

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION.

Under the Patronage of His Grace The Archbishop of Liverpool.

REGISTRAR:

Miss Kathleen Collins,
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THE DREAM OF AURELIUS

The old man moved the table and chair out of the tent and settled down once more. It was too hot to work inside and he had one more job to do - not a long one but nevertheless important. Yes, he must get the cable off by this evening's mail; hadn't he promised faithfully on his last home leave that he would not forget Right, let's start there was only one point - should he send it personally to Old Fred or to the H.Q. Perhaps the latter would be better, then even if the celebrations had started when it arrived, it would not be too late

The thought of Fred brought back a flood of other memories, and the man at the table smiled as he remembered the time when the idea of a Club-house was laughed to scorn Fred was the motive force even in those days against all opposition Nowadays, of course, it was just an accepted fact if a member was having lunch in town, he had it at the Club why not? Fred had been Chairman in those days, too, the year of the 21st celebrations, and the old man had been glad to hear that he had been brought out of retirement and unanimously voted Chairman for this special year in the Club's history Still, he must hurry with the cable, the runner would be here at any moment now it would not do to miss the mail Right, let's start

"THE CHAIRMAN, LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION, RAMBLERS TERRACE, LIVERPOOL STOP FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES FROM SOUTH AMERICAN SECTION CATHOLIC HOLIDAY GUILD STOP MAY ASSOCIATION FLOURISH IN FUTURE AS IN PAST ..."

As the old man signed his name, he saw the runner coming across the plateau towards him. He wished he was going with the cable

AURELIUS

PERSONAL

Our felicitations to Mr. John Miller and Miss Frances Ord, and also to Mr. Peter Carlen and Miss Celia Johnson, who have recently become engaged.

OUR FOOTBALL TEAM DOES IT AT LAST! - by "Comet"

Hello, Folks,

Here we are again, as happy as can be! Yes, it's that man again, back for our monthly chat. You may say I am in a joyful mood - I have reason to be! Let me explain.

The C.R.A., after their fifth try, have recorded their first win by a 3-0 victory over Manor House, at Maghull! We say 'Bravo!' to two of the fair sex from the Supporters Club for making the long journey on a rainy afternoon to see us, turn the corner. Support, it seems, does help. So roll up to our next game and give us the Hampden roar.



SUPPORTERS CLUB: It has been mentioned in the Clubrooms, but for the benefit of members unable to attend, let me just repeat: The above is now going well. The subscription is threepence per week, the purpose being to help us with our ground and league fee commitments. We thank present members for their grand response to our appeal. To those wishing to join, cards can be obtained from Mr. Bill Roberts at the social on Friday.

I will now sign off; so until the next time, this is your football reporter saying Happy days to you all.

T.T.F.N.

THE CLUB LIBRARY

There is now quite a number of books in the Club library, and anyone wishing to borrow one may do so, free of charge, on application to the Club Librarian, Miss Eileen Collins.



CHESS

Mr. Tom Walsh wishes to contact anyone who may be interested in Chess, whether he or she can play or not.

OUR EASTER DANCE



Although over a hundred attended our Dance at Blair Hall on Easter Tuesday, the evening tended to be quieter than our other efforts of the past year, but it is thought all entered into the spirit of the occasion nevertheless, and spent an enjoyable evening.

THE COMING CARLTON DANCE

Spurred on by an indifferent attendance at the Easter Dance, your Committee plan to make this occasion a greater attraction. The Dance takes place on Wednesday, 2nd June, at the Carlton Rooms, Eberle Street (off Dale Street). Dancing will be from 7-30 till 11-00 p.m., and refreshments will be available as usual. Tickets, 3/6d each, will be available in the course of a few days and may be had from Mr. Penlington or any member of the Committee. So roll up, and bring your friends with you!

Have you told your friends about the DANCE?

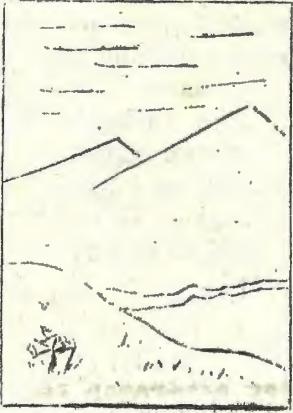
DO YOU WANT YOUR OWN CLUB ROOMS?

Then DON'T forget the CARLTON DANCE!

Support the SALE OF WORK

What are YOU making for the SALE OF WORK?

RAMBLING NOTES

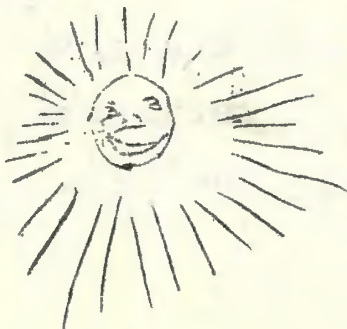


LITTLE SUTTON, Sunday, 21st March - The names of Beech Cottage and Two Mills have become very familiar to us in the last few months and our acquaintance was renewed on this ramble. Starting from Hooton, we made our way in warm sunshine to Burton. After lunch the weather was far from promising, and before long the raindrops began to fall. This lasted for the rest of the day. We carried on undaunted! (some of us). Stella, with the assistance of Bill Wildes, saw life from a new angle. By the way, Stella, how's the headache? Did the 'army' pill give the required result? We arrived at Two Mills cafe in a very wet condition, which seemed to justify an earlier comparison with natives, and set off in a similar state for Little Sutton and the bus home.

LOGGERHEADS, Monday, 29th March - 36 members left Woodside on Easter Monday after being warned by the Bus Inspector that he would not guarantee buses for our return. The first Tea Place was at Mold, and the ramblers were amazed when Jim Duncan came round with a tray of chocolate wafers. Jim's generosity was much appreciated, but we found out later that we had to pay for them! However, they were well worth it. We left Mold to walk across country to Loggerheads, climbing stile after stile. This proved rather too much for Sam, but when he lodged a complaint with the leader, he was informed that it was a "stylish" ramble! There was a break at Loggerheads for refreshments, and here about 10 of the party left us, as they were afraid that they would not get a bus back later on. The rest of the party followed the river back to Rhyddmwyn and found that they could have home made chips at the Tea Place there. After tea we set out by road and ten lucky people caught the last bus from Pantymwnn, whilst the remainder of the party had to continue to Loggerheads.

NESTON, Sunday, 4th April - Neston is far from being a new ramble, but this time we had a new leader - Mr. A. Callaghan, who approached the destination from a different angle and actually discovered some fresh footpaths, giving a 'New Look' to an old ramble. We had lunch at the Red Lion, Little Sutton, and tea at the Green Lantern, Willesden, and ended the day with Benediction at St. Winifred's Neston, and dancing later in the church hall with Austin acting as M.C. To our great delight, Austin produced a spot prize, but as this proved to be chocolate and everybody proved to be in a condition of starvation, the poor unfortunate "winners" were pounced upon and practically torn limb from limb in the endeavour of all to 'get a bite'. By the way, Austin, DID you get that telephone number??XX!!

TAWD BRIDGE, Sunday, 11th April - The ramble to Tawd Bridge did not, in fact, take us within sight of the famous place, so that certain members of the C.R.A. are still in doubt as to the existence of a Bridge in this wind swept corner of Lancashire. Nevertheless, in spite of this, or perhaps because of this, we had a very enjoyable day. Starting at Burscough, the first part of the ramble was along the canal towards Rufford and then branching off to the Black Bull at Mawdsley Moss, where lunch was arranged. The second half of the ramble was over fresh ground to Parbold. On the way, we encountered some hens who claimed we were trespassing on their property, but after a tête-à-tête with our leader, we were able to carry on. At the top of Hunter's Hill we enjoyed a brief rest, after which we carried on over still undulating country to the Delph Tea Gardens. That this canal ramble was enjoyed by the majority was proved by the unanimous vote that decided on a further walk along the canal back to Burscough rather than finish at Parbold.



STORMY CORNER, Sunday, 18th April 1948 - This ramble was originally billed as 'Arley Hall,' but as the leader did not put in an appearance, Mr. D. Marsden jumped into the breach by taking us to "Stormy Corner." It was a GOOD day for walking; there was a GOOD crowd out; it was a GOOD ramble - and as you might expect, a GOOD time was had by all. We stopped for lunch at Chaley Cafe, a new tea-place recently discovered by our pioneers, where the popular poached eggs on toast may be had on demand. During the course of the day we passed several building sites, and Bill Wildes thought it would be a brilliant idea to gather enough of the bricks to build our own club-house; however, Butch decided that it would be easier to gather plants and grow our own timber. (He was seen to be doing something of this sort later). We are certainly not short of ideas even if we are short of a club-house, and they are original if not practical - the ideas I mean.

SOCIAL REPORT

On Friday, 19th March, we again had to evacuate to the schoolroom, which left us a little cramped for space. However, 'Butch' made the most of the facilities at his disposal and induced Betty and Jim to sing a solo each. Everyone seemed to enjoy themselves in the circumstances - Better luck next time, Bill.

We were again treated to a full dress entertainment from the CRACKAJAX. The concert was exceptionally well-organised and we were treated to 60 minutes of non-stop entertainment, which ranged thro' Chorus, Monologue, 'Sophisticated Wit' and Community Singing. On thanking the artistes once more for a delightful evening, we wish them continued success in any future show they may present. We particularly thank Mrs. Wilton - the power behind the throne - for the hard work she put into the show.

Kathleen's new idea of 'X marks the spot' added a different angle to her social. Many and varied were the black beauty spots adorning the faces of the male element. Bill Wildes made a tremendous attempt to win the prize. (Don't worry, Bill, I won't tell anyone why you didn't win even though you did cheat!)

Austin's idea of Musical Chairs was quite hilarious - especially when the girls were blindfold and some wag removed the chairs. The poor lassies were walking around in circles. His spot prizes added a unique touch - camouflaged chocolate and cigarette boxes, but I won't give the game away by disclosing what they contained.

SOCIAL PROGRAMME FOR MAY

Friday, 7th May	SOCIAL (Benediction 7-30 p.m.)	Host, Mr. W. Wildes
Friday, 14th May	SOCIAL	Hostess, Miss E. Devlin
Friday, 21st May	SOCIAL	Host, Mr. J. Rawlinson
Friday, 28th May	SOCIAL	Hostess, Miss W. Jones

RAMBLING PROGRAMME FOR MAY

<u>Date</u>	<u>Ramble</u>	<u>Leader</u>	<u>Apprex. Cost</u>	<u>Meet</u>
Sunday, 2nd May	Noctorum (Benediction)	M. Toes	10d	Pier Head, 10-30 a.m.
Sunday, 9th May	Rostherne Mere (Joint Ramble with Stockport)	W. Jones	4/6d	Mount Pleasant, 10-15 a.m.
Whit Monday	Caegwrlle	W. Roberts	DETAILS LATER	
Sunday, 23rd May	Lancashire Round	R. Burke	DETAILS LATER	
Sunday, 30th May	Delamere	W. Dutch	2/6d	Pier Head, 10-00 a.m.

AUNTIE MABEL'S COLUMN

Well, girls, my hardest problem this months has been trying to pick the most deserving letter for publication, and I finally decided that I haven't the heart to leave out either of the two dealt with below.

The first, for a change, is from a MAN - not that I haven't had them telling me their private troubles before now, you know! - but this is the first specimen we have had in our column.

Dear Auntie Mabel, (he writes)

After much hesitation, I feel that I must write to you for your advice. I feel so wretched and miserable that I can neither sleep, eat nor work properly, and now I've started to mutter to myself!

You see, Auntie, it's my girl friend, Tootsie. I've wooed hard but not won her. Sometimes she says she will be mine, then puts me in torment by saying maybe she'll have someone else. And it's all because I'm so quiet and gentle. I never argue with her, and I never even look at another girl, but obey her every wish without question. Would it be better to adopt a "tough" attitude? and if so, what should I say to her?

Melancholy Maurice.

(Just hang onto your hat, Maurice, and pay close attention to what our next customer writes)

The Nutshell.

Dear Auntie Mabel,

I wrote two months ago asking your help with my problem (if you remember, I had lost my self-confidence). Well, I tried to follow the expert's advice and after praying as counselled by your Elder Member who is slightly deaf, I went to look under the mat and found it had disappeared (I'm not saying anything definite, BUT Gerry and Bill were using a mat very similar to it at the last Concert).

I used the perfume as quoted by your Beauty expert, i.e. "Dark Temptation" which was absolutely certain to make 'HIM' give at the knees, but strangely enough the only one who has been affected by it is myself. I'm simply overpowered each time I wear it. You must admit it's most annoying, especially as it cost 2/6d per bottle at a well-known Chain Store.

Your P.T. instructor wasn't much help when advising deep breathing exercises - it merely developed more muscle, which I can very easily do without.

So you see, dear Auntie, apart from losing the mat, developing muscles I don't need, and squandering my money on 'Dark Temptation', I'm back where I started.

Yours in desperation,
Desperate Dinah Twigg.

(They seem to have much the same trouble, so a joint reply will meet the case.)

Dear M.M., and D.D.T. (incidentally, Dinah, would you mind if I call you "Flit" for short!) - As my favourite radio professor would say, "now THERE'S a coincidence! Two people with a common problem. I think the best solution is for each of you to give up your present unsatisfactory love affairs and get together - your lack of self confidence will, I am sure, prove to be a basis for mutual understanding.

I hesitated, at first, to recommend this to you, as I am still smarting from the rebuff I suffered recently in trying to induce one of those "bobbysoxer" girls to renounce a man nearly three times her age in favour of a youth of my acquaintance. She just laughed outright and replied "Don't be stoopid, Cupid - the old geyser's filthy rich." Such is the attitude of the rising generation!

Anyway, I have sent you each other's address (accompanied by a copy of an excellent booklet entitled "Why be Shy" by Miss B.A. Hardclock). May I suggest that as you are both so reserved, you might arrange the first rendezvous at some lonely deserted spot - say, the Pier Head at 10-15 a.m. sharp on a Sunday morning? Let me know how you get on!

Toodle-bye. Auntie Mabel.

P.S. Incidentally, how many of you readers have seen through the identity of my correspondents? They may not know it, but I have so far tracked down the author of every letter published (except one - and even in that case I have my suspicions)