

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS

ASSOCIATION
AND HOLIDAY GUILDAFFILIATED TO
THE RAMBLERS FEDERATIONCLUB NIGHT EVERY THURSDAY
ST. SEBASTIAN'S HALL
LOCKERBY ROAD, FAIRFIELDChairman:
J. F. HARVEY, Esq.Vice-Chairman:
C. KELLY, Esq.Treasurer:
Miss A. MADDOCKAsst. Secretary:
F. KING, Esq.Registrar:
G. MORLEY, Esq.*All matter intended for publication should be addressed to the
Hon. Secretary:*

MICHAEL W. McCALLEN, 177, TOWSON STREET, LIVERPOOL, 5

Monthly News-Letter

No. 16

MAY, 1939.

2ND EDN.

The Summer Holiday Programme.

We have now received particulars of the Association's Summer Holidays in the Lake District. Bookings may be made for any week or weeks from Saturday, 24th June to Saturday 19th August - other weeks by special arrangement with the Secretary. Our Headquarters for the three weeks commencing 22nd and 29th July, and 5th August, will be The Fairfield Guest House, Ambleside (where we stayed last year) and for all other weeks at the Oaks Private Hotel. Both are excellent Houses and give first class service. The latter stands in its own grounds, and has been specially recommended. The charge for accommodation at both centres will be £2/10/- per week, and the only additional cost, apart from the railway fare to and from Ambleside, will be 5/- or 7/6 travelling expenses for the daily excursions.

The same programme of walks will be followed each week, and will include visits to such lovely places as the Langdale Pikes, Kirkstone Pass, Easedale Valley &c. and of course plenty of time will be allowed for walks in the immediate vicinity (Ambleside and Grasmere), and for tennis, boating, swimming &c. Special attention will be paid to social entertainment for the evenings. Many of the spots to be visited were shown in the L.M.S. Film at the Club Room on April 27th, and it is unnecessary for us to try to describe the rare beauty of the District.

Detailed programmes of the Holidays may be had from the Secretary, and will be distributed in the Club Room on Thursday, May 11th, and onwards. Early application is essential, as the Holidays will be advertised not only in Liverpool, but in all parts of the Country. Very rarely does one get the opportunity to spend a Holiday in the company of Catholic Youth, and the facilities at your disposal should not be missed.

Members will be interested to know that we are organizing a trip to London on Sunday, October 1st. Full details have not yet been published, but we understand that the train will leave Lime Street Station at 9.30 a.m. and will be met on arrival by specially reserved coaches, which will take our party for a tour of 'all the sights of London'. The cost, inclusive of fares and two meals will be about 23/-, and we hope that all members will take advantage of this marvellous opportunity to visit our historic capital. A leaflet will be issued very soon, but in the meantime we would suggest that members put away a shilling or so each week in the Club's Bank, and by the time the great day arrives most of the cost will have been put aside. If we can get a sufficient number, a train will be reserved for us, so now please spread the news to your relatives and friends, and urge them to join the party.



A new Guide Book. We recommend to members Mr. Andrew Blair's latest book, "Rambles' Outing from Merseyside", published by Messrs. Philip Son & Nephew at 1/6d. The book is an excellent one indeed and includes rambles round Parbold, Delamere, Chester, Burton, Llangollen &c. It should be of special interest to leaders, who will find Mr. Blair's suggestions of great assistance when pioneering rambles.

We were very sorry indeed to hear of the death of Mr. Byrne, the Father of two of our members, Johnny and Ted Byrne, and we hasten to offer to the family our sincere condolence in their sad loss. The Association will arrange for a Mass to be said for the repose of the soul of Mr. Byrne, and further particulars as to this will be announced in the Club Room. In the meantime, we are sure that Mr. Byrne will always be remembered in all our prayers. R.I.P.

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SOCIAL PROGRAMME FOR MAY

- May 4th SOCIAL - GAMES AND DANCING. Organizer - Mr. M. McCallen.
- May 11th CHAIRMAN'S NIGHT Everyone looks forward to a Social conducted by Mr. Harvey, who always brings along a varied entertainment. We remember the night when he had us all out in 'caterpillar' form in Lockerby Road, the 'tail end' of the creature fighting its way out of the Hall, via the pantry, and carrying in its wake a fair number of trays, cups, saucers &c. Rather a strange procedure some may think, but did we enjoy it? We wonder what he has up his sleeve this time.
- May 18th BILLY BENNETT'S ACADEMY. The evening will be handed over to Mr. Tom Inight, and if you really want some fun do not miss this Social. We hear that the programme has been taking shape for some weeks, so we can assure you that it will be an excellent one.
- May 25th BENEDICTION, 8.30 p.m. Attendance last month was SPLENDID, in fact the best ever. Can we expect as many this time? Don't forget, this is your own special Benediction.
- OLD TYME NIGHT, with Mrs. Formby needs no advertisement but we want you to come along and learn all the latest steps, mingled, of course, with some of the older ones!

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RAMBLES PROGRAMME FOR MAY

- May 7th MAIDEN CASTLE (advertised as Cumbermere Abbey). Meet Pier Head 9.30 a.m. Fare 2/9. Leader Mr. G. Morley. A district that has been somewhat neglected in past years by ramblers. The walk covers a lovely area, including the hilly parts of Cheshire, and from the higher points extensive views are to be obtained. Historic interest combines with the natural beauty to make the ramble more enjoyable.
- May 14th NESTON. Meet Pier Head 2.15.p.m. Fare 8d. Leader Miss Maddock. Neston has many faithful friends amongst our members, for there we always receive a warm welcome from Father Worsley. A very delightful walk across the Wirral from Spital Cross Roads, through Hinderton to Neston, tea in the Hall, Benediction, a short dance afterwards and a brisk walk home through old Willaston go to make up probably the best 'half-day' in the programme.
- May 21st CNERGWRLLE. Meet Pier Head 10 a.m. Fare 1/7d. Leader Mr. B. Magauer. Generally a Bank Holiday Ramble, this, but although we have done the district so often, new ground is always covered. Mr. Magauer will, you may be sure, lead over the very best paths and by-ways in this part of Wales, which is so dear to ramblers.
- May 29th WHIT MONDAY. WINDY HILL - BERWYN MOUNTAINS. Meet Lime Street Station 9.35 a.m. Fare 2/8. Leader Miss A. Maddock. Here again we break new ground and cover probably the most historic portion of North Wales. We pass, for instance, Cadwgan Hall wherein Cromwell stationed his hundred troops, and the village of Bersham, where the blacksmith made cannon balls for the government armies. Miss Maddock hopes to tell you some of the local history during the walk.

"NOT VERY LONG AGO".



Not very long ago I was having an argument with a girl in a train. (Quite a regular thing in trains, I assure you). We were on our way home from a particularly fine ramble and I was bemoaning the fact that the day was nearly over. In my view, a day that was enjoyable was worth at least a wish that it might be prolonged even though there wasn't the slightest hope of the wish being granted. But the lady didn't look at it that way at all; she was very practical, and said that the day had to come to a close (sure) so it was no use my wishing things (sure) and anyway there would be more good rambling days to come (sure) so wouldn't it be better if I were to live, for a change, for to-morrow? Well - er - sure! That is, with reservations. If only "to-morrow" would continue where "to-day" left off; and then, if only to-morrow would go on for ever. But there I go wishing again. I wish I didn't wish so much.

Not very long ago we were rambling round Delamere Forest on a day when the weather was, to say the least - "wettish". An observation made during the day by one Harold deserves special mention. He uttered just these three words - "The Acid Test"; but what a lot of Truth, what a lot of grim humour, and what a lot of unanswerable scorn was contained in those three words. You see, for once in a while, the men outnumbered the girls, and the reason was plain to see. A rainy day - the acid test. But I will pay tribute to those girls who did go out that day. They had to be explorers, mountaineers and tramps, yet in spite of that they came home like queens, victorious, happy and glorious, AND immaculate (nearly). I wish I knew the secret.

Not very long ago (or so it seems) this Club was formed by a group of enthusiasts, and one of their objects was the acquiring of Guest Houses. It was hoped that eventually we would possess more than one Guest House, where communal holidays would be enjoyed by Catholics from all parts of the British Isles. All very commendable, to be sure, but the years began to slip away and apparently nothing was being done about the great idea. And, to be truthful, nothing much was being done. Until one morning we all woke up to find in our midst a young man with ideas. He surprised us by immediately reading our "Constitution" (Our WHAT? - Book of Rules - 3d. per copy from Gerry Morley) He amazed us by reading it again. He embarrassed us by asking questions about the Guest House Idea. Then he started doing things. Not for him the easy way of lying back and saying "Guest Houses? Oh yes - we'll talk about them later". His plan was to talk about them now. And he did. He very sensibly pointed out that as the Club was formed with the intention of buying guest houses - then it was about time we got going. So at last we are able to say that the Scheme is being tackled, and, from being referred to as a sort of dream - it has become part and parcel of our activities. Every Committee meeting sees further developments and every word of praise and encouragement should go to that young man at the reins. I wish I could be sure he wouldn't mind my mentioning his name, but I'll play safe, and just say that you can see him most Thursday evenings, walking the centre of the floor during refreshments, and always saying, "Ladies and Gentlemen, if you will just give me your attention, I'll read you the weekly notices".

Not very long ago (or so it seems) we used to have quite a lot of people on the rambles wearing Club badges. Nowadays we seldom see a badge being worn, and the reason is that there are none to be had for love nor money. I've heard quite a few people making enquiries lately re badges, and I think many would wear them if only there were some for sale. Personally I would like to see everybody wearing badges - on Rambles - AND in the Clubroom. Is there any possibility, Mr. Secretary, of a re-issue? Is it any good wishing again?

JOHN BULL.



Some Recent Rambles - by Zingari.

TATTENHALL, 2nd April. Sunday morning dawned rather moistly - I am fully qualified to say "dawned" because on account of the Long Gospel the early meet and the vagaries of the Liverpool Corporation Transport system I found it essential to forsake my couch at an almost unearthly hour. However, let it suffice to say that I did it and arrived at the Pier Head at 9.20 a.m. My smug feeling of over punctuality vanished immediately on discovering that some of our crew had arrived before me!

Well, we made our way to the boat - losing two members en route - (is this a record?) and so to the train for Chester. Mary Carter did yeoman service with her red Pixie hood but her generosity availed her not at all. At Chester we waited full forty-five minutes for a recalcitrant train which seemed indisposed to start without Frank King. However - to be platitudinous - the individual must always suffer to preserve the multitude, and we disembarked at Broxton.

Mary Carter led the way - the Leader actually in front! (Pardon me, is this a record?) and soon we were walking through delightful valleys bounded on each side by groves of sweet scented pines. The rain had ceased - cloaking the countryside in that beautiful green that only Spring and April showers can produce. The track then left the groves for the higher altitudes where the pine trees, clustered in stately profusion, formed a kindly shelter from any rain that might fall.

This climb ended all too soon and left us more than ready for lunch at an adjacent hostelry. The rain, which had started again before lunch, had now become rather heavy. However, intrepid to the last, we disguised ourselves in macs and sou'westers and ventured out to face the elements. Everything seemed in apple-pie order - Kathleen's knee was not hurting - Margaret was almost used to her rucksack - Mary was very sure of the way - and the boys were all enjoying Johnny's cigarettes. What more could be desired - one thing only - that the rain should cease - and it did!

A sea mist gradually crept up and limited our vision to about twenty yards or so. Strangely enough the effect was not at all displeasing. The pine woods became enchanted forests reminding me of the well-known lines:-

"Sherwood in the twilight - is Robin Hood awake?
Grey and ghostly shadows - gliding through the brake".

Figures of man and beast loomed gigantic in the eerie half-light. The goblin shaped silhouettes of our own rambles in their Pixie hoods seemed to further the 'Fairylan' effect. The very earth beneath our feet seemed to have acquired a new significance, exuding the musk like scent of a myriad pine needles. To complete this fairy picture, on emerging from a copse, we were confronted with a mediaeval castle, complete with turrets and moat.



A few minutes later we found ourselves in an old-world cottage with low ceilings ('ware, Gerry!) and antique fire-places. After tea, some slept, some played whilst others, tried their hands at a jigsaw puzzle and all tried to keep quiet lest they should waken the baby. In these divers ways time passed pleasantly and quickly until we, or rather, Mary, was ready for the road again. The station, some five miles distant, was reached without any untoward incident and at 9.30 p.m. by adapting the name of the Club for a space, we succeeded in bagging an empty compartment for the homeward journey.

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RHYDYMWYN, Easter Monday. The exceptionally fine Easter brought out crowds of people. Our contribution of fifty-one was quite lost in the hundreds swarming about the Liverpool Landing Stage, so that I even had difficulty in finding them! However, like birds of a feather, we all managed to crowd into our own reserved compartments and were soon thoroughly enjoying the journey (We Always Do!)

Ramble to Rhydymwyn, continued

We got out at Rhydy-----etc. (why do these places have such outlandish names - its very hard on the poor devils who have to write about them!) as soon as we could, leaving the main crowd of trippers near the Leet walk and taking to the hills. The countryside, be it Welsh or English, is very beautiful at this time of the year with its trees budding and occasional patches of blossom in the hedges. Nature awakening after her long Winter sleep. Johnny had ample opportunity for displaying his multitudinous charms when we were confronted with a refusal to use a pathway. What IS his Technique??? A determined look, a flashing smile, a kind word, - and Lo! the gate is opened! Nice work, Johnny!!

I thought at first that we were about to climb Noel Fammau as an appetizer for dinner but this was not so. We zig-zagged about in the neighbourhood through woods, paths, roads and lanes and joined the Leet walk about half a mile from Loggerheads. I think its high time I paused here to hand out a few bouquets to the newcomers. It was very warm and those hills made even the hardest quail, but you all responded gallantly so I must hand it to you. Congratulations, Tenderfeet!

We had dinner at the Loggerheads Inn. Tea was immediately in great demand. There seemed to be some slight disagreement about the distribution of the tea-pots - some unramblerlike sentiments were expressed - but it takes two to make a quarrel and fortunately the injured party remembering he was a Rambler, put his pride, and his thirst, in his pocket, and so we had peace.



AT LOGGERHEADS -
OVER A TEA POT -

After dinner, we retraced our steps along the magnificent Leet walk passed the point where we had joined it in the morning, and left it, somewhat reluctantly, near Cilcain. Next followed an interlude for sun-bathing and snap-taking. Reporter Tasker seemed to be having some trouble with her hair (Had you been washing it, Norah?) while Mr. Cyril Kelly looked benignly on as we smiled obligingly yet again for Messrs. Rathbone and Mulhall. So you can't take it, Cyril? It was now but a short step to Pontymwn, our tea place.

Tea was rather a scratch affair, a case of the survival, not of the fittest, but of the most pushful. Johnny and Ben did yeoman service in catering for the unfortunates who were unable to find seats. There was a comic as well as an Eastern touch in the sight of these Ramblers, squatting amiably on the floor, opening their variegated tins of fruit, whilst endeavouring at the same time to balance a tea-cup on one knee and a plate on the other. However, Necessitas non habet Legem - which is an old Maori tag meaning "All's well that ends well"!

It was still quite light when we started for the station, which we reached after crossing divers fields, negotiating several stiles and outpacing a number of trippers. We almost started back without Johnny, who like a good shepherd, had been 'delayed' looking for some lost sheep. But he made it just in time!

ZINGARI.

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The Treasure Hunt - by Jim Brady.

April 30th, 1939. I think we had a record crowd of hunters for this first Treasure Hunt of the season, there being no less than fifty-one out. Cyril and Johnny undertook the task of hiding the buttons, hooks, &c. and I rather think they did it too well for the first clue at the commencement of the "Roman Road" at Prenton. Only two people were lucky here, so I thought a word of encouragement to the others was needed.



I explained that there was a chance of winning a prize even as late as the last clue-point, but I'm afraid too many gave up hope too soon. There were six points at which marks were again given for finding clues, yet only three people found them at more than one place. These three

The Treasure Hunt, continued

were eventually the winners. Tea-time was rather a mix-up, due to the size of the party, but we managed by having two sittings. Some unfortunates roasted by the fire - others froze while waiting for space, but in the end everyone was satisfied (I think). Miss Mary Carter romped home as winner, and Miss Maureen Kirby and Mr. Tom Marsden shared second place with the same number of points. These two shared the combined second and third prizes. Congratulations to Mary and Maureen, and "Nice-Work" to Tom, who kept the Committee flag flying. And, to close, just a word of thanks to Mrs. May Kelly, who very helpfully collected the charges for me; and to Mr. Cyril Kelly and Mr. Johnny Byrne for laying the clues.

Jim Brady.

SOME TENNIS NEWS, by Frank King.

Saturday, April 29th, was an eventful day, especially for football fans. The "Wolves" were playing Portsmouth in the Final. It looked a certainty? Wembly was packed, and the less fortunate fan had to draw his satisfaction from the radio. It was, or should have been an eventful day for the members of our Tennis Section, as the Courts were opened for the season. For members who did turn up, it was a great day, as the thrill of smashing the ball over the net, and of renewing your acquaintance with the Courts - of returning to 'old form', and of participating in some stern struggle with hearty opponents, is indescribable. An attempt to explain the feeling would do it injustice. Too many members did not turn up on this first occasion, and one has not to look far for an excuse. The football final may have been partly responsible but I think the main cause was the doubtful and depressing weather that forshadowed all throughout that day, and the presence of a cold wind. Such weather conditions are I know discouraging to most, but had you turned up you would have enjoyed it immensely, for we are very fortunate in that we are afforded much shelter from the wind. To those members who did not turn up I would like to say that the Courts are in good condition, and the turf looks fresher and greener than ever before. The Pavilion has been thoroughly cleaned and painted, and in colours restful and pleasing to the eye. Its present neat condition is more than an invitation to stay, and should be an encouragement for members to use it and have their tea there as often as possible. Its appearance should impress all in such a manner that they will strive, in every way possible to maintain its tidy condition. Will you bear that request in mind, gentle reader? Please do your share in keeping the pavilion clean and tidy.



But to return, what is wanted is a greater and "more ardent" - a more frequent attendance at the Courts by the members. If you have any Catholic friends whom you would like to bring with you, do so. Visitors and friends of members are allowed to play any night during the week at a charge of ninepence, and on Saturdays (all day) at a charge of 1/-. The weather forecast for the future gives a brighter outlook. Even as I jot down these lines the Sun is smiling warmly and seems to herald a change in the weather to the good. We want to see the Club take full advantage of the weather and its Courts - and to give its enthusiastic support to the Section.



Now let me deviate a little and get down to the more serious side of the game. Members' first deposits were due on the 1st May, but very few have been received. If you have not paid yours, would you help the Tennis Committee by sending it by post (by P.O.) to me at 2 Eskbunn Rd. Liverpool, 13, or hand it to me at the Club Room, as soon as possible after reading this request. It throws really unnecessary work on the Committee, so next time you get your Littlewoods P.O. get one for us as well, or better still, get it before then. When sending or paying your deposit make sure that you have paid your current subscription to the Association. Before you can receive your membership card from the

(continued next page)



The Maiden's Prayer is a thing of beauty - but not always a joy for ever - as you will later appreciate. It is the cry of the Idealist seeking the Ideal - the Mating call of one who has not yet lost her illusions, yet withal, one of the greatest paradoxes of all time. And the reasons for the paradox are many and varied, yet coldly, in fact, almost frigidly practical and material.



The Maiden seeks perfection. She wants a partner who will combine the strength of the Lion with the gentleness of the Lamb. And to that end she pours out her virgin soul at the feet of that blind rascal, Cupid. Then Cupid, in the perversion of his humour, sees fit to afflict her vision - as was Titania's, with the scales of illusion.

Thus the Perfect Specimen may appear to other eyes slightly imperfect. The eyes which fascinate the Maiden possess, to the cold stare of the optician, a slight squint. The Caveman's legs are slightly bandy and the luxuriant growth of curls is, to the discerning eye of the hairdresser slightly thin on top with the prospect of further thinning in the very near future.

Still the fatal scales have not fallen from the eyes of the Maiden. His careful hoarding of cigarette ends for his pipe is ingenuity rather than miserliness. She describes his taste in ties as Bohemian instead of atrocious and even imagines a melodious strain in his voice when he inflicts "A Little Bit of Heaven" on those unfortunate enough to be within hearing distance. (Although that's no criterion. I know of a girl who even went so far as to marry a crooner!)

But sooner or later the scales begin to fall from her eyes - she realises that the spontaneous gaiety that first won her heart is a by-product of a visit to the local Maison Publique - that the kindly solicitude that prompted him to curtail the ramble lest it be too strenuous for her is just an elaborate disguise to cloak the fact that he himself 'can't take it!'

Thus we have what is known as the "Great Disillusionment". The Maiden, if she is so inclined will shrug a philosophical shoulder and murmur platonically "Well, we can't all be perfect". On the other hand, if she is a disciple of Coue she will repeat to herself at frequent intervals during the day, "He IS perfect, I KNOW he's perfect", until eventually she has convinced herself, but unfortunately no one else, of the veracity of her statement.

Mac.

Tennis News - continued *from previous page*

Tennis Section reference has to be made to the Association and your Guild number obtained.

On Whit Sunday a small Whist Drive will be held at No. 14 Norwich Road, off Church Road, Wavertree (Miss E. Croughan's House) admission 1/- including refreshments. The prizes offered will be very acceptable and if any member has any article which can be used to increase the number we will be very grateful. Your support will ensure, for yourself, an enjoyable evening. A Whist Drive was held last year and its success in every respect was so great that we had numerous requests for more. We have been given permission by the Association to run a Sweepstake on the Derby, and I hope that we can count on your support.

If you are not a member of the Tennis Section, a very hearty invitation is extended to you to join. The subscription is 13/6, payable by instalments, and our Courts at 103 Cherry Lane enjoy splendid privacy. Why not come along as a Visitor next Saturday, and bring your tea with you?

FRANK KING, Secretary, Tennis Section.

A LINE FROM OUR SOCIAL REPORTER.

Well, folks!, here's that blinking Reporter again, and don't forget that I'll act as clearing house for any juicy gossip you may hear, that is if Michael will pass it. Here's what I've picked up so far:-



Among those who made a re-appearance on the Bank Holiday Ramble was a very old member answering to the name of Pat Joyce.. This happy go lucky Irishman has recently returned from Palestine (where men are men, I am told, and Arabs tickle your ribs with knives). Welcome home, Pat!, and I only hope that the Air Force won't miss you too much, or is it the ladies who will miss you most? Anyway their loss will be Liverpool's gain (or will it?) But maybe our Pat has turned over a new leaf since leaving Blighty - anyway we shall see what we shall see.

By the way, girls, there's no need to continue the search for "The Shiek of Araby", as Mr. Joseph Salmon (without whom no ramble is complete) is of the opinion that there are plenty of shieks in our Club; but then he doesn't view them with the same eyes as we do, or is it that we don't possess Joe's powers of conception, for as he says, beauty is only skin deep. (The latter must be a consoling thought when Joseph shaves of a morning). I have it on good authority that Mr. Salmon has slept with a piece of wedding cake under his pillow for the last three years. He hastens to add that the same pillow-slip has not covered the said pillow for that period. (Never mind, Joe, everything comes to those who wait, and the girl of your dreams will probably join the Club some day - that is if you are still in the Club to find her).

Mr. & Mrs. McGovern (May and Gerry on Sundays and Bank Holidays) put in an appearance on the Easter Monday Ramble. I understand that May is adept at boiling water, and that Gerry achieves cullinary triumphs by preparing a dainty dish of fish and chips; and if any of you doubt the latter statement May will be only too pleased to confirm it. Its too bad May, to think that you spent all those years at Wallers, only to find a husband who could cook for you! (How about a sample of your boiled water, May?)

I only hope that Frank McMahon doesn't take the last paragraph too seriously, as I wouldn't like Tessa to be left at the Altar rails on Whit Saturday, but maybe he has made sure that Tessa has taken her diploma for cooking. There's one thing, if Tessa has had to cook for the Mulhall family she has had a severe trial. (A word in your ear, Tessa. Joe Salmon knows a good laundry where they wash one side of a sheet for threepence only, but of course if you want both sides washing the charge will be sixpence. If you would like any more information regarding house-keeping, Joe will arrange night classes for you - or any others who may be interested).

Sorry, Michael! but so far I haven't heard any printable opinions of the Club, but I have noticed quite a lively interest in dramatics. What about making some further strides in that direction? I am sure you won't lack "artistes".

Well, after having made one or two people "News-Letter conscious" I think I had better make my adious before, I land myself in any further trouble for this month.

NORAH TASKER.

P.S. I hear a suggestion that Johnny Byrne be appointed official information bureau for newly-weds - Carpets, Lino &c. &c. What about it?

Little Audrey - continued from back page

Let's get out all the things we have to eat.

De Moysey's made me an offer but I turned them down.

Come and play Hop Skotch with me!

Goodnight!

Said on Sunday - by Little Audrey

Gosh! There's X. He hasn't been out since Christmas.
Gosh! There's Y. She hasn't been out since last Summer.

Have you ever seen such a crowd?

Where's Johnny?

There's too many in that carriage. You'll get Scarlet Fever
or something.

There's no path up here!!

What time is lunch?

Washed your hair, Norah? Yes, and I can't do a thing with it!!

Have we got to climb this hill??

Is your cold any better, May?

I wonder where Little Audrey is now?

I've only got half a cherry.

It looks like London Zoo from here.

I'm not going in, its funnier to watch.

How's your cold now, May?

Tea for 29 only ????????????

Here, you go and get a wash.

We look like refugees down here.

We've eaten a whole tin of cream between us, we're sure to be sick.

I've got spats on now.

Cover your knees, you're a big boy now!

johnny! Johnny! JOHNNY! JOHNNY!! J-O-H-N-N-E-E !!!!

STOP PRESS
In response to many enquires, we regret to announce that the aged couple who were married recently in St. Sebastians Church are not members of this Association!

More Saying on Sunday, by Little Audrey.

Stick your head out of the window Mary, Frank's sure to see that hat.
This is Rock Ferry, stick your head out again, Mary.

Have a sausage!

The train's not late - its just waiting for Frank.

Would you like some tea, Cath? Sorry I've none to give you.

Congratulations! In a railway carriage, too!

He looks like Charlie Chase now!

Where's the dinner place, Mary?

Where's the DINNER place, Mary?

WHERE'S THE DINNER PLACE, MARY?

WHERE'S THE XX!?!?!X DINNER PLACE, MARY?????

I could smell burning - and there's a hole in it!

What? Another 2d??? Its a swindle!!!

What is Home without a Mother?

Mind that beam!

Ten started out - only 8 came back.

I'm three times a lemon, you're twice a lemon.

Shsh, the baby's asleep.

I'll try "misere".

We've got the corners but the wall's too high!

I should be good at designing ladies' hats.

continued at foot of previous page.