

Liverpool Catholic Ramblers' NEWSLETTER



AGM Edition, September 2010 Issue No. 81 Seventh series

New Members

We give a hearty welcome to the following new members who have joined us over the past few months and we hope that you will enjoy many happy years of rambling with us:

Gary Veidman, Edward, Parker, John Holywell,
David Calland, Fred Foster, Ann Marie Newton,
Paul Jago, Ste Jago and Charlie Caine.

There are actually now several more applications for membership but names can't appear here until approved by the committee at our next meeting.

Our Cheese and Wine Nights plus free Quizzes are held on the first Thursday of each month (upstairs) at the Ship and Mitre, Dale Street, from 8.30pm. *Cheese and wine costs just £1.50.*

OUR CHRISTMAS BUFFET DANCE

Saturday 11 December 2010

will be held this year at **St Michael's Club
(Irish Centre) on West Derby Road**

Tickets £7 each

Annual Subscriptions are now due

Subs (due every September) are currently £5 for singles and £6 for married couples. General Section members can either pay on our coaches or contact: Will Harris, 57 Higher Road, Liverpool L26 1TA. Cheques should be made out to LCRA.

OBITUARIES

Helen Eassom sadly passed away on August 24. Helen enjoyed walking with us around the 1980s/90s era along with husband Brian. We offer our condolences and our deepest sympathy to Brian and relatives. May she rest in peace.

Peggy Taylor (the club's 'Aunty Peggy') sadly died on June 1. Peggy always looked forward to visiting us on our club weekends at Keswick and our New Year trips to Ambleside over the past decade where she made so many friends with our members. Peggy was actually a member of a Glasgow walking club and was Joan Duffy's aunt. May she rest in peace.

Bernard Duffy sadly died a couple of months ago. Bernard (*not related to Joan Duffy*) who had many interests, was a walk leader with the club until the 1970's era. May he rest in peace.

NOTICE is hereby given that the eighty-fourth

Annual General Meeting

of the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers' Association

will take place on **Thursday, 23rd September 2010**
at the **Ship & Mitre Public House** (upstairs), Dale St, at 8.30pm

AGENDA

- 1 To approve the minutes of the last Annual General Meeting of the Association.
- 2 To read the secretarial report.
- 3 To read the treasurer's report.
- 4 To read the chairman's report.
- 5 To elect officers and committee for the forthcoming year.
- 6 To elect two auditors for the forthcoming year.
- 7 Any other business.

Note: Members wishing to submit resolutions of any kind must ensure that they are in the possession of our secretary, not later than seven days prior to the above meeting.

Vanessa Tilston (*Secretary*)



Would like to get more involved in the running of our club?

Then get your name down on the club's nomination list which is in circulation

Each September our officers and committee step down but are eligible for re-election alongside other members who wish to be elected.

Nominees for position as chairman of the club must have served on the committee for at least twelve months and he or she must also be a Catholic.

Your newsletter. There has been a bigger than usual gap between editions this time. In the meantime many have enjoyed our walks in both sections of the club and there is just a short selection of those ramble reports included in this edition. Many thanks to everyone who contributed.

Material for the next newsletter should be sent to me at 7 Abbots Way, Billinge, Wigan WN5 7SB or email to me at davenews@hotmail.com

A journey back in time

In addition to the many photos of past years on our very own website – liverpoolcatholicramblers.com – there are now a wealth of newsletters, over fifty, from the 1960-1970's which have helped to expand our archive section. These were passed on to Ed Quinn who then set up the process of copying them all. Dave Parry set up the web space which has taken some time and many thanks to him. There are more newsletters and photographs that could be added to the site including 50th, 75th and 80th anniversary editions.

Ed would welcome your contributions. You can contact him at edward.quinn@tiscali.co.uk

Thank you. Joan Duffy would like to say a big thank you to everyone for their cards, letters, Mass cards and prayers for her during her illness this summer. She was overwhelmed by all the love and support given to her.

Our Annual Mass

**Sunday 26 September 2010 at 11.30am
in the Metropolitan Cathedral Crypt**

This is a special Mass for us when all members and families can get together and take the opportunity to remember all the deceased members of the club.

The Mass will be officiated by Fr Michael Gain

There is limited free car parking under the Cathedral (entrance in Hope Street).

A Fundraising Night

Friday 1 October at the Alder Sports and Social Club, Alder Road, West Derby

Carol Holywell has arranged this fundraising night in memory of her daughter Louise, with all the proceeds going to the Rhys Jones venture.

There will be two entertainers plus a disco, refreshments and a raffle.

Tickets are limited at £5 each, but if you can't attend, donations are very welcome for this good cause. You can contact Carol for a ticket or a donation (220 5666).

Rambling on

Way back in June, on the Haworth 'B' walk led by Roy along part of the Bronte Way, it was noted that the Watersheddle Reservoir was quite low due to the dry spell. But in July the hosepipe ban must have been put in question on the Ingleton day out as it was very wet, windy and misty. Happily, since then, most walks have been fairly dry.

Many of our summer rambles have seen unusually high turnouts and there have been several fully booked coaches. Consequently some unfortunate members were prevented from getting out. Others were lucky due to cancellations. Don't forget that any cancellations should be made by the Thursday night prior to the ramble whenever possible so that someone else can take your seat; otherwise you are liable to the full fare for your empty seat.

Not only have there been some strong 'C' walks, but there have been a few classic 'A' walks such as Crinkle Craggs on the Langdales, and Striding Edge to Helvellyn more recently – see Glenridding report below by Vanessa.

The ground was mostly dry for the 'C' walkers on the recent Edale 'C' walk, but by contrast, the other party trekked over a boggy Kinder Scout – see full report on next page by Roy.

WINTER RAMBLING PROGRAMMES

These won't be available until some time after the AGM, so just keep your ears to the ground.

More leaders are wanted

The committee are currently allowing leaders a £5 reduction on their coach fare as a reward for their efforts in taking on the walks. If anyone is interested in leading walks, please contact Will Harris on 486 6541.

Glenridding 1 August

The A walk consisted of 15 people all eager to conquer Helvellyn! From when we were dropped off in Glenridding, the sunshine began to shine – just what we needed.

The ascent up to Hole in the Wall was an arduous constant climb to 700m. After a brief rest of weary legs, we climbed through the Hole in the Wall (which is exactly as its name states – a hole in the wall!) to be met on the other side by a very cold wind! All jackets had to be put back on at this point as the higher we climbed the colder the wind became. The climb was stony and eventually we were all scrambling across Striding Edge and then tackling the descent of the 7-metre rock tower called the Chimney – every bit of concentration was required for this. There was a get out clause – a path which went around part of Striding Edge, which most of us (except James) only saw once we had climbed back up again!!

A poetic preacher

This verse (submitted by Dot) may be a reminder to some 'C' walkers who were up on a hill in the Sedbergh area last autumn (on a very wet day) where George Fox used to preach from his pulpit:

Sound Deep

Mountains are tough to climb, as is life;
But the view from the top is awesome.

Mountain tops are for praying,
Staying where we find ourselves in peace.

Deep inside ourselves, within us all,
If we listen we will hear his Word.

'Keep your feet upon the top of the mountain
And sound deep to that of God in everyone.'

George Fox (preaching to the Seekers)

Forthcoming rambles

September 5 KESWICK. *Route: M58/M6*

Note: This is an 8.30 start because of the travelling distance. The coach is now full or very nearly full but you could, hopefully, put your name on the waiting list in case of any last-minute cancellations.

September 12 OGWEN/BETWS Y COED

Rugged walking in Snowdonia for the 'A's and 'B's and probably around the Betws y Coed area for the 'C' walkers. Back to our normal 9.30 starts.

October 3 STIPERSTONES, Shropshire

Good walks in an area of unusual rock formations.

October 10 CONISTON, Lakes. *Route M58/M6*

A popular area for many ramblers.

October 24 GRASSINGTON, Yorks. *M58/M6*

We are high up in Limestone country this day. Grassington is a quaint Yorkshire village nestling in a valley by the River Wharfe.

Once down there was then an ascent back up to reach the memorial and shelter. Just before the final summit we all sat for a well-deserved lunch break with magnificent views across the Lake District. After a rest we climbed the final ascent to Helvellyn, past the memorial and shelter to the summit.

As time was ticking on and the mist was starting to come down, it was decided to go back down the fastest route which was Swirral Edge – yet another scramble but a constant downward one. There was some tackling scrambles down but eventually everybody made it to the path which we followed straight back into Glenridding and into the Travellers Rest pub for a well earned and deserved drink. Unfortunately half way down one of our members had an accident and tripped over a rock hurting her face, I do hope she was ok. All in all we climbed to 950m (3117ft) and walked approximately 7 miles but the weather made the day!

Thanks to everyone out for a great walk. VT

B Walk, Snowdon - Beddgelert (Explorer OL 17)

August 15

During a stop at Bangor Services the threatening mist evaporated leaving a glorious day. Our coach climbed past Llanberis and, after dropping Jim and his small A party, dropped us off at the top of the Pass at 12.20pm. Then shortly afterwards dropping the C's off at the Roman Camp on the A498.

After a tea break at the Centre we took the path dropping down to the Llyn Gwynant Valley and took lunch at a splendid viewpoint above the Afon Glaslyn Power Station. Proceeding through woodland alongside the river we reached Llyn Gwynant at the busy campsite and crossed the A498. A short road stretch brought us to a stony lane on the left climbing steeply through a landscape of tiny neglected fields and abandoned cottages. The pine forest now gradually obliterating this melancholic landscape lent a slightly spooky atmosphere to our progress and we were now about to enter into what I remember from my previous passages as the "rhododendron forest" where their roots had blocked the natural drainage and created a treacherously tangled and sodden wilderness. My doom-laden warning deflated when we discovered that, since my last visit in 2005, the Forestry Commission had tamed the threat by installing timber walkways over the swamps and poisoning many of the tree-sized bushes! So we then rapidly reached the Garreg Lane near Bryn Bedd. After a short road stretch we turned right to head back down to the lake valley at the very corner where I lost Angela in 2005 (she had gone straight on and I caught up with her solitary wanderings after a few miles – but that's another story!).

Our path leading down past the isolated Hafod Owen gave delightful views towards Snowdon but was extremely rough underfoot such that we made slow progress and were very relieved to reach the side of Llyn Dinas. By then we were time short so that on reaching a footbridge I took a chance and crossed the river to lead the party along the road for the last mile or so. Fortunately there were adequate verges and modest traffic and we made such good progress that we were in time for a welcome beverage in the evening sunshine.

Dot's large C party had also found rough footing but were back while Jim's A party had made it up the daunting Cwm Glas scramble and over Snowdon in fine style! **rhf**

B Walk, Hayfield - Edale

(Explorer OL 1) August 22

We arrived at Hayfield at 11.20am in sunshine and, while the coach took Dave Newns' C party off to be dropped off at Mam Tor, the combined A and B party set off along the Kinder Road and up the Snake Path. This was a joint lead with Vanessa. After a while my minor navigational brainstorm – quickly jumped on by Vanessa, but stubbornly continued – meant that we had to climb a wall before we emerged on White Brow with splendid views over the Kinder Reservoir. At the foot of the famous William Clough we turned right to follow the course of the River Kinder up towards the dark escarpment of Kinder Scout. The previous time I had done this, in 2005, Ray had lead us right to the foot of the Downfall where he had taken climbers up the left of the Fall while I led non-climbers up the steep grassy slope to the right. That had been in very dry weather. This time with more water in the river, a descending party warned us of flooding ahead so we decided to break out of the river bed to the right and, after a lunch break on a sunny knoll, we climbed to an unmarked path which brought us out with a scramble to the top of Red Brook Clough. Heading north along the Edge we stopped for a breather at the Downfall and had to fend off the local "sandwich sheep."

The weather remaining fine and sunny I suggested we should go for the old Pennine Way route straight across the top of Kinder Scout. For those who have not done it you have to imagine the flat rocky surface covered with a sticky blanket of black peat up to twice your height. Centuries of rainfall have worn channels called groughs through the peat to the rock surface and these provide the only easy walking. They wind about so making progress in a given direction is not easy. As you work your way further into the centre the channels sides start to close in on you. Eventually we were forced to climb, with difficulty, onto hummocks (called hags) of peat between the groughs. A featureless waste of hummocks and channels stretched before us in all directions. Except we saw golf greens ahead – or at least we saw the flags! Yes seriously folks. Actually when we made our way to one, we found these were markers for conservation workers trying to reduce the erosion. Taking a compass bearing we squelched laboriously over hags and groughs until we came out on the far edge amongst the grotesque (and occasionally rude) wind-shaped Crowden Tower rocks.

After a brief sunny break looking out across the Edale Valley towards Mam Tor we set out at 4pm on what I claimed would be the final hour's run down to Edale. To save the long trek round to the Ringing Roger path I had chosen to go down the old Pennine Way route into Grindsbrook Clough. Big mistake! This stream bed path is a class 1 ankle breaker. Imagine our horror when half way down we passed a family coming up carrying a weeks old baby!

Eventually, to my great relief, we all got down without mishap at 5.45pm just in time to wet our whistles in a sunny pub garden. **rhf**

A Wirral walk for charity

Pat and I did the walk on the Wirral Way earlier this summer, and not having walked such a large organised walk we didn't know what to expect. We boarded the 9.15 ferry to Seacombe and then joined the queue to pay our £3 and sign in. Once done, we started the walk, following the crowds.

Everyone was in a happy mood on such a beautiful day. There were children walking with their parents and young girls wearing T-shirts supporting different charities – some with messages on such as "I'm walking for my mum/dad, etc;" then the young lads with their mates or girlfriends who were so good-humoured and friendly with everyone around them.

There were so many divisions of the army cadets and lifesaving cadets I can't remember their numbers. Older members were also enjoying the general fun and camaraderie on the way. The organisation was superb with tables set up with cold drinks every so often along the way, starting at New Brighton. There were also plenty of toilets along the route.

We walked to Hoylake before taking a break for a spot of lunch. Ronni, who had actually joined us at the Seacombe Ferry, decided to leave us at this point. Pat and I then continued the walk on which turned out to be the hottest day of the year so far.

We walked through West Kirby, heading for Thurstaston, now a bit slower as most of us were hot and tired. Then we were greeted with more cold fruit drinks and ice lollies or ice cream which put new life in us as our water was getting too warm to enjoy. Then at last, Thurstaston, where we were greeted with congratulations from the Rotary Club volunteers who did such a sterling job. We had our cards stamped to verify we'd finished the walk and then received a goody bag from Unilever as a gift. All drinks and ices were donated by various firms along the way and so all monies received went to Clatterbridge.

It was a glorious day and well worth doing – one we'll never forget.

Kath Robinson

Footnote: Kath said that over 7,000 people took part in the walk, thus generating a really good amount of cash for Clatterbridge. Her friends and family alone raised an extra £60 for this worthwhile cause. – *Editor*

A Seniors' Section ramble

Whitely Green July 11

Whitely Green lies about four miles north of Macclesfield, off the A523, and the approach to the A523 is after a series of roundabouts, five in all, so it's no wonder that "He who knows best" was feeling a bit dizzy after the fourth, but after the fifth found himself and his passengers in a supermarket filling station – ah well, we are all human! It was then that he turned to "She who knows best," in the form of "Madam Sat. Navigator" whose dulcet tone guided us, half an hour late, into the car park of the Windmill hostelry. Thankfully our generous leader forgave us, insisting on us having a much needed, nerve calming, cuppa.

Whitely Green, as far as our limited observation is concerned, consists of a number of Dess Resses (rpt Dess Resses) plus a row of five eighteenth century cottages.

The walk started alongside the first of the cottages we came to, but first we had to penetrate a barrier of densely tangled hawthorn and briar hedge. Once through, the beautiful Cheshire countryside opened up. The sun was shining warmly, tempered by a gentle breeze. Despite the delayed start, we were all ready for lunch. Upon choosing a suitable site, but before settling, Jean decided she was tired of being a female, by raising to her head a dead tree branch, almost a replica of a pair of stag horns – putting "A stag at bay" to shame.

Cheshire seems to generate a serenity of its own. We sat there with blue skies overhead, surrounded

by glorious trees, some of which appeared to be wearing white woolly bonnets, woven by passing clouds but all too soon and just before our eyes could droop; our ebullient leader insisted we were afoot once more. By various paths, crossing numerous fields of differing shapes and sizes and gradients plus climbing stiles of dubious stability, we arrived at a disused railway line.

Now having being derailed by the notorious "Doctor," it was built in 1869 and apparently used by the local gentry to carry their horses and carriages to London, belying something I recently read in a book attributed to Wellington that steam would never replace the horse! it is now converted to a ubiquitous leisure trail catering for, instead of steaming trains, steaming cyclists, runners and leisurely walkers. At the start, or finish, whichever way you're travelling, is a twenty-arched viaduct spanning the River Dean, itself spanned by a bridge which still bears the soot stains after a hundred and one years. Far below and alongside this multi-arched viaduct came the sound and scene of a traditional English summer's day. Families were picnicking, other playing tennis, kicking a ball, children on swings, roundabouts, luckily not the road type! and even a full-blown, white-clad cricket match.

A thirst-quenching drink later, after running out of fields, paths – and stiles we trod the road back to the Windmill and to find the road out of Macclesfield – but that's another sad-nav (rpt sad-nav) tale. Lillian and Anne gave us another brilliant walk. Many thanks from all of us.

The2ofus

Rivington June 13

Leaders: Marcia and Tony

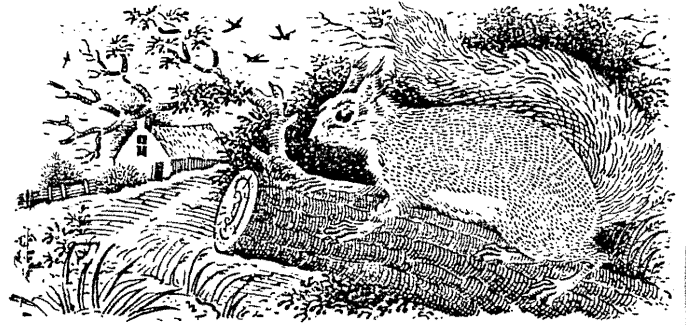
With the complement complete, Marcia guided us via a grassy path and through an avenue of trees towards the lower slopes of Rivington Pike, passing, on the ascent, the upper barn from which many club yuletide walks started, along with the renewal of many long-standing friendships and introductions to any new infant "arrivals." These walks always had to have the same format which had to include a "Lollipop Tree," followed by a hotpot, games for the children and a barn dance for the adults; but then it went "up market" and the demise of our "Yuletide" followed – but that was yesteryear; the present section has fewer members but just as valued friends as those in the past.

Our first stop was for a refreshing drink at a lake which appears to be a former quarry from which the stone was extracted to build Lord Leverhulme's home that was, I'm told, burnt down about the start of the last century.

Upon resumption, we took a path that was akin to a dried river bed, partly cobbles but mostly rubble that would be a challenge to any 4x4, also to one's fillings! Lunch was taken upon arriving at the improbably named Pigeon Loft, which overlooked the Upper Rivington and Anglezarke Reservoirs, and on the far banks Adlington, and further to the right Chorley. The tower was built so that "My Lady" could admire the view whilst pursuing her hobbies of sewing, knitting, embroidery – or darning "His Lordship's" socks (?).

Upon resuming the walk our wonky knees and ankles had to be put at risk by walking back along the 4x4 test track to a point where Marcia gave us a choice of ascending the Pike or circumventing it and meeting up on the far side. A few chose that route, the rest the ascent, which was pretty gentle at first but the higher we got the steeper it became and more tasking, until the summit was reached. By now with clouds encroaching and the threat of the forecast rain, a hurried photograph (sorry, image) was imputed and a rapid descent was agreed to. Once down, the party was whole once more, where anoraks were donned, ovies drawn up and brollies unfurled. It was then that Ita discovered she had left her stick up top. Whether it was for the benefit of the group or for the benefit of her knees, she left it there – for which everyone was truly grateful, for just then the clouds dumped their burden upon us.

From moor to mere in under an hour, we arrived back at the reservoir, which was being disturbed and worried by the rain and squally wind. The landward trees were bright and sparkling after their dousing, but still played mischievous tricks on us by shedding their unwanted water upon us.



The Castle was the final place to visit. This was an attempt by Lord Leverhulme to recreate the Liverpool Castle, but unfortunately he died before completing it and it remains as it was when he died. Fortunately one of the creations he did complete was Port Sunlight, on the Wirral, for workers of the factory. He also left a legacy in one of the finest Museums and Art Galleries in the North West.

It was inside the castle walls that I should have held my tongue. It was whilst the girls were administering first-aid to a young lad with a bleeding wound that I recounted an incident whilst holidaying in Sedbergh. It occurred in a similar location, a ruined eleventh-twelfth century castle. Ducking under a very low arch, I came up too soon and came in contact with the ancient stonework, causing blood to flow as copiously as any historic battle. Once cleaned up and my painful pate covered by a large white dressing, securely elastaplastered (repeat elastaplastered), I was approached by a lady who said she was very worried for me in case a passing helicopter took me for a helipad!

It had been a grand day and even grander finish at the owls in Standish – all due to the work and organising of Marcia and Tony. Many thanks to you both.

2ofus

Items for sale:

An ex rambler, now retired, has the following items for sale:

Ladies Brown Boots (Czech), size 5, almost new £15.

Nike Spirit Trainers, blue/white, new £20.

2 Kagoules (orange) £5 the pair.

2 Haversacks, £5 the pair.

Contact Joan Hitchmough 427 3497

Ten per cent Discount

The new Cotswold Shop at the top of Church Street is giving 10% discount off walking gear if you produce your rambling programme. However, it is a classy shop, so it may be advisable to shop around first.