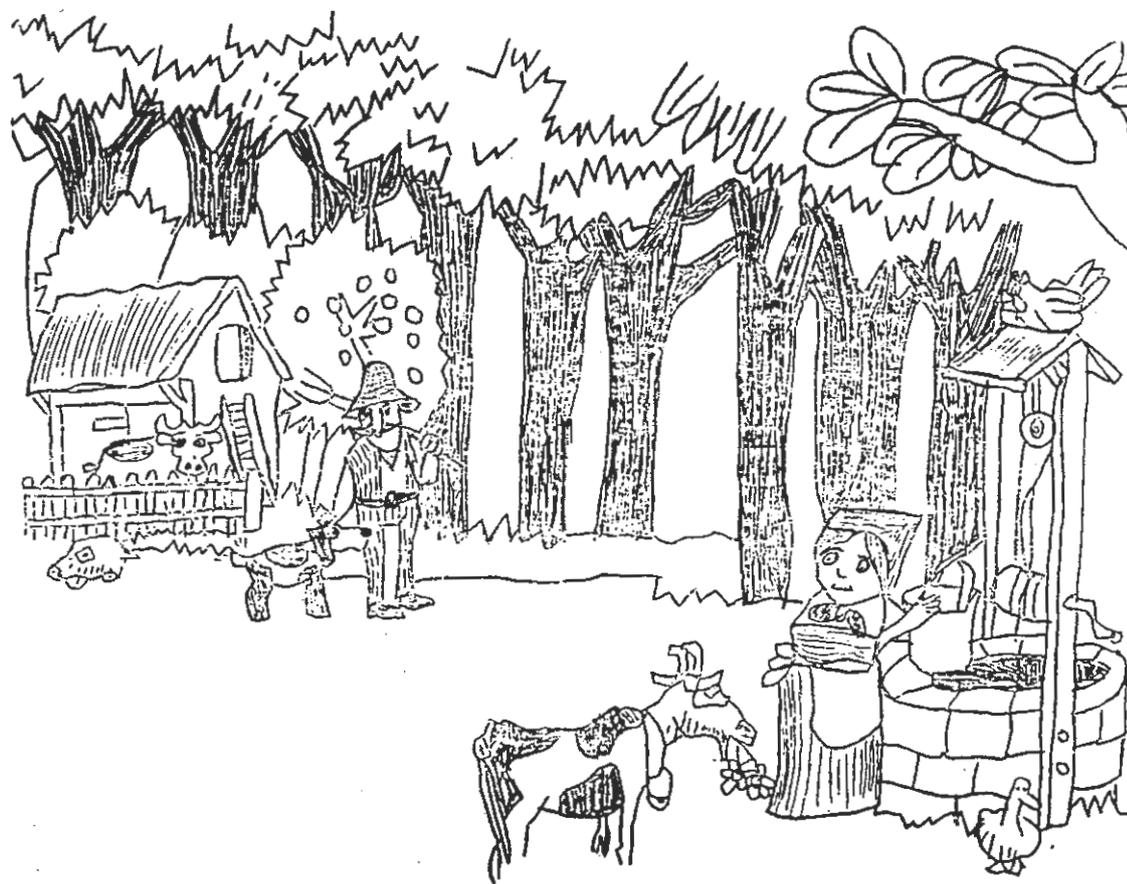


Liverpool Catholic Ramblers

NEWSLETTER

MARCH 2002

7th Series Issue 35



Forthcoming Social Events



AT THE SHIP AND MITRE, DALE STREET - THURSDAY NIGHTS

March		March		April	
7	CHEESE AND WINE and Ken's Quiz	21	FILM QUIZ by Ken Regan	11	MILLIONAIRE-ISH QUIZ by Will Harris
14	INTRODUCTION TO LINE DANCING by Roy Fletcher (Should be good fun, so why not spread the word around)	28	NO CLUB NIGHT Maundy Thursday	18	THE WEAKEST LINK
		April		25	KEN'S QUIZ
		4	CHEESE AND WINE and Ken's Quiz	May	
				2	CHEESE AND WINE

Note: Cheese and Wine nights are held the first Thursday of each month

OUR COVER pastoral scene was engraved by one of our members on a wax stencil some 30 years ago.

Most of the material for this edition was submitted just a week ago (apart from Roni's letter). We need more of you to write or draw for a more comprehensive newsletter. It needn't be a long story - a few words plus a drawing made nearly half a page this time. So thanks to the faithful few who helped to compile this, your first newsletter of the year.

The next edition should appear in mid April, so give or send your sackful of contributions to me at 7 Abbotts Way, Billinge, Wigan WN5 7SB. Thanks. *Dave News* (Editor)

NEW MEMBERS

A hearty welcome to everyone who have joined our club recently and braved the elements with us.

We had a dry day in the Lakes last week - no wind or rain, but plenty of snow to brighten up the landscape.

Square 50 winner

Ray Mc was the proud winner of the latest draw to help boost club's funds. All comments excluded.

Boots for sale

A pair of boots, size 40 (size 6?) in good condition, have been handed in for sale at £5. Contact Dave News.

THAT NEW YEAR AT AMBLESIDE

A successful New Year weekend was held at Ambleside hostel. The snow was too frozen for high-level walking, but we had memorable walks - a few falling by the wayside on the last day. It's just a pity there are no willing writers for a proper report.

KESWICK WEEKEND

A change of routine here. We are starting with the evening meal at 6.30 on the Friday night 26th April. This will cancel Sunday evening's meal. It's hoped that most people can leave home for Keswick around mid-day Friday, so please tell Will Harris or me (Dave N.) if you won't be able to get up to Keswick by 6.30pm.

Lakeside House is now fully booked but you can go on the overflow list. Cost of weekend is £57 plus transport cost. (Extra charge for the two en-suite rooms).

NOTE: All the money must be paid BEFORE the weekend (You can pay by instalments if necessary). Contact Tom Riley (737 1041) if you want a seat on the minibus.

Healthy walking statistics

Walking at least two miles a day can cut the risk of an early death by half. A comprehensive medical survey (full of facts and figures) was handed to me recently. Walking also seems to help your memory, or slow down the loss of it. Your editor will put the article in the next newsletter - if he can remember!

LEADERS WANTED FOR OUR SUMMER PROGRAMME

Yes, a list of our summer rambles is being compiled and we need leaders (old or new) to put their names down for leading them. Contact Rambling Chairman Will Harris, or ask to see the proposed walks list from the person carrying the book on the coach.

Kirkby Stephen 3rd February

A BITING cold gale greeted us as we alighted from the coach in Kirkby Stephen.

We B's set out on a 92-mile round trip to the Nine Standards Rig stone circle on the Pennines to the east.

Passing St Stephen's church (known as the cathedral of the moors because of its great size) we crossed Frank's Bridge (who's Frank?) and traversed waterlogged meadows to a tree-lined beck where a red squirrel was spotted.

Turning up hill we crossed an old railway bridge and reached the edge of Ladthwaite Beck ravine.

To get out of the wind we took the path down into the ravine and found our way amongst trees and bushes until we were opposite the sun-dappled cliff of Ewbank Scar where we took our sandwich break alongside the roar of the beck.

Climbing out of the ravine and into the wind we made for the bridal way to Nine Standards where it entered the moors below Hartley Birkett Hill.

As we had lost time in the ravine we decided to see how far we could get by 3.00pm. We then struck up Hartley Fell in the teeth of a gale so strong it was difficult to make progress.

After a while we took shelter in the barn ruins at Reigill until a keen-eyed beauty spotted that the gable above us was rocking in the wind! Hasty exit by the 'B' party!

It struck 3.00pm as we approached the cairn guarding Faraday Gill about a mile short of the Nine Standards and as tiredness was evident we decided to turn back. However loath

to retrace our steps we chose to swing north west out over the moor towards Longrig Scar only to regret this some time later as we stumbled through bogs and were lashed by freezing rain!

Pausing in the half shelter of a mine-working to warm numbed fingers our spirits were lifted (?) by Roy Fletcher pointing out that Westmorland was named by the Saxon kings of Northumberland to whom it was their "lands west of the (Pennine) moors" after they had driven the British off into the Lakeland mountains.

Pressing on down the fell to the edge of the moors the same one said "Follow me along this way and we'll reach the road without having to cross anything . . ." Ten minutes later we faced a flooded beck backed by a wire fence! ("My compass must be wrong," he mumbled!). Fortunately the beck divided further up the moor and we made it onto the road and on to the Hartley hamlet past the huge quarry. (What was that strange construction for?).

Shortly after viewing the magnificent Podgil railway viaduct we were recrossing Frank's Bridge as the light failed.

A pint and some of the best chips we'd tasted later, the 'C' party appeared blinking out of the dark. (We learned that they had already had a pub-stop on their walk).

Pint and chips finished, we now headed for the coach. We'd not quite made the Nine Standards (though we'd got nearer than the A's had) but felt that we'd 'had a good one.'

Skywalker

OBITUARIES - We offer our sincere condolences to Dave Labeque who sadly, lost his wife (Betty) recently, and also to Bill McCullough who lost his mother. May they both rest in peace.

Goodbye franc, hello euro!

THE FRENCH and other Continentals are now adapting well to the introduction of the euro and the demise of their former currencies.

As the euro is now worth 60p, British ramblers and travellers to euro countries can convert euros into pounds by dividing them by 5 then multiplying by 3, eg 20 euros are worth £12.

Similarly you can convert pounds to euros by dividing by 3 and multiplying by 5.

Whilst it is always a good rule of thumb to convert kilometres to miles by dividing them by 8 then multiplying by 5, distances always remain constant, but the exchange rate of the euro can fluctuate.

Logical way: As the euro is currently worth 60p, work out the value of 10 euros by multiplying $10 \times 60p = £6$. OK!

● *Editor's rapid way with euro notes: Knock off the last nought and multiply by 6. Example: 10 euros (1×6) = £6; 20 euros (2×6) = £12; 50 euros (5×6) = £30, etc.*

Or try this →

The origins of the French franc

DID you know that the French franc, surprisingly, owes its origins to the English?

It dates back to the Hundred Years War between our two countries.

After the battle of Poitiers, on 19th September 1356, the French King John II, known as Jean le Bon or John the Good, was unfortunate enough to be captured by the English who demanded a ransom for his liberation. The sum was 3 million golden ecus. In today's money that would be 125 million euros!

As the Hundred Years War dragged on the Kingdom of France became ruined, so to gather such a sum was a

considerable challenge. Through the marriage of his daughter to the rich Duke of Milan, he managed to pay off a part of the ransom. To pay off the rest he decided to introduce a new coinage on the 5th December 1360 calling it the franc, because the word meant "free" and through it he hoped henceforward to be free.

To his "chagrin" the currency soon lost its value because, in order to finance the War, the king's silver was slowly being whittled away. The new coinage began to contain less and less precious metal, taking on a darker appearance as its silver content diminished. And so it

then became known as black money!

Still trying to raise funds the king then levied a new income tax called "la gabelle." It was a tax on salt, of all things. However, this proved most unpopular with his subjects and provoked revolts in the countryside since the peasants no longer wanted to support the nobility.

Finally, running out of any other solution to his problem, the king arrived in London on 3rd January 1364 to give himself up as a prisoner. Sadly, he died on the 3rd April leaving the franc to survive until 17th February 2002.

Richie Cannon

Don't forget that change of footwear

ONE or two newcomers have been caught out on some of our really wet and muddy rambles recently by not bringing a change of footwear for the end of the day. Some other walking

clubs seem to get away with sitting on their coach in wet muddy boots at the end of the day, but we must stress to every newcomer to our club that a change of footwear is essential.



A bit of bull

Recently, the intrepid A-Team (Margaret, Fran, Ken, Pat Gilligan, Bob Hughes and I) after braving slippery coastal cliffs and battling against the wind and driving rain; encountered this unique footpath sign, on our route from Arnside to the Fairy Steps.

Consequently this cartoon came to mind!

Carol Kellett

"If he starts to get a bit frisky the six of us should get to the Fairy Steps in record time!"

Just another memorable LCRA day

CONISTON - 10/2/02 - Whilst the A's and B's stayed on the coach for Coniston, Roy Fletcher's twenty-strong 'C' party dismounted shortly after noon at Skelwith Bridge, just beyond Ambleside. As we did, the heavens opened (as forecast) and stayed open all day!

Our 'C' route meandered initially through gently rolling wooded country with distant views into Little Langdale, and we admired the spectacle of a rain-swelled Colwith Force.

However, spirits sagged as our leader took to the open hillside beyond High Park before calling a classic LCRA booty break 'in the shelter' of a rain-lashed wall.

"Come on you crag-hopping C's," he called, in an effort to raise our morale . . . "What does the C stand for?" came a mutter from the ranks!

VIKING HISTORY SUPPRESSED

Interest was restored half an hour later when the spectacular Hodge Close Quarry was suddenly encountered with its deep green water gleaming hundreds of feet below us.

"Pity there aren't any more cars dumped down there this time," grumbled a bluff Devonian into this magic moment. (He excused this graceless remark when he revealed that he was suffering from penetrating damp on his valuables!).

Pressing on into the continuing rain some voices urged our leader to pause to give a short talk on the Viking history of Coniston. To general disappointment he declined and declared that we should head directly to Coniston by the shortest route.

So after a final tiresome mile or so, on the valley 'path' along the Yewdale Fellside, the coach was reached early at about 3.45pm. However there were no complaints, and after changing out of our wet clothes, 'spirits' were soon restored in Coniston's Black Bull.

Both Bob and Dave also cut short their 'A' and 'B' walks - the 'A' losing their battle against the strong winds on the ridge after conquering Coniston Old Man.

"You wouldn't get a dog out on a day like this." Wrong! A few of the B's had spotted some bedraggled Beagle hounds at the end of a hunt on the Walna Scar Road below the Old Man. Not to be outdone, on arrival back at the coach Dave hounded out a few bedraggled rambles to finish the day off with an extra 'short' walk.

DRIVER HAS SPUD VISION

Later, as we left the Lakes on the road from Barrow-in-Furness, with the coach's wipers sweeping the screen, a blast of howling wind knocked the wipers out of action, forcing the driver to pull in at the Little Chef near Witherslack.

A long cold wait for repairs or a replacement coach loomed ahead. However, 'come the crisis, come the man' - as diesel mechanic John strode from the back of the coach.

"Hand me an adjustable spanner," he quoth.

"Haven't got one," whimpered the driver.

"Hand me a potato then!"

Yes, truly - this man of the moment wiped down the outside of the windscreen with a potato cut in half from the Little Chef's kitchen, and to a storm of applause, we rolled clearly onwards and home.

Skywalker

AFTERMATH OF TREACHEROUS SKID ON MUDDY PATH

Dear friends

Just a thank you to fellow rambles who showed concern when I slid into a treacherous mud path and crashed down onto a hard wooden plank bridge over a stream on the Cartmel walk.

A thank you to Dave, Margaret and Kay for putting up with me in the farmhouse nearby during that long wait for the ambulance. The couple at the farmhouse were very helpful and I have sent them a card.

Also thanking Kay and Margaret for coming with me to the hospital at Barrow-in-Furness where I was kept in overnight.

A thank you to Mike for travelling all those miles the following day to come and pick me up.

And thanks to Rene who came with me to Fazakerley Hospital two days later when I was

kept in and operated on for the second time. The orthopaedic specialist there said I would need a replacement bone if my arm was to work properly again.

I would also like to thank those of you who sent me get-well cards and also for the many phone calls.

And lastly, I would just like to say thanks to the fellow Rambler who put his arm around my shoulder in an effort to console me as I suffered agonising pain.

Thanks Fred, I remembered your kindness during that night's stay in hospital and I drew some comfort from it.

Finally, thanking all of you who made inquiries. My arm is on the mend now, although I don't know when I will be confident to go out walking again.

Roni