

# Ramblers Gems



A Spring Vale Rambling Class Publication

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## That's Entertainment

As stated in last week's edition of Ramblers Gems, there will be no pantomime at St Cuthbert School Darwen. Unfortunately, due to circumstances beyond our control the review evening scheduled for November entitled "That's Entertainment" has had to be postponed until February 2022. But will be bigger and better. Please come along to support us.

Jane C

## Christmas Lunch

Bookings are now taking place for our Christmas Lunch. This year we are having the meal at the Rock Inn, Tockholes Road, Tockholes. The date for your diaries is Saturday 11<sup>th</sup> December 2021. The price is £17.00 for a 3-course meal.

Please email us on [svrcramblers@gmail.com](mailto:svrcramblers@gmail.com) to receive a copy of the menu and to book your place.

## We will Remember them

Over 9,000 Darwen folk went to war in the Great War and over 1,300 paid the ultimate price. Having set a precedent with the erection of the South Africa War (1899-1902) Lion memorial at the bottom of Belgrave there was a clamour to remember those lost with various Memorials within mills, churches, schools and Working Men's Clubs around the town.

The town Memorial was erected in Bold Venture Park and is now classed as a Grade 2\* listed Monument. Most of the Memorials were created in and around 1920 but as time has gone by the mills have closed, as have the Working Men's Clubs and some of the churches and with them have gone the Memorials.

Many members of the Spring Vale Ramblers Class volunteered and went to fight in the Great War, but only a few of their names are recorded within our past Syllabuses. It is at this time of year that we must remember all those who lost their lives during the two World Wars.

The powerful and evocative poem 'For The Fallen' was written by poet Laurence Binyon in 1914, after the British Expeditionary Force's defeat at The Battle of Mons. The poem's haunting fourth stanza, with its iconic four lines, are known today as the 'Ode of Remembrance' and are recited at Remembrance Ceremonies all over the world.

*"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them."*

Michael C

## Other than walking what do you do?

In response to the editors request for articles relating to interests, hobbies etc other than walking/rambling activities, here is a short resume of my own.

I have always enjoyed a number of interests and activities from an early age, one being Martial Arts, growing up as I did in the era of Bruce Lee and the films he made I began to study his form of Martial Art known as Jeet Kune Do, which roughly translated mean – no style but all styles and incorporates the skills, techniques and disciplines of European boxing, Judo, Karate and Aikido. I have practised this for many years. I also studied and trained in Okinawan Karate as both student and instructor, attaining 5<sup>th</sup> DAN status.

On retirement from the engineering industry in 1997 I took up an interested in 'wood' a much more tactile material than metal which I had always been use to. Having always used metal turning centre lathes in my professional career, the transition to wood turning lathes was easy enough and my interest turned (excuse the pun) to wood turning and after many failures was competent enough to produce saleable items.

In 2000, I was invited and accepted as a professional onto the register of the Worshipfull Company of Turners. For some years after that I attended many craft fairs around the country together with my late wife, selling my work. I also sold my work in a number of galleries and took on commissions from clients from both home and abroad.



Although I no longer produce craft work, I do undertake one off commissions for a number of companies requiring bespoke turnings, stair parts, newel posts, restoration work etc and more recently have produced a number of component chandelier parts for the Great British Lighting Company.

Another interest of mine was and still is photography and I was for some years in the far distant past a semi-pro undertaking wedding and portrait assignments.

I have always been a lover of music both classical and modern ballads and have strived to master the acoustic guitar, with limited success however but I do enjoy a good sing- song and belong to a couple of local choirs including one acapella.

My latest interest is that of leatherwork and I am enjoying creating small items, hopefully improving as I continue.



This all goes to prove that life does not need to stop at retirement and there are hobbies and interests to suit everyone, you just have to find one or more than one. If I can at 79 years young, so can you, it just takes a little effort.

My other main interest has and always will be is hill walking, although somewhat limited now, also cycling, I still have one bike plus one in Ireland and one ebike.

**Alan S**

## The Great 'old' county of Lancashire.

At SVRC we love to walk across fields, over moors, through woods and by water. Over the last few months/editions I have written about monastic houses but, we must not forget, or overlook, the industrial past of the great 'old' county of Lancashire. After all, SVRC started in Darwen! This is a quick tour of some of the industrial centres.

**Nelson** is a modern manufacturing town with fine parks, a good-looking Town Hall, St Paul's Church rebuilt after Trafalgar and St Mary's Church with a tall spire and a peal of 11 bells.

"Bonny **Colne** upon the Hill" high above the Vale of Colne water was a busy place in medieval times with markets, coal mines and wool production. Long before that the Romans built an earthwork on Caster Cliff and established a legionnaires camp there.

**Burnley** is a cotton town in a moorland vale where the Brun meets the Calder.

Near **Worsthorne** Moor, on a slope above the Brun, look for Hurstwood Hall. Edmund Spenser, an Elizabethan poet, lived here as a youth. He wrote the epic Faerie Queen in 1590 and read it to the Virgin Queen Elizabeth 1.

East of Burnley is **Extwistle** Moor (Extwistle Hall appeared in a previous edition of Ramblers Gems) where you can find evidence of British and Roman occupation.

The high road from Burnley to **Todmorden** follows a craggy, wooded ravine, the home of Lonk sheep and prehistoric man. **Cliviger** – here you can walk the Mary Towneley Bridleway but there is no village of "Cliviger". The principal settlements within the parish are Walk Mill, Southward Bottom, Overtown, Mereclough and Holme Chapel.



Lonk Sheep Lamb, Ewe and Ram

Have you been to "**Jericho**" which is a suburb of **Bury**, the home of black pudding, simnel cake and many industries - paper, textiles, brass, iron and engineering? In this vale of the Irwell, beneath the stark moors, handloom weavers toiled in garrets and dark cramped cottages before the Industrial Revolution was established.

**Ramsbottom** was a small moorland community in the upper reaches of the Irwell until cotton manufacturers gave it some prominence. It added paper, soap making and engineering to its industries and rough grit stone was gouged out of Fletcher Bank Quarries.



The Ramsbottom Urn

**Bolton** has grim memories of the Civil War and of a "Bloody and Barbarous Massacre" of innocent citizens in May 1644 by Royalists under the command of the Earl of Derby. Thousands were left slaughtered, maimed, or outraged. He was captured in 1651, tried at Chester and sentenced to be executed at Bolton. He spent his last living hours at "Ye Olde Man and Scythe" in Churchgate. A scaffold was erected opposite the "Swan Inn", Bolton Cross and he was beheaded.



Ye Olde Man and Scythe at Churchgate

You are welcome to join SVRC walks to learn more about the fascinating history of North and South Lancashire, the Fylde, the Ribble Valley, Pendle, Hyndburn, Blackburn with Darwen, Rossendale and the other areas we visit during our rambles.

**Barbara S**



## November Musings

'November' is believed to be derived from 'novem' which is the Latin for the number 'nine'. In the ancient Roman calendar November was the ninth month after March. As part of the seasonal calendar November is the time of the 'Snow Moon' according to Pagan beliefs and the period described as the 'Moon of the Falling Leaves' by Black Elk."

### 22<sup>nd</sup> November – St Cecilia's Day

St Cecilia is thought to have been a Roman maiden who was martyred in the second or third century. Her story is told in the "Second Nun's Tale" in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. She is usually portrayed with an organ and is the patron saint of musicians.

**Sir up Sunday** - is the last Sunday of the Church Year, or the Sunday before Advent. "Stir – up Sunday" It gets its name from the beginning of the prayer for the day in the Book of Common Prayer which begins "Stir up, we beseech thee. O Lord, the wills of thy faithful people". It has also become associated with the tradition for making the Christmas pudding on that day and for everyone in the family to take a turn at stirring the Christmas pudding, whilst making a wish.

**Christmas Pudding Traditions** – a Christmas pudding should have 13 ingredients to represent Jesus and his Disciples, the pudding should be stirred from East to West to represent the Wise Men visiting the baby Jesus, every family member should stir and make a wish, a coin (silver sixpence or threepenny bit) is added and cooked in the pudding. Whoever finds it will have wealth in the coming year. Other additions to the pudding include a ring, to foretell marriage and a thimble for a lucky life!



## Weather-lore, beliefs and sayings

"If the wind is in the south-west on St Martins Day (11<sup>th</sup>), it will stay there right through to Candlemas in February, thus ensuring a mild and snow free winter" – here is hoping.

"If the geese at Martins Day (11<sup>th</sup>) stand on ice, they will walk in mud at Christmas."

"Thunder in November means winter will be late in coming and going"

"Flowers bloomin' in late Autumn, A sure sign of a bad Winter comin'."



And with the winter walking programme in mind:

*"Every mile is two in Winter"* George Herbert 1651.

*"Even if something is left undone, everyone must take time to sit still and watch the leaves turn."* Elizabeth Lawrence



Jane C

## Peaceful Hours

by Barbara Sharples

In the solitude of a quiet place  
By some deep mysterious pool  
Heathers and moors and open space  
Close to the roar of a waterfall  
This is how I will remember you.

On the silence of a pair of wings  
In the softness of a gentle breeze  
With everything the seasons bring  
Sheltered beneath the whispering trees  
This is how I will feel you near.

By the quiet of a lake  
Wandering the course of a sparkling stream  
I will pause and take a break  
Before strolling along lost in my dream  
This is how I will ease my pain.

*Dedicated to my dad, Tom Fawcett and the memories we shared.*



## Arran

Arran of the many stags,  
the sea reaches to its shoulder;  
island where companies are fed,  
ridges whereon blue spears are reddened.

Wanton deer upon its peaks,  
Mellow blaeberrys on its heaths,  
cold water in its streams,  
mast upon its brown oaks.

Hunting dogs there, and hounds,  
blackberries and sloes of the dark blackthorn,  
dense thorn-bushes in its woods,  
stags astray among its oak-groves.

Gathering of purple lichen on its rocks,  
grass without blemish on its slopes;  
over its fair shapely crags  
gambolling of dappled fawns leaping.

Smooth is its lowland, fat are its swine,  
pleasant its fields, a tale to be believed;  
its nuts on the boughs of its hazel-wood,  
sailing of long galleys past it.

It is delightful when fine weather comes,  
trout under the banks of its streams,  
seagulls answer each other round its white cliff;  
delightful at all times is Arran.

*The island of Arran in the Firth of Clyde is often described as "Scotland in miniature" with its coastline, mountains, rivers and lochs. This poem covers just about every aspect of this enchanted island and was originally written by an anonymous author in Irish Gaelic and was translated by Kenneth Jackson.*



Contributor Pesto Cenorr