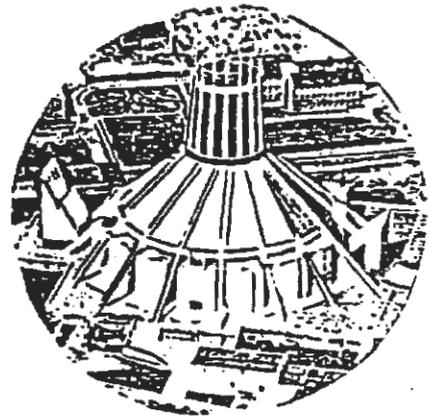


Liverpool Catholic Ramblers' Association Newsletter

June 2006 Issue 56 Seventh Series



Cheese and Wine Nights

First Thursday of each month. Next: is July 6. Also Ken's Quiz and our own Musical entertainers "Free and Easy"

Sanity Test. If I filled a bath then offered you a teaspoon, a cup or a bucket, then asked you to empty the bath. What would you do? Answer at the bottom of the back page.



Coach Bookings

Home James is the name of our new coach company. We have booked 49-seater coaches for our rambles but we have the option of booking a smaller 33-seater coach at a cheaper price, but only if we let them know by the Tuesday morning at the latest. So please avoid leaving it until the last-minute to book. You may find that we have only ordered a small coach, and you are the 34th person to turn up!

New Members

Welcome to all new members who have joined our ranks recently. We hope that you'll enjoy many happy years with us.

Change of ramble

August 6th Wensleydale has now been changed to read: August 6th Church Stretton. This is because the September weekend away would clash. (Hawes is in Wensleydale). Church Stretton is in Shropshire (walking on the Long Mynd, etc) and the coach will take the Tunnel route.



Hostel weekend at Hawes

Twenty two places have been booked for this September weekend at Hawes 'Youth' Hostel.

The dates are Friday, September 15th to Sunday 17th.

Bookings can only be made by a £10 non-returnable deposit.

Book via the person taking bookings on the coach or through Will Harris.

Total cost is £35.80 for B&B for two nights.

The hostel is situated in the town of Hawes.

Editorial

WEEKENDS away are always popular with many of us and reports of our spring Keswick weekend appear in this small edition. Details are also given of our forthcoming weekend at Hawes (Yorkshire) hostel in September – on the front cover.

There is one good report from the Seniors' Section but, regrettably, no ramble reports for our section.

Reports of recent rambles or recent holidays often provide some good reading for our newsletters, so how

about some of you new (or old) members describing your experience of a recent ramble or indeed, a recent holiday? Thanks anyway, to the two contributors to this small edition – three if you count me!

Currently on their three-week Inca Trail in Peru are Pat Manley and Lyn White. I am sure an interesting report should follow their exciting trip.

Many more contributors would make our newsletter more interesting – so just hand your articles (or bits and pieces) to me, or send them either by letter, disc or email to davenews@hotmail.com – 7 Abbots Way, Billinge, Wigan WN5 7SB. Thanks.



Did we find any snow in Austria?



SUPPING our tea on a wet Sunday morning inside Kitzbuhel's McDonalds café (May 21st) after Mass, didn't reflect the true worth of our bargain break in the Austrian Tyrol. (*It cost me just £141 including flight and superb hotel meals!*).

Anyway, less than an hour later, the three of us were on a safe path beside a huge snowdrift under a giant TV mast on a 2,000mtr summit (6,600ft). We were shrouded in mist on the Kitzbuheler Horn. It soon cleared and despite some snowfields covering our paths, they were safe to cross.

Kitzbuhel was 2,600ft above sea-level and our fast journey up to the mountains each day was via 6-seater gondola cars to halfway, then by cable car – no queue!

It was raining cats and dogs when we left Manchester Airport in the early hours of Saturday, May 20th (my birthday) but once we flew across the Channel the sun was shining over that part of Europe.

During our 250-seater plane's descent, we brushed alongside snow-capped peaks to Innsbruck Airport's short runway, braking rapidly on touchdown. We three survivors then had a mid-day double-decker coach tour of the Tyrol, dropping people off at various villages – ours being the last drop-off, naturally!

After checking in at the hotel, we did an afternoon walk around a big lake close to Kitzbuhel.

Back home we learned that it was a wet Sunday at Coniston, followed by a wet stormy Monday. Well, what a contrast we had that Monday – Austria saw a really hot and sunny day but with a nice cool breeze on the tops. We did a superb walk (after a gondola lift up) trekking over safe snowfields to another peak, over alpine flower meadows, then met three English mountain-bikers. There weren't many people up there but we also met a German couple and several Austrians with dogs on a remote mountain restaurant balcony. We later refreshed ourselves in a wildlife park's tea garden and finally, after about 15 miles, we almost fell into a taxi for the last few miles back! The

three of us used sun bloc cream several times that day and it did the trick – some hotel guests obviously hadn't, and they looked like lobsters that night.

Our 4-night stay at the 3-star chalet-style Hotel Edelweiss was superb and the meals, especially the enormous buffet breakfast, far exceeded any I have ever experienced. The much-travelled manager gave us a few personal tips on the mountain walks and also explained why the handy chairlift that Kevin and Ann used last year was no longer in use – actually because of a European ruling that it was too close to houses!

Kevin was really looking forward to the superb swimming pool down the road with water slide. We had free use with our lift pass . . . but the pool didn't re-open until June! A gondola lift was nearby, but we found that we were a week too early for that, entailing a 20-minute walk through the town to use the next lift!

Apart from those few hiccups, it was a great mini-break and I would recommend it to anyone. It was the first time I had seen Austria's lush green meadows – they had always been covered in snow on my many skiing holidays with other club members.

My new memories are of the awe-inspiring vista from the Kitzbuheler Horn summit of literally dozens of distant mountains still covered completely in snow. Many were well over 10,000ft high, with the Grossglockner being a dizzy 3,797 metres (12,500 feet!) – and they all seemed snowbound until July at least.

Constant newsletter contributor

† Obituary †

Sadly, Pat Manley's mother died suddenly a few weeks ago. We offer our deepest sympathy and condolences to Pat, and may her mother rest in peace.

– And we know that Pat's mother wouldn't have wanted her to cancel her current trekking trip.



Our weekend at Keswick

 ANOTHER action-packed weekend and we were, yet again, lucky with the weather – the forecast, on departure, was rain. Wrong! Friday and Sunday saw wall-to-wall sunshine! Saturday was cool and breezy – ideal for walking. We did get a bit of rain on Saturday night.

Several walks were earmarked for the Saturday. I was with Dave (Labeque) and, because of our dodgy knees, Dave had studied the map carefully, choosing a route that wouldn't tax both of us too much. After Dave had explained what the two of us were planning to do; many thought: "Sounds just what we want" – hence two became 18!

Dave was pleased as Punch, after being out of action for so long, and it was good to see a smile on his face (as he enjoys leading). So our 'C' party left Lakeside House to catch one of the two 10.30am ferries – one was to Nicol End and the other direct to Hawes End.

Some time later, as we reached the halfway point of our walk, high on a grassy plateau of Cat Bells, we had our break; relaxing and enjoying the magnificent views of Derwent Water far below and a panorama of mountains in all directions.

Then along came the 'B' party, led by Dot. (They had also used the Derwent Water ferry). Their plan was to continue further along the ridge, then descend to Borrowdale, and climb up the other side. Four of our group now felt up to the 'B' walk's climb to Cat Bell's

Editor's footnotes

Keswick's Theatre by the Lake was a magnet for Pat and Lyn on Saturday night. Flo had also planned to be at the theatre, but sadly, her faithful dog died and she never made it to Keswick.

My sturdy 'A' walk on Saturday was via the ferry for the Coledale Horseshoe, finishing with Grisedale Pike. *Dare I say it – we also got the bus back for the last few miles!*

Having burnt ourselves out – not sure whether it was the walking or



the night life – but eight of us decided to spend a tranquil few hours on Sunday playing miniature golf. Paradoxically, we all walked a few miles pursuing our stray balls! Joan's Aunt Peggy was flag lifter.

Sunday afternoon saw Derwent Water drama when a launch got stranded mid-lake. A speedboat and another launch went to the rescue.

Soon afterwards, a few of us saw five of our lot rowing their boat straight for a raised boardwalk with their backs to it. They never saw it until the very last minute when they almost lost their heads (literally!).

summit, and we lost them to Dot; namely Peg, Cathy, Audrey and George. Farewells said, we started our descent – our new members ecstatic that they had climbed so high! So it was then a walk around the shoulder, then descending to the quiet road on the west side of the lake. We soon crossed to the woods and onto the boardwalk at the far end of Derwent Water.

Eventually we came upon the farm (with barn café) next to the Borrowdale Hotel. This easily-missed farmhouse café is reputed to be the best value in the whole of the Lake District, along with their homemade pastries, etc. I'd promised the chocolate cake was something to die for and Jim can verify this! (*We actually walked back the next day for another piece!*). With pots of tea drank outside – all were relaxed and happy – lots of chatter and such a good feeling.

It was then decided (*seasoned walkers may cringe – Editor*) to bus it back! And to our delight, along came an open-top bus. Down the way we spotted our 'B' party. We waved to them as if we'd won the FA Cup!

Later, after a great meal at Lakeside House, the end to a perfect day was finding Keswick's night club "Rumours" (behind W H Smith's) with an excellent cabaret by a young lady who sang very well, but danced even better. Yes! On went her "tap" shoes and Michael Flatley watch out! She danced "Lord of the Dance." Everybody (all ages from 18 to 80) was clapping along. She then invited members of the audience to join in for a bit of tuition in Irish dancing. Many did and soon everybody seemed to be up dancing. It was a great atmosphere but came to an end leaving us wanting more. So what more could we ask for but to return to Lakeside House with our very own group, namely Paul, Ken, Richie and George; and we danced in the basement until the early hours.

A very memorable weekend enjoyed by all. Many thanks to Will for organising the bookings; and to Dot, Lyn and Ken for collecting our monies; and thanks also to our leaders, Dave Labeque, Dot and Dave Newns (Saturday) and Ray Mc (who came up on the Sunday) without whom we wouldn't have had such delightful walks. So, here's to next April. **Joan**

That was a close shave on the lake, believe me! And so, I counted 42 heads at Lakeside House, with another eight scattered around Keswick. Then on Sunday another seven came for the day = Heinz 57!

Finally, that river dancer at the Rumours night club faced serious competition when a table dancer appeared on CCTV at the Oddfellows, via a camera in the pub's beer garden. Well, I gave it my best shot – then, lamentably, a sad barman intervened. *I blame my Irish genes!*



A recent Seniors' Section ramble

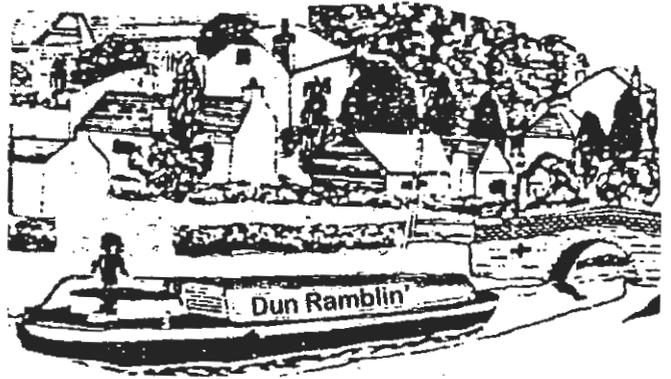
Barbridge - 9th April

"Oh to be in England, now that April's here," was our thought as we set out for our Spring Ramble (chosen by Maureen) which incidentally, had been cancelled in March due to adverse wintry travel conditions.

Approaching Duddon, we could not believe our eyes as we encountered (once more) a hail, sleet and snow-storm - could lightning strike again and force a postponement of the ramble? As eight rambles had arrived at the Barbridge Inn, it was decided to have our lunch in the cars and wait to see if the weather improved.

Happily, after half-an-hour, the sun did put in an appearance and we ventured out onto the towpath of the Shropshire Union Canal with its variety of canal boats moored alongside. We passed the flight of locks where the Llangollen Canal joined the Shropshire Union Canal. When we reached Acton Bridge we decided to leave the towpath and visit the interesting 13th century church of St Mary's in the village of Acton. We were warmly welcomed by the Luncheon Club who politely asked us not to make our visit too long.

Returning to the towpath we continued on to the Nantwich Basin and Marina. The sun was really warm now and while viewing the many barges we had a welcome cup of tea or coffee and ice-cream at the Wayside Café.



Retracing our steps we continued the walk on a minor road and we were soon entertained by the clucking of hundreds of hens on a poultry farm - all healthy-looking - no bird flu here!! Our route was now through a building site, due to a diverted footpath, then across a bridge and through a field where a herd of Highland cattle were grazing. Rejoining a road for about a quarter of a mile and walking through intermittent hail storms we reached another marina on the Middlewich branch of the Shropshire Union Canal. This towpath was our return route. We stopped to watch some boatmen negotiating the lock (and trying at the same time to avoid a dead badger floating in the canal). Nearby a pair of swans guarding their nest and egg also proved of interest to us.

This was our homeward route, and we reached Bainbridge Junction and Marina in good time for our evening meal back at the old Barbridge Inn. The eight-mile walk had been interesting with varied countryside along some rather muddy paths. Thanks to all who came despite the weather.

L.A.

A true answer from a ten-year-old in a religious quiz

Moses led the Hebrew slaves to the Red Sea where they made unleavened bread, which is bread made without any ingredients. Moses went up to Mount Cyanide to get the ten commandos. He died before he ever reached Canada but the commandos made it.

Club Badges for sale Just £2

They are made of strong felt and three times this size - blue background.

Sew them onto rucksacks, jackets, hats, etc.

Buy them on the coach or contact Will Harris.



Answer (to sanity test on the front page) If you chose the bucket to empty the bath then I would be worried mate. A normal person would pull the plug out!