

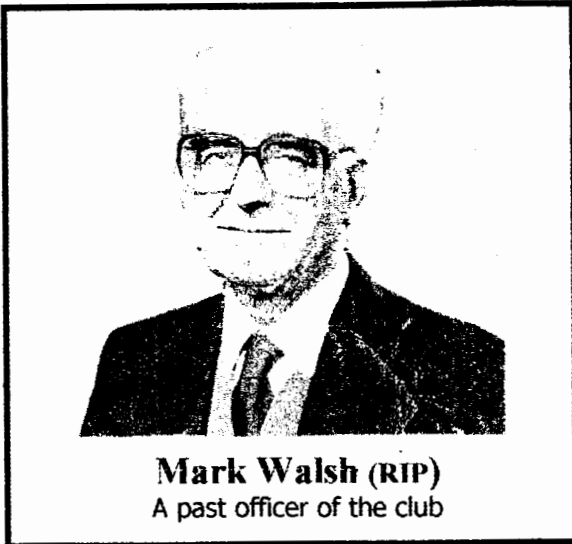
Liverpool
Catholic Ramblers'
NEWSLETTER



7TH SERIES

JULY 2004

ISSUE 45



Mark Walsh (RIP)
A past officer of the club

FOLLOWING Mark's death a few months ago (reported in the last edition) this edifying letter was sent to Chris Dobbin from Mark's widow:

Thank you for your letter of sympathy following Mark's death.

We had some very enjoyable times with the Catholic Ramblers, both outdoors and indoors, and it was during our Thursday social evenings that Mark and I met – in the old hall of St Oswald's in Old Swan, just after the Second World War.

Has anybody ever sat down and tried to record the number of marriages that followed the meeting of young couples at the LCRA? There must be very many. Do you think we may hold the record – five Collins sisters met their husbands through the Ramblers (and were all married at All Saints, Anfield by the late Rev Walter Greave)!

Your letter provoked many memories.

I still have a few old photographs and programmes of walks, etc.

Best wishes for the future. Long may the LCRA continue to flourish.

Eileen Walsh

If there were, say, at least three marriages per year made through couples meeting in the LCRA since 1927 then there would be at least 231 marriages, but I suspect the figure is much higher than that – Editor

ENGAGEMENT

And now, yet another duo have got engaged

The marriage of an 'A' and 'B' walker
Mary Black and Paco Manzano
The happy couple are to be married locally next month. Congratulations and best wishes to you both



Editor's briefs



JUST BACK from a cobweb-clearing holiday, my main priority was to get your July newsletter out.

Many thanks to the several members of the Seniors' Section for providing the bulk of material for this edition.

Contributions, however brief, are welcome from every club member. If necessary you can ask me to try and improve your report or make it more amusing, or simply instruct me to just print it exactly as you have written it.

Send or give your ramble write-ups, etc, to me at
7 Abbots Way, Billinge, WIGAN WN5 7SB
01744 632211 **Dave Newns**

Ramblerite



An appeal

Book at least a week in hand

THE LAST THING the club needs is to cancel walks, but just lately too many people are leaving it to the last-minute to book, then find that the walk has just been cancelled because insufficient names are in the book. There are three numbers for phone bookings so phone at least by the Saturday a week before the ramble (or make use of the answer phones if you will not be booking for a walk on the coach the next day) – we have to make a decision as to whether it is economically viable to continue with the walk by then.

Also an ongoing appeal over the years is that if any private weekend function is planned, try and fix it for a FRIDAY night, not Saturday, to give the planned Sunday ramble a chance to take place.

Word of mouth seems to have been the driving force in recruiting new members recently. We not only need more new members and leaders, but some of the existing members, who have no viable reason not too, should be coming out more, now that the rambling season is at its peak.

Size A4 and A5 recruitment posters are in the bag on the coach, or I have some for display in libraries, churches or any suitable place. Just ask for one.

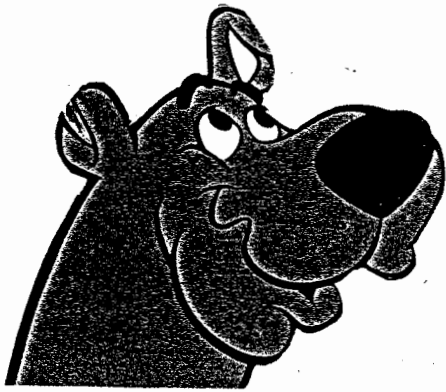
We've been trundling along since 1927, so do your bit to help make this club a thriving club. Thanks.

Dave Newns (President)

Discount outdoor gear

A REMINDER that Millets and possibly some other outdoor gear specialists will give you a 10% discount if you show your signed programme/membership card.

Poland - the bear facts



Hi folks, I live in the Tatra Mountains overlooking Zakopane (*pronounced Zakoparnay*). The other week I was feeling hungry when Dave Newnski bumped into me and asked for directions, and then he asked if I could get a head – No problem, I bit his head off!

Dave had these 'bear' facts under his sun hat at the time:

"The best way to do the mountains is to get the cable car up to the top. The views are fantastic and the Polish/Slovak border follows the centre of the east-west ridges – you have Poland under one foot and Slovakia under your other foot. Just keep an eye open for those dangerous bears." PS: You can't get lost!

There were seventeen of us including one non-rambler, Danny, a Scottish builder who liked a wee dram of Vodka (or beer), so he went on daily walkabout, watching several archetypal wooden chalets being built and *inspecting* the dozens of local bars! Danny usually zig-zagged home for the meal.

We had a few casualties: Maureen got swollen glands – she found it hard to swallow any liquids, except alcohol!

Lyn's walking pole is still somewhere in Pole land and someone left his old blue fleece on the back of an airport lounge seat (yours truly!) and probably now in a Warsaw charity shop.

Bob (one of Will Harris's club mates) stubbed his big toes on some rocky paths and so had to tread lightly, but he fell in love with the big chairlift (just 32p per ride) and was last seen going round and round on it.

Everything's still very cheap

One day Mike had a bit of a domestic with Helen, as you do, so he grabbed his passport and walked out of the country. He got back from Slovakia just in time for the evening meal.

She confiscated his passport!

Most food and drink was still about half price – a large beer or a cherry vodka cost just 82 pence (or just 4.50 zlotych – no Euro's over there yet).

We had perfect rambling weather – dry in the daytime, rain some nights. One night we all bumped into each other in the Piano Bar (not quite by accident) but the heavy rain forced us to stay until it stopped – well, it rained all night!

Next morning the sun was cracking the flags, as usual.

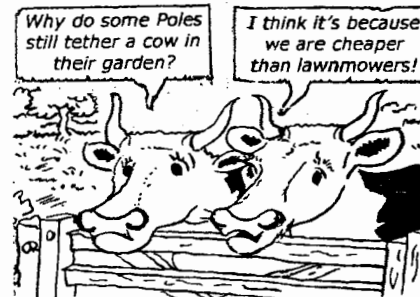
Half the group were whisked off to the awesome salt mines, 300ft underground, but they did

manage to escape up in the rickety bucket-lifts from the other 5,000 daily visitors after having a comedian of a guide.

Lost camera

We used minibus taxis to get to the walking areas (average 55p each), but mid-holiday I left my camera down the side of a minibus seat. Well there are dozens of white or blue minibuses but there was no depot – for handling lost property. So how did I get my camera back two days later? Simple – I was in the resort's yellow minibus!

Flo quickly learnt how to say stop in Polish (*translation is – English: stop; Polish: stop!*)



Quizzes, including a Polish quiz were organised a couple of nights by Will and Chris.

Most people in the south of Poland can't speak English, except the schoolchildren – one night the ladies went off to a Chinese restaurant, but I soon found a Polish restaurant – I hope you've spotted the joke! I needed a pen to make a note of the fish menu. The manager was speaking in German so I asked in my best Austrian ski

slopes German lingo for a biro. He gave me one, but when I struggled to say in German: "You can have it back now thanks," he told me he could also speak English!!!



The Polish nuns apparently climbed at least one of the 7,000ft mountains by using the chains. Could you imagine the nuns doing that in England?

Spot the English tourist

Brenda was surprised when she bumped into two of her Liverpool walking companions near a mountain restaurant. They were with other English people – a rare sight over there.

The paths are all colour-coded and it's hard to get lost, but I succeeded! Well, there were two green routes both turning right from that summit, and there was thick mist up there that morning. As soon as the mist cleared, Mike, high above me on the cable car, said he recognised me by my hat!

Will and Chris did their own walks but one day they galloped past us shouting: "The 'A' party!" They were sat smugly in a horse-drawn carriage!

Paul was disappointed, as all his favourite outdoor barbecued chickens from his stay here five years ago had migrated.

It would take too long here to describe the occasional late night dancing, the swimming pool, saunas and massages.

An early start for some

The biggest hiccup was on day one. Gatwick flights were out of the question as one had to leave home about 2am for the 8am plane. We flew from Manchester on the 6.25am flight. So what time did seven of us have to be picked up by the airport minibus? Answer: 2am! We had a four-hour wait

at the airport! We're all still having psychotherapy!

Later, at the security check, Will Harris swore that he had no scissors in his rucksack; but they were soon extracted from his first-aid kit and dumped in a box with a million other pairs.

Lost passport

One couple almost missed the plane, as Christine (one of Will's group) couldn't find her passport, so got her old out-of-date passport and managed to get through security, with a bit of hassle, just in time.

Anyway, the holiday ended on a rare rainy day so we trampolined on our suitcases until they were flat enough to fasten, then went off in little groups for shopping around the market, and a meal out.

Livestock was not allowed on the two planes going home but Flo managed to smuggle a very large hedgehog (among other things) on board in her hand luggage. The poor thing resembled an oversized yard brush. I had better explain that it was made of wood.

Some of you may know that I once worked on local newspapers. Now you should never believe all that you read in the papers, so just take this story with a pinch of salt, which was once a rare commodity and was often hard to get hold of.

Well, the photos tell the rest of this saga. We all thoroughly enjoyed the holiday. In fact some of us thought ten days was too short. A special thanks to Dave Dickel for organising this holiday.

Dave Newnski

PS: The late nights on this Polish holiday have taken their toll on some of us. The other morning I fell asleep in the bath! Fortunately I can swim. I've even dropped off a few times doing this newsletter. See you all with photos on the High Cup Nick walk tomorrow – Editor.

BUTTERMERE WEEKEND

First weekend in September 2004

Note change of dates to 3rd, 4th and 5th September. The original Bank Holiday date for 29th August was fully booked.

You need to have a car or get a lift from someone. So far 12 are booked with just eight vacant places. Cost is £29.80 for the Friday and Saturday night – bed and breakfast only. You have the option of buying an evening meal at the hostel or at The Fish or The Bridge in Buttermere (10 minutes walk).

CLOTH CLUB BADGES FOR SALE

These are available on the coach or contact Will Harris. Cost is just £2 each.

CHEESE AND WINE NIGHTS

These are held on the first Thursday of every month at the Ship and Mitre, Dale Street.

On those nights we also have our own Musicians entertaining you, and Ken Regan does an easy quiz, ie: A, B, or C answers. Earlier this month the club had a successful bring your own food night.

NEW MEMBERS

More members have joined our ranks since the last newsletter. We welcome you all and may you spend many happy years with us.

CATHEDRAL PENNY

At the committee meetings we have always had a collection for the Cathedral upkeep, then and a cheque in every year or so. The latest cheque was for £250 and we have received a letter thanking us for our loyal support over many years, from Mgr Peter Cookson, Cathedral Dean.

ROAD TO THE SOUTHERN CROSS

This ongoing serial of veteran Albert Downing's adventures had Part 3 published in the last edition. It will take about ten years to finish it in its present form so I am working on drastically editing it for future editions. Apologies to Albert, but I have run out of space and, anyway, I am too jet lagged to do one for this edition.



Recent Seniors' Section rambles



Nicky Nook – 11th July

I DON'T suppose many people have heard of Barnacre Church. I doubt if any of the nine rambles intending to follow Peter up to the superb viewpoint known as Nicky Nook had heard of it before. To remedy this topographical shortcoming Jean kept shouting out its whereabouts from quite early into the walk. She then began to enumerate its many attractions not least of which, in Jean's humble opinion, were the tea and cakes available that morning. The fact that the said church was not on our itinerary was of minor importance. Whether Peter was temporarily deaf of feigning that condition or whether he was evincing his real heart of flint we'll never know.

Tragically, Jean didn't get her cakes.

The real business now began as we headed for the motorway bridge, only to see Peter on his knees, his face a picture of disappointment. Was he wishing that he'd listened to Jean's pleas? Something much more mundane – the footbridge was closed and a diversion was necessary.

You could imagine Jean's heart missing a beat or two. But no, we were not Barnacre – bound. We finally crossed the M6 and Peter soon decided a stop at Pasture Wood was a good idea and took off his rucksack full of cakes and tea. George, ungrateful fellow, declined the offer and with Peter's blessing set off for the summit. He found the narrow path a mass of nettles but thereafter the route across Woodacre Pasture and along the track beside the Grize Dale was delightful.

The approach was tough by the Seniors' standard but we all acquitted ourselves really well. The views from the top were worth the climb through the desperate search to get a mere glimpse of Barnacre Church proved fruitless.

Descending by an alternative route was an added pleasure particularly as the people whom we met were on their way up, poor things! We eventually arrived at Snowhill, inaptly named, on what was a lovely day in every sense. Peter had thoughtfully reserved places at a hostelry not a million miles away, and this rounded off a super trip.

GEFA

Black Witch at Barley

ON a Wednesday in early May I was invited to take part on an exercise that began in BARLEY, no relation to *Barley Mo*, a pub in Laesterdike over the Yorkshire border, but a small settlement nestling in the shadow of Pendle Hill.

I guess the village of our start had something to do with the production of ale ingredients! The local pub had a good brew, Black Witch.

The party was pleased to drag me along for an endurance/pace factor/training session for their trip to the Alps of Slovenia. Game for anything you understand. The sun was high in the heavens, the climate warm, tempered by a slight breeze.

Hawthorn blossom glowed brilliant white, edging the lush green fields, as we moved along the upper reaches of Pendle Water and out of the village – at an alpine plod.

The first of the two Ogden reservoirs soon came into view, nestling in the Clough of the same name. It was here that alpinist Mc broached the first consultation in regard to a lunch stop – press on, was the majority view.

Again, at Upper Ogden Reservoir, food was declined. It was obvious for the hour of the day that one of our absent fraternity was missing.

On and upwards we rose to the challenge, reaching the objective height, having taken only early morning sustenance (except coffee and cookies at the Women's Institute at Barley) - didn't we do well?

The wonderful view from 557m on Pendle Hill was a rich reward and ideal location for lunch. The plains of Lancashire spread below. Chatburn, Gisburn, old English names associated with the burning of witches/ The old Midland Railway snaking its way up towards Hellifield and the famous Ribbleshead Viaduct – the faint outline of the old Roman Road heading north through Downham, ran almost parallel.

Through the haze of the afternoon, distant fells of Longridge and Ingleborough were recognised. Basking in such moments of pleasure and wonder of creation is elixir indeed. "Five minutes," the call intrudes.

The descent down gentle contours led us to Pendle Road, then a traverse of open moorland over which we were saved from the bogs draining off Pendle by following waymarked posts, courtesy of earlier pioneers. Lower fields of rich pasture, occupied by grazing ewes and basking lambs, brought us finally to the perimeter of Lowe Black Reservoir and into the sleepy hamlet of Barley. Thanks folks for a great day.

PS: Including the lift.

W.A.P.



Condor Green

16th May

We did not meet at Condor Green.
 Throughout the day it was never seen.
 On a Bible I do swear upon.
 The cars were parked at the dock at Glasson
 Upon the Lune may be added
 This harbour or basin
 For Lancaster city, her gate to the ocean.
 A minor road and railway reached the port;
 A canal too would imp & export. Laboriously
 Long such gone trade,
 Yachts, cruise-barges, bucket and spade
 Do now parade the place.
 Too soon we left the pleasure scene
 Along Marsh Lane in glorious weather.
 Whereupon two ships were spied,
 Motionless, awaiting the tide?
 At the end of the day
 There they still lay.
 For all I know the hulks are stuck
 Their grave the sand and all the muck.
 The vast expanse of Cockerham
 Was reached in time to rest for lunch
 For us a small but happy bunch.
 We gazed upon the creeping green
 Westwards, as the sea retreats
 Parkgate down the coast repeats.
 How startling a sight to see
 Sheep grazing so near the sea.
 The east erosion, what future land to gaze
 upon?
 A fine but brisk pace
 Brought us to a place
 Of ancient antiquity -
 Cockersand Abbey.
 Premonstratensian, the notice read,
 Canons Regular, most now dead?
 Founded 1118 in Premontre France,
 We were dumfounded
 That such a wild and lonely place
 Once housed men of prayer and grace.
 The road from ruins to fields of cattle
 Here Miss Thingybob near took a fit.
 For her, all 4-legged beast are bulls, that's it!
 Our leader, now a shepherd allayed her fate
 Coaxed and corralled us to the nearest gate.
 The impressive church of Cockerham
 Drew the attention of our cameraman.
 Will we see the prints, George?
 Lancaster Canal was reached.
 A left turn soon brought to where the cars
 were beached!
 Thanks for good camaraderie, *W.A.P.*

Appleton/Stretton - 6th June

Our party of 11 Ramblers met at the Cat and Lion Pub (built at the beginning of the 18th century by the Lyons Family, who were connected to Greenalls) for our Ramble on Sunday June 6th on what was to be one of the hottest days of the year. We began by walking through several large fields of wheat, potatoes and a variety of grasses until we reached a Bridle Path. En route we enjoyed a panoramic view of industrial Merseyside contrasting with the rich, rolled greens of Warrington Golf Course. We reached a shady wooded glen, crossed a stream, walked up a steep slope to Bellfields Farm. By then we were ready for our welcome lunch break which was sent sitting on a wall among nettles and rubbish, but was shady and cool. We were a source of entertainment for the occupants of the very impressive Cheshire luxury homes around us. Behind us lay Appleton Reservoir.

Resuming our walk we took several footpaths in between new housing development which led us to London Road. A welcome coffee break was taken at the London Bridge Pub by one or two members, while the rest of the group sheltered from a sun shower. This Pub was originally the terminus for the Bridgewater Canal, where barges traded coal for potatoes to and from Manchester. Several buildings were of interest including a ghost story about a former landlord. Our way now led along the towpath of this canal, where at the aqueduct at Lumsbrook Bridge (built by James Brindley), we left the path to follow a new route through several miles of shaded woodland known as 'The Dingle.' Further footpaths led the way to a Roman Road, where the two headed statue of Janus, looking forwards and backwards pointed to our straight path, which was lined by Roman columns, two large Roman soldiers and an old Roman arch. We stopped for a short while to support Appleton Cricket Club, playing their Sunday cricket match.

Our circular walk concluded with a visit to the Parish Church, where the clock faces in the tower had 12 letters instead of 12 numerals (only 2 clocks like this in the country). The two phrases are 'TIME IS NOT ALL', and 'FORGET NOT GOD'. Suitably impressed we reached The Cat and Lion after a very hot, thirsty, but interesting walk through the Cheshire countryside. **L.A.A.**

