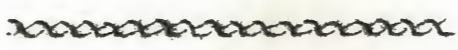


LORA



NEWSLETTER



ISSUE No. 49

FOURTH SERIES

DECEMBER 1973

The Editor
and his staff
Wish all our readers
A Merry Christmas
and
A Happy New Year



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High Speed Rambling.

The following story is reputed to be true, but ?

A new club member recently arriving from Dublin, Ireland, read in last months newsletter that the Rambling Sub-committee were arranging the "Fred Norbury" competition. Wishing to help, he made a few enquiries and heard about the 14 peak exploit of a few years back. Before suggestion it he decided he would check up on the length of time the last C.R.A. members took - so he phoned up the Registrar, Leslie Roberts.

Michael. Helo is that Leslie Roberts?

Leslie. Yes

Michael Can you tell me how long it took the Ramblers to do the 14 peaks a few years ago?

Leslie Just a minute Michael

Michael Thank you kindly Leslie, good night now.???

VIVA LA DIFFERENCE

Un dimanche pas comme les autres.

Tout a commencé par une attente ô combien longue devant le magnifique⁺ de Saint John's lane. Mais, never mind, vers 11h. 30 nous sommes partis pour Silverdale.

Nous avons admiré la beauté de ce paysage mi terrestre mi-aquatique: des moutons, des prés marécageux, et d'immenses flaques que nos courageux "ramblers" ont sauté avec plus ou moins de succès. Un des marcheurs, sans doute envôûte par le charm d'un mouton ou de quelque bergère, s'était perdue dans ce paysage enchanteur....Une vaillante escorte se mit aussitôt en marche et ramena le promeneur solitaire.

Ensuite, toys ensemble, nous avons dégusté quelques gâteaux et bu une "cups of tea" dans un café de Arnside. Tl valait mieux prendre des forces, car les évènements allaient se compliquer. Et oui, il faisait nuit quand nous sommes partis, et devinez ce qui est arrivé...nous sommes égarés!

Ô beau pays des "Withering Heights" que j'aime marcher sous une pluie battante, poussé par un vent violent avec les lumières de la côte et les étoiles pour seul guide...

Après tant de péripéties, vous allez peut être penser que nous n'avons pas eu le temps d'aller au pub. Oui, oui, oui... toys ensemble nous avons by un lou deux ou trois pots dans la joie.

O. what a beautiful day.

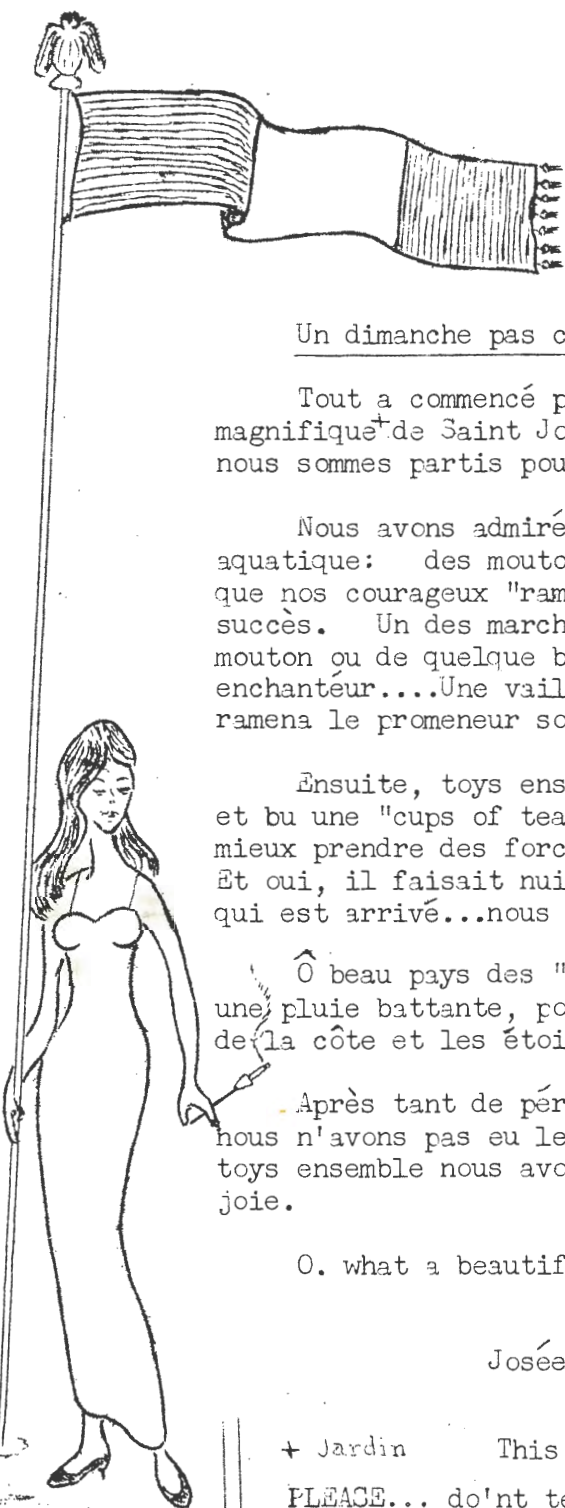
Josée et Martine.....X.X.X.X.

+ Jardin This word I missed out, please insert.

PLEASE... do'nt tell me I've made any spelling mistakes in this lot...I cann't even read it let alone spell it.

This report on a ramble to Silverdale was written in their mother tougue, by our two beautiful French visitors, Josée and Martine. Now if one of our English readers would care to translate-I would be delighted to print their efforts in our next newsletter.

Editor.



The Family Section

December 7th. Social.

Jim and Irene Flaherty's house
26, Thingwall Road,
Liverpool 15.
Collect panto tickets here.

December 9th. Ramble.

'Treasure Hunt'. Meet at the
Cottage Loaf car park, in
Thurstaston. Please be ready
to leave at 12-30 pm.
Leader...Mona Roberts.

December 29th. Party

If arrangements can be made, a
Christmas party for ADULTS will
be held at a hall in the Wirral

January 6th. Ramble

Yuletide Walk at Rivington Old
Barn.
Leader John Johnston. **

January 25th. Social

Leo and Pat Fearsons house
81, Twigg Lane,
Huyton.

February 8th. Dance.

Annual dance at Dovedale Towers
See elsewhere in this issue for
details.

February 17th. Ramble

Leet Valley. Meet Mold car park
and be ready to leave at 12-30 pm.
Leader Bill Roberts.

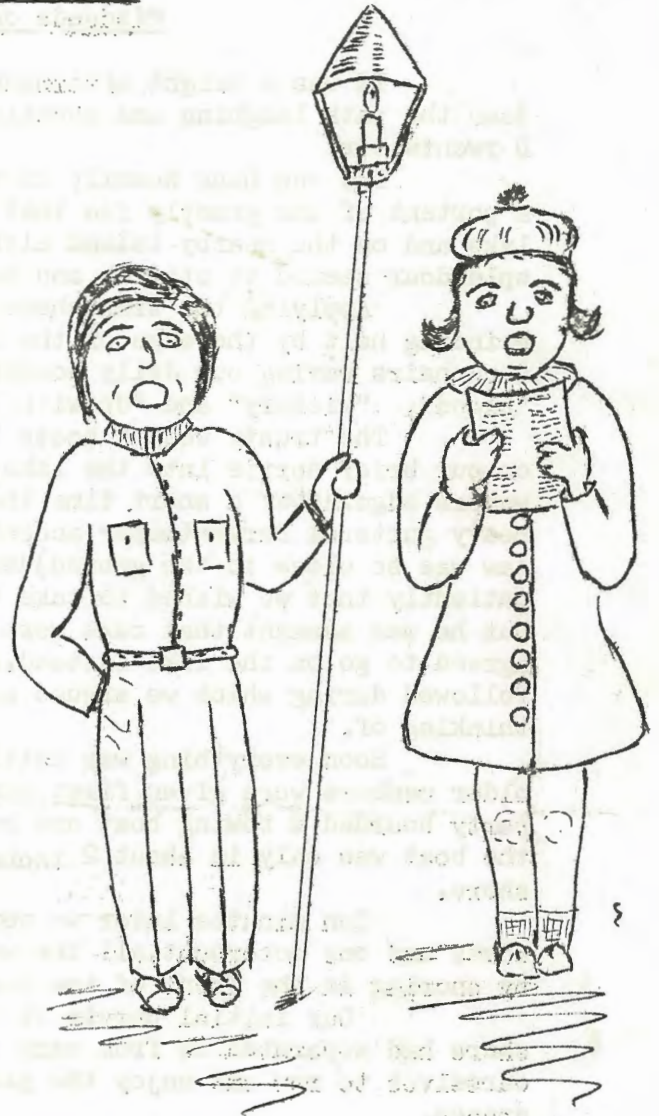
Please be ready to
leave at 1-00 pm.

March 8th. Social

Bill and Nora Naylor's house,
114, Moss Lane,
Maghull.

March 17th. Ramble.

Rufford. Meet at Nansen's
Transport Cafe on A 59 immediately
past Rufford Old Hall gate.
Please be ready to leave at 1 pm.
Leader Bill Naylor.



Mona Roberts

KESWICK WEEKEND.

Misdeeds on Derwentwater.

It was a bright afternoon indeed on the Sunday as we crowded down the path laughing and shouting to that broad expanse of Derwentwater.

The sun hung heavily in the sky, an orange red ball, almost a portent of the ghastly fun that was to follow. The trees around the lake and on the nearby island although in golden browns of Autumnal splendour seemed to stiffen and darken in petrified anticipation.

Applying the brakeshoes on our wellingtons we came to a grinding halt by the edge of the lake, scattering shale and deckchairs waving our Jolly Rodgers and Souvenir Heads shouting "Blood", "Victory" and "Up with Treasure Chests".

The trusty wooden boats that were unknowingly to bear us on our brief sortie into the lake, were innocently wallowing at the waters edge. After a short time the boat master appeared and in a heavy gutteral Derwentwater accent (which explained why his lower jaw was so close to the ground) demanded our whereabouts. We explained patiently that we wished to take the boats around the nearby park, but he was adamant that oars were useless on grass. So at last we agreed to go on the lake instead. A period of furious bartering followed during which we argued about what sort of figures we were thinking of.

Soon everything was settled and we were allocated boats. The older members were given first choice so Brian and Peter with their party boarded a rowing boat and began to row, little realizing that the boat was only in about 2 inches of water and firmly bedded in the shore.

Ten minutes later we were all afloat in four large rowing boats and one motorboat, all the women appearing generally conspicuous by snoring in the front of the boats and letting the men do the rowing.

Our initial bursts of rowing after being freed from the shore had separated us from each other and for a while we just pleased ourselves to row and enjoy the pleasantness of boating in wide open spaces.

After a while it became apparent that Ray and his merry men were buzzing around in the motor boat between the rowing boats and using a red plastic football as a bouncing bomb, which didnt' explode but just drenched everyone. This unprovoked aggression was too much to bear as a general state of war was declared by the rowing boats on the motor boat. Unfortunately the motorboat was too difficult to catch so fighting broke out between some of the rowing boats as well.

The first clash came between the two rowing boats of Frank, Paul and John and Tom when an attempted boarding was made accompanied by much shouting and screaming from the women. This fight fizzled out because the boats drifted apart.

More hand blistering speed and this time a skirmish between Frank, Paul, Peter and Bryans boat. Now booty was taken namely Peters oar which was flung with great gusto into the lake (it floated of course).

More incidents followed but were of a much more gory nature, as pulling off rudders and capturing occupants from other boats that they are best forgotten.

Our hour on the lake was coming to an end, so we headed back to the jetty still fighting off short attacks from Ray and his merry men who in the end got wetter than anyone else.

We suddenly spotted Richie and company, who had managed to avoid the activity, appearing from behind the island. He had heard the shouting however, so that, no doubt, was why he stayed on the other side of the lake.

Back on the shore we all congregated on the lakeside discussing what to do next when Brian suddenly decided to show Bernie how clear the water was and pushed her in.

As we shuffled back to the Lakeside House the lake returned to normal.

Pirate Stafford.

Check in Your Church Porch.

In the next week or so you will be seeing our new poster displayed in your Church or Parish Club.

These posters are the basis of our latest membership campaign in which we hope to bring in new members who will be able to enjoy the facilities offered by the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers Association.

We ask you, our present membership to assist our campaign in two ways.

Firstly, if no poster appears in your church within the next three weeks perhaps you would obtain a poster from me and ask the Parish Priest to display it on the notice board. Also if you know of an organisation who might be willing to display a poster, please let me know.

Secondly, a few words to a friend can have more effect than any poster. So if you know of anybody who might be interested in any of our functions, why not have a chat with them? They'll probably thank you for it! After all it is your club, the more members we have the more friends you can make and the more successful will be our rambles and socials.

Perhaps when you have read this newsletter you will pass it on to one of your friends, then they can read for themselves the various activities we organise or participate in.

John Clarke

No more Rambling in North Wales.

It is believed by the Rambling Sub - committee that the Israelites and the Arabs are still at loggerheads. As these combatants are the cause of the current petrol shortage it was agreed that there would be no further rambles to North Wales until Loggerheads is returned to the Welsh people.

Social.



On Saturday 3rd. November, 17 members of the club went to see 'The love of four Colonels' at the Playhouse Theatre. This turned out to be a major issue.

On 26th. November 26 of the Ramblers spent an enjoyable evening at Mr. Blighties Club in Farnworth, near Bolton, where they wined and dined until the early hours of the morning.

Richie and myself will do all in our power to improve the social aspects of the club during the coming year. However we would appreciate any suggestions in this field, as your wish is our command.

John McLindon
Richie Cannon.

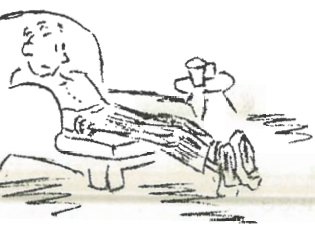
Social Programme.

Dec 6th	Top of the pops 1973. Review of the records that did well in the charts, Please bring your favourite 1973 records.. but make sure your name in clearly marked on them.	Emperor Macker and Jeanette Hutton.
13th	Disco	Dave Holden
20th.	Christmas Party	Committee
27th	Disco	Paul Healy

A very happy 1974 to you all...Happy New Year...

Jan. 3rd	Motown Sounds	Ray O'Connor
10th.	Quiz Night Special Start 8 - 30 pm.	Barry Lyons
	Disco	Bob Banks
24th	Disco	Richie Cannon and Pat.

D. J's please start at 8.30pm.



O.K. guys and gals, so you think you know all about pop music. See if you can answer these questions.

- Q.1. A group made two of the following records:
Name the group and the records in question.
- a) All Right Now
 - b) Good Old Rock N' Roll
 - c) Tom Tom Turnaround
 - d) Lets' see Action
 - e) Run Run Run
 - f) Breaking up is hard to do
 - g) Let's dance
 - h) The Jean Genie
 - i) Wishing Well
 - k) Roll Over Beethoven
 - l) That's when the music takes me
 - m) Get Down
 - n) Standing on the Inside.

Q.2. A pop star recorded two of the above records this year and also one of the other records listed some years ago. Can you name the star and the records in question?

Q.3. All the records listed have, or had something in common. What was it.

Answers

- Q.1. The group is "Free" and the records are :-
 i) "All Right Now" and ii) "Wishing Well"
- Q.2. The pop star is Neil Sedaka, he recorded "That's when the music takes me" and "Standing on the inside" this year, and "Breaking up is hard to do" some years ago.
- Q.3. All the records WERE in the clubs' record box; now they are all missing.

NOTE

It has been the practice recently for members to borrow records for recording purposes; unfortunately not all have been returned. So if you have any of these records, please slip them back into the box. No questions will be asked, honest!
 Please in future no records are to be taken from the clubrooms. O.K?

Nail Varnish can be easily removed, but do you know how?... Use nail varnish remover the ladies will say, but what if the varnish has fallen on your best evening dress? That's different is'nt it? Well I will let you into the secret...Take the r out and make it vanish.

And what of the Irish expedition to the sun. When the leader was warned that their space ship would be burnt to a crisp he replied...We have thought of that to be sure, why do you think we are going at night?...

I've heard of one man one job but this one takes the biscuit...In an Irish factory they have five electricians putting in electric light bulbs...One to hold the bulb and four to turn the ladder.

Ramblerite

FOOTPATH

Darkness, strong winds, heavy rains and strange terrain. Mix in any proportions and behold one has sufficient ingredients for a blood curdling night of suspense.

Have you ever been in a situation where these four factors have materialised in varying degrees with sufficient impact to make you stop and wonder at the possible consequences of complications resulting from say a broken leg, or of the party splitting into two groups and one walking forth to safety and the other to disaster? And at the enquiry when some one would say ' But sir we had a torch, compass and whistle, and we thought we knew the way!

This sort of situation may happen to you one day and the question is ...Will you recognise it before you find yourself in a non - reversable position or will you only be able to boast about it IF you get out safely ?

As a rambling club with a long tradition of venturesome walkers would it not pay us to educate our more promising ramblers in the more desirable aspects of our famous art or must we all learn by our own mistakes ? ? ?

Last Thursday at the club the announcement was made that despite adequate numbers the ramble for Sunday was cancelled because the regular coach company did not have enough fuel to supply a coach. The fuel crisis may well cause the cancellation of many more coaches so the attached programme may not be of much use.

A potential solution comes to mind...LOCAL WALKS...Yes local as from Formby to Liverpool (But no bus on the way home) Newbington to the River Dee and back. I'm sure there must be many local beauty spots we have never walked to. But I'm sure you will think of much better places to go to or things to do so why not let me know of your ideas.

PROPOSED Programme. PROPOSED

Dec. 16th.	Clwydian Range	Dennis Keenan
23rd.	Silverdale (Lancs)	Tony Frith
Jan 6th	Yuletide Walk	Committee
13th	Sliadburn(Ribble Valley)	Richie Cannon
20th	Cefn Caves (North Wales)	Frank Fitzmaurice
27th	Llangollen (North Wales)	Lesley Roberts
Feb 3rd	Macclesfield (Derbyshire)	Frank Johnston
10th	Llanarmon Hot Pot	Peter McLindon.

KESWICK WEEKEND "A" PARTY REDPIKE.

We approached Lake Buttermere along the flat B.5289 road from the Honister Pass, in the same geological depression which has Crummock Water farther west. The Buttermere fells on both sides of our car convoy rose up steeply with the range that we were to attempt on our left.

The cars were parked and everyone set off towards the Mountain Rescue Post, passing over the flat ground by the lake. We noticed fairly quickly the almost solid gusts of wind which had disappeared as soon as they had begun.

The way up was by the Scarth Gap Pass. When we had climbed part of the way up towards High Crag, the first peak, the party had a break. From here the parked cars below looked like dots. Fleet with Pike to our right was casting a huge shadow on the mountain slopes to the other side of the road. Some of us too, were lucky to see a miniature whirlwind rush across part of the lake and disappear into some trees on the bank. When everyone had caught up and rested the party split up into "A" and "B" groups.

The "A" party set off again at a quick pace up to High Crag. The visibility was fairly good, the sky was blue and it was a good day for walking apart from the gusts of wind which seemed to be growing stronger.

From High Crag we headed westerly along the ridge topping Burtness Combe towards High Stile at 2644 feet. As we approached the peak the winds became progressively stronger, until as we reached the top it became impossible to move at times without running the risk of being blown over.

Everyone made the top of High Stile and crowded into a wind break given by a cluster of rocks to eat their lunch. Sitting down was a fairly cold business and for some reason everyone started coughing with much violence that the noise could probably be heard miles away.

Half-an-hour passed and the "A" party headed over Chapel Crag towards Red Pike at 2479 feet. Nestling between Red Pike and High Stile was Bleaberry Tarn. From the Pike we headed down the Saddle going Northeast towards Lake Buttermere, and soon encountered the Screes. These were ascended in various ways such as running, sliding, walking or falling. The path led past Sourmilk Gill, the river from Bleaberry Tarn which drains into Lake Buttermere and down towards Burthness Wood, alongside the lake. The trees were in various shades of Autumnal browns, colours which they would be holding for only a few more weeks.

The walk along the west shore of the lake was amongst the trees leading towards the Mountain Rescue Post and from there back to the cars. Much to our surprise the walk took much less time than the six hours originally envisaged, probably due to the wind blowing us around, and we arrived back about 4.30 p.m. well before the "B" party.

Paul Stafford.

KESWICK WEEKEND "B" PARTY HIGH CRAG.

Dear John, do not take offence at what you and many others are about to read - it wasn't really your fault that the whole "B" party ended up shattered after what should have been an easy walk. We remain convinced that the 'B' party really went on the 'A' walk and vice versa. Otherwise how does one i.e. you, account for the fact that the 'A' walkers arrived back at base $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours before the 'B' walkers.

Now for the uninitiated we will attempt to explain the day's events and leave you to agree with us that we really had a hard time of it!

The whole party started off at 11.00 a.m. having left the hotel in a convoy at 10.30 a.m. Your faithful correspondents were obliged to follow up the rear as a result of a search for Richie's car keys which eventually turned up in his pocket. We nimbly caught up with the rest of the party at the first halt - just in time for the division into the elite 'A' party and the rest of us who opted for the easy 'B' walk. We gave the 'A' party a five minute start so that we would not embarrass them by following too close on their heels.

John finally managed to round up the herd (numbering 15 in all, before one member quickly saw the light and decided that the 'A' walk was a better bet) and off we started on what turned out to be a long, hard trail across the mountains. But then, as Frank said we weren't there to enjoy our selves.

You may think that this is not a very factual account of the walk; in all truthfulness we aren't really sure where we went or what we saw. When your eyes are glued to the ground, the wind is howling about your ears and you are trying to keep up with the rest you tend to miss a lot of the beautiful scenery.

We had lunch half-way up Chapel Crag. We weren't allowed a long rest before we were being rounded up and forced to the top so that we could appreciate the wonderful view of Buttermere from the top of the Crag. We battled against the wind and the loose rocks which slowed down our progress but in the end we won through and our reward awaited us at the top. The breathtaking view can only be enjoyed by those with the determination, stamina and single-mindedness such as was possessed by the members of our intrepid band.

However it wasn't long before John got itchy feet and decided that we should make our descent. There was some indecision as to what route to take - whether it were better to go up High Crag and come down by a reasonably direct route, or whether we should go round the Crag which was a longer but less arduous route. We opted for the latter route much to our later dismay, for instead of just going up once and then down all the rest of the way, we found ourselves being led on a merry dance up and down the mountains, many of us with very little idea of where we were supposed to be going. John 'Twinkletoes' Clarke was very reassuring and kept telling us that we were merely making a minor detour so as not to arrive back too soon - and we actually believed him at first.

It was not long before rebellion set in and some of the more outspoken members of the party began to voice their feelings.

But to the rescue once more came our capable leader John, who set off with a scouting party. By this time four daring members of the party suffering from extreme exhaustion and almost in a state of collapse decided to take an extra rest in defiance of their leader (who unknown to them had also stopped just about 20 yards ahead.

The final stage of the descent led us through swamplands and at this point Frank could not resist christening Pats' new boots and pushed her into the mire in a most ungentlemanly fashion—an initiation ritual which we feel, especially Pat, should be done away with.

The end of the walk was rather more enjoyable as it was mainly on the flat (We would earnestly request more of this type of walking). By this time your correspondents had managed to take the lead. They would have been first only they didn't notice crafty Norman coming up from the rear and just managing to pip them at the post. (Steve shouldn't have fed him with those glucose tablets).

Anyway in spite of our being unable to acquire our long dreamt of cups of tea at the tearooms of the local farmhouse—as they had run out of milk. Our heartfelt thanks to John and Frank, we must say that John did come to our aid in one or two tricky moments. We may have said and thought some horrible things about our leader but then when the human body is put to such tests of extreme physical endurance one cannot be held responsible for such outbursts.

In case our account has put any would be ramblers off for life, it isn't meant to. It did make the weekend for us and we don't regret having made our traipse across the mountains from which we conclude that we must be nasochists at heart

Pat & Ursula.

From 'Descriptive Poems of the English Lake District'

By Margaret Lee Noble

Published by A. H. Stockwell Ltd.

_____ AT EASEDALE TARN. _____

I remember the day I sat by the Tarn.
The skies were blue, the earth was warm.
The crags were covered with a golden glow,
As I gazed at them from down below
The Tarn was happy that summer day
And I watched the light on the water play.

But today as I pass the tarn is dark,
No more is heard the song of the lark.
For winter is here with rain and cold,
And clouds are low in this mountain fold.
The rocky crags are covered with snow,
Which showers on the tarn as the cold winds blow.

But summer will come to the tarn again,
After spring with the soft warm rain,
The lark once more will soar to the sky,
It's song will wing o'er the mountains high,
I will sit by the tarn like I did before,
And listen to its waters kiss the shore.

A POTTED HISTORY OF RIVINGTON

To those of us who have been going to the Yuletide at Rivington for some time now I suppose it can be almost taken for granted and we forget to think about the wonderful history of the place which is sometimes called the Saxon Tithe Barns. To those who have not been, and to those who have only been once I hope these notes will prove to be of interest and maybe they will whet your appetite for a visit sometime in the future.

Great House Barn is now only 42' long and 48' 9" wide but was originally at least one more bay longer and it had a gable with a large doorway at the South side. The west porch is modern, and built into the gable is an old stone with the initials A

TAR

inscribed on it denoting Thomas and Alice Anderton with Robert their son (dated 1702). The Barn belonged to the Broadhurst estate and the best meadows of this portion of Rivington are now under the waters of the Lower Rivington Reservoir. First mention of the family is in 1277. In 1440 the Bulloughs owned the estate and in 1506 John Shaw was the owner. His descendants sold it to Thomas Anderton of Rivington in 1699 and his successors sold it to the late Lord Leverhulme.

Rivington Pike was one of a chain of beacons built around England for use as warnings during any national emergency. The last time it was lit was in 1588 to announce the coming of the Spanish Armada. The tower now on the Pike was built in 1733 from the stones of the old Beacon platform and is 1,192' above sea level. Liverpool Corporation tried to have the tower pulled down this year on the grounds that it was dangerous but the writer understands that this was prevented by some sort of preservation order from Whitehall.

Winter Hill is 1,498' above sea level and carries several huge T.V. masts as well as Lancashire County Police wireless transmitter. There is on the hill a memorial to a lone traveller who was brutally murdered as he was wending his way through the hills to keep a business appointment in one of the small nearby villages.

Finally an explanation of the name Rivington. It is settlement by the rough hill which indicates a Saxon settlement of roughly 620 to 650 A.D. History can be interesting can't it?

Bernard J. Manley.



YULE TIDE WALK
BARN DANCE AND DISCO

Rivington Barn

January 6th. 1974.

boach. Spot prizes. Hot pot
Bar. a-b & c Walks.

GRAND RE-UNION DANCE

@

DOVEDALE TOWERS - PENNY LANE

FRIDAY 8th FEBRUARY

dancing to

AL RATH'S BAND

FROM 8 P.M. TILL 1 AM.

BUFFET SUPPER 9.30 to 10.00 P.M.



£1.50

Novelties

Spot prizes.

For tickets contact:

Chris Dobbin, 207, Childwall Road, Liverpool

Bernie McMullen, 9, Bedford Road, Bootle. Phone 922 3897

Leo Pearson, 81, Twigg Lane, Roby L36 2LG Phone 489 0746

Mam Tor Edale, Derbyshire 14th Oct 1973.

Prompt at 10a.m. we set off from St. Johns' Lane leading towards Derbyshire. We stopped at Knutsford for light refreshments after which we continued our journey to Edale amidst the lightly falling rain.

The rain was still falling as John Clarke lead us through pleasant countryside up towards the Blue John caves adjacent to Mam Tor. On route we met a couple of Geologists who were seeking rock samples in the spoil of a lead mine, the shaft of which was guarded by a wooden fence.

However the big adventure was in the 'Blue John' caves where a guide escorted us several hundred feet into the bowles of the earth along passage ways hewn by the force of water as well as the puny efforts of man himself.

The semi precious stone 'Blue John' is now mined at the rate of about $\frac{1}{2}$ a ton a year. This restricted output is the result of mans previous achievements in extracting in a relatively short space of time most of the semi precious stone which nature had taken millions of years to perfect and secrete in the cracks and fissures of the rocks.

On reaching the surface some of the party decided to return to the coach by the road whilst the majority of the party climbed the slopes of Mam Tor (Mother Earth). Normally a beautiful panoramic view can be seen but we 'mist' it as the low lying clouds and rain blotted out the countryside below from our view. However as we descended from the ridge the rain swept countryside came into view. Dodging the showers we made our way along gently winding paths into Edale and the warmth of the coach.

An excellent ramble John-Many thanks.

Mike Turner.

New Members.

Pat Unsworth
David John Oldham
Ronald Greener
John Walsh
William Lyons
Eileen Dowling
Martine Fons

Jose Tovya
Tom McKay
John McGrady
Bernard Woodcock
Ursula Norton
Maura Rovine
John Douglas.



THURSDAY 20TH DECEMBER 1973

IN THE CLUBROOMS

120 limit

TICKETS ONLY

120 limit

It is anticipated that the demand for tickets will exceed the supply which is limited to 120. To avoid disappointment please purchase your tickets early.

FANCY DRESS

There will be a fancy dress section during the evening so if you have a novel dress do bring it along with you. If you are one of those who doesn't like the idea of dressing up, never mind come along and join in the rest of the fun and games.

TICKETS ONLY

Tickets may be obtained from:-
John McLindon 733 2921
Leslie Roberts 928 7604
Anna Kupiec 526 7978

CHRISTMAS PARTY COLLECTION

Our annual collection for charity will be taken at the Christmas Party. This year it is being donated to

MENCAP

Mencap is the National Society for mentally handicapped children. The money which is raised by voluntary effort goes to provide holiday centres, training units, youth clubs, etc. and also help finance the essential research into this little understood problem. Because Mencap is mainly run by volunteers - most of whom have mentally handicapped children of their own - very little of the money raised is spent in administration.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

shall be payable in advance of the first day of September in each year. If you have not yet paid your subscriptions please forward your 50P (60p for married couples) to:-

Lesley Roberts
89, Watling Ave.
Litherland.

Bernie McMullen
9, Bedford Road,
Bootle, L20 7DL

If you have paid - Howdy member!

DECEMBER SALES.

Space limitations prevent us from describing the following articles more fully, but if you are interested please contact the appropriate people....

- 1) Ladies black SKI pants. 24" waist: 25" inside leg
Used on one holiday only. £9 when new selling for £5.
Contact Pauline Cunningham Phone 226 4452
- 2) Plastic overtrousers. medium. brand new. 35p.
Contact editor
- 3) 1972 Hillman Avenger 1500 Super. 14,000 miles.
For details and price contact Brian Keller,
14, Mulliner Street, Liverpool 7.

WATCH FOR IT.

Peter McLindon was given a pocket watch two weeks ago by an appreciative friend. Two days later it stopped. A major operation was implemented and the back of the watch was opened. There lying amongst the works was a dead fly. Peter turned to his brother John and proclaimed " Ah! will you look at that, the little driver be dead! "

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

Definition of a 4' - 6" high judge...Small things sent to try us.

Chain Letters.

No good ever came out of chain letters. Though one must admit that sometimes they may be sufficiently attractive to stimulate our sense of GREED. Such as the "send a £1 note to the name at the top of the list, you know the one I mean, and eventually you will receive £16, 748. Or a later one which may stimulate our sense of goodness, such as "say a prayer for the name at the top of the list and like the above if the chain is never broken you will have 16,748 prayers said for you. But if you break the chain bad luck will come your way which releases a sense of fear or superstition.

But at last something good has come out of chain letters. I quote

" To bring relief and happiness to your tired friends "

- 1) Cross out the name at the top of the list, add yours to the bottom.
- 2) Send a copy of this letter to five of your friends
- 3) Bundle up your wife or girlfriend and post her (First class) to the man whose name appears at the top of the list.

The result of this (indiscretion) is that when your name comes to the top of the list you will receive 16, 748 women...No...Perhaps no good ever came out of chain letters.

LLANRMON HOT POT

FEBRUARY 10TH 1974

50p DEPOSITS TO PETER Mc LINDON

CONGRATULATIONS TO:-

Jim and Bernie Nolan on the birth of their son David James. And to Chris and Michell Scott on the birth of their son Michael.

Also to John Lovelady and Ann Schofield on the occasion of their recent engagement.