

Liverpool Catholic Ramblers

Affiliated to
The Ramblers Fedn.

Association

Headquarters:
St. Sebastian's Hall

Chairman:
J.F. Harvey Esq.

AND HOLIDAY GUILD

Vice-Chairman:
Cyril Kelly Esq.

MONTHLY NEWS-LETTER

Hon. Secretary:
Michael W. McCallen,
177 Towson Street, Liverpool.

NO. 21

DECEMBER 1939

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

THE CHAIRMAN, OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE WISH ALL MEMBERS
A VERY HAPPY, HOLY CHRISTMAS AND A BRIGHT, PROSPEROUS
NEW YEAR, AND PRAY THAT SOON THERE WILL BE PEACE ON
EARTH

For ourselves and our Readers, we convey our very best wishes to Mr. Michael W. McCallen, our Secretary, and Miss Ada Maddock, our Treasurer, who are being married in St. John's Church, Kirkdale, on Boxing Day. Both have held office for several years, and the Association has benefited greatly from their services. We are indeed pleased to hear that they intend to carry on the good work.

Our Christmas functions certainly had a splendid send-off. We held a Carnival Dance on Wednesday, 13th December, and drew a record crowd of nearly two hundred. Mr. Harvey, our Chairman, was M.C., and Bob Jenkins Band provided the music, and to these gentlemen, and to the Committee, we record our appreciation for a truly wonderful evening.

The Yuletide Walk took place on Sunday, 17th December, sixty three members taking part. We met at the Pier Head at 2.15., and a reserved Bus took us from Woodside as far as Thurston. From there Mr. McCallen led us over Caldy Hill and along the coast road and promenade to West Kirby. There was a decided nip in the air, but the weather was ideal for walking, and it was with keen appetites that we sat down to a Grand Christmas Tea at the Orange Kat Cafe. Carols, Community Singing and Games followed, and it was with reluctance that we made for home at half-past eight. Thanks are due to Mr. Cyril Kelly who M.C.'d the evening, and to Mr. and Mrs. Inight who rendered the music.

There will be no Ramble on Sundays 24th and 31st December, but we will resume on Sunday, 7th January. We will meet at the Pier Head at 10.15, and further details will be announced in the Club Room and in the monthly programme which will be published early next month.

CHRISTMAS ATTRACTIONS:

WEDNESDAY, 27th DECEMBER

PANTOMIME, EMPIRE THEATRE, If you have given in your name for tickets, obtain them now from Miss Maddock.

THURSDAY, 28th DECEMBER

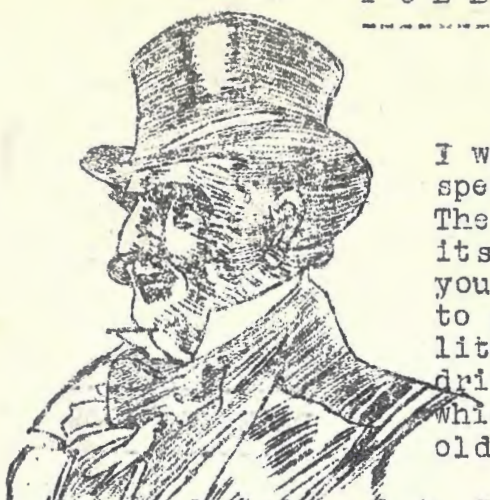
CHRISTMAS OLD TIME NIGHT.

THURSDAY, 4th JANUARY.

GRAND ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY. Sit down sharp at 8 p.m. Loads of good food; real Father Christmas, with presents for all from a real Christmas Tree! Games, Dancing. Come early. 1/-per head.

THURSDAY, 11th JANUARY

CHAIRMAN'S NIGHT. What has Mr. Harvey in store for us this time? Come early, and have some fun.



I wonder how much bad language is being spent (well spent, I imagine) on this year's Christmas shopping? The black-out, of course, is mainly responsible, but it's really quite amusing, and quite a good game if you can forget the dark reasons behind the blackness - to go about listening for those gems of English literature that usually fall from the lips of taxi-drivers, navvies, sergeant-majors and typists, but which just now are falling from the lips of dear old ladies, shy young maidens and bank clerks.

One needs only a late Saturday afternoon, a scene embracing the shopping centre of Liverpool, and the stage is set for !!! fine performance. Now just in case anyone should imagine that I use bad language, I hasten to explain that the words you see here represented by asteriks and other signs - are merely such words as "jolly" - "pretty" - or "darned"; I refuse, however, to force them on you, preferring you to substitute your own more favourite adjectives as and when the occasions arise, and so perhaps leave you a better impression of my remarks.

It will add to the "go" of things if you walk about carrying two large suitcases - rubber soles on your shoes - and no torch. Also, if it's not too much trouble, take your dog with you. And forget its lead, because people may !!! trip over it! Start from London Road - somewhere around the Paramount. (Incidentally, I experienced all this business myself, and so can recommend the line to take). Cross over diagonally from the Legs of Man towards Wellington's Column. You'll be quite safe, for when you start it will be quite daylight; and the only things you'll be aware of will be a robin perched on Wellington's nose; a gentle breeze whispering across the Plateau, and a tram driver gently cooing like a dove at you! You calmly proceed on your way across and right in the middle you drop one of your cases, preferably in front of a steam wagon. While you have one hand free, it would be as well to tie your shoelace, for you mightn't get another chance. A woman's screams will probably cause you to quicken your pace a bit, but now is the time to change your mind, so turn round and walk right back across to the Legs of Man. After a friendly bit of advice from a very polite policeman, on whose toes you have dropped your cases on hearing his entreatings "Hey! You!", you stroll in a zigzagging fashion along Lime Street. This takes about twenty minutes, for the place is so overcrowded with fellows on the way to buy 9/11 stockings for their sisters, sailors home on leave, and small boys bringing their fathers to see the Meccano display in Lewis's, that you cannot possibly walk straight.

By now it is getting dullish, and the lights are appearing in the shop windows. You must hurry up and look in as many windows as you can, before the black curtains are drawn. The first things you want are Christmas Cards, so you cross over to the first Stationers shop you see, and go inside. Or rather, you'd like to go inside. But the !!! place is full of fat people. There is a space of sorts that you eventually squeeze yourself into, but that's about the best you can do, and you spend the next half hour edging over to the rack where the Christmas Cards are on view. You lose one suitcase, and consign it to perdition - for you are tired carrying it, and anyway, you've discovered that one case is enough to dig into the back of people's legs to clear a passage for yourself. You at last get to the cards and choose a packet you like, and lay it down for a second to get out the half-crown they cost. And the packet vanishes - but you've a !!! good idea that it was that red-headed vixen going off who has it. Being a gentleman, you of course just mumble "Bother", and pick another packet - not nearly so good, and six-pence extra, and you pay for it on the way out. The few words the cash-girl utters proves her to be Irish, so naturally, you make a date for next Tuesday at seven o'clock. That's if you have any sense. If not, you curse yourself for not making a date.



I've got an idea that the News-Letter's going to be packed tight with Christmas Articles - the festive spirit - God rest you Merry Gentlemen - and all that. And I'm sorry to say that I am absolutely incapable of being original on such a theme - so I'm taking the easiest way out and avoiding it. Simple, isn't it?

And the easiest way out - is by discussing New Year Resolutions - their uses and misuses - their conventions and vagaries - in fact, anything at all about New Year Resolutions. There's something in my mental make up that recoils from orange lipstick - beans on toast - variety programmes and orthodox New Year Resolutions. This, you must understand, is the reason for the following diatribe.

For instance, Norah tasker will testify that I stay far too long in front of the mirror. Well, probably I do, but as that rests between the mirror and myself and I know the mirror can't protest verbally - I'm not making any effort to do otherwise.



Then Mrs. Kelly (May Furlong to the uninitiated) will support the argument that my gastronomical tastes leave much to be desired. Some of the hashes I've devoured make her wifely soul rise in righteous revolt (Remember the raw ham and the bottled snails!!!) but I think that she doesn't really mind so long as she has not to partake of them herself. So even the most prejudiced will agree that there's really no point in trying to reform myself on that score.

I could go on citing prospective Resolutions and people they might affect - I could try to write a Christmas article for Michael when he asks for one; I could try to be punctual at the Pier Head on Sundays, only I know that my tardiness gives others an excuse for being late as well; I could buy some mint rock for Benny instead of trying to satisfy him with meagre (?) helping of my own; or buy nice soft mushy marshmallows instead out of respect for Johnny's present sad state.

The prospects are endless, and no less terrifying. For instance, its Leap Year soon, but you fellows needn't worry, I'm not going to propose; that unorthodoxy is showing its head again. If I reach that stage when I must do my own proposing, well, I'll do it in any year except Leap Year, so you'll still have another year at least of comparative freedom. I could write another article on why I say "comparative" freedom, but to quote the famous sage, "That's another Story"!

MAC.

Little Audrey at Puddington

(Sunday, November 12th.)

Good Morning!

Well, it was like this - a house was on fire!

I'd love to get him tight.

Pass this to Gerry's friend.

Well, it was like this; I phoned for the Fire Brigade.

Ah-Ah, I know who Little Audrey is!

Well, it was like this; the girl was in bed and she wore a white dressing gown with flowers on it.

They gave me a knife - Blimey, its more that flesh and blood can stand.

I like sweets on a Ramble, but honestly I can never remember to buy any.

An Elephant never forgets.



(continued next page)

Little Audrey - continued

Anyone like some H.P. Sauce?

Could you like to see the Quaker's grave?

Johnny's mother forgot to grease the tin, so he had to bring it along with the cake.

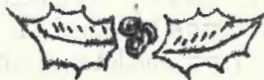
Tell me, is this the usual length of a full day ramble?

Tell me, is there any place where I can sit down?

They've stopped the Eastham service so we'll have to walk to Bromborough.

Are you tired, Tony???????

Goodnight!



The Puddington Ramble - Sunday, 12th November.

by "Zingari"

This is the second ramble in succession when more boys have been out than girls. Has the war had something to do with it? Perhaps a full day in the fresh air provides a welcome relief from tedious black-out hours spent indoors. However, War or no War, the number of rambling members, as compared with social members, is definitely increasing.

Our lads decided (on the boat I think) that we were to start from Bromboro', so we obediently bought 10d. tickets - and hoped for the best.

The weather proved glorious for this time of the year, fully justifying the three pairs of 'shorts' which appeared so bravely at the Pier Head.

We went through the woods in Dibbensdale, thence by road to Raby Mere and on, across the golf links where the boys staged some mock trench warfare, amongst the bunkers, and so on to Willaston, passing the Old Mill (soon to be a National Monument) on the way.

We dined at the Green Lantern. Mr. Salmon appointed himself Pourer-in-Chief, while Mr. Brady 'enthralled' us all with a fairy tale about a fire and a damsel in a dressing gown. The sages meanwhile were discussing the action of Sulphuric acid on lead.



After lunch we left Willaston by footpaths (plenty of mud here, as Mr. G. Molloy's flannels would, doubtless, testify) and reached the delightful old world village of Burton via the equally charming Burton Woods. A short halt was called in the village whilst we inspected the ancient church and graveyard, where the remains of Father John Blessington, a victim of Titus Oates' plot, are reputed to lie.

A further series of even muddier paths brought us, via Puddington, to the less well known, but hardly less ancient hamlet of Shotwick, where we stopped for tea.

We started back early to take advantage of what little daylight we had left, but I think the walk was longer than most of us expected, that is, judging by sundry comments I heard en route. We returned across the fields to Puddington, thence along Pipers Lane, now much less muddy than of yore (such is Progress) and across a further series of fields and paths to Ledsham.



Your Social Gossiper reporting for duty



The first item of news this time is the forthcoming wedding of Mr. Michael McCallen, our hard working Secretary and Miss Ada Maddock, who has charge of the Club treasure chest. Its time I congratulated the 'Happy Pair', so here's wishing them both every happiness and the very best of luck.

By the time this is in print, Christmas will be in full swing and thinking of Christmas reminds me of the Pantomime, and of a certain remark I overheard. I'll not mention the persons name, but Ada asked this boy who he would like to sit beside at the theatre, and pointed out certain girls with whom he might enjoy himself, but this superior turned his nose up. Just think of it, girls. He actually disapproved of some of our most exciting models. Any suggestions as to the punishment to be meted out to this snooty male will be dealt with indiscriminately by me.

Mr. Frank Taylor has made his debut as a leader. Apparently he had doubts as to whether all his charges had received the first ritual of the Church, for he arranged for each of them to be well and truly baptised. He had learnt his lesson from the earlier forms of baptism as he doesn't believe in just damping the forehead, but has to saturate the whole body, irrespective of clothing. In fact the clothes entered so wholeheartedly into this general baptism that the C.R.A. devised wierd and wonderful substitutes. I understand that the worthy leader gave a good example of how to wear cycling trousers and a jumper who weren't on talking terms with each other. Mr. Taylor arranged to overcome this difficulty by tying a towel around his middle (nice work, Frank).

On the 13th (supposed to be unlucky) December the club held an exceptionally enjoyable dance. The ladies, as usual, came in every colour which the rainbow can offer, and others, with which the rainbow had no association. The boys, poor fish, looked as drab as a male peacock against the female, in comparison with the bright array of the ladies. (A little mixed of metaphor, but you know what I mean, don't you?)

Mr. Ben Roberts is proving an adept at running socials; his latest achievement being to arrange for crooning during the dances on a Thursday evening. The very worst that anyone can say of his socials is that they are original, but I am sure that everybody will find something to say in favour of his efforts. Go to it, Ben!

As my brain has not proved very fertile this month, I'm afraid that is all for the present, so here's wishing everyone a very Happy Christmas and a Good and Prosperous New Year;

Norah Tasker.

"Zingari" - continued from previous page.

Here we took the road ("terra firma" at last murmured Little Audrey) and made for Eastham where we hoped to get the Bus. But bitter disillusionment awaited us. For some obscure reason there were no Buses running from Eastham, and we had to walk another mile in the black-out to Bromboro'. Some fell by the wayside, but the survivors climbed thankfully into the Bus when it arrived. Fortunately it was going to Birkenhead so we did not have to get out again (like the party referred to recently by "Mac") until we reached the Ferry.

This ended a decidedly good day.

I am writing this report for the December issue of the News-Letter so I take this opportunity to wish all my readers a very Happy Christmas and a jolly Good, Bright and Prosperous New Year, with fine Rambling!

ZINGARI.

COME IN YOUR COSTUMES TO THE FANCY DRESS BALL, 18th JANUARY. VALUABLE PRIZES.

YOU'LL ENJOY IT - continued

About four o'clock you ooze out into the moving mass of humanity, only to find you've left your other case in the shop, and now you !!!**!! well can't remember which shop it was you were in. The only thing to do is to forget it - the case I mean - for it is by now probably on the way to Dale Street for police inspection. Although there are no bombs in it, you'd have the devil's own job explaining the twenty-four bricks the case contains. The police couldn't be expected to see the joke, anyway. You go along as far as the Forum and cross over to see what's on, and decide you'll go and see that when it comes round your way. You turn quickly away and bump into Goering. He says, politely, !!!**!, !!!**!, and in surprise you discover that it isn't Goering at all, but the Commissionaire bloke, beribboned and bemedalled enough to make Hermann turn in his sleep.

It's good to be alive, you think, and in an attempt at friendliness you say "Beautiful evening" to a fellow walking by your side, only to discover that he's a Peruvian Jew. His reply is of course unprintable, but he probably means well, and anyway, you can't stand talking to him now, for he's in his apple cart gazing at a pink world of ladies wear in Blacklers window.

And you go on, towards Lewis's, where you hear they have some batteries for sale. By now it's nearly dark and you have to grope your way across Ranelagh Street and on to a queue that is slowly being absorbed into that wonderful, grand, marvellous store that sells everything from a pin to an elephant; but when you get inside, of all the one-sided, badly managed joints you've ever come across - this is the worst - no blinkin' batteries! You walk away in disgust, but find yourself in a crush of girls, and soon discover that your nose is up against a display of more ladies wear - this time pale blue. So they're not all pink!



After that discovery, you need a tonic, so away up you go to the Bank, where dwell a couple of blondes who charm away head-aches, and are probably put there specially to induce poor fish to put their money into the girls keeping. Fully recovered, you finish your purchases, which consist of a new pipe, a tie, and red and white and blue striped pyjamas for your cousin in Athlone. About six o'clock, you emerge into the exterior blackness, and bump into fourteen women who either whistle with a warbling note or scream in agony, according to whether you dig them in the ribs or walk on their fingers.

A charming girl clings to your arm and says "Darling, that was a mix-up - oh! sorry, I thought you were Harry!" Of course you curse; who wouldn't. You wish you were Harry, but it's no good - she's disappeared - gone for ever out of your life. You go on blindly, a broken man - and, behold! another charming girl clings tightly to your arm and whispers breathlessly "Oh Harry - I got hold of an awful man just now and thought it was you - gracious heavens - it's not Harry!" And off she goes again - the same girl. It's not a bit of use wishing you were Harry now; you've been told the bitter truth - you're awful. Isn't everything awful! The game grows stale, and you jump on a tram to go home. After half-an-hour or so you find you're in Aigburth Vale, and you !!!*x!! live in Walton! Wot a life! You walk home, just to make sure of things, and arrive shortly after midnight having lost yourself around Prescott.

You sit quietly and think. It's nearly Christmas, and you feel you'd like to write something for the News-Letter. You'd like to wish a Happy Christmas to those people who produce the N.L. To the contributors. To Mac, with thanks, for lots of things. To Zingari, for pleasantly recorded impressions. To the Committee, for hard work well done. But you're too shy, and you content yourself with just wishing it. Your own special friends would get cards from you later, and perhaps next year you'd pluck up courage to actually write for the N.L. Yes, that's the best thing. Next Year. Just now it's only wishing a Merry Christmas to all the members. And you go asleep in the chair.