

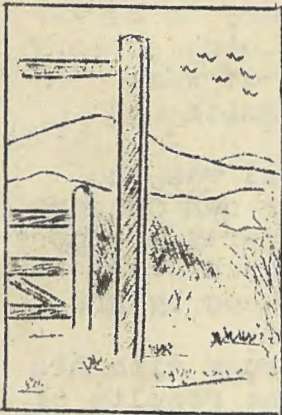
LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL

Hon. Secretary : Miss M. W. JONES,

56 CUNNINGHAM ROAD,

LIVERPOOL, 13.



MONTHLY NEWSLETTER.

SECOND SERIES NO. 19.

FEBRUARY 1948.

" ESPRIT DE CORPS "

It was exceedingly encouraging for us to see so many of our old members present at the Christmas Party. It showed beyond doubt the appeal which the club makes to those who have become its members. Whilst domestic responsibilities may prevent these old friends from taking an active part in our functions they never fail to rejoin us at our annual reunion. Suggestions have been advanced that a quarterly "Old Members Night" would have a wide appeal, and to this end the Social Sub-Committee is endeavouring to make the necessary arrangements. Even more gratifying, however, was the way in which the old members mixed with the new, making the whole ensemble a harmonious gathering. Whilst it is not possible to organise each Friday evening on as attractive a basis as the Christmas Party evening we feel that the same family spirit could with advantage be developed.

We express our sincere thanks to the Concert Party and to all who worked so hard to make our party the success it was. To the "Crackajax" we say - Many Happy Returns!

P E R S O N A L .

On behalf of the club we thank Miss Vi Duffy for her Christmas Card, and for her good wishes to all for the New Year. She says she is settling in a little more, but misses the club very much, particularly on Fridays, when her thoughts are with us.

You will all be pleased to hear that Mr. Fred Begley is now recovering from the illness that prevented him taking part in the Christmas Party. Sincere wishes for a full recovery, Fred, and may we see you back in the Club-Room soon.

R A M B L E R S ' D A N C E S .

We are holding a Grand Easter Dance in Blair Hall on Tuesday, 30th March 1948. Dancing, 7.30 to 11.00. Refreshments will be available. Tickets, 2/6d each, may be had shortly.

Arrangements are also being made for a Dance at the Carlton on Wednesday 2nd June 1948. Stand by for further announcements.



F A N C Y D R E S S A N D R E U N I O N .

Last Year's Fancy Dress Carnival was such a success that it prompted the Social Sub-Committee to arrange another for the Social Night, 13th February, and to make it a Reunion Night for all old members. So, roll up you veterans - roll up you Cleppatras, Henry VIII's, Mandarins, Hitlers, Spivs, etc - roll up and splash our old Club-room with pageantry and colour!!! Make it an even bigger success than last year!!!

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

We are pleased to record the success of the Ramblers' Christmas functions. The Christmas Party, especially, was well supported ... members and friends sitting down to tea! - we were glad to notice the appearance of so many old ramblers. Mr. TOM INIGHT once again filled the role of Father Christmas. Tom has been Father Christmas for us so often that it has become almost a tradition, and we would feel that there was something lacking if, one year, we were to miss his grin beneath a cotton-wool beard. This year, there were so many people to receive gifts from the big Christmas Tree that it was necessary to call in two assistants, namely, Miss Terry Smith and Miss Stella Devoy.

One of the main features of the party (besides eats) was the Ramblers' "CRackajax". At long last we have re-formed our own Concert Party. The first show was performed on the night of the party - almost an hour's non-stop entertainment. The large audience enjoyed every minute of the show, which was devised, arranged and produced by Mrs Lily Wilton, and we look forward keenly to the next one.

Our local photographer, Mr. Albert Yerominas, was busy with his camera during the course of the evening, and copies of the results of his activities may be had on application.

Those responsible for the organisation of the party are to be heartily congratulated on the excellent results of the function and on the efficient manner in which the arrangements were carried out.

Ta-ta for now -

YOUR SOCIAL REPORTER.

PS: If you want to know who was locked in the cloak-room that night ? ask Ben Roberts!!!

A WORD FROM MRS. LILY WILTON.

I wish to thank all those people who helped to make the concert such a success. The artistes who worked so hard and gave up their precious leisure for the rehearsals. In this category I wish include Mr. Fred Begley who, although he was one of our keenest members and never missed a rehearsal, was unable at the last moment to take part owing to illness. Better luck next time, Fred! Thanks are due to Peter Carlen who consented to fill an awkward gap at a few moments' notice. I would like to make particular mention of Mrs Begley, Senr., and Mrs. Mary Begley for their kindness in allowing us to use their home for our rehearsals. It was really a great help and was very much appreciated. The audience, too, merit a vote of thanks for their attention and encouragement. It seems a great pity to allow such an effort to pass into obscurity, to be brought out and dusted only for Christmas Parties, so I would welcome any ideas or other information which would help to keep the concert party as a regular feature.

E. WILTON.

SOCIAL PROGRAMME FOR FEBRUARY.

Friday February	6th:	Hostess Miss Kathleen Collins.
"	"	13th: FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL & REUNION - Social S/C.
"	"	20th: Host Mr. G. Penlington.
"	"	27th: Hostess Miss Win Jones.

FEBRUARY RAMBLING PROGRAMME.

			<u>Leader:</u>	<u>Meet:</u>
Sunday February	1st:	PARBOLD (Benediction)	Mr. R. Marsden.	Skelhorne St. 10.00
"	"	8th: GREAT SAUGHALL	Miss T. Smith	Pier Head 10.15 am
"	"	15th: MOEL FANLAU	Mr. J. Rawlinson	Pier Head 10.00 am.
"	"	22nd: UPHOLLAND	Mr. W. Wildes	Skelhorne St. 10.00.
"	"	29th: PUDDINGTON	Miss M. Smith	Pier Head 10.15 am

R a m b l i n g R e p o r t e r .

YULETIDE WALK, Sun. Dec. 21st: I arrived at the Pier Head on a cold frosty afternoon and discovered only six ramblers waiting, but, undismayed, (knowing their for a 'cuppa') I went to the usual 'dive', and found the rest of the club 'jangling' and imbibing 'char'. After a short walk from 'Arrowe' we arrived at 'Heatherland' for tea and, it must be admitted, the tables looked very inviting. We were all set for dancing but owing to certain police regulations we were not permitted to do so. However, our joint MC's, 'Butch' and Gerry, after a conference, rearranged their programme at short notice - it is really amazing the things one can do with a spray of mistletoe, imported from Liverpool for the occasion! The less said about the piano the better - Mrs Wilton did an heroic job, whilst Austen and Win assisted by pushing the notes back into position. Albert very kindly brought his camera along and took several photos during the evening - the results are obtainable on application! 'Auld Lang Syne' ended an enjoyable evening.

"MYSTERY RAMBLE" Sun. Jan 11th: Fourteen hardy ramblers turned out for this effort, but even the hardest would have quailed at the weather that greeted them. Our party managed to get as far as the 'Tea-place' at Little Sutton, and then just gazed wide-eyed and wonderingly at the torrents that the open heavens sent down by the bucket. Gerry was all for going ahead (so he said) but slowly, and ever so surely, he was dissuaded from whatever determination he was prepared to show. The well-meaning poet who wrote about "dripping beeches and duns" would not have been appreciated on this occasion - hedgerows, trees, paths or fields 'swilling' in miniature floods were no attraction to-day. Our willing hikers will stick to their guns, thru' fair weather or foul, 51 Sundays in the year, so perhaps they can be forgiven for turning back from a certain drenching! May kinder weather forthwith fortify their spirits and help keep their rambling copy-book complete!

RUFFORD, Sun. Jan 18th: A surprise day was this which greeted fourteen hiking candidates with bright, unexpected sunshine. The route for our three boys and eleven girls started from Rufford and led by pleasant paths alongside streams, thru' plantation and by Rufford Park; typical rural farmsteads marked our progress until, after passing through Sollum, we hugged a not unpleasant canal path to Tarleton. Here a seemingly endless mile or so of roadwork led once more to rural surroundings, and to the part of the ramble that had not been pioneered. After our Leader was forced to make one or two enquiries, and had crossed and re-crossed a part here and there, certain people were seen to make signs indicating that he was going round in circles. He ignored them, however, as I imagine he can get his own back at leisure! The ramble continued until, with darkness falling and but an hour to make our rendezvous for tea, we took to the road at Mere Brow and made warm pace for Rufford. Eggs and chips (just chips for some) were waiting when we arrived, and were we ready for them? - Yessir!! Incidentally, Peggy Toes has a very interesting story to recount, if you'll but ask her.

OVERTON HILLS, Sun. Jan 25th: Typical hiking weather, cold and frosty, and, incidentally, our first day without rain since Christmas, was the prelude to a 'smashing' ramble. Needless to say, as 'Butch' was the Leader, and was feeling very sociable, the fun started on the bus when the boys fancied the look of Mary's, Terry's and Stella's scarves! After climbing the hill we were ready for lunch when we reached the top, ending up with a dance in the ballroom. Fortunately, or otherwise, the "Helter-Skelter" was closed. We wended our way down Jacob's Ladder, and through the forest to Hatchmere. I don't think there is any need for me to tell you the boys took full advantage of hilltps for pushing the girls down - its almost a ritual now. We were a very lusty chorus coming home, but the miles we walked back to Frodshan were 'Irish miles' - each one seemed longer than the last. (I heard several remarks during the day about 'walls having ears', and I'M 'urt!) A noticeable absentee from the 'regulars' was Flo Begley - we missed you, Flo - what happened?.

T.t.f.n.....Your RMABLING REPORTER.

HELLO MY DEARS! - allow me to introduce myself to all my adopted nieces and nephews - Auntie Mabel's the name! The Editor has passed on to me a bundle of letters that indicate that our newsletter lags behind certain other magazines (nameless while the law of libel is in force!). I refer to an Advice Bureau for dealing with those intimate little problems of life which face all of us girls (and some of the dear boys, too, bless their little hearts!) and on which we feel the need for some private advice from someone experienced in the ways of the world. And what a wicked world it can be, as some of my demented correspondents know to their cost - for instance "Jilted" or poor "Linda M" of Sefton Park. (Incidentally, Linda, has the brute bothered you lately? If so, I should call in an NSPCA Inspector who will see that your next door neighbour feeds his dog regularly.

If you are a little shy, you may use just your initials, though that will fool nobody, you could use a nom-de-plume such as "puzzled", "perplexed" or even "Baffled in extremely difficult cases, - the only being that you'd never get rid of that nickname once our club busybodies have tracked down your identity from the lurid details.

However, perhaps a little encouragement will do the trick, so I am offering a little prize for the most pathetic letter of the month! My first award goes to the writer of the following, to whom I have despatched a free copy of "Advice to the faint-hearted" by my colleague "Auntie Fanny" of the "Woman's-Blurb". Now for the letter and my advice - hang onto your hats, girls!

DEAR AUNTIE, My life is made miserable by an overpowering tendency to blush for practically no reason at all, which can be very embarrassing in company. It wasn't too bad until I joined the CRA, but since then it has become an unbearable strain because of a certain uncomfortable incident which occurs every Friday night at the Social with deadly regularity. I refer to one objectionable item in the Notices, when they have the bad manners to read out "Subscriptions for the current year are now overdue". Being very sensitive I imagine all the eyes in the room being turned on me, in spite of the fact that I am a fully paid-up member and carry a signed and dated receipt to prove it! Amidst the deathly hush which follows, I can feel the blood start from my toes and rush upwards to my burning face, leaving a trail of goosepimples along my spine to mark its passage. While I am still speechless with self-consciousness, the man with the little note-book follows up his first sly insinuation with the sally "Will all visitors" (meaning anyone who hasn't paid up) "please sign the visitors' Book". At this I usually have to slide quickly under the table and stop there until my face reverts to its normal pallor. I'm dead scared that one of these weeks I'll still be crouched there when the 'strongarm' squad clears the tables away, and as I'd hate my failing to become known - especially in such an undignified way - please tell what you would do in my position.

Yours expectantly, "BRIGHTPINK".

My Dear "Brightpink, your trouble is easily diagnosed - you are suffering from 'guilt complex'. I'm surprised you couldn't realise that yourself - haven't you been to any of those so instructive psychoanalytical films lately? Obviously, you once sneaked past the usherette from the shilling seats to the one-and-nines when you were a child, and the knowledge of this disturbs your subconscious every time debt is mentioned. The only lasting remedy is to write a full confession to the Cinema Manager, refunding the 9d (plus compound interest), of course, any cinema manager won't do - it must be the one you defrauded. If your subconscious can't think back all those years I'm afraid your case is incurable. In that unhappy event, try changing your rouge to "Pygmalion Blush" - in the orange shade (by Suckett et Cie, of Paris) to cover your confusion..... Yours etc., Auntie Mabel.

Don't forget, now, if any of you require assistance, my motto is "Ask a civil question and you'll get a civil answer". Other questions will also be suitably dealt with. Bless you all, My Dears,

Your dotting Auntie Mabel.

Mr. Chad: "Wot? No C.R.A. Band?"

Mr. Editor: "Just be patient, Mr. Chad, and stand by for "The Notes".

