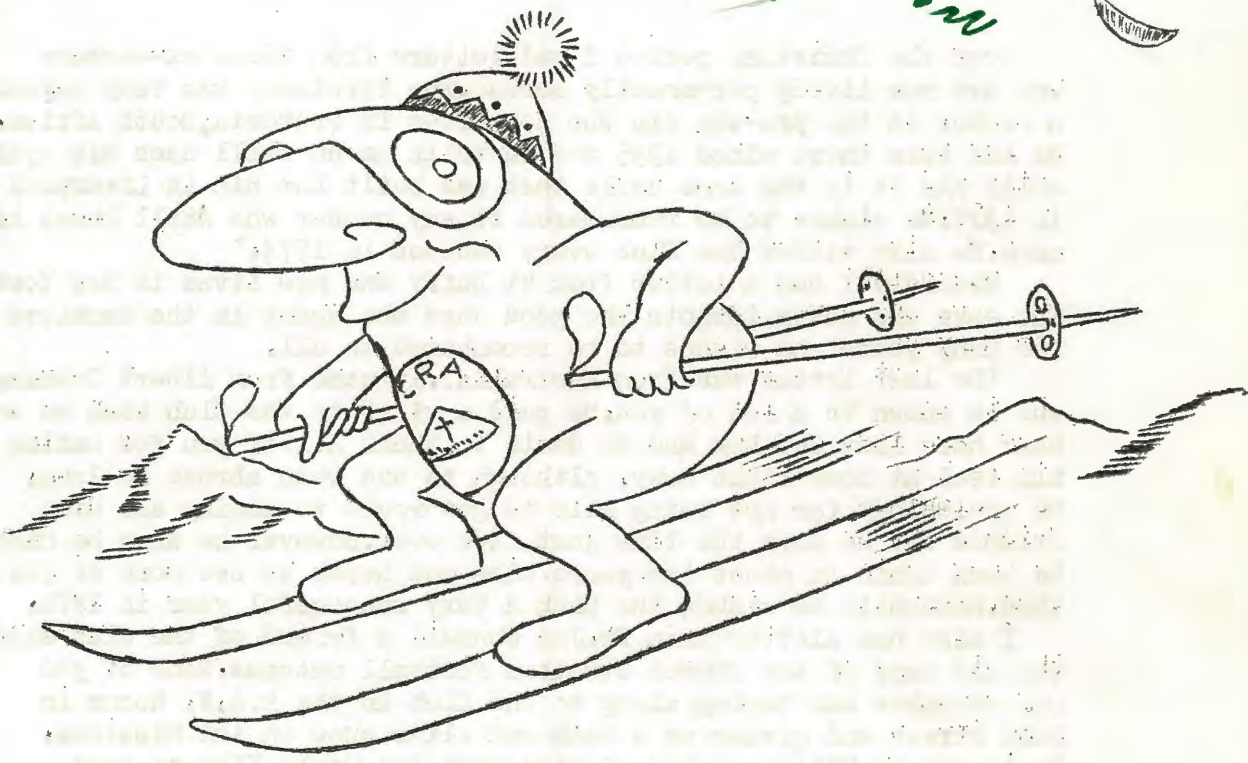


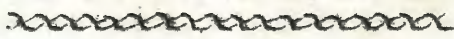


LCRA

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NEWSLETTER



MARCH 1974

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RAMBLERS ABROAD

Over the Christmas period I had letters from three ex-members who are now living permanently abroad. The first one was Tony Reynolds a member in the pre-war era who now lives in Pretoria, South Africa. He has been there since 1935 and he tells me he still uses his cycle daily and it is the same cycle that was built for him in Liverpool in 1925. He wishes to be remembered to any member who still knows his name. He also wishes the Club every success in 1974.

Secondly I had a letter from Vi Duffy who now lives in New York. She says she never forgets the good days she spent in the Ramblers for many years and wishes to be remembered to all.

The last letter was from Australia. It came from Albert Downing who is known to a lot of you. He paid a visit to the Club when he was back here last October and he wants to thank all of you for making him feel at home right away, although he had been abroad so long. He apologises for not being able to get round to seeing all his friends but he says the time just flew over. However he says he might be back again in about two years time and hopes to see more of you then. Meanwhile he wishes the Club a very successful year in 1974.

I also had a letter from Fr. Joe Connell a friend of the club since the old days of the Church Strætton football matches. Some of you may remember him coming along to the Club in the R.A.F. Rooms in Bold Street and giving us a talk and slide show on the Missions. He is now in Malawi on his mission work and would like to send his blessings and good wishes to all members of the C.R.A.

Nice to know that these friends and ex-members still find time to write and say thanks for the good times they have had in the company of the Club and I have written to them all on your behalf, sending in return your best wishes for the year.

CYRIL.

In Memorium.

Will you please pray for the repose of the soul of Hugh Molloy's mother who died recently.....

ORIENTEERING

14/2/74.

That's what the man said we would do, so twentyone jolly folk set out armed with map and compass to explore the lower regions of Frimrose Hill. Having followed Eric, our gallant leader over land and Mersey we arrived, one car missing, at Frimrose Hill, there to be met by the sight of hundreds of people all bent on Orienteering and all seemingly better equipped for the job than us. Not in any way daunted by this a group of us went to the registration post to ask the little man could we also play? His answer was brief but polite, no, the course most of us were to go on was already overfull. (See footnote)

Us, Being dead keen made no further enquiries but returned to the main party who, now having found the missing car agreed that the best thing to do was to have a ramble of our own. Retracing our steps we headed for Christmass tree land, better known to many as Delamere Forest, where having alighted from our cars we split into walkers and drinkers. Eric, our leader in a mad moment gave the map to Richie and told him to lead us, so off we

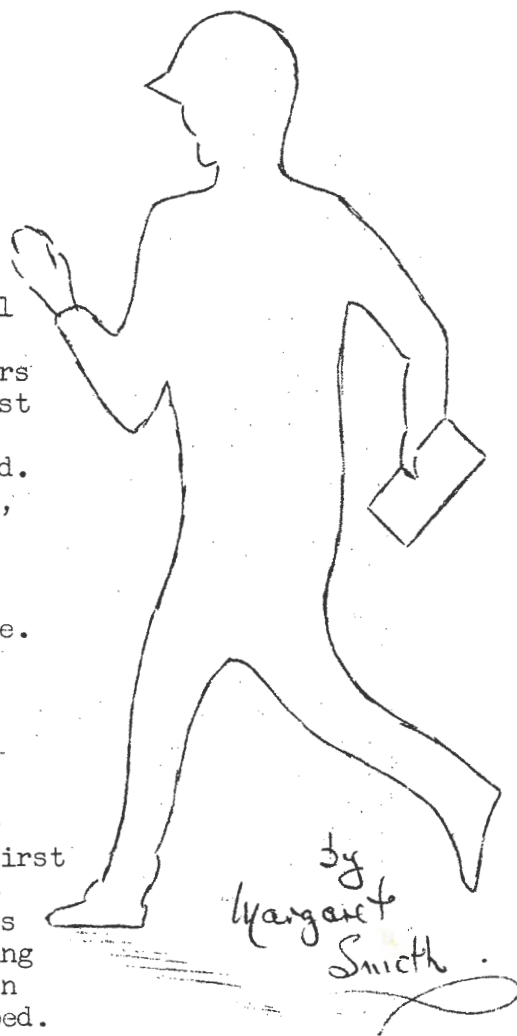
went down the road with Richie like any good leader at the back trying to place us on the map. A hundred yards down the road Eric once again took over and started to lead us all cross country. After one quick rehearsal for an escape from Colditz, we entered the forest where Eric now showing his true colours let us all take turns to piece at getting lost and for extra thrills showing us how to find large red and white poles stuck in the ground. Having lead us through marsh and over stream, destroying our sence of direction completely he finally took pity on his sheep and showed us the way back to the waiting cars, where after an ice cream we were allowed to go home.

Orienteering? No I don't think we did that. We did have a good ramble though.

* Footnote.

The Frimrose Hill event comprised four courses 2; 4; 6; and 8 Km.in length. The first competitor had started at 10am. and the last start time was 1 pm. Frize distribution was at 3 pm. As some 700 competitors were taking part most of the start times had already been taken with some courses already oversubscribed. This turnout reflects the enormous popularity of the sport and if we are not to be disapointed at our next venture we should endeavour to pay our entry fee in advance (it's cheaper)and obtain our starting times.

EDITOR.



WELL WE CALLED IT 'SKIING'.

"But why go skiing in the winter?" I asked El Magnifico a year ago. "Och, laddie" he replied "Cos there's no snow in summer!" (Good thinking Batman) "But surely everybody needs a summer holiday?" I queried. "Rhubarb" he snarled (or was it "Spaghetti") "active ramblers don't need summer holidays!" His message obviously carried for it was a party of 21 ramblers and friends which boarded the BEA Super One Eleven Jet at Manchester Airport at 2-30p.m. on 19th Jan. 1974. Two hours later we landed at Milan after flying at 28,000 ft over the snow-capped peaks in the vicinity of Mont Blanc. At this point our party was reduced by three with those more proficient skiers Eric, Bernard and John setting off for Bormio. We boarded our coach for the four hour drive to Sauze D'Oulx on the French/Italian border. "We need more snow in Sauze" the Courier explained. We feared the worse but our fears were unfounded as there was plenty of snow particularly on the high slopes. On Sunday we were kitted out with all our equipment and so the fun was about to start, especially for the beginners. Mary, Pauline, Anne, Maggie, Margaret, Phil, Steve and Pete. Monday saw our gang thrust in to the unsuspecting hands of our Italian Ski Instructor for the first of the daily 3 hour lessons. El Magnifico resisted the temptation to teach the instructors all he knew and forcing his way through the photographers and autograph hunters he graciously joined the same class as Bernie, Barry, Tommy & Dave. Others joined their respective classes while we, the novices, made our wills. For the first week we were entrusted to Ivan, a handsome gent from the Dolomites for whom the girls, especially Maggie fell heads over heels literally and frequently. "Snowplough" he yelled, so we dived out of the way. His eyesight was obviously good 'cos we never saw one at all. "Why you sit down?" he frequently asked but really the sun was so hot we just had to rest every 2 minutes. As the days went by we really improved for we found a way of stopping without falling over. The technique apparently is known as "Snowplough".

Next we found we could turn corners even though the skis would'nt. A big thrill at the end of the first week was a trip on the drag lift. At this point Barry and Phil demonstrated the best way of falling off. As we graduated to the higher slopes (8,000ft) we frequently crossed paths with the experts. We saw Bernie stylishly weaving delicate patterns in the sun drenched snow, Dave practising nosedives, Tommy fearlessly bombing down the slopes, Monica skimming daintily through the deep drifts and Barry spending time increasing his knowledge of fir trees. El Magnifico? Oh he flashed by on many occasions laughing heartily at our frequent nosedives but his day was to come. His test on the Monday was a "come down" also he took at least one dive into a deep snowdrift when obviously distracted by a low flying aircraft and also he ran down a party of toddlers with consummate ease (I personally brought him down to earth with the assistance of Hugh) I think it is fair to say that by the end of the second week we had all improved considerably thanks to the help we received from the experts. "But why go skiing"

The answer is simple- It is the best holiday imaginable. Many hot sunny days, great fun, great company and excellent night life in the most magnificent setting in Europe.

If you fancy coming to Italy next year start saving now. £2.25 per week will cover everything and it really is worth the effort.

Casualty note.

Other than a bashed ear for Pam and a slight ankle strain for Phil the rest of us got away lightly with about 5,000 bruises shared equally between us.

Jean Claude Killy.



GOOD BOOKS TO BUY.

Safety on the Mountains

by
John Jackson

C.C.P.R.

26, Park Crescent

London W1N 4AJ.

18P.

Congratulations to Len Rand and Monica Byrne who were married recently.

NEW YEAR AT LAKESIDE HOUSE.

(Or how Liverpool Catholic Ramblers took over the Tyneside Catholic Ramblers.

Have you ever seen a Green Man hobnobbing with a Bluebell or a fantastic gathering of Roses, Crowns, Stars or Garters? No? - then you must have missed the swinging introduction to the New Year's Eve party scene at Lakeside. All, well most party goers were persuaded to concoct a hat representing a pub sign and it was obvious that some had a great advantage over others in the matter of choice. However great skill and considerable ingenuity were displayed in the wonderful array which appeared. Some were easy to identify, especially a beautiful Woolpack, others rather esoteric - The Heath Hotel, some ambiguous (was it the white swan or the Drunken Duck) and some caused their wearers some difficulties like the Grapes being pursued by a hungry Duke of Wellington, but all were a great success and several valuable prizes were awarded.

Then the party got under way guided by a very efficient Fellow (and some skilful barnen) and photographic records were made for posterity or something else. Eventually the New Year 1974 was let in with due ceremony (and only a short delay) by the tallest darkest and most handsome man from the L'pool Catholic Ramblers, Rickie Warrington. Afterwards the Management of the house did us proud by producing a most exciting buffet supper. They gave us roast meats and pastries, cheeses, trifles and even believe it or not a boars head all magnificently decorated. This however tended to reduce the numbers of those returning for more.

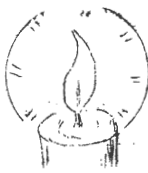
Enjoyed → We thoroughly all these festivities for had we not got into training on the fells earlier in the day. The weather had been magnificent and the L.C.R. provided able leaders too for hikes over Helvelyn and Blencathra where we enjoyed splendid views - more frequently when struggling through the snow.

The whole New Year holiday was a huge success, all thanks being due to the Catholic Holiday Fellowship for their careful organisation. The activities just mentioned were not the only delights arranged - we also enjoyed Eric Kavanagh's ingenious filmshow / quiz. Inbetween the soft sell of the ski slopes we were cajoled into answering questions on earlier slides, such as "How many feet has a certain well known tennis player?" Then there were the occasions when the unwary were initiated into the intellectual thrills of "Beetle" and "Fit"; (here the Tyneside contingent enjoyed a modest success)

But let us not become racialist about it all; Much successful integration occurs on these occasions which goes to disprove the old saying that East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet.

Ann McCormick

Tyneside Catholic Ramblers.



FAMILY SECTION
YULETIDE WALK
JANUARY 6TH 1974.



On a bright pleasant January morning we set off from all over Merseyside by coach and car aiming for 'The Barn' at Rivington Pike. Arriving at 12.30p.m. we were surprised to see two coaches had already emptied their contents into 'The Barn' and they were all tucking into their butties helped down by the odd pint 'to prepare' then for the hard walk ahead. By 1.10p.m. both A and B parties had left for their separate walks. A to Winter Hill and B to walk in ever increasing circles from treasure trove S-A-N-T- and finally A. Most of the children enjoyed finding the clues and eating the sweets while parents found it 'chilly without your muff' while waiting to safely hide away their families clues. The walk was tough going on the 'hilly part' - not having been walking for some time and puffing and panting - some wheezing more than others - we had a well earned rest as required 'to take in the view'. We then started to wend our way downwards again, taking in the lake. It is amazing what kids can see of interest in it, when most adults just wanted to keep going to keep warm.

We did have three heavy showers but we were lucky enough to have Jackie with us who had a magic yellow mac, so that as soon as she was helped into it the rain turned to light drizzle and then stopped altogether.

Arriving at a 'turret' for our last Treasure Hunt stop, it rained and was rather cold and then enter stage right the 'Cabaret'. A group of lads riding ponies, of course the children made friends with the ponies and we got chatting to the lads and several children got rides on their ponies. Then enter stage left the A or rather soaking wet party who had been more unfortunate with the weather. The A made the quickest way back under the circumstances and after sad farewells to ponies and their riders the B party meandered slowly downhill to arrive back at the Barn having worked up an enormous appetite.

After a good wash and brush up and a change into something more dressy for the occasion, about 250 of us sat down to enjoy our very good helpings of hotpot. I should think 500/0 had seconds together with the usual red cabbage.

The males in the company then helped move tables and chairs while the females, those who had the strength at all, bagged tables for their groups and so to the entertainment.

This year we had various disc jockeys doing "their own thing" and congratulations to Margaret Smith who was the only young lady who had the nerve to get up on stage and help everyone get into the party spirit with some country dances, something really needed with such a large range to cater for.

The children enjoyed their usual musical chairs etc and of course prizes were given for the Treasure Hunt winners. They also enjoyed the Muns get together with other young ladies with a difference MAN GRABBING but youth will prevail and our tennis tournament winner Phil O'Neill got the only chair and man in the end.

To anyone who helped in the organisation in any way, from all of us who went, a very big 'thankyou'.

BETTY BURNS.

Note: The following report is a completely true and unbiased account of the events which took place at New Year. in Keswick....

Before I begin I wish to scotch the rumour that 13 ramblers travelled up to Keswick for a wild binge. Being energetic outdoor types we merely intended to regain our normal super-fitness and to this end we drove up to the lakes the weekend after Christmas.

Having battled our way through a howling gale and torrential rain and sleet we arrived at Lakeside House to find the Friday-nighters sitting around twiddling their thumbs instead of being out on a ramble. We dispersed and amused ourselves in various ways until about 6.30p.m. when we congregated around the dining room door until starters orders. As the gong went we were off, and those of us who didn't get trampled in the rush gathered around the big table suitably garbed in asbestos suits and eye-shields to protect ourselves from the heat and glare radiated by the 3,000 candles on Peters birthday cake. Although the cake was delicious the icing turned many a stout blade before we hacked (I won't say sliced) the cake and the cakeboard into several lumps, while the other diners sheltered under their tables from the dangerous shrapnel which filled the air.

After the birthday revelry a fine Sunday dawned and we decided to walk round Crummock water. When we reached Scale Force we must have looked a bit sheepish because two dogs tried to round us up. We wandered back in the soft evening sunlight, Paul giving us all a laugh by leaping athletically across a stream and plunging knee deep into a bog on the other side. We enjoyed it so much that we lured Mike into giving us an action replay. At Brians insistence we avoided the muddy path and walked an extra mile through even deeper mud before we reached the cars.

By the morning of New Years Eve the pace was beginning to tell on Bernie who refused to be roused by the breakfast gong. It was a clear sunny day and having decided to tackle Helvellyn we drove along admiring the snow gleaming on the mountain tops. Guess which was the only mountain shrouded in black, freezing fog? However undaunted by its gloomy aspect our intrepid heroes were all set to battle on regardless and so it was **only the** penetrating foresight and sound common sense of the ladies that saved us, for, seeing that delaying tactics were in order we argued and protested for a full half an hour until the mist had begun to clear.



Halfway up Margaret decided to liven up the walk by going for a swim. She did a superb back-somersault off an icy rock into an even icier stream but unfortunately refused to repeat the performance for those of us who missed it. Eventually, after drying Maggie off we made the summit (or almost) where Brian actually took a photograph of someone else.

Then in their new hats, Noddy Clarke and Big Ears Stafford began to lead us down, while Chris, not to be outdone in the athletic stakes invented a totally new method of descending mountains which consisted of taking three steps and then falling flat on her back. She persisted in this curious method of locomotion until we reached the bottom.

That night in Lakeside House the dinner was so enormous that even John couldn't finish it, so after waiting to see who'd be the first to chicken out and pay for the wine we made our way up to our rooms where we tortured some crepe paper into various shaped hats depicting pub signs (what else) Paul was still wearing his holly topped hat with five crepe paper covered toilet roll middles radiating from it, when he and some of the others went out to the square at midnight.



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Next morning a surprising number of zombies made it for breakfast (Bernie didn't of course) during which conversation was conducted in a series of grunts and moans. Brian and Peter muttered something about a walk and then promptly disappeared while those who couldn't stick the pace left for home. As Margaret worked out a walk for the stalwart few who remained Phil and I did our best to revive the gruesome twosome who were lolling around on the floor hiding behind papers and snoring. Eventually we managed to drag them out for a walk around the lake which was a pleasant and gentle stroll until we reached the foot of Walla Crag, Peter took one look at this and chickened out, glad to find such a good excuse for sneaking back to listen to the match. The rest of us groped our way back in the gathering dusk shortly afterwards. And so at last as the snow and sleet returned we said goodbye to Lakeside House until next March and drove home.

Leslie Roberts

RAMBLERITE

Dear Ramblers,

And so the petrol crisis did not worsen as we thought it would, into rationing and restriction (are we being presumptuous) although prices have gone up to 50p a gallon with further rises likely.

The potential solution of 'local walks' was not needed, the rambles have gone on as previously planned and can one say have been well attended and successful! 43 at Llanarmon, 26 at Macclesfield and 31 at Llangollen.

Our next Keswick Weekend of March 8th is timed to celebrate the beginning of Spring, dispel economic gloom and give everyone a chance to get rid of their winter cobwebs.

In the outpost of Northern Civilisations specially built for the Catholic Ramblers there are plenty of things to do, one of the more important being the rambles if you are still fit enough after the night before.

For those who are not, or would rather do something else there is Lake Derwentwater to hold boat fights on or the Golf Course to attract any potential Tony Jacklin or Gary Players.

On a higher note if you would like to be the proud owner for the year of a glittering silver cup then let us remind you that the Fred Norbury Trophy Event is to take place in not too distant May.

MARCH PROGRAMME.

March 3rd	Llanwrst (N.Wales)	Barry Lyons
8-10	Keswick Weekend (Lakes)	Committee
17	Millersdale (Derbyshire)	Dave Newns
24	Malham (Yorkshire)	John Clarke
31	Drum (N.Wales)	Frank Fitzmaurice

MENCAF. The Ramblers have adopted this charity for the current year. As you will remember we had a collection on their behalf at our Christmas party and at Bivington Barn when we had our Yuletide Walk. The total sum realised was £15.60. A cheque for this amount has been forwarded to MENCAF.

New Members.

Dennis Murphey	Joan Reaper	Barrie Dooley
Jeanette Hutton	Mike Bradley	Barbara Cole
Phillip Wright	Jacqueline Bewley	James Chater
	Timothia Chrimes	

Despite the ominous threatening rain clouds an amazingly large party of 40 people set off from the coach parked in a lay -by somewhere a bit further than Loggerheads at 12.30 a.m. in bright windy conditions.

After a short walk along a main road with cars and motor cycles roaring by the party took to the fields just as we were about to pass what looked like a pub. What good leadership or did the leader know?

We then went along pasture land and began to ascend a hill which gradually became steeper. I think this was Moel Gryw in the Clwdian Range. The only clue to the route so far were little concrete posts bearing words in Welsh ending with the word 'Offa'.

The wind on this hillside was tremendous and made the view of the valley below even more breathtaking. On the leeward side of the summit we gathered for the first official stop for food, rest and a historic photograph.

We continued on along a ridge, Garreg Lwyd being lashed by a howling ferocious wind at least force 9/10 making one more stop on Moel Llanfair before descending steeply to cross a minor road. Sinilair concrete signs referring to 'Offa' were still in evidence.

There followed a gentle climb up a footpath which ran round the head of a little valley and a stop was made on the leeward side of Moel y Plas the hill on one side of the valley. Just as the final scraps of food were being devoured the rain began with much hurried donning of waterproofs. Setting off once again, we passed mast aerial installation outside which OFFA had left his concrete calling card.

Crossing a small road the party went on up a muddy track as a small river was flowing down. Then followed the worst climb of the whole ramble followed by another much needed stop. From the top of Moel y Waun there was an excellent view down towards Ruthin. This was probably one of 'OFFA's look out points.

Continuing on along the top of this hill an enthusiastic aspiring 'A' party decided to run down the hill for some reason. Alas they were wrong. It was another ploy on the part of the leader to regain his rightful position. Proceeding on we encountered another 'OFFA' was here sign and then descended steeply to the road.

We then plodded along the road for about 3 1/2 miles in rather persistent rain to arrive at Llanarmon-yn-Ial the coach and the Inn at about 5.30 in a soggy state.

After everyone was changed and nearly dry we enjoyed the Hot Pot followed by trifle while more photographs were taken for posterity. At about 7.00 p.m. the party adjourned to the bar where we were entertained by the amazing repertoire of Ritchie 'Liberace' Cannon on the piano followed by folk music led by Mike on the piano-accordion. However the common failing of many of famous folk singers in the Ramblers had been observed by the Committee that is the ability to remember verse two. As we have come to expect in our efficient smooth run well-co-ordinated organisation something had to be done. It was copies of the words of the folk songs distributed throughout the gathering made the songs last much longer. This was probably largely the reason for the reluctance to leave the warm, dry, snug room at 9.15 p.m. or maybe the invigorating ramble was the cause.

In the dark

It was sad , but no one accepted my challenge to join me in a night orienteering event. You may ask What was it like?. Perhaps I could describe it by words like Fun; Fear; Excitement; Panic; Relief Achievement; yes, all of these things.

Fun because it was different - The half moon lighted up the forest in silver grey light making the trees cast almost solid black shaddows. On some paths one could move quite freely without the use of a torch whilst on others one jumped over shaddows which contained no substance and then tripped over ruts in the ground.

Fear when brambles caught one's legs and branches moving in the darkness tapped one's shoulder.

Excitement when one sees the control just ahead and because one can see a torchlight some distance away-searching for the same control- one creeps forward in total darknesscommando style, punches one's card then creeps away as silently as possible before switching on one's own torch taking a new bearing and speeding away leaving that other orienteer searching an area some 50 meters away from the control.

Panic. But first the elation of having found the last control, and full of self confidence one makes a bee line for the finish and because one can't differentiate between ground textures one runs straight into a n evil smelling bog and as one sinks up to one's waist panic floods one's reason. Actually it was only knee deep, the darkness made it deeper.

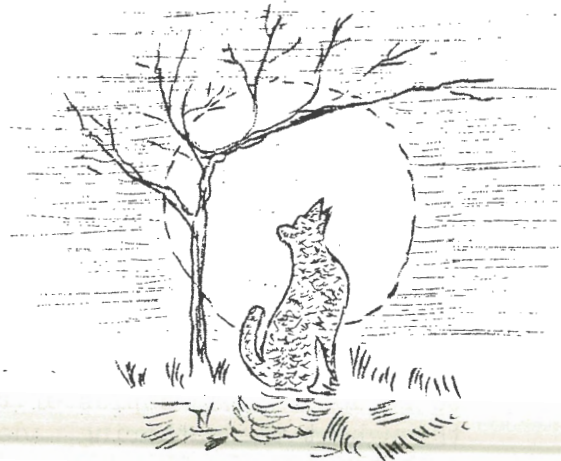
Relief is almost overwhelming whenwhen one gets out of this sticky mess and stands in the middle of an icy cold stream washing off the evil smelling slime.

Achivement, satisfaction, you name it, I have it. No I didn't win - I probably came 50th. out of 50, but even you must admit, it was different.

The Fried Norbury Trophy.

Any rambler who wishes to learn a little about map reading and the use of a compass should ask members of their rambling sub-committee who will be only to pleased to make the appropriate arrangements.

D.O.C.



BORMIO 3,000.

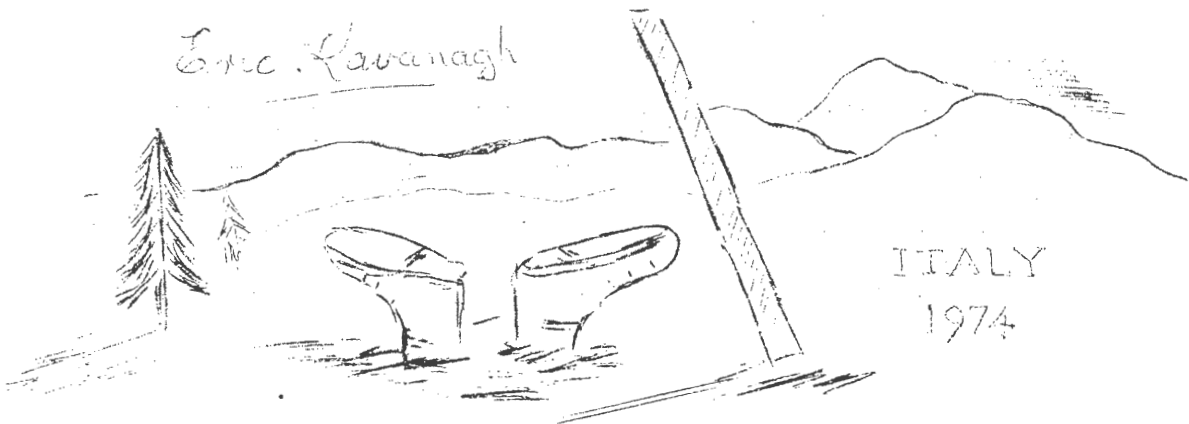
The valley of Bormio is 1,000ft lower than Sauze Doulez and when the threesome arrived they were horrified to hear that the snow had been imported into the village to lay a course for the "Round the village ski race"! It was Sunday afternoon before a quick examination of the 9,840 ft summit Cima Bianca, revealed adequate snow down to the middle station at some 6,500ft.

Under pale blue skies the sun beat down relentlessly, the snow receded higher up the mountain and our tan grew deeper. In between an invigorating bask down the mountain we sunbathed until we decided to try the heated swimming pool. For 800 Lira we swam in naturally heated mineralised water soaking up the goodness. That is until Bernard attempted to dive into the shallow end with his hands held by his side.

We didn't hear the thud as Bernard's head hit the bottom but when he surfaced the red tinges of blood running down his face brought the fun and games to a halt. A visit to the local hospital in Bormio resulted in three stitches and three injections all for 3000 lira (They say it happens in threes).

But the snows did come eventually. After eight days of brilliant sunshine the clouds invaded the valley and shortly after the snowfall-soft and gentle-deeper and deeper. On the day we came home we could have skied all the way home to the village - a vertical drop of 6,000 ft. and an 8 mile long run, but unfortunately we had handed our skies in the day before.

Bernard's ability to speak Italian made one very interesting friend- the manager of the hotel. Within minutes of our arriving at the hotel at midnight he offered us a share of his supper cheese and smoked meat (Black and raw) to go with our litres of beer. On our first visit to the Bagni Terme di Bormio (Thermal Swimming Pool) he gave us a lift in his car. Before dropping us off he detoured up the Stelvio Pass until it became impassable with snow and ice. He then told Bernard of some of his exploits as a Partisan, pointing out the parts of the mountain where the action took place. Although I couldn't understand the spoken word the gesticulations were unmistakable. On several occasions on the holiday he livened up the evenings with his card tricks and his stories of how he built the Kariba Dam. He was indeed a real character and I do wish I had learned a few more Italian words than Buon Giorno, come sta? and arriverderci.



ANNUAL RE-UNION DANCE 1974.

This is both a report and a lament on the dance held last Friday. For my part it was a very satisfactory evening. I quite enjoyed myself meeting people I had not seen for 12 months, and enjoying chats with some members that I had not seen often during the year. There was a good M.C. for the dance, and the dances were nicely varied to give the young and the not so young a fair share of the floor. The band was good and seemed to be able to play beat music and ballroom dancing music with equal facility. The buffet was excellent and I'm sure that everyone had enough to eat because there was quite a lot of food taken back to the kitchens. That is my brief report of a very enjoyable evening. Why then a lament you may ask. The answer is very simple. Only 163 turned up to enjoy this evening. In October 1967 we had our 40th Anniversary celebrations. 210 were present and it was such a successful evening that the Committee decided to make it an Annual Re-union at the same place. The first reunion took place in January 1969. We again had 210 present, and a waiting list for tickets as we limited it to 210. In 1970, 71, 72 we had over 200 present on each occasion, but in 1973 the numbers dropped to 170. We decided to carry on again for 1974, with the results that I have shown previously. We have also booked the hall once more for 1975. Do you think we should carry on as we have done for the past six years? Do you think some other venue, or perhaps some other form of re-union would attract more of the members? Or do you think that re-unions are outdated and should be forgotten altogether? I am sure your committee would be delighted to hear your views on this very important subject, and it might give them a guide to their future planning. I would particularly like to have some comment from those who did not go to the dance. Perhaps there are lots of reasons for not going which we have not even thought of. The main thing is to let your committee know how you feel about the dance.

Meanwhile I would like to say thank you to all those who helped in any way with the dance and made it for me at least a very satisfying occasion.

Cyril.

QUIZ RESULT

A completely unbiased report

On January 10th. a specially selected team of ladies showed the superiority of their intelligence by thrashing a team of gentlemen (of the lowest intellect) by a score of 53 - 35. This result was arrived at despite the fact that both question master and umpire were extremely biased in the favour of their fellowmen. The ladies were able to raise above this and show as everyone realised from the start that they are the brains of the club.

Chris Dolan.