



Liverpool Catholic Ramblers
**Midsummer
Newsletter**
Seventh Series 1998 Issue 14

Editorial

THE IMPORTANT bits of information are on this page. Then we've got the witty report of the Liver Birds on holiday, details of the forthcoming New Year break, Roni's Ramblings and finally several of our Seniors' Section write-ups. This edition is a bit like this summer, it's appeared a little later than expected! Anyway thanks to all who contributed, so come on all you ramblers out there and help to fill this newsletter with your reports (amusing or otherwise) or anything that you think would be of interest to the members. Give your material to me personally or by post to 7 Abbotts Way, Billinge, WIGAN, Lancs WN5 7SB.

Dave Newns



Ramblerite

LAST MONTH Ray, our rambling chairman, resigned from the committee giving up both his chairmanship and walk leader's job. For the past eight years or so Ray has been on the committee, organising and leading walks, booking the coaches, etc. Things don't always run as smoothly as expected and Ray was usually the one who got most of the earache. So he is now taking things easy, unfortunately leaving his successor to risk getting earache! No one has volunteered to take over yet so various committee members are sharing the job at the present.

The rambling chairman's job is often a thankless task so we must revoke that by saying thanks to Ray for all the hard work he has put into the club for our benefit.

And so, back to the rambles, I don't think any of us have suffered from heat exhaustion lately, unless we have been abroad for the sun! Looking on the bright side, however, many of our recent Sundays have been ideal walking weather (not too hot) providing you took your winter gear with you for the sudden change in temperature as you gained altitude. Rucksacks aren't just for carrying sandwiches and drinks in, as any experienced fellwalker will tell you - ALWAYS take warm clothing and waterproofs with you when out in the hills as weather conditions can change rapidly, even in the summer months, and don't forget the sunblock cream for protection.

Finally, some of you may not have heard the good news - on the Welsh walks the cost of the coach is only £5 until further notice. Other destinations remain at £6.

BOOKINGS/CANCELLATIONS BY PHONE

Just a reminder that normal booking procedure for walks is either on the coach return journeys or at the Thursday Socials, securing your booking with the appropriate coach fare. Telephone bookings should only be made if you can't book by the other two methods and will only be confirmed on receipt of your cheque in the post for that ramble. Cancellations or transfers must be made by the Thursday evening prior to a ramble.

Phone either Dave on 01744 632211 (answerphone) or Will/Chris on 486 6541. Don't phone Ray.

Forthcoming Socials

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| July 16th | PLACE THE FACE - Identify famous faces from Jack's picture gallery. |
| July 23rd | LITERACY QUIZ - Norma and John have volunteered to this. Come down and test your wits. |
| July 30th | GENERAL KNOWLEDGE QUIZ - Irene and Ray Segerberg are setting this quiz. |
| August 6th | CHEESE AND WINE NIGHT (The first Thursday of each month is always a food night). |
| August 13th | RAMBLING QUIZ - A fun quiz on various aspects of rambling by Dave Newns. |
| August 20th | PICTURE QUIZ - Jack Henderson |
| August 27th | MUSIC QUIZ |
| Sept 3rd | PIE NIGHT |

NEW MEMBERS We welcome all the new members who have joined us in the past few months and hope you have many happy years with our club.

OBITUARY

Sadly we have to report the death of MARIE COUGHLAN who was an active club member in her younger days. May she rest in peace.

No beach towel and flip-flops. It was just boots for those hilltops!

The Liver Birds in Majorca

(An ode to Ray Mac)

Off to Majorca we did go,
We left behind the rain and snow. 
We were going walking,
It was going to be fun
(And at least we would get to see the sun).

The first morning arrived, 
We arose with some cheer,
Perhaps they would let us stop for a beer
(slim chance).
We started walking and laughing with glee,
When we looked around what could that be?
Hills as far as the eyes could see.

The leader, we're sure it is true,
Went to the same Leader's school as you.
When we asked him "How far have we come?"
He replied "Oh, only two miles - it seems further
in the sun."

"Please can you tell us when it will end?"
He said "Not far now, just round the bend."
Three hours later we are each wearing a frown.
"Just up the hill ladies - then you can sit down."

No Ray to moan at: "Oi we're not climbing that!"
Just grin and bear it and hold on to our hats.

We climbed so high that we could touch the sky.
What did they give us?
A piece of meringue pie! (It's true). 
Back at the hotel, all tattered and torn,
With the knowledge we'd be doing it again the
next dawn.

The following morning Sue could not go;
She was feeling really sick don't you know.
Joan, being her partner, said "I won't go"
And jumped back into bed (smiling gladly, it
must be said),
Whilst Pat and the others set off early that
morrow,
But what the guide said only filled them with
sorrow.
"Not today ladies - you actually booked for
tomorrow!"

At one point Ray, you'd have been proud to hear
our hearts pound
As we tackled a narrow ledge, only 2000 feet off
the ground.

Each morning off to the shops to get
A ham, cheese and tomato baguette.
With water and these our rucksacks were light,
No waterproofs needed, the weather just right.

On another walk, Ray,
You would have stopped dead in your tracks;
The six Liver Birds were the first ones to come
back (Honest).
We were not cheating nor feeling frisky;
It's just that the others were all over sixty!

Another morning when we awoke
We had no water, this filled us with gloom,
And the thought of the toilet just filled us with
doom

Until Lily found a mop bucket and kept her cool
And went and pinched water from the nearby
pool. (She's an ex Girl Guide).

And so we would set out
Again and again.
The views they were worth it,
All the effort and pain.



And so one week later
Our mission complete,
We set off for the airport
With tired legs and aching feet; 
We were so pleased with the fact that we "did it",
But we knew that we couldn't take all of the
credit.

And so, although it kills us and pains us to say it:
It's all down to you and your training.

So it's a big THANK YOU RAY!



From Sue, Joan, Pat, Lil and Maureen

New Year in the Lakes

THE AMBLESIDE HOSTEL is being booked for three nights at New Year. Accommodation is £10.70 per night - meals are extra (full cafeteria service or self catering). This large, high-grade youth hostel was a former hotel and is located on the shores of Lake Windermere on the main A591 road, 100 yards from the steamer pier at Waterhead and 1 mile south of Ambleside village. Transport will be arranged at a later date depending on numbers. We will be travelling up there on Thursday 31st December and returning on Sunday 3rd January. A deposit of £5 per person to Dave Dickel will secure your place. (Cheques should be made out to Dave Dickel).

MIKE RILEY



Mike is making steady progress after his accident at Fords and hopes to be on September's Polish holiday if he plays his cards right. Incidentally, he was due to host Play Your Cards Right at the club last Thursday but he was surrounded with Get Well Soon cards instead. There's no truth in the rumour that he's starting a rambling club at Whiston Hospital, but you need a good pair of legs and a hospital map when you pay him a visit. Helen and Mike thank everyone for their good wishes, cards, etc.

Roni's Ramblings

IT WAS good to be out walking again after an abstinence of about eight weeks, and I joined the C party for our walk . . . ?

Although (due to illness) this particular walk hadn't been reckied and we had to follow the road for about three hours, I didn't mind walking on the road myself, but I don't know what the local inhabitants must have thought on hearing the soft dulcet tones of the migrating Liver Birds chanting non-stop on their country lane . . . CAR-CAR! On and on . . . and on and on, they warbled woefully for three ear-piercing hours.

Not everyone, I hasten to add, joined in the chorus - only those with loud voices. As someone who lives by a busy main road, I often wonder how I've managed to cross the road myself these past years.

But anyway, getting back to all the cars on this Sunday - where were they heading for, I doth wonder? Most probably they were heading for the peace and quiet of Liverpool if you ask me. Most probably to sit down by - OUR Pier-Head in solitude and listen to the quiet cooing of the pigeons and seagulls. And most probably they uttered to one another: "SOD THEM SCOUSERS FOR A LARK!" (not to be confused with Lark the bird) . . . Oh never mind, just think about it!

Anyway, after two hours and six splitting headaches into the walk, I spotted a little stretch of grass alongside the road. It was good to feel the soft velvety lushness under my size Sevens.

Seriously though, when you think about it, imagine if you were woken up on a fine Sunday morning by a crowd of grown men and women tramping along outside your front door warning each other about oncoming traffic - CAR-CAR! . . . BUS-BUS! . . . BIKE-BIKE! . . . LORRY-LORRY! . . . ETCETERA-ETCETERA! . . . PRAM-PRAM! . . . you would honestly think they were a crowd of nutters now wouldn't you?

Anyway, thanks to our leaders for a very . . . erm . . . interesting walk.

Roni

NEW LEADERS We are constantly needing new leaders. If you think you could lead or would like some tuition, simply contact any of the club's leaders or any committee member.

Seniors' Section write-ups

WISWELL, LANCASHIRE - 10.5.98

WISWELL is in a quiet backwater off the A59, ten miles east of the M6, and is the gateway to some of the most beautiful parts of the country in which to ramble. Here we have open, lonely moors, wide horizons and rolling hills descending to brilliant green valleys, especially at this time of the year, quilted by ancient stone walls and hedges.

As there is hardly any agriculture in this area, which mostly supports sheep and dairy farms, with the occasional equestrian centre thrown in, footpaths are always open, and the right of way has only been challenged by the odd herd of cows or recalcitrant horse. So it was into this world we entered and trod through a wood, before descending to a valley. Here we were confronted by a few of the above mentioned borses. I think they were hoping for a toll of an apple or some such offering before allowing us entry into their domain, but a quiet word and a smack on the rump cleared our passage.

On the valley floor a footbridge afforded a dry crossing of Sabden Brook to gain a height and a

vantage point for lunch. Whilst enjoying our rest and recuperation, a small group of walkers appeared, in which was Sabden's Footpaths Officer, with whom we had had an interesting conversation on an earlier walk, in which he explained Wiswell is pronounced 'Wissle' (presumably as in Sizzle!).

After lunch the next objective was Church Clough Reservoir, the furthest and highest point of our walk. By now the earlier sharp clarity of the views was softened by a slight mist, and there was a chill in the late afternoon air.

The return was a more or less gentle descending path, which traversed the fellside to join the outward route through the wood to return to 'Wizzle.'

Although we five had thoroughly enjoyed the day, the most rewarding part was releasing a lamb which had become entangled in barbed wire. Once released, unharmed, and after a few faltering steps and bleats, it scampered off looking for mum and a long awaited meal.

G.

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A MID-WIRRAL WALLOW - 26.4.98

ONE WORD best describes most of the paths and fields we crossed on this ramble - muddy!

We met in a lay-by on Thingwall Road East and began by walking through Arrowe Park. Despite some threatening clouds the day stayed mostly fine as fourteen members were out to enjoy the fresh air, scenery and company. We left the park by the roundabout on Arrowe Park Road and crossing Woodchurch Road took a path which continued behind Landicar Cemetery. Leaving Landicar we passed under the railway and the motorway heading for Storeton. Now we were looking for a mud-free space for our lunch break and eventually found a suitable area at the side of a field, with views of the M53 Motorway, never far away on Wirral walks, to be seen.

We continued through Little Storeton and Storeton Village, at one point having to cross a field where three galloping stallions came to greet us at the stile. The less brave were escorted by the slightly more brave across the field, but fortunately the horses soon lost interest and we made it safely to the next stile. We encountered several stiles on our walk as well as a not very stable gate which we had to climb both going and returning. However with the gallant gentlemen in the party holding it firm, and lending a helping hand, we all managed.

From the Lever Causeway, the tree-lined avenue created by the first Lord Leverhulme as a private carriage drive from his home at Thornton Hough to

his soap works at Port Sunlight, we could see, to our right, the Channel Five transmitter on Storeton Hill, and fields of rape to our left.

We left the Causeway taking a path to our right which took us to Storeton Woods. Just as we arrived here the heavens opened, and we had a very heavy hail shower. Fortunately it didn't last too long and we soon dried off again.

Perhaps this shower and the fact that we've had the wettest April for a long time, meant that we found even muddier sections ahead, and in one place we had to retrace our steps and find a drier part of the field to cross. We went through a caravan park where there were some donkeys, much more docile creatures than the horses we'd met earlier, and again passed through the now familiar villages of Storeton and Little Storeton.

Soon we crossed over the motorway and over the railway, then had another short break before crossing over Prenton Brook.

Through farm-tracks and fields with very clear views all around, bursting buds and beautiful bird-song, we retraced our steps behind Landicar Cemetery and through Arrowe Park back to the cars, arriving about 6pm.

Thank you Molly and Tony. We'll believe you when you said that it wasn't so muddy when you did the walk before.

Maureen

Seniors' Section (contd)

HILBRE ISLAND(S) - Sunday 7th June

SIX illustrious members (a very select group) gathered at the Thurstaston visitor park before noon and booted up. Where were the rest? We heard they'd gone off to Austria (must have bags of money - maybe they'd come up on the Derby). One who must remain nameless had just come back from Norway and a few weeks before that the Holy Land. Well, they say if you're going to keep fit in your more venerable years you've got to get out and about!

Anyway, suitably booted, we set off behind Tony along the Wirral Way footpath in the direction of West Kirby. The track was quite muddy in places after all the torrential rain in June's first week. The green growth everywhere was quite prolific - nature certainly get's going after heavy rain and a bit of sunshine. The forecast had been dreadful but it turned out really beautiful with a bright sky and a strong breeze blowing in our faces as we walked at a brisk pace along the cliff tops, now enjoying a more open aspect. West Kirby was soon reached - the prom was not very busy - lots of empty seats - a bit too cool for sitting because of the strong North-Wester still blowing hard straight at us.

We were not in the least deterred - we strode purposefully on. We soon reached the other end and onto the sand where we branched out towards Little Eye - the sand all rippled and damp after the departing tide. We saw a Land Rover with flashing blue lights closer towards the island, not quite sure what his purpose was. Our first goal was soon reached and Geoff said he was starving, so the official butty stop was had in as sheltered a spot as we could find. As lunch was being consumed we kept a watch on distant menacing storm clouds over Point of Ayr approaching at too rapid a pace for comfort and lunch was ended speedily as waterproofs were donned promptly when it really started to come down. One

member who most definitely remained nameless admitted to having left his Goretex waterproof 'anny' in the car not thinking it would be required! The leader, nevertheless, said we had to press on and we did just that. As if by some kind of miracle, in a few minutes, the driving rain ceased and we were soon bathed in lovely sunshine again as we made for the next isle and the main isle.

It was beautiful high up on the main isle with a panoramic vista around - sailing boats in the distance, seals bunched together at the edge of a distant sandbank - quite a lot of people exploring the island on a beautiful Sunday afternoon - it was really idyllic. We walked to the far end where the old lifeboat house and launching ramp were, speculating when they might have last been used - does anyone know?

Some thought early 1920's or earlier even (answers on a postcard please!). We watched with great interest some of the seals frolicking in the rough water lapping that edge of the island and after about half an hour slowly retraced our steps over the top speculating on what various buildings in the distance might be. Even with binoculars we weren't quite sure. Tony insisted he could see Blackpool Tower and he hadn't even got his binoculars on! How about that for keen eyesight - probably eats a lot of carrots.

We were soon on the sand again making straight for the prom once more, some buying ice-creams on arrival. Audrey is my friend for life having treated me to a cornet with choc stick in it. The home route was virtually the morning's in reverse along the top to the car park. There had been much talk of hols - already had and to come, motor cars and kitchen recipes, etc. It was all great stuff and a lovely day.

All grateful thanks to Tony and Molly for their efforts on our behalf.

"Rambling Recipe"

FORTHCOMING SENIORS' SECTION RAMBLES

July 26th VENUE TO BE ARRANGED - Leader: Leo Pearson 489 0746

August 9th SADDLEWORTH - Leader: Bill Potter 486 7952

House Meetings: August 6th Bill Potter September 3rd Nora Naylor (AGM)

FAMILY SECTION

This is our section for parents with young children

August 9th FRESHFIELD - Leader: George Riley (017048 70161). Meet at the car park at Freshfield Railway Station, 12 noon.