

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS' ASSOCIATION

AND HOLIDAY GUILD.

MONTHLY NEWS - LETTER.

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Editor - G. Penlington, Esq.

E D I T O R I A L .

I know the Annual General Meeting has already been mentioned editorially but, now that we've had a breather, let us turn to it again.

It is pleasing to know that so great a number take an interest in these very necessary 'inquests'. That interest is proved by the incisive - and decisive - manner of your attendance. Your questions were welcome and very refreshing, and your willingness to vote and decide matters indicated that we, your committee, have your backing in administration of the Club in accordance with the Constitution.

The Constitution! You directed that it be revised and you approved the revision. It is not practical to have a printing made just yet, but if you wish to borrow a copy see the Secretary. I would not think of dealing here with every alteration or addition but I can dwell briefly on a few. The most revolutionary change is that of the joint subscription of 6/-d for husband and wife. This could mean a reduced income for the Club, but if it encourages married couples - many of them rambling veterans- to join or rejoin us, we will be amply repaid in more ways than one.

Participation in Archdiocesan Catholic Action has been in our minds quite a lot, but its addition to the Constitution as one of our aims will, perhaps, ensure that this important activity will not be overlooked in the future.

There had been pressure to reduce the number serving on the Committee but your majority decision, upholding the experience of years, retained a serving number more equal to the present volume of work and the needs of seven sub-committees.

The time limit for subscriptions has been shortened from the 31st March to the 31st December each year, which still gives four months, quite enough for the tardy or forgetful payers!

This brings me to the matter of money, our funds and the balance sheet. The Club's funds are always treated with great respect but, nevertheless, you yourself should keep a watchful eye. A statement is presented to you at each quarterly meeting, and if it should be vague, as well it might be for want of time or space, ask and all will be made plain (if possible).

A 'dry' editorial? Maybe, but then its a dry subject! Cheer up! There'll be the Dance on Hallowe'en, Christmas will soon be here, followed by Easter, summer and - well, what d'ye know - another A.G.M.!

The Editor.

GRAND HALLOWEEN MASQUE BALL.

SATURDAY NEXT, 31ST. OCTOBER, 1953. BOOTLE TOWN HALL.

This is the occasion, the time and the place. All we need is you. Oh! and your money beforehand, please, which means TONIGHT if you haven't yet paid. Bernard Edwards will willingly collect.

"THREE BEACONS"

or

THE TWO BOB RAMBLE THAT WAS'NT

A touch of colour was added to the some what drab Exchange station, on Sunday the 18th October when 26 boys and girls met to catch the ten past eleven train.

Nearly ten past, time to board the train, the Old timers Mona and Stella were helped on and their walking aids stowed. The journey to Ormskirk very quiet and uneventful except for Bernard and his Carrog weekend booking forms, reminds about subs (HAVE YOU PAID YOURS) dance ticket money etc.

Arriving at Ormskirk we met 3 lady members, local residents (Vera (Green hat) Stella (Pink hat) & Dot (Purple hat) all wearing goblin type hats of identical pattern. The presence of our leader Sheila was now felt, wearing gaiters upside down she had us going at a pace which when the sun came out, had us all peeling off layers of clothes. Fanny was now able to show her HIP HUGGER off to some advantage. One gentleman (No Names) must have felt the heat badly, for taking cover he emerged wearing a pair of BIKINI like shorts, and with a look on his face like you to can have a body like mine.

At one stopping place members invested their pennies and nearly bought an ice cream cart, Clare and Pat looked charming sucking away at iced lollies in the shape of bunny rabbits. A licking of lips, wiping of sticky hands and Sheila had us on the move again through some delightful country, where the autumn tints were to be seen at their best.

Lunch or should one say early tea was taken at the Beacon Hotel, where Joe with the help of Johnie supplied us with music while you stuff. As the noses of the three Ladies mentioned earlier started to glow, with the after effects of a sweet glass of cider, it became clear where the name of the ramble came from. After Lunch we started the long trek back to Ormskirk, with dusk falling some of us began to wonder if we would make it, but with the help of a bus and tenpence each the journey back was completed.

Oh Leader! Leader! lead us right
We did not intend to stay the night
Five times round, Oh what a plight
Is that Ormskirk, there on the right

Oh Leader, Leader, Leader bright
Any chance of getting home tonight
Six times round and thats no joke
Leader! is this your idea of a joke

Oh Leader, Leader if you were a bloke
At least twenty six of us would give you a poke
Oh Leader, Leader joking apart
We think your ramble was pretty smart
And every one including me
Take this opportunity of thanking thee

Milton