

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:
CYRIL KELLY, Esq.

All matter intended for publication to be addressed to the
Secretary, 177 Towson Street, Liverpool, 5.

No. 22

January, 1940

Carry on, Ramblers!

Has the black-out dampened the ardour of our members? Not a bit of it! In fact, the attendances registered at all our Christmas functions broke all records!

The Dance on the 13th December, for instance, brought a bumper attendance of almost Two hundred. Seventy took part in the Yuletide Walk to West Kirby. Eighty Ramblers bought tickets for Pantomime at the Empire Theatre on December 27th. One hundred and forty sat down to the Christmas Party on January 4th - a splendid send-off for the New Year.

We see no reason why the Club should not always have this excellent support, for at the charge of sixpence our socials are unbeatable. We can look forward to many pleasant evenings in our fixtures list - the Variety Night, February 1st, St. Valentines Dance, 14th February, Film Show and Lecture, 22nd February, and Nigger Minstrel Show on the 29th February, besides the many jolly programmes that have been arranged for other Thursday nights.

There is, we think, some room for improvement in the matter of attendances on Rambles. The question is dealt with at some length on other pages by several of our contributors, and we do not wish to enlarge upon it here, except to urge members 'to read, mark and inwardly digest what they say, and put their shoulder to the wheel, as it were, and give Rambles a better send-off for 1940.

To foster a keener interest in Rambles, we have published this month the first of a series of articles on the History of the Wirral, starting off with the old Birkenhead Priory. The articles are based on material collected from the writings of leading authors on the subject.

The News-Letter has now been in circulation for two years, and we desire to record our sincere thanks to all our Contributors for their regular supply of so many interesting articles. We hesitate to pay compliments to ourselves, but from what we hear this organ of Club opinion is very much appreciated.

Those of our readers who paid their shilling last January have now had their 'twelve months supply' and we shall be grateful if they will renew their subscriptions as soon as possible. A form for this purpose is enclosed. Incidentally it has been decided that in future non-members and those who have not yet paid their annual subscription to the Association (2/6d) will be asked to pay 1/3 for a years supply of the News-Letter.

AN EASTER HOLIDAY REUNION

It was our ambition to organize a Reunion Holiday at Ambleside last Christmas, but adverse circumstances and pressure of business 'in other directions' made this impossible. There will, however, be a reunion at Easter, extending from Good Friday to Easter Monday, and a packed programme is being drawn up to make the holiday, though short, an enjoyable one. A special leaflet dealing with the Holiday will be published soon. In the meantime, save your pennies!

This is so Sudden - by Mac.



Do you ever consider that although the male sex on the whole are so unoriginal as to dress almost as one man - still they display an almost alarming variety in their various proposals of marriage.

Imagine Algy, super-polished product of Mayfair, proposing to Constance, Lady Hyde: "Look here, old thing. Hate to suggest it, an' all that; its the jolly old Pater, y'know - mustard on the family traditions and heirlooms, what! He's keen on the ancient lineage and all that rot, too, y'know. Family escutcheon and silver plate. Insists on my being hooked up. Darned cheek to suggest it, old fruit, but could you stagger into Holy Wedlock with me at the Abbey some time?"

Its a far cry from Algy to Lancashire - with John Willie making bashful overtures to Sarah in the friendly shadow of the pigsty - "Ah've not much to offer thee, Lass, but Ah'm awful willin'!"



Indeed to goodness, I nearly forgot Welsh Wales with David striding robustly down the mountain side accompanied by an equally robust Dyllys. "It is indeed a Farm that is good, Dyllys Fach - and I will make myself a good husband and father, No? For there must be children to perpetuate the name of Jones in this valley! Indeed yes - will you not, Dyllys?"

And to think its meself that's after lovin' ould Ireland to the last! And me in the Catholic Ramblers, too! An' nearly forgettin' that Dan Murphy's boyeen Pat is walkin' down the cooleen with the Widder Cafferty's Sheilagh every evening "Bedad, Sheilagh asthore, Ah' would ye be lookin' kindly out pf those lovely Irish eyes at meself - an' would ye please be lookin' sideways at that thievin' Seamus Casey - him who couldn't heft a herrin' off a tongs if he was to be tryin' all night. An' wantin' to wed you - Sheilagh avic - when the Divil himsrlf knows him not worthy to clean the little shoes of ye!"

Mac

Little Audrey on Sunday 14th January

Half a pound of tuppenny soap!!!!

Don'tbother to hurry, Margaret, we've missed the boat.

Call me Christine.

Call her "Ersatz".

Where's the Lily Pond?

How thick is the ice?

We have to get out by the Lily Pond.

Do you think it will bear my weight?

May - will you go and look for the Lily Pond?

Look out - its cracking!

Hey, Frank, we've found your perishin' Lily Pond!!

What a pity we couldn't get to Chorley.

Am I hungry? Why - I could eat half a cow.

You're going to have a very hard life - I can see you scrubbing steps.

Who gets us to the tea-place at Supper time?

I can see you being married three times - twice in a Registry Office and once in a Church.

Its been a long walk, Frank, but its also been a lovely ramble.

Good-night, all.



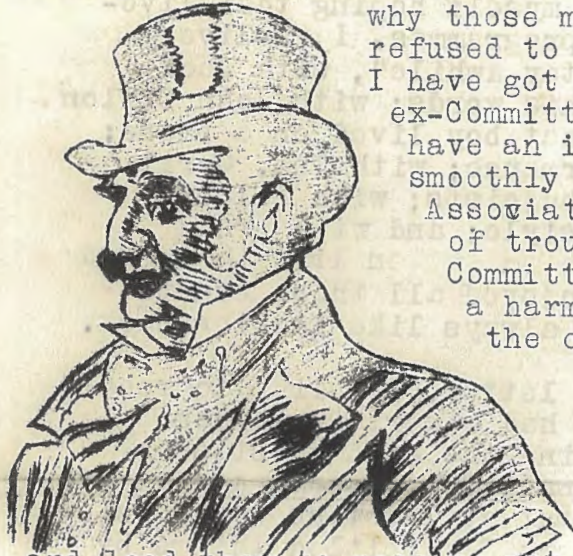
A LETTER TO THE CHAIRMAN

by John Bull

My dear Mr. Chairman,

In fear and trembling I sit down and address myself to your honoured self. I say in fear and trembling, for am I not establishing a precedent, writing thus to High Authority, Respected Personage, and Big Noise No.1. I hope, anyway, that you'll forgive the cool cheek. But I thought this an excellent opportunity to put a few thoughts before you, and perhaps to recall a few pleasant memories. I'm only an ordinary club member - not even on the Committee - and so perhaps I have views and opinions that would be of interest. For instance, you may remember at the last A.G.M. there was a bit of difficulty about completing the Committee; nobody, apparently wanting to be elected. Person after person was proposed, but each in turn declined to be nominated. Now why was that? I recall that Fred Norbury, your very able officer, was very worried about this apparent lack of interest - this lack of enthusiasm, and wondered if there was any deep reason for it. I'm pretty certain there wasn't. I cannot at the moment suggest a reason

why those members who had never been on the Committee refused to stand, unless it was a certain shyness, but I have got a suggestion for a reason why those other ex-Committee members refused to seek re-election. I have an idea the last year or two passed over very smoothly and easily as far as the business of the Association was concerned. There was the minimum of trouble and, from what I could gather, the Committee Meetings were plain sailing. There was a harmony of thought and action that simply swept the club forward.



Now I wonder if that state of affairs would put some of those Committee members into a frame of mind whereby they considered they were of no use. Would the 'no-opposition' factor create a kind of boredom, and lead them to resolve not to stand the next year? That resolution might have been strengthened by a possible reasoning that other members with new ideas would do better and be of more assistance. I wonder if the feared 'deep reason' is simply this? Will Fred consider it as a possible solution? Do you think there is anything in it? Anyway, it is only a suggestion - only a sort of hasty excuse that may possibly hit the truth.

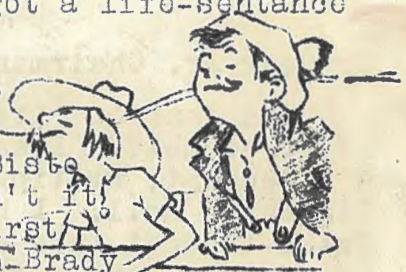
Now here is another point. Do you realise, Mr. Chairman, that to a number of members you are merely a name? I go about amongst the ordinary members, and I know that in many cases you have to be "explained". I am aware, and most members will now be aware too, that pressure of business and home duties keep you from giving more of your time to the Association. And I know that in spite of those things you are worth your weight in gold, even if only for the steadying influence you are. Still I think you could and should be a bit more in the limelight, and I venture to suggest that as a means to that end you write a little note each month for the News-Letter. I'm sure it would help to keep you more intimately with us, and I'm sure it would be appreciated. What say you? I'm wondering now if you'll say anything. It is rather cool cheek, when I think over it, this demanding action business - but really it is not a demand at all. Think of it as a desire on my part to see again those rambles, socials and dances when you were the life and soul of the party.

Do you remember, for instance, doing the "Dear Departed" in the Cafe Royal? Apart from yourself, I think the only one of that cast still a club member is Frank McMahon. Two Franks who have played big parts in the history of the C.R.A. There was another night at that Cafe when I remember you giving a film show. The subject was a week-end holiday the Club had just arranged. (Incidentally, when are we going to see those movies Father Atkinson made at Ambleside?) Those shows were many moons ago, weren't they? Then there were the Christmas walks to Irby, and the one I liked best was the time we had a mock trial, and you were the judge, arrayed in Mrs. Lumsdens towels and tea-cosy. Oh, yes, and

John Bull, continued

our own Maud was the prisoner at the bar. I fancy she got a life-sentence from you, or was that later on?

Do you recall the first Fancy Dress affairs we had? May Furlong (now Mrs. Cyril Kelly) was usually a prize-winner, and I always liked Anne and Tom Inight as the Bisto Kids. What about our first months at Wood Street. Wasn't it Kitty Brady who gave us the first solo song, and the first joint effort at entertainment came from Tom Inight, Jim Brady and Frank McMahon when they presented the "Vagabonds". You expressed a hope then that the Vagabonds would grow and expand. They did, and Eileen Durkin (now Mrs. Fred Forbury) Eileen Croughan and Min Douthwaite became popular stars of the moment. They even introduced a horse called Snowball that became famous later as Father Christmas's steed.



And weren't you yourself generally the monologue merchant? And Mr. Smith the ventriloquist with his "Jerry". Yes, many moons ago, and yet only like yesterday. Those memories come to me now with the beginning of the year; they do at each New Year. I find myself hoping that liveliness will again be the main element of our programmes. I re-live nights of old, with Minnie singing a sweet "Stay Awhile", with Jack Carroll strumming away and always forgetting his words; with John Dillon twinkling notes with bewildering rapidity - that boy lived on a piano; with the Robin Hood gang giving a grand performance; with Tom, Cyril and Jack McCrorie showing that we do possess bajoists; with Eileen Durkin singing "Ave Maria" in a professional style; and with Frank McMahon rising up out of a coffin. I could go on like that, and I suppose you could too, for I know we both enjoyed all those events immensely. They were good times indeed, and I always like looking back.

Well, Mr. Chairman, before I finish this letter, I'd like to recall just one more thing. For a good many years we had a certain person coming along to the A.G.M. and invariably asking the same question - "What about the Radiogram?" Remember? And really, he became a sort of expected nuisance and then a standing joke. But at least he was persistent in a question that was "awkward". You eventually settled things by the very simple method of attending to the point. Now for the past two years we've had something similar. Jim Brady has become the second nuisance, and twice he has asked the question - "What about the Table Tennis?" Is he to be forced to ask it again next year? - to become with his bothersome T.T. a second standing joke? I rather hope not, but until the point is attended to there is that danger. There are members, you know, who do not do much dancing and they consider it an injustice that the T.T. is more or less banned. So, risking my life, dare I repeat the awkward question - "What about it?"



Here's wishing Mrs. Harvey and yourself a Happy New Year, with the very minimum of awkward questions from awkward people like

JOHN BULL.

Norah Tasker's letter (continued from page: 5)

The Aquarium,
Water Street, BATH.

The Editor,
News-Letter.

Dear Sir,

Will you, on behalf of those males at the Dance on the 13th December, thank Miss Norah Tasker for the compliment she paid us, viz. "The boys, poor fish, looked as drab as a male peacock against the male".

Yours sincerely,
"PISCES MISERABLES"

P.S. Has the Social Reporter ever seen a female Peacock?





To start off the New Year I have a correction to make. In last month's issue, I used a simile, and since then I have been pursued by well-meaning friends informing me of the correct facts regarding peacocks. My only excuse is that I wrote the article in a hurry and did not check what I had written. I had a vague idea that I had spoken of peacocks, but didn't know in what respect I had referred to them. Anyway that is no real excuse, and my New Year Resolution is not to draw comparisons unless I am absolutely and emphatically sure of myself.

Having got that off my chest, I can now turn to more pleasing thoughts. The first being the recent wedding of Miss Ada Maddock to Mr. Michael McCallen at St. Johns Church, Kirkdale, with Nuptial Mass and Papal Blessing. The Bride looked charming in a very stately gown of chenille georgette and she carried a sheath of lillies. The three bridesmaids were dressed in pale blue silk with huge lovers knots embroidered on the skirts and they wore perky little rosettes perched on their heads at a pert angle.

In passing I would like to say, if anyone is thinking of getting married, St. Johns Church has the ceremony developed into a fine art as there were quite a number of weddings on Boxing Day, and the brides were forming a queue waiting for their turn, while the Priest ... imperturbably worked through the crowd.

Two more members of our esteemed Club have decided to team together, namely Miss Mary Campbell and Mr. Ossie Fogarty. Heres wishing them hearty congratulations, and may many more follow their good example.

On the 27th December a large crowd of Catholic Ramblers made their way to the Empire Theatre, and behaved more or less respectfully during the Pantomime. I noticed that Mr. Cyril Kelly gave Miss Mary Campbell a good demonstration of how a "damper" should be treated. Maybe he thought she could make good use of the information. Chocolates were very much in the news - I suspect the ladies were showing off their Christmas presents. I came away from the Theatre firmly convinced that I couldn't look another chocolate in the face, and that if I laughed anymore something drastic would happen to my "innards".



Its a bit late to refer to the Yuletide Walk, but I would like to mention it, as it was notable for Nobby's (I beg her pardon, Miss Pearl Clarke's) rendering of Gracie Fields' songs, but I'm afraid that Nobby (sorry, I mean Miss Clarke) will have to learn more words before she becomes a serious rival to Miss Fields. Mr. Tom Inight organized a brain teaser, and Miss Mary Campbell and Johnny McCrorie had a battle of brains, ending in a draw.

"The Grand Annual Christmas Party" was held on January 4th and was a great success. Father Wareing climbed on a chair and gave his Blessing to all present, and smiled delightedly when he was given a present off the Christmas Tree. Later on in the evening Father Christmas gave everyone a present and in some cases gave a few "personal" remarks with the gifts.

Mr. and Mrs. Norbury are again in the news, having just received the gift of a little baby girl. Joseph will now have a playmate to boss round.

Finally I am publishing a letter which was sent in respect of my fatal fall from the Seat of Learning. The only remark I have to offer is that anything I write is written above my name; I dont have to hide behind a nom-de-plume. Otherwise the rebuke is well merited.

Norak Tasker.

(The letter is set out at the foot of page 4)

First Instalment - The Abbey of Birkenhead.

A ruined Abbey! A lingering relic of the buried past, the majesty of its decay is mightier than modern masonry in its best facings. Therein the monks kept tedious vigils, held their fasts and feasts, and lived their pious lives. From the dim cloisters rose the sound of psalm and chanted hymn, a song of peace upon the quiet land. Vassal and lord sought refuge from troubled lives within its sacred walls; and now the ancient pile stands ruined - deserted - and nature, regarding the crumbling relics with compassionate eye, with graceful art weaves round them time's verdant crown, and at their base the long-past race lie mouldering in forgotten graves.

The Benedictine Monastery, dedicated to St. Mary and St. James, and made subordinate to the Abbey of St. Werburgh of Chester, the remains of which stand near Monks Ferry, was founded as far back as 1153, and was occupied, as is usual in similar monastic communities, in charitable offices, prayer and manual labour. The pious founder, Hamon de Massie, baron of Dunham Massey, son and heir of Hamon the fourth, made certain gifts of land and church to be enjoyed by the brotherhood of the Abbey of Birkenhead. The land consisted of small crofts of about one acre, but the more important donation was that of the Church of Bowden, its advowson and all appurtenances, "to have and to hold unto the said Prior of the Convent of Birkenhead, there serving God; and his successors for ever". One of the monks from Birkenhead was buried in Bowden Church in 1328 by name Robert de Millenton.

In 1277 King Edward I visited the abbey, passing up the river to Stanlaw, rowed in the abbot's barge, early in the month of August. From Stanlaw he proceeded to lay the foundation stone of a new abbey, in keeping with a vow he had made when threatened with the disaster of shipwreck. He reached the shore in safety, and selected one of the most fertile spots in England whereon to erect the commemoration of his gratitude for deliverance from death at sea. The situation was so beautiful, and the surrounding country yielded such an abundance of all that was needful for man's use, that the appropriate name was bestowed upon it of the Vale Royal of England. Into this monastery he removed an order of Cistercian monks who wished to vacate their own priory of Denhall.

On the site of the Bluecoat Hospital at Chester, there formerly stood the Hospital of St. John the Baptist, founded by Randal Blundeville. It contained a master, three chaplains and thirteen citizens of Chester "being poor and sillie or poor and feeble persons". By a charter of Edward II it was given to the Prior of Birkenhead and his successors. The pensioners, according to their founders directions, were to have each a good loaf daily, a great dish of pottage, a piece of flesh or fish, and half a gallon of competent ale! - a tolerable allowance for a poor and feeble person! Notwithstanding the apparent free luxury to be obtained in this hospital, in the reign of King Edward III it only maintained one chaplain and six poor women, and it fell away so much that, under Henry VIII, the Corporation of Chester lectured the Prior of Birkenhead for not keeping the hospital as designed by the founder, to which his reply seems reasonable, namely, that the revenues were not sufficient! During the siege of Chester the hospital was destroyed, but was afterwards rebuilt by Colonel R. Whitley.

Birkenhead Priory has successively been known as Bricheod, Byrkett, Birkehedde, and Burkett Wood Priory. The Priory at Birkenhead nestled among the shading foliage of the luxuriant aged oak trees which composed Birket Wood. The brotherhood tilled the soil and carried their produce to Liverpool on Market days; they rented a house in Water Street, where they warehoused whatever was not disposed of. It was called "Ye Granery to Birket Priory", and was sold when the Priory was dissolved.

In the time of Edward II, travellers were sorely distressed in passing from Chester to Liverpool by way of Birket Priory, for want of a house for rest and refreshment, and the Priory in consequence was burdened with charges and strained in its hospitality beyond its resources; therefore the King empowered the monks to build houses for the relief of such wayfarers. In 1317 his majesty granted the licence to the Prior which enabled him to give accommodation to those who were detained on the coast on account of the "contrariety of weather and storms".
(continued on next page)

The ferry charges were twopence for a horseman, and a farthing for anyone on foot, but on Saturdays and Liverpool market day a halfpenny, and for a man and what he could carry, a penny. Small as the sum seems, considering the labour entailed, it was, however, objected to as exorbitant, and an action was commenced against the Prior by one William Braas in the reign of Edward III.

The ferry used by the monks was in all probability on the verge of Birket Pool, its sheltered situation and shallowness being a better harbour and safer landing place than any other on the adjacent bank.

(To be continued next month. From Mrs. Hilda Gamlins
'Twixt Mersey and Dee).

COMFORTS FOR RAMBLERS WITH THE FORCES



The severity of the present winter is probably being felt by all, and the unselfish thoughts that one entertains for one's friends are disguised within the query "Have you got a burst"? The House and the fire hearth notably receive more attention, and the warmer attention, than they have for some time enjoyed. The family circle is now more often complete. The cold winds, wet snow and all the other noxious inconveniences brought about by the unusually bitter spell not only prevents one from going out of doors but encourages one not to cross the threshold.



Still, many families are not quite complete; you know the reason why. Many have been robbed of their male element; their men have been called to the front. Surely at a time like this, when all feel the chilly effects of this winter, or when gathered together within the company of our families and friends, it would be a charitable act to spare a few thoughts to those of our countrymen who have undertaken these great sacrifices, and are undergoing extreme hardships (these latter brought about by Jack Frost - not Hitler!)

Contrast your lot with the soldier keeping constant watch with the B.E.F. on the western front, or guarding our 'Home Front' with the A.A.; the naval personnel patrolling our shores with unflinching, unceasing vigilance; the men of the Air Force who ride the sky in their machines - ever watchful, ever ready. You have the warm fire, comfortable bed, dry and warm clothes and wholesome shelter from the elements. They also have some of these necessities or comforts which are vital to life - but only to a limited extent. They have not, however, a change of clothing at hand should they get wet; and if they are to combat the fierce natural enemy - the elements - they need an adequate supply of woollen clothes.

Many moments could be spent comparing the relative lots, but surely these thoughts could be transmuted into action. Many an idle hour could be whiled away in sewing or knitting for our men. Some people are already actively working in this sphere, and clubs and associations have been formed to stimulate, organize and obtain the best results through combination of such individual efforts. And so that the ladies of our Club can play their part and 'man the feminine front', a Comforts Section is to be formed. It wants and needs the help of all the ladies of the Club. It is a charity which should readily touch your hearts. But above all it wants your active effort if this new aspect of Club endeavour is to attain the success afforded the others. We cannot do too much in this matter, but we can do too little.

The best results can be obtained only through our joining together and working according to a set and pre-arranged plan. The Committee is confident that this appeal will meet with your eager help, and so it has already elected a sub-Committee to inaugurate and manage the Section. If you are interested please write or give your name to the Treasurer or any lady of the Committee within the next fortnight. Remember, you can assist in other ways than knitting, by wool-winding, for instance, and, most important, by rendering financial assistance to enable the Club to purchase and dispatch parcels of cigarettes and other necessities TO ALL RAMBLERS AT THE FRONT.

Some thoughts on Rambles
by Frank King, Assistant Secretary.

The sudden calamity which befell Europe in September last was reflected in no meagre manner by the change which took place at Club Socials - the customary atmosphere of joviality melted away and one sensed a growing undercurrent of lassitude and indifference. It is very pleasing to note, however, the tendency there is now to return to the pleasant standard of pre-war Socials. This phenomenal revival has been noticed by quite a few, and remarked on with no little warmth.

The effect of the crisis was manifold, and the Rambling side of our activities has undoubtedly suffered severely, and unless a revival is witnessed here there is a danger of our Rambles - our primary object - not only becoming a secondary but an insignificant one. If this were to happen or allowed to come about how chronic it would be, for surely we are aware that Rambling is our true intention as is inferred by the name Liverpool Catholic Ramblers Association and Holiday Guild.

With the restriction of Railway and Bus services it has become increasingly more difficult as the weeks go by to draw up an attractive programme of walks, and has left us with a restricted area in which to pursue actively our hiking. I refer to the Wirral peninsula and would like to warn members of the danger of us becoming contemptuous of that country through frequent visits to it. Furthermore since September the support given to the Rambles has waned considerably and the old keen spirit for activity has disappeared almost entirely; there seems to be left behind in many a regrettable indifference towards a hobby which did once give them great enjoyment.

One would expect that the revival experienced on the Social side would have engendered and heralded a similar result for Rambles but as yet there are no such visible signs. If an analogy was to be drawn between the support given to our Socials to that afforded the Rambles one would be left to conjecture whether the present name is the most suitable one. How many Thursday night patrons support as frequently our Sunday excursions into the country? How many as yet have not taken part in a Ramble - ay, and have no such intention?

I do not intend to answer the foregoing query, but I do want to bring to your notice the fact that as members you are not only entitled to take part in, but are expected to support the Associations various endeavours, which are arranged for your pleasure. If the Committee is to draw up a Programme of Walks your active co-operation is absolutely necessary. The obstacle placed in our way by the curtailment of transport services can be overcome greatly by resorting to Private Hire, but on such occasions a minimum attendance of 32 is required. The fares which would be charged on these trips would compare more than favourably with Excursion fares under normal conditions and will enable us to break virtually new ground. Two attempts to organize such trips have been made recently but both proved unsuccessful - only just over twenty names were given in on each occasion. Our endeavours to persuade members to take part in them were in some cases met with indignant refusals!

This attitude has never before crept into our midst and by this lack of enthusiasm many are not co-operating as they should, nor are they fulfilling an obligation which rests upon them as members. They are in effect preventing the Association from carrying on its main object and are preventing the Committee from doing justice to its office. The efficient functioning of the Association and its aim to provide recreation for you and your fellow members needs your energetic and unselfish co-operation. Do consider your fellows, and do let us see a return to the old spirit of Rambling. Pull your weight, and enable the Clubs career to go on unimpeded despite the present difficulties.

FRANK KING

WIRRAL CIRCULAR TOUR - 14th January.

This Ramble was a most interesting and enjoyable one, despite the fact that it was arranged impromptu, due to the sad lack of support for a Chorley ramble.

Your leaders have gone to a great deal of trouble and expense pioneering rambles, enquiring about trains and buses, and then having, by dint of a multitude of enquiries, found that the cheapest way of getting people to the starting places of distant rambles is by hiring a bus; but their efforts are brought to nothing by the sheer apathy of the Club's members. It is incredible to think that among an active membership of about a hundred and fifty not more than twenty would promise to turn out for the Chorley ramble. Some of those approached on the subject even said it was too cold!

If this state of affairs continues, you will awake one day from your present state of torpor to find that your leaders have abandoned a thankless task and have started going out on their own, or with other more vigorous clubs. I, for one, will not blame them.

However, to get on with my job of reporting Sunday's walk. The most remarkable features of this ramble were the simply enormous appetites developed during the day. Everyone seemed to eat half his tea at dinner-time, so that fresh provisions had to be bought at the tea-place. I saw a plate of beef sandwiches, a couple of poached eggs on toast and sundry cakes being devoured with amazing avidity. It is a pity Johnny was not there with a supply of "bricks". Everyone would have been satisfied then!

The next most remarkable feature was May Doyle's (or perhaps I should say Christine's) flights of fancy when confronted with the leaves on a teacup. She foresaw(?) quite separate and distinct features, complete with gainly details as to type of wives or husbands, for half a dozen people. It would appear that none of us are destined to spend our lives in single blessedness, but are all doomed to don the shackles of matrimony, not once, but many times!



The morning walk was quite a stretch, from Prenton, across the golf links and Monks' Stepping Stones through Brimstage and Storeton to Thornton Hough and on by a little used foot-path to Five-Lanes Ends, where we dined luxuriously in the lady's front parlour. From here, we cut through Little Neston to Ness and through Bullys' gardens where we found a frozen lily-pond (see Little Audrey!) and spent some time trying to find out how thick it was. When Gerard Molloy obligingly put one of his big feet through, we found it to be about two inches. Frank callously dragged us away from this absorbing occupation, and marched us off to Burton Woods to examine the Quakers' Graves.



There two stones, bearing a weather-beaten and by now almost indecipherable inscription, are reputed to mark the resting place of some Quakers who, because of their religion, were buried in unconsecrated ground, 300 years or so ago.

Please!

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR SUBS? Having duly inspected this ancient relic of the religious persecution of a by-gone age, we began to make for home, across the snow-clad fields to Ledsham and so on to Sutton where we had tea. From Sutton to Bromborough was the last leg of the journey. It was quite far enough!

ZINGARI.

MAKE A NOTE OF THIS DATE!

14th FEBRUARY

G R A N D

C A R N I V A L D A N C E

S T . V A L E N T I N E S D A Y

GET YOUR TICKETS

N O W



F O R T H C O M I N G A T T R A C T I O N S

S O C I A L S

1st FEBRUARY GRAND VARIETY NIGHT: Search for talent. If you can sing, tell stories, recite, play a musical instrument, do acrobatics, impersonate, &c. &c. now is the time to follow the road to fortune! Artistes should give their names to Mr. Cyril Kelly on arrival.



8th FEBRUARY INDOOR SPORTS: Miss Douthwaite, M.C. What fun here! Three-legged races, sack-races, balloon races, egg and spoon races, Heats for ladies, heats for gentlemen! Be early, and win some prizes! BRING GYM SHOES.



14th FEBRUARY
(WEDNESDAY)

ST. VALENTINES DAY - GRAND CARNIVAL DANCE
ST. SEBASTIAN'S HALL

Bob Jenkins Band

Prizes, Novelties, Favours. 1/6 inclusive

TICKETS NOW ON SALE !

BRING YOUR FRIENDS - HAVE A GOOD TIME!



15th FEBRUARY BEETLE DRIVE: A pleasant change from the ordinary type of social. Prizes will be offered. For an exciting evening, come along and join in the hunt for the jolly old beetle! Time for dancing afterwards.

22nd FEBRUARY FILM SHOW AND LECTURE: "THE LAKE DISTRICT" Arranged by a well-known organization. Look out for further details.
.....

29th FEBRUARY GRAND NIGGER MINSTREL SHOW
by the Ramblers' own Minstrels !



'Burnt Cork' Melodies, Solos, Choruses, Jests, Funny stories; Banjos, Tamborines, Clappers. Come along and join in those old Darkie Songs! Come along and laugh away those black-out blues!
(No increase in charge - 6d. as usual)



Rambles, Ladies and Gentlemen: R A M B L E S !!!!!!!

4th FEBRUARY THURSTASTON: Meet Pier Head 2.15. Fare 8d. Leader Mr. Ben Roberts.

11th FEBRUARY INCE AND ELTON: Meet Pier Head 9.45 (for 10 o'clock boat) Fare 1/8d. Leader Miss Winnie Jones.

18th FEBRUARY HESWALL: Meet Pier Head 2.15. Fare 6d. Leader Mr. Tom Marsden.

25th FEBRUARY MOEL FAMMAU: Meet Pier Head 9.30 (for 9.45 boat). Fare 3/- . Leader Mr. Benny Magauer.



Now we would like to see better support for the Rambles. We should all jump at the chance to get away to the country on a Sunday - away from all the gloomy, uneventful evenings in the city. Don't be frightened of the black-out; there was always a black-out in the country! Railway Fares are very high these days, but if we can get thirty-two names for every ramble we could very easily hire a bus for ourselves, and the fare would be brought down to a very low figure. Our last two efforts have not been successful; we could only get twenty-five. WHAT ABOUT IT, RAMBLERS???



WHAT ABOUT IT?

MANY SUBSCRIPTIONS
ARE OVERDUE!