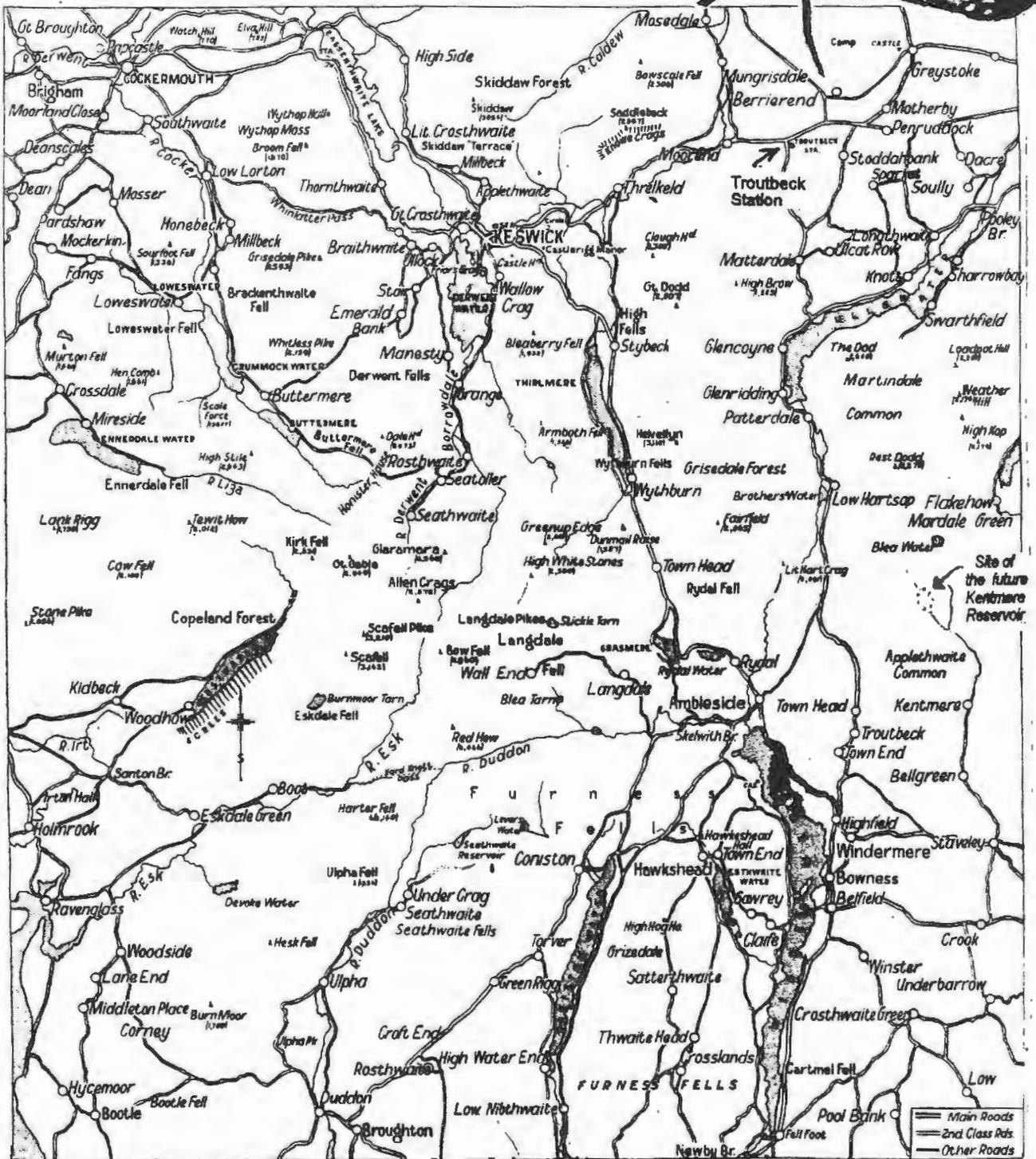


Liverpool Catholic Ramblers' NEWSLETTER

Summer 2005

7th Series Issue 51



This early 1920's Lake District map was found in a Liverpool attic recently in a booklet on Keswick
 A few observations: Kentmere Reservoir was non-existent; Wallow Crag, alongside Derwentwater, is named Walla Crag today.
 Note 'Troutbeck' railway station (top right) but the normal Troutbeck was 16 miles south – a long walk if you got them mixed up!

Keswick – over 80 years ago

A SNAPSHOT from that early 1920's booklet found in an attic shows Saturday was market day. Happily, the Saturday market still exists, but the railway to Keswick doesn't.

In those days there were few people with cars and your journey to Keswick would be by train, staying up there for at least a few days. In recent years that old railway track from Keswick has been transformed to a scenic high-level footpath over several old bridges spanning the River Greta far below.

The "Keswick Boot" in the picture had soles and heels of thick leather with many metal studs hammered into them into a pattern of groups of three studs, with segs around the edges. They were great for grip on muddy paths but were not so good on rocks and were quite dangerous on icy paths.

Today it is a rare sight to see an alpine mountaineer sporting that quirky feather in his hat. The alpine climber would be wearing a safety helmet and the alpine rambler would most likely be wearing a hat with a brand name logo. However, one can occasionally come across that eccentric alpine hat wearer – rarely on a mountain – most likely in a rambler's bar!



KESWICK and Neighbourhood

Population : 5,555 (Census of 1921).
Early Closing Day : Wednesday.
Market Day : Saturday.

In Lakeland, that unique district of inexhaustible attractions, the towns can be counted on the fingers of one hand. This is far from being a disadvantage in the eyes of those who visit this wonderland of beauty to see and enjoy the loveliest and most varied natural scenery in England. Many regard it, indeed, as an additional attraction, more especially as owing to the comparative smallness of the area—about the same size as Greater London—its few centres are sufficient in number and convenient enough in situation to enable the visitor to explore it in all directions.

Keswick is the chief of these centres and the largest town in Lakeland, yet its normal population is only a little over 5,500. Kendal and Penrith are both more populous, but neither is in Lakeland proper. They are on its borders and may be regarded as the gateways to the southern and northern divisions respectively.



Keswick – 2005

A FINE WEEKEND saw almost 40 Catholic Ramblers make their annual pilgrimage to the shores of Derwentwater on April 23rd and the celestial abode of Lakeside House.

The format changed slightly this year from not having a Friday evening meal to having the option of a Sunday evening meal. There were mixed reactions, and 17 finally stayed. Nobody, however, had mixed feelings about the weather. It was sunshine all the time and by far the best weekend weather we had had for sometime.

Friday night saw most of us being entertained by (and singing along to) a duo in the just-a-little-bit-crowded Oddfellows Arms. We also celebrated Maureen's 21st (so she said!) birthday.

An 'early' night was had by most of us so we were fresh for the ramble in the morning. On Saturday there were four walks, and also some groups doing their own thing. The 'B' walk, led by Dot, took us alongside Derwentwater, up to Ashness Bridge and then over to High Seat and finally back to Keswick. Meanwhile, two 'A' groups did Scafell Pike via the Corridor Route – five walked it clockwise and four anti-clockwise.

Later, on Saturday night, our resident group 'Three and Easy' performed admirably in the basement under difficult circumstances as we had power-cuts reminiscent of the 'Year of Discontent' or akin to the Battle of Britain – depending on how old you are! – only to be finally beaten around 1am, and called it a night.

The Sunday 'B' walk, led by Ray and Brian, started with a drive to the quarries on Honister Pass, then a good walk along the ridge via High Spy, Maiden Moor and Cat Belts. Unexpectedly, we ended up with a three-mile dash back via the Portinscale suspension bridge because the ferry was not picking up (due to recent storm damage to the landing stage!). We got to Lakeside House just in time for our five o'clock meal.

Anyway, a good time was had by all. The end!
Dave L.

To Will, Ken and Dave N,

Just a few lines to say a very big thank you for organising our wonderful annual trip to Keswick. It truly was appreciated.

We had such a great time, fabulous weather, brilliant walks led by Dot, Ray, Carol, and a few others, to whom we also like to thank for making our weekend so enjoyable. I know I speak for all who went.

Cheers to you all. Thanks, Joan

Feeling refreshed

HAVING read Dave's Ramblerite column with his appeal for more people to contribute to the newsletter, I turned the TV on and began the usual search to find something to watch. Let someone else make the effort.

I attended our annual Retreat at Loyola Hall on Feb 27th and I found that like all our other rambler's Retreats it was not demanding. As in the past, the larger attendance was from the Seniors' Section. Some of our members who would normally have made it that day had family commitments or said they would have difficulties in getting transport there.



"I must have got the date wrong. I thought that it was our club's annual Retreat.

The wife's mother is visiting and I was looking forward to a peaceful and less strenuous day!"

I have always found the Retreat enjoyable. It is an opportunity to take time for yourself and to think about where you are going. On arrival at Loyola Hall, there is the opportunity to drink tea or coffee and nibble a biscuit while saying hello to other members.

The Hall itself is a large house with a number of additions including a chapel. It stands in its own large grounds. A fairly laid-back priest in civilian clothes (he could have easily been mistaken for a Rambler) conducted the Retreat. In fact, the priest who conducted the last Retreat is a Rambler - a chance was missed to recruit him.

The day included a Mass, a chance to attend reconciliation, exposition, time for private thoughts, either in the small rooms set aside for this or in the extensive gardens, and a few talks by the priest. The three topics covered by the priest were:

- How easy it is to find God when rambling when we see all the beauty and splendour of the mountains.
- That we must all have a responsibility for the environment.
- Our relationship to God.

The talks were spread throughout the day and there was time to question or comment afterwards. At no time did the priest claim to have all the answers and welcomed our thoughts and opinions.

The meal at the Hall is always well cooked and plentiful. It must make a welcome break for those who do the cooking at home to sit down to a three-course meal.

I returned home feeling refreshed and nothing like as tired as after a ramble. The day is shorter, starting at 10.00am and finishing at 4.00pm. Loyola Hall is easy to get to by car. It is on the A57 at Rainhill, near Junction 7 on the M62. There is no problem with parking within the grounds. It is better than staying at home and doing the usual Sunday tasks, cooking Sunday roasts, cutting grass or washing the car.

I will be attending the next Retreat and rather than recharging my battery by rambling I will be doing it another way.

Editor's ramblings

LYN PERROW submitted the snapshots of the 1920's booklet found in an attic. Thanks, Lyn. I also received three floppy discs containing the Retreat write-up, two Seniors' Section reports, the map reading bit and the Keswick weekend story. Thanks to all concerned.



Incidentally, the club received a bill for over £50 from Lakeside House, Keswick, that weekend, for irreparable flood damage to a light fitting caused by a shower overflowing and the geezer on the stairs overflowing. We all hope this won't happen again.

Enquiries are currently in progress for the club's Sept weekend, so just keep your ears to the ground.

So, let's see many more contributors submitting reports, etc, on disc or paper. Thanks. *Dave Newns*
(7 Abbots Way, Billinge, WIGAN WN5 7SB)

MAP-READING CLASSES

NIGHT SCHOOL classes start in September at Childwall School, Childwall Fiveways, for map-reading and orienteering, bronze and silver awards. The tutor is Ian McNeil.

The course will last for 8 to 10 weeks depending on the length of the term, and will be one evening a week plus one day at the weekend going to the local parks and out to the West Pennine moors. It may also involve a weekend in Wales at your own expense.

The course will cost about £24 but if you are on any benefit or an OAP the cost will be reduced or may be waived altogether, also a learning pass will be required at a cost of £6 a year. You will need a compass and a map of the area you visit. Transport for the day trips is by private cars but one can share with other cars and give money towards the petrol.

LOST PROPERTY ON COACHES

A PAIR of walking boots, hardly worn and believed to be gents boots, were found on the coach a few months ago, but nobody has claimed them. If you think they could be yours, then phone Tom Reilly with a full description (size and make) on 737 1041.

I gave a wrong phone number recently for lost property on the coach. Actually, it is best to ring Tom, Will or myself - the numbers are in your rambling programme. *Dave N*



NEW MEMBERS

WELCOME to the following who have joined over the past few months: Michael Brown, Sheila Rogers, Linda White and Philip and Mary Ryan. We hope that you will enjoy many happy years with us.

Cheese and Wine nights

on the first Thursday of each month are held at the Ship and Mitre (from about 9.15pm, upstairs) at the Tunnel end of Dale Street. Forthcoming dates are:

Thurs July 7, Thurs Aug 4 & Thurs Sept 1

We are getting quite a few new members now, but hope to recruit a few more, so our poster is again printed on the back page in the hope that some of you will photocopy it and take it to your local library, etc, for their notice board.

A short history of EVERTON

St George's Church, Heyworth Street and surroundings

EVERTON is named in the Domesday Book of 1066. It means High Town in Viking. Vikings arrived here and settled from 900AD *et seq.*

Everton is 250 feet at it's highest point and was the site of a beacon on which fires were to be lit to warn other areas of any danger from warship invasion, usually towards a castle in West Derby. This accounts for the name of the present-day Beacon School on Heyworth Street.

(The highest point in Liverpool is actually Walton Ridge).

St George's Church was built on land originally owned and gifted to church by James Atherton, who made a condition for the gift that the Lych Gate be built at the back of the church on Heyworth Street, so as not to upset his wife. They lived across the road and she did not want to see the coffins being lined up during cholera epidemics, etc. Funeral directors would open up coffins at the Lych Gate to check the right person was to be given a service and burial!

The church was founded in 1814 at a cost of £11,500.

It is famous for being the first brick building to be built over an iron framework (with a sandstone exterior). The architect, John Rickman, fell out with builder John Cregg, who was not keen on the iron construction proposed.

However, this pioneer method of construction became rapidly used around the world as it was so successful, hence skyscrapers in New York!

The church is 96ft high to tower. It is 119ft long and 42ft wide and was consecrated by the Bishop of Chester, first Minister Rev Robert P Buddescombe.

Pews and burial plots were bought as an investment, and then sold on as a way to finance the church construction. The tower is usually open to the public in September and has some fine stained glass windows, despite war damage.

When the foundations were built, two bodies were discovered from the Civil War in 1645. The Lych Gate or Corpse Gate is quite beautifully carved in wood.



St Domingo Vale (continuation of Heyworth Street) was named after the Island of St Domingo, offshore, of which, a Liverpool pirate, George Campbell, ransacked a French Privateer and made his wealth from this act of piracy.



Campbell's house was on this road, as was the foundation school of St Edward's College, built in 1868, when it was known as St Domingo's School, prior to moving to Sandfield Park, West Derby.

Highwaymen were known to operate along Heyworth Street in 1835. The round Victorian reservoir tower, nearby, was built in 1868 and is still used as a back-up water supply today.

The Civil War of 1645. Prince Rupert, a nephew of Charles I, lived nearby, in what is now Everton Park, in a cottage built over whalebone supports. Prince Rupert took control of Liverpool on behalf of the Cavaliers until taken over by Parliamentarians (Roundheads). His cottage stood here until the 1800's.

Everton Park area was originally crammed Victorian terraced housing mainly to house a large influx of Irish population escaping famine or the horrors of the Rebellion in Ireland. The area had a sandstone quarry that was used for local buildings and churches. The sandstone outcrops can still be seen today.

In 1802 the population of Everton was only 499, but just thirty years later it had risen to 4,990, and more recently up to 10,900. These houses have now all been demolished and the park has good views across the Mersey to the Welsh hills. A community was therefore destroyed, with people being rehoused as far as Skelmersdale.

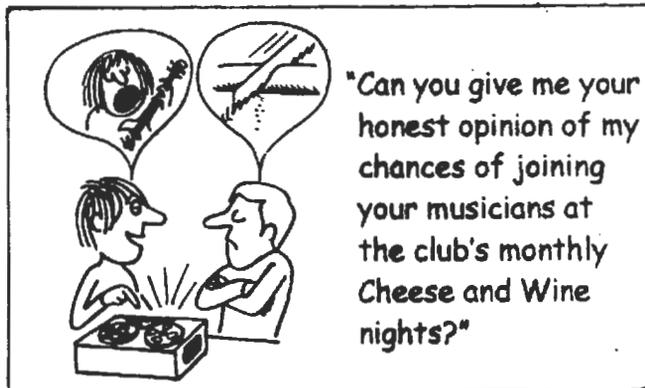
Breck Road was a closed T-junction, as a murderer was buried at the crossroads to save his soul, according to tradition. Consequently no through road was built so all traffic has to turn left or right. Plans were originally made for a dry ski slope, etc, but never came off. Several high-rise flats were built in the 60's, which are now an eyesore, but some have come down.

The Everton Lock-Up (Round Tower on Everton Brow) was used to lock up prisoners en route for trial in Liverpool the following day. It dates from 1787. It was later used by the Police to lock up drunks to sober up!

Everton Toffees. These were originally made in 1753 by Mary Molly Bushell, intended as a cough sweet 'medecine' for a local doctor and her own children. They became known as Everton Mints.

Queen Victoria tasted these on a visit to Liverpool. Everton FC adopted them and their players used to enjoy them, and still throw these to supporters prior to home games. The Everton Lock-Up is incorporated on their team logo.

Researched by Richie Cannon



Kingsley, near Frodsham

A BITTER WIND encircled the assembling party, like a pickpocket looking for a pocket to pick, but its felonious intent was foiled by a pocket watch scheme of fleeces, mitts, gloves and hats – one with earmuffs – seriously!

The village church of St John the Evangelist stands, as any self-respecting church should, on the highest point of Kingsley, guarding its faithful. With due reverence we passed it on our left via a side road leading to our first stile (do I hear mutterings of 'first of too many!') – thus you will respect any runner in the Grand National.

The path immediately descended steeply to a footbridge, with an equally slippery ascent to a field, and two more fields brought us to a new housing development of Belleair – a former farm.

The reason I mention Belleair is that Bill Potter reminded me that Peg had lived there when it was farmed by her father, which recalled fond memories of breaks for tea and scones in Peg's mum's kitchen – the highlight of more than one rambling programme.



After wishing good luck to a small party of lads on a Duke of Edinburgh Award test, lunch was called. Though the weather was dry, the wind remained bitter, so a propitious bank and hedge provided a windbreak and a distant building provided a topic of conversation – farm, manor house, or conference/seminar centre?

Ita recalled a seminar where they had to design a parachute, which would land an egg intact, and on the same theme, Tony Thompson had us aching with laughter with his attempt to prove that a thrown egg could land undamaged. With a friend stationed in his back garden, Marcia acting as liaison and himself at the front of the house with a supply of eggs, I don't recall how many were despatched over the house, but certainly three landed intact. Unfortunately the next one, like an errant Eggs-ocet missile, strayed off course into a neighbour's garden to land squarely on their bird table, covering it with yolk and shell. As it happened, the neighbour was showing guests around her garden, and upon seeing the bird table, she and they were seen searching the skies for this unique bird, which laid its eggs in mid-flight and had mastered the technology of Mr B-W's bouncing bomb in World War II! – Pure Monty Python!

With full tumms and aching ribs the River Weaver was reached. The far bank rose from water meadows to wooded hills, but our Path followed the course of the river, meandering through woods with burgeoning bluebells and wild garlic, with its distinctive incipient aroma. It was on this section of the walk that a find was made. A small section of a strap was spotted sticking out of the ground, which upon extraction revealed a child's watch, still working and showing the correct time. Judging by the corrosion, it had been trodden on for some time. This, and a monetary find made later by Anne, made us wonder what other treasures were walked over. I have always thought we ought to market a walking pole cum metal detector.

The route finally left the river, cutting through a small caravan park. We turned right, rising inland via road, stile, track, stile, field, stile and eventually, without any further stile chasing, into Kingsley. After this, all thirteen stalwarts repaired to the Horseshoe for a meal provided by a very cheerful mein host and lively young waitress.

Many thanks to all who participated, and apologies for any sore and stiff limbs on the morrow. G

Question: What do you call a chicken in a shellsuite?

Answer: An egg!

LONGRIDGE FELL

THE WEATHER was fine; the company agreeable and all told, things (whatever they might be) boded well for a good day's walk. First things first, so Jean popped into the Ribchester Arms to order dinner.

We turned along Stydd Lane, admiring the nearby church and the historic almshouses before heading off towards the Duddel Brook, which we crossed no fewer than three times, but not before taking lunch in the lovely wood through which it flows. Inevitably, this being the Ribbles Valley, it was distinctly muddy underfoot but lovely and dry overhead. We emerged from the wood near Pope's Farm and headed ever upwards with never a complaint to be heard especially not from George. An option was given at one point to descend to the New Inn and wait (outside) for the more intrepid souls but such a temptation wasn't even considered. Well done, Harry, Bill and Gerry but you were never going to let the girls shame us!

The views were worth all the effort and spluttering. When Lillian, Anne and Jean let out simultaneous shrieks it was to let the whole party and anyone else on the fell know that Jean had been transformed from Cinderella into the ugly sister, in terms of dress anyway. Good-naturedly we all burst out laughing to behold her begrimed Chinchilla (was it?) jumper. We all blamed it on Maureen.

The descent was virtually downwards all the way and there's a thing! (Refer to opening sentence). We passed New Drop Inn, New Row, Seed Green and Kelleys Farm – all so exciting – and eventually sighted the tower of Ribchester Church in the distance. Thanks are due to Freda for releasing George from Grandfatherly duties to lead, all things considered, a well-behaved group. *GEFA*

Derwent Bank – Spring 2005

THIRTEEN of the Seniors' Section spent a few days having a great time in different ways.

There was eating, drinking, sightseeing, loafing and even fell-walking. In fact, there were no fewer than four leaders each day, all desperately canvassing for followers at each post-prandial pep talk. Some walks being more popular than others, inevitably you could almost find yourself with your own personal guide.

The important thing is that everyone appeared to have a lovely break (break from what?) – we are all retired! . . . but it's nice to have a short break from a long break isn't it?

The house, at the head of Derwentwater, near Keswick, is under new management and continues to have excellent facilities especially for retired people looking for a short break. For example after a hard day's walking you can (and we did) do some barn dancing and we had an uproarious time.

You were not obliged to do anything but the whole experience and being with one's friends was so enjoyable. Our thanks are due to Jean for all the effort she put in on our behalf. *GEFA*



The Liverpool Catholic Ramblers

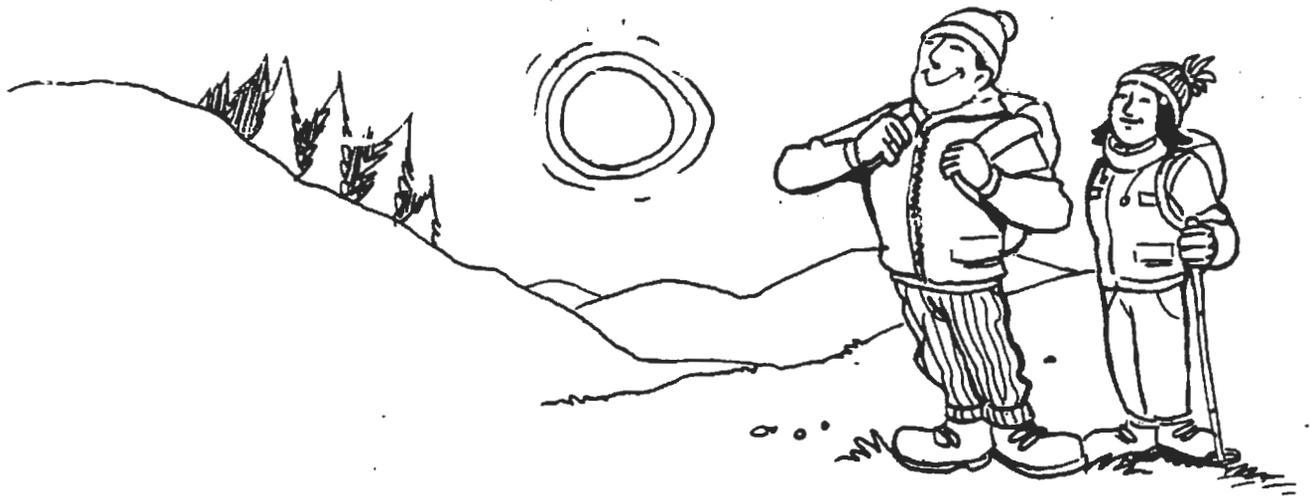
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