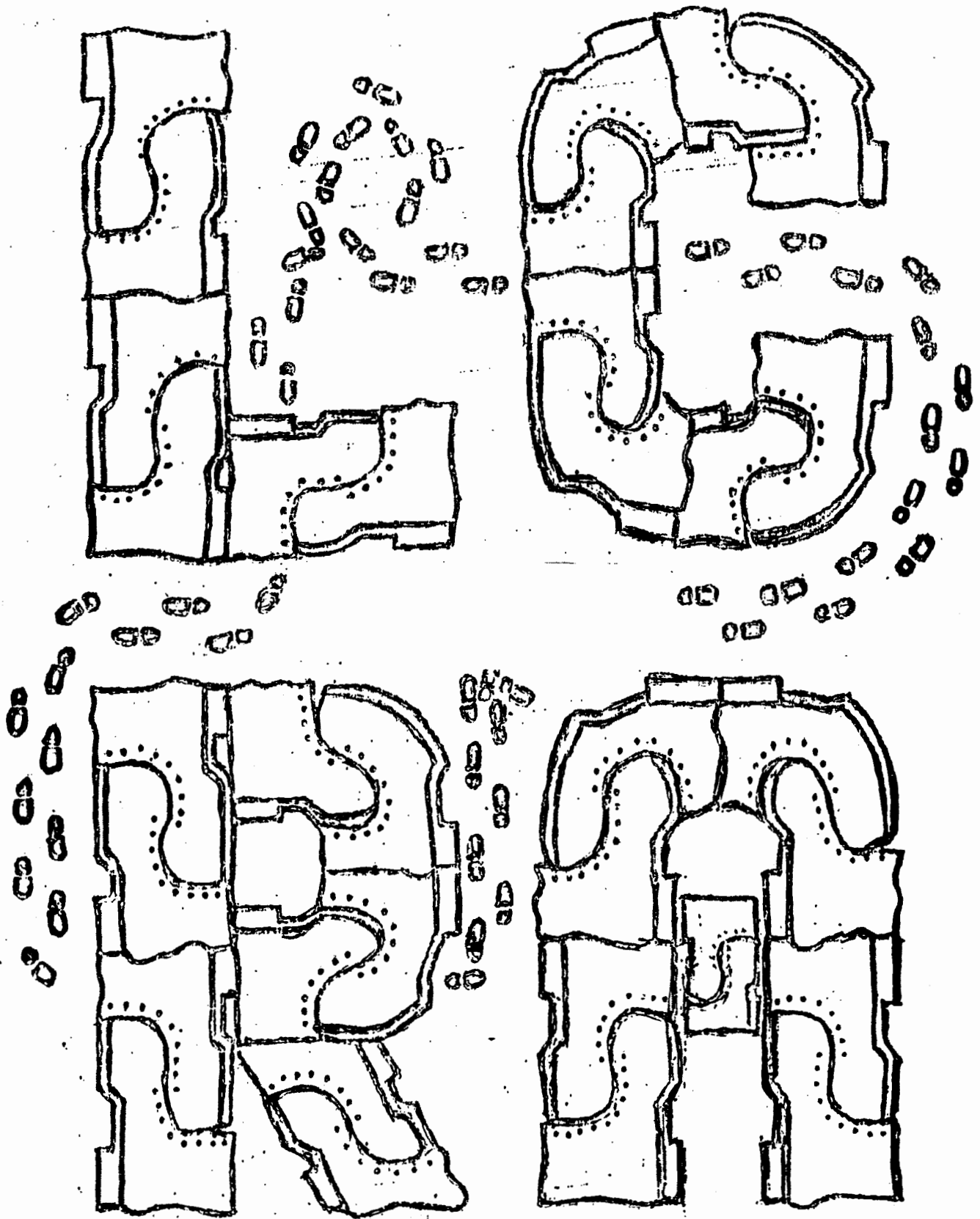


Liverpool Catholic Ramblers' Newsletter



MIDSUMMER 2008 Seventh series Issue No.70

Don't forget the usual **Cheese and Wine Nights** with music and our own free quiz with fabulous prizes are held on the **first Thursday** of each month at the Ship and Mitre, Dale Street (upstairs) about 9.15 onwards (if you come earlier you can chat in the ground floor bar with some of us)

Ramblerite

IT'S IDEAL weather for walking at the moment – not too hot, not too cold. I haven't been on a ramble recently (except for 7 walks on my holiday) and nobody has written any reports on recent walks.

What I do know is that coaches have only been three-quarters full recently and that a fair amount of money was lost unnecessarily on our last walk in the Troutbeck-Staveley area. Reason for this loss is that a considerable number of members cancelled at the last minute. As a result, a smaller coach could then have been used, but it was just too late to switch from a big to a small coach when we would have at least broke even or perhaps made a slight profit. The moral in that story is if you have to cancel don't leave it right up to the last minute – too many more incidents like that and the £10 coach fare will have to go up again.

Note: The weekend at Slaidburn has now been changed to a weekend at Hawes – end of August.

We should be filling coaches in the near future, if not too many are away enjoying themselves on walking holidays, etc. To whet your appetite, here are details of our forthcoming rambles:

Forthcoming rambles

July 20 TEBAY/SEDBURGH (Howgills)

This is the Howgill Fells area in south Cumbria, close to the Yorkshire border. The 'C' often do a lower level ramble in this area. I have actually led a pleasant 'C' walk here that takes you almost up to Tebay Services on the M6 – from Sedburgh and back.

The 'A' and 'B' usually do the rounded hilly summits of Winder, The Calf, etc, and often take in Cautley Spout, an impressive waterfall. The Howgills are visible from the M6 when you pass on your way to Keswick, etc.

Coach route for this walk is up the M58 and M6. If you need picking up enroute please mention it when booking.

July 27 HOWARTH. (Yorkshire). The famous Bronte Country where the old cobbled steep main street of Howarth, complete with shops, cafes and pubs, attracts many visitors. The Parsonage, where the famous Bronte family lived is at the top end of Howarth. Walks include the Bronte Trail and part of the Pennine Way.

Coach route is along the M62 this time, picking up at the Gardners Arms and Junction 9 at B&Q near Warrington.

EDITORIAL

ENJOY reading this 3-page newsletter plus cover.

If you would like a bigger newsletter with more pages, then it is up to YOU personally to help to fill it with your contributions – ramble write-ups, holiday stories, etc.

Some of you may be on holiday and say that you have had no time to write. Actually that is exactly the time to write, just after the holiday, as I have done here, on the back page in this edition.

Anyway thanks to Richie for his contribution and also to Lindzee who sent in some information on volunteer work to help out with people who are unfortunately having mental health problems.

If you have an interest in Mental Health and/or volunteering and would like to find out more, contact Sue, Liz or Sarah on 0151 281 2088 or email befriending@imaginementalhealth.org.uk

Anniversary of club's tragic plane crash

SATURDAY August 9th sadly marks the 40th anniversary of the plane crash when the group of eight of our young lady members all lost their lives. They were on their way to Innsbruck Airport and then would have gone on to Seefeld in the Austrian Tyrol. The plane crashed in Bavaria, by the side of the Nuremburg-Munich autobahn. Everyone on board tragically died.

With reference to that plane crash, the Friends of Liverpool Airport Newsletter (Spring 2008 edition) includes the 40th anniversary of this tragic loss – the story of those girls, the terrible details of the crash and the catalogue of engineering failures and suspected electrical failures that led to the eventual crash. This story takes up pages 29, 30 and 31. I can also photocopy the relevant pages for anyone interested.

The girls will all be especially remembered at our Annual Mass on Sunday 28th September, but also give them at least a moment's thought on their anniversary on Saturday August 9th. May they rest in peace. *(I personally knew seven of them – Editor).*

New members

Welcome to all new members who have joined us recently and we hope that you share many happy experiences with us.

September holiday in Zakopane

Tuesday September 9th for 8 days is the latest special offer flight for £64 return from Liverpool Airport. This offer won't last for very long. So if interested contact me on 01744 632211 – Editor

☹ You think English is easy??? 💣

1. The bandage was wound around the wound.
2. The farm was used to produce produce.
3. The dump was so full that it had to refuse more refuse.
4. We must polish the Polish furniture.
5. His leg was shot at by a lead pellet but he could lead once he got the lead out.
6. The soldier decided to desert his dessert in the desert.
7. Since there is a no time like the present, he thought it was time to present the present.
8. A bass fish was painted on the head of the bass drum.
9. When shot at, the dove dove into the bushes.
10. I did not object to the object.
11. The insurance was not invalid for the invalid.
12. There was a row among the oarsmen about how to row.
13. They were all much too close to the door to close it.
14. The buck does funny things when does are present.
15. A seamstress and a sewer both fell down a sewer.
16. The farmer fed his sow then went to sow his crops.
17. The wind was too strong to wind the sail.
18. Upon seeing the tear in the painting I shed a tear.
19. I had to subject the subject to a series of tests.
20. How can I intimate this to my most intimate friend?

Let's face it – English is a crazy language!

There is no egg in eggplant, nor ham in hamburger, neither apple nor pine in pineapple. English muffins weren't invented in England, or French fries in France. Sweatmeats are candies while sweetbreads, which are not sweet, are meat.

If we explore the paradoxes of English, we find that quicksand can work slowly, boxing rings are square, and a guinea pig is neither from Guinea nor is it a pig. And why is it that writers write but fingers don't fing; grocers don't groce and hammers don't ham?

If the plural of tooth is teeth, why isn't the plural of booth beeth? One goose is geese, so one mouse, two meece? One index, two indices? You can make amends but not one amend.

Richie Canon gave me the above, plus two more pages, but one is enough for now, so I will save those for another edition – Editor. He also spotted this Bill Bryson tale given below:

A stroll in an American woods

AS I knelt by the water, I became curiously aware of something in the woods beyond my left shoulder, which caused me to straighten up and peer through the clutter of foliage at the water's edge.

Goodness knows what impelled me to look because I wouldn't have heard anything over the musical tumult of water, but there, about 15 feet away in the dusky undergrowth staring at me with a doleful expression, was a moose – full grown and female, so I presumed, since it had no antlers.

It had evidently been on its way to the water for a drink when it was brought up short by my presence, and now clearly was undecided what to do next.

It's an extraordinary experience to find yourself face-to-face in the woods with a wild animal that is very much larger than you.

We stared at each other for a full minute, neither of us sure what to do. There was a certain obvious gratifying tang of adventure in this, but also something much more elemental, a kind of respect mutual acknowledgement that comes with sustained eye contact. It was this that was unexpectedly thrilling – a sense that there was in some small measure, a salute in our cautious mutual appraisal.

Very slowly, so as not to alarm it, I crept off to get Katz.

When we returned the moose had advanced to the water and was drinking about 25 feet upstream.

"Wow!" Katz breathed. He was thrilled too, I was pleased to note.

The moose looked up and decided we meant her no harm and went back to drinking.

We watched her for 5 minutes and returned to our camp. It seemed a kind of confirmation – we were in the wilderness now – and an agreeable reward for a hard day's toil.



Don't look at me. I am wearing the antlers. This short story concerns one of my female friends. I am called a moose in North America but in Europe I am called an elk. I daren't tell you what my female friends call me in the rutting season!

First of the cherry vodkas

The title should have read: "Last of the Summer Wine" but we mature and rambling gentlemen hadn't even sampled the first of the summer wine yet! There was still snow on the mountains.

POLES were grasped as we mingled with other Poles at a bus stop. We four action-packed pensioners (Duracel?) were setting off on a mystery day trip to Slovakia.

Another minibus pulled in; not ours. Then suddenly the driver shouted in our direction: "Hi Dave! Where are you off to today?"



Gobsmacked! I realised that maybe I am now more recognisable in Zakopane than Lech Walesa! The driver who spotted me was Janutz. He has taught several of our gang how to control their speed with skis on – I must have missed out on that lesson!

I shouted back: "Morskie Oko." (*This was not a Polish salutation, but merely our destination!*). Unfortunately Janutz was on a different bus route – as he drove off he shouted: "Enjoy yourselves!"

On our eight-day spot-the-lonesome pine trip Peter Kennedy and I were taught a bit of sign-language by our genial comrades, David Whiston (71) and Keith Lucas (62) from the Sheffield Deaf Ramblers. I met them on the swings inside the Piano Bar last year. Now we were nearly getting writers' cramp as we conversed by pen and paper.

On the second full day, three of us had taken a morning funicular train up behind the market. We enjoyed the awe-inspiring panoramic view of the countless snow pockets on the distant mountains, and then we walked almost vertically back down again before meeting Peter at 11.20am – we kept in touch by using that odd mobile text message.

Peter's eyes had just been tested (*nothing to do with our comments!*). He had just got a new pair of glasses made while-you-wait, for a mere £25! He lost his at the John Lennon customs check-in but didn't want to make a spectacle of himself.

Poles (namely our new wooden ones) were vital on two small snowfields we had to cross later, on both routes up and down the cable car mountain.

It was cabin baggage only for Peter and I, so we both bought a varnished wooden walking stick in Zakopane. We lost them/ found them several times until Peter finally lost his in a minibus at the end of our last ramble. Mine miraculously made the flight home . . . and then got left in John Lennon's toilets!

A large Slovak beer was just 60p!

A Polish beer is £1.20 (5 zlotys – now 4.2 to the £1)

We had our passports ready as they were still required at the Slovakian border last year, in spite of being an EU member. Nine miles later, when we got off the Morskie Oko minibus and walked down, we got a pleasant surprise. The border post was deserted and traffic was just driving through.

And so we simply walked over the river bridge and around the corner to find an almost equally

deserted Slovakian border post. Plan was to get to Stary Smokovec (the heart of the Tatras) about 18 miles away. Big problem! It was a Saturday and we found that there were no buses at the weekend!

That ramshackle border post resembled the outskirts of Dodge City at the end of the gold rush, with just a tatty shop, a small bar and a café. So, we had to make a really big decision – the bar or the café? We moseyed down to the café for coffee and poured over the map. Time was against us, so plan B was agreed; and then, using our combined language skills we asked a young Slovakian man could he speak English? Thankfully he could!

He soon phoned for a taxi to take us to Ždiar, a skiing village 6 miles away. We soon found a bar where we had a meal and a Slovak beer (just 60p!).

Ždiar was also an old Goral village. Gorals are a rugged and ancient race, native only to southern Poland and its borders. Some are farmers, while others play in fiddle bands in Zakopane, or drive horse-drawn carriages there in highlanders' dress.

David now produced a sort of Wainwright's Tatras guide. Soon we were trekking the green route and passed a ski slope. We were in thick forested foothills crossing a bubbling river and had hardly seen a soul. Now then, did someone utter "Brown bear left!" or was it "Now bear left!"

Then we saw it, 30 yards to the left, half-way up a tree. It was our green marker! We went left.

And so, after a good 3½-hour walk and meeting only about eight people (no bears), we ventured pubwards again. We finally imbibed before taxiing to the border – then a minibus back to Zakopane.

One day, David and Keith queued for the cable car. Peter and I opted to walk up to the summit, and just over 2½ hrs later, we beat them to the top!

Caught in an electric storm

A few days earlier, we spotted a fearless fox eating scraps outside a mountain lodge in the late afternoon sun. Later, a violent electric storm closed in on us and raged for an eternity. Luckily we were down in a valley, but the crashing thunder was really loud. It didn't ruffle our two friends' feathers, apart from getting drenched. They didn't hear a thing!



Zakopane had a late winter this year, so we had great views of the snowfields on many mountain sides, but all the paths were open. Oh, and finally, not a drop of cherry vodka touched our lips . . . etc!