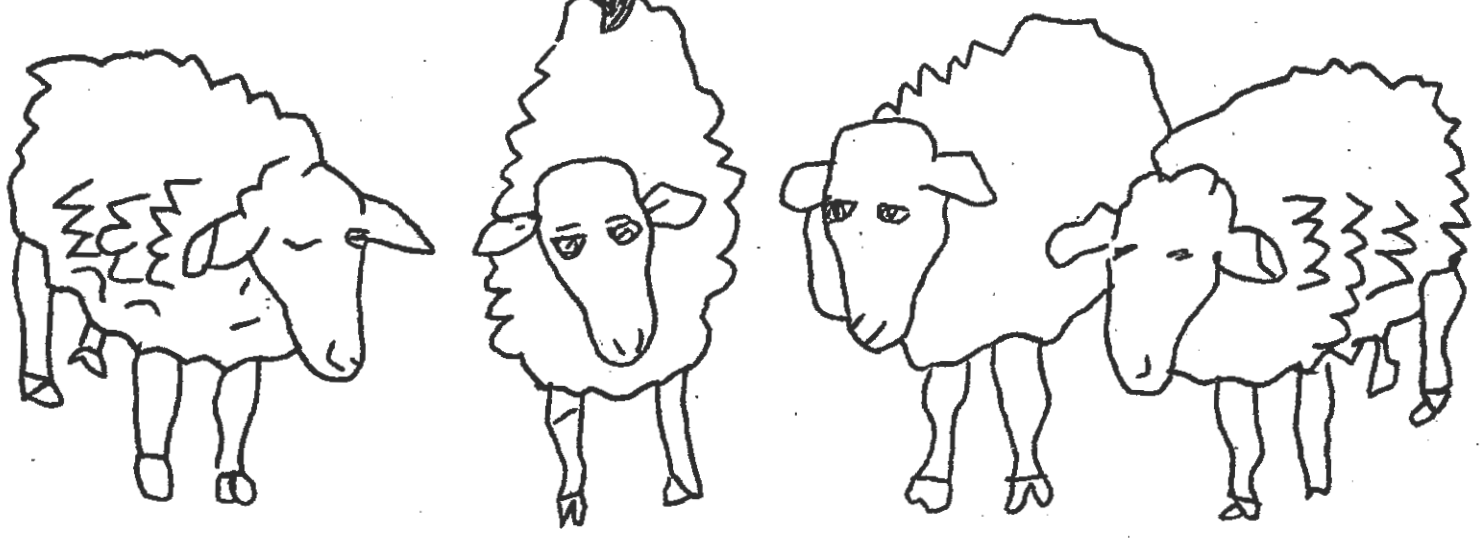


LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS

Newsletter



FRIDAY 13th - UNLUCKY FOR SOME?

No, not for me, because after making sure my pets are well fed and watered I sit on bags packed waiting for my lift. Where am I off to? Back to Keswick; it's been calling me since October last year.

Prompt, as ever, we are now on our way, Carol, Mark and myself, courtesy of chauffeur Brian Keller. With in what seems like the blinking of an eye, Lakeside House and Mavis have a welcome pot of tea in the lounge (sorry, can't remember what type of handle the pot had!).

Next it's exercise time, right arm poised ready to receive half a pint of dark brown stuff with creamy top...Ah! That's better! An open fire blazing up the chimney, lots of pleasant company and cheerful conversation. What more could a body wish for? As the evening wears on, our company grows. We are all looking forward to Saturday's walk, not knowing where it will be. Foolishly, I'm hoping to see some snow.

Early Saturday morning Maureen and I decide we need a brisk walk before breakfast. Leaving my room-mate Christine to have a lie in (she, Mike and Roy had only yesterday conquered Skiddaw - well done!) we crept from Lakeside House trying not to wake those still slumbering. A few minutes later Derwent Water's Mallards are ducking and diving out of our way. I won't bore you with the fact that Mallards are the only ducks to make the typical farmyard quack! Just past the theatre-on-wheels we turn left through a small wood, over a stream and past a farm, birds twittering all the way. Snowdrops swaying in the breeze and crocus heads giving the place a feeling that spring has arrived add to the beauty of the surroundings. "Couldn't you stay here forever?" No, it's nearly breakfast time.

An hour or so later we are on our way to Green Gable in cars along the Borrowdale Road. Arriving at Seathwaite we are just in time for a little rain. Onward and upwards we go, my hopes fulfilled...snow! Though I didn't realise it would be so difficult to walk on. On reaching Styhead Tarn we find it frozen and swathed in mist and with not much hope of it clearing we decide to descend, after a drink and meat pie!

Arriving back at Stockley Bridge our intrepid leader Brian suggests a short stretch of the legs along Grains Gill with Glaramara towering alongside us. Most of the group decide against this and go back to the cars. It being clearer down here I decide to join Dave, Carol and Mark. I'll try anything once! Time for some fun in the guise of snowballs, falling left, right and centre, mostly on me. The novelty soon wore off!! Assured the top of the valley is not too far ahead I trudge on. Brian says we are nearly there. Sorry mate, I've heard that before. I admit defeat and my legs have given up. So turning back with Dave and Carol I left Brian and Mark to descend back to the cars. I hoped Sunday's weather would be milder...and it was.

But first we had the Saturday nightlife to look forward to. After several of us saw a very good slide show on ice-climbing in the Lakes at the Moot Hall we now did a short ramble back to Lakeside House via the Golden Lion. In the basement of Lakeside House Peter Davies was DJ as we danced the night away. After

most people had drifted off to bed Maureen decides to organise a Limbo dance competition. - Ladies v Gents. This turned out to be great fun but I am too modest to tell you who was one of the best dancers (without shoes of course).

Sunday arrived, cool and cloudy, but the forecast promised sunshine later which proved correct for a change. After Mass and breakfast a small party, Christine and Mike, Maureen and I, Brian and Helen and Roy This take a trip over Newlands Hause, (the valley between Causey Pike and Cat Bellis) to Buttermere, sun shining all the way. The scenery is very dramatic, snow on one side of the mountains, rusty-coloured ferns on the other. After parking the cars we take a short stop at a local hostelry for a swift half, then once round the lake, walking in quite a stiff breeze. Meanwhile Dave, Brian, Mark and Peter were up on Causey Pike fighting against galeforce winds and trying to get to grips with the slippery snow on their descent. A short tunnel had been made courtesy of a local landlord for walkers to complete the circuit of Buttermere and very pleasant it is too. About half-way round the lake we took our Sunday lunch, sheltered from the wind in a sheepfold that just happened to be vacant, then it's off again towards Crummock Water. The day seemed to fly past, and so back to Keswick via the Honister Pass, again surrounded by beautiful scenery. This time accompanied by the sound-track from the film "Local Hero" they complemented each other very well.

Thanks to all for a lovely weekend but most of all thanks to Mother Nature for providing us with her charming company. I look forward to October very much.

BERNADETTE

Tremendous! is probably the best word to describe this particular weekend. Excellent company, good food and plenty of snow! What more could you want?

I was in the fortunate position of going up a day earlier and enjoyed the scenic drive up through the Lakes, passing Windermere, Ambleside and Grasmere. The Friday morning view from the window gave a blue sky with splashes of white clouds. A good day to conquer Skiddaw (2800ft) or rather, yet another attempt by me to beat this elusive peak once and for all after several unsuccessful attempts.

A dripping forehead (plus a minor hangover!) and a half-empty butty-box suggested that a walk round that pleasant lake below might have been a better idea. But we were on our way up now and as if to reward us for our hard work on the stiff climb, an R.A.F. fighter aircraft zoomed past below our view, made a clever turn over Bassenthwaite Lake and left a lingering sound of thunder between the valleys.

With the private air display over, it was time to move higher (groan, groan!) and after an hour or so, Keswick, looking like a Swiss mountain village suddenly loomed into view, having been eclipsed by the modest summit of Dodd. Looking up towards Skiddaw summit it took my legs some convincing it was well worth the effort, however, the thought of a celebration drink later on gave the required incentive.

Well, did we make it? Legs full of concrete and a head like Big Ben the next morning should be proof enough! I decided that the planned 'B' walk up Great Gable would have to wait until another day and instead drove the car towards Buttermere only to find the pass blocked by snow! The end result was a pleasant low-level walk around Resthwaite and Johnny's Wood at the head of Borrowdale. On one particular butty-break I was amazed to see how many small birds were pinching breadcrumbs from our very hands. What a great photo this would make. Mike and Christine agreed. However, the local farmer's dog felt he should have the spotlight and promptly licked up the free food!

Singing along to some Beatle tunes made sure that I had the showers to myself and put me in high spirits (pardon the pun) for the usual pup crawl around Keswick that night. Lakeside House really is a big place and it's amazing how you can get mixed up with the rooms, especially when you have forgotten your room number! This Lakeland air (and whisky) certainly makes you sleep like a log.

The next day, Sunday, was perhaps the brightest day so far and I decided to take a small group to Buttermere now that the pass had been cleared of snowdrifts. A full car and a 1-in-4 gradient certainly makes interesting driving through a really scenic area of the Lakes to Buttermere.

The walk around that Lake proved to be a real joy with all that breathtaking mountainous scenery and snow on all the North-facing slopes in blazing sunshine you could not go far wrong. A nice bonus to our walk was that the landowner had gone to great lengths to ensure walkers had complete access to the lake path, even to the extent of having a short tunnel made under an overhang of rock. It's a pity that other landowners cannot be so helpful.

It's always strange that on the last day of the weekend you never want the walk to end and say goodbye to all your friends. But the good news is that there will always be other Keswick weekends and you can rest-assured that the coffee will always be in the pots with the curved handles!

Cheers,
ROY THUIS

NOTE: Next Keswick Weekend is in October.

HOSANNA HOUSE NORTH WEST

Just a short note from Pat Rothwell to say thank you to those people who supported the Ceilidh at the Irish Centre on Friday, 20th February. The total amount raised was £307 despite there not being many people in total. It just shows it's the quality not the quantity. Thanks again.

NOTE: Next Ceilidh is to be held on Friday, 29th May at the Irish Centre.

(See notice in this newsletter).

S O C I A L I T E

Hello Ramblers!

Another time when I have to put pen to paper and advertise what is going on around the club socially. Recently a small band of ramblers (we didn't sell all the tickets) went to see Abegale's Party at the Neptune Theatre. It turned out to be a good comedy and a very cheap night out at only £2 per seat, so why couldn't we sell all 20 tickets? There was a full theatre apart from our conspicuous empty seats! The evening was rounded off with pleasant get-together at the Hanover across the road from the Neptune.

During the last week or so, eighty raffle books for the Orrell Rugby Union Win a Car draw have been circulated among some of our members. There has been a demand for more tickets so if by any chance you have had difficulty selling them could you please let me have any unsold tickets (including part-sold books) back as soon as possible so they can be sold through other channels.

On Sunday, 3rd May, we are organising a trip to Deeside Leisure Centre to try and see how easy it is to ice-skate like Torvil and Dean. They make it look so easy to dance and skate in unison and no doubt we will be doing exactly the same! Anyone interested in this ice-skating trip can see me on any walk or down at the club on Thursdays.

Before I sign off I must mention and congratulate Fiona Hawkins (Fifi to her friends) who recently celebrated her 21st birthday. Maybe now she'll start acting like an adult. (No offence meant Fiona, you're a great character really!).

Finally Ged Bouch and Sue Robson tied the knot just a few weeks ago. Warm congratulations on getting married and have a wonderful married life ahead of you.

On that happy note I'll sign off. Ta-ra,

PAUL HEALY

A WALKING HOLIDAY

Last year, six ramblers enjoyed a wonderful holiday walking in the Lake District using Youth Hostels as places to eat, rest and sleep. The weather was not very kind to us, but it did not stop us one minute from enjoying the holiday.

This year, two of us have decided that another walking holiday was a must, and so between the dates of Friday, 24th July and Sunday, 9th August we will be endeavouring to walk what is regarded as the best long-distance walk.

The holiday will be spent tackling the Coast-to-Coast Walk which roughly starts at St Bee's Head, near Whitehaven, through the Lake District, over the Pennines, through the Yorkshire Dales and over the North Yorkshire Moors to finish at Robin Hood's Bay, which is situated between Whitby and Scarborough. From one

coast, the Irish Sea, to the other coast, the North Sea. The total cost of this holiday is approx £130, on top of that you would have to find quite a few meals and transport to and from the start and finish of the walk. During the course of the holiday we will be stopping off at Youth Hostels and B&Bs. The average daily mileage covered is approx 13 miles. Least is 9 miles (in the Lake District) the most is 24 miles, which is near the end of the walk (you'll be fit by then!) and is covered over flat country tarmac roads.

If this holiday appeals to you, see me at the clubroom, on a walk or phone 051-426 0162. Hope to hear from you if you're interested.

PAUL HEALY

RAMBLERITE

The numbers on Rambles are still good and the weather is improving - warmer, longer days. So if you want a sociable day away from Liverpool let's see you on the coach. The walks cater for everybody. You will breathe fresh air and possibly become a little fitter. The following list of rambles should help to whet your appetite.

APRIL 26th - MAM TOR, 10.15 start

The 'B' walk, led by Christine Welsby, is a short gentle climb up to Mam Tor (the Shimmering Mountain), a good view point. Dave News will probably be doing Jacob's Ladder, both walks finishing in Edale, the heart of Derbyshire.

MAY 10th - ARENIGS, 10.15 start

Mike Hendrick leads the 'A' party with Peter Wilkinson doing the 'B'. Both walks are around Arenig Fawr, taking in the Monument to the crew of a crashed B52 bomber. Views of Bala, weather permitting.

MAY 31st - WETHERLAM, 9.30 start

Mike Norgate and Paul Healy are our leaders for the first trip into the Lakes this year. Super scenery, lakes and mountains, finishing in Coniston.

JUNE 14th - CARNEDDS-ABER, 10.15.

Peter Wilkinson leads the tough 'A' walk from Ogwen in the heart of Snowdonia to Aber on the North Wales Coast. But 'B' walkers take heart, a much easier walk is being organised.

JUNE 19th ELTERWATER Y.H.A. WEEKEND

Paul Healy is organising this Lakeland trip. Accommodation in the Youth Hostel. See Paul or myself for further information.

ANTHONY BROCKWAY

MELLOR MOOR - or THE WALK OF A THOUSAND STILES. (

In brilliant sunshine twenty-one Ramblers and Tessa left the Fielden Arms to begin their postponed walk, snowed off from the previous week. A brisk wind and snow on the distant hills promised good walking. We turned left from the pub and crossed Mellor Brook leading down to Mammon Woods where we crossed our first stile (little did we know), before rambling down a long grassy track past the lovely Tudor Oxendale Hall, stately across the fields (the Hall not us!). We went steepchasing down to Mire Wood through the hazels and holly and crossing the stream before climbing to the grassy uplands, passing a field or two of Shetland ponies and new lambs. Here we acquired an equine Rambler, who kept pace with us - his side of the hedge.

George and Freda had found the perfect butty stop, a series of grassy hillocks and hollows with a view of the ever vigilant Pendle Hill. We ate our sarnies to the click of cameras, mostly Maureen's (who must surely be compiling a dossier somewhere!) before moving off restored and refreshed. We toddled off towards Salmesbury crossing stile after stile, at least a hundred, plus or minus thirty, eventually reaching Lovely Hall Lane which was filled with lovely cottages and lovely bungalows. Ever upwards we came to Midge Hall Farm, where the farmer, anticipating gate thieves, had fastened his to a small mechanical gidder with a mini-tractor as back up, with bricks as chocks. We squeezed through the six-inch gap he'd left us (resisting the temptation to pull his chocks away and run like mad) before walking up yet another hill and down the other side. There were rumours that George was looking for hills to climb but Freda said not.

The path went through the 'rhodies' to Zachariah Brow with its done up cottages and posh cars, 'what do these people do for a living?' and after a steep climb we were on the summit, with superb views of the Ribbles Valley glinting in the sunlight. Descending from the tops we saw a hare haring (what else) across the fells and then - lo and behold - two old friends of Mona came towards us, she'd not seen them for years, and they joined us on the descent. This reunion lark is getting to be a habit; last time it was George and Freda who came up out of the sunset like two shepherds.

We walked the last steep slopes to the road and the Fielden Arms as the lights went on in the houses below. What a lovely walk. All thanks to our 'intrepid two' for eight miles of pure pleasure with plenty of laughs and lots to see..... ThoughtThose stiles were shockers, - will we ever get over them!!!?

Congratulations to Helen on passing her driving test. Nice to see her doing her stint on the motorway before the walk.

Tail-end Aud.

PROGRAMME.

Apr. 12. WEAVER VALLEY. John and Kath Peloe are leading. 1 p.m. START. Take A49 - Warrington to Whitchurch Road - cross over big white bridge over River Weaver. Take first turning on right which is signposted "Acton Station". Toilets are ten minutes into the walk. Makes a change!

MAY 7. The house meeting is at Amie and Tessa's, 12 Greenwood Road, Allerton. Use Mather Avenue to Booker Avenue, turn right at Greenhills Pub then first left. Can't go wrong if you find the 'Greenhills

Cont'd.

Bottom of the other page!

PEN-y-GHENT- JOINT RAMBLE - 22ND MARCH, 1987.

Our journey commenced from St. John's Lane in brilliant sunshine but it became rather overcast by the time of our arrival at Horton in Ribblesdale. Our official leader, Paul Healey, was in bed with 'flu. Had it anything to do with giving up cigarettes for Lent! At short notice Brian Keller agreed to be our leader and had no trouble in finding Pen-y-Ghent on the map.

Having made contact with those members of the Familie Section who had travelled by car, we proceeded on our way up the side of the fell. Unfortunately, we were soon to lose the company of the Brockways when Arthur realised that he had locked his keys in his car. Book on the coach next time Arthur.

It was not long before we reached the snowline. Where the snow had melted, there was mainly glutinous mud which caused quite a few slips. Having arrived on the crest of the ridge, we proceeded in the direction of Pen-y-Ghent itself. This was supposed to be a 'B' walk and most of us expected to walk around the base of the summit. When Brian said that we were going to the top there were cries of "You can't be serious". But he was. After a scramble over slippery grass, snow and rock the summit was eventually achieved.

The descent down the other side of the peak was even more hazardous than the ascent. The route was at times very steep and being exposed to the cold wind, most of the snow was to be found here. Many took the quick route down on their bottoms. Audrey was like a two year old in the snow'. On one very steep slope Sherpa Tony Thompson pioneered a zig zag route down the icy snow to be followed by many of the party.

Having reached the valley floor and comparative safety, Rosemary decided to nose dive on to a rock and sustained a nasty cut. First aid was readily available and soon she was surrounded by people wishing to administer assistance. After only a short delay, she was patched up and escorted most of the rest of the journey!

There were over sixty club members and friends out this day including sixteen from the Family Section.

Our grateful thanks to Brian Keller who was a most considerate and capable leader and to all for your company on a day which we shall remember for a long time.

H.W.

PROGRAMME CONT'D.

MAY 10. Leo said, when I asked him for further particulars, just type "Watch this space". I have done so. His back is playing up but he hopes it 'will be alright on the day'. If further information hasn't seeped through by the 10th ring them on on 489 0746.

JUNE 4TH. The House Meeting is at George and Freda Skillicorns, 12 Avon Road, Billinge.

Every year we plan to hold a dance for Charity, this year, on Friday 29th May at the Irish Centre we have the best Ceilidh Band on Merseyside to entertain us - THE LIVERPOOL CEILIDH BAND. All proceeds from this night will go to two worth charities: Mother Teresa of Calcutta, for her work here on Merseyside and Survive-Miva, which provide medical aid and pastoral work in underdeveloped countries.

Bring your friends...

The Liverpool Catholic Ramblers very own

CHARITY CEILIDH

at the Irish Centre, Mount Pleasant, on

FRIDAY, 29th MAY

Charities - SURVIVE-MIVA.

Mother Teresa of Calcutta's work for homeless and needy people in the Merseyside area.

Dancing to THE LIVERPOOL CEILIDH BAND

Tickets £2 from committeemembers or the Irish Centre

Next newsletter in six weeks' time. Any material for this newsletter to be given or sent to the Editor: Dave Newns, 7 Abbotts Way, Billinge, WIGAN, Lancs. WN5 7SB.

Thanks to all contributors of articles to this newsletter (No. 137) Easter Edition 1987.

DAVE NEWNS