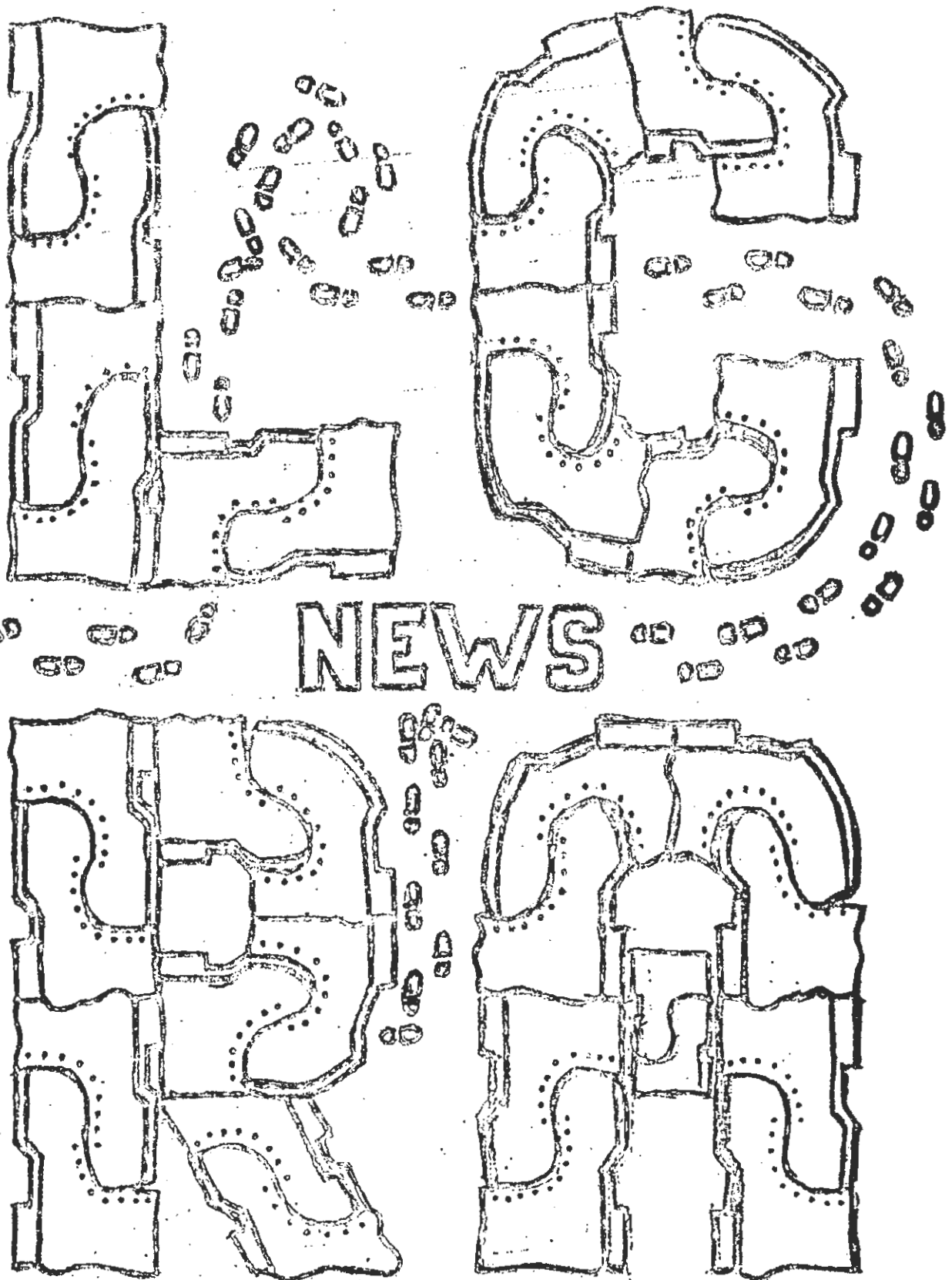


Liverpool Catholic Ramblers

February 1998

7th Series Issue 12



Editorial

STARTING the New Year with our Yuletide event we had just two walks, both parties avoided getting entangled as we negotiated the Fairy Steps near Milnthorpe. Later that evening many of us did get entangled when stepping out to the lively strains of the *Fumbling Fingers* band at Carnforth after our hot-pot. A very enjoyable night for the 45 who went, but, as this was probably the lowest turnout ever for our Yuletide event, we are searching for ways to rectify this next year.

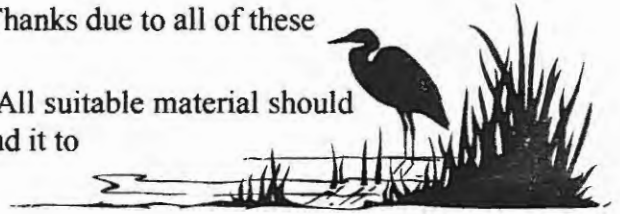
Well now, the four 'R's - namely Ray, Roy, Roni and Ramejkis (junior) have contributed to this edition. There's also Dave's details of an imminent Polish invasion by the LCRA. Other budding cartoonists may get some inspiration after seeing Roy's amusing sketch on Simons Seat.

Our newsletter ends with Will's witty magic moments. Thanks due to all of these contributors for your time and effort.

Further contributions are welcome from all and sundry. All suitable material should get published, so hand it to me for the next edition or send it to

7 Abbots Way, Billinge, Wigan WN5 7SB.

Dave News



A Note from your President

I WOULD, first of all, like to thank the membership for electing me as your President. Our Association has not always had one. Most of our Archbishops carried out a sponsorial role but three actually took on the role of President. I regret there is no way I can match my three predecessors' spirituality or academic achievements but I can assure members I will continue, as in the past, to take an active part in the Association's affairs through Committee.

I think 1997 was, for the Club, a particularly poignant year, for at least two reasons, one happy and one sad. In May we were shocked by the death of Gerry Penlington, a wonderful servant of the Association throughout the major part of his life. His death was a great loss to the Association both as a loyal member and a wise counsellor in the administration of its affairs.

Sadly, Gerry did not live long enough to take part in our 70th Anniversary Celebration in October, which was a great success and attracted quite a number of past members which was a pleasing feature. It certainly is no mean achievement for a small Association such as ours, which began in such humble circumstances to be "still in business" after 70 years, including the difficult War Years 1939 to 1945. We should indeed be grateful for the great amount of pleasure it had given to so many over that period.

I am sure one of the principal reasons for our survival has been the willingness over the years, of members to come forward and serve on Committee, and, in so doing, showing their appreciation of the pleasure they have got from the Association, by helping to look after its affairs for the enjoyment of others. My wish for 1998 for the Association therefore, is that all members respect and support their committee in the work it does for the Association, co-operate to the full with it in the running of the Club's affairs and thus ensure a smooth running Club which makes for the enjoyment of everybody.

Good Rambling in 1998.

Chris Dobbin



OBITUARY

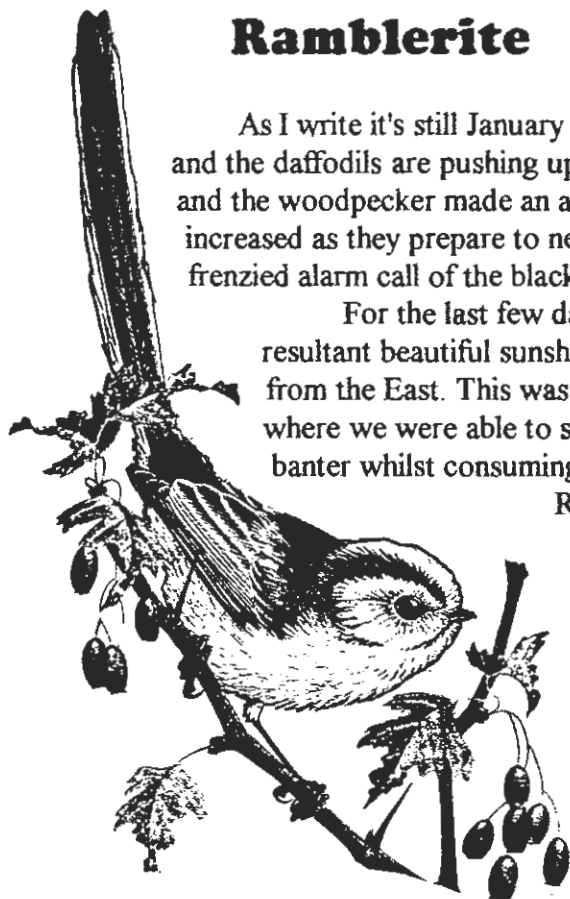
JOHN PLATT - Sadly, John died in hospital last month. He was a special person who, alongside his sister Angela, had many friends and used to enjoy the discos at the club not too long ago. Our sympathy and condolences go out to Angela who served on the committee for a number of years. His funeral was well attended by both present and former members. May he rest in peace.

Ramblerite

As I write it's still January but Spring is imminent. A crocus has flowered in our garden and the daffodils are pushing up ready to bud. The goldfinches and long tailed tits visit daily and the woodpecker made an appearance last week. The activity of all the garden birds has increased as they prepare to nest, every now and then all activity stops often with the frenzied alarm call of the blackbird ~ and I know that next door's cat is on the prowl.

For the last few days there has been a high pressure area over Britain, with the resultant beautiful sunshine though the inevitable price has been the biting cold wind from the East. This was particularly evident on last Sunday's walk over the Roaches where we were able to shelter in the lee of the ridge, in a suntrap, for an exchange of banter whilst consuming butties and taking in the view.

Roy Thiis, though billed as the 'B' leader, proposed a stronger walk, which promptly became tagged an easy 'A'. I led the 'B' walk which, in reality, was little more than the 'C' led by Peter Ramejkis, and we were able to enjoy breaks at Castle Craggs, the Roaches and on Hen Cloud. All arrived at the coach in good spirits and, most importantly, in the case of the 'A' walkers ~ together.



Coach Prices

The cost of coaches has risen considerably over the past few years. Along with our change to Selwyn's and the consequent improvement in comfort and reliability came a couple of budget knocks for the coach companies. We've been able to absorb the occasional loss when coach numbers were low but since the Winter programme we have taken a beating on several occasions especially the Yuletide event on which we lost heavily. It will therefore come as no surprise to you that the time has come to increase the Coach Ramble fares.

As of **1st March '98** a booking will cost **£6**.

For those not familiar with the rules:

All rambles should be paid for in advance and in full. If after booking, you are unable to go on a ramble, a full refund is available providing you cancel on, or before, the Thursday preceding the walk (*In practice we normally transfer the booking to a mutually acceptable date ~ though only once*). If you do not turn up for a ramble without cancelling on time you will not receive a refund. ☹

A First Aid box and two Bivvy Bags are out there somewhere. Please turn out your rucksacks and save us the replacement costs.

Forthcoming Rambles

Feb		
15th	Betwys Y Coed	(Snowdonia)
22nd	Hayfield	(Peak District)
Mar		
1st	Stickle Pike	(Southern Lakes)
8th	Howarth	(Yorkshire Dales)
15th	Ogwen	(Snowdonia)
22nd	Hathersage	(Peak District)
29th	Ambleside	(Lakes)

Socials

Feb	5th ~	Cheese & Wine
	12th ~	Dingbats
	19th ~	Place the Face
	26th ~	Famous Dates
Mar	5th ~	Pie Night
	12th ~	20th Century Inventions
	19th ~	Famous Mothers
	26th ~	Call My Bluff
April	2nd ~	Sandwich Night



Why not join us for an
Easter Weekend at Brixham.
Fri 10th, Sat 11th & Sun 12th April '98

The picturesque fishing town of Brixham is situated at the southern end of Torbay. Nestled as it is between the bright lights of Torquay and Paignton and the sheer cliffs of the Berry Head N.T. site of special interest, Brixham is the perfect place to explore the coastline between these places and on to Dartmouth and Kingswear. There are loads of ale houses to taste scrumpy and dine on crab sandwiches and pasties. There will be a full programme of guided walks of all levels from easy "C" and use can be made of the ferries and steam trains to compliment them. For those who wish to stay longer than the W/E there will be a walk over Dartmoor and other excursions.

Ray McIntosh has information and booking forms for various types of accommodation. You should book your own stay which can be tailored to suit your own requirements you could for instance extend your stay before or after the weekend.

Before booking sort out your travel arrangements.

Public transport e.g. National Express will cost about £40 ret. and take up most of a day.

By Car:- set out very early in the morning to avoid congested roads and to maximise your day.

Guest Houses are in and around Brixham (King St. overlooks the harbour).

The Holiday Camp is a pleasant 10 min. coastal walk from the harbour.

Maypool Y/H is a good 3 miles from Brixham and 1m from the pub, you'll need a car.

Book A.S.A.P. and avoid disappointment

Or perhaps you prefer a
Youth Hostelling Weekend at Wastwater.

23rd, 24th & 25th May B/H W/E

If so, please secure a place with a £5 dep. **NOW!**



Competition

Sometimes, instead of a stile or gate, a farmer will install a device consisting of a moveable post with a loop of wire attached which can be dropped over a fixed post, thus allowing a walker to undo the wire and fasten it again behind him. The name of this device is also a nickname for someone from a particular state in the U.S.A.. Can you name the device?

*The Names of those who give the correct answer to the editor,
will be entered into a draw for a prize.*

Family Section Rambles

- March 14th** **APPLEY BRIDGE.** Bernard Foley (01257 254276). Meet at Appley Bridge Railway Station at 12 noon.
- April 11th** **JUMBLES COUNTRY PARK, Bolton.** Peter Wilkinson (01695 421681). Meet in the Visitors Centre car park 3 miles north of Bolton, off the B6391 at 12 noon.
-

Polish Walking Holiday in the Tatra Mountains

September 10th to September 20th

At present 29 people have sent their £35 deposits which are now being processed by New Millennium Holidays. Cheques are also required this month to the sum of £9.60 per person, made payable to *Endsleigh Insurance* which are to be sent to Dave Dickel or cash may be given to Mike/Helen Riley.

VEGETARIANS - Any person requiring vegetarian meals while on holiday will they please contact Dave this month so the holiday company may be informed.

VACANCIES - Anyone still thinking of coming on the holiday, whether they are members of the club or just friends of members, then there are still places available.

Contact: **Dave Dickel, 5 Grant Drive, Ewloe, Flintshire, CH5 3RR - 01244-533995**
Mike Riley - 0151-521 2268.

A letter from Peter R (junior)

Dear Ramblers

My name is Peter Ramejkis, I am 12 years old. I started rambling two months ago and find it very good fun walking through the countryside. On two of my past walks Ray McIntosh was the leader and he just gets us back three minutes after the light has gone. When I go walking I am very careful because a few weeks ago I fell down a cattle grid and hurt my knee . . . ha! ha! very funny I know, but it did hurt. My dad led a walk to Castleton recently and I was really hoping that he would have taken us down the Blue John mines.

Two of the people I have walked with are Lily Martin and Paul Malone. They are very nice people. When we are on the walks and I am alone I either walk with Lily or run up and talk with Paul. So thank you Ramblers for letting me come on the rambles with you.

Peter Ramejkis

Badge Competition

Response to the competition to design a new badge for our Association was limited to just a few entries. These will be scrutinised at our forthcoming committee meeting.

Catholic Walking Club of Victoria (Australia)

ALBERT DOWNING, who still comes walking with us from time to time, knows all about the above club. He spent many years with them and keeps in regular touch. Albert also exchanges copies of newsletters (he's passed many on to me). Tom, one of their members on visit to Britain last year, came out with our club on the Striding Edge/Helvellyn walk in the Lake District and really enjoyed his walk with us. Some of you may be planning a holiday to Australia or you may simply like to get in touch with this club or maybe write to them through their newsletter. Likewise, some of you Aussies out there may also like to learn more about us over here, so how about it? Anyway I will be carrying copies of their newsletter around with me at future club events/walks for anyone to browse over. - *Editor*

With no room for my mate, *John the carrot*, on the ole coach (left it too late to book), meant a fast car journey direct to Bolton Abbey, with arrival just after 11 o' clock. The car park was a hive of activity with various sized rambblers donning their kits and then, just like the 'Red Arrows', breaking formation, they were off in different directions. Our goal of the day was to be *Simons Seat*, but before our epic ramble could begin the coach would have to arrive and to a fanfare of trumpets it eventually did make a grand entrance. After lengthy discussions at ACAS a crew of 18 was form to become the 'B'walk, making a sharp exit from the impressive ruins of Bolton Abbey. Whilst crossing the adjoining river, courtesy of a pleasant wooden footbridge, one nameless boulder attempted the precarious stepping stones, only to find his progress blocked by the swelling river, reputation in tatters, he quietly rejoined our chucking group.

The *Valley of Desolation* does not exactly inspire an air of confidence, however, it certainly wasn't as barren as the name suggests, with good a layer of vegetation and the bonus of an excellent 30ft waterfall. If I had done my homework properly I should of took the path that stayed above the valley, instead we were committed to a slippery river crossing and then, to compound matters further, a narrow gauge roller coaster path. Apologies to everybody who had to endured this section of the *Amazon*.

On to the top moors a faithful promise of a booty break, if we could get the climbing out of the way first. Although it wasn't a steep ascent, it was still a bit of a slog, with no encouragement at all from the intimidating mist. A determined quietness descended amongst our crew as we pushed steadily forwards (pretty dramatic stuff eh?) and to put further chill in our bones we could hear unusual sounds from the sea of greyness. The party stopped, ears were now straining, worried looks were being pass around generously... just what could be making these strange noises? Now it was becoming

more legible, a sort of singing sound the SAS do when out training, then a few brave smiles broke out as we recognised the lines being sung out...

*Were the 'A' walkers
Were are OK
Walk all day
We never stop*



*La la lah, la la lah,
ee ee ee,
were the 'A' wa...*

...suddenly, the chorus grinded to an abrupt halt, as the 'A' walkers, led by *Colonel Tom (CDM with bar)*, realised their worse nightmare of catching up with the elite 'B' crew had come true and as Del Boy would say...

"*Mont Blanc* Rodney, I don't believe this!"

Ofcourse 'B' members are not ones for rubbing salt in peoples wounds and we were soon making kind suggestions...

...Would they like my right hand lady, Kay, to lead the rest of the way?

...How about a bit of Wensleydale cheese then?

But no, the 'A' troops were accepting none of it, having let their composure slip for 2.5 seconds, it was time to fight back. Unexpectedly, a cry went up amongst their ranks,

"HE WHO DARES!"

No sooner said, than tears were being wiped away, backs straightened, straps tightened and they were off into...well, who knows, but at least they looked the part. We too, on the 'B' walk, were making critical decisions, should we scoff all our butties now or wait till later, difficult times indeed.

Due to the 'Jack the Ripper' fog and a bubble in the compass, we, like the 'A' bods, had undershot *Simons Seat* by a cats whisker, or be it a big cat! But not to worry, the *Dales Way* was awaiting our little tooties.

This particular section of the *Dales Way* faithfully hugs the river all the way back to Bolton Abbey and makes for easy walking & good conversation.

Badden Bridge with its impressive arches, is a crossing you just had to take, although why it was built, I do not know, as there are no obvious approach roads to it. If it was built just to be pleasing on the ole eyes, then it certainly works; good even for a quick booty break.

Off into the woods and the fading light meant the torches were on the first tour of duty, with Sandra's having the brightest luminance of all. So with all this light available it was extremely unlucky for Kay to go slap bang into a roadside marker post, especially since we were within five minutes of the coach. Even though Kay was in considerable pain, she gallantly carried on, thus achieving the *Woman of the Match*, for this particular fixture.

Apart from the injury time, a good walk was hopefully enjoyed by all. Many thanks to *John the Carrot* for whipping in and to *Duracell* for sponsoring Sandra's torch.

Cheers Roy This ☺☺



'Colonel Tom arrives at Simons Seat'

INSPIRED POETRY

©

Following on from the last newsletter we continue with a few more poems by Roni Murray

I was inspired to write this poem when we discovered quite by accident that our twelve-month-old son was deaf and had been so from birth. He was operated on when he was two, quite successfully, and he is now a strapping six-foot healthy young lad of fourteen. It is called:

LONELY BOY

What thoughts are going through his head . . . as he plays with his toys or sleeps in his bed.

He's getting older - he's four today . . . How years do pass, how time flies away.

When I sang Happy Birthday he gave a blank stare. It's not his fault that he can't hear.

Locked in a silent world of his own, such a solitary

life where he's all alone.

My hand traces his mouth to communicate, as young as he is he knows his fate.

You know a blind person by the loss of his sight, but deafness doesn't show its frustrating plight.

Hey there! . . . Are you deaf? Some people shout. How embarrassing for them when they find out!

* * * * *

I wrote this poem when another son of mine was in the Army. I have called it:

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS

They are only boys, still only raw . . . sent over there for peace to restore.

It isn't a war yet many are killed by a faceless enemy who are hate filled.

Those boys turn to men in three months or less, by

the horrors they face and the whole bloody mess.

They are trained to kill but not told why . . . if it isn't a war, why some of them die.

The atrocities and grief and endless pain, is all real to me . . . Will I see my son again?

Magic Moments

EARLIER last year, Chris and I spent a very enjoyable week backpacking mainly in the Yorkshire Dales, staying at youth hostels and bed and breakfasts on the way. We booked on the Dufton walk and whilst the club returned to Liverpool we stayed there. A week later we arrived in Howarth, where by luck the club had its next walk, and were able to return home on the coach.

What was the greatest moment that happened that week?

Was it, the pounding of the feet, the aching of the body, the effort required to go on each day. (No, I don't think so)

Was it, the camaraderie in the hostels overnight. Meeting like-minded people, having a mutual respect in what others are doing? (Better)

Was it, standing under a hot shower, water trailing over tired muscles, a gentle rain dancing on the head. (Nice, but not the best)

Was it, stumbling on the path, unable to correct the stumble as a 40lb rucksack pushed me down and pinned me to the floor. (Definitely not)

Was it, the gargling of beer as we fought our way through 40 pubs in the week. (Very nearly)

No, the best moment had to be at the pub stop in Dufton, our clubs weekly ritual. The pleasure in shouting "drink up," "empty your glasses," cajoling everyone, to leave and yet being able to ignore the instructions yourself. Watching as everyone was boarding the steamed-up coach in the gloom of the evening, and turning to mine host, "Another pint of bitter please landlord, now that the riff raff have gone." A magic moment indeed!

Will Harris