

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS

ASSOCIATION AND HOLIDAY GUILD

AFFILIATED TO
THE RAMBLERS FEDERATION

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

Chairman:
J. F. HARVEY, Esq.

Monthly News-Letter

Vice-Chairman:
C. KELLY, Esq.

No. 20.

All matter intended for publication should be addressed to the
Hon. Secretary.
MICHAEL W. McCALLEN, 177 TOWSON STREET, LIVERPOOL, 5

November, 1939.

The Thirteenth Annual General Meeting.

Over sixty members braved the black-out to be present at the Annual General Meeting on the 26th ^{27th} November. As usual, a heavy Agenda was dealt with, but under the skilled guidance of our Chairman, Mr. Harvey, the proceedings were completed prompt at ten o'clock, when the Hall had to be vacated.

It is always interesting to hear the account of the year's work given in the Secretarial Report. This time it was all the more so for the fact that record attendances were registered on Rambles and at Socials. Certainly the introduction of new long-distance walks has met with excellent support, and we endorse the Secretary's recommendation that this policy should be pursued in drawing up future programmes.

Total attendances for the year were, Socials: 3010; Rambles: 1439 (50 rambles were held). There was a marked increase in support from the monfolk. The Rambles best supported were Yuletide Walk (Dec. 18), 64; Rhydymwn (Easter Mon.) 51; Treasure Hunt (April 30) 51; Ruabon, Wynnstey, Erbistock, (June 4th) 50:

Socials have always presented difficulties to Committees, for to be successful a programme must be varied - one that will appeal to everyone, that goes 'with a swing' and "makes 'em come back for more!". When it is remembered that fifty odd programmes have to be arranged in the course of twelve months it is not difficult to realise the huge preparation, constant rehearsals and team work that is demanded of those responsible. The Committee alone could never hope to cope with all this; it has to rely on members generally to form concert parties and so on, yet it is noticeable that invariably the same people do these things. We do not believe that there is so little talent in a Club as large as our's; we are convinced that we could be the most active in this City if only those who have the capabilities came forward and pooled their ideas. The Committee is always ready and anxious to encourage enterprise in this respect. Dare we ask for volunteers?

Recollections of the Christmas Party, visit to the Pantomime, Fancy Dress Ball, Variety Night and the two dances that were held during the season reminded us that all these functions would be held again in a very short time. Normally we could look forward to three or four dances in this season, but how far these will be affected by the existing circumstances remains to be seen. Let us hope for the best.

Of the success of the Holidays our readers are well aware, and the Secretary's remarks on them need not be recounted here, but an article that will be found on another page reveals the lines on which future policy will be directed.

Our work in the field of Catholic Action has proceeded unobtrusively and the enumeration of our activities in this respect made agreeable reading. Few members know that the benefit of our experience had been sought by the Holidays and Camps sub-Committee of the Board of Catholic Action by its co-option of our Chairman, Mr. Harvey, early this year.

Our monthly Benediction in St. Sebastian's Church was invariably well attended but there might be room for improvement in the matter of Benediction on Rambles. Any immediate betterment in this direction cannot of course be expected during the black-out, but we hope that it will be borne in mind by leaders when peace conditions return.

Our weekly collections for the Cathedral Fund continue unabated, and the total gathered by the Association to date is £32 -an achievement of which we may justly feel proud. It was mentioned that we make an annual donation to the Catholic Social Service Bureau, whose services are so indispensable to the Catholic community of this town.

The following officers and committee were elected:

Chairman: Mr. J. F. Harvey	Vice-Chairman, Mr. C. Kelly
Treasurer: Miss A. Maddock.	Secretary: M. W. McCallen.
Asst. Secretary, Mr. F. King,	Registrar: Miss M. Douthwaite.

Misses N. Tasker, W. Jones, K. Kelly and M. Carroll, and Messrs. T. Inight, T. Marsden, J. McCrorie, B. Roberts and Frank Taylor.

Messrs. F. C. Norbury and J. F. Harvey, those veterans who have built up the Association, continue in their office of Trustees.

The following retiring members did not seek re-election, and here we tender our thanks for the valuable work they have done for the Association during their term of office: Mr. Gerard Morley, (Registrar), Mr. Jim Brady, Miss Madge Prendergast and Mrs. May Kelly.

46 Canning Street,
Liverpool, 8.

Holiday Reflections:

Now that the cold dark days are here, and most folks are busy talking and thinking of 'Old Nasty' over yonder, it is nice for a change to look back at the good times and friends we met when holidaying with the Catholic Ramblers.

I myself am often reminded of Ambleside and all it means to us who have been and seen the beauty spots, and my mind wanders back to the Fairfield Guest House and the familiar voices of my rambling pals - such little remarks as "Watter" and "Hinney" remind me of that grand trio of lads from Sunderland - Dave, Jimmy and Gerry, who helped to make the holiday so enjoyable. Even the sight of lump sugar reminds me of the "Dice" we played with so often.

Then again when I hear that hateful word of "Economics" I realise how near I once was to "Murder" - one of our Club members (a girl) hoped poor "Squirrel" would now be in the front line - as host and guide to a different Gerry, telling him how the war should be won!

Anyway folks don't worry what the war news says or what old "Nasty" and his mob threaten us - just remember the song "There will always be an England" and a good old Cumberland for us ramblers to revel in. Most of us have also many snapshots to remind us of the good old days and the dear pals we met under the same roof, and here's hoping we all keep in touch until we are able to meet again. Remember, you lads and lassies, whether you are near the border or not it only costs a copper or so to drop a line to your old pals, and if you are short of cash a wee prayer never goes wrong.

Harold Rathbone, my worthy assistant at Fairfield, has, like many other Ramblers, joined H.M. Forces and donned a suit of khaki in place of his rambling togs, and is doing his best as he always did at Ambleside, to make life happier and easier for others, so don't forget to get busy, girls, and if you cannot knit you can write and I'll see that all letters are censored and sent on to the lads in the forces.

Well "Chums" as old man " Rambler" would say, ~~wherever you are in khaki~~ or civvies I hope you all have a very good, happy, holy Christmas and a better and brighter New Year, and when you are having your Christmas dinner think of the old remarks often heard at "Fairfield" - "There's a second helping for the men", or "Any more 'taties' down that end, Davy?"
(continued on page seven).

Our Social Reporter.

As things have not been normal I have not been able to snoop about and discover much news. There are however two items of interest regarding former Members of our Club. Miss Pat Gribbin was married recently to Mr. Pat Joyce, who is in the Air Force. Both of them visited the Club recently and renewed many old acquaintances. Mr. Bobbie Barr, who was also married recently, in London, was a very popular member and was usually conspicuous at Annual General Meetings. His absence this year was noted. Here's wishing all the very best of luck to these newly-weds.



Mr. Hitler is much in the news everywhere lately, and far be it from me to be behind in my job, so I've raked in the following Poems. These are quite homemade, but the budding Poetess wishes to remain anonymous.

Before signing off, I want to make a suggestion. What about some of our Teaching members contributing some "Evacuee Stories"? After all, if the Press can show an interest in the doings of the wee mites, then so can we.

Norah Tasker.

.....

We don't mind wearing gas masks, or wearing stripes of white,
And we don't mind hearing Tommy Handley on the air each night,
But we will object if the enemy try giving us a fright,
After all that.

We don't object to Black-outs or groping every night,
And we don't mind being short of coal or being without light,
But we will object to air raid sirens going in the night,
After all that.

We don't mind bread and margarine or doing without tea,
And we don't mind every morn and evening doing A.R.P.,
But I'll darned well let them know if they drop a bomb on me
After all that.

We don't mind if they tax tobacco, sugar tea and wine,
And we don't mind if the R.A.F. drop leaflets in the Rhine,
But we will mind if the Germans try to throw bombs in the Tyne,
After all that.

We don't object to Air Raid Wardens knocking on the door,
And bellowing through the keyhole 'Now I've warned you once before',
But I will mind if I find my death bed outside our back door,
After all that.

.....

Adolph's Party

It was Adolph's birthday,
He rubbed his hands in glee,
'Ha ha, Ho ho!' I heard him say,
'I'll ask the gang to tea'.

He wrote out Invitations
To make the thing look swell
to Goering, Goebbels, Ribbentrop
And a special one to 'Hell'.

The time came for the party
The gang rolled up in force,
The three wise men arrive in time,
Satan was late of course.

They ate and drank and made merry
Then ate and drank some more,
Till Adolph and the three wise men
Were stretched out on the floor.

Then Satan's eyeballs glittered,
He rubbed his hands in glee,
'You four fine sleeping beauties
Can come along with me'.

He put them in his barrow,
A special one for swine,
The rolled them gaily on the way
Right through the Siegfried Line.

This story has a moral - an easy one to tell,
So if you're asking friends to tea don't ask Old Nick as well.

Some Bright Thoughts in the Black-out

by "John Bull".

Michael has been bothering me again. He wanted something for this News-Letter, and the trouble was that I couldn't think of anything to write about, even though I've been racking my brains for weeks. I'd even talked things over with "Mac" in the hope of getting a lesson or two, but "Mac" seemingly was in the same boat. She couldn't think of anything either, although some months ago she had written a very fine article about nothing at all. I was afraid I couldn't do that not being a woman, so I had to give in. I told Michael that, but he wouldn't be put off; he suggested something about a War that was apparently going on just now. Or about Ambleside - for - he said, this N.L. was going out to all those people who had been to Ambleside. And away he went, thinking the article was as good as written, merely because he had suggested those two topics. But its not as easy as all that. One needs time, place and uninterrupted opportunity, as well as the actual topic.



However, I wondered about the Ambleside idea. I wondered why all the guest house people were being sent a copy; what new scheme for next year was afoot. I thought this was perhaps the time to give a word of praise to the organizers of the recent holidays, but remembered that Jim Brady had done so in the last News-Letter, and most of the other club members who visited the Lakes agree with his views. But wait now - a murmuring in Eden. I have a recollection of a certain Joseph loudly asserting that there were people who had not enjoyed their holiday at Fairfield Guest House; and further, that he could count at least six of them (probably on the fingers of one hand) who had said so. Well now, I'd like to invite these people to tell us, through the News-Letter, exactly why they didn't have a good time. I don't mind betting that its all a lot of tommy rot, and that Josef - sorry, Joseph - has been misinformed. Anyway, six complaints from about 250 people is not so bad, considering our task of satisfying so many different tastes. I still agree with J.B. as far as praise is concerned.

The week I myself spent at Ambleside was simply grand and, for a variety of reasons, unforgettable. I retain a lot of interest in the places I visited and the people I met there. Only



this morning I saw a picture of ~~Grasmere~~ in the "Boat", and whereas formerly I would have overlooked it, to-day I scanned it eagerly for a sight of familiar spots. It is strange too, how unconnected things bring back memories, I'm thinking just now of the football match at

at Goodison Park last week - where an unusual sort of international match was played. There we had players from all over the country, together for a short period for the purpose of united effort. You know, after all, this is not so unconnected as I thought, for weren't we at Ambleside - people from all over the country - together for a short period - in a sort of united effort? Anyway I was at that match, and enjoyed every minute of it. I was glad to know that a certain N.E. resident, ex Ambleside, would grin with satisfaction when he'd read that a Sunderland player, Carter, scored the first goal. Players from Manchester, Stoke, Preston, Blackpool, London and Birmingham all pleased the eye, and I expect they caused similar satisfaction to those Manchester insurance Agents, those London typists, those Preston Clerks, those Birmingham Students, when their local newspapers told the story.

And now to the War. I wonder how many Amblesiders are in the Services? How many of them will be reading this - somewhere in England, or France? Of our own Club members I know several in Khaki, and others in the R.A.F. Others too are in the A.R.P. positions - "Specials" - and Firemen; while a few are away in "safe" places with evacuated children. I see too that some of our younger boys are booked for the Militia. All very necessary I suppose, and a sign of the times, but I'd just like to end by asking those of you who have to go away anywhere - to keep in touch with the club at home. Make certain you have arranged to have the News-Letter sent to you. Drop a line now and then to those left behind. I'm sure you will. Good hunting to you all.

JOHN BULL.

"No ordinary Ramble" - by "Mac".



To begin with, this was an unofficial ramble. Anything I say, therefore, cannot be taken down or used in evidence against me or anyone else mentioned. There were four boys to whom I must give other names, lest they find them out. The three girls were Kathleen, Clare and myself. I make no secret of our identity because being Three Exceptionally Smart Girls we made quite sure that we were unobserved if or when we did anything wrong. The boys were:- THE NAZI. I call him Nazi because having eaten his own tea and a proportion of everyone else's he had the nerve to say "I don't feel a bit hungry now!". In other words he had no more territorial - sorry, I mean gastronomical - claims to make!

• THE COMMUNIST. A Communist may be defined as one who having had all his teeth extracted (attempts to masticate a piece of raw turnip about two inches thick. He may also be defined as one who, blessed with fair hair (slightly wavy) has the vanity to grow a ginger moustache!

- THE CONSERVATIVE. This fellow is a bit more subtle. Unlike the Communist he grew a fair moustache to match his (not in the least wavy) hair and although in undisputed possession of a full set of teeth (his own, we hope) refused to attempt mastication of the turnip previously mentioned.

• THE LIBERAL. Strangely enough, this is the friend of our own Nazi, he's very liberal, he ate his own tea and some of mine also; ate a huge portion of that turnip just after he's eaten the apple he'd been using as a football! Decidedly a very liberal sort of fellow!

Having introduced the whole cast, I can now proceed to spill the beans. First of all, the other six waited for my arrival till 10.40 a.m. (Noblesse Oblige!?) and never murrured - at least I didn't hear them - when we learned we'd missed the half-hourly bus. Anyway, despite this delay, we landed at Bromboro, our last link with civilization, rather too early for the Nazi, as the places of refreshment didn't open till noon. He manfully concealed his chagrin and proceeded to desecrate the golf links with a game of proletarian football. (See Constitution and Rules &c. Page 547 Paragraph 28, Section N.B.G. Sub-section 5.g. re

Mollington Ramble, Sunday 15th October

We had quite a good turn-out for this particular ramble, in spite of the fact that it was scheduled to cover the more or less familiar ground of the Wirral Peninsula. We shall have to make the most of our somewhat restricted opportunities, but if future leaders manage as well as Mr. King did on this particular occasion, no one will have any grounds for complaint.

We began by taking a bus to Little Sutton, thence, across the fields and lanes, plentifully carpeted with beech-nuts and acorns, which, by the way, make excellent, if painful, missiles, to Whitby. Here we cut through Stanney Wood, splendid in its Autumn garb of gold and russet, to Little Stanney, where we had dinner.

There were more paths and fields to traverse after the meal, and, speaking from a painfully personal angle, certainly there were more acorns. We reached the tiny hamlet of Stoke without much trouble, and continued on to Croughton, where we had a short rest, what time Frank and Cyril went out on reconnaissance. I don't know whether they delivered any leaflets, but both returned safely (Did I hear Little Audrey sigh "Worse luck"?) and presently they gave us the signal to proceed.

We carried on, and all went well - until we found that we had described a circle (boxed the compass if you prefer a salty flavour in your metaphors). A tired-looking horse leaning over a gate whinnied in recognition (Little Audrey said it was giving us the "horse-laugh"). It was a minor tragedy.

However, as luck would have it, a passer-by literally put us on the right track and we had no more hitches. Mollington Station, with its fine avenue of yellow-leaved trees, was the next place of importance if not of interest, on this War-time Odyssey. We decided here to follow the path beside the railway, a somewhat thorny passage, as far as Dunkirk, and completed the circuit to Sutton by a leafy road.

We all seemed to be hungry, so it followed as a matter of course that tea was a great success. A practical joker blew out the candles, our sole source of illumination, but it mattered not, as sounds of the dismemberment of sandwiches persisted throughout the ensuing darkness.

A short stroll sufficed to bring us to the bus-stop, and for once, most of us were home early.

ZINGARI.

"No Ordinary Ramble" - continued:

football in bunkers, corals, club-rooms, ice rinks, billiard tables &c. on the 5th, 9th and 23rd Sunday after Quinquagesima). But we hadn't infringed any rules, as this was no ordinary ramble, see?



We pursued our policy of anti-constitutionalism by next indulging in a terrific battle with acorns, whose intricacies made the present war look like a straightforward game of Ludo. First the Communist attacked the Nazi and his Conservative ally, until a painful rear attack by the liberal forced a complete volte-face. After the official Armistice, I perceived that the Nazi, with native cunning, had withheld large stores of ammunition, with which he malevolently peppered his luckless opponents. We might have expected it anyhow!

We dined at the Green Lantern and had the doubtful pleasure of waiting an hour while Clare attended to her pestilential, pestiferous perishing'perm'. However, as Zingari would say, "a good time was had by all", and we set out in good spirits (spiritual not spirituous) for Burton.

The Nazi now came into his own. First of all, he pinched a turnip (but no one saw him) divided the swag (and everyone helped him) and generously handed the thickest chunk to the Comm. who had no teeth! Did I say that this Nazi was coming into his own? Then it began to rain - so he borrowed Kathleens Pixie Hood - got his head very wet in the

interim - looked the proverbial gift horse in the mouth by rejecting the Hood - and then proceeded to make us the laughing stock of the village of Ness by swathing his already soaking locks in a multi-coloured towel - fortunately passably clean.

The Liberal then forsook his former stolid calm to grin amiably at an erstwhile smiling infant which responded by almost yelling its head off! This was the signal for a hurried and very ungraceful retreat but mercifully we reached the tea place without further incident.

It was now the Comm. turn to come into his own. He pooled his worldly goods (two tins Plums) my worldly goods (1 tin loganberries) Clare's worldly goods (1 tin pears) and the Conservative's worldly goods (1 tin of Cream). And did we have a feast?

The journey to the Bus was surprisingly uneventful except when our Conservative nearly relaxed his principles so far as to take a more than passing fancy to two girls in very abbreviated shorts. However the danger passed with the girls and soon we were comfortably settled in a bus. We ate our oranges, drank our tea (from a Thermos) and proceeded to go asleep, when - Oh Calamity - at the third stop the Conductor snarled "Say, these tickets are no good! We aren't going to Birkenhead.....!"

But as I said, this was no ordinary Ramble.

Mac.

Holiday Reflections - continued from page 2.

or the teasing remarks from Sunderland - "Now, now, Elsie, - none of that - saying things about our Gerry", or "Eileen's a varra canny lass Davey", or "Have you caught owt yet, Jimmie?", or the old phrase oft heard in the "Golden Rule" of "Chips".

Anyway kind regards to all in Sunderland, Preston, London, Manchester, Fleetwood, Warrington and all the places I have omitted: and many thanks to dear Father Atkinson.

Cheerio and good hiking.

RATHBONE and MOLLOY.



LOOK OUT

FOR OUR

GRAND DANCE

on

WEDNESDAY
13th DECEMBER

Tickets 1/6

Obtainable from all Comit' o
members.

Rambles

Owing to the uncertainty of war-time Railway and Bus services, it has been found impracticable to draw up a complete Winter Rambles Programme. The fixtures will be announced in a special circular that will be issued to members at the beginning of each month.



- NOV.19 ELTON GREEN: Meet Skelhorne Street for Ribble Bus, 10 a.m. Fare 2/-.
- NOV.26 INCE & ELTON: Meet Pier Head 10 a.m. Fare 1/-.. Leader Miss W.Jones.
- DEC. 3 HOLMWOOD. Meet Exchange Station 10 a.m. Fare 2/-.
- DEC.10 THURSTASTON. Meet Pier Head 10.15. Fare 1/-.. Leader Miss K.Kelly.
- DEC.17 YULEWIDE WALK. Meet Pier Head 2.15. Further particulars later.

Social Programme

A GRAND DANCE

will be held in
St. Sebastian's Hall
on Wednesday, 13th December
Famous Dance Band.
Novelties. Prizes.

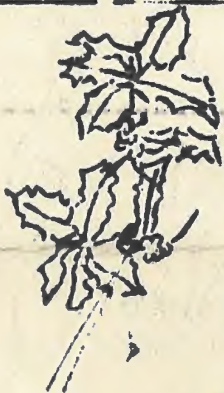


- NOV.23 FUN AND FROLICS Hostesses: Miss Minnie Southwaite and Miss Norah-Tas er.
- NOV.30 OLD TIME NIGHT. Mrs. Formby; Hostess.
- DEC. 7 A BARREL OF FUN with Tom Knight and his Band.
- DEC.13 GRAND DANCE. Tickets 1/6 - obtain your tickets now.
- DEC.14 SURPRISE NIGHT with Mr. B.J.Roberts.



GRAND CHRISTMAS FUNCTIONS!

- DEC.17 YULETIDE WALK. A special Christmas Tea will be provided. Songs, Carols, Games and Dances, and loads of fun. Not more than 1/6 per head for tea. Look out for further particulars.
- Dec.21 CHRISTMAS CAROLS IN THE CLUB ROOM! Bring your lanterns.
- DEC.27 ANNUAL VISIT TO PANTOMIME. Full details later, but reserve your ticket now. 2/6.
- DEC.28 CHRISTMAS OLD TIME NIGHT with Mrs. Formby.
- JAN. 4 GRAND CHRISTMAS PARTY IN THE CLUB ROOM! Festive tables loaded with good things; Father Christmas; Christmas Tree (we hope). Presents for all. Music, dancing, games, and jolly good company!
- JAN.18 FANCY DRESS BALL. Valuable prizes. Come along and enjoy yourselves.



Notes. The Hall is now open until eleven o'clock. Our monthly Benediction has had to be cancelled. Prayers for Peace are not said after Notices each Thursday evening.

SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE CURRENT YEAR ARE NOW DUE.