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Át CLIAÉ, eanair, 1936

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TIME AND TARA

By Sliabh Bladhma

I know from a note in the Christmas Number that Miss Mairin Mitchell's "Traveller in Time" is reviewed in this issue of AN GAEDHEAL. So I shall say nothing of its varied phases and farings. But the starting-point has set me travelling far, in thought and fancy, on my own account. For it is nothing less than the invention of Tempevision, tuning-in to the past.

Curiously enough, I had been thinking a good deal about a phase of the remote past in Ireland. I had only just discovered the work of the French Celtic scholar, Adolphe Pictet, "Du Culte des Cabires chez les anciens Irlandais," published in 1824. For years I had known his pioneer volume on the affinity of the Celtic languages with Sanscrit, issued in 1837, thus preceding by sixteen years "Grammatica Celtica," the epoch-marking work of Zeuss. The earlier book on the Cabires takes deeper ground.

The Cabires (Greek Kabeiroi) were specially associated with Samothrace and its Mysteries. The story, with subtle aspects of Demeter, Persephone, Hermes, and others, would bear us far, as would Pictet's consideration of the kindred Gaelic cult. We find Eire and Samhain treated as original divinities. We find much more that is arresting or challenging.

Returning to Miss Mitchell's bold idea, her tempevision is put forward as a triumph of physical science, produced, like television, by means of an apparatus. For my own part, I am more than doubtful that light on the nature of time and true pictures of the past will ever come by such methods. Despite the relativists of the Einstein school the problems of time and space are utterly different. With time (as indeed to a certain extent with space) we come to psychological and spiritual issues.

In our everyday sense-life we naively regard time as ever-flowing onward, and we probably think of

eternity as time infinitely extended. We also assume that time on all the planets of the solar system is just the same as on our own. But sundry considerations suggest that the question is much more complex, and that time is related in most subtle ways to consciousness. Change the nature of consciousness and time is something quite different.

We are dominated and deceived by our earthly day-life, which, by the way, we cannot normally endure for more than some sixteen hours at a stretch; the soul has to slip completely out of it—and what really happens to the spirit during deep sleep of the body is a far-reaching consideration. Science is hypnotised by the day-side of the earth, of which (as a planet) its view is very partial and bonded indeed.

But the earth-sphere is linked profoundly with all the planetary spheres in the solar system. And planetary sphere, as was well understood in other ages, does not mean simply the body we see in the sky. It means, in the physical sense, everything within the orbit of the planet; it means also a special state of consciousness, peculiar to and fitted for the planet and planetary life in question. Could we reach the globe called Mars or Jupiter with our earth-consciousness unchanged we could know nothing of its life or its denizens (or their ideas of time).

It is possible that intensive spiritual development, carried out in all earnestness for years on years, would bring some individuals a deep understanding of time (on earth and other planets), a sense of the "past" (which may not be really past at all), and light on other spiritual and cosmic secrets. But that is not for the multitude in our age, or for a long time to come. We have far to go before we can understand true time. Meanwhile there are scores of other tasks. We have to develop attractive, creative, fraternal nations wherein the individual can

Dám-Sgoil Músgraige uí Fíolainn

oíche lae noblas na mbán i gcúil dotha, 6 a élos

Dútaí Corcaige mar aon le fearannaib fairsinge fearmhara leat Moza Nuadac. As seo fógra poitil perdim láirir oifiseamail ollbuaac dian daingean diongbálta agus é timpeallta agus tearmannna le cumas uige agus oleact an tsaoirstait éireannaig, agus fós le riagalacla príobáideacha an cumainn réam-raíde na suad-éigse is na seriocla for ainmte sin, go dtionótpar Dám Sgoil Músgraige an seimead lá d'eanair na bliana so d'aois ár dtigearna míle naoi gcéad agus sé bliana déas os cionn a fíde i hala Cúil dotha mar is gná, agus go bfuil sé ceangaitte agus nascáite ar fad aon den fúaimm air a príacail péin beit láitread na trom-dáile sin, an lá so dairíde i bprádhaise agus i bpoicair an uactarain. Tabarta páim láim i naimm an uiró an céad lá de mí na Samna, 1935.

An Laoi Fonn Taóis buíde.

Seo fuláineam is baránta is é breacáite cruinn ar pár glan go sásta ná reactas teimeal. An Dám-Sgoil réam-raíde seo fearanna Fíolainn le dála ar an ndáta do ceapas-sa oib.

Tá an baránta so láirir is é beacáite i noluige ó ároaib uib-Ráclac go Caiseal na Ríog, ón máis tuair go blárhaimm is go Catrac, Laoi, is don scáir sin san stána go ceannaib Dám Búirde.

Fad páir fuinte páclac san acar do maorim, ní fuláir beit láitread, tá an fúaimm nó-oil, cun a ndáta do táil uúinn go barraimneac binn san mblácl teangaim áluinn ba oleagclac dár dtír.

Má tá neac dár gcáiruib san acpuinn beit linn cunreac táitreadas láitread cun reactaire an tige, mar tá an Ceoclánac crostáclta is a teanga mar deimeas, is don cáim ná beit láitread do ceapclac aoir.

"Saédeal na nSaédeal" an tUactarain.

(Léigfear an cúir eite den Laoi seo i láclair na Dám Sgoile.)

come to his best, as a prelude to higher spheres. Most of us have not even dimly realised the great mission of the earth as yet.

And while it would doubtless be attractive, even fascinating, to have pictures of the folk and life in antique Teamhair, and elsewhere in Eire, it would all tell us nothing of their interior life or the spiritual sphere that was their real and ultimate home. To honour them in thought and pursue our own ideals may be far better than distractions of tempevision could possibly be. If it is to come it will come naturally when the mind and soul of a higher humanity are ripe for it.

Nevertheless I would be glad if some of our thoughtful friends would discuss these questions of time, consciousness, and complex planetary life in Irish. It would be the best way of meeting Miss Mitchell's ingenious idea. Time in itself is full of magic, mystery and poetry.

Ceist Cúin na Beilí

A fásra an tséim den oisreaccl tagaíde eúgaimm i bfearamm Cúil dotha go taróidseac bailíte i gcúirte Búir mbreac ar an scéim seac éilim oraib go humat. An deire nó réim do fadéilid breac an dá púint?

Deir searbhúine maot san meiróir san taitneamh na gnúis. De'n tairde é, ní bfaclac-sa aon carrac ar síud. Do feannacl mo fcas mo léan san National School i dtaobh labairt na fadéilid's im plaois bíoil Caipín an fúol!

"Oisreaccl is céim ar aclard don tseana-naisiún, ár dteanga as baogal," an cannt a canann lánúim. "An searbhúine baot aon bé ní fclacpácl ségnúir A fclacpácl a baogal fús bfeiróir can ná púint."

Doimnall ó Ceoclám.
Mí na noblas, 1935.

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Intensify the Compulsory Irish Campaign

We quoted recently President de Valera's statement, in the Galway University College, that: "The attacks of the opposing civilization are growing greater every day, and if we do not begin our counter-attack now it will be too late." We quote now a further Galway statement in consonance with the President's, viz., the resolution of the Galway Gasra of An Fáinne that: "The Gasra asks the Minister of Education not to yield to any body, no matter who they may be, who may seek to take a backward step in regard to the teaching of Irish. . . . The Gasra recommends to the Minister, if there is any squeezing out to be done on any subject of the educational course of the country, that that squeezing out should be in the case of the language of the Foreigner."

That, from a Gaeltacht University centre, gives a definite and authoritative lead in the "counter-attack" and induces us to review the agencies now ranged, in this contest of "opposing civilizations," on the sides of the opposing language institutions. In the review we note the contest proceeding in the Saorstat in the struggle between Irish and English in five different branches of education, viz., primary, vocational, intermediate, competitive examination and university. As to all these we were told recently by the Minister of Education that: "The national policy decided on in 1926 in regard to the language was that at as early a date as possible they should make Irish the language of the schools and the medium of instruction as much as possible." We were reminded later, by the Minister, that: "Many had died in trying to make the country Gaelic and not to make it an imitation of any other country."

Effect is being given to the policy mentioned, in the primary system, by a national-minded body of teachers and by a Department that has been partly revolutionized by the removal of the old National Board. Yet, evidences of difficulties appear. A past-President of the I.N.T.O. suggests that he is in doubt as to whether the policy is uni-lingualism or bi-lingualism; while, in line with that, Fionán Breathnach, speaking from a professional experience, states that: "Inspectors expected the same standard in English as they did before Irish, as at present taught, had been introduced." We expect that the policy, whatever it is, is conditioned by circumstances at other points of the battle line.

Behind the Irish language in the vocational system there is the teaching of the language itself by the remnants of the Muinteoiri Gaedhilge. Against it, there are situations arising from decades of English and Scotch experts' dominance of the institutions of technical education, situations illustrated in a 108 page Dublin City Vocational Committee's prospectus in which we find only two pages relating to teaching through Irish. Passing next to intermediate education, we find in favour of Irish the general regulation awarding excess marks for answering in Irish in subjects other than Irish, English and

drawing, i.e., in subjects possible of selection carrying somewhat more than half the total marks. We find also "full course" Irish 600 marks as against "full course" English 400 marks. We find, on the other hand, "lower course" Irish, 300 marks, affording a breach in the line of defence, particularly against an attack of "full course" English, 400 marks, reinforced by its auxiliary, Latin, with 400 marks also and without any "lower course" option. We maintain that a student is learning English in learning its parent language, Latin, and, especially, in learning Latin taught through English.

In all these systems an eye must be kept on fitting for examinations that lead to avenues of employment, viz., the Civil Service and other competitive, the university and other professional. In the case of the Civil Service, we have very exact evidence in the published information of conditions. One of the first of the Civil Service examinations, in respect of age, is that for girl writing assistants. In it, Irish has the advantage of oral examination and the general provision for excess marks for answering through Irish in a limited number of the subjects. In it, on the other hand, Irish stands at a mark of 300 as against 450 for English, by reason of the fact that English obtains an additional 150 for English handwriting and orthography. Passing next to a junior examination for girls and boys, viz., the clerical officers', we find again Irish at 400 as against English at 500, as English obtains in this case an additional 100 for English handwriting and orthography. We find, further, English supported as in the Intermediate by a 400 mark for its parent language, Latin. As the schools touch the means of living very widely in these two examinations for girls and boys, it follows that school courses must, in the matter of Irish, English and Latin, adapt themselves to their marks' inducements. They must also attend to analogous conditions in still higher competitive examinations and in other competitive examinations outside the Civil Service.

In the case of some university and professional examinations, we have again a general provision for oral Irish. But we have also compulsory English in Matriculation reinforced, in almost all cases, by compulsory Latin or by a compulsory modern European language. There is also the dominant force behind English in this country, viz., University lectures in English. Thus, we see that the primary education system, which receives newspaper attention, must fit into the vocational, intermediate, civil service and university, which receive little attention. As an instance, on the date that the Dublin teachers' resolution on primary education was published (to remain since very little discussed), another resolution on university education was excluded from some daily papers, although it came from the County Councils' General Council, a representative national body that elects representatives to university management. The resolution of the General Council "recommended the Minister of Education to hold an inquiry into how far the universities and constituent colleges had adjusted their programmes to the policy of national reconstruction." We fail to see definitely why that important resolution should not be published.

We refer back again to the

statements from Galway in our opening paragraph and to the recommendation that the "squeezing out should be in the case of the language of the Foreigner." We add, in support, the further statement of President de Valera, in the University College, Dublin, last month that "Their chief fear was that the Gaeltacht would swamp the Gaeltacht." We add, too, the statements on that occasion of the auditor, as statements representing Gaelic Young Ireland and perhaps new ideology within the university. "A big effort," he said, "would have to be made to banish foreignism in the rising generation. . . . In his view, there was not enough compulsion used in language matters. Perhaps in the end it would be compulsion and the strong hand that would save the Gaeltacht."

IRISH ATHLETICS

[In an article on "Irish Athletics" in our November issue, P.J.D. stated "The Case for Nationalisation," and concluded with the note: "Perhaps some of these actively associated with athletics have something to say? We invited over a score prominently connected with athletic administration to send us their views on P. J. D's. article, and strange to say, only a few responded. In the hope of getting more representative opinions, we held over publication of the replies from our Christmas Number.]

P. J. D's article in last month's issue is suggestive, and I sympathise with his wish that those branches of Athletics in which our countrymen first gained fame should not be overlooked. He puts forward, but does not distinguish, two explanations of the greater popularity in the past of the field than of the track events. He asks—"Is it not a rational conclusion that they were inherent in native physique and suited Irish temperament?" But later he says: "It is surely more than coincidence that the athletic tests which native manhood naturally selected were just those best suited for the environment and circumstances in which they lived." He goes on to explain that jumping and weight events could be contested in any convenient field, while tolerable running tracks were few. I think this second explanation rather than the first is the true one, and that it was environment

rather than natural capacity which guided the choice.

In his admiration for the great field athletics P.J.D. has hardly recognised the great attainments of our track runners. "All Ireland has not produced half a dozen men fit to be ranked with the best abroad in their time." At least a dozen names of men within my own memory run into my mind—Lavan, McEachern, Coughlan, Tisdall, Jack Ryan in recent years; Daly, Hynes, Finnegan, Morphy, Father Kennedy in the early years of the century, and Dickinson, Meredith, and Day in the nineties, in addition to Conneff whom P.J.D. mentions. None of these men would have been outclassed in any company in the world in their time. Again, when P.J.D. describes running as "super-sophisticated" he surely forgets high-jumping, now-a-days the most sophisticated event of all. In its essence running is just as natural as jumping or throwing a weight.

I think the proper proportion of field to track events may well be left to the choice of the athletes themselves, and they may be trusted not to overlook the events in which they are likely to excel.

But I do not think the question raised by P.J.D. is one of prime importance at the present moment. A requisite for attaining a high degree of competence is the opportunity to test it against that of the best athletes of other countries. Our athletes must be given an international outlet. The schoolboy who enters for his first sports should have before his mind the prospect of representing his country in international competition as the acme of his career. The greatest stimulus received by our young athletes in recent years was seeing one of our own world-famous athletes—O'Callaghan or Tisdall—or one of our very distinguished visitors, such as Liddell, Stallard, Lowe, Burghley, Atkinson, or Peltzer, competing. Unless such opportunities are again provided the young lads of our country will not be attracted to Athletics. Nor can our best athletes develop their highest skill or realise their own worth so long as competition is purely domestic. The great athletes of the past, whose names P.J.D. recalls, proved their worth not only at home but overseas. Of every one of them it can be said that on his home performances alone his fame would not have been one tithe of what it is. I see no prospect of making the best of our Irish athletes and no prospect of maintaining interest in Athletics—either among potential athletes or among the public—until we decide again to take our part in international competitions.

ROBERT J. ROWLETTE.

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Anglo-Irish Literature and the Gael

A free Gaelic-speaking Ireland! I want that as much as you do: but, I refuse to believe that it is just round the corner because somebody says it is. And if you, or others mean an Ireland with a people just able to *speake* Irish and do nothing else, you will find an amazing number of folk quite willing to thwart your ambitions and be highly amused at the facility with which this can be done. To substitute "Lá breágh" or Tá sé fluich" for the appropriate conventional phrases in English is not a very lofty ambition; and, even if you succeeded in making every man, woman and child in Eire do this, you could not hold them to it for a month, as the weather is a notoriously wearisome subject of conversation except among experts who know how to disagree agreeably in technical terms.

In plain words, until you can teach Everyman to enjoy his leisure — not his working-hours, mind you!—in Gaelic and provide him with the means of so doing, you haven't the remotest chance of making this country Gaelic in mentality which must precede the state of being Gaelic in speech. One does not intend, of course, to overlook the heroic efforts which are being made to provide this important leisure material, but one has some doubts as to their efficacy. It is assuredly an excellent thing to translate from Russian a story about Ivanoff, provided that you still call him Ivanoff in the Gaelic: but, if in translation, you change Lord Monkthurst into Pádraig O Briain, I wonder if you are doing good or harm? By making him drink Guinness instead of Benedictine, you may make him more dramatic, but you won't change his attitude towards life unless you rewrite the whole story. Yet, is not that what some of our excellent translators, with 'wonderful tongues of Irish,' are doing?

And, then, if you do get true translations of foreign works which do not masquerade as native, you will not be any forwarder except in as much as you will have shown how they do things elsewhere. This should be, of course, an incitement to our clever folk to learn another language so as to enjoy such good stories in the original. A polyglot nation would be a wonderful objective to aim at if we didn't find it so danged hard to get that nation to learn only *one* other tongue!

Obviously, this is a plea for original work in Gaelic as the only way of Gaelicising the nation, or even saving the Gaelic tongue itself from oblivion. But, you will not get worth-while original Gaelic work from those who know nothing but Gaelic: there are people in this country to-day who expect that! Perhaps they are not critical enough to have noticed the equipment of the poorest writers in any other language; and I do not mean an odd foreign phrase thrown in here and there, I mean their *educational* equipment which peeps out on every page and in every line. To put it bluntly, you may be as Gaelic as you want to and yet be educated, as Pádraic O Conaire was.

This education along with Gaelicisation will take a long time, longer than mere speech-Gaelicisation, if it can ever be done with our atrocious system of Teaching. But, if it were achieved, it would be permanent; and, without it,

there can be no permanence. And it can be achieved by bending the familiar English to the task. I say 'English' merely because it is 'familiar': any other literary tongue would do as well, if it were 'familiar.'

The 'bending' of English to the task of Gaelicisation means the utilising of English in the education of the people towards that goal. Even propaganda in English is of some use, but it is not the highest. That highest is the training of our people to express in language the genius of our people, the distinctiveness of which has never been denied by the most virulent Anglophiles. The uneducated native-speaker cannot do that in Gaelic, nor can the half-baked student of the language. But there are many English-speakers through the country who could, if directed, help in the education of the whole nation towards the expression of its true self finally in the native language. And the haste to be up and doing is great, for others have seized the pen: others whose intention is undoubtedly honest but whose failure is indeed pitiable.

If any man doubt the inability of our dominant litterateurs to express the genius of the Irish people in English, let him read the first part of Mr. Yeats's Reminiscences, appearing in 'The London Mercury.' They are certainly a revelation of that great man's mentality, a revelation which at once disqualifies him from any claim to represent the Irish genius in literature. He has annihilated himself as a countryman of any country, for the English would repudiate a claim on them. And Mr. Yeats is the acknowledged leader to whom all the rest do homage. Not that I think any less of Mr. Yeats as a Literary man! Certainly not! But Mr. Yeats cannot henceforward get on the blind side of Ireland's Eye.

A short time ago, a colleague of mine received a letter from a foreign student who has been studying the Irish through the literature in English which emanates from Dublin mostly, and he has paid particular attention to the plays! He gave my friend a very clear picture of what he thought the Irishman to be and, believe me, Charles Kingsley could not have daubed us better. This is, mind you, an honest, if ignorant, foreign student of what he calls the Irish character and his conclusions are quite incredible.

Isn't it time that the *real* Irish got hold of a pen or two? Or, are we to wait until there develops in Gaelic a Master-stylist who will refute the lie? And, even before the Master-stylist begins to evolve, shall we have to settle the dialect in which he must couch his refutation?

Now, while we are waiting for the style and cut of the native garb to be settled, wouldn't it be well to hire a suit temporarily and show ourselves alongside of the gentlemen who are masquerading as US. Remember that, after style, cut and material have been decided, the tailor must learn his trade since he may not be permitted to do it meanwhile.

Literary effort by men who can understand the Irish, because they are of the Irish, is the great question for me, but the same stupid apathy exists among us in every other department except Games.

This very day, when I suggested that a knowledge of the Theory of Music was necessary to the further progress of Irish Traditional Music, a true dyed-in-the-grain Gael threw up his holy hands in horror! I fear that with him I

By
DIARMUID MURPHY

have lost caste; but, by the time this article ends, I shall be quite 'untouchable' in any case. Which brings me to the burthen of my song, that if our enthusiasm is equalled only by our ignorance we shall make but a sorry picture on the international market of the Arts: and that while we are supine, men whose 'nationality' is only skin-deep (through no fault of theirs) are representing us on that market!

What is the remedy? First of all, there must be dissatisfaction with the existing state of affairs, which implies interest enough to create dissatisfaction. Then, there must be encouragement of effort, and that in many ways. If not, then the True Gael must admit that he *does* reside in 'the mist that do be on the bog,' and we must leave the field to those 'other Irish.'

How is this encouragement to be given? Learn from those others! Have they not set up an Academy which pats on the back every new writer who produces work in consonance with their ideals? Go ye and do likewise! Have they not established prizes for the encouragement and assistance of new writers? It does not invalidate the idea if they do give the prizes to those who want neither encouragement nor assistance! Can ye not do likewise, acting more honestly and sensibly in the bestowal of prizes? They, a minority, can stand without gov-

ernment props while ye, the majority, lie about the floor in rickety impotence. And, I fear, the majority is yet content to lie on the floor and whine about seven centuries of conquest and persecution and famine and many other sad grievances, which are nothing but excuses for lack of courage and lack of faith in ourselves.

The logical conclusion of it all is this that, if we are content with inferiority and misrepresentation, we must feel ourselves inferior and too feeble for resentment. And the logical way in which to show that we are not thus feeble and inferior is to produce the goods and to encourage those who can. This will not be achieved by passing pious resolutions at meetings of public bodies having nothing to do with Literary and Artistic affairs, which is as futile and feeble as it is ludicrous. But it will be achieved by buying and reading books, by setting the right standards, by giving financial and spiritual encouragement to the courageous producers of the right kind of wares.

Yes! I think it was correct to put first 'the buying and reading of books'!

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"Slaine nár gcoirde
Nearc nár ngeas, is,
Deart do réir ar mbriachar."

"fear faire" do scrí.

Bliain nua pé maise díb.

Bliain nua pé maise díb go léir, a cáirde óga. Ní fada anois go mbeir sib ag luíge isteach ar na leabra arís. Teastuigeann caiteamh aimsire uaid éom mair, agus éiríge sin, bíonn cluicí i ngac sgoil agus i ngac coláiste i láthair na h-uaire seo. Ní mar sin a bíod an sgeat, roinnt blianta ó shin, nuair a bí bur n-áthaireada ag freastal scoile b'féidir. Lib-se atá an t-ádh. Ní h-amháin go gcuireann na cluicí seo ádh ar na scoláirí, is éad ar obair na sgoile i n-aon t-slige. Ar a' t-ádh eile, cabruigeann siad, agus uar n-óis ná minic a meallann siad garsún teacht ar sgoil? Nac minic a cloisimís tuine atá tar éis éiríge as obair sgoile, agus post mair aige b'féidir, ag cur síos ar an saogál a bíod ar sgoil aige féin?

Cumann Sgoil na mBráthar.

As so uel an áis, an ráite is gnótaí is uóca maird le n-ár gcluicí náisiúnta. Sé an t-ádh uel uel Coláiste Muire agus Réad na Canála an éad cluicí is táb-áctai a imreópar. Sé seo an triomáid uair uóib teacht le céile. Bí an dá cluicí eile ar feabhas agus is deacair a rádh cé buaird an curas so ac éom beas. Cuirfear an-sum ar pad i gcomórtaisí na gcom i mbliana.

Ar nós tonn na mara.

Is ar éigin go mbíonn sos do aon t-saas ag na Saeéal óga ar fuad na tíre. An fadó is a bíonn an sgoil ar ogaile bíonn na cluicí pé lán t-seól, agus éom luac a bíonn comórtas amáin críochnuige tos-nuigeann comórtas éigin eile. Leanann comórtas ar comórtas ar nós tonn na mara.

As so amac beró na cluicí i ngac éiríge an-sumuít ar pad. Tá

an-fuireann peile ag Sgoil na mBráthar, Sreac an Iarthaí, creit-im, agus pé mar a cloisimís tá sé ar aigne aca Craob Laigin a baint amac "Anois nó riam" atá mar rosg cata aca i mbliana. Baineann an sgeat céadna leis na comórtaisí ins na cúigi eile. U'érig leis an Mainistir Tuair i gCorcaig an dá craob a breit leó anuirid— "an gleann is a raib ann." Baineann amac Corn an Ártai i n-íománioct, agus bí Corn na Muman na seilb an lá uel i gCill-Áirne, nuair a buairdear ar Sgoil na mBráthar, Daingean Uí Chúise. An uelannar an saise céadna i mbliana?

Cluicí ior-éirígea.

Cóm luac ia a beró craoba a na gcluicí tair, togar na fóirne i gcluicí ior-éirígea annsan. Ní mór do garsún beró na saise a amac is amac sar a seibeann sé ionad i bfuireann aca san. Níl aon comórtas eile ar eólas agann a cuireann na luige ar tuine, nac bfuil i n-éirinn i ndeire na dála, ac aon náisiúin amáin. Is ionann an comórtas so agus an comórtas uel—Corn a' b'ócair Iar-aínn i gcluicí na sinnsear. Cuireann an dá comórtas so na luige orainn-ne leis na fuil aon teora i n-éirinn ac amáin an fairsge mór, an Muir Meann Muir na Breataine agus Sruet na Maoite, mar i ndeire na dála, ní Muirne ná Laigin, Connacraig ná Ultaig sinn-ne, ac Clanna Saobal a siolruig ó Laocha calma, ó glúin go glúin, agus is linn-ne éire, gac póu uí, ó oileán Racla uel na Blas-caoirí ar cósta Chiarraide.

Dualgas atá le có-líona.

At the start of the New Year we deem it advisable to remind all young Gaels that they have a mission of an intensely national character to fulfil. Many, both young and old, imagine that the winning of a match is the be-all and the end-all of their duty as Gaels. Far-seeing and genuine Gaels, however, think otherwise, for after all it is the "spirit" that counts. It is this spirit that animates the whole Gaelic movement and distinguishes it from alien institutions. Maeve Cavanagh in her poem "Ireland's Gaels"—outlines for us what is to be expected from the genuine young Gael.

"Bulwarks of their nation
'Gainst all alien cults
Seeking her salvation
Scorning slaves' insults
Shunning native quarrels
Watching Ireland's "Day"
Whilst their fairest laurels
Strew her thorny way."

The Ireland of Pearse's dreams "Gaelic and free, free and Gaelic," is intended for you, young Gaels, Be united then in a bond of friendship. Resolve to foster the language movement in a practical way by using it on the playing field and in urging on your team to victory. Be fearless advocates of Ireland's distinctive culture, and scorn the introduction of foreign customs and manners, not in keeping with the dignity of this ancient nation. It is only by acting thus that you will deserve the name of Gael, for remember that neither the swinging of a camán alone, nor the playing of Gaelic football alone, suffices. There is a war at stake—a war between two civilizations. It behoves every young Gael then to be up and doing, and if he is not imbued and permeated with this militant Gaelic spirit, or if it is not breathed into him when young, we have little hope that he will acquire it as he grows older.

An tSaeéal ós Sean-Úiarmuid agus a Cáirde

Bail ó Dia ar mo cáirde óga go léir!

Sead, a clann ó, tá súil agam go bfuil sib go léir go gcoirde tar éis na Noctas, agus gur treise ná riam sib i gcomair na bliana nua. Cad i an saas Noctas a bí agaid? Nac mé a tabarfaid a lán ar beró in bur bfoicir agus páirt a glacaid lib san scléip. Ac, níorb féidir é. Is deacair do sean-tuine bogad tim-eall san Seimreac. Tabarfaim pé mura mbead an sioc damanta a bí ann; agus tá a fios agaid mar a foilleann an sioc ar énamaid sean-tuine. Cuir an sioc na dáta a orin, tá a fios agaid; agus im briachar-sa nac aon fonn siublóide a bíonn ar doinne go mbíod siad san á priocad. Rud eile, bí eagla orm gabail tar doras amac ar eagla go sleamhóidinn agus go dtuicfinn ar an leac-oirde. Cionnus a bead agam dá dtuicfinn agus gan doinne im éomgar éin mé éogaint. U'féidir gurad amáir a greamópaí uel leac-oirde mé agus go scaillpí leis an tairt mé, pé mar a tárla uel uelann buirde sin gur uel Catal buirde Mac Giolla Gunna an caoin-ead uel. Cuimnígeas ar an méir sin agus measas gurad fearr uel fanaid istig agus beró ar an t-ádh sádh-ála. Ba beas an tairde uel-sa tuine do beró ag scriobad caointe uel tar éis mó uáis! i b'fad uainn gac oile.

U'fanas istig mar doibair lib. Agus an bfuil a fios agaid cad é an caiteamh aimsire a bí agam? Bí, gur caiteas an t-am go léir ag léigeam na n-aistí sin a scriobadair uel ar an Noctas. Mise a baint an ceol astá.

Aiste Duaise.

Dála an scéil, nár seallas uel go gcuirfinn i gcló uel an aiste sin le hÁine ní éomgailt, as Clochar Lu-áir Naomha, Muineacáin, i gcló uel. Siné an aiste gur tugas an dara duais uel. Do seallas, agus seo éugaid anois é. Siob mar doir si:—

Noctas! Noctas! Noctas! ní féidir smaointe an tuine do comaiream nuair a uelreann sé an focal binn ácasac seo. Tagann na m leas agus na mílte acu na éann. smaointe nac féidir leis iad do maolú, ná do cur as a éann, smaointe an doibnis, smaointe an spóirt agus smaointe ar Dia. Bíonn gac éinne go gnótaí roim an péile seo, bíonn an teac gá glanad agus gá maistú ó bun go bárr acu, ag éirí éirínn éraob ann in onóir uel agus in uelre na dála, maistgeann siad iad féin. Bíonn árdácas ar gac éinne roim an lá seo go mór mór ar oúche Noctas, is annsin bíonn doibneas ar gac éinne.

"Tosnú mair leat na h-oirde." Tá sé a aon uelag a cló anois, tá gac éinne ag uelann réir i gclóir aiprinn meadon oúche. Téigro ann, agus ní baineann iad na foras uel go mbéir i láthair uel ag tabairt onóir agus omóis uel ar a lá péile, gá árdad agus gá molaí ar son a t-ug sé uel. Tagair arais abaile agus a gcoirde ag cur éar maol le h-ácas, uel bris go bfuil Dia ionnta gá mbreagú éin suam siorruide na b'laiteas.

Roim uel a córlad do muimtir an tige lasann an leand is éiríge uel teaglac comneal na Noctas agus cuirtear ar an fuimneois é éin eolais na slige uel éab-airt uel strainséar ar bir a mbéad ar fán. Nac simplid, nac uasal, nac spionadálta an nós é! Nac uel lib go bfuil croide glan uelad mar éil taca na noadine seo? Tá go uelinn agus "briseann an uelcas tré súil an éirí" agus éimí é uelreac annseo. Téigro a córlad go sona sásta agus éirígeann siad le breacac an lae éin an doibnis éair a baint as an lá mór seo.

Léigtear trí aiprinn ins gac seipéal an lá sin agus is gnátaí go mbéad gac tuine i láthair ag dá éann acu an a laige-eat. Tagair abaile aris agus iad ag

beannuagad a céile mar seo: "Noctas pé séan agus pé sonas uel."

Bíonn plead agus péasta ins gac tíg an lá sin agus bíonn gac éinne go rial agus go plaitéamail pé biad agus pé uel i uelre nac baogal uel tuine boet péin gan breis agus a uelam beró aige. Bíonn uiméar mór costasac i ngac tíg agus iteann gac éinne a uelam mar ní bíonn péasta go rósta, agus is éinne go mbíonn rósta ann an lá sin! Is gnátaí go mbíonn gac éinne i uelre a éair agus ní taise le h-éinne é, agus bíod ag seancardéac is ag amhárdéac, ag imir is ag uelann ácas uel péin cois teimead. Bíonn néalta uel pé lán tseol agus uelreanna bíonn bair an lae tagairte sár a uelíge uel a leabair, agus ní fada go mbíod na gcoirde go trom.

Éiríge mar an gcoirde ar lá 'le Stiofán agus is eol uel gac éinne na cleasa a bíonn ar siubal ag na buacaili an lá sin, agairde púil ortá ag éirí uelall mullóg ar na doibnis, ac ní mar síltear a bítear i gcomnuide, mar is minic a léigtear an cat as an mála tré uelreac éirí a gnítear agus annsin bíonn a malairt uel sgeat acu. Leanann péile na Noctas go uel lá Noctas na mban, agus bíonn uelreac agus uel-brón ar gac éinne na uelad. Págan slán leis an tráctas ag gurde: "Noctas pé séan is pé sona uel go léir."

Comórtas Eile.

Anois, a tuine mo éleib, ní foláir uel sead, acé sara seadac caitead a éirí uel uel go mbéir comórtas eile agam. Bíonn uel agaid ag éisteac leis an Ráidí, is uel. Bíonn... Tá a fios agam go mbíonn... Anois scribígí uel aiste ag cur síos ar an rud is fearr a tairt lib ar élar an Ráidí uel uel i uel na nóg, agus dá gcuilabair le mí anuas.

Cun pinn anois lib agus bíod na haistí agam roim an 20ad lá u'eanair, 1936.

Slán agaid go póil, a cáirde beaga, agus go dtugaid Dia bliain nua pé séan agus pé doibneas uel go léir.

Dur gCará,
SEAN-ÚIARMUID.

1.S.—Tá súil agam go bfuil gac doinne na uelreanna a buairdear, agus gur baineannar tairneam astá.
S.-U.

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APOTHEOSIS

There's lilt in the heart of the hurler;
A sparkle of light in his eye;
And his spirit takes flight
With a condor's might,
Through the ambient sheen of the sky!

There's a joy in the stride of the hurler
O'er the sward, where his feet scarce
press;
And his caman swing
Makes the echoes ring
With its carefree joyousness!

When the dun ball flies like a bird aloft
And whirling forms press on—
Mark his tensing frame,
And the brightening flame;
And the poise of that lithe caman!

In the throes of a goal endangered,
See his rush to the bearna baoighil!
List the stinging stroke,
'Midst the ranks that broke,
And that cry, like a battle peal!

Or, mark him again in the vanguard
With goal and glory in sight;
Note the wary stance,
And the eagle glance,
And the flash of the ball in flight!

A thousand thrills of the ages,
Are compressed in this hour of life—
The fame of his sires
His soul inspires
In this game of godlike strife.

When ye cheer on the eager hurler,
Ye echo the song of his heart,
That beats to the strains
Of the blood in his veins,
And becomes of his spirit a part!

Oh! Hurlers of Eire: the envied,
The flower and pith of our kin!
May your manhood prevail
For the hopes of the Gael,
And the crown of the field you would
win!

To ye, heirs of the contests of heroes
Who fashioned the frame of our race,—
Is committed the fire
Of a nation's desire:
Strength, Chivalry, Freedom and Grace!

MUTIUS.

**It's
a change
for the
better**

●

**to
change
over to
BOLANDS'**

Arks

Sleó na gCamán

penn: Bard of Armagh.

beannaíct dílis Dé lesna laete úd 'nurb ós sinn
Dob aeraí ár seolta ar fuir bóire asus bádhun,
Tar éis aipreann Dé dúinn is daeitin raidineóireáct
Do beaí saoréad cun spóirt ann mar d'fóiréad d'ár gcáil;
Bíod ár deaisteal ar aeruioct nó ar aonaí 'nár gcomhgan,
Nó san traen linn go hÉócaill na bpíoróidí 's na mbáid;
Is níorb fearna linn taob' díob 'nár an tréimse do gheóbaímís
Ar scaob' desna comhursain i ngleó na gcamán.

Is, i mbaile mistéala fuair craob' mullaí g'fóla
Ar an gcéad feis san gó do comórad' san áit
Sead do dearcas, a péarla, don céadhuair lem beó tu,
'S gur gáruis trém úrólainn an nóitile g'rád;
Bí tú it seasam ar an léibionn as déanam an céil g'uib
Insan gaeóilí ba g'leóite 'nár códa na b'ráid,
'S ár n'asra-na an lae sin le laócha an pároiste
As éileam buaí cródaíct i ngleó na gcamán.

Tá an raí orainn, a laos liom, asus a buideacas san teóra
Le hAonmáic na hÓige fuair a beóluir san páis,
'S go b'fuil mac linn in 'éide ar oirí Dé mar ba meóin leis
Ó céadcuiread' bróga air—is ní mórtas é ráb—
Asus mac eile a téigean leis an n'gaeóilí-trup ón' óige
'Na n-éactaib, 'na n'ósaib 's 'na n'ócuimas láim,
'S gur é a g'asra buaí craob' ceart na h'éireann go leósaínta
Ar péar-aíad Cróc dúinn i ngleó na gcamán.

—TORNA.

GAELS,
Read This Book!

Readers of AN GAEDHEAL will surely welcome Mairin Mitchell's latest book *Traveller in Time* (Sheed & Ward, London—7/6). It holds many interests for Gaels, written as it is by one of the most enthusiastic members of the Gaelic League of London, and dealing with Gaelic associations in many European countries. It is a delightful book of travel, history, folk-tale and gossip, all skilfully blended with the unconscious artistry of the born storyteller. And what a wealth of information it contains, not to mention the fund of further knowledge hinted at by the author, and yours for the searching.

I must confess that I have not yet brought myself to read this book right through from cover to cover. I find myself dipping into pages here and there, now as the result of finding some tempting key-word in the index (excellently arranged!), now jumping the chapters as inconsequently as Colm MacColgan does in his travellings. For every page is full of its own delights, and readable in train or bus, propped against the water-jug at lunch-hour, or by the glowing fireside where it is to be enjoyed best of all. Some day, of course, I will have to read it straight on from cover to cover; but, by then, I will surely have read it twenty times over. Many of the chapters have been read that often already.

Colm MacColgan, the traveller in time, and inventor of Tempevision, goes from country to country in Europe, meeting all kinds of people, hearing and swopping tales, always on the look-out for some link with his native land, having a most enjoyable holiday with it all. You will envy his experiences and marvel at his wide knowledge. His apparatus — Tempevision — shows the events of his travels, the conversations — even the very thoughts — to an audience in the Televue Theatre, London, in 1942, ten years afterwards. Of course, the apparatus is not at all necessary for the narrative. In fact, it would be as well without it.

Opening the pages now at random, I read of a "strolling Munsterman . . . singing that mystery drinking song, "Preab 'san Ol' " in a café in Provence: "of the only known portrait of O'Sullivan Beare" in Salamanca: of how "your countryman, Ambrose Martin, has been writing about your Irish national leaders in 1916 in our paper *Jagi-Jagi*" in the Basque country: of Johannes Scotus and his famous reply to Charles the Bold—"What is the difference between *sottum* and *scottum*?" "The breadth of the table, Sir." But I could go on, and on, and on.

I like especially the apt quotations from Tone's diary of his travels abroad. If ever it does fall to my fortune to travel through France and the Netherlands, I'll make sure of two companionable books anyway — Tone's *Autobiography* and *Traveller in Time*.

Miss Mitchell has collected some of the most unexpected bits of information to give piquancy to the immense amount of learning and lore with which the book is filled. For instance, that Synge taught Irish in Paris, that Art O'Brien in his young days sang "The Harp that Once through Tara's Halls" at a St. Patrick's Day banquet in Paris in 1888, and did not get an encore! that Dr. MacNevin, agent for the United Irishmen, discovered in 1803 that the Bernese had borrowed our jaunting cars.

I have not the space to tell you more. You must get the book to enjoy the stories and the scenic descriptions. It is well worth the 7/6, for it is a book that can be dipped into at all times, and equally indispensable whether you are a traveller in reality or only one by proxy. One thing more—I wish Miss Mitchell would now find the time to travel through the counties of Ireland and give us another Tempevision programme. Maybe she will be able to prophecy for us the date of the re-establishment of the Republic which she now says will be functioning in 1942.

DRIAN

Medals! Medals!
Medals!

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THE IRISH LANGUAGE
AS A TEACHING
MEDIUM

The Committee of the Keating Branch, Gaelic League, at its first meeting of the new year, unanimously adopted the following motion:—

"Ó's léir, ó'n obair atá á déanam le tamall fada ins na scoileanna gurab í an gaeóilí teanga an teagasc ionnta asus ó corca scrú-uigíte an Roimh Oideacais, gur féidir na haobair léiginn do teagasc le bánn éireacta do scoláirí naé i an gaeóilí teanga a deaílaí, is iong-naó linn an rún úd a cuiread' i bpeirí as craob' áé cliaé de Cumann na Múinteóirí Náisiúnta, asus tá súil asáinn ná cloispar a cuille mar g'eall air."

Diarmuid Ó hAilmain, proposing the motion, said that he had seven years' experience of teaching through the medium of Irish, and felt that he was competent to speak on the matter. The pupils were Dublin children, born and reared in English-speaking families with one or two exceptions. Occasionally one parent, rarely both, had some knowledge of Irish; he had only two pupils who were brought up as Irish-speakers from birth. Yet he had found it possible to teach the entire primary school programme through Irish no less successfully than if English had been the medium. He found that there was no great difficulty in teaching any subject through Irish even to those who at the beginning of the school year had not even a good conversational knowledge of the Irish language. Further, it was his experience that when the majority of the pupils had acquired a sound grasp of the language it was actually easier to give instruction in most subjects through Irish than through English. How, he asked, could anyone, who knows the real facts, say that teaching through Irish was not educationally sound when Dublin children of non-Irish-speaking parents received their entire education through Irish from the age of eight or nine years and then proceeded to gain outstanding distinction in the Intermediate Certificate examinations while still a year, and even two years, under the normal age? He would admit that the primary educational system might be improved, or adapted to the varying circumstances in different types of school, but it was perfectly evident that teaching through the medium of Irish, in both Gaeltacht and Galldacht, is educationally sound.

Séamus Ó Tuama, seconding, quoted remarks of non-Irish-speaking parents who have had their children educated through Irish and were astounded at the recent motion passed by the Dublin City Branch. I.N.T.O.

Micéat Ó Foghlúda, a member of the Coiste Gnóta and President of the Branch, said that there is no difficulty in teaching through Irish when the teacher has a thorough command of the language and the will to further it in school.

Tomás Ó Muirceartaigh and Liam Ó Cearbáil also spoke in support of the motion which was passed unanimously.

FOOTBALL FINALS

The Great Gaelic Event of the Year

The story of the Football championship, as revealed in the actual extent of the competition, is one of vicissitudes. Though clubs sprang into existence in almost every county at the start of the Gaelic Athletic Association, they did not all take part in the championships. In fact, the national character of the organisation was very inadequately reflected by the entries in many years. When we know the conditions then prevailing, this is not so hard to understand. Up to 1892 teams comprised twenty-one players aside. All these had to be drawn from a single club for inter-county matches and the Association made no provision for preliminary or travelling expenses. These amounted to a burden which only a minority of clubs could shoulder, with the result that the most prominent teams in the early championships came from urban areas. The few exceptions only served to throw this feature into higher relief.

Early Conditions.

A further handicap was that counties were drawn irrespective of provincial boundaries. This entailed unnecessary outlay on successful teams. The Limerick "Commercials," who won the first Football final from Dundalk "Young Irelands," had to travel three times to Leinster venues in the course of a competition embracing only eight counties.

Notwithstanding all this, the championship was keenly—something too keenly—contested and huge crowds trooped to the venues, transported by enthusiasm and what other means it would be difficult to say. The grounds selected were just the best available—in a demesne or enclosed land, like the earliest football arenas—Elm Park, (Merrion), Clonskeagh and Inchicore. The selection of venues was often a very contentious question and their accessibility generally determined the extent of the "gate."

Clonturk Park—a spacious, natural stadium, such as the Fianna of old might have chosen for their games, opposite St. Patrick's Training College in Drumcondra, was the first, fixed official locale for inter-county matches and All-Ireland finals. Practically all the finals up to 1895 were brought off here, and on such occasions there were vast gatherings of Metropolitan and Provincial followers on a natural grand stand—the hillside. The number which may have been present at any particular match could never be ascertained, but I have seen that hillside and immediate side-lines packed many a time.

New Environment.

In 1895 the Jones' Road Sports-ground was adopted for the finals and, with the exception of a few years when the venue was changed to Tipperary, Cork, Thurles, Athy or (in 1893) the wilds of the Phoenix Park, all subsequent football finals were played there.

The move to this well-enclosed venue, growing discipline and better organization brought the strength and stability which enabled the Asso-

Since the first year of the Championships the Senior Football Final has been the most popular event in the Gaelic Year. Hurling had its legions of votaries in these counties familiar with the national pastime, and the Hurling final aroused an enthusiasm peculiarly its own. But its appeal was relatively limited, and it was not until the Kilkenny-Limerick final this year that the record of attendance at a Hurling final surpassed the greatest total for the corresponding Football contest. On the other hand, Football was taken up from the beginning in all parts. North, South, East and West were soon engaged in pursuit of premier honours, and the senior final this year replaced the pastime as first in popular esteem.

ciation to purchase the ground in 1911, and dedicate it to the memory of the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, first and most potent patron of the G.A.A.

This, in the briefest compass, is the story of the migration of the Football finals from the first at Inchicore to the present National Stadium, where over 50,000 assembled six weeks ago to see Cavan and Kildare contend for national pre-eminence. To the present-day Gael it is a tale without interest or significance. To men of older generations it is productive of varying emotions and revives memories of many thrilling and tumultuous scenes.

Recollections.

To recall even a tithe of those would launch me on a chartless sea of reminiscence—a Gaelic Odyssey of Recollection—with few attractions for contemporary Gaels. Nor would it be altogether a happy one, since scenes would re-shape themselves which had best be forgotten and figures loom through the mists of the Past that must create a pang for heroes and friends long passed beyond mortal admiration.

The more noteworthy contenders for the forty-six annual titles fought to a finish have had their meed of recollection and praise. Their achievements are preserved in official and other complimentary records. Their most impressive performances and outstanding players are not likely to be forgotten while the best traditions of the Gaelic arena persist. It would be superfluous, therefore, for me to dwell upon those aspects of football history, however alluring they may be. I am dealing with the dim past. The glow diffused

by lesser lights can be made only faintly appreciable now. Yet, on their appearance tens of years ago, they roused as much enthusiasm and drew almost as representative gatherings as most matches up to recent years. The spell exerted by a contest for All-Ireland honours has always been superior to the intrinsic merits of the teams contesting it.

Epoch Makers.

I can cast my mind back over many significant phases of the championships: events that marked the development of the game and the Association. I can recall the first appearance of Armagh ("Young Irelands") and Louth ("Newtown Blues" and "Davitts") in old Clonturk, and the appearance of a Derry hurling team ("St. Patrick's") in the same arena. These were then small things. So the acorn is regarded.

I can remember the Dublin "Young Irelands" and Kerry "Laune Rangers"—captained by the lamented J. P. O'Sullivan of Killorglin—contest a memorable final there at a period when Kerry could also boast of a title-winning hurling team.

I have visions of grim-visaged Wexford hurlers, with their sickle-shaped camain and low swinging strokes, face to face with fast hitting long-striding Cork opponents: two long lines of trusted manhood, straining like leashed hounds for the release of the ball.

A Full Day.

Again there rise the powerful forms of the famous "Young

Irelands" pitted against Cavan at noon and against Cork in the evening in the semi-final and final of the same football championship. What teams nowadays would undertake the task that Dublin side faced—two vital contests within a few hours; or the strain of an extra half hour which the hurlers of Kerry and Wexford endured in the championship final of 1891? Surely, the rigours of the game were enforced in those years and even Time cannot mitigate a sense of their severity.

Looking down the record of the Football finals a great variety of games are recalled—some of the

By "CELT"

tensest interest and highest merit; others so easily won as to cause wonder how such disparity could arise between teams which had got so far. It has happened that selections which might have won readily in one year have met with unaccountable defeat in the next. This has invariably been due to want of attention to those details which, like artistic touches, make all the difference between workmanship and mastery.

Names that Linger.

Some finals recall exciting events, like the drawn game between Dublin "Young Irelands" and Cork "Nils"—a club which sent forth some great teams about that period (1894). Then, in the next final there was the unforgettable struggle between Meath "Pierce Mahonys" and "Arravale Rovers" of Tipperary—both long since vanished from the stage. The championship final of '96 brought its last football victory to Limerick through the "Commercials." The Munster side were leaving the field as a protest against a decision until prevailed upon by Larry Roche of Bruree to play on—and win.

With the advent of the new century came the London teams to the senior championships. In football they went down first to the Clonmel "Shamrocks" at the conclusion of a championship which brought trouble to that team. The next final will be remembered by old Dublin Gaels for the victory of the "Isles of the Sea" selection, a club prominent in local competitions from the first days of the G.A.A. and now only a name. They were followed by another Metropolitan selection made by the Bray "Emmets" which won the home final in Kilkenny and the All-Ireland with London at Cork on the opening day of the Athletic grounds there.

First Triple Final.

The triple final of 1903, which was not begun until well on in 1905 (so backward had the championships fallen) will ever be memorable for the appearance of Kerry and Kildare and the beginning of an era in the progress of the native game which continues to the present day. Kerry won that title on a third meeting. Such an experience was not repeated until the Hurling final of 1931 between Cork and Kilkenny.

In 1906 and 1907 we had victories for the Dublin Kickhams. (Continued on page 7.)

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ST., 34 NASSAU ST., DUBLIN,
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(Continued from page 6.)

that versatile club which provided Hurling winners in 1889, the Hurling finalists for 1908 when they had turned over from Football, and won the Hurling final again in 1924. What a roll-call of great players the story of that club could present?

This is enough of finals beyond the life of active generations of Gaels. From 1912 onwards, when an Ulster football team, Antrim, reached the final for the first time, the championships were played with yearly regularity, and Kerry, Wexford, Kildare and Dublin shared the laurels for twenty years, until Cavan triumphed in 1933 and Galway twelve months ago.

Roll-call of Renown.

I have before me the names of the players who contested All-Ireland finals since the first in 1887—a list comprising some 1,500 names, most of which still survive in local or provincial fame and many of which are inseparably linked with All-Ireland renown. The worth of these, even through the gloom of years, so crowds upon lingering admiration that I dare not essay a selection. There are many of them yet to the fore at representative games.

The old war - horse scouts the battle from afar.

The old Gael returns to familiar scenes to find consolation in the vitality of the game he loved and also perhaps, in the reflection that the men of his day were as good as the present can produce. And I, for one, will not presume to contradict him.

Types.

There were often amusing and grotesque incidents at the most sternly contested of finals. For anyone who could detach his attention from the struggle in the arena to the conflicting emotions of the on-

lookers there was always diversion and sidelights on poor human nature to be found. There was the man whose gestures and contortions reflected every changing phase of the match, whose swaying body and arms showed, like a weathercock, how the wind of victory was blowing. There was the man whose concentration tied his tongue, cheek by jowl with the raucous enthusiast who believed his exhortations could bring victory or avert defeat. He was close kin to those who saw only one team in the field and the fanatic so obsessed in the movements of a single favourite that he was oblivious of all else. And then the aftermath of exultation and depression, praise and carping, the triumph and pathos of "what might have been."

Impulses.

The vast majority of those who flock to decisive matches go to see their county or province win. It is only human then if their partiality usurps their sense of fair-play and critical judgment. But there is a growing mass who come to see the game for its own sake; who have personal predilections and repress them, and are gratified if the contest is a worthy exposition of the code and the winners worthy of the honours they have won. These constitute the salutary leaven whose support of the game is without bias. They unconsciously form a tribunal to whose judgment the best elements on the field appeal, and their presence will always tend towards the elevation of the pastime.

Justification.

It has seemed to some that all this enthusiasm for games may grow to excess and that time, energy and resources are wasted in pursuit of sport. This is hardly the place to discuss such an outlook, which special circumstances may at times justify; but this I venture to say: anything that promotes health and creates enjoyment simultaneously is a valuable contribution to national well-being. The spirit of Gaelic pastimes and the standpoint of their followers have greatly altered since the days when penal isolation tinged opponents in sport with the virus of their antagonism and, consequently, victory covered and condoned any device or resort.

The higher objectives of the G.A.A. now hold sway and the pursuit of Gaelic honours is accompanied by enjoyment for players and spectators alike. To that extent the aims of the founders are being realised.

Health without enjoyment—*joie de vivre* our Gallic friends aptly phrase it—is as unnatural as the converse is inconceivable. The Almighty made human blood warm and implanted in the human heart a desire to exalt the mortal qualities and endowments which warm blood fosters. To neglect the gift of bodily vigour, repress the spirit of friendly emulation is to sin against God's bounty. This is the justification of all health-giving recreation, so long as it is conducted in the spirit of Christian chivalry. The Gael should not forget this. It should be inherent in his nature—a living tradition as old even as the heroic ages of his history.

COMARCAÍ NA HAIMSIRE

Gluaiseann an saoghal ar aghaidh san stad; tagann neithe úr-nua d'a agus gléasanna cumacta, éagsaíla cum saoghal poiblíde an duine, agus de bhall na mór-athruithe úd, athruithear intinn agus meon na coitcheannta. Deir daoine éirimeamla go bfuil gear-ghá le gac atriú dá tagann agus breaghuigeann dream daoine eile iad. San amhras ar bit is iad na h-athruithe úd is bun-cúis le díomhaontas, ac dá mbéad an cinead daonna dá n-uireasbair, ba measa go mór a béad cúrsaí an domhain.

Bí an t-am ann a dtiocfaid le sean-duine críonna eolas cruinn a tabairt duit ar an aimsir a bí le teacht. Ba de chúis na tuaithe an mór-ghaigh de na daoine sin. Ac, níor taise do muinntir na cathrach an t-eolas céanna a beit aca. Bí daoine ann a éreís an tuait le tuit i mbun gnótha sa gcathair ac, níor athruithe saoghal callánac na cathrach iad beas na mór; ní dearn siad dearmad ar béasa agus ar nósa na tuaithe le n-a mbeo. Tug siad leo léigeann agus beatordeas na tuaithe, agus, tré éirimeam le daoine coitcheannta, scaipead an t-eolas riachtanac sin go fada leiteasac. Siad go bfuil a lán den eolas sin ar mar-tain faoi'n tuait tá sé dá leigint i bfuilte de réir a céile. Ní cúis átais an scéal sin beit amháid.

Na laete seo tá muinntear an domhain fré céile as brat ar gléasanna iomaíamla le eolas a tabairt dóib ar faisnéis na h-aimsire. Tá na gléasanna seo le feiceáil tall is i bfuil ar fud na tíre. Is beas as na daoine a bfuil raemus an tsaoigail aca gléas den cinead sin a ceannac i slige is go mbéad tuairim measaróla le pagáil aca ar an aimsir acá rómpa amac.

Innseann na sean-daoine dúinn nac screideann siad ins na gléasanna seo ar éor ar bit, agus go h-áiríte muinntear na gaeleacta. Tá na daoine seo com cleactac ar euite sórt aimsire gur eol dóib roim ré cé'n t-athrú a bé adar an aimsir. Tá sé mar nádúir aca gac mion-athrú dá gcuireann an diúltac de a tabairt faoi deas; rud é sin nac dtuairim an gnát-duine áirid air dá mbéad na sílte is géire in-a ceann.

Ní h-iongnad mar sin go mbíonn eolas cruinn beact aca ar doimeann is soimeann. Dá gcuirte ceist ar don tsean-duine sa gaeleact faoi'n sórt aimsire a béad ann san am le teacht, d'imiseodac sé duit gan stróm é. Agus ar uairib, ní gá ceist ar bit a cur; mar an uair a tugann siad faoi deas athrú dá laigeac cuireann siad i n-áit duit é málle leis an tuar acá as gabáil leis an athrú sin.

Tarla mar sin dom go minic agus mé as comrad le muinntir na gaeleacta. Níor éire mórán aca mé nuair a d'innis mé dóib i dtuairim na ngléasann nuad acá go flúirseac tair i ngac áit. Dubairt duine aca liom nac raib feidm ar bit le gléas aimsire dá cumactaige é, agus measam gur pior dó é. Táinig comarcaí na h-aimsire anuas cúca ó glúin go glúin, agus euala na páistí iad dá n-athris aca cois teallais oíche geimhrid. Bí an sean-fear céanna i n-ann innisint don an uair ceart siad nac raib uaireadóir aige riam. On an éirigeas an grian go h-am luige na gréine tá a fios aca naíde an uair é. Agus caitep mé a ráid nac padá on uair ceart a bí sé cuair a cuireas an ceist!

Amuig ins na páirceanna (nó ar an bportac), as saotrú an talaim nó as cruacac na móna a caiteann siad an cur is mó den tó. Cionn siad gac cor saogalta dá dtarlúigeann ó moc na maíone go dubacac na h-oíche; agus, dá réir sin, cruinnigeann siad a lán eolais nac bfuil as an gnát-

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Seán Ó Fáirceallais
(Fear a' Tíse)

duine. Is mór is fiú spéis faoi leir a cur ins an eolas bunúsac acá aca ciaca beas nó mór é. Tá ceact le foghlaim ins an gcuid is luca de nac beas a tabact.

An t-am a tagann na faoiteáin i dtír agus go bfuilann siad annsin tá droc-am i ndán dúinn. Ac, má éiríear iad as tabairt aghaidh ar an gclacac, nó as eitill tairt ar an uisce, tá seal de deas-aimsir as druim linn.

Tá baisteac comgarac má titíear na fáinteóga as eitill go h-an-iseal cois talaim. Má fanann siad go h-árd san aer tá aimsíear gac le beit ann go cionn tamail.

Am ar bit a éiríear na préacáin as eitill ar line díreac tá an baisteac gar go maic dúinn. Comarca baisteige freisin é má cloistear iad as screadóis go glórac ar bárr na gcrann. An uair a cloistear an lonnub as scairtis i n-árd a fuib tá an droc-am comgarac.

Tá slige aisteac as na h-eala le cur i dtuigsint do eac go bfuil an baisteac ar tí tuitime; ártuigeann siad as an uisce agus déanann siad tormán tréan le síor-bualac a gcuid eitíes. Mar a gceadna leis na laicín; déanann siad an síor-bualac, agus le n-a cois sin, tosúigeann siad as clabaireact le cur i bfuil dúinn com h-ácasac is acá siad go bfuil an aimsíear flúic as ceannac leo.

Spéir éraosac-deas san oíche comarca maic go mbéid seal d'aimsir breas agann. Ac, droc-comarca ar pad i sead spéir deas go moc ar maíon. Tá gear-áíon nó anpáid gaoite as druim linn má éiríear néallta buide as gluaiseact trasna na spéire sa tráchnóna.

Is ceart dom a ráid nac bfuil gac comarca annseo, ac b'féidir go mbainfeair tairbe úsáideac as an beasán.

DÍOLTÓIR BRAT.



bEADAÍTE NA h-ÉIREANN ORRAÍO GO
léir i mbailé agus i scéin, a Saeó-
eala!

* * *

And that during 1936 we may progress
worthily towards the fulfilment of our
dreams with surer step and sincere
heart!

* * *

That we may not let the twentieth anni-
versary of the Proclamation of the Irish
Republic pass us by without more
earnest efforts to secure in our day the
realisation of the free and Gaelic nation
envisioned by Connolly, Pearse and
Clarke!

* * *

THOSE of you who are old enough to
remember Easter Week, 1916, and
who believed then in the Republic of
which Pearse was the First President,
let ye recollect that twenty years have
since passed by, and how does Ireland
stand to-day?

* * *

Is not the true significance of Easter
Week's holocaust lost sight of, and the
subsequent sacrifices which it inspired?

* * *

Did it not rally the whole nation as one
man, nerved to challenge and rout an
Empire's might?

* * *

DID it not lift us above the sordid
mercenary endeavours of our lives,
giving us new heart and hope, firing us
all with the holy zeal of unselfish
patriotism?

* * *

Easter Week did that. Why cannot we
again espouse that Cause, united in
comradeship, strong in purpose, fervid
and faithful in our love of Ireland?

An Saeéal tú?

Then let a Gael do your
HAIRCUTTING!

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Ye who remember those glorious days,
remember the duty ye bear to the com-
rades who died nobly in the beliefs you,
too, once held so strong.

* * *

THEY are the same beliefs to-day.
Can the same be said of you? Did
not the gentle Pearse die that a living
Gaelic Republic might flourish? Did
not the wounded Connolly face the firing
squad that Irishmen might build up a
nation of free men, all for each and each
for all? Did not the veteran Fenian,
Clarke, crown a long life of faithful
service by sacrificing his life so that "the
Cause the dead generations of Ireland
served" might flourish?

* * *

DID not you, too, serve that same
Cause, ready and willing to make
sacrifice on its behalf?

* * *

Yes—and to-day?
Are you one of those who would flout
the memory of the past, scorn the noble
patriotism of Pearse and his comrades,
and say "I've done my share?"

* * *

THE end is not yet. The Cause of the
Republic, Gaelic and Free, must go
on. The rising generation will bear aloft
the fiery brands that have been quenched
or burned low in the hands of the older
people.

* * *

In this year of 1936 the forward march
of the nation must be quickened. Not the
forward march of any advance guard or
selected group or intellectual minority—
but the whole nation! It is the big
straggling, I've-gone-far-enough rear-
guard that needs to be urged on. Urge
them on by raising the noble standards
of sacrificial patriotism which inspired us
before to brave an Empire's wrath!

* * *

Make Easter Week again a living
memory in 1936!

* * *

Everywhere I went I heard praise for the
excellence of our Christmas Number. It
was, indeed, up to the highest standards,
and goes to prove what might have been
accomplished if the movement which
established "AN CAMAN" had been ade-
quately supported in responsible quarters.

* * *

NOW we can plan ahead for a good
Easter Number, which we must
make worthy of the occasion.

* * *

Again readers are appealed to for help in
pushing the sales of our paper. Send the
sales figures up. Why not enrol new
readers? Get the local newsagent to
order extra copies. See that the poster
is displayed.

* * *

Thanks to efforts of readers in all parts,
the sales are progressing. The year just
passed, 1935, was a wonderful year. We
must make 1936 better still.

* * *

IF you have already given us help, give
a little more. If you have not yet
had time to do so, make a start this
month.

* * *

If you would like to see real language
enthusiasts come with me some night to
the Banba Hall, Parnell Square. There
Cumann Gaedhealach na Banban holds
Irish classes on Monday and Thursday
nights from 10.30 p.m. to 11.30 p.m.

* * *

The classes are under the auspices of the
Grocers' Assistants Union, and the men
attend there after their long day's work.
Only genuine Gaels would do this. There
is now a special class for beginners.

* * *

THE Faughs H.C. branch of the
Gaelic League is also making excel-
lent progress with the Sunday afternoon

classes and Sunday night ceilidhe at
Conarchy's Hotel, Parnell Square.

* * *

Visitors from all parts of the county to
Dublin at week-ends make it a special
point nowadays to visit the Siamsa in
the Mansion House on Sunday nights.
The Siamsa has become a significant
institution.

* * *

The drive against compulsory Irish goes
on apace. Isn't it a curious fact that
the same types of people who succumbed
so tamely, aye even willingly, to the
"compulsory English" campaign of
Dublin Castle's educational system are
now talking in scientific jargon about the
impossibility of teaching through the
medium of Irish?

* * *

THOSE slick lawyers, too, who
ignored the "writing on the wall"
and who always sneered at the language
of this country, are now trying to pre-
vent the use of Irish in the courts. That
is proof that the "Compulsory Irish
Campaign" is succeeding.

* * *

So long as the enemies of the language
saw that no energetic drive was being
made, they regarded the "Compulsory
Irish Campaign" as an academic ques-
tion. Now they see that the drive is on,
they are adopting counter-measures.
Gaelic! To the fray!

* * *

Isn't the news of Kerry's re-appearance
heartening? The doughty men of the
Kingdom have been missed from Gaelic
playing fields, and their national in-
fluence from the council chamber.

* * *

I WAS surprised at Johnny's Christmas
Card. Foreign manufacture, mark
you! And he's the fella that blows so
much about what he did to save the
Nation!

* * *

'Tis to Castlebar I go when I get dis-
heartened by the amount of shoneenism
I see in other places. In that stronghold
of the West the Gael is building well
and wisely. That's more than can be
said of other places in Mayo.

* * *

It does my cynical heart good to drop in
there at a ceilidhe and hear Tomás tell-
ing the young people what Gaelicism
means in practice.

* * *

m la m éú, a t m is! fear mar tusa
atá as teastail uaim i n-gac báile ar
páir na tíre!

* * *

I DID enjoy the ceilidhe in Belfast and
the warm welcome to the "re-
turnees." What a rush for the Christmas
Number of AN GAEDHEAL, and there
wasn't quarter enough to go around!
Isn't Jimmy a gran' wee singer? A
pity he waits until the homeward journey
before he begins his "now we'll have a
song of battle!"

* * *

Guess who was "the world's worst
referee" referred to in a story published
recently. You know the one about the
big partisan shaking hands with the
diminutive referee. Ask the Leesider
who blames Jim in the wrong!

* * *

SO "A Soldier's Song" is "politics"
when played at a Gaelic League
ceilidhe. Did you ever hear such asinine
nonsense?

* * *

That's the worst of those "caste"-iron
Gaelic Leaguers who, in thinking that
the League is an end in itself, are doing
their best to make an end of it.

* * *

Surely the nation comes first and the
complete programme of Gaelicism and

Freedom cannot be partially served with
any degree of sincerity.

* * *

AND what can we say to the puny
pundits who will deny Pearse and
do all the crowing that's wanted them-
selves?

* * *

That gallant Branch of workers —
Craobh Tomás Dáibhis — will have a
record Céilidhe Mór in Rathmines Town
Hall on January 25th. Last year's one
was great. One of the best I ever en-
joyed. Don't forget the date—the last
Saturday in January. Make a note of
it in that diary you got as a present!

* * *

"When old-time waltzes are permitted at
Ceilidhes, Carlow Urban Council have
decided that they are no longer Ceilidhes,
and Graiguecullen Camogie Club have
to pay 7/6 for the use of the Carlow
Town Hall when holding such dances."

* * *

Do you know the clue to the "Four
Seas?" Why—C.C.C.C., of course!
Yes, indeed, the Celtic Camoguidheacht
Club Ceilidhe in the Mansion House on
Friday, January 10th, 8-11.30—1/-.

* * *

YOU'LL enjoy this Ceilidhe, and tell
all your friends about it. It is the
first big one after the Christmas holidays
and all "the crowd" will be there!

* * *

Don't forget the Ceol-Chumann Concert
in the Metropolitan Hall, on January
22nd! You will get a feast of genuinely
national music. Admission prices are
only 1/- and 6d. Come and pay a
tribute to the unselfish workers in the
cause of Irish music.

Cumann Camoguidheacht Ceilidh
CELTIC CAMOGIE CLUB

céilidhe

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8 to 11.30 p.m. Ceól Fúireann Colmcille

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Craobh Tomás Dáibhis
RÁE MAOINIS

Céilidhe mór
25th Eanáir
TOWN HALL, RATHMINES

Ranganna as tosú
9th Eanáir

Céilidhe saeóilíoch Domhnaigh ac a hAin
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