

# Liverpool Catholic Ramblers

## Easter Newsletter



March/April 2008 7<sup>th</sup> Series Issue 67

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### Editors' rainbow briefs

Well, I managed to get out on a ramble myself at Grasmere recently. With 42 of us out it was a good day for walking – if you ignore the intermittent slight hailstorms. The sun kept peeping through, and the icing on the cake was the many rainbows that kept forming and fading in front of us over Rydal and Grasmere. Many of you lot will realise that I have not exactly been

hibernating, nor have several other active members. Yes, we have been out of the country, and no prizes for guessing where! Some of our exploits are revealed in this newsletter. Thanks to all the contributors to this edition and keep the stories coming. [davenewns@hotmail.com](mailto:davenewns@hotmail.com) *Editor*

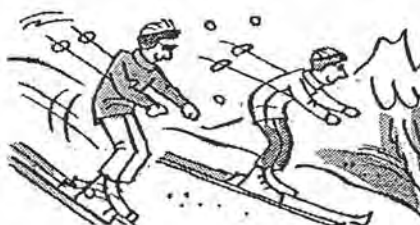
### Welcome to 'New' Members

Dave Dent, Catherine Simmons,  
Joy Taylor, Vanessa Tilston,  
Jackie Abrams, Lesley Armstrong,  
Sandra Atkinson, Martin Dooley,

Linda Dwyer and Joe Dwyer. We hope that you will all have lots and lots of enjoyable memories with us over the forthcoming years in the prime of your lives.

### Back to the Cheese and Wine nights in April and May

These will both be held on the first Thursday of each month at the Ship and Mitre



*In this edition:*

**Keswick Weekend, Ramble Reports, Winter Sports and Water Sports in Poland**

# Keswick Weekend

Friday 18 April to Sunday 20 April

**EVERYONE** must pay the outstanding money **before going** – £68.50 for evening meal, bed and breakfast (£34.25 per day times two). No cash will be collected on the weekend! Pay a £10 deposit with £58.50 to pay. If staying bed and breakfast only, then contact Will Harris.

Many have already booked for our club weekend at Lakeside House. Transport up there is to be arranged individually, sharing the cost. Guide: Allow roughly £40 for fuel per car. Example: 3 people per car = £13 each.

If you haven't finalised your payments then pay on the Thursday club nights or on the rambles, or send a cheque (made out to LCRA) to: Will Harris, 57 Higher Road, L26 1TA.

**WALKS:** (A, B, C) or do your own thing. Ensure you have enough food and drink – there is a Saturday morning sandwich and drink shop around the far corner from the chippy.

**MEAL TIMES:** Friday evening 6.30; Saturday breakfast 8.30; Saturday evening 6.00; Sunday breakfast 9.15 (enabling one to attend the 8.00 Mass; also 10.45 Mass). See notice board.

**PARKING WARNING:** People often get booked for parking outside Lakeside House after 8am. The traffic warden patrols Lakeside House area frequently! The remedy is to park your car along The Heads (no restrictions). It could be up to an eight-minute trek to your car but it's better than a hefty parking fine!

Note the earlier evening meal on Saturday at 6.00 due to a pre-arranged staff special night out.



## Lakeside House

### TRAVEL DIRECTIONS

Up the M6 to Junction 40 (Penrith). This is about 15 miles longer than the scenic route but is quicker. Some come back the scenic way through the Lakes. At Keswick, drive to the bus station where you then bear left (signed Borrowdale). After 150 yards take the right junction into The Heads (signed To the Lake). This junction is about 100 yards or so before one gets to the mini roundabout signed Borrowdale.

### Mary Lesbirel, RIP

Details of the passing away of Mary were in February's short newsletter. She was an active member for a few years with us, joining about eleven years ago. She sadly died on February 20<sup>th</sup> – a month after her 60<sup>th</sup> birthday, Mary had suffered from motor neurone disease, and her devoted daughter plus the rest of her family, including her sons, are asking for donations to the Motor Neurone Disease Association. (MND).

We were going to have a collection on the coach but the committee have now decided that it would be best for anyone who wishes to donate please give your contribution to Mike Riley, either on a Thursday night or on the coach. Thanks.

**Abert Downing** sadly is terminally ill in the Liverpool Royal Hospital. He joined the club when he was only 18 years old and after a year or two he emigrated to Australia for about 20 years, and joined the Catholic Walking Club of Victoria, telling many stories about his travels both in our newsletter and in person when he came back home about 30 years ago now. Albert's 71<sup>st</sup> birthday is March 16<sup>th</sup> – Please pray for him.

## Could you tell the difference between someone having a dizzy spell and a stroke?

IF YOU saw someone stumble and take a little fall but they got up again and insisted that they were okay, would you realise that they were NOT okay as they had just had a stroke?

And if they did not get immediate medical help (dial 999) they could be either dead or severely brain damaged within hours!

Now doctors say a bystander can recognise a stroke by asking three simple questions: (STRoke). Remember the first three letters.

S: Ask the individual to Smile.

T: Talk. Ask the person to speak a simple sentence (coherently), eg "It is sunny out today."

R: Ask them to Raise both arms.

A fourth sign of a stroke is to ask the person to stick out their tongue. If the tongue is crooked – if it goes to one side or the other – that is also an indication of a stroke.

**Now pass this information on:** A prominent cardiologist says that if everyone who reads this will send it to 10 people; you can bet that at least one life will be saved . . . and it could be your own!

**Stroke identification** – A neurologist says that if he can get to a stroke victim within 3 hours he can totally reverse the effects of a stroke . . . yes, totally! He said the trick was getting a stroke recognised, and then getting the patient medically cared for within 3 hours, which is tough.



## B WALKER

### **Llangollen** 2<sup>nd</sup> December 2007 (Explorer 255)

*A cold, blustery "sunshine and showers" day.*

**ARRIVING** at the foot of the castle hill we took a path left to join the lane around Dinbren Hall and then the track to Bryn Hyfryd farm.

Passing the farm onto an old unadopted road we soon had a splendid view down to the ruins of Valle Crucis Abbey. Continuing about a mile along a beautiful lightly wooded hillside we came to Hendre Cottage. Just beyond it we took a slippery path left down to join a lane opposite Hen Bandy (*The name means Old Fulling Mill – first recorded in 1719*).

We soon found the path that climbed the field behind the cottage to a stile onto the lane around Foel Plantation wood. Sitting under a hedge we lunched watching a heavy shower lash our recent route.

Afterwards the lane brought us to the village of Pentre-dwr on the old road to the Pass. (*With the building of the new Horseshoe Pass road – the A542 – in 1819 and the closure of most of the local quarries the village has shrunk to a hamlet*) Turning left over a bridge we reached the now closed village school where the map showed a path up to the Horseshoe Pass road. Climbing a locked gate we found the wreck of a stile to confirm the route and with some difficulty reached the main road beside Bryn-goleu cottage. On our unexpected appearance the housewife released her dogs which bounded up the road after us. They proved good natured however and we had the laugh of watching their owner jogging along in her slippers trying to catch them!

Across the main road the path climbed steeply, lost in bracken, towards the Berwyn Quarry. Scaling another locked gate we made heavy going until, with relief, we reached a grassy track which contoured along the hillside. (*The track was originally a horse drawn tramway carrying large blocks of slate from the Berwyn Quarry*) Proceeding south along this for about a mile we reached the ruins of a Ropeway Head Building. (*The ropeway worked by balancing loaded wagons going down against empties coming up*). Looking down the ropeway we could trace the track of another tramway from its foot disappearing around Velvet Hill towards Valle Crucis. (*The tramway ended at a slateworks at Pentrefelyn beside the Dee. Here the blocks were made into headstones, billiard tables, fireplaces and the like before being shipped out on the canal*.) Continuing onwards in another heavy squall we came off the mountain at the hamlet of Llandynan and turned towards Llantisilio Hall and church. (*The present Hall, built 1870, replaces an original built in 1700. The church dates in part to the 14thC.*) Entering the churchyard we took a marked path to the Dee bank at the Horseshoe Falls. (*The Falls is in fact a weir, built by Telford in 1808 to divert water into the Llangollen canal*).

After watching canoeists shooting the rapids for a while we crossed the road bridge and had a look at the (closed) Chain Bridge. Passing the railway station we took a lane leading steeply uphill to Bryniau-mawr-bank from where a forest track led to Hafod-y-Maidd. Taking a lane past The Duke led to a little used path, which, via various gardens, brought us to the outskirts of Llangollen in fairly steady rain and gathering darkness. (12miles)

### **Silverdale/Milnthorpe**

13<sup>th</sup> January 2008 (Explorer OL7)

**WITH** heavy rain overnight and more threatened, we debussed on the A6 outside Yealand Conyers.

At the top of the village we took the footpath over a wooded ridge to Leighton Hall and on down to entrance to the Leighton Moss Nature Reserve. (*Leighton Moss was reclaimed from the sea between 1750 and 1830 and earned the title Golden Vale for the quality of its soil. However the pumping station at Crag Foot became too expensive to run after WWI and the land reverted to marsh. The RSPB purchased the freehold in 1974.*) The causeway was partially under water and, looking ahead, I saw that our front-runners were already wading shin deep! In the face of this SAS spirit I could only say "forwards" and so we arrived at the Visitors Centre to amuse the "birders" as we wrung out our socks! Fortunately it was mild.

After welcome hot refreshment we passed the railway station then cut through the golf course to Row Lane. Our attempt on a path to Silverdale Green from The Row was thwarted by flooding, and so we reached Potter Hill by our usual route alongside Hagg Wood. Entering Eaves Wood Nature Reserve and turning westwards we climbed the tourist path to the top of King William's Hill and then to "The Pepper Pot". (*King William's Hill is named to celebrate the coronation of William IV in 1830. The Pepper pot is a stone tower celebrating the silver jubilee of his daughter Victoria in 1887*). Cutting down through the wood we crossed a wall, which, incidentally, took us out of Lancs. into Westmoreland and onto a path leading around the hill towards Arnside. In dripping rain we paused on a rock pile to have high tea then reached the ruins of Arnside Tower. (*A large tower house built by the De Broughton family about 1340. After Mel Gibson crushed the English army in 1314 the Scots ransacked North England for 20 years. Castles, Towers and pele houses were the response of the wealthy to the threat.*)

We took the partly flooded path along below Middlebarrow Wood, crossed the railway at the Quarry, and made for Waterslack. From here half a mile of road past Challan Hall brought us to Gait Barrows Nature Reserve. Opposite this we were able to take a dry path to Creep-in-th-Wall bridge and hence to Hazelslack with its Pele Tower Farmhouse. A familiar mile in gathering darkness now brought us to the foot of the Fairy Steps, which were a novelty to some of us. Entering the woods I lost time trying to short cut to Beetham past the game bird hatchery. Finally we entered the last lap over Dallam Deer Park through it's befouled entrance. Passing ghostly shapes (deer? sheep?) in the deepening gloom that final mile seemed interminable but at last we crossed the Bela Bridge into Milnthorpe. (12miles)

# Late night ramble in the red light district

**TWO silhouettes were gingerly walking on a frozen country lane back from the floodlit ski slope in a quaint village high above the 'other' McDonalds, a few miles from Zakopane.**

**Minibuses had to go the long way round to reach the main road below but there were none at that time of night. Brace yourselves! We are about to take a short cut (Dave Newns style) to the bus stop one mile below on the main road.**

Ice and frozen snow was our main problem. I was wearing good trainers, ideal for grip on that ungritted and unlit country lane. George was wearing rambling boots and they too were okay. We were balancing our skis on our shoulders. Our heavy ski boots (no good for walking on ice) were now in our rucksacks.

I had done a rough recce the week before, so I knew there was a deep wide river between us and the main Krakow-Zakopane road half-a-mile below us.

With me leading, I now skilfully avoided all the dead end tracks. The correct turn-off wasn't signed, so I had to concentrate really hard and not chat too much.

Needless to say, I failed miserably and shot straight past the turn-off! Problem was I didn't realise it until we struggled to keep our grip 10 minutes later, uphill!

"Shall we turn back?" said George. But we didn't fancy going back down that icy road again. It was treacherous – not unless someone gave us ice-skates!

It was pitch black where we were, but we could see the lights of the Zakopane suburbs far below on our left, as viewed from an aeroplane! On our right but slightly ahead, was a great big red light in the sky – the TV mast. That red light was now to be our marker. It was like following the star of Bethlehem!

I remembered from the map in the summertime that at the end of that country lane there was then a path going all the way to Zakopane. But now the path we were on seemed to peter out at a little farm hamlet which seemed to be half-way up the mountain!

That big red light in the sky was getting closer to us but further away from our 'Bethlehem!'

Feeling hot, walking in heavy ski gear, we jokingly debated whether to knock at the farmhouse and ask if they could put us up in the stable for the night!

George then spotted several footprints in long grass covered in snow – a path to a road going down, or not?

The snow was now a foot deep here – okay for George in his boots, but I was wearing my trainers!

And so George then took the lead, with me treading in his footsteps – quite literally!

To our surprise, a couple suddenly emerged from the woods in front of us. What would a Polish couple be doing coming out of dense woods in the middle of nowhere on a freezing cold night? Probably the same as an English couple! Amazingly they spoke a little bit of English, and "Yes, the path did lead to Zakopane."

Ah! So we were, indeed, on the correct footpath to Zakopane! Thank you, big red light! Mind you, there were still two miles to go if one continued walking.

Now, at the end of spooky woods we passed a large building and breathed a sigh of relief as we slithered down a cobbled road to a bridge across the wide river.

At last, the busy Krakow road – eyeballing a bus shelter in the distance, then: Sausages! We had to leg it as a small bus was approaching 500 yards away. On arriving it looked just like our small 'Home James' coach. In big letters it read: 'Tatty Bus' but on closer inspection it was actually the Tatry Bus (meaning the Tatras bus) – equivalent to our Mountain Goat bus.

Two zlotys later our 'GPS' took us to the Rooster Bar and after brief thoughts (a micro-second!) our plan was to have a beer before going back for a shower.

Then we made an unplanned but dramatic entrance through the doors of the half full bar and clattered our skis on the floor!



And so, one quick beer before we went home (*in our dreams*), led to a meal, and then another beer, etc. – we had already been eating and imbibing on the ski slopes all afternoon and nearly all the morning!

In the early hours, two wobbly skiers were seen emerging from the Rooster Bar and then, with skis on their shoulders, dodged pedestrians through the middle of the Krupowki! No onlooker even batted an eyelid!

Next morning I only just made last orders for breakfast at 9.30am. That massive dining room in the Adria, where we were both staying, was empty apart from George – on his fourth lap of the buffet tables.

After breakfast we faced a 15-minute walk in our ski boots to the Karpinski to tell the others that we were still alive, and to pick up our Swedish daytime skiing partner, Anne-Marie. It was a pity she had to dash back daily to the Karpinski for her evening meal.

Oh, blow the expense! We then booked a taxi from door to door – it cost just £1 each. We were soon surprised to find that Mike and Helen had gone back home the night before with their young granddaughter. She had problems with her teeth and wasn't very well.

That day was nearly as memorable as the one last year when I learned how to stop dead with my sharp ski edges on an almost sheer icy cliff in 7 seconds. If it took 8 seconds I wouldn't be here now telling this tale!



I feel sure the remaining dozen or more in our group also enjoyed their holiday, but most were still learning on the nursery slopes or out rambling, so why can't some of them tell their own stories in this newsletter?

*Dave Newnski*



# Poland in summer

Got thoughts of an early holiday? Maybe not, but many June flights are rising in price - Was £60, now £80!

## Poland has a northern coastline of beaches

ALTHOUGH Poland is landlocked on three sides, the Baltic Sea beaches are a magnet for Poles living up there.

In fact many Poles born with webbed feet keenly engage in a variety of water sports, especially in their Lake District in the North East. Others strut around, trying out a few chat up lines.



That Lake District is exactly what it says on the label: An area of lakes (no mountains). Some of those sailors and rowers may even compete at the forthcoming Beijing Olympics.

Alternatively, if you live near Warsaw or south of there, you are a fair hike from those beaches, and so now there is the lure of the mountains in the south. Literally thousands leg it to the High Tatras. Zakopane is their major trekking and ski resort, nestling just beneath the foothills at a level of 2,900 feet.



### Russians now driving some buses

I have noticed that Poles now take time off from working in England or wherever, for a short revisit to Zakopane. It is a bit like us continually returning to our beloved Keswick.

Poles who have been happily driving our buses in England are now returning to Poland to find some Russians driving buses! Now most Poles hate Russians perhaps more than they hate the Germans. Don't forget that Poland was under Russian occupation (communism) for 44 years, until late 1989!

Now thousands freely and happily parade up or down Zakopane's long pedestrian mall. The mall is called Krupówki (*Crew-puff-key*). It was (until recently) the sixth most famous street in Europe and is full of restaurants, shops, bars, barbecues, street buskers and a huge open-air market - both in summer and in the winter sports season.

The cable car mountain has a restaurant on top. One can take several paths down, or walk along the Slovak/Polish border ridge. In winter there are two black (difficult) ski runs down where one could easily come to grief in thick mist. No further comment!

It is a bit of a culture shock at first when during peak periods a 'conveyor belt' of literally thousands are out walking including many teenagers and children (mostly Polish).

*Please note:* Whenever we go on our trips to Poland it is not planned by the committee. It is individuals who organise it. You have to book your own flight and get your own insurance, etc. If you unfortunately have an accident, the club is not liable for any claim from anyone in the group on that holiday.

And so, this summer, from Monday, 9th to Tuesday, 17th June, one of those small groups are flying from Liverpool. We are staying at the 60-bed Adria luxury guest-house (5 mins from the centre) for just £11.20 for a 3 or 4-bedded room (bed and breakfast) or just £15.50 each for a twin or double. You can also have an evening meal there for £4.50 extra, or simply eat out.



Rooster Bar. An American hard rock style restaurant where attractive girls serve good wholesome meals for as little as only £4 with speedy efficiency

Our group have stayed at the Karpinski family guesthouse for several years. They include evening meals there.

Many people eat out in the numerous late night restaurants, some with barbecues and groups of fiddlers playing and singing, all dressed in Polish highlanders 'Goral' clothes.



"Yak she pan mah?"

Eating out also gives you the opportunity to meet other people and even trying out one or two Polish phrases, such as (*sounds like*): "Yak she pan mah?" ("How are you?"). They usually reply: (*sounds like*): "Dobshah jane queer" ("fine thank you").

You can get in touch with me for details of the above 8-day holiday or you can contact Dave Dickel, who will also be fixing a date for our other group. They usually stay at the Karpinski family guest house; rates roughly the same as the Adria and staying half board.

Contact Dave Dickel on 01244 533995 or me on: 01744 632211.

Dave News

# Seniors' Section ramble - February 2008

**PRIOR to this walk, Mother Nature threw everything at us bar an earthquake, as would an enraged spouse at an errant partner! It didn't bode well for Sunday.**

*Editor: Our psychic writer typed this report just before the earth did actually move for us! ☀*

M.N. was not mollified – not one bit. The railway line was crossed in complete safety as the service had been suspended for maintenance work, which was just as well for any oncoming train would not have been heard above the noise of the wind. Once into the wood lunch was taken alongside the path, seated in the lee of a high bank, providing a welcome respite.

It is surprising how relative comfort is, either sheltering from the elements to at home in a centrally-heated, draught proof home – providing one isn't dodging flying crockery!



*The forecast was 'sunny periods and showers!'*

Mobile once more, we traversed that area of hummocky scrub between wood and sand dunes, coming to the road where the ice cream van is parked – surely not doing a brisk trade. The facilities were welcome, though.

## *Shaking baby syndrome*

*After burning the midnight oil on the Polish page I fell into bed. Startlingly, at 1am I thought someone was trying to inflict shaking baby syndrome on me. My king size bed was shaking violently!*

*I quickly pulled on the lazy switch to see who had broken into my room. Then the room was shaking!*

*Must keep off that Cherry Vodka! – Editor.*

Having crossed the road into the squirrel reserve, there is quite a large amount of forestry work being undertaken, with trees being felled and saplings planted, whether this is for the good of the squirrels or the trees remains to be seen – eventually.

Large areas are taped off, as in a crime scene (for the squirrels?) Warning signs are tacked to trees warning of what? It was printed in Welsh, which prompted our happy snapper to whip out his Canon and fire off a number of

shots. Across the road, but before entering another section of the trees, a National Trust truck stopped and the driver advised us not to enter as a number of trees are unstable due to damage done by workers' vehicles!

We avoided the area and came upon a pond populated by a number of mallards, the collective noun being murmur, melody, quackery?

Until we reached the beach I have a memory of a bewildering confluence of tracks, sand dunes, etc, which would have baffled WW1 hero Larry O.A.! – but undaunted, Marcia brought us to the beach, which despite the scene being grey and overcast, gave us a view of the Wirral and the Welsh Coast, with a perceived glimpse of the Great Orme.

With considerable forethought and kindness, the walk was planned so that the wind was to our backs as we followed the spindrift sand, passing the remains of Formby Lifeboat Station, which in the past was manned mainly by one local family.

The route back to our transport took us via the beach car park, where an attendant waited patiently for two cars to depart before locking up and heading to home and dinner – which we also did, only in reverse order to the Cross House, to be joined by Marie and Peter, adding to the conviviality of the company.

We all thoroughly enjoyed the walk, which I think could be appropriately described as 'invigorating' – so thanks to Marcia and Tony. **G.**



**Advance Note: Our Annual Mass has been confirmed as the last Sunday in September (28th) in the Cathedral Crypt, at 11.30am.**