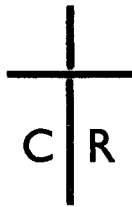


LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC  
RAMBLERS ASSOCIATION



LIVERPOOL

NEWS LETTER

Socials 8-0 p.m. each Wednesday

at

Cathedral Buildings

Brownlow Hill

Liverpool 3



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Easter - a time for hope - for new life! Dreary winter is past and gone and the rigours (self-imposed) of lent are at an end.

There's promise of spring with summer to follow. In our mind's eye we see ourselves tracing the lanes and paths, or occasionally lazing on golden sands to the lulling lapping of translucent blue-green waves. A 'wag' on radio, however, prophesied that he'll likely be unlucky enough to have to work on the day we have summer this year!

Be Spring and Summer wet or dry, cold or hot, the wise ones will still spend as much time as possible out in the open. This year's Club members will travel in the steps of others who, over 40 years, trudged many a happy mile, climbed many a varied stile.

That's a long, long line of ramblers stretching way back into the past, but the way is ahead not behind. The Club tries to keep pace with the times and that it does so is due in great measure to the younger members who each year offer to serve on the Committee. May they long continue to do so and permit us to look into the future.

What will the Club look like in theyear 2007? Will it differ from that of to-day - or of 1927? Not if it has those basic requirements of spirit, initiative and energy!

I leave you with your thoughts and on behalf of the Chairman and Committee wish you

A HAPPY AND HOLY EASTER.

'Editor'

## SOCIALITE

The early arrival of Easter this year has rather upset our News Letter schedule. Consequently I find myself wishing you all a belated Happy New Year in March. I hope the quick change of season as reflected in the calendar will not catch the weatherman out completely and give us snow on Easter Sunday morning, as very nearly happened last year.

The hectic period of Christmas was reflected in the quick succession of club events in and around that time. 130 turned up for the Christmas Party which had its usual reunion and party spirit atmosphere. The decor and edibles were well up to standard, the latter particularly in the trifle department where the girls produced a number of delightful home-made recipes. There was even one over as Hilda O'Keefe's was surplus to requirements, but I will vouch for the quality of that one personally.

The party was followed the next week by a Fancy Dress Competition - something we have not had for a long time. However, the courage of the Social Sub was rewarded, the prevailing party spirit of the season drawing out over 20 entrants. Miss Tin-Foil, alias Kathleen Gibbons, emerged as the winner, no doubt satisfied that the disadvantages of a suit of tin-foil armour were worth putting up with in the end. Johnny Burns' portrayal of Nobby Styles' suspension claimed second prize, and a gorgeous female (Brian Kelly) came third. There was a varied selection of regalia including Wee Willie Winkee, Mis Print, a cowboy, a top hatted gent, a prehistoric man (I think) and a kilted gentleman whose only claim to "Scotch" blood appeared to come from his hip flask. There was also one other very vivacious (male) female who caught the eye of everybody except the judges.

The following evening was the Catholic Colleges Ball at the Grafton and there were nearly 50 of our members present. A very encouraging start to what could become an annual event in the club's calendar.

Early January saw 25 members present at the Philharmonic Hall for the Annual Carol Concert given by the Pueri Cantores and the following week brought us to that hardy annual the Yuletide Walk. The attendance was slightly down this year but the weather was perfect for walking and the social in the evening carried all its usual zip.

In the period of enforced absence from Cathedral Buildings while the room was being re-decorated socials continued at the Tennis Pavilion with an average attendance of 20. Table Tennis became quite popular on these evenings, and our catering department of Pauline Cunningham and Eric Kavanagh supplied hot soup by way of a change from tea.

Quite a high level of activity since my last notes I think you will agree, and I hope that this will prevail throughout 1967, our Anniversary Year. Make a note of the Special Anniversary events arranged and mentioned elsewhere in this issue. The October Dinner-Dance is a "must" in my social calendar - and that's not "a commercial".

Happy Easter All

"Socialite"

The Tennis Season is upon us again, and once more may I appeal to all tennis minded members to give their wholehearted support to the section. Potential members who have not already "signed on" should do so without delay by giving their names to Chris Dobbin. Just to remind you the sub is £2 11s.0d. for the season (30/- for under 21s) and this includes the provision of balls by the club. Payment of subs may be made by instalments if desired, but all members are asked to see that subs are paid by the end of June at the latest.

By the time you read these notes working parties will already have started at the courts, in preparation for the opening of the season on Easter Sunday. The A.G.M. will be held on Saturday, 22nd April, and will be followed by a social.

## ANNIVERSARY YEAR - 1927 - 1967

As most members will know by now, the Association is this year celebrating the fortieth anniversary of its foundation way back in 1927. In order to mark this milestone in the club's history, a number of special events have been arranged to take place in the course of 1967. These are as follows:-

1. Social April 12th "Spring Dance" at Cathedral Buildings. Admission 3/-:  
M.C. Des Titherington.
2. Tennis June 17th "Grand American Tournament"  
Barbecue and Social.
3. Rambling An attempt on the record for the 14 peaks  
July 15th of Snowdon to be made by six members.
4. News Letter Souvenir Printed Edition of the  
News letter will be on sale during the  
course of the year giving the history of  
the Association, write-ups from selected  
club members and photographs.
5. Celebration Dinner Dance - 21st October at Dovedale  
Towers, Penny Lane.

The last mentioned is to be the highlight of the year and invitations are being issued to church and civic dignitaries. Admission will be strictly by ticket only which will cost 35/- each (exclusive of drinks). The attendance is to be limited to 200 and applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. An announcement regarding booking procedure will be made shortly.

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### LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS'

#### GRAND DANCE

The State Ballroom, Dale Street.

Saturday, 25th February, Tickets 6/- each. Licensed Bar.



Be a Sport and Join the L. O. R. A. Tennis Section.

# Photographic Competition 1966-1967

## RULES

1. Competitors may submit up to six transparencies.
2. Only photographs taken since our last competition in April '66 may be submitted.
3. Photographs must have been taken by the competitor.
4. Prizes will be given to the winners in each section.

|                 |                   |                      |
|-----------------|-------------------|----------------------|
| <u>SECTIONS</u> | 1. FACES          |                      |
|                 |                   | 2. RAMBLING - PLACES |
|                 | 3. FOREIGN PLACES |                      |
|                 |                   | 4. MISCELLANEOUS     |

NOTE:- As in our last competition, a jury will be selected from club members who are not participating in the competition. They will select what they consider to be the best four transparencies in each group. Then on Wednesday evening 15<sup>TH</sup> MARCH 1967

we will ask you - the audience - to select the best of each four - by secret ballot.

Give your entries to Eric Kavanagh or John Burns on or before 8<sup>TH</sup> MARCH 1967



Annual Yuletide Walk - Sunday, 8th January, 1967.

Three coaches departed from St. John's Lane at 10.45 a.m. heading in the direction of Rivington. After a very pleasant journey, we arrived at the Barn in Lever Park just after noon where we welcomed a cup of tea and a butty-break.

Two walks were arranged for the afternoon - one led by Mike Marsden and the Treasure Trail in the capable hands of Des Titherington and Tom Chambers. Our co-leader Tom led a few of us on a wild-goose-chase, climbing over walls, fighting our way through trees and over-grown shrubs only to be brought out a few yards along the track. So beware Tom Chambers!!! Our walk led us to the top by the Pike, not far from Winter Hill, where Hilda O'Keefe gave us a very short history lesson about the Pike. At various intervals during the walk we were given clues which led us to the Treasure - this was concluded by a very exhausting game of ball. Supper was served just after 5.00 p.m. and we were certainly ready for it, in fact some members had 2 or 3 portions. Once we had finished our meal, the tables were cleared and the dancing began.

During the social, John Keenan announced the winner of the Treasure Trail - namely Brian Kelly. Prizes were also awarded to the winners of the Fancy Dress Competition - held at the clubrooms on December 28th - yes that man again Brian Kelly. Luck was certainly with him, as he was awarded yet another prize during the spot waltz.

Of course, the evening came to an end far too quickly, but when we left for Liverpool at 9.30 p.m. everybody I'm sure, was feeling rather tired.

Many thanks to the sub-committee for arranging a marvellous day out and thank you Des and Tom for a very enjoyable walk.

'C  
H'

Letter from our correspondent in Central Africa

Lusaka  
Zambia

January, 1967.

A Happy new year to you all. I trust everyone had as good a Yuletide as I have had. My, it has been hectic. We had 104 guests at our party and we have had invites galore. Still its slowly back to the grind till Easter and a change to reply to all those more than welcome letters I have received. Thanks everyone for the Christmas cards and greetings.

My journey to Beira was an exciting adventure and gave me a chance to see some of the beautiful spots on this continent. Beira is 630 miles from Lusaka on a good road that goes through Rhodesia via Salisbury (300 miles from Lusaka) and Umtali in the mountains on the Mosambique border with Rhodesia (180 miles from the coast). After a vain trip to Salisbury on the Viscount on 3rd November on route to Beira I returned to Lusaka till 17th November for a successful mission to the seaport to collect my Maroon Cortina Super JCN96D. At last I had my own transport for a town which has no European bus service whatsoever!

I stayed at a comfortable pension a few miles north of Beira on the Makuti Beach by the rolling breakers in the scorching sun. I did a little sun bathing and took a dip in the warm ocean near the light house and an old iron wreck, (maybe one of the first built at Lairds for the India Australia run)? After a look around this Portugese Chinese Indian African cosmopolos, I took to the single track road into the Mosambique bush country alone with my memories of Britain and Europe. I reached Umtali and the Rhodesian Customs and Investigation after dark on the 18th and found a hotel in the centre of town at £1 10s. 0d. b & b. The morning unfolded a wonderous sight, for the town is enclosed by beautiful hills that twinged of Grasmere and Keswick thrown together in gorgeous splendour. If I had had the time I would certainly have gone off to roam those hills (my boots were in the back of the car!!) Everything was fresh and bright after a rain storm during the night.

Boots and I were however bound for a date that very afternoon near Salisbury, so at 9.45 a.m. I drove the car over the 2500' Christmas Pass and onward through beautiful hills and tobacco plantation country on a first class highway, the 160 miles to the capital. There I had arranged to meet the members of the Rhodesia Mountain Club (of which I am a member).

After lunch in a down town cafe, I joined the gang in anoraks, boots, clets and adorned with ropes, slings and Karabiners for a trip to the Epworth Mission near to Hayfield 6 miles out of town. Here are situated the famous balancing rocks - 50' - 60' high. Lumps of granite worn like great buns stacked one on another. I made some great friends male and female (there were 20 in the party) and great fun was had scrambling up chimneys, easing ourselves over overhangs and scaling vertical walls (up to very difficult standard). The highlight was a free abail (ask Bill Potter to demonstrate) down the impossible boulders we had scaled. Think of two Borrowdale Bowden stones on top on each other!!

After a drink in a superb open air beer garden among flowering trees and shrubs I bid adieu to the gang only to be invited to stay at one of the lads apartments for the night, which I gratefully accepted.

After mass in Salisbury R.C. Cathedral on the Sunday morning in the pouring rain, out of dense black clouds, I drove north. The welcome rainy season was at last upon us - hurray! But still it was a little annoying considering I would liked to have taken a photo of Salisbury. However, I decided to look for the sun in a northerly direction as I sped towards Zambia. I gave a lift to a University Student and we reached Sinoia 70 miles away after 90 minutes and had lunch. Nearby is a rather picturesque set of limestone caves with a lovely blue shimmering pool open to the sky through a roof-fall. The pool is reputed to be 400' deep and could be  $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile in extent through subterranean passages.

Bill Clay could have fun with an aqua lung and climbing gear! Alas somebody had donated a baby crocodile to the pool. No wonder I was told that the goldfish were

getting rather sparse in the crystal waters.

Onward we travelled into border territory and the Zambesi escarpments. The area is quite powerful with heavy artillery. The Rhodesian Army is in great force. It was at Makuti that I decided that instead of driving straight on to Lusaka I would go on the loop road to Kariba. This dirt track was exquisite with hairpin bends and the odd wild animal scurrying across the track. A bush pig was espied and a wild dog scurried away. Elephants were in the district but all we saw were elephantine portions of dung.

I stayed at a Motel overlooking the great lake on cliffs in a large bay (a seven course meal cost 10/-). We inspected the awe inspiring Kariba Dam wall and took a few photos and thought of Dr. Livingstone as we gazed into the cool waters of the Zambesi.

So I returned to Lusaka and the mundane life prior to Christmas and the frustrations of petrol rationing (10 gallons per month).

Cheerio for now, good rambling

Chris Scott.

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To all Leaders and Whippers-In of 1966 - Thank You!

Now we are well into 1967 thoughts are turning towards summer and the holidays. Last year people travelled as far as America, and two young ladies set up an unofficial ladies' record for the club by climbing the 12,000ft. peak, the Doldenhorn, in Switzerland.

For those of you who haven't planned your holidays yet a few enquiries made on rambles could result in a really good holiday, at home or abroad, with other members of the ramblers', as there are a number of people looking for companions at present.

It has been brought to the notice of the rambling committee that the 'A' walks are not what they used to

be. Therefore, it has been decided that, in future, an 'A' walk will be an 'A' walk either in length or difficulty. This once again brings up the old cry of don't go on an 'A' walk unless you are capable of completing the full walk. It is unfair and at times exceedingly dangerous for a party to be slowed down by one person. If you would like to go on an 'A' walk but are not sure of yourself, ask the leader for if you are a regular Rambler, he will most probably know your capabilities.

As you undoubtedly know by now, this year is the 40th anniversary. To celebrate this occasion the rambling committee has decided to form a team of the six fittest club members (male or female) and with the assistance of many helpers as possible, attempt to climb the 14 peaks in Snowdonia that are higher than 3,000ft. in the shortest time possible. This attempt will be made on Saturday, 15th July. Although this is six months off, anyone who would like to attempt or help in the attempt to complete this walk should contact John Keenan as soon as possible. Anyone interested should understand that it may require a lot of hard work to reach the standard of fitness required for such an attempt.

For the less energetic ramblers there will be, at a later date, a ramble and hot-pot-supper similar to the Yuletide walk but held in Wales instead of Rivington.

The summer rambling programme is now being compiled and it is hoped to include a pony-trekking weekend, mid-night rambles and various other new ideas. If you have any ideas that you would like to see included please let any member of the rambling committee know as soon as possible.

'Ramblerite'

p.s. Did you know that by showing your membership card when buying rambling or mountaineering equipment at Ellis Brighams in Bold Street you get 5% discount.

## A Rambler on Holiday

Have you ever spent a holiday in a ramblers' paradise? I believe I have. It was in the Bernese Oberland, Switzerland. The name of the village was Kandersteg, the address Chalet Belvedere, rented by Y.T.B. travel Service.

On arrival in Basle at 6.30 in the morning the weather was very dull indeed making, it seemed, a bad start to the holiday. However, by the time we arrived in Berne the sun was shining and the sky was bright blue. Things were made even brighter by the fact that at nearly every station we passed through the local band was out playing to their hearts content.

The journey is completed to Kandersteg after the train has gone through many tunnels and up the side of a high mountain during which time we had been joined by hundreds of ramblers. The local folk it seems appreciate their wonderful surroundings unlike people who live for example in the Lake District.

Kandersteg is in a beautiful valley 4,000 feet high and is surrounded by many snow capped mountains the climbing of which is not recommended unless accompanied by a guide (Burgführer). One does not however have to climb the highest mountains to enjoy the best views and there are many various rambles to enjoy in the district. The Swiss Ramblers' Association have erected at the start of every path where rambles commence sign posts which show the length of time it will take to complete the walk as well as the various destinations. I was amused sometimes to see for the longer walks a time such as 8 hours ten minutes - very precise. The local information office will supply you with a list of rambles for the area free of charge.

On our first afternoon we decided to explore the immediate vicinity. The valley is three miles long and at the far end is the cable car and chair lift which takes one part of the way to the Gemmi Pass. The cable car rises to a height of 2,000 feet. Personally I always prefer the chair lifts.

September is between seasons for the Swiss Alps and one cannot expect lots of entertainment in the evenings. Indeed one has to be satisfied with the excellent company in the local inns - the locals being very friendly.

Monday morning arrives and we are greeted by the sound of rain beating on the bedroom windows - I suppose it was too much to expect weather like we had had the day before. After breakfast the rain had stopped and we set off on a short walk to a lake up the mountains called Oeschinensee and by the time we had arrived there all the clouds had flown away and it was another lovely day. The reflections of the mountains in the lake has to be seen to be believed. The quiet of it all (that is except for the cow bells but one soon gets used to them!).

At this time of the year the farmers are busy bringing their animals down from the mountains to the comparative safety of the valleys below. What a ceremony it is too. The prize cows wear massive bells around their necks and small fir trees on their heads. The herdsmen in regional costume all add up to make a very colourful scene.

During our first week we did several good rambles of varying category and the weather if it changed seemed to get hotter. We also went on an excursion down to Lake Thun and this was well worthwhile. Looking around this ancient town which was once the capitol of the region, made a nice change. The homeward journey from Thun was wonderful. One of the advantages of the Swiss transport system is that ones ticket is interchangeable on the various types of transport such as trains, steamers, chair lifts etc. Our first part of the journey back was on the steamer to Spiez. The foreground the beautiful blue water of the lake and the background the mighty Eiger, 13,033ft, Mönch 13,455ft, and Jungfrauoch 13,647 ft. In mentioning the Swiss transport system you might like to know that with your train ticket one is allowed five excursions at half price and when these are used one can get unlimited travel at reduced rates.

On the saturday we went on an excursion to Kleine Scheidegg which is right at the foot of the Eiger. The Train ride up is simply out of this world. The line continues up even further to Jungfrauoch if you so desire. By this stage of the holiday I was beginning to run out of superlatives to describe the scenery.

Another well worthwhile trip is through the Ltschberg tunnel which is nine miles long and took about eight years to dig. This brings one to the Rhone Valley where it is always much warmer (not that we needed to be warmer).

During our last week it rained all day on the Tuesday and we didn't do very much. We did however help to select a camping place for three members of the club who had hitch hiked from Ostende.

On the Wednesday morning the weather didn't seem to be much better but we decided to stick to our plan and go through the tunnel again into the next valley which is called Loetchental. As the train got out of the tunnel we looked out of the window and then looked at each other and laughed - it was gloriously sunny. We took the post bus to a tiny village called Blatten, which is as far as the bus goes anyway, and walked up to the head of the valley. This was a very pleasant ramble indeed. At the head of the valley one can walk right up to a glacier and touch it.

Loetchental is a very interesting valley as many of the houses are 500 years old and they are on stilts with large round flat stones at the top of the stilts and below the floor of the buildings apparently to keep mice out.

I went on a trip to Grindelwald and from there took the chair lift to the summit of First which is 7,100 feet. From the summit I gained some more views of the Jungfrau range. I hasten to add that the only reason the chair lift was used was the limited time available!!



Thursday brought our last day in Kandersteg. Dinner had been arranged in the local inn and what a splendid meal it was. Joined by our camping friends who by this stage were fed up with water soup etc. With both red and white wines the meal cost us no more than 22/- each. As an American friend who had joined us put it this would have cost him twelve dollars in the States.

Before finishing I would like to say that one should not leave the district without trying at least these three things:- Fendant (a local white wine), Fondue (a cheese dish made with Fendant wine etc.) and Hobelkäse (finely grated mountain cheese which is five years old). A tip if you are eating out is always to find the places where the local people eat, you will be sure of getting good food and good value.

So, we said farewell to Kandersteg, denied a last look at the mountains as it was dark and misty but I'm sure I'll return sometime to do all those things we didn't have time for.

(The cost of this holiday excluding pocket money but including the fare to London by train and couchettes on the Continent was less than £44)

'Clairvaux'  
September, 1966.

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### Clwyd Ridge Walk - November 20th, 1966

Those of us who assembled at Woodside for this ramble were delighted and surprised to find an array of cars available and we were thus transported comfortably and speedily to the start of our walk.

18 of us altogether alighted at Cilcain amid most pleasant scenery, being greeted with a late appearing sun. We began our walk squelching through an extravagance of glorious mud: then commenced our assault on Moel Famau, those of the party not in physical condition being somewhat severely tested. One

at least on reaching the Jubilee Tower at the summit was relieved that we had climbed as far as we would be going. Iron rations ( no not tricouni butties Autie) were then consumed, some of us being assisted by Fritz or Heinrich somebody's dachshund who horned in on the banquet.

Our leader, ever eager to get us moving, then conducted us along the hill paths, with the weather now as pleasant as it could be. On descending to the road we prepared to rest but Bernard had espied a neighbouring height and his appetite for exertion being whetted suggested a quick ascent. The boys responded, some with alacrity, and one or two who would not have lived it down if they hadn't.

With the daylight now beginning to fade, we tramped back along pleasant rural lanes to Cilcain, to arrive just as darkness enveloped us. I am sure all were grateful to Bernard for a most pleasant days excursion and to those members who provided their own cars for our use to make this a most unique ramble.

'TWM'

Llantysillio - 4th December, 1966

We left St. John's Lane about 27 strong - or was it weak? One never can tell with the L.C.R.A. Arriving at the summit of the Horseshoe pass, after a pleasant journey, via Llandegla, we were greeted with the wonderful scene of snow clad hills just waiting for our tramping feet. On being deposited, from the warm coach, onto the bleak roadside complete with its howling N.W. wind, the temptation of the unexpectedly open cafe, was too much. The resulting stampede to the Ponderosa, was not unlike scenes on the "goggle box" of its namesake in Wyoming.

Fortyfive minutes later, led by the redoubtable Mary, we commenced our slog thro' the snow, sinking in some spots up to our knees. The soft snow causing a bit of difficulty to a party of skiers rather warily wending their downward path. Their awkward style and movements gaining sympathetic comments from our expert Bernard.

Rather wearily ascending the long drag, the girls of course made splendid targets for the snowball throwing lads, led by Tom, and quite a number of hits were registered on the unfortunates. However, aggressors must pay a price, and this penalty was exacted from the unlucky Tom, on reaching the summit he was duly rolled in the snow by the gleeful girls, his pleas for mercy ignored by all.

The rather chilly wind that day did not make Llantysillio ridge a place to linger and Bernard's suggestion of an optional extra to Moel-Morfydd was opted for by most. This next stretch gave wonderful contrasting views of the snowy Berwyns and sharply defined division and gentle green of the Dee Valley.

The concrete pyramid of Moel-Morfydd's triangulation point did not afford much shelter for our "butty break", so a move was made to the comparative shelter of the lee-ward slope. After a short stop we were soon slithering down the steep slope and within minutes were below the snow line in a pleasant valley.

Pausing to regroup and wait for stragglers we were entertained by the antics of Bernard Manley and Ann leading off a number of followers into an impromptu Circassian circle. Taking stock of our position, it was found we were one short in number this turned out to be Vera, who it was reported from usually reliable sources had last been seen puffing at an Embassy tipped and reciting poetry on the summit. Soon a number of energetic volunteers led by John Keenan were bounding up the steep slopes in search. Meanwhile it was decided, on account of the gathering dusk to move the main party down to a safer spot, so away we went. Shortly our ears were assailed with shouts and whistles, the Prodigal one had returned safe and sound.

The influence of the town of song must have been felt, for the next 3 miles the hills resounded to voices of the L.C.R.A. choir and its extensive repertoire. The aroma of chips wafting about the town soon had our prize gourmet quickly loosening the sauce and tucking in to a hot meal.

Much refreshed we boarded the coach, stopping only to refresh at the first hostelry over the border.

Thanks Mary for an enjoyable day.

ALDFORD - 11th December, 1966

About 21 members braved the weather and decided to go with Tom to Aldford. The usual form of transport was by-passed and we all travelled comfortably by car - six cars being used.

We arrived at our destination - the something Arms, where we rested and quenched our thirst before starting off on what was to be a very eventful ramble.

To cheer us up, the leader ordered two females to be put in the stocks, but it was all to no avail really because he had forgotten to bring the rotten tomatoes with him - what a rotten leader we had.

On we plodded towards the Duchess of Westminster's Estate - the Duchess is more commonly known as Arkle's owner for those of you who didn't already know. Tom did say that he had pioneered the ramble but it took a lot of believing. Could a place really be so flooded overnight? Oh well, it all added to the fun and it was good chance for any life-savers to test their ability. Tom had forgotten to bring a couple of collapsible canoes with him so we had a fair amount of detours to make.

We didn't mind at all having to make so many detours, until we were told that we were too late to have tea at the residence - I mean to say, you know what Royalty is for punctuality, so rather than arrive late, we decided not to arrive at all. The Duchess still thinks that 21 members of the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers' were buried somewhere in her grounds, while seeking adventure. These names will probably appear in the next Honours List - watch out for them,

To pacify us, our leader suggested a smashing cafe which sold hot meat pies and sausage rolls. How did

you guess? We just about managed to buy a cup of tea there. Poor Tom - he did his best though. Anyway, he really did pacify us all when he took us to a lovely little Inn where we rested for about an hour, drinking and listening to all topics of conversation.

Thank you Tom for a very interesting ramble.

'Raindrop'

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Congratulations to Tony Pereira who returned to India just before Christmas to be married on Boxing Day to Miss Thelma D'Cruz. The couple have since returned to this country. May we offer our good wishes for every success and happiness.

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It was farewell to Celeia Molyneux once more when she flew off to America on Saturday, 28th January. We extend our good wishes to her and hope she is settling in. We look forward to some news from time to time.

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Our latest recruit on the News Letter Committee is Miss Eileen Rice, and we should like to acknowledge our thanks for her superb drawing in the Christmas News Letter and for the two in this edition - Many thanks Eileen and we look forward to seeing more of your work.

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The News Letter typist wishes to offer her apologies for the poor presentation of the typing but due to typewriter breakdown has had to work under great difficulties.

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