

LIVERPOOL CATHOLIC RAMBLERS

ASSOCIATION

AND HOLIDAY GUILD

CLUB NIGHT EVERY THURSDAY
ST. SEBASTIAN'S HALL
LOCKERBY ROAD, FAIRFIELD

AFFILIATED TO
THE RAMBLERS FEDERATION

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No. 14.

Monthly News-Letter

MARCH 1939

Ramblers' Telegram to Pope Pius XII.

A telegram of congratulation, begging the Apostolic Blessing, was dispatched to Our Holy Father Pope Pius XII on Friday, following the announcement of his election. We understand that this is to be followed by a formal Address on the occasion of the Crowning next Sunday, 12th. March.

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A Pope has died - and a new one has been elected - since our last issue. A rather striking fact about both Popes has been their love of walking. Pius XI favoured climbing, too, a hobby which called for great energy and an iron nerve. It is often recalled how in 1889 he made history by being the first Italian to reach the Peak Dufour on the Eastern slopes of Monte Rosa. The following year he climbed Mont Blanc by the Rocher, and descended over the Glacier of Dome. We wonder how many Ramblers would care to undertake the hazardous tasks the late Holy Father so often imposed upon himself. "The true alpinism" he once said, "is not a matter which requires recklessness; it is rather a question of prudence, a certain amount of courage, of strength and constancy, together with a sense of appreciation of the beauties of nature, even the most hidden and the most terrible".

Our new Pope, Pius XII also loves walking. Writing recently, Kees Van Hoek, describes how for his yearly holidays he favoured Switzerland. There he would stay completely incognito, long, lonely walks his favourite recreation.

Ramblers, then, are in the most distinguished company, though their love for walking may be prompted by different motives to those of the two Pontiffs. Whatever our real reasons for taking part in rambles let us all be active, and by "active" we do not mean merely to turn out every Sunday, haversack on back, to walk almost unconsciously up hill and down dale, until the dinner place is reached, and then to set off in the afternoon with the sole object of making for the tea place.

The true Rambler knows his countryside - can tell the different types of flowers, trees, birds, plants - knows what is meant by a field "lying fallow", can distinguish crops. He knows a little history of the place he visits - if not, then he is anxious to know, and finds out. The true Rambler is also an interesting conversationalist; we are reminded of the motto given to us by His Grace the Archbishop when he visited us in May last year: "Comes facundus in via voro vehicule est" - "A talkative companion is as good as a chariot". If all our members know a little of the past history of such places as Chester, Hilbre Island, Burton, Shotwick, The Harkirke &c.&c. how much more interesting would rambles to these districts become!

Miss Norah Tasker has been elected to fill a vacancy that has arisen on the General Committee, and she has been pleased to accept the office. The Association is indeed fortunate to secure the services of Miss Tasker whose acquaintance with the Club goes back over a number of years, and her experience on matters affecting Rambling should prove invaluable to the Committee.

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Many members - especially the older ones - will regret to hear of the death of Mrs. Fitzgerald, the mother of Miss R.M. Fitzgerald, an Honorary Member of the Association and one time Secretary. Mrs. Fitzgerald suffered a long illness and our sympathies are extended to Miss Fitzgerald who bore the strain so nobly. The Association has arranged for a Mass to be said for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Fitzgerald at the church of St. Margaret Mary, Knotty Ash, at eleven o'clock on Sunday next, the 12th. March. R.I.P.

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It is regretted that owing to extreme pressure of space the "Society Gossip" Column which was to have made its debut this month has been unavoidably hold over till next month. We can assure readers that it will be all the better for it having been left over, since our Reporter has not yet properly got into action!!!



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HAVE YOU PAID YOUR SUBSCRIPTION ?

Do please give this matter your attention.



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Social Programme for March.

March 9th. SURPRISE NIGHT ! Miss Maddock promises a "snappy", assorted programme, and the men are specially invited to come along.

March 16th. IRISH NIGHT. Such a night as never. Miss Douthwaite as Hostess is working out a gay programme. Mothers and Fathers, Sisters and Brothers, all are invited.

March 23rd. REQUEST NIGHT. This is YOUR night. Everyone will be asked to suggest an item to make up the programme, whether it be a game, a song, a dance &c. What will you suggest? Come along and see for yourself how it works.

March 30th. Benediction 8-30 p.m. - We know you will be there. OLDE TYME NYGHTS with Mrs. Formby as Hostess. Another new Dance? Who knows?

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Rambles Programme.

March 12th. THURSTASTON. Meet Pier Head 2-15 p.m. Fare 6d. Leader Miss Margaret McEvoy. (This ramble has been changed from Stanlow Point - which could not be accomplished !)

March 19th. RIVINGTON PIKES. Meet Exchange Station 10 a.m. Fare 2/8d. Leader Mr. J. Mullin.

March 26th. THORNTON HOUGH. Meet Pier Head 2-15 p.m. Fare 6d. Leader Miss. M. Morris.

Spirit of Rambling.

One, two, three, four, - eerie sound the awful steps
Tis the ghost a-walking I'll be bound.
Flip, flap, flip, flap, - that'll be his shroud perhaps
Swirling as he goes his ghostly round.



Up, down, slow, slow, - rambling still in spirit yet,
He haunts his haunts the Clubroom every Thur.
Sniff, sniff, blow, blow, - that's because his feet are wet
His hobnails worn away; his toes are bare.

Tick, tick, tock, tock, - last waltz over - silence reins,
Gliding through a crack he enters in.
Crash, slam, biff, bang, - Heavens! what on earth is that?
Just this ramblers ghost - he drops a pin.

Soft, soft, hard, hard, - plays piano just like George,
Head not under arm but on his neck.
Lo, hist, hush, quiet, - none to see - he starts to gorge
Sandwiches from Sunday's hike, by heck!

Munch, munch, crunch, crunch, - X-ray-like I see his food
Sliding down his neck's transparency.
Thump, thump, bump, bump, - goes my heart; it seems so rude
Gazing as I do to stare and see.

THROUGH A CRACK
HE ENTERS

"Now, now, come, come," - you might say I'm telling lies
Yet its true a ramblers ghost is he.
Once, twice, yes thrice, - him I've seen with my two eyes
Listened to his woeful history.

Lost, once, left, twice, - an umbrella by some girl
In the Club; so chivalrous I scamp
Back, there, break in, - all is silent save the swirl
Of swishing shrouds, so I forget the gamp.

One, two, three, four, - eerie sound the awful feet
Then a groping hand stops where I freeze.
"Out, out, John Bull", - toneless, from this swaying sheet.
Out I crawl and sit with Knocking Knees.

Cold, cold, dead, dead, - there he views me up and down
Looking through me as I look through him
What, how, why, where, - when will I escape his frown?
Yet as I swoon it changes to a grin.

"Ha, Ha, so, so, - you're a Rambler, too", he says
Pointing to my badge, and I agree
Sighs, Sighs, nods, nods, - "So was I, once, happy days
But I died, on a ramble, suddenly".

Strange, strange, odd, odd, - that this ghost was once of us
Rambling every Sunday with our Club
Why, why, how, how, - did he die, perhaps a bus
With spirit wrong did push him through a pub.

"Please, please, say, say, - how you are a ghost to-night
Tell me all, I'll tell the Sec." I say
"Speak, speak, quick, quick, - on this mystery shed light
I'm tired and I want to go away."

"Cruel, cruel, woe, woe", - wails this ghost, "that I am dead;
Twas the leader's fault, my breath's cessation",
"Oh, Oh, shame, shame, - was too fast the hike he led?"
"No, I died from shock - not expectation."

"Mold, Hope, Ince, Stoak, I forget just where we went
But I was so tired and lagged behind,
Tramp, tramp, on, on, hoping I'd pick up the scent.
Came the cross-road, SHOCK, and cut unkind.



HOPING TO PICK UP
THE SCENT

"There, there, bold, bold, - stood the Leader, "did I start!
Waiting, actually WAITING!! For his flock.
Black, black, death, death, - can you wonder that my heart
Couldn't stand it - couldn't stand the shock".

So, so, ever, ever, - does he haunt the clubroom now
Sleeping in pines through the day,
Hopes, hopes, vain, vain, - that he may be brought somehow
Back to life, from haunting haunts for aye.

One, two, three, four, - eerie sound the awful steps,
Tis the ghost a-walking I'll be bound,
Flip, flap, flip, flap, - that'll be his shorts perhaps
Or his rucksack trailing on the ground.

JOHN BULL.



Tennis Points.

I wish to announce that the Third Annual General Meeting of the Tennis Section will be held at 13 Richmond Terrace, Breck Road, Everton on Wednesday 15th March. Will the Members of this Section do their utmost to attend? On reading the word "Meeting" one is generally disgusted! Who wants to attend a Meeting? Then the qualification that it is to be a "General Meeting" makes one shudder, and then, the broken; it is to be an

last straw, one's resolve is generally decided not to attend. "It would be dry and a waste of time". So in all earnestness, I will repeat the request for as many members as possible to turn up. Their appearance, attendance and astute advice will give to the Meeting that constitutional and formal air which is the essential characteristic of one. Imagine the position if only the members who acted on the Committee turned up. In supplicating your support for the evening I will go one better and say that your personal co-operation in this respect can be expected as distinct from paying your subscriptions. Another point is that a large attendance would be a source of encouragement to the new Committee which will be elected at the Meeting.



But now, with your kind permission, dear reader, I will address a few remarks to those members of the Association who do not as yet belong to this Section but have intimated their interest and intend to join this year. To those members is extended a hearty invitation to turn up on this singular and annual convention. It will give each and all a splendid opportunity of seeing the Tennis Section of the Liverpool Catholic Ramblers Association. In last month's News-Letter I think I stated that this year's ambition was to double the membership. Let me develop that remark and say that the more members we do get the greater will be our chances of reducing the subscription. It is hoped to effect a reduction whatever happens, but - and do not overlook this fact - with your support the reduction will be made even greater and quite possibly membership of this Section brought within the scope of more members of the Association.

It is hardly credible - in fact it seems absurd - but nevertheless it is true that with your support the following can be accomplished:- Membership doubled. Enjoyment increased and Subscription reduced. Some sage would advise thinking it over, but I suggest that you join now. You will save yourself a lot of thinking - you will know you could not have done a better thing. - FRANK KING.



NOW IS THE TIME

FOR US ALL TO TAKE PART IN THE WEEKLY
RAMBLES AND BENEFIT BY THE INVIGORATING
SPRING AIR



An Open Letter

The following is a copy of a letter which appeared on the Notice Board in Wood Street some years ago.

.....

Catholic Ramblers old and new, I've some bones to pick with you, And I hope that you won't mind any home-truths you may find, But I think its really time to take my pen and drop a line to those of you it may concern, that your faults you all may learn.

First behaviour. As a rule its above board, but you fool now and then just when you shouldn't (I'm not saying that I couldn't) For example, when we're rambling very often there's a scrambling For the best seat at the tea place; were I leader, I would replace All the people who'd been fast with the folks who came in last.

"VERY
OFTEN
THERE'S
A
SCRAMBLE!"



Then remember, as at home
Sugar lumps should not be thrown
Cross the clubroom in the first place
Nor on Sundays at the tea-place.

Don't wear new shoes, maids and misters, if you do you'll soon get blisters, and if you want to see your pension, to the following pay attention: When a roadno sidewalk has nor even just a verge of grass, keep the golden rule in sight, never straggle, keep to the RIGHT.

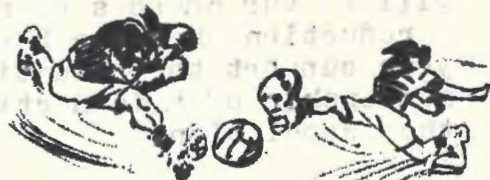
Also take heed of the leader (or, if its a lady - heed her)
When the order's given out not to sing and not to shout
When were passing people's houses; dermant tempers it arouses.

Now a word to those who stray at the back at close of day;
You know you really ought to hurry and save the leader lots of worry,
For you may be lost, he thinks (Twixt the Knowing ones pass winks).

Then again throughout the ramble people are inclined to amble.
This may cause the leader pain and makes us late for tea or train.
Remember keep together please, keep Committee minds at ease.

Now the rucsacks I would mention. This requires your best attention.
Will the girls to save much weeping, hold purses bags in their own keeping. The thought which prompts me to say this is what should happen if a girl should miss, the chap who carries her rucsack if he gets lost on his way back?

Here's a point I nearly missed,
Its from the regulation list.
I'll give it you without pre-ambule
"Boys don't play football on the Ramble.



Just one more thing the leaders need to make things smooth. After a feed especially if the crowd is large, please have on hand your fourpence charge.

And now the leaders I must dig. They have their faults and some are big. So those of you who sometimes lead - try to practice what you read Be certain of the way you go - don't walk too fast, and not too slow. Favour footpaths, not road gravel, when pioneering the way to travel. Keep in mind new members too, be sociable - its up to you. ... Give them all a welcome warm - then give them each an entrance form.

And now may I just beg to state another grievance - don't be late At starting points and then expect to find a whipper-in is left To bring you on. I think that's all about the rambles.

And now I'll call attention to the Visitors Book. Will members sometimes have a look and see that everythings correct with the autographs we collect? And now at last, as in the pubs, its time to close. I'll talk of Subs. May I remind you, gentle member, Your half-crown's due due since last September. And pray don't think how smart you are, for I am not the Registrar.

"The News Letter", by Pop.



The historical article in last month's News-Letter was interesting and instructive. It helped to dispel doubts I had on one or two important facts. I always thought it was Charles the Grate who was responsible for the fire of London, whereas it would appear that the proximate cause was Canute interfering with the water supply whilst Alfred burnt the Dakes. The simple confession may but re-echo your sentiments on the edifying influence of the News-Letter.

But as F.K. remarked "Time Marches on", and as I read that rhetorical outburst I exclaimed in less philosophical language "By jingo it does" for I was mentally comparing the workshop of old Bill Caxton with that of our News-Letter Staff. There is much in common between those two historical depôts.



OLD BILL CAXTON

- Firstly they came into being after much thought and many preliminary tests.
- Secondly, the means of production were acquired only after much sacrifice of time, money and effort.
- Thirdly, the results of their work proved to be of incalculable benefit to all.

The Editor has cut out the hundred-odd other comparisons as he says he has not the space to print them. But the few he has left will serve to illustrate the importance of our News-Letter. "Time Marches On", and after twelve months the News-Letter has become an absolute necessity for every member of the Association, whether he or she is a constant visitor to the Club Room or not. It is the life blood of the Club feeding the inquisitive and acquisitive minds with a wealth of information about Club affairs and personalities. It is a bond of unity creating and maintaining a common fellowship of interests between members.

Some Sage, whose name is lost in antiquity, remarked that all good things require an effort to obtain and this is very true of the News-Letter. Its maintenance requires an expenditure which the annual subscription of 2/6 cannot cover. Hence it was that an appeal was made to become subscribers to the News-Letter by paying 1/- per annum. The response to this appeal has been, so I gather, encouraging, but there are still many members who have not responded. Will you make this the next charge on your income and pay the shilling so that the News-Letter - the life blood of the Club - may continue unhampered by financial restrictions. The past history of our Association reveals an unparalleled effort of its members to strengthen the Club in every way. We, of the present are in a position to do our share in many ways, and particularly to guarantee the combined publication of the News-Letter. Your shillings are urgently required.

POP.

Some Recent Rambles - by "Zingari".

ECCLUSHAM MOUNTAIN, February 5th. Once again THIRTEEN of our members made up the party which started at the unearthly hour of 9.50 a.m. for Caergwrle, our starting point. En route, three Ramblers (having got up too late, I suppose!) turned that ordinary compartment into an unorthodox "diner" and the air was rife with the smell of bacon sandwiches and scrambled eggs. It was surprising to note how soon that lean and hungry look vanished after a loaf or two had been eaten and washed down with liberal draughts of tea, oxo and ... (was it shaving water?)

The morning walk was - well, excellent is the only word which would justly describe it. It was warm and sunny, quite a change from the weather of recent weeks and although we had some steep climbing to do at first the views obtained were well worth the effort. There were drifts of snow about in parts and to one who knows the C.R.A. - I don't think there is any need to enlarge upon what ensued. The walk along the tops

Zingari - continued

was very exhilarating, giving everyone a sharp appetite for dinner which we ate at Nant-y-ffrith Hall. After the meal, while we sat round a blazing log fire, Maestro Johnny (Oh, Mr. Leader!) gave us a mouthorgan obligato - Liebestraume in variations!!

During the afternoon we did some more climbing with further splendid views as the reward of earnest endeavour. On the high ground deep drifts of snow were again in evidence, painfully so, in fact - (Ask Ben Magner, he swallowed some of it, albeit a little unwillingly. A considerable quantity also found its way inside his shirt and he didn't seem to like that either!) Then followed a mock battle - Franco versus Government. Unfortunately no one seemed to know just who they were attacking so in the melée that ensued we all clung to that ancient Zulu motto "Sauve qui peut" which translated means "Every man for himself and keep your powder dry!"

Our way back to Nant-y-ffrith lay through a series of hills and valleys which were delightful in the gathering dusk, and after many vicissitudes we arrived in good time for tea. We were very surprised to find our numbers now swelled to fifteen, this being accomplished by the arrival of two 'lags' who with the intrepid C.R.A. pioneer spirit had followed us on a later train. After tea "Nobby" gave us an insight into the lurid past and doubtful future of some of the men by means of the ubiquitous tea-cup. (Where's that redhead????)

It was quite warm when we started for the station, although the air seemed to turn a definite blue when some-one tripped over an unseen tree stump! We had quite a lot of fun negotiating woodland paths by fitful gleams of moonlight, eked out by an occasional torch. Walking arm in arm along the dim unlighted highway "singing" real rambling ditties we contrived to reach Caergwrle in comfortable time for our train.

This time fifteen of us travelled in one compartment. - Nuff said! I noticed that one or two of the men were limping when we got out of the train at Seacombe. Perhaps this was due to sitting in a cramped position in the train - and perhaps not!!

MOEL FAMMEAU CONQUERED - AN EPIC!

19th February.

Indeed to goodness, look you, it was a fine day for the Ramble. Ben Magner engaged a Motor Coach - (Luxury model, as befits our status as Ramblers) to carry our party to Mold. The journey took only an hour and by 11.30 a.m. we were employing Shanks Pony to take us over the fields. We steered rather a peripatetic course, up hill and down dale, mostly the former it seemed, over fields and paths and quiet roads, catching occasional glimpses of "The Mother Mountain" until eventually we arrived at Pontymwn.

We made a halt here for lunch and a lively affair it was. Johnny found a piece of string which he took to be a support of some kind but nobody seemed anxious to claim it!!

At two o'clock we set off again to have yet another look at Moel Fammeau. Apparently Ben still didn't like the look of her so we turned away again, through splendid little valleys, past picturesque farmsteads arriving finally at the pretty, little village of Kilcain.

It was not long after this that Ben relented and we began the real business of the day - THE ASCENT! At last we had decided (or at least Ben had decided for us) to take the plunge. The path began to rise perceptibly but the going was fairly easy as far as the Reservoir. From here onwards it was a struggle, faces reddened, breathing became stertorous, legs faltered - hearts fluttered - faces empurpled - breathing now clearly audible - legs give up altogether - We Stop For A Rest! It was so comfortable to sit down, watching the laggards toiling up that slope. The Brigadier-General seemed to be wearing quite well while someone thought it a 'nobby' idea to pick blossom on the way! A short respite then on and up that last stretch - a final despairing effort and

Zingari - continued

we were there - to quote our American friends - "We'd made it!"

The view from the top was extensive and well worth the effort. Standing on the monument (the squarish lump which characterizes the mountain) I was reminded of some lines from "Dan McGrew":

"Were you ever out in the Great Alone, when the moon was awful clear
And the icy mountains hemmed you in with a silence you most could hear",

until I looked round and saw that the summit had been converted into a Welsh Mappin Terrace by our members who were squatting on their haunches contentedly sucking oranges! I breathed a silent apology to Robert Service and his "Dan McGrew".

One optimist had brought a camera - I hope he got a snap of the party from my view-point - it should be good! By this time Frank's knees were looking a bit blue, so Benny - (in an excess of fraternal affection) called us away from our various occupations and off we started on the descent.

The scenery here was, if anything, better than where we ascended. We certainly had more breath to spare in admiring it. The two married Mays made the most of aforementioned breath and proceeded to go into conference. Perhaps they were discussing the best way to cook an egg or to boil water? Anyway, I hope Cyril and Gerry benefit by it!!

The track wound round the mountainside enchanting us with a fresh vista at each bend. We were very sorry to come to the end of this track although the valley on which it debouched had its own popular charms. A mile or so of country lane brought us on the main road - Mold-Ruthin, which we crossed. Presently a stile on the left was climbed, revealing a sylvan path beside a stream. The path opened onto a glade, the prettiest spot I have seen for months. Firs and pines gave contrasting shades of green against a background of bare deciduous trees while the little rivulet swerved about their roots and disappeared under a delightful lichen covered archway.

We mislaid a few of our party hereabouts, but we were soon reassured when we saw in the distance a scarlet goblin hat, scarlet gloves and ankle socks. The appearance of a gigantic figure looming beside the aforementioned study in scarlet merely served to confirm our assumption that it was M.C.

And so to tea - at the sign of the Three Jiggerheads. Voices were in fine fettle as soon as the pangs of hunger and thirst were assuaged. We went the whole gamut - from "In the Store" to "Dinah" (Solo by Nobby "Swing" Clarke, the Aigburth Pearl). We passed round the hat for this effort but it wasn't returned. Time marches on!!

At 7.30 we set off on the last leg of the journey to Mold, along the road for a space then over the fields through woods and lanes then back to the road. We took "Sing as you go" for our motto and "made the welkin ring" till we were within the confines of the town. A friendly limb of the law advised us not to sing in the town itself, as the inhabitants being Welsh, have a very high standard of proficiency in the art, and we hadn't!!

Our bus collected us at 8.30 p.m. and delivered us (a little stiff perhaps, a little tired, maybe, but thoroughly happy and contented with the events of the day) safe and sound at the Landing Stage at 9.30.

An excellent day, and Congratulations, Ben!

ZINGARI.



The Ramble to Cronton, 26th February.

I led this Ramble on February 26th but as I was only a short-notice leader, I changed it from Hale to Cronton, with which district I was more familiar.

A fine day saw twenty-five of us leave Woolton and make for Halewood, eventually going towards Tarbock Road and then doubling back towards Hough Green. After tea at Cronton, we attended the Holy Family Church for Benediction. Then the road home through Halewood, Gateacre and Childwall to Bowring Park. I was very pleased to see an old acquaintance Miss Mary Sparling, of the Manchester C.R.A., who used to lead joint rambles long ago. She was accompanied by another ex-Manchester Rambler, Mrs. McDonald, the Wife of "Eddie" who was once Assistant Secretary of our Club. I hope they enjoyed the day as much as I used to enjoy Grappenhall and Stoneyhurst.

JIM BRADY.



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Mac Meditates

Someone asked me if I'd written anything for this month's News-Letter. So I hung a blushing head - gazed at uncomfortably shuffling feet and answered faintly, yet withal reluctantly - "No."

"If not, why not?" persisted the aforementioned Someone. Again that uncomfortable silence, then - remembering the Penitential Season was at hand and that Truth is Braver than Fiction - I decided to face the threatened onslaught. "I'm too blinkin' lazy."

Well, about ten minutes after the first storm had abated, I tried to get a word in for myself - and gave up the Ghost. The Someone about whom I am talking doesn't allow one to get in any words for oneself - or for anyone else. So I fell to communing with myself and found it decidedly pleasant. No one to veto my impulses or disagree with my very often harebrained ideas.

It was amusing trying to visualise the labour saved by a newly married member should her recently acquired husband take to wearing shorts instead of long flannels, and imagine what the Maestro would look like if he had hair like Cyril or Benny! Then - the thought sequence is very obvious - I tried to visualise a more vegetative member - Spud, to be exact - should he emulate one of our taller members and effect a hirsute adornment of the top lip. Very entertaining, this self-communion! I gave my thoughts further rein. The vegetative member would surely resemble Ronald Colman!

"Another thought sequence. I wonder how the girls in the Club would react to a Ronald Colman in their midst," although - a calm judgment is essential here - To whom would he react most favourably? Perhaps to the golden Tones of Operator Connie or the literary aspirations of Norah Tasker - yet would he be able to resist Mary Carter's unique colour schemes? But I'm losing my grip, the reaction is obvious - who could compete with the irresistible joie de vivre of our own Nobby?!

Which brings to mind that epoch making rendering of "Dinah" at the Loggerheads. This time my imagination really runs riot - I can see Jim Brady forsaking the straight and narrow for the primrose path of dalliance and regardless of his much maligned Mother Machree swinging "Annie Laurie" as only Cab Calloway himself knows how!

My imagination is now in fine fettle. I can think of famous couples in history - Anthony and Cleopatra, Napoleon and Josephine, Abeard and Heloise, Ronald and Nobby. I can even imagine Johnny without his mouth-organ - Gerry without his moustache - Frank without a pipe - Michael without a walking stick -

My roseate visions were rudely interrupted - the irate Someone had come to the end of his tirade! "Now will you write something for the News-Letter?" "Yes." I said meekly.

MAC.