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LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS

Newsletter



EDITORIAL

7 Abbots Way, Billinge, Wigan, Lancs WN5 7SB

Hello fellow ramblers,

Having had our Spring-like Winter it looks very much as if we are about to experience a Wintry-type Spring. During the past few months we have had many enquiries, mainly from our Menseymart adverts, about our club. The results are reflected in the list of newly-joined members below. However some of our past members have failed to renew their subscriptions with us due annually between September-December and we assume they have lost interest, consequently newsletters will no longer be sent to these lapsed members. Mid-December was the time your last newsletter appeared and there have been a number of write-ups since, so may I take this opportunity to thank all contributors to this edition, also thanks to Ann Connolly for assisting me in the typing. More typists would be most welcome, just contact me, thanks.

On a personal note Ash Wednesday was a special day for me this year as I not only fasted completely through lack of appetite but also drove myself to hospital where the surgeons persuaded me to part with my appendix that evening. I have given up many things in Lent in the past but never before given up my own flesh and blood!

Meanwhile I am still enjoying my enforced holiday from work and looking forward to the Keswick Weekend. Happy rambling,

DAVE NEWS, Editor (074 892791)

NEW MEMBERS

Welcome to the following new members who have joined our ranks:

Brenda Livingstone	Allison Oakley	Heather Price
Mary and Desmond King	Margaret Rimmer	Thelma and Terence Delahunty
Ken and Dora Kavanagh	James Rice	Gillian Atkins
Billy Merril	John Bethel	Gaynor Twigg

OBITUARY

Sadly we have to report that Bernard Foley's mother died on the Christmas weekend. We offer our condolences to Bernard and his wife Anne and family.

R A M B L E R I T E

Dave tells me that he has received a lot of information in the form of ramble write-ups which will appear on various pages of this newsletter. Normally the lack of any information on recent rambles by the ordinary club members forces me to put pen to paper to inform people on how recent rambles fared. So a big THANK YOU to those who have taken the time to contribute (it makes things easier for me). Keep on writing - the newsletter is the members' and prospective new members' information sheet - the more people who write give a better image of our club's activities.

Recently we have held local walks on the Sundays when there isn't a coach. These have been popular so the committee has decided to continue them. Unfortunately these local walks are often planned at short notice so you have to be in close contact to be kept fully informed. The latest is: Feb 26 Maghull to Hall Lane with pub lunch at Sefton.

It has to be pointed out that there is an error on the current programme. The Llanbedr YHA/Camping Weekend (May 26-29) implied that Phil Wells would lead the A walk and Mike Hendrick the B. It should have read: 'Bookings for hostel: Phil Wells and for camping: Mike Hendrick.'

FORTHCOMING RAMBLES/CLUB WEEKENDS:

March 5 GARGRAVE/MALHAM. A visit to the Yorkshire Dales. A: Ian Freeman, B: Bernie Doyle.

March 10-12 KESWICK WEEKEND. Fully booked to Lakeside House although alternative accommodation may be available. See Bob Gregson. Coach departs St John's Lane on the Friday evening at 7pm.

March 19 BERWYNS. The A party will ascend the highest peak in the Berwyn range, Moel Sych (pronounced Mole Sick!) at a height of 2,713 feet with visits to the other two peaks in the range exceeding 2,500 feet of Cadair Bronwen and Cadair Berwyn. Also, we hope to walk to one of the seven wonders of Wales, the Waterfalls of Pistyll Rhaeadr. Leader Phil Wells, B party will be led by Paul Healy.

March 24th-27th EASTER WEEKEND. The committee having found that caravans were too expensive this time opted for a YHA weekend and hoped to book Capel Curig, this has not been possible so a booking has been made at Ffestiniog. There are two male and two female places available, so if you wish to go see me quickly! Also see below.

April 2 GRASMERE. A: Ian Freeman, B: Maureen McCoy. The first Lake District walk of 1989 for our club. Don't miss it!

COACHES - As from May 1st there is a change to the present system of booking arrangements for coach trips as below:

£3.50 paid in advance by the Thursday prior to the departure (N.B. No £1 deposit),

or

£4.00 payable on the coach subject to availability of seats.

Alternative Easter Weekend: Mike Hendrick is organising a caravan trip to Galloway near the Scottish borders. All members welcome. Mike says the Galloway Region of southern Scotland is as rugged and beautiful as the Western Highlands but as accessible as the Northern Lake District. It is steeped in history with castles and remote lochs, glens, etc. Travel is by cars on Good Friday morning returning Easter Monday, staying in Caravans in the Newton Stewart area. Phone Mike as soon as possible on 428 7914.

Happy Rambling, IAN FREEMAN (Rambling Chairman).

S O C I A L I T E

Hello there,

Once again I put pen to paper to advertise the forthcoming social events.

We are starting by re-introducing popular Quiz Nights on the last Thursday of every month at the club. The winner will be receiving the fabulous prize of a free ramble at great expense to the club, so come and try a brain-teaser once in a while. Also envisaged are outings to the cinema to see the best films on the silver screen but these are however, quickly arranged at short notice as we have no idea of how long a film will run for. In past weeks Dressmaker, a Liverpool film, and Cocktail, starring Tom Cruise have been outings which have been arranged.

Looking further afield on May 14th we are taking a short train journey to see the wonders of Wigan Pier which I believe is well worth a visit (Bernie Doyle has been, Dave Newns has been and both recommend it). We are also trying to fit in a visit to the Pilkington Glass Museum in St Helens followed in the evening with a visit to St Helens Theatre Royal. More details later.

This summer we will be cruising down the river or to be more precise along the Leeds/Liverpool Canal from Maghull on the floating Bistro. We will be having a meal on board and entertained by a folk singer/guitarist. This event has always proved popular so book early. The date is Saturday, 8th July. More details in the next newsletter.

One date in your diary you must all keep is Saturday, November 18th when we will be holding our annual buffet dance which once again is to be held at the popular Everton Cabaret Lounge of the Everton FC. A good evening is lined up for all.

Finally, I must mention the Orrell Rugby Union FC draw tickets which are in circulation with our club's name overprinted on them. These will bring in a considerable amount of cash for our club but please bring in the ticket stubs as soon as possible.

So that's all from me for now. Hope to see you at the clubroom on Thursday nights so Ta-ra for now,

PAUL HEALY, Social Chairman

Leaders: A Dave Newns, B Mike Hendrick

On an unusually cold and frosty morning a coachload of forty-three assorted ramblers were making their way along the M6 towards Arnside, near Morecambe Bay. On board there was the usual mixture of merriment and yawning that is typical of the Sunday morning departure (and many Stykes cartoons).

At the Birch Services we stopped for coffee and it was from here that we parted company with 21 members led by Dave on their A team. The B party of which I was one (for a change) continued on the coach for about eight miles to the pleasant coastal resort of Arnside. Mike led us from the promenade up into Silverdale Road and on to High Knott Road from where we entered Redhills Wood - which in deepest November had a thick carpet of leaves underfoot.

Climbing upward and passing out of the wood we came upon a vast open hillside with fine views of Arnside below and the railway line which crosses the River Kent on a very long bridge on stilts at the mouth of the river. This railway leads to the coastal areas of Ravenglass, Whitehaven and Maryport, finally to its destination - Carlisle. (What an interesting ride that would be).

By now the weather had become quite mild and there was not even a breeze blowing as we continued over the hillside of Arnside Knott and walked downhill to Arnside Tower Farm. Nothing stirred as we passed through the quiet yard (not even a dog barked!).

We then passed Arnside Tower which lies just beyond the farm and Joe Rourke gave us an interesting account of its history as a 'keep'. Built in the 14th century the local people would flee to its shelter when invasion by the Scots was imminent. The tower today is in a very dangerous state of disrepair but unaware of all this, the cattle are grazing and resting right beneath its crumbling walls.

Continuing to climb gently upwards behind the tower Mike eventually came to Eaves Wood which is National Trust property and after passing through the wood we suddenly came upon 'The Pepperpot'. This looks just like the name implies - like a pepperpot but it's made of stone and is an enormous size. This obelisk was erected to commemorate the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. Now what year was that? Can anyone remember?

We had a stop for tea or coffee on the summit of Castlebarrow, a hill at just 280ft high and discussed the Christmas season and our individual plans for it. Once suitably refreshed, Mike led the descent, once again through Eaves Wood and so toward the broad grassy flat saltmarsh along the shoreline. We were steered (all 22 of us) along, sometimes around, sometimes over, the various water channels which were riddled along this wide grassy saltmarsh.

Shrieks from behind at this point told us that the A team were about to join us. This most of them did continuing along the coastal route to Arnside but Dave and a few others opted for the inland route over Arnside Knott to the coach.

Ahead, some of our party could be seen scrambling over limestone rocks - it looked like a scene from 'The Pirates' as they all had bobble hats on. We joined them eventually climbing to a cliff path giving fine but misty views of the estuary. It was now approaching dusk and torches were retrieved from rucksacks. An owl hooted repeatedly as we passed the dimming shingle of White Creek. Then on and around New Barns Bay to leave the cliff path through a series of short country lanes until rounding a corner of the coast we saw the lights of Arnside Promenade shining brightly just a few hundred yards ahead where the coach was waiting for us.

'Thanks' to Joe Rourke for a most interesting account of this area and 'Great thanks' to Mike for leading us. It was a supwr day.

NORAH SHEEHAN

YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED!

What do you think is significant about 12.34 and 5 seconds on 6th of July this year? If you can't work out this clever prediction to occur just after midday on that date then turn to another page for the answer.

SLAIDBURN (Trough of Bowland) - Jan 15

It is said that the next best thing to walking is to read about walking! So read on. Two dozen members set off in mid-January to explore the fascination of the Trough of Bowland. Included in our group were three overseas guests who, incidentally, are looked upon very fondly as members of the club, an inspiration to all hands for their obvious cheerfulness, enthusiasm and gallant behaviour. Yes, of course, our three brothers from Poland who are training for the priesthood were on board the coach as we wound through the North Lancashire Fells.

I would normally reserve the end of this article to name whom I thought was Man of the Match but allow me to name him at this point. To me, and I think everybody else, it was the coach driver John. Far above and beyond the call of duty he answered the request to travel via the actual Trough of Bowland - a narrow route which I had previously only cycled through - which proved to be rather hair-raising. John drove along that torturous passage without complaint. I would not be surprised if he did not acquire his first grey hairs that day. Well done John!

Twelve of us hopped out of the coach half way along the Trough, this being the A party going over the fell tops to Brennands Farm and down the valley towards Dunsop Bridge. Half way along we came across Dave Newns and his merry band doing a B walk via Whitendale and Dunsop Head. This route seemed more adventurous and rougher than the A walk but surprisingly they reached the coach at Slaidburn with no more than five minutes after the A party's arrival.

Meanwhile, the A party having our lunch break at Dunsop Bridge were to follow the River Hodder along rarely travelled footpaths. (I have yet to see anybody while walking along that beautiful and isolated stretch, Winter or Summer!). Some hilarity was offered getting across the river via wire-supported footbridges, all good fun. Indeed, the three fairer members of that walk took it in their stride.

It must be a source of satisfaction to our hard-working members of the committee to see new members taking their first tentative steps on a B walk then twelve months later to sail into the A walk with no effort, giving strength to the old adage that countryside walking is preventative medicine which of course is the finest medicine in the world.

Arriving in Slaidburn in darkness did not hide the appeal and beauty of the village. The forlorn notice on the door of the youth hostel facing the 'Hark to Bounty' pub: 'Open March 16th' did not disguise the obvious delights of staying and walking in such delightful scenery as the Trough of Bowland. Overhearing one member saying 'What a nice youth hostel it must be' I promptly signed her up as a volunteer for the working party in early March, with one of the lads volunteering to transport us up and join in the work. A small effort to try and put something back in appreciation for so much we take out of life.

Homeward bound a moment of serenity was afforded when we pulled into the 'Stag' for a very pleasant interlude. The sense of well-being and camaraderie on such occasions to me is always a delight.

JOE ROURKE

LLANGOLLEN - Dec 18

On a very blustery day the weekend before Christmas, three walks were held in the Llangollen area with Allan Caple braving the elements and leading a tough 'A' walk from Llangollen for an ascent of Llantysilio Mountain and back. The 'B' party led by Phil Wells ascended part of the way, but Phil safely escorted them to the Ponda Rosa cafe at the Horseshoe Pass summit where the coach picked them up. Dave Newns stepped in to lead an easy C around the foothills of the ruined castle and along the banks of the Llangollen Canal past the Chain Bridge Hotel to the Horseshoe Falls and back. The "Santa Special" was running along the renovated steam railway track in the beautiful surroundings of the Vale of Llangollen which follows the River Dee to Berwyn just a couple of miles upstream. The weather was mild and there was no sign of any snow over this normally wintry spot, but mist swirled above the 1,500ft level.

PW/DN

JOE ROURKE'S INVITATION WALK

On Boxing Day, Christine and I found ourselves sitting in Joe Rourke's front room while his wife Audrey brought in a tray of coffee and biscuits. Joe sat discussing the problems of maintaining the North Wales Simple Hostels with 'H' a fellow member of the Liverpool Area YHA Group. Cynwyd needs a new floor and Rowen needs a Warden. - Volunteers please see Joe.

Eleven thirty and the four of us set off for Ainsdale station. We started the walk following the railway heading in the direction of Ainsdale Hills. I confessed to Joe that this was not an area I would have thought of going for a Ramble in, but Joe replied that it was an area he had a great affection for. He had walked here for many years and in fact he pointed out a house where he had lived as a boy with a sea captain before he joined his training ship.

We headed on to Ainsdale Hills and Joe recalled another tale of how many years ago he had found two lizards amongst a cargo of fruit from Cyprus. When he left the ship at Liverpool Joe took the lizards home. They didn't make good pets and one day when Audrey found one of the lizards in her slippers Joe was ordered to get rid. Joe went with his children to Ainsdale Hills and released the lizards into the wild, and sure enough, at the entrance to the Fisherman's Path there's a Visitor's information board proudly boasting, Ainsdale Hills, the home of the rare Natterjack Toad and a sand lizard peculiar only to this part of Britain.

We followed the Fisherman's path into the woods and had a butty break. The woods here are not the dense regimented lines of conifers you see so much of, planted purely for financial profit. These are airy, randomly planted trees, giving pleasure to many visitors and have the practical purpose of helping stabilize the ever shifting sand dunes. Everywhere was the overwhelming smell of pine.

Following the Fisherman's path we arrived at the beach. I was surprised at the condition of the beach, the sand is as good as any beach in Cornwall. It's a pity about the water, but the beach is excellent sand for as far as the eye can see! Walking alongside the sea, waves crashing ashore, a strong sea breeze in your face was a great way of walking off that Christmas Fayre. We walked along the shore as far as the Holiday Camp. Watching the flocks of sea birds as we walked - black headed gulls in winter plumage, the occasional soaring black headed gull and a strange flock of about fifty small waders running about energetically stopping every now and again to bob their heads or feed from the sand. These we guessed were ringed plovers.

Sitting having a last butty break outside the old life boat station at Ainsdale Joe recalled how as a boy he had assisted in launching, the life boat to here, one Christmas Eve.

It was now a short walk through Ainsdale back to the car at the station. A very good walk, thanks Joe, an area I had never walked in before but one I will certainly go back to.

MIKE HENDRICK

family FAMILY SECTION PROGRAMME - 1989.

MARCH
10/12. KESWICK WEEKEND.

MARCH This is a change of date from March 12th. To enable some of us to
19. join the General Section at Lakeside House on the above weekend,
Jack and Betty Highton have kindly altered the date of their walk
to March 19th. The area is Delamere Forest. Meet at the main car
park (where the Information Centre is located), which is a right turn off
the main road. The walk is about 7 miles and Toilets are an added joy.
We'll start at 12.30 NOT 12.00 as per programme.

APRIL WANSFELL PIKE. Noel and Angela are leading. Meet in Ambleside
9. car park on left of Keswick Road, just north of town. Another
N.B. We start walking at 11.00 a.m.

APRIL CHALET WEEKEND IN NORTH WALES. They're a lovely break and your
23/25. bank won't be broken. Please give your names to Rosemary, Peggy or
Mona.

MAY Gerry and Jean McDonald lead this one. Phone 526 6775 for further
14. information.-

It was regretfully concluded that it was not possible to arrange a
joint walk in the Summer Programme because of General and Family Section
commitments.

HOUSE MEETINGS.

MARCH 2ND. At Maureen Howards, 236 Brodie Avenue, L'pool 19. The
Autumn/Winter programme will be discussed here. If you can't
be there and would like to lead a walk, please ring or write.

APRIL 6TH. Noel and Angela Fishwick's, 74 Moss Lane, Maghull.

MAY 4TH. Leo and Pat Pearson's, 81 Twig Lane, Huyton.

FAMILY SECTION RAMBLE - FOXHILL, DECEMBER 11TH.

On a warm Summer's day the walk of the year(!) began at
Frodsham, an old English or Nordic town nestling between the banks of the
Mersey and the backdrop of Foxhill and Frodsham Hill escarpment. Approx-
imately a hundred or so were there, dressed accordingly for the warmth of
the sun, eager to be free from the cares of the Metropolis.

We set off through the Valè Royal Park, adorned with some
late blossoms and early snowdrops -what topsy-turvy weather this year!
At the park entrance an attractive restoration of the old stabling and
cobblestone courtyard had been completed since our last visit. It
looked very well in the park setting. The development included
residential mews and an Arts and Crafts Centre - worth a closer visit
sometime.

A pleasant meandering path along the foot of Frodsham Hill
brought us into a cleft in the sandstone cliff, then on to its higher
ledge via what is known locally as Jacob's Ladder (a short scramble or
ascending staircase according to one's agility), which led us to a fine
viewpoint. From our high vantage point over the Frodsham marshes the
townships of Runcorn and Ellesmere Port loomed large and somewhat murky
from the industrialisation. In the foreground the former sentinel for
shipping - Hale Lighthouse - gleamed brightly with its whitewashed walls.

Passing quickly through the grounds of the obtrusive
Mersey View Restaurant Club (they have locked and barred the ex-
public toilets and, further, there is but a narrow strip of land from
the road, allowing access to the War Memorial. We climbed over many
stiles, one too many for the dog owners with us, walked across pleasant
fields and bridleways to a resting place near Sheppart House for a break.

FAMILY SECTION - FOXHILL (cont'd).

The increase in horse riding and pony trekking has accelerated path erosion in the area of Foxhill. Some motorcycle scrambles take place too. A ramblers' Association plug for the preservation of foot-paths and maintenance via the local authorities seems appropriate, but that is a political and not a Newsletter topic!!

However, we too had a nice day in good company; be it short in duration, may it be long in memory.

See you again.

W.A.P.

FAMILY SECTION - PARBOLD WALK. FEBRUARY 1989.

While the Chinese in Liverpool were celebrating the year of the snake, we were celebrating the Day of the Dogs. What about a reduced membership for them!!

There were about 43 of us out, plus six canines. We think a few of the humans were fugitives from the Aughton Wine-makers dance, including the Flahertys and grandchild, Peloes, Brockways, Jo Kennedy, etc. A few samples would have been appreciated!

The Leeds and Liverpool Canal figured largely in the first part of the walk, though no-one obliged by falling in. Even Cindy didn't have a go this time. We set off at a leisurely pace along the towpath to enable us to appreciate the gentle countryside of the lush Lancashire Plain. Eventually we came to the small village of Apply Bridge, crossed said bridge, and made our way up by the quarry to the top of Parbold Hill. I got segs on my eyes looking for the beacon, but apparently it hasn't one. On the way up we were treated to a display of 'how to get over a stile in any other way than the intended' by the dogs and 'how to get muddier than you ever thought possible' by Tyson.

After a brief stop at the top to admire the view we set off homeward via Miry Lane, home of the local yppie population, with swimming pools very much in evidence but with no-one using them - cowards. With impeccable timing, we reached Lancaster Lane and shelter just as the heavens opened.

Many thanks to Noel and Angela (an excellent whipper-in) for a very pleasant afternoon's exercise.

Jo and Mona Roberts.

Be it good news or bad, this is definitely the last Newsletter for those of us who haven't paid their subs yet. They're £5. for doubles and £4. for singles, cheap at twice the price! Without naming names, I feel that there are one or two who intend to continue their membership, but don't feel under any pressure. 'They' stopped paying me on results years ago!

We offer our sympathy and prayers to Mary and Terry Smith on the recent death of their brother Jim.

Another bereavement was Peggy and Bernadett's Auntie Nel, who died last Tuesday; our sympathy goes to them also.
