drink - to our delight there was music inside too. There was a lovely atmosphere inside and a very welcoming coal fire, the landlord cast a glance over our muddy boots and smiled, asking us what we were drinking, I made a mental note to

return to this welcoming haven sometime in the future. We Finished our drinks and joined the others who were busy sharing their lunch with the very friendly ducks that live in the stream that runs through Lipton - and so we continued our journey.

We approached Grassington - Bosun headed for the very fast flowing river for a final swim. As we entered the village we seemed to pass through a time-warp all the villagers were dressed in Dickensian clothes, games of the time were being played in the tiny streets by children and adults alike. There were stalls with home cooked cakes and biscuits and lovely cheeses and butter for sale - all the villagers were heading for the Town Hall for the bargains of the day (jumble sale) round and round we walked in awe at the efforts the people had made. Carol singers sang, cries of "Roll-a-penny" could be heard floating through the air whilst people bustled in and out of shops, it really was a day to remember.

All too soon it was time to go back to our rendezvous - off we set to look for the coach, whilst eating our very large spicy butties cooked on an open air griddle (there goes the diet again). The villagers were having a procession through the village at 16.00hrs, the streets were lined with visitors and villagers muffled in their warmest clothing, the children getting more and more excited - it had gone dark by now, all the village and shops were lit up with a wonderful assortment of Christmas lights - we all wanted to stay just a bit longer - never mind see you next year Grassington.

Thank you Joe for the lovely day - and thank you Bosun for leading the walk

\*\*\*\*\*

From Claire House

*Dear Ramblers*

*On behalf of the Claire House Appeal may I say a big thank you to everyone for the most generous contribution of £700 to our Appeal*

*Your continued support of our Appeal is truly appreciated and helps to bring forward the day when we can open the doors of Claire House to the children and their families who desperately await the day*

*Yours sincerely*

*Jeff Riley*  
**Developement Manager**



## WOLFSCOTEDALE

12th December 1993.

I should have known it was going to be one of those days when I arrived at St. John's Lane without my boots. A hasty rummage through the boot of my car and I came up with a pair of strictly summer cloth boots.

The sky was dark and brooding. As I looked up it started to rain. It brightened up a bit as we progressed towards Stockport and then it started to snow. I had misgivings as we approached Buxton and grave misgivings as we left Buxton in an inch of snow. By this time snow flakes like saucers dramatically reduced the visibility.

Hartington - A beautiful village I assure you was our destination. As we turned off this main road, we were confronted with an unsoiled carpet of fresh snow, on a gently sloping downhill run. Ken [the driver] and myself got cold feet, not for the last time this day, but too late we were committed to the slope. No traction we could only go forward.

We eventually backed into a side road with a view to turning round. Big Mistake.

The only movement we could get was sideways,

Everybody off - Snowball Fights.

Brainstorming methods of moving coach, to no avail. Anyway a group of lads appeared in three Range Rovers. They were quite deranged but determined to get us out. Ropes, like those used by Joe in his maritime days, appeared and a lad disappeared under the coach looking for a suitable place to hook up. This done he was determined to put his four wheel drive through its paces.

He tried to jerk the coach out but the stretch on the rope sprang him back several feet. Before long all three cars were hooked up like beads and the coach started to move - there was a cheer from the assembled throng, 'Phew' a gasp of awe as the car nearest to the coach literally jumped sideways several feet as one would expect of a bead on a string under tension.

The car was thrown onto the grass verge and perilously close to the drystone wall. Eventually persistence paid off and those wonderful lunatics got us onto the main road again.

We decided to carry on and do our walk, and set off south to a milder climate but, the road was closed and the police sent us off towards Matlock.

Tim Quane had dropped his glasses in the snow and we could not turn

back - we could not even stop for fear of getting stuck again, after crawling over the peak for ages-we eventually saw our first gritter - probably the only one in Derbyshire. Of course it started raining, the snow was turning to slush, then the coach broke down!!!!

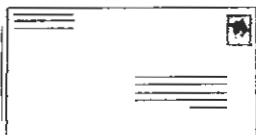
I got my walk through slush to the nearest telephone. A pub stop - cold wet feet and several hours later brought a replacement coach. We all piled aboard and set off down the road, the driver turned us around to return past the broken down coach.

I'll get you home folks' he shouted as he crashed through his gears and accelerated towards the broken down coach - we pulled out to pass it, at a fair old lick and promptly slid over the verge and ploughed along the ditch coming to a grinding halt with the coach no more than 30ft in front of the discarded one.

A third coach arrived and eventually the "Boys in Blue" which we left with only one Range Rover to extricate a coach - we wished them luck and sped off home with a feeling of great relief.

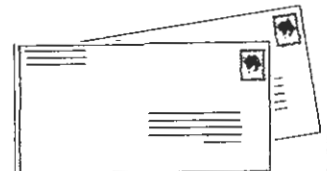
We had no real walk that day neither did we see Hartington, however we're going to have another go on 13th February. So do turn up, I can't promise you another adventure but Wolfscotedale is a lovely walk with or without snow.

*RAY McINTOSH.*



### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you moved address recently



Beryl, your Registrar, needs informing if you change your address. This seems quite logical but it is surprising how many people come to Beryl wondering why they haven't been receiving a copy of the NEWSLETTER ONCE THEY HAVE MOVED - assuming that Beryl is telepathic.

There have been several reports of people not receiving Newsletters who have lived at the same address for years.

Paradoxically, if you are not getting your Newsletter you won't be reading this notice.





# MERSEYSIDE RECIPES

THIS IS A NEW SECTION FOR THE LADIES

Each month one or two Merseyside Recipes will be printed I'll start the ball rolling with one. If you have a favourite recipe send it in or give it to Dave or Ken.

## KIRKBY KASSEROLE.

- 1 Pint of stock or water.
- 2 Medium-sized English onions.[Spanish are too mild]
- 2 Medium-sized carrots.
- Cup of soaked washed lentils.
- Oregano or basil to taste.
- 1lb Lean beef minced.
- or
- Tripe
- or
- Pork shoulder.
- 1 White turnip.1 Parsnip.1 Leek.1 Leaf of red cabbage.
- Crushed clove of garlic.
- no salt.
- .....

## METHOD

Dice the vegetables after washing and peeling them. Put all in a large pan together and bring to the boil. Lower heat and simmer for about 2 Hours. If beef is used, dumplings can be added to the "Casserole" about ½ hour before ready, otherwise a sprinkle of Parmesan cheese is good. A masculine, no nonsense recipe.

ps Any culinary gentlemen out there.  
Please have a go.

*Ken.*

UP-HOLLAND Circular walk of 6 miles.

On this particular day we had agreed to find our own way to Up-Holland Railway Station to assemble at 10.45 for the start of our Christmas Walk.

It was a brilliant morning, time to get rid of all the extra food and christmas cheer feeling. It was a winters day, clear, crisp and a hard frost the night before meant we would have no boglands to wade through.

Our total number for the walk was only 8, other members with no transport had set off from Lime St Station only to get as far as Kirkby Station and be told that no trains were going to Up-holland. What a shame as British Rail had assured Joe Rourke that trains were running on holiday Monday.

We waited a few more minutes to see if anybody else turned up and off we set. Just a half hour drive from Liverpool and we were out in the countryside, It was worth the effort to get out of bed. The countryside was covered in a heavy frost and very quiet, Joe unleashed Bosun and our walk had started. We walked parallel to the railway line and then started a brief climb as the railway line disappeared into a tunnel. The walk took us over and on top of the tunnel and we passed three large circular brick built air shafts that would have been used many years ago in the "Days of Steam"

*The shafts are left standing as a reminder to the past.*

Over the fields we walked everyone chatting about the type of Christmas they'd had and what presents they'd received.

It was time for a booty break before we entered Dean Woods. Dean Wood is a lovely part of the countryside, it is well kept, once you have descended into the valley there is a stream running the full length with some splendid views, it was very quiet and only a few walkers had dared out,

we had the woods to ourselves.

Once on the valley floor you are sheltered on both sides by the woods. The autumn leaves were all different colours, browns, reds and golden and the rocks in the stream glittered as the sun shone through the trees.

Robins perched on tree branches peaked out to see who passed-by.

Bosun in his usual high spirits, was charging in and out of the stream, he would climb the bank with a very large tree branch in his mouth and carry the same quite a way before diving back into the freezing water only to come out again with another piece only this time it was bigger, (what a show off) On leaving the woods you come to a spot where the stream meets the river, also the Liverpool & Leeds canal is close by and high above all of this is the M6 Motorway.

(what a combination)

An unusual sight on leaving the woods was a chap in his Microlight aircraft flying above us.

"Was it a Christmas Present" I wonder.

The fields and hills in the distance were all covered in snow and made a peaceful sight, we were all enjoying ourselves the views were spectacular, it was time to re-enter the woods and make are way back to the cars, but before that Joe had promised a "butty pub stop".

We all piled into the "Owl Pub" the landlord took no exception to "Bosun" so that made him very happy, Ann made a phone call to Liverpool and found out about the other club member and their dilemma - no trains. It was a 20 minute walk back to the cars from the pub and everyone thanked Joe for a pleasant and enjoyable walk.

We all felt better for the short walk and I am now looking forward to the New Year, and future walks with the Ramblers.

*Ken Clark*

## SENIORS' SECTION

### **Programme 1994.**

#### **RAMBLES.**

##### 6th FEBRUARY.

Gerry McDonald was leading this but Leo has now stepped in. It's CHESTER. Be ready to start walking at 12.30. Meet in the main Roodoe car park in Chester.

Leo says, and I quote: "It's as flat as a board" and there is one, or maybe two stiles in the 6/7 miles of walk. Given the weather what more could one ask!

##### 27th FEBRUARY.

This is the Parkies! Meet at FRESHFIELD STATION car park ready to start walking at 12.30. *This is another allcomers walk.*

Hope you can make it, Audrey, after your op.

##### 13th MARCH.

ELWY VALLEY. George and Freda are leading. Meet at Llanfair Talhaiarn - Map Reference 927703. It's about five miles from Abergele. We start walking at 12.00.

The distance is about 8 miles and the terrain is 'not too bad'.

##### 27th MARCH.

BICKERSTAFFE. Rosemary is our leader for this one. There isn't much information as yet, but the phone number is 526-1724. If you haven't made a house meeting before, this is one of the easier rambles. All Welcome.

#### HOUSE MEETINGS

##### 3rd FEBRUARY.

Maureen Howard is hosting this one. 236 Brodie Avenue Liverpool 19 is the address.

##### 3rd MARCH.

George and Freda are hosts. they're at 12 Avon Road, Billinge.



## SENIORS' SECTION.

I hate to mention Subscriptions so late in the day but there are quite a few still outstanding. Could you please ring me on 733-2122 whether or not you intend to pay up and look pleasant!.

If you haven't paid since September of last year you're in the RED.  
Do help me to straighten out the records.

I'm sure you are all very sorry to hear that Gerry Mac, has broken some bones in his knee and also his wrist in a fall off a ladder.  
He is now in plaster and has still about five weeks to go. What a pity - two of our staunchest walkers. They even turn up when nobody else does.  
May the medical prognostication be pessimistic, and we hope that you will be up and about before then; Gerry.

I'm adding to Tony Thompsons wishes in his write-up and Pat Pearson's in her 'social' letter for a happy and healthy 1994.

*MONA.*

Our deepest sympathy goes to wife Ann and  
sisters Maureen and Dorothy on the death of

BRIAN KELLY.



He'll be remembered in our prayers.

R.I.P.



# RUGGED COUNTRY RULES

REMEMBER! THERE'S TROUBLE IN THEM THERE HILLS!

