

Ramblers Gems



A Spring Vale Rambling Class Publication

Volume 2 Issue 1

3rd January 2021

For further information or to submit a contribution email: svrcramblers@gmail.com Web Site <http://www.springvaleramblers.co.uk/>

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

- 1 Walking Update / Happy New Year
- 2 January / Winter Morning / Stay Fit
- 3 Winter Walking
- 4 Coast to Coast Snippet
- 5 Tockholes / The Winter Solstice

Walking Update

The UK Government announced that all of the Lancashire area has now moved into [Tier 4 restrictions](#) from Thursday 31 December 2020.

This unfortunately means that all of our group walking activities must be suspended for the time being until these restrictions are rescinded.

It will still be possible to go out walking for daily exercise with members within your household, support bubble, or with one person from another household.

Michael C

Happy New Year

- May this new year bring you much joy and fun.
- May you find peace, love, and success in all you do.
- May all your walks be memorable and dry.

The editorial team sends the heartiest new year wish to you all!

Stay Safe and keep walking

A Resolution or two

May your trips and tricks work amazingly for you in this upcoming year. Stay sane and sober.

A New Year's resolution is something that goes in one Year and out the other.

My New Year's resolution is to stop hanging out with people who ask me about my New Year's resolutions.

I think I made too many New Year's resolutions this year. It took me almost a full day to break them all.

January by Hilaire Belloc

It freezes- all across a soundless sky
The birds go home. The governing dark's begun:
The steadfast dark that waits not for a sun;
The ultimate dark wherein the race shall die.
Death, with his evil finger to his lip,
Leers in at human windows, turning spy
To learn the country where his rule shall lie
When he assumes perpetual generalship.

The undefeated enemy, the chill
That shall benumb the voiceful earth at last,
Is master of our moment, and has bound
The viewless wind it-self. There is no sound.
It freezes. Every friendly stream is fast.
It freezes; and the graven twigs are still.



Winter Morning by Ogden Nash

Winter is the king of showmen,
Turning tree stumps into snow men
And houses into birthday cakes
And spreading sugar over lakes.
Smooth and clean and frosty white,
The world looks good enough to bite.
That's the season to be young,
Catching snowflakes on your tongue!
Snow is snowy when it's snowing.
I'm sorry it's slushy when it's going.

A Contribution from **Pesto Cenorr**



Stay fit in Winter months

Don't let cold temperatures keep you from walking this winter. Take *steps* (pun totally intended) to ensure you keep up with your usual exercise routine all winter—now is not the time for changing everything.



Walking in the winter can be especially good for your health. It has been found that people burn 34% more calories when they ramble in cold weather than they do in more mild conditions. Think about it: trudging through snow or walking into the wind takes more energy. Plus, a winter stroll offers a refreshing change of pace. The invigorating cold air can clear your mind and reduce stress, which can be helpful for weight loss. Without timing yourself, use the “sing-talk test” to figure out if you’re walking at a nice moderate pace: You should walk at a pace fast enough that you are too winded to sing, but not so fast that you cannot talk. By keeping walking during the winter months, you will look well come spring, you’ll feel great mentally, your bones will stay strong, and your walking muscles won't be screaming when you head out for your first warm-weather jaunt.

What to wear

Layering. High-tech synthetic fabrics make a big difference in comfort. It is important to put on multiple layers so that you can take them off or put more on as needed. A light-weight fleece to keep you warm and a waterproof outer layer to keep you dry.

Choose the right socks. Wool socks or winter socks that allow wicking will help keep your feet dry and warm.

Footwear. Basically, you’re looking for a shoe that says it’s a trail shoe or a boot. Special materials like Gore-Tex, form the inner and a waterproof outer layer, with extra traction in the form of a deep tread will keep your toes toasty and you upright on a slippery terrain. Stretch on ice grips, like Yaktrax, are a bonus.

Eleanor

Winter Walking

One thing we know for certain is that COVID has changed all our lives. How we get around is so different. Reminded of the simple pleasures of slower progress, everywhere there are cyclists, strolling couples, joggers, speed walkers, bimbles, hikers and rambles. As the sky takes a break from the constant criss-crossing of aeroplane tracer lines, we have all rediscovered the grounding, mindful pleasure of rushing less and seeing more. As destinations were cancelled, we were left with learning to enjoy all journeys, in fact yearning for all trips out no matter how short they had become. Noticing more and connecting in a deeper way with the world around us became a way of life. And this winter continues to offer us this way of enjoying our surroundings.

Usually your life may be interrupted by grand, far flung plans, but this is your chance to learn about your own patch by keeping it local and letting your feet explore field paths and hill tracks than they have ever done before. Enjoy the timeless chore of rubbing wax into leather walking boots and then giving them the chance to creak back into life. You now notice the years of dependable service that have been aged into the leather and the wrinkles from your longest walking days, cut deep like lines of knowledge on an aging face. And now, this winter with its breadth of different weather conditions, has already offered you the opportunity for some of your best days ever. Remember, boots can be cleaned and trousers with their muddy bottoms can always be washed! Just try to keep out of the mud where possible.



Adventures encountered on wonderful walking experiences will be etched into your memory forever. Some of the delights include walking on crisp paths of crunchy frozen peat, staring at thin veiled cloud overlaid on dusky pink skies, silhouetted trees in the half light, head torches with spare batteries packed and the timeless joy of sharing a brew on the hill with a friend. You always remember your breath clouded in front of you like a dragon at the start of the day and you feel your cheeks burning hot before the fire in the evening. Always be ready for the clearest night skies you have ever seen, to observe the fullest of moons or the alignment of the planets.

Winter should not be a time for hibernation but should be an opportunity to wrap up warm and venture out to enjoy a walk.

Michael C



Coast to Coast Snippet

In 2006 Michael Counter and myself decided to embark on the west to east Coast to Coast Long distance walk (192 miles, approx.) MC was charged with navigational duties, being far more knowledgeable with maps and navigational gadgets than myself. I was designated as the logistics person which roughly speaking meant finding and booking 'stopovers' ie B & Bs, farmhouses etc.

We had decided that as far as possible or practical our daily walking distances should average fifteen miles per day. However, due to locations of overnight accommodation this meant that we had some short walking days and others longer. One in particular stands out taking us from Muker to Catterick village, a stage that was somewhat mis-calculated and it turned out to be a twenty-five miler in the end.

With hindsight we should have walked from Kirkby Stephen to Keld – Keld to Reeth – Reeth to Richmond. This was not the case and we reached Richmond at about 6pm with ten miles to go to reach our B & B at Catterick village. At Richmond I phoned the landlady at Rose cottage in Catterick to say we would be late only to be told that our dinner had been put in the freezer because she had expected us at 6pm. It was 9pm when we eventually arrived at the B & B starving hungry, to be told the only food available would be found in one of the two pubs. We ended the day with a couple of curled up sandwiches and two pints.

A memorable day for all the wrong reasons.

Alan S



DARREN TEAWR

Queen Victoria sat upon her throne deawn yon in
London teawn.

For 50 yearhood keawred theear, and wi pride hood
worn her creawn.

To us up here in Lancashire hoo hed been a decent
lass,

So wi thowt as heaw her jubilee, why would she'nd let
id pass,

Beawt some sooart o recognition, so wi pondered
monny an heawr,

'Till one mon geet a breet idea, and he said "Wod
abeawt a teawr?"

So a committee geet their heyds together, and they
decided one and all,

Thad it should'nd be a small un, but one magnificent
and tall,

This is the first of 6 verses of a poem in Darwen dialect. The full poem is available free at the Vaughns Country Cafe Roddlesworth. Please ask at the counter.



Tockholes

There's a village in Lancs, it begins with a "T"
Tockholes 'tis spelt, but Tock us it be.
To the folks who have known it ages after age,
Though it's never found in the Chronicler's page.

Darwen is three miles, Blackburn is four,
From this old-world hamlet, you'd say it was more,
For the way there is uphill wherever you be,
Heyes Lane, Fine Peter's, Old Aggies, Red Lee.

The highway affords you, resting meanwhiles,
A view too extensive to measure in miles,
It embraces Great Orme, Black Combe, and the
Heights,
Of Lakeland- our Eden of loveliest "sights".

To the North of nor-west and with face to the storm,
The Beacon confronts you- majestic in form,
But lesser than Pendle "that Witches bespoke",
Or Parlick Pike either - both bold Pennine Peaks.

Ingleton's mass, with plateau for its crown,
Far off in the mist, O'er Blackburn town.
Lies east of the crest where Longridge stands,
At the foot of the hills, "mid-sunkissed lands".

Beyond are Bleasdales sombre and wild,
Sloping away to the edge of the Fylde,
Wherein stands Preston – proud of name-
Past Hoghton Tower of "Sirloin" fame.

Westward thee glint of the Ribble is plain,
As it spreads itself out to the Irish Main,
Affording safe harbour at proud Preston quays,
To freighters with cargoes from over the "seas".

The country that stretches to south and south-west,
Is moorland- its contour does clearly attest,
But while its wild silhouette is broken meanwhile,
By the Tower atop it, the Jubilee pile.

The "Halls" of this parish of valley and fell,
Have virtually vanished, their descendants as well,
Though a few reminders are lingering still,
In Terrace or Homestead in Fold or in Hil.

One of the greatest, yclept Hollinshead,
Has bequeathed us a relic – a "Holy Well" fed,
By no less than seven salubrious rills,
Esteemed as a potion for ominous ills.

**From Kenneth Kershaw's book on Tockholes
This poem was written by his Grandfather in 1850**

The Winter Solstice

The winter solstice is also known as midwinter and is an astronomical phenomenon marking the day with the shortest period of daylight with the sun at its lowest in the sky. It occurs when one of the Earth's poles has its' maximum tilt away from the sun. It happens twice yearly, once in each hemisphere. The winter solstice occurs on 21st December.

The word 'solstice' comes from the Latin *solstitium* meaning 'sun stands still' because the apparent movement of the sun's path north or south stops before changing direction.

Solstices are opposite on either side of the equator, so the winter solstice in the northern hemisphere is the summer solstice in the southern hemisphere and vice versa.

In the Southern Hemisphere, the winter solstice falls on June 21 - the same day of the summer solstice in the north.

Who celebrates the solstice?

The solstice was a special moment of the annual cycle for some cultures even during Neolithic times. Astronomical events were often used to guide activities, such as the mating of animals, the sowing of crops and the monitoring of winter reserves of food.

This is attested by physical remains in the layouts of late Neolithic and Bronze Age archaeological sites, such as Stonehenge in England and Newgrange in Ireland. The main axes of both of these monuments seem to have been carefully aligned on a sight-line pointing to the winter solstice sunrise (Newgrange) and the winter solstice sunset (Stonehenge). The Heel Stone which is the largest stone at Stonehenge weighs about 30 tons. It is said that the giant stones of Stonehenge were so positioned to align with the midwinter sunset at the winter solstice and the midsummer sunrise at the summer solstice.

