

15

Dec 15

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC
RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION



LIVERPOOL

Christmas NEWS LETTER

Socials 8-0 p.m. each Wednesday

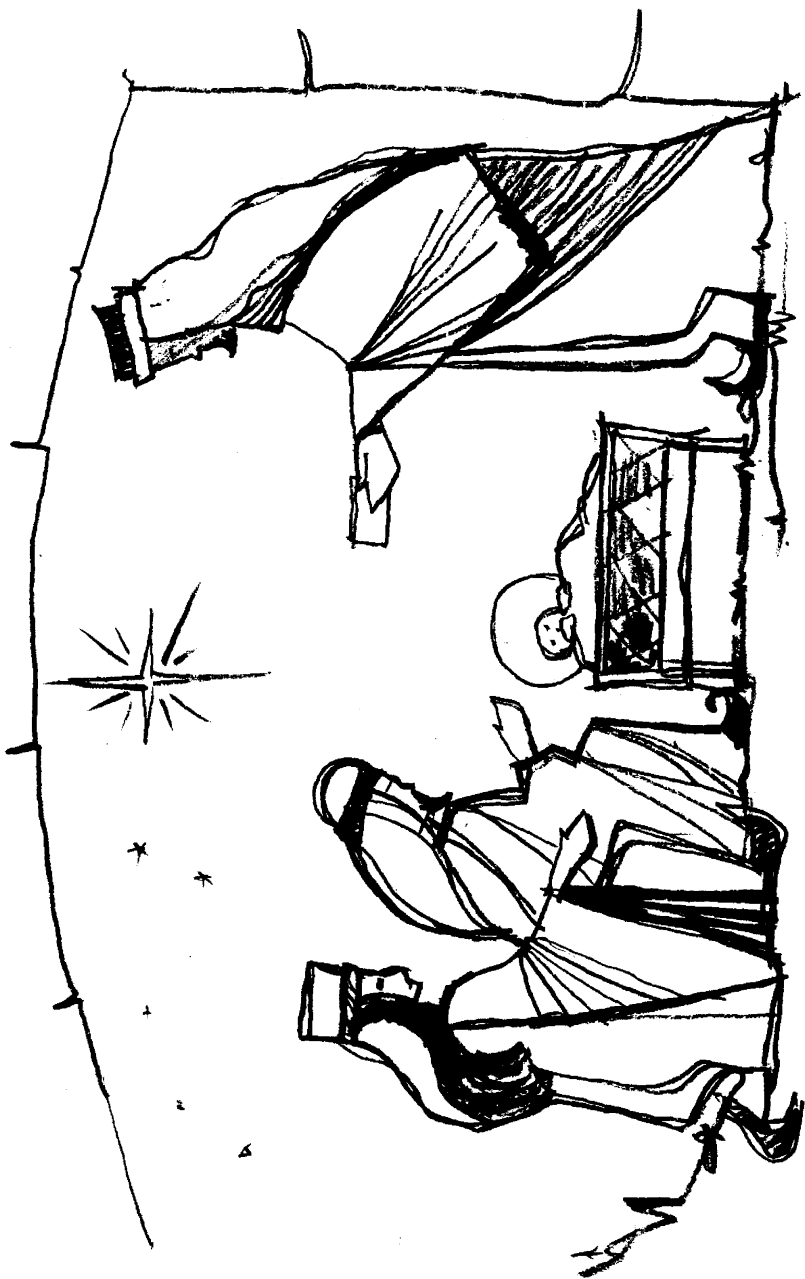
at

Cathedral Buildings

Brownlow Hill

Liverpool 3





<u>Date:</u>	<u>Destination:</u>	<u>Leader:</u>	<u>Departure:</u>	<u>Approx Cost:</u>
Dec. 13th	Christmas Chalet Weekend		Details at club	
" 20th	Billinge Hill (Benediction)	Rose O'Brien	10.25 South John St.	4/-
" 27th	Mystery Ramble	Terry O'Connor	11.00 Pier Head	?
1965				
Jan 3rd	Yuletide Walk (Coach)	Committee	10.30 St. John's Ln.	11/6d.
" 10th	Hawarden Woods (Benediction)	Joe Kelly	10.25 Central Stn. Low Level.	5/9d.
" 17th	Llangollen (Panorama Walk)	Harry O'Neill	11.35 Central Stn. Low Level	11/3d.
" 24th	Hollingsworth Lake	Ken O'Connor	10.05 Exchange Stn.	9/9d.
" 31st	Llansatffraid (Coach)	Eddie Quinn	10.15 St. John's Ln.	7/6d.
Feb. 7th	Beeston Castle	Celia Molyneux	10.05 Central Stn. Low Level	8/0d.
" 14th	Primrose Hill (Benediction)	Win O'Connor	10.16 Skelhorn St.	4/0d.
" 21st	(Kinder Scout (X Coach)	(a) Bernard Duffey (b) John Keenan	10.10. St. John's Ln.	8/0d.
" 28th	Belmont	Eric Kavanagh	10.05. Exchange Stn.	7/6d.

X Coach Trips. Names to be given three weeks beforehand,
and all bookings render members liable to the full cost.

Any alterations to the programme will be announced in the clubroom. N.B. Times quoted are DEPARTURE TIMES.

Registrar: Miss W. O'Connor, 77 Lyme Grove,
Longview, Huyton.

Editor: Mr. G. Penlington, 43 Alexandra Drive,
Bootle. 20. Lancs.

Christmas is a time of rejoicing; it adds brightness
and lustre to dark, black midwinter.

With it comes the sound of parties, music, singing and
laughter.

Outdoors it seems to be partner with the glitter and
glisten of frost.

Colour is everywhere. Lights aloft, lights on trees.
Decorations strung everywhere.

Food is different. Everyone has a drink to offer.

But, good sign, and more and more each year, there are
more public 'Cribs' to be seen.

After all, they represent the real meaning of Christmas.

The birthday of Our Lord.

Celebrate in every way - by all means - in every way!

HAVE A REALLY

HAPPY CHRISTMAS

WITH A

PROSPEROUS NEW

YEAR TO FOLLOW

As long as I remember we have been complaining about the commercialisation of Christmas. Of all seasons in the year it is the shopkeepers "bonanza". Every device, clever or crude, is used to make sure that December 25th will arrive to find most people's pockets empty.

In recent years Christian people have reacted to some extent against this. We are familiar with Christmas posters, Christmas stamps and cribs in public places. But there is much still to be done. Christmas represents a huge lost opportunity for the Church. Possibly the most powerful apostolic instrument any Catholic has is an invitation to a non-Catholic to visit a Catholic church. Story after story is told of how the first light of conversion dawned as one knelt in a Catholic church. Grace is always present where Christ is really present.

We have a glorious opportunity this year, the first Christmas in which English will be permitted in the Mass, to invite our non-Catholic friends to Midnight Mass or another Mass on Christmas Day. The beautiful Christmas liturgy ought to make a most favourable impression upon them. We could also bring them with us to visit the Crib. This would be effective in itself but it would also give us a chance to explain to a non-Catholic visitor other things in the church, especially the Real Presence.

For ourselves, let us make sure that Christmas is what the Church intends it to be - not an empty commemoration of Christ's coming but a real rebirth of his Spirit in our hearts.

Frances J. Ripley.



WINSFORD

After the usual good mornings, fifteen happy ramblers boarded the train at Lime Street, and on arrival at Winsford were welcomed by a rather smug character who had made his own way by car. He mumbled something about being anti-Dr. Beeching - a poor excuse for not wanting to travel with us.

For the first hour or so, our journey was very uneventful, apart from a miserable farmer who wouldn't let us take a short cut across his field. This did not go down too well with the male members of the party, as it meant a good ten minutes less drinking time. We eventually arrived at a very friendly little pub, where we all devoured our butties and drank our jungle juice.

Off we went again, gaily tripping along in the sunshine. Our gait soon left us, however, when it started to rain. As one member did not want to get wet, we all turned back and made our way to a little Cafe, where we passed the time away drinking tea and listening to Jim Reeves on a TRANSISTOR. The rain having stopped, we again made our way across fields, over stiles, down lanes, and then it happened - it started to rain, but this time there was no Cafe nearby, only a disused cow-shed about a mile away, and here we stayed until it stopped raining. We were kept very amused by two of the boys playing 'conkers' - the winner I believe was a 'thirty-eighter'.

Resuming our walk, we made our way into the woods, and it was here that the L.C.R. nearly lost sixteen of their members. It was just like being on location in the jungle for a horror film. Never stand near a tree when it is thundering and lightening, and here we all were in the middle of the woods while it did just that. Hurrying along, another obstacle came our way - a swollen stream. Having waded through the stream, we somehow made our way out of the woods and into a field. We eventually found a road, which led us to a cow-shed, and here we sheltered like refugees until the storm ceased.

A few hours later we arrived at Winsford Station, only

to be told that our train would be delayed for almost half-an-hour. Still, we didn't really mind as it gave us time to rest in the warm waiting room.

We arrived back in Liverpool at 9.00 p.m. Even though we were all tired, hungry and still wet, we all dispersed in a very happy mood. Thank you Kevin for being such a patient leader - we shall not forget this ramble for quite some time.

'DRIP-DRY'

SNOWDON.

When is Bill Pottericide justifiable? When he meets you one full week after a ramble on the steps of Immaculata House and asks (that's a euphemism fortells) you to do the write - up. So what was fading into a roseate glow has now to be brought into the grey light of an office dinner hour and divided into people, places and events, with a builder's yard opposite standing in for Grib Goch.

What do I remember? A fine morning, a 10.02 a.m. start, successful pickings up at Birkenhead, including Margaret Gilmore and Peggy later on, a brief "See you" to Brian on his bike and then on to Snowdon itself. I think the decision as to whether the 'A' or 'B' walk is for you, exercises far more grey matter than do our paid occupations. A third section, even, set up and Bill put them on their path before leading us off. With a stiff breeze out, my mind was kept on the job, but the experts came and went quite at ease. One member who had benefitted (rather overmuch I thought!) from an Outward Bound Course made me feel just that wee bit awkward. Johnny Burns kept popping up to take the odd snap or ten. I was glad I'd resisted the temptation to push him overboard when he'd been hanging on by his toenail to focus when I received the resultant prints.

With the Holiday Fellowship out in full cry there were practically two humans on every Grib of the Goeh and the cry for living space went forth. "We'll pass them on the spur" said Bill. Bighead! - he hadn't a dog's chance after the lovely pace he'd allowed us to keep, and the spur came and went with our tail still wagging way behind. Eventually we did bypass them to meet up again in the summit cafe. While the peak fiends climbed the last few yards to the summit, the rest of us got together with the 'B' party, who'd beaten us to it. Larry uses rawhide, though some of our gentler leaders prefer the cat o'nine tails.

Tempus had fugitted somewhat by now so Bill had a quick butty after gazing enraptured at Joe Brown's happy hunting grounds on "Cloggy". Quietly gathering the lunatics who felt like doing Clywdd and the rest of the Horseshoe at the double, he snaked off. The rest of us swelled the ranks of Larry's party going down the Pig track. Our 'B' party's leader medical attention to casualties was admirable, but, Larry, your psychological approach! The Bus was very pleasant, with anything from a touch of the Mahler's Forth to Sandie Shaw's latest.

Thanks, Bill, for your 'Alpine' pace and Larry, for your foster - leading on the way down.

KESWICK (APPLETHWAITE) WEEKEND, Autumn 1964

Steward Connor greeted us, took our bags and shepherded us to "Flight 521, leaving at 6.45 p.m." And it did so leave. Organisation - lovely stuff.

Almost five hours in a bus is enough to take the sheen off any expedition but as our headlights pinpointed a riotously coloured spray of creeper on the wall of the Gales Guesthouse, all seemed worth it.

Organisation was the keyword, with Bernard as its mouth-piece. Meatless butties at midnight - very nice of our hosts - shooting off to bed immediately after prayers and breakfast on the dot next morning. Even the "good afternoons" to late comers had a rehearsed look about them. A much bigger deterrent to being late was the draughtiest seat in the room by the service door! The

meals were delicious, but even so the usual trade by barter went on at breakfast. Many a fried egg slid coyly off to join his mate on a neighbouring plate, while the bacon was shot onto the now eggless plate. AND not a spot on the tablecloth. Nicely brought up - this lot.

Saturday was grey and we thought that the Lakes were past the Autumn beauty. Sunday dispelled all our doubts. The Catholic Ramblers' Harriers (a contradiction in terms but justified) was formed on the way home from Mass, which ended at 9.20 a.m. with breakfast a mile off at 9.30 and the ever present threat of the seat in the icy blast, some reasonable speeds were set up for a very new section. Sheila entered into the spirit of it a trifle enthusiastically, but maybe she was hungrier than most. Chris Scott's short cut won him the door seat!

Did I say this organisation was lovely stuff? I must have been crazy! The A, B and even C and D parties left so promptly that I was still tying up my boots when Terry grabbed our rucksac and flew out yelling "Catch us up". We spent the rest of the day chasing our booty stop! What a wonderful day it was. The colours were dizzily varied in the bright sunlight. John Burns took some lovely colour snaps, but is a little cagey about the results. Two for the price of one, John, I don't know what you're on about. Everybody was organised (that word again) for the Sunday walk - cripples with blisters, townies who had just come up for a glimpse of their beloved Lakes - the lot. It was fine to see everybody out.

The Journey home was fantastic, very little movement but the most varied musical programme I've ever heard. Monica led us through the plain chant of the Mass, the Lourdes hymns, and Bernard gave us some home-brewed lyrics which I was too busy laughing at to sing. A quiet voice from the back row was eventually quietened when a few Irish songs had an airing. It was only when the elder Scott came to the back of the bus from his solo seat by the driver (pale and wan with nerves shattered) that we realised it was foggy. The driver made terrific time, but would only drop us at Lime Street. The Pier Head was completely lost in the soup.

I haven't mentioned the social, and it was a four-star affair. Pauline kept us happy with oldies at the piano while we all gathered. The lemonade party returned nice and early and made John Keenan's evening as M.C. complete. His quiet air of panic as to how the evening was going was beautiful to see.

Like the rest of the weekend, John, it was fine!

'RFM'

LATRIGG 'B' PARTY

One Sunday, November 1st, nine of us set off to climb Latrigg. The glorious sunshine enhanced the tints of the trees, reminding us that it was Autumn, although the temperature was that of a summer day, and anoraks were soon discarded. Towering above us was Skiddaw, but we turned and followed a lower path to a small stream. This spot presented an ideal subject for the amateur photographers in our party. A steep descent to a stream, nearly caused the beginners to retrace their steps. However, with careful guidance, we reached the stream safely, crossed it, and sat down to eat our packed lunch.

The steep ascent from the stream was tackled on 'all fours,' and having reached the top we turned to see Bill's rucksack rolling down the hillside, heading for the stream. The male members of the party followed it at not quite the same speed. After some searching, a dripping rucksack was retrieved.

We then followed an undulating path for some distance, until we reached the object of our ramble - Latrigg. We reached the top at sun-set, and a quick descent found us within easy reach of 'The Gales'.

Many thanks to John, for a most enjoyable ramble.

'B.Ginners'

Keswick during feast of All Saints.

Were you one of the lucky ones who came on the Keswick week-end? If not, do try and bear it in mind for next year. These events in the clubs calendar are most en-

Joyable. This year we were most fortunate in being blessed with perfect weather and saw the Lake District in all her autumnal magnificence. Added to this we had the Feast of "All Saints" and it was pointed out to us that we could all share in this day and I'm sure we did. It's always a fine day and this was no exception with its crisp, clear air, sunshine and clear blue sky. Whether hard walking was done or just gentle strolling, everyone enjoyed themselves and came back physically and mentally refreshed.

Longfellow said that autumn was the season of "mists and mellow fruitfulness". We've certainly had the mists and I suppose, nature's fruitfulness - but giving the phrase another turn, I do hope you remembered during November those of your family and friends who aren't with you any more and the countless numbers unknown to you who will surely have become your friends after the efforts you have made on their behalf.

RAMBLERITE

The Keswick week-end is now a pleasant memory for those of our members who took advantage of the opportunity to visit England's Lakes and Hills. Although it was an agreed success, the lack of early and confirmed bookings caused some concern among the rambling-sub committee. Rumour has it that a visit some time in the spring is under consideration, but before the wheels of organisation turn, may I ask you to give the rambling-sub the confidence and assurance of early and definite bookings.

12/13th December will be the club's weekend at the R.A. Chalet. It has been past practice to organise something of a Christmas dinner and party. The Warden asks me to remind all those going on the weekend to take their fancy hats with them.

If any of our new members are wondering what "The Yuletide" is, then I will, very briefly, explain. This is an annual walk which takes place around the Rivington Pike area. It is a day when we see many of our club members we don't usually see at the club or out on rambles (last year 120 took part). After the ramble and treasure hunt, we have a hot-pot-supper and social at Rivington Barn. Make a special note in your 1965 diaries - Sunday, January 3rd -

Meet at St. John's Lane at 10.30 a.m. Bookings to be taken 16th December, at the clubrooms.

'Hambletite'

REMOVAL

We are pleased to announce that we have succeeded in acquiring a new Committee Room on the top floor of Cathedral Buildings. The new accommodation, room 77, is double the size of our former "home" and the much needed extra space will be welcomed by all Committee Members. In particular, the motor-cycling fraternity will appreciate attending committee meetings without having to leave "half of themselves" outside.

The Room will also be available for general club purposes on any night of the week, if the demand is sufficient.

DELAMERE FOREST?

Cheshire is perhaps one of the north's most beautiful counties, and is also well suited for the more leisurely type of amble (sorry, ramble).

Frodsham is perhaps well known to most members, and where we started our brief sojourn into the sylvan Cheshire countryside. Frodsham Hill (479 ft.) proved a strenuous beginning, but the view from the summit is always rewarding, and today proved to be no exception, despite rather misty conditions.

From this height, the walkers carried on towards Helsby, a pleasant tramp through paths lined with hedges of thorn. (Whether everyone enjoyed this, is a matter for conjecture).

Late autumn was much in evidence along the route in the form of a carpet of leaves which also contained numerous fallen acorns. The path would be bordering fields one minute, the next it would plunge into a wooded valley all making very interesting rambling.

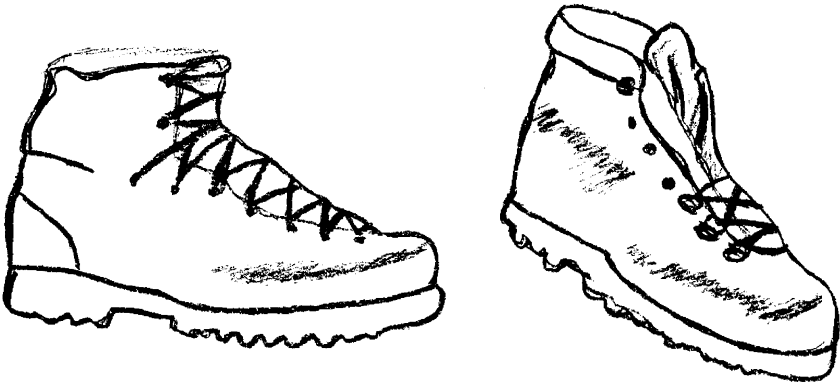
After which we continued through pleasant farmlands,

and as evening came it was noticeable how the trees stood out against the darkening sky, the machine-gun like chatter of magpies going to roost in a nearby wood, and the mist returning to hang eerily over the undulating Cheshire hills heralded the end of a pleasant walk as we approached Frodsham once more.

Thank you Sheila, for a pleasant day.

'Nomad'

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OUT ON A LIMB

Those things sticking out at the end of your legs are generally known as feet. They are very useful things - they help you to stand up straight and prevent your turn-ups from dragging along the ground.

Unfortunately our modern civilisation has so sheltered us from the physical rigours of Mother Earth that we no longer have the pleasure of direct contact with its varying surfaces. Dimly you may recall those barefoot days! Ah me! I remember when I was in... But never mind: The point is that nowadays you've simply got to have BOOTS.

If you are troubled by gripe, rheumatism, tennis elbow or housemaid's knee, if you have stomach ache, constipation or diarrhea, there's one simple remedy; what



you want is a pair of good solid mud-squelshing beetleproof BOOTS.

Possession of a pair of the said foot wrappings will enable you to share in the unbelievable pleasures of rambles with the L.C.R.A. every Sunday. Those of you who have already been out a few times will know by now how close to Heaven (and in all fairness the other place) one can get when out in the cool/keen/bracing/freezing/stimulating/exhausting/palpitating/pathological/inspiring/depressing/exhilarating etc. (ad lib.) fresh air with a bunch of (repeat adjectives) shamblers.

You, too, can learn to walk - if you have the spirit and determination of a pet rabbit. Your first requirement is a pair of BOOTS; once you have them (60/- will buy a good pair) you can join in the Sunday outings. People who have been before will show you how to walk. It's quite simple - first you put one foot on the ground then take the other off (the ground) and put it in front of the first one only a bit to one side so that the first one won't bang into it and knock you over when you switch position and bring the second past the first which is where the second would have been if you hadn't started off on the wrong foot you silly.....

Take it from me: if you have the ability to stand up without support (except at Football matches or bars) you will be able to derive much enjoyment from your weekly expeditions into the unknown (to the leaders anyway).

There are of course some really advanced techniques in walking, though we don't go in for the snakehips variety. However, it is important to know how to walk

up a hill  and down the other side .

Articles on the subject are cordially invited by the editor, and if you are all very good, children, and turn out in strength in BOOTS perhaps one day you will be able to read another series of priceless hints by

'S L I P P E R S'

P.S. Next month - How to choose your laces.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

The social committee has tried several methods of running the Wednesday evening socials but we have to admit that their ideas are not receiving the support they should get. Because of this, as an interested member of the Association, I feel constrained to write this letter in the hope that it may inspire some action.

On several occasions I have noticed that when a slowfox, waltz or quickstep has been played the response has been very poor and our young lady members have been left sitting patiently and expectantly around the room awaiting an invitation to dance.

The latest twist and shake do not require partners. If one is interested in dancing one just has to get on the floor and dance. This surely is the answer to some of your problems. Let the twist and shake hold sway until in time they pass into the realms of history and something more modern takes their place. Let activity be our pass-word.

Dear Editor,

Yes, lets have active Wednesday socials; a pop record is played but it will soon finish if we wait for the men folk to appear.

We must remember that the rambles are rather exhausting and many gallant men work long hours and "up to their eyes" in mud-helping tired members of the party over many formidable looking obstacles. As we want to see them all out again next time in fairly good shape, don't lets tax them still further, in after all, what is only the middle of the week.

Nowadays one does not need a partner for modern dacing, so when the beat of a pop record is heard then those energetic members can always, if they wish, swing together without waiting for anyone.

(Name & Address supplied)

Dear Editor,

In my capacity as Reporter for this News Letter, I had the privilege of reading the two letters printed above and I feel there is something fundamentally wrong in them. It is almost as if, through the medium of this News Letter we

are trying to segregate the sexes rather than bring them together.

The young ladies do twist and shake by themselves. When we had our last beat group on August 26th, about 80% of the dancers were females. We haven't had another group since.

No ladies! Let us not segregate, but intergrate the sexes, for I quote, "United we stand, divided we fall".

Perhaps you ladies still dream of the 'he men' of days gone by who swept their ladies off their feet in whirlwind romances, who placed them on a pedestal high in the sky to bow low before them in revered adoration. Alas, those days have also passed. Why? With the passage of time, you have achieved emancipation, and in achieving equality with men you have lost the art of guile and subtleness which created those 'he men'.

I know we don't understand you, we also don't want to fight any harder than is necessary to have you by our sides, so to recreate these images you of the fair sex will have to revert to your most powerful weapons.

I am told America is ruled by women, well you can rule the Club - through the men - by those qualities which are inherent in you - subtleness - encouragement - and understanding.

Let us have no more talk of segregation - or let one sex do this because they only want to. Let us intergrate our efforts to achieve that which we all want - an active and ever prosperous social club. Why not make this your New Year's resolution!

R.E. Porter

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PARBOLD

With ill concealed reluctance some twenty ramblers, most of them prised from the furniture of the Bus company's cafeteria, boarded the 10.55 a.m. for Parbold and soon were speeding through suburbia, hoardings, public houses, betting offices, football pool emporia - all shone in the morning sunlight.

Turn to page 17

SELECTAWORD No.4.

Use each word once only:-

Rang Stun Raft Term Aria Turn
 Ante Star Germ Stab Neat Nest

1		2	3	U	4
	N				
				I	
	E				

Rules

Select words from the list and enter them in 1, 2, 3 or 4 down so that when reading across the letters form words which may be found in an English Dictionary.

Solution

1. Down Rang
 2. " Star
 3. Down Term
 4. " Neat

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L.C.R.A.
DANCE

STATE BALLROOM

Dale Street

Saturday, 27th February

1965.

Continued from page 15

At Ormskirk under the stony gaze of Disraeli, the Boys' Brigade, last vestige of an imperial race, drew vigorous abuse from some junior fascists bound for Tawd Vale; this was superbly ignored by the B.B. if not by the ramblers whose thoughts were now of a place of refreshment.

It was early afternoon when the party set out, augmented by charming and talented top ramblers who had come by motor car. A cool wind blew over the countryside and the scent of damp earth and leaves was in the brilliant air. Near a quarry the remains of a television set caused speculation - did stone age man share our culture? Alternatively do we share his? Pondering this and other weighty matters, we passed the wooded ground of Harrock Hall, once the home of Blessed John Rigby, and were soon at the top of Harrock Hill, where an extensive view did not for one moment distract attention from sandwiches.

Soon the western sky was filled with iridescent splendour as the sun declined over electricity sub-station and chicken farm and a walk over twilight fields led to a crowded café. It was gratifying to watch the clientele vanish at the notoriety of accent and mode of dress of the group. Tea, coffee and intellectual chatter somewhat marred by flying grapes restored the tissues. Outside in the velvet night distant myriad lights evoked the magic of Wigan.

'LR'

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CHRISTMAS NEWS DESK

Party time is here again. On reading this, the girls read on with glee and the boys mentally groan - it was ever such. But relax my friends we have asked 'Mark' our roving reporter to provide some helpful hints for the festive season. He has come up (from the Brownlow boot mines) with beauty hints for the girls and 'starters' for the boys.

Beauty Problems

Girls don't worry, just study these four star tips:-

- Eyes.... Particular attention must be paid to eyes. Make sure they open and shut properly and all working parts move freely. Teachers should remember that eyes should not be dotted.
- Ears..... There should be two of them on opposite sides of votre tete. If this isn't so - don't worry - you sure will be the centre of attraction at any party.
- Hair..... Your steady may not like the 'just combed' look. To avoid this, any other rambler can apply the usual remedy 'backwardamus via hedgitus'.
- Skin..... A double coating of vanishing cream should provide an attractive haunted look. (He.. It is nice not seeing you again!)

STARTERS

Boys if you suffer from anxious bouts of heavy silence when introduced to attractive lady ramblers take my advice and use a 'starter'....He....'Did you know my auntie worked in an Eskimo post - office? She....'I say! How frightfully thrilling, so did I....etc. etc.' Believe me fellas you will be lucky if you are allowed to say another word all evening.

The gift problem can easily be solved - knit a bob-cap in the L.C.R.A. colours - royal blue and yellow. She

will be delighted with it!

A common problem is the Rambler who only laughs at a joke long after it has been made and so makes one feel so foolish. The solution to this is to tell 'our friend' the joke before boarding the ramble coach. Tell the joke again when passing through Pentre Voelas to obtain co-incidence of laughs. If you are bound for the Lakes you're on the wrong coach and I regret to say the joke's on you.

And now a word from our sponsor the man who suggested to one of the Sunday colour papers that they should introduce a black andwhite supplement....

(Advert 1)

Support your club photograph album - this splendid historic record going back to the club's very first ramble in 1927 A.D. needs prints of the 1964 ramble season. See Tony Thompson - all selected prints will be paid for. And think of the honour and glory!

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(Advert 2)

RAMBLING COLOUR FILMS

Wednesday 16th December

8 - 30 p.m.

A variety of recent colour slides will be shown by Tony Thompson and the grand finale will be colour movies provided by Maureen Howard. So folks come and see yourselves on the silver screen, and what's more see yourselves MOVE in colour on Maureenorama. If you will not be on the screen then come along for the laughs..... no extra charge.

Finally I would like to wish all our contributors, leaders, and readers a very Happy Christmastime - come along to the club activities and have fun with the ramblers.

D O N ' T F O R G E T

(1) RAMBLING COLOUR FILMS

Wednesday
16th
December.
8-30

(2) CHRISTMAS PARTY

Wednesday
23rd
December.
Band, Spot Prizes & Refreshments
Admission 3/-d.

(3) YULETIDE WALK

followed by Hot-Pot and Social at
Rivington Barn
on
Sunday,
3rd January, 1965.
Cost 11/-d. Coach leaves at 10-45
from St. John's Lane.

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Births:

Personal congratulations to:-

Pauline and Owen McDonough - a daughter- Claire Marie

Marie and Mike Coughlan - a daughter Anne Marie.

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21st Birthdays.

Personal congratulations to:-

Miss Barbara Molyneux.

Mrs. Ann Hudson....

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.....
Deaths

We regret to report the death of Fred Begley, a former active member of the club. MAY HE REST IN PEACE.