

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION AND HOLIDAY GUILD

AFFILIATED TO
THE RAMBLERS FEDERATION

CLUB NIGHT EVERY THURSDAY
ST. SEBASTIAN'S HALL
LOCKERBY ROAD, FAIRFIELD

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C. KELLY, Esq.

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NO. 12

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

Monthly News-Letter

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE TO ALL RAMBLERS FROM HIS GRACE

THE ARCHBISHOP:

Archbishop's House,
Liverpool.
14th December, 1938.

"I avail myself of this opportunity of wishing all
"the members of the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers ..
"Association and Holiday Guild a very happy and holy
"Christmas. I hope the weather during the coming ..
"holidays will permit you to roam the countryside
"and benefit by the air and exercise. With every
"blessing,

I am,

Yours devotedly in Christ,

† RICHARD,

Archbishop of Liverpool.

GREETINGS!

THE CHAIRMAN, OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE
.... AND THE NEWS-LETTER STAFF ...
..... WISH ALL MEMBERS
... AND THEIR RELATIVES & FRIENDS ...
.. A VERY JOYFUL, HOLY CHRISTMAS ..
AND A BRIGHT AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

Our Christmas functions commenced with the Yuletide Walk to Raby Mere on Sunday, December 18th, and in spite of the frosty weather sixty-four members turned out. They were rewarded with a grand Christmas Tea and a very pleasant evening's entertainment, as will appear from "Zingari's" comments on another page. Meantime we would draw attention to the following forthcoming attractions:

First we have the visit to the Empire Theatre on Wednesday, 28th December. Only those who have already taken up their tickets will, of course, join this party. It should be noted that the performance commences at seven o'clock.

Secondly there is Benediction on Thursday, 29th December, at 8.30 p.m. before the usual Old Time Social.

Thirdly, there is the New Year's Walk to Mouldsworth. Will all those who intend to take part in this Ramble please see Mr. King before the 28th December, so that he can arrange the catering.

Fourthly, we have a Grand Christmas Party in the Club Room on Thursday, 5th January. We are expecting no less than 120 at this function, and it will assist the Committee if everyone is ready to

'sit down' at half-past eight at the latest. There will be a huge Christmas Tree and presents for everybody from a real Father Christmas. We have obtained an extension till midnight so that the fun will not be cut short. Members will do themselves a good turn by coming along to the Party, and their friends will be welcome. The charge that evening will be 1/- per head.

On January 8th we hold another Treasure Hunt. The more the entrants the better the prizes, so be sure you don't miss it.

There will be a Grand Show by the Ramblers Minstrel Troupe on Thursday, 12th January. There is a cast of twelve men, including the Club's wittiest wits, and they will provide an hour-and-a-half's non-stop fun and laughter and many old time 'Cook' Songs. This will be their first effort as Darkies, and we urge you to turn up and give them an ovation.

Subscriptions. We would remind members that subscriptions for the year 1938-1939 became due on the 1st September, and hope that out of all the shillings that come their way at Christmas time, 2/6 will be put aside for payment to the Registrar before the end of the year.

News-Letter. With this issue we are enclosing an Order Form for future supplies of the News-Letter. We have already explained that commencing with the next issue (February) a charge of 1d. per copy will be made, and for the convenience of all concerned it has been decided to ask that 1/- for twelve months supply be paid in advance. Members will therefore greatly assist by complying with this request, and we shall be glad if all forms are handed in to the Secretary or Registrar by the 15th January next. We for our part promise a bigger, brighter and better News-Letter, and will be able to introduce features which, owing to financial considerations, have been beyond us hitherto. Thanking you for your past interest and support, Eds. N-L.

SOCIAL PROGRAMME.

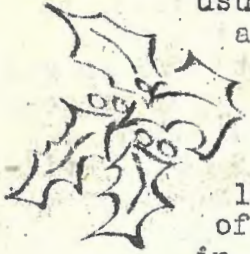
- 5th January. Christmas Party. Commences 8.30 p.m. Friends invited. Charge 1/- per head. Hall will be open until midnight.
- 12th January Minstrel Troupe. Usual charge - 6d.
- 19th January Vice-Chairmans Night Mr. Kelly tells us that he has some surprise items. Turn up and see them.
- 26th January Benediction, 8.30. St. Sebastian's Church.
Old Time Night with Mrs. Formby.

RAMBLES PROGRAMME

- 1st January New Year's Walk. Will those who intend to take part see Mr. King who has all the arrangements in hand.
- 8th January Treasure Hunt Meet Pier Head 2.15 p.m. Fare 8d. There will be Benediction during this Ramble. Leaders, the Rambles Committee.
- 15th January Stoak & Croughton Meet Pier Head 10 a.m. Fare 1/-
Leader Miss N. Tasker.
- 22nd January Holywell. Meet Lime Street Station 9.35 a.m. Fare 2/1.
Leader Mrs. C. Kelly.
- 29th January Five Lanes End Pier Head 2.15 p.m. Fare 8d. Leader Mr. J. Brady.

"P R O - C O N"

In the first place, I don't want "Zingari" to think I am after his job. He of course is the official News-Letter reporter, and I am one of his most interested fans. I think his "Recent Rambles" page is the one I most enjoy - therefore I would be the last to usurp his position. But I just want to say a word or two about Miss Connie Mulhall's ramble to Parkgate on December 4th. (Actually we finished up at Neston).



Connie was making her debut as a C.R.A. leader, and I thought she kept up the high standard of our best leaders. A fortnight before the ramble I had been one of a few more experienced leaders who had tried, seemingly in vain, to make a hash of things for her, by "assisting" her to pioneer. The totally different route she took on the official ramble showed what she thought of us as helpers.

However, she has broken the ice, so I hope she will lead a lot more rambles. But that reminds me. Here I am praising the lady, and I really intended making a complaint. I think, after such a good day's walk with the crowd keeping a good pace all the way, we deserved a treat at the tea place, especially on such an occasion - her first lead. But, instead of a treat, she spoiled everything by coming round after tea for money! That's my complaint. Why didn't somebody tell her, that, failing a box of chocs for us - we expected at least, free tea. Perhaps I should speak only for those "helpers" she had with her. (Two - to be exact). Well - I will. And I do. In fact - I did. On the ramble itself. I hinted in Connie's ear how much we (the helpers) would like a box of Choc's - but she sat on me. "Helpers?" says she, "then that lets you out!"

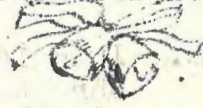
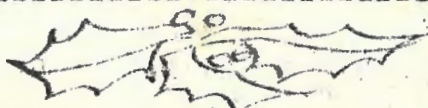
Well, here you are; perhaps the other helper got the reward. I must see him about it. Meanwhile, I hope Connie takes the hint for the next occasion. How can she hope to remain popular, (for undoubtedly she is) if she refuses to treat us properly; and, further, if she continues to tell us - me - she - truth. (Helpers! Help us!) Maybe this reminder will serve to soften her heart. If so - she can remember for her next ramble, to which I'll be looking forward.

And now, Christmas time is here again, and, (if the Editor will allow me) I want to say a few "thank you's".

First of all, to Michael for this News-Letter. To "Zingari" for his page of recent Rambles. To Ernest Walker for a bit of a debate. To "Pop" for his letter, with a request for more. To "Mere Man" and "Shorty" for taking the words from my mouth. To Cyril Kelly for getting on with the show. To Mrs. Formby for her O.T. Night. And, of course, to Connie for a "step in the right direction". I wish I could have included "Mac", but alas, I got no roasted peanuts.

A Very merry Christmas.

JOHN BULL.



SOME THOUGHTS ON RAMBLING

I was goaded into writing this article by an experience which befell me one recent Sunday evening when returning home from a ramble. It had been raining all day, and not unnaturally, I was

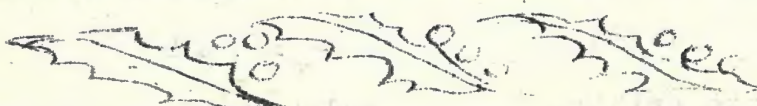
a bit bedraggled when I boarded a tram. My appearance certainly must have shown some signs of the inclemency of the weather. My shoes, socks and ankle socks were I know covered with mud; my legs were dirty (nothing unusual, - Ed.) my shorts clung affectionately to my legs like a pair of tights; my jacket hung dismally and helplessly on my shoulders, just like clothes on a clothes line on washing day; my shirt could justifiably have been mistaken for an outside in floor cloths. I must not forget to mention also my Mac, which dangled pathetically from my equally pathetic ruc-sack. To my fellow passengers I must have appeared a veritable scarecrow, a dejected and miserable soul. They did not spare me a single expression of sympathy, not that I wanted it, but at least they might have spared me their dry and caustic criticism. "The fellow must be mad to go rambling in this weather". "Doesn't he look a disgrace". "He deserves to catch his death of cold." And so on and so forth. Evidently, in their humble opinion, I was just a crazy hiker who knew no better than to walk the soles off his feet on a Sunday.

They did not see my side of the picture. I ramble because I want to, because walking is one of the first things I was ever taught to do and because next to eating and talking (talking sensibly) it is, in my opinion, a most natural thing to do. Surely it is more natural to walk than to sit at home in a state of inertia? I ramble in the country because it instills in me a wild and exotic feeling of freedom. There is, as it were, plenty of space in which to move one's arms and legs without feeling cramped. I want to leave the city behind with all its troubles, its sense of tragedy and poverty, its depressing atmosphere, and its citizens all dressed up to kill, trying to outvie each other. I take to walking because I like nature and all the beautiful things nature so kindly provides us with in the country. I don't want the artificial creations so often found in the city. I see them at least five days out of seven, and they bore me. Its dirty buildings annoy me, and its stuffy air sickens me. Give me the environment of the country, so refreshing in its effect, and so pleasing to the eye; so restful to the mind, its air so pure and invigorating. The natural effect is that I feel a different person altogether. I like also the company that I ramble with, because I know they have something in common with me, and I can therefore feel at ease. No subconscious feeling that I am being talked about, or stared at, prevails or exists. I feel that I am becoming intimate with the country, and can appreciate it more fully. Not to mention the fact that the exercise is good for one's health and mind.

But my fellow passengers obviously see my side of the picture. After all, what do they do on a Sunday that puts them in a position to sneer at me? They probably get up late, eat a huge breakfast, then get in front of the fire reading sensation mongering papers, then fill themselves with a heavy dinner (not forgetting suet pudding) and then spending a sedentary afternoon reading a book or listening to the wireless. Then another meal - "Sunday tea". After this, if not too tired after the strenuous day, they decide to get washed and changed, and to go out to parade the town with the excuse of getting a breath of fresh air - such as it is in the City. But why should I carry on in this vein? Their appearance and the manner in which they spend their Sundays is very amusing to me but I realize only too well that what they do on a Sunday is their affair and not mine, and, until then, I really thought that what I did on a Sunday was mine, and mine alone. They evidently think otherwise - too bad they won't live and let live.


ERNEST WALKER

P.S. I would like to express my wishes for an enjoyable Christmas to all my readers.



KING WENCESLAS RAMBLERIZED

By: -"Mac"



Catholic Ramblers all went out on the feast of Stephen,
Everyone was down and out, not their bus-fare even,
So they walked from Birkenhead, right along to Irby,
Mrs. Lumsden long had fled, far beyond West Kirby.

Then they sat them down to think, effort here was needed!
Where were they to eat and drink, one bright spark succeeded.
"Hither boys and stand by me, if your shorts you're wearing,
I know how we'll get some tea, if you don't mind sharing"

So he stood them two by two, on the Irby by-pass,
Said "You all know what to do, is a car should fly past.
Do your Claudette Colbert act, no need to be shy, boys,
All these road-hogs have got tact, they won't ask you why, boys.

To the screech of grinding brakes, Road Hog One has halted.
With that kindness Christmas makes, handsthem peanuts - salted!!
Johnny Byrne shrieked out in pain, Benny was disgusted,
Gerry Morley, feeling cold, said he preferred mustard!

Road Hog Two was more discreet, his was a six-seater,
Packed two maidens in each seat, nothing could be neater.
Road Hog Three was also kind, so were Six and Seven,
So were Four and Five and Nine, - not Ten and Eleven.

Soon they were all drinking tea, round Ma Lumsdens fire,
Some say that she gave it free, so we should stand by her!
There's a moral to this tale. For a happy ending,
Make economy prevail, when your cash you're spending.

SOME RECENT RAMBLES - BY "ZINGARI".

Ince & Elton, Sunday, December 11th. Did the prospect of yet another rainy day frighten all the TUFF ramblers away from this Hike? Whatever the reason, only six of our people arrived at Lime Street for Mr. Cyril Kelly's ramble, and then two of them refused to get the train. The four survivors, (Three Men and a Girl!) having purchased their tickets, strode valiantly up the platform and bagged an empty compartment.

Spirits were high en route and the time passed very quickly while we were engaged in the delicate pursuits of Half Nelsons and Scissor grips. I don't really know whether I was surprised or relieved when we arrived so quickly at Helsby. Fortune seems to favour the brave and it certainly smiled on us as we had the satisfaction of having the first really fine weather for weeks. It was pleasant walking in the sunshine thinking of the stay-at-homes who had missed this great ramble. Excuse the apparent malice, but it really was very, very pleasant! The morning was full of interest, quiet country roads, sequestered by-ways with their leafless sentinels standing gaunt against the cold blue of the sky. Needless to say, the ubiquitous muddy footpaths held our undivided attention and feet on more than one occasion.

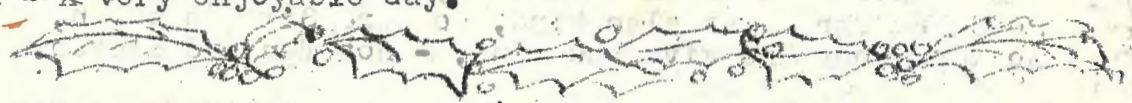
Dinner time found us at Dunham-on-the-Hill where we hied to the local hostelry for the midday meal. It was more than comfortable a place and fortunately our time-table allowed us a generous period of relaxation so beloved of the Rambler. Two-o'clock found us setting out, albeit a trifle reluctantly, over a series of footpaths and fields that in their waterlogged state, oub-Paschendaled Paschendale. We had hilarious adventures with weird and wonderful stiles and laughed gleefully (although meanly) when one of us contrived to get into a position of extreme difficulty and insecurity, hanging on by his eyebrows, as it were, to a protesting twig

that alone prevented him from being precipitated into a raging torrent that had, a few days previously, been a mild babbling brook!

From Manley a further sequence of fields had to be negotiated before we reached Alvanley. About half way we had, perforce, to pass a Farm. It was here that occurred the Episode of the Dog!! Yea, alas, Woe is Us and so on. This ancient Club very nearly lost a regal and much valued member of its committee at the teeth of an infuriated Collie!! However, all's well that ends well!

At Alvanley a snug little room with a cheerful crackling fire was provided for us. Talk about Home from Home, only better, with snug armchairs and a very comfortable(?) carpet. We had ample time to enjoy our tea and strangely enough a very pleasant hour was spent talking 'shop'. Another less quiet but equally energetic hour was spent making up our minds to begin once again that trek through the dark and cold to the station, which we reached in twenty minutes.

Once again we secured an empty compartment and once again high spirits led to a series of wrestling matches en route. But on the aforementioned regal member producing a seductive packet of biscuits we all signed non-aggression pacts - at least till the biscuits were eaten!! Hostilities continued as before, especially towards the biscuit provider who had some little foresight as to provide for half the journey only. However, a very good time was had by all, and once again - A very enjoyable day.



Yuletide Walk, 18th December. We were rewarded(?) with real Christmas weather for our Annual Yuletide ramble. With the thermometer standing at about 29°F. and an icy gale blowing, sixty-four ladies and gentlemen (judging by appearances) managed to crawl down to the Pier Head by 2.30 p.m. It was evident that this was going to be "different" as only one or two of us were in our usual hiking dress. The absence of ruc-sacks was also remarkable, and I have never seen such a display of dainty footwear for any previous ramble!

On the boat, some few kept themselves warm by indulging in strenuous exercise on the top deck, while the rest shivered in the saloon below. On the top deck of the bus, exercise was indulged in more generally (even if it was mostly vocal exercise). We arrived safely at Spital Cross roads, where we were obliged to descend and face the cutting wind.

It was decided, if we were to preserve our ears and noses for future use, to go directly to Raby Mere, even if it did mean following the main road. There were no laggards. We all kept a sharp pace and arrived "en masse" at the tea place. The room had been decorated for the occasion by two members of the Committee. They had done their work well. Soon festivities were in full swing. We had stacks of ham sandwiches, mince pies (weighty problems, these) cream cakes, fruit &c. all washed down with plentiful supplies of piping hot tea. When we had all finished, the tables were cleared away and we gathered around the stoves to sing popular songs accompanied by Mr. Mc Crorie and Mr. J. Burns on the banjo.

Later, when Messrs. Inight and Murphy arrived with their "box" and "Strad" we had a short 'hop' to warm us up. This was followed by a game of "Forfeits". Some of the penalties inflicted (by Mr. J. Burns - to whom many thanks) were highly entertaining, particularly the Matchbox Race. People with long noses were popular for once. A game of "All Change" provided some laughs and kept the blood circulating in our veins. We had more "hopping" after this, and then proceeded to lift the roof off with community singing. To round off a very enjoyable evening we sang Christmas Carols and Hymns (Adeste Fideles, See amid the Winter Snow &c.)

It was trying to snow when we started back so perhaps it was only natural that we should sing "Good King Wenceslas" on the way home.

Our thanks are due to the Rambling Committee, who organized the Ramble, and to Messrs. Kelly and Burns who so successfully 'managed' the entertainment, Nor must we forget Messrs. McCrorie, Inight and Murphy who so kindly provided the music.

ZINGARI.

'Zingari' wishes all our readers a VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS
"Have a good time, folks", - "Z".

A few stories before we close:-

An English tourist was sightseeing in Ireland, and the guide had pointed out Devil's Gap, the Devil's Peak and the Devil's Leap to him. "Pat", he said, "the devil seems to have a great deal of property in this district". "He has, sir", replied the guide, "but, sure, he's like all landlords - he lives in England!".

The captain of a steamer took on two hands - one a Kirkcaldy man without a written character and the other a Dundee man possessed of abundant documentary evidence as to his honest and uprightness. They had not been long at sea when they encountered rough weather, and the Dundee man when crossing the deck with a bucket in his hand was swept overboard. The Kirkcaldy man saw what had happened, and sought out the captain. "Dae ye mind yon man from Dundee" he said, "that ye engaged wi' the fine character?" "Yes", said the captain; "what of it". "He's awa' wi' yer bucket", was the reply.

Mike McCarthy and Jacob Schmidt were fishing from a pier one day, and finally one of them bet the other ten dollars that he could catch the first fish. The other took the bet, and the two kept on fishing earnestly until noon. It was a warm day, and Schmidt, overcome by the heat, fell overboard into the water. This aroused McCarthy, who also was dozing. "If you're going to dive for thim the bet's off", he called.

"I had an awfu' dream" said one Scotch musician to another. "I dreamt that I was in the band that wis engaged tae play before the King. Weel, we played before the King, an' he wis sae pleased wi' us, that he said, 'Ma brave laddies, am awfu' pleased wi' yer playin', and tae reward ye for yer skill, I've ordered ma secretary tae fill a' yer instruments wi' gowden sovereigns.

"But", said his friend, "that wasna' an awfu' dream; tae get yer instruments fu' o' gowden sovereigns".

"Weel, ye see", said the other, "it was a' right for the drummer, he was made a millionaire, the trombone player was made rich, but I got very little. I PLAY THE PICCOLO. But that wasna' the worst of it", he continued. "I dreamed that the King was sae pleased wi' oor playin' that he sent us tae play before the Emperor of Roosha. When we played before him, he shouted, "What's that awfu' noise?" We says, "We're the famous Scottish band'. He shouts: 'Tak' them awa', they're awfu'. Take them awa', and stuff their instruments doon their throats." Weel, they took the bass drummer, and they couldna' stuff his drum doon his throat. Then they tried the trombone player, but they couldna' stuff the trombone doon his throat. At last, they came to me, AN' I PLAY THE PICCOLO!"

