

Eleven eager beavers arrived at James St. station on this surprisingly bright morning, all ready to back up our new leader, Tony Gilmore, when he could be found! One enthusiastic young lady had even set up position at 9.a.m. and was loath to move.

Reaching Chester, still leaderless, we made like homing pigeons for the buffet, soon to be joined by Peggy and Rosemary (Peggys' Swiss friend), no doubt lured in by the smell of the coffee.

All set to give Tony a rousing cheer as he nonchalantly rounded the corner in the family Rolls, we were taken by surprise when two figures emerged from the smoke and grime of platform 14 (Tony Gil, cbseely followed by Potter the rotter - he's not a bit rotting really - only sometimes) and pushed us into the nearest carriage. Determined not to miss their beauty sleep they had caught the later train.

Alighting at Gobowen, the gamblers, still clutching their I.O.U slips, we had a short journey by ribble into Oswestry, and after lunching in a coffee bar we made for the open country.

Up, up we went, gently that this was a round desperately for some stop the camera maniacs whipped it included films) and the rest of draped ourselves as best we could or fence, despite the efforts of sabotage the proceedings. When and over stiles the assistance members was remarkable. help us over, but back again Tom Rainford performed an pas de deux at one gate. one borrow or steal a

We now followed a road discovered a bountiful These we gleefully attached of the anatomies of those Bernard scoring several bulls.

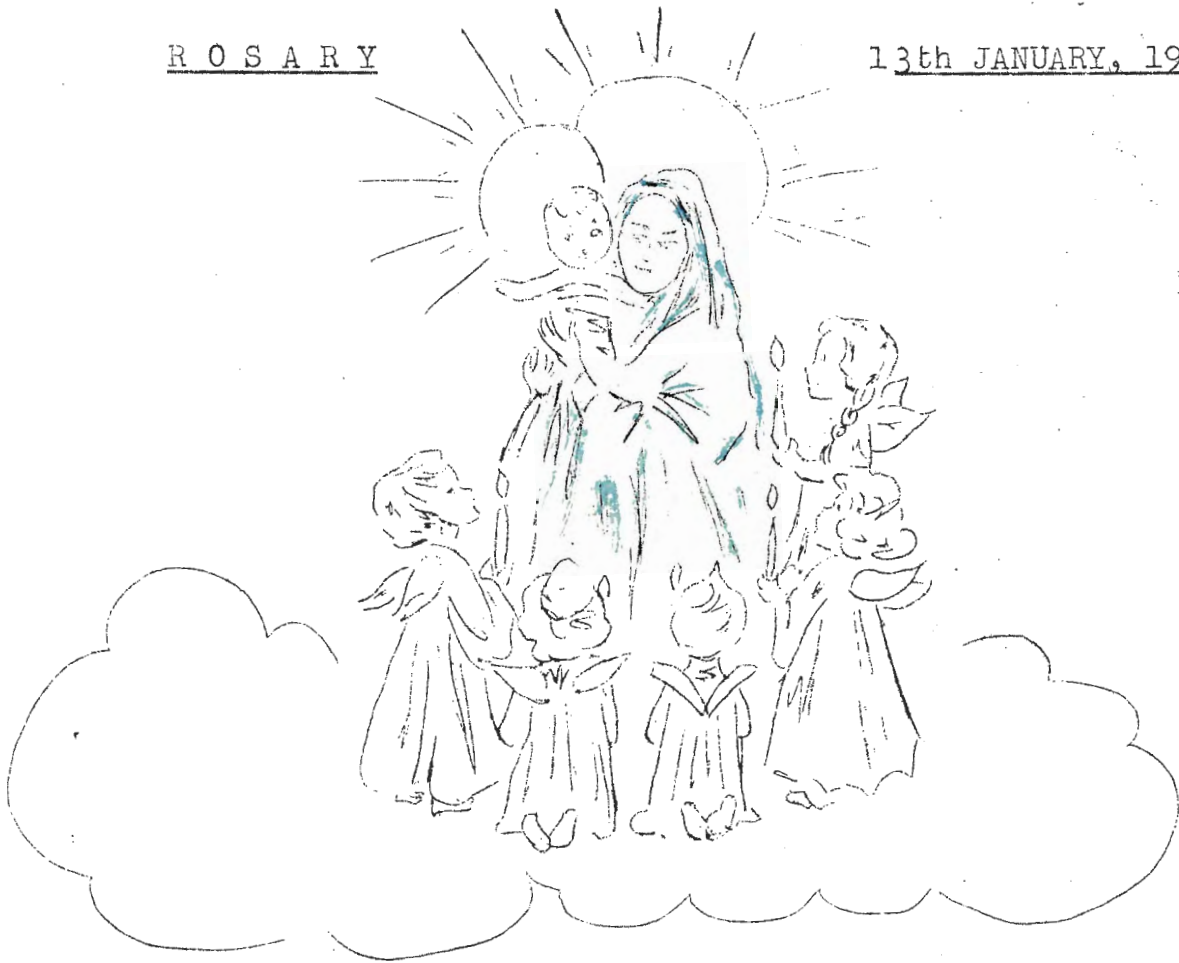
Inbetween we were able to appreciate the glorious autumnal colours which can now be seen to the best advantage - the blood red of the bramble leaves and the bronze and yellow of various types of unidentifiable trees. As the mist came down Tony turned up trumps and produced a little tea-place from the middle of nowhere. Here a tragedy occurred. A giant flask of soup, lovingly packed by Tom and borne triumphant through thick and thin, came to grief on the stone floor. We soon mopped up his tears and gave him a home-made scone (he hasn't been the same since). Anyway, next time he's just taking the cup out.

Filled with fresh vigour - not such a good idea in Edwids' case, as we were soon to discover - we pressed on into the gathering dusk, shaking up the local riding school on the way. Our leader now decided the time was ripe to lead up an ingenious path, where we could choose between sinking to our ankles in the middle, and being torn to shreds on the barbed wire at the sides. Rosemary came off best although her footwear was not so adequate as ours. Monica, on the other hand, nearly became a local landmark.

We took a short cut over the fields into Oswestry for Rosary, sermon and Benediction. After a final cup of coffee and a sample of Oswestry apple pie we made for the station. The journey home was uneventful apart from keeping Monica occupied and quietening down Frank Rowe, who's become very obstreperous lately. He will mix his wine gums. It's a fool's game, Francis.

Thank-you Tony for a very nice day.

"SARSAPARILLA SUL"



Please note that the rosary will be recited on Tuesday, the 13th January, instead of the 6th. This has been altered because of the Christmas Party. Rosary will be at 8.20 p.m. in the Chapel upstairs, and we know as many as possible are sure to attend.

S O C I A L P R O G R A M M E

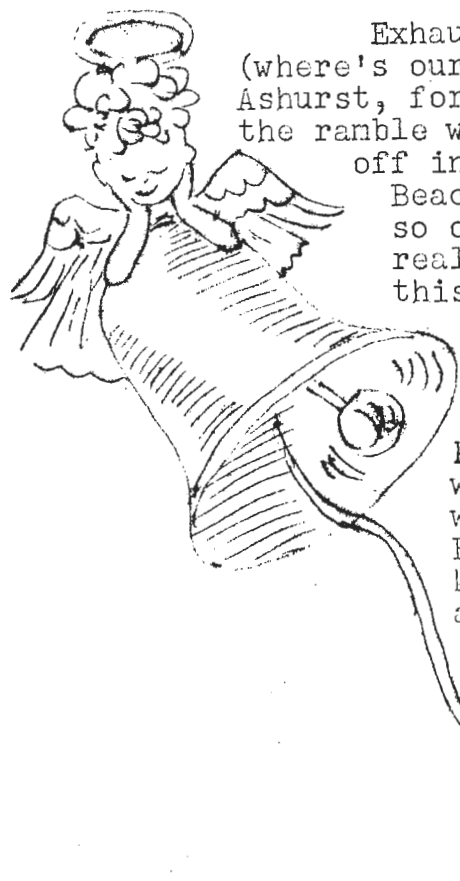
<u>Date</u>	<u>M.C.</u>	<u>Refreshments</u>	<u>Washer-Up</u>	<u>Gran.Carriers</u>
30th Dec.	JERRY CULLEN	Jean Bravin	J.Hunt/U.Flattery	J.Burn/G.Skilli-corn.
6th Jan.	CHRISTMAS PARTY			
13th Jan.	JACK McGEE	Anne McCann	B.Kershaw/Monica	Gerry Mc/Bill Potter
20th Jan.	JERRY CULLEN	Delia Fenlon	P.McCabe/S.Deeley	T.Gilmore/Joe Kennedy
27th Jan.	BILL POTTER	Marie Henwood	M.Brown/T.Smith	T.Rainford/T.Kelly

R A M B L I N G P R O G R A M M E

<u>DATE</u>	<u>RAMBLE</u>	<u>MEET</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>COST</u>	<u>LEADER</u>
23th Dec.	Yuletide Walk	St.Johns Lane.	Details at club. Names to Pat Murray or Ann McCann.		
4th Jan.	Nant-Y-Ffrith	James St.	9.50 a.m.	6/- approx.	G.Skillicorn
<u>DESCRIPTION</u> - Moderate walk.					
11th Jan.	Prestatyn	James St.	9.50 a.m.	6/6d approx.	H.Molloy
<u>DESCRIPTION</u> - Moderate walk.					
17/18th	Chalet - Names & deposits will be taken at 7.45 p.m. on the 6th January (Christmas Party). N.B. -7.45 p.m.				
25th Jan.	Delanere	Pier Head	10.15 a.m.	5/6d approx.	H.O'Neill
<u>DESCRIPTION</u> - Suitable walk for beginners.					

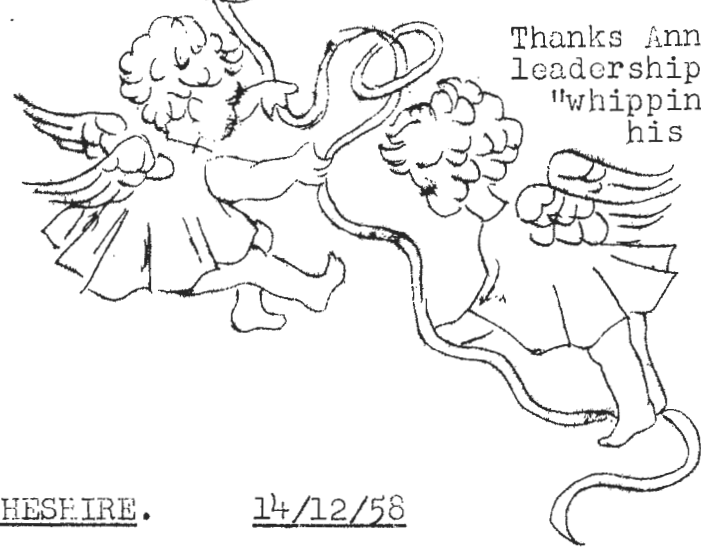
BEGINNERS PLEASE NOTE - For all walks it is necessary to have boots, or at least extremely strong shoes. Jeans or slacks; an old jacket; a rucksack for mac, extra woolies, sandwiches, flask and any extras you need. Also very necessary - a sense of humour!!!???

Exhausted from the heat and rotter Rainford (where's our sweets) we staggered into the Beacon Inn, Ashurst, for dinner - the time now being 2.0 p.m. But the ramble was not yet over and after an hours rest we set off in the direction of Parbold, passed the Ashurst Beacon on the way and then climbed KILIMANJARO, or so our 'leaderess' informed me although I didn't really believe her. Actually the girls climbed this about three times, for as soon as we reached the top we were pushed down again. Thanks gents!



We soon reached Parbold Beacon and then into Parbold where Barnard and May left us for Liverpool whilst we went into the Delph Tea Gardens for a welcome 'cuppa'. Refreshed and rarin' to go Bill suggested we walk along the canal. I don't know how many miles it was but to me it seemed about ten.

We had to hold our noses again here as the night air was filled with a perfume so perculiar to canals. Leaving the canal behind (we had to 'cos it wouldn't come with us) we marched back on the road to Ormskirk for the train back to Liverpool.



Thanks Ann for your leadership, or was it "whipping-in" and Bill for his helping hand. It was a smashing day.

"ABBHJMMMPST"
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BEESTON CASTLE, CHESHIRE. 14/12/58

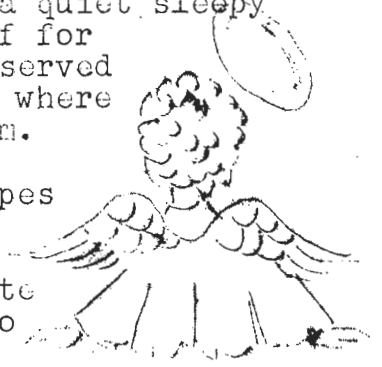
We six males debussed at Tattenhall to the remark of a local yokel about "Moun'n' Climbin'". Meaning, presumably, Peckfortom Hills!

Right away we were bogged down ankle deep in cloggy, clinging mud. It was indeed very fortunate that we were six males, for at this point we would have been hard-pressed to defend ourselves against any marauding Amazons!

The quagmire continued over several fields. It was whilst skirting one that a pheasant was flushed, the sun turning in into a rainbow of brilliant colour as it arched its way over the meadow.

The lodgekeeper of Bolesworth Castle was very dignified (in sweater and gunboots), but was adamant, no, we couldn't use the castle grounds to reach Harthill. We would have to use the road - one-and-a-half miles of it. Harthill villiage is a quiet, sleepy place, at least on Sundays, clustered closely as if for protection around its church. One Old Dear was observed peeping through lace curtains, wondering no doubt, where these mud bespattered figures had materialised from.

The next mudlark was fought out on the slopes of Rawhead, one of the southern hills on the Peckfortom (what a mouthful) Range. Just below the summit there is a cavern (not THE Cavern), quite large and roomy but with no passages to explore, so



S O C I A L

C H A T T E R

Lets start with a topical game, football. After a fine series of wins, we've just been defeated. This isn't because the opponents were good, because we were bad, or the referee was a cousin of the visiting captain's mother. Its merely because, says Johnny Burns, our Fan Monica didn't turn up. It has never been decided whether Mon encourages our team or terrifies the enemy with her vocal support, but it has the desired effect. Maybe when the rush of Christmas shopping on Saturday afternoons is over and the girls have all iced the cakes they made at nightschool we'll have a few more supporters to cheer us on.

Now for an untopical game. There's been an awful lot of work done at the tennis courts and an awful lot more remains to be done. From what I've seen and heard the same people seem to be doing it all. Do lend a hand, men. You don't have to tradesmen, just willing to dig in, literally. Don't fret ladies, it'll soon be your turn. At the moment the Pavilion looks as though it will have to be re-knitted when the heavy work is completed, and I have seen hands being wiped on curtains!

If one has to be out of action for a bit just now its best to get it over before Christmas, and its good to have Marie back after a short stay in hospital and Bernard after a pulled ligament.

I knew I'd have to mention it sooner or later, Christmas! The first Christmassy affair is the Choir, who've done their utty for you tonight. We hope you enjoyed the performance as much as we've enjoyed the rehearsals, with everybody bringing their own butties or some home cooking to go with the tea which somebody else had brought. Tony was a great help with his violin in helping any dicey seconds (or thirds) and Gerry Mac (Sorry I can't be there on the night) was grand moral and critical support.

Next Sunday, the 28th December, is the highlight for the walkers, that day's walk being a Treasure Hunt. The treasure is real - 10/-d, 7/6d and 5/-d tokens, well worth expending some of your life's blood for in the general scramble. Give your names tonight to Pat Murray or Ann McCan. We've two buses so there are a few seats spare. The meet is at St. John's lane at 10.30 a.m.

We're in January now, the 6th to be precise, but keep up the festive spirit for our Christmas Social. There's to be a really local flavour about this night as Arthur Downey's combination is providing the music. The charge is 2/6d, but there is a buffet laid on, and probably some ice cream by those people whose sausages are a treat. Harry O'Neill or Eddie Dulson (with numbers to be catered for on their minds) will be glad to have names of those partaking. How about some of you "postal" members coming along!

The meagre supply of cracked and handleless cups left after the men had finished washing up on Ladies night are being gradually replaced, in time for next Ladies night holocaust. A kindly Committee has offered Mary, Ann and Pat a supply of throat pastilles to help in restoring voices lost while making announcements on that night. Kath Daniels made Bernard's night by saying to him "Come on, Bernard, you're the only man left, lets have this".

John Bickerstaffe has sent us a card from San Diego, with sincere wishes to you all. Rod Murphy is also enjoying the scholastic life, and wishes to be remembered to you all.

Nothing now but to add my sincere Christmas wishes to the others, and to wish you a prosperous New Year.

Yours,

Socialite.