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SOME YEARS AGO BILL ROBERTS WROTE A COUPLE OF ARTICLES ON RAMBLING - WHAT TO TAKE WITH YOU, HOW TO LEAD, ETC. PROMINENT AMONGST THE SUGGESTIONS WAS ONE FOR BUDDING BIRD-LOVERS, A 30-FOOT LADDER, COLLAPSIBLE FOR WHEN TRAVELLING UPSTAIRS ON THE BUS.

BILL WAS JUST AS AMUSING WHEN MAKING SUGGESTIONS ABOUT PUNCTUALITY OR LOSING ONE'S WAY, BUT THEY WERE TAKEN IN THE SPIRIT INTENDED AND DID A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF GOOD.

THE REASON FOR THE 'FLASH-BACK' IS THAT FOLLOWING REPORTS TO YOUR GENERAL COMMITTEE ABOUT SOME RECENT RAMBLES AN ARTICLE IS NOW NEEDED ON HOW TO ATTEND A RAMBLE.

I CANNOT EMULATE BILL'S INIMITABLE STYLE, AND I'VE STOLEN ENOUGH OF HIS THUNDER ALREADY. MAYBE, TOO, THE POSITION AS REPORTED IS NOT SUFFICIENTLY AMUSING FOR HUMOROUS TREATMENT.

IF A RAMBLE STARTS LATE BECAUSE OF LATE-COMERS, IT IS ALMOST CERTAIN TO FINISH LATE. FURTHERMORE, IT SEEMS THERE ARE RAMBLERS INCONSIDERATE ENOUGH TO DELAY PARTIES WHEN SETTING OUT FOR THE RETURN JOURNEY.

IF BAD TIME-KEEPERS MISS A RAMBLE AT THE BEGINNING, THEY ARE NO FURTHER BOTHER ON THAT PARTICULAR RAMBLE, BUT A LEADER CONSIDERATE ENOUGH TO WAIT FOR THEM FINDS HE IS SADDLED WITH A CONSTANT AND INCREASING DRAG ON HIS TIME-TABLE, TO THE ANNOYANCE AND INCONVENIENCE OF THOSE RAMBLERS WHO, HAVING WAITED AT THE BEGINNING, MUST EVEN LONGER WAIT AT THE END.

EACH LEADER SHOULD SEE HE HAS A "WHIPPER-IN" AT THE TAIL OF EACH RAMBLE, WHOSE JOB IT IS TO SEE NO-ONE LAGS BEHIND OUT OF SIGHT OR SOUND OF THE PARTY. OUT OF CONSIDERATION FOR THE LEADER AND THE MAIN BODY, NO RAMBLERS SHOULD LAG SO FAR BEHIND THAT THEY LOSE CONTACT, LOSE THEIR WAY AND (POSSIBLY IN FUTURE) LOSE THE COACH, TRAIN OR BUS.

IT IS A BYE-LAW OF THE CLUB, THAT THE LEADER REGULARLY IN THE SUMMER AND WINTER PROGRAMMES EACH YEAR, BEGINS THE RAMBLE PROMPTLY AND ARRANGES FOR THE RAMBLE TO FINISH SO THAT MEMBERS MAY ARRIVE HOME NOT LATER THAN 11 pm

THE LEADER, GENERALLY, CANNOT ADHERE TO THIS BYE-LAW WITHOUT THE CO-OPERATION OF THE WHOLE OF THE PARTY, AND IT IS NOT THE WISH OF ANYBODY, LEAST OF ALL YOUR GENERAL COMMITTEE, THAT RULES AND REGULATIONS ARE SO ENFORCED AS TO MAKE LEADERS SEEM PETTY DICTATORS.

ON THE OTHER HAND, ONE OR TWO RAMBLERS HERE AND THERE SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO INCONVENIENCE THOSE WHO HAVE CONSIDERATION FOR THE RAMBLE, THE LEADER AND THE REGULATIONS DRAWN UP TO GUIDE AND BENEFIT THE CLUB AS A WHOLE OVER MANY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE.

WHICH IS IT TO BE? WILL THE FEW CONCERNED PULL THEIR WEIGHT OR ARE LEADERS TO BE INSTRUCTED TO ADHERE STRICTLY TO DEPARTURE TIMES IN FUTURE. IF NECESSARY, AND OUT OF CONSIDERATION FOR THE MAJORITY, I KNOW WHAT THE GENERAL COMMITTEE WOULD DECIDE - AND SO DO YOU!

.... The Editor ....

PERSONAL We are pleased to give our belated congratulations to Evelyn and Ken O'Neill on the birth of a baby boy, and our best wishes and congratulations to Margaret Rigby and Albert Whitfield who were married last Saturday (Margaret Brennon was their bridesmaid). Also we hear that Pat Taylor (nee Collins) has a baby boy.

One reply has been received to the letter reprinted in the last Newsletter:

Dear Mona, I read with interest the letter written by Ann, D, and Joan. Don't you think it would be a good idea to have a letter page in the newsletter so members and non-members can air their views and make suggestions about the club?

I have been very pleased with my connections with the club in the past twelve months and I have made many friends, of both sexes.

I think it is not very fair of the girls to want to dance with the 'so called male members' as they call them. They need not 'sit like lilies while other girls dance'. Remember it is a social and not a dance and if you want to dance how about two girls dancing together? With the shortage of boys 'four to one' it seems rather impossible to expect the boys to dance with every girl in one evening.

I hope some good will come out of their letter. The real trouble at the club is the lack of male members. So come on boys it's up to you and us to introduce more male members!!!

P.S. LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS - SOCIALS BROWNLOW HILL CATHEDRAL BUILDINGS MALE MEMBERS ESPECIALLY WELCOME.

If we put a cartoon in the newsletter to that effect, it might help!!!

Margaret.

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R A M B L E R S      N O T E S

It seems that our Editor has taken from me the main points of this months rambling news. Don't just read it and think nothing of it - simply try and help your leaders - and other members who are put out by it.

Nice to see many new faces out on the walks. Pleased too to see most of them have some form of boot on the pins! Even though one poor dear had a pair which must keep her armpits in shape! Rubber solés are the most popular - and I think just that bit better than studs.

Don't forget the three weeks booking date before the next coach trips - they are on August 24th (Aber) and September 21st (Tryfan).

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T E N N I S

When this letter reaches you, the match season will have ended and Tuesday evenings returned to normal play. We have collected no laurels or rose bowls but our standard of play has improved and enthusiasm has been at its highest. We cannot let the occasion pass without saying a very sincere thank you to the ladies who turned up week by week to provide refreshments to the teams playing at home. They did a grand job without fuss or bother and always the refreshments were of the best.

Our stewards generally are doing their duties seriously. We have a mixed standard of play among our members, so naturally the labour of ranging suitable sets is not an easy job, but it has been tackled in good spirit and generally accepted without too many caustic comments.

There are one or two points that need stressing and even attending to. The balls must be put back into the cupboard at the end of every days play. Unfortunately they have been left out all night on some occasions, and secondly the water key should be brought into the Pavilion every night. This again is being overlooked.

Thanking you ..... Fred Norbury.

Eleven ramblers caught the 11.0 ferry to Birkenhead and on to the Chester bus. On the way, Arthur, using his winning way, found out that the lady next to him was looking for the C.R. However, she had been told we were going to Eastham. Who slipped?? This lady had been searching the Pier Head for C.R.'s badge and the only two who had them amongst us, stood with their arms folded so she searched in vain.

On arriving at Chester we made straight for Wainwrights. After the animals had fed, the River Dee was found, crossed and followed. The weather was not too good, but except for a few drops of rain, the weather was dry. On the way, we had a break of about 30 minutes during which the males played football whilst the ladies rested.

As we neared the power house, we noticed a tree with a rope attached to an upper branch. Here the call of the wild became too strong for some of our members, and they acted the way their forefathers did many years ago. We discovered that three cannot swing on a rope together, whereas two can with safety. We were informed by a number of young natives, that one of their number had broken his arm on the swing the day before, he had "swang" too high and hit a branch of the neighbouring tree.

As we rounded the crook of the Dee, cries were heard from the new members who were in shoes as their feet came in contact with the hole-y path. The nettles also were a bit troublesome. Over the Iron Bridge and onto somewhere or other. About this time, the heavens opened. Completely drenched, the leader brought us through the "smelliest" farmyard there could possibly be, onto the Chester-Whitchurch road. Here, the thunder and lightening started, and being soaked we persuaded the leader to cut the walk short and bash on down the road to Christleton.

So thoroughly wet we made our way home. On the walk two new anoraks of two members were duly baptised. All the new members, we hope, now realise that **BOOTS ARE A NECESSITY**.  
 ... Drip (not dry)

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CARNEDDS A PARTY - 15th June.

The leader and seven sheep left the other 18 companions and set off to do the lot, from Capel Curig. On reaching Llyn Grafnant, a stop was made for a drink of water. Here, Joe fancied a swim and was determined to have one, so the leader quickly got on the move again. It was a good job he didn't have a swim because there was a notice at the dammed end forbidding bathing.

We then plodded up the next hill, and when we reached the top, Joe who had had a late night, decided he'd better stop as he was holding the others back, and said he intended to join the B party as they passed. So joyfully, the remaining seven resumed...!!!

On across the hills we tramped, six lads and one lady. We approached the northern end of the Blue Mountain. On reaching Llyn Cowlyd, another stop for a drink but this one didn't taste as nice as t'other. We sat with our backs to the wall and sunbathed, and had our snacks.

Leaving the reservoir, well we couldn't take it with us as we had no-where to put it, we crossed to Llyn Eigian. Tony decided we didn't have time to continue on, so we began to make our way back. We cut back from Llyn Eigian towards Llyn Cowlyd but made our way up to Pen Llyithrig-y-wrach. From here we had a good look at the 'Blue Mountain' and decided it was not blue but grey. So we presumed whoever gave it its name must have been either colour blind or not sober. Peter here surveyed that the region looked rather like the Lakes with all the reservoirs and also quoted that old saying "Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink", which was very true. Two of the men who were rather thirsty made their way almost straight down to the reservoir, only to find that the water was

blackish. So they came on to where the others were, only to find that they were sitting beside a bubbling brook. All that work for nothing!

We then made for Tal-Y-Waen, to try and get a cuppa, but no luck so we went on down to the road and back to Capel Currig. Thank you Ann for coming for you provided a bit of variety and if you'd been in shorts, you would have provided a better aesthetic view than Peter and Bernie in theirs - with their knobbly knees well to the fore!

Thanking you leader ..... Newcomer.

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FERVENT PLEA TO WRITER-UPPERS. Please, oh please, when you are doing a write-up with ghastly Welsh names, will you print them, and so save me from going cross-eyed - and demented into the bargain.

Marie.

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HATCHMERE - 29th June, 1958

We were seven when we boarded the train to Chester on this particularly dull Sunday morning, but the Twins joined us as we awaited the bus for Kelsall, increasing the total to nine. After this short ride we stopped for lunch, and I'm not sure that we wouldn't have lounged and chatted for the rest of the day had the Leader not decided it was time to move on. So, on to the road we marched, but before very long we found ourselves turning off into the beautiful woodland of Delamere. The weather was turning out to be much kinder than we had hoped, which made our wanderings through the Forest the more enjoyable. Peggy would have willingly taken us through every path in the Forest, I'm sure, but somehow it didn't work out, though she did pick out all the really "good-looking" ones for us. Eventually we made our way out by Hatchmere Lake and, noticing a number of other people obviously enjoying the sun and an afternoon 'nap' by the Lake, we decided to join them.

Duly refreshed by more eats and drinks, we proceeded to the lovely little Chapel of Our Lady of the Assumption where we attended Benediction. After a further exploration of a few more Forest paths we emerged at Frodsham. Peggy had invited us all to her house for tea. On arrival we glanced first at our boots and then at the carpets, but nevertheless we urged to make ourselves at home. We found a lovely tea prepared for us, and whilst munching and sipping, learned quite a lot about the "wonderful" R.A.F. life, as lead by two "knowing" members of our party. (By the way, does anybody know of a way to prevent blisters?). Peggys' sister was really too respectably dressed to be seen walking with the rough-looking lot that we were, but nevertheless escorted us to the Railway station in good time for the 9.30 p.m. 'through' train to Lime Street. If any one of us was expecting the journey to be at all restful they were mistaken. However, we each managed to arrive home in one piece, which was good enough, I suppose! Thanks Peggy for a jolly good day.

- Mary, alias 'JAC'

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EDALE - B WALK

6.7.58

After an almost prompt start from Liverpool we had a minute or two of peace before bedlam broke loose and soon we began to wonder whether there were any ladies (or gentlemen) on the coach; Coach travel being tiring Bernard thought he would like a run so he persuaded May to throw a sock out of the window so that he could gallop down the road after it.

At the Cat & Fiddle we volunteered Bill and Bernard to bring the tea out to the coach and we sat in comfort eating our sarnies and watching the mist approaching. Then on we sped through Buxton and Chapel-en-le-Frith till reaching Rushup Edge the B party decided it was time to walk,

led by Bill. Out of the kindness of our hearts we left the A party  
< the coach to help them on their 'walk'.

The path dropped at first but soon we were climbing slowly and steadily till reaching a brow we were glad to sit and look down on the valley of the River Sett. Still weary, we were once more on the move and it was some time later we discovered we were reduced to 15 - Joe and Rose having departed. We pressed on regardless!

Soon we reached a road which we followed alongside the Oldpits Plantations to the Kinder Dam - which retains a supply of water for Stockport. Near the dam we had a welcome break for Tea during which Eddie, who had binoculars, read to us from a notice outside a water-works building near the opposite end of the dam. Again we were on our way making very good time up a well trodden path to open ground and round the end of Kinder Low to Jacobs Ladder. Please note, we all went down the "Dangerous" route. Kevin wanted to take a photo of the waterfall at the bottom but Margaret, May, Tess, Jean, Marie and Pat all stood in the way - so then somebody took one of the boys.

We were now on a road which we followed through Upper Booth and Barber Booth and then went across some fields, arriving at the Church Hotel where they agreed to nash some tea for us.

When the A and C party arrived and a couple of ladies had taken some more photos, we settled ourselves for a peaceful ride home at the end of a weary day - but this was not to be. Apparently it hadn't been weary enough, for Bill, Jim, Kevin, Walter, Tom K., Tom R., Tony Eddie, John & Eoe Ken., Tony and Peter Atherton, Bernard, Gerry and Joe Ferns all had to defend themselves from the ladies. It's difficult to decide exactly who won. Everybody enjoyed themselves immensely!!!? What an ending to a perfect day!

Beegee - Efs.

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S O C I A L      P R O G R A M M E

Date	M.C.	Refreshments	Washers-Up	Gram. Carriers
6th Aug.	W.Potter	M. Henwood	B. & J. Parry	A. & P. Atherton
13th "	J.Kennedy	P. Roberts	S.Grossard & M.Gilmore	J.P.West and J. Connell
20th "	J.Carrol	F.Jonston	D.Fenlon & A.McCann	Frank Rowe and George Skillicorn
27th "	B.Edwards	E. Molloy	M.Brown and M. Haslem	Jack Carrol and Bernard Edwards
3 Sept.	G.Skillicorn	P.Murray	M. Walsh & R.Bond	H.O'Neill and Gerry Hennigan

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OUR DEEPEST SYMPATHY TO MAUREEN LEWIS AND HER BROTHER WHOSE MOTHER PASSED AWAY SOME WEEKS AGO. A MASS IS BEING OFFERED ON BEHALF OF THE CLUB. R.I.P.

WE ALSO HOPE THAT GERRY HENNIGAN, AT THE MOMENT IN HOSPITAL AFTER AN OPERATION, WILL SOON BE OUT AND ABOUT AGAIN - FULL OF HIS OLD VIGOUR!

YOUR PRAYERS ARE STILL REQUESTED FOR THE SPEEDY RECOVERY OF GEORGE SKILLICORNS' MOTHER.

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R O S A R Y      -      6th A U G U S T

Rosary will be recited in the Chapel at 8.30 p.m. on the 6th August, before the social. Those of you who, on this holiday, please make a special

Bearing in mind the deep cultural aspirations of the Club, Leader Edwards suggested that we should imbibe a little of this commodity by changing the ramble to Llangollen and seeing and hearing what we could of the Internation Eistedfodd after the walk. By mutual consent (he pushed overboard those who begged to differ), we all charged like mad to Birkenhead Station and entrained. The journey was ruined. There were only ten of us in a carriage designed for eight so all could breathe, though those in the vicinity of the Kennedy pipe weren't overkeen to do so.

We left the unusual comfort of our compartment at Ruabon with Trevor Rocks in view. This was all changed when we came across a bridge which the Authorities dared us to cross at our own risk. As the River here was a good six inches deep (even eight in places) we donned water-wings and went over one at a time. Walter volunteered to go over first but his 11½ stone scotched this idea. Great fun was had on reaching safety by sitting down and watching the amount of sag and swing increase steadily as each one crossed.

The weather was shocking ( a howling gale with torrential rain) and Pat dispensed rain hoods to the more improvident among us. All Joe Kennedy seemed to do throughout the day was to borrow safety pins to keep his mack attached to its sleeves. As the day wore on his mack wore off, and the last suggestion was that he should keep the sleeves and throw the mack away. Don't get the idea that Joe is mean. The life expectation of a plastic mack of his appears to be about four months (with a vintage issue) and that's a lot of debit against anybody's credit.

Our first sign of the existence of the Eistedfodd was the presence of a B.B.C. outside broadcast transmitting van in the middle of a field high up and miles from anywhere. Walter did another of his packing and unpacking acts here and it was only when we had given the B.B.C. men back their aerial that they were friendly again. Squeelching on happily through the gale (I'm not kidding, there were bags of laughs) we came to the turning point which hits every man once in his lifetime. Should we, Bernard asked, continue on and up that hill (pointing) or make our way down to Llangollen for the 7 p.m. instead of the 9.20 p.m. train. Clinging to each other frantically to keep our wet feet earth-bound and pushing aside the rain to view the aforementioned hill, we thought good and hard for a split second. There was only one dissenter from the early train party. When it was pointed out to him that even though his thirst for culture would go unslaked his more earthy thirst wouldn't, we descended. Between here and Llangollen we lost a couple, but as they carefully told the inbetweeners that they were O.K. we carried on.

Any Welsh town is quiet on a Sunday. On a wet Sunday it is more depressing, and with sodden bunting drooping miserably above the heads of a more sodden (in the most sober sense) crowd, it is frankly suicidal. We tried to buy a get-well card for Gerry Heneghan here. Unfortunately, the only one we could see was of Welsh ladies in national costume playing, of all things, harps. We didn't think Gerry would appreciate this under the circumstances so left it at that for the moment. To boost our morale, some of us splashed out on Spag-on-Toast then the more affluent among us returned to change into dry clothes. Bus to Ruabon, train to ~~Lix~~ Birkenhead and then the scatter.

Happiest day for weeks, Bern. Please may we all come on your next walk to Houghton Towers.

Mona R.

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FRESHFIELD SWIMMING RAMBLE.

June 22nd 1958.

Owing either to the H-Bomb tests, the Gulf Stream cold currents or what-have you, the day dawned cloudy and dull and only seven hardy annuals met at Exchange Station to brave the elements. After a fruitless wait for any other foolhardy latecomers, we boarded the train, picking up Alber en route to make our party a total of eight.

Cont'd.

8½

On arrival at Freshfield we immediately donned swimsuits and headed for the cool surf. Did I say cool? It was a case of goose pimples having goosepimples! Still, the girls seemed to enjoy it, because they hardly screamed at all in their headlong flight from masculine arms to the perils of the deep! I must record that the sun did peep out from behind the clouds but was obviously loth to shine for our pitifully small contingent, for it smartly nipped back behind the clouds, never to be seen again.

After our meal, the inevitable game of rounders followed, and being only four a side we all did a fair share of running after the ball, though we got more turns at batting than is usual on a swimming ramble. After a thoroughly enjoyable afternoon, Joe, our leader, suggested that we take a trip to Southport to round off the day, a suggestion which was carried unanimously, though Albert decided to return home to keep an appointment. We reached Southport without incident and still feeling energetic despite our gruelling game of rounders, set off for the Marine Lake where, we were informed, we could hire a rowing boat to hold all seven. Rowing boat? It was more like a whaler from the pages of "Moby Dick". I don't know what happened to the age of chivalry, but the girls flatly refused to do the rowing. The poor perspiring mated therefore manned the oars to a discordant rendering of the Volga Boat Song while the ladies sat in the stern, harpoons at the ready. One hour and a few narrow escapes later we headed for land with such an impetus that we almost beached in Lord Street! We all piled out and the girls took us window shopping for half an hour, after which we headed for home and were soon detraining at Exchange.

We noticed with a deep malevolent satisfaction that it had been raining in Liverpool, whilst we had not had a drop all day, a fact which added to making our day the more enjoyable, for which I would like to extend the thanks of all of us to our gallant leader, Joe.

Tony.

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#### EDALE "A" PARTY.

A group of thirty journeyed into Derbyshire for the Edale walk. The "A" party, a quarter of the main contingent, remained in the coach, whilst the "B" party alighted some miles outside Edale. The village is situated in the "Vale of Edale", which is enclosed from the North and West by the districts of High Peak and Edale Moore. Down the centre of the vale on the South side of the town flows the river Noe.

With our backs to the river our leader, Tony Atherton, headed us for Blackden Edge which is a part of Edale Moore. Jackets and sweaters were soon shed due to the very heavy atmosphere, and a severe climb up the bed of a dried up stream. On reaching the top one was stuck by the moorlands, with smooth and rolling lines, against the cloudy sky line. The district is full of wild life and our movement across the area disturbed numerous birds from their nests. Dotted about the Moor were many shooting lodges verifying the presence of abundant game. While taking a breather near an outcrop of grimestone rocks called "Mad Womers' Stones", it was suggested to the two ladies of our party that they file ownership rights immediately we returned. From the rocks we descended to Woodlands vale, through which flows the river "Alsop". At a section of the Vale another river joins the alsop, but its direction of flow is opposite. To prevent flooding the vale the County Engineering Department have built a dam with concrete baffles to join the two directions into one. A Roman road was sighted but there were no signs of the Roman Legions, who presumably fled when they realised we were the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers.

A call was made for tea at a really spic and span cottage kept by a tall silver-haired lady who had a very pleasing personality. After tea the return to Edale was the last point on the map. Our leader had one more trick up his sleeve. This was in the form of a very stiff climb and the party just had time to cool off before reaching the coach. The drive home was most enjoyable, with the usual pranks, and a great sing-song to round off a perfect day. On behalf of the "A" party I offer our thanks to Tony for a really grand day.

Joe Ferns.

<u>DATE.</u>	<u>RAMBLE.</u>	<u>RAMBLING MEET.</u>	<u>PROGRAMME.</u>	<u>LEADER.</u>	<u>APPROX FARE.</u>
JULY 27	WEAVER VALLEY (BENEDICTION)	PIER HEAD	10-15	B. EDWARDS	5/6.
AUG. 4	MILLER DALE (Time of departure will be announced at Clubroom).	CENTRAL STN.		W. POTTER	9/3.
AUG. 10	PENSARN (BENEDICTION)	JAMES ST. STN.	10-15	M. HENWOOD	6/6
AUG. 17	SWIMMING	EXCHANGE STN.	10-45	A. BROCKWAY	3/-
AUG. 24	ABER (COACH)	ST. JOHN'S LN.	9-50	W. POTTER (A) T. ATHERTON (B)	10/-
AUG. 31	RHYDYMWYN	PIER HEAD	10-15	T. ATHERTON	5/-

Please note that the departure time for the Miller's Dale Walk will be given at the Club; also the early start for the Aber(coach) walk on August 24th.

SOCIAL CHATTER.

As half the Club will be on holiday for the next few weeks will those who have already had or are about to have their break from the daily grind please give Perry Como and Dinah Shore (or whoever has taken their place on T.V.) a miss and come to the Club a little earlier on Wednesdays. This will save newcomers and the ever-faithful 8.30 people from thinking they have come on the wrong night. The Rosary recital will also look more pathetic than usual if a bit more effort is not made.

Here are a couple of notices which would <sup>not</sup> fit on the end of the page one stencil. Congratulations to Jack Carroll and Helen on their engagement and best wishes to Bill and Pauline, who marry at 10-30 a.m. on Saturday this week at St. Robert Bellarmine's.

Our invalids are progressing nicely. Gerry Heneghan has had his operation but is still in hospital. Mr. Lewis, Maureen thanks us for our prayers, has also had an operation and his health is greatly improved already. Mrs. Skilliecorn is still poorly and we ask your continued prayers for all our sick. To break in on the act, Angela and Pat got themselves involved in a crash in Austria and had to be treated at the local hospital. We delighted to hear that they were able to have a few days tacked on their holiday to get over the shock and hope they're here tonight.

We've heard from John Bickerstaffe and Pauline McGrath. She's way down in the South - Louisiana the card came from, and is revelling in it all. John has now settled for a while in San Diego, California, and is working for a shipyard. Both wish to be remembered to you all, Pauline until sometime in August and John hopes to be back within a year or two.

Bernard says that if the beige pigskin purse is not claimed soon it will be "sold to defray expenses". Is anybody in Rice Lane interested. Surely they are missing the key. He also makes a request for dance ticket money. It seems unbelievable that there are still some who owe for this as the last dance was in April. Don't forget that any tickets which were not returned in time to be sold at the door were regarded as sold. Now for the next dance. Its August 30th, Saturday at the State, and should be a lovely finish to what we hope will be a lovely summer's day. Tickets, 5/-d, are available tonight.

Don't forget to leave your name with somebody if you wish to go on the Aber Coach do and will be away on holiday, three weeks notice, remember.

Holidays are now definitely with us and the next month or so will see lots of you away. Have a wonderful time, all of you, and I hope the weather will be good with lots of sun, even for the unrighteous!

Yours,

Socialite.