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Át Cliath, Eanáir, 1937

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## Mr. YEATS, THE GAEL AND THE GALL

By SLIABH BLADHMA

POETRY, English and Anglo-Irish, makes a curious showing in "The Oxford Book of Modern Verse, 1892-1935," chosen by W. B. Yeats. The anthology reveals some beauty, various patches that are at least an approach to beauty, and a measure of poetic musing that does not quite come to artistic birth. Interested and very patient students might find other appreciable things in it.

I sympathise with those English critics who suggest that it is neither fair nor representative. Omissions, English and Anglo-Irish, are astonishing. Much that is included is dull, gray, commonplace or eccentric. Not a little is merely prose in essence. Disillusion, dreariness and decay are often in the picture.

THE samples from T. S. Eliot begin thus:  
*The winter evening settles down  
With smell of steak in  
passageways.*

And there is much of winter at its grimmest, much in the nature of sombre passageway, in the book as a whole, while many a "smell" therein has none of the simple attraction of that of a steak—I do not know, by the way, if a poet could succeed in making a steak in itself entirely poetical!

In fairness I must admit that there are attempts at gaiety. For instance, Cecil Day Lewis starts one of his strains with

*Come up, Methuselah,  
You doddering superman!*

Many notes that are apparently meant to be taken seriously has a contrary effect. Edith Sitwell supplies not a few. "Like monkey skin is the sea" is a mild example.

MR. YEATS has been grim and stern on the whole in choosing the selections from his own poetry. He gives nothing romantic, nothing of his memorable work. The pictures of Coole Park have, indeed, a certain poetic and personal interest, but they are not typical. His introductory study of all the "modern verse" is

graceful but capricious; it illuminates his peculiar later loyalties but not any poetical principles or discoveries.

Anglo-Irish verse on the whole is not nearly so well represented as in the later edition of "Lyra Celtica" or in the "Dublin book of Irish Verse." The sense of proportion is odd, the exclusions glaring. There is far too much of Oliver Gogarty, his light moods and pretty play with words.

THE old friendly feeling for Gaelic is shown; Ireland, Mr. Yeats says, has had few poets apart from Gaelic. But his chosen translations from Irish are unequal, some uninteresting. Frank O'Connor's "Kilcass" descends to such prose as

*Your avenue needs attention.*

He fares better with most other lines, but I doubt that his version will be sung half as often as the original.

Much of the book is an irony. The majority of the writers appear to believe that poetry has no concern with imagination, spirit and beauty, but must be something bare, bony, "actual," earthy. Yet science, once supposed to be far removed from, or even the enemy of, poetry, is coming to take a very different road, an exalted road.

I DO not mean, of course, the "science" of certain popular pretenders, but the deeper science, as understood by such an authority as Professor A. N. Whitehead. In his "Science and the Modern World" he lifts it at stages to the plane of lofty poetry. Sir Arthur Eddington in "The Nature of the Physical World" shows that to the scientific eye the sense world is a colossal illusion. Hence, for Reality we have to look far beyond the everyday actuality with which our pale poets are obsessed.

After the vagaries and artificialities of such poets, as illustrated in this collection, it is refreshing to return to master-poets. And our

Gaelic fields seem fresher than ever. But I fear that in the poetical order we are not cultivating them as we ought.

Another and more expensive book of Irish interest is also disappointing in some ways, though not nearly to the same extent; and it has much that is expressive. This is the "Journal and Letters of Stephen MacKenna," the translator of Plotinus, edited, with a memoir, by Professor E. R. Dodds of Birmingham University.

Professor Dodds is mistaken in regard to Ireland's historic position and her relation to Europe and its culture. His knowledge of latter day Gaelic work is apparently derived from superficial or prejudiced sources, and he seems to have the strange notion that interest in Gaelic ideas and in Greek culture means some clash or other. But he has worked devotedly to secure his due for Stephen MacKenna.

## Nearly Two Hundred Competitions

Feis Átha Cliath

PREPARING FOR ANOTHER RECORD SUCCESS.

Feis Átha Cliath is not very far distant. Gaels of Dublin are now looking forward to February 27th, when the Feis will begin. It will continue for a fortnight, and in that time 186 competitions, embracing every phase of the language and Gaelic cultural movement, shall be adjudicated. The programme is more ambitious than ever, and the Feis Committee have every confidence that the standard of the competitions will be higher and the support from the Gaels of the city will exceed all previous attendances.

Founded in the early years of the present century, this Feis has grown from strength to strength and it is now the largest and the most important of the Feiseanna held annually throughout the country. Its growth for the past four or five years is a true gauge of the new vigour that has entered into the Gaelic movement in the City of Dublin. Last year over 3,500 entrants were examined. They came from the schools, colleges and Gaelic League Branches in the city. This is a very high record when one considers that the number of applicants from any school or Gaelic League Branch for any competition was limited to five or six.

It was stated by the Secretaries, Eibhlín Ní Chathailriabhagh and Leon O'Dubhghaill, in their report of the last Feis, that the most important aspect of the progress

IN MacKenna's life-story and in many of the letters there is a great deal of poignant, unconventional, stormy humanity. In some of his impulsive moods he used the language of exaggeration, and we have here not a little that scarcely expressed his permanent self. Certain of the Gaelic literary judgments are one-sided or unreal.

Withal, he was a lovable and brilliant individuality, and the book and the man is a human document of permanent value, though it does not fairly reflect the Gaelic Dublin in which he moved in idealistic days.

IN the Christmas Number the printer made me say that certain words in English, from "philosophy" to "telephone" had been adopted from Greek. The word was, of course, "adapted." On the other hand, words like "idea" and "dogma" were adopted without change.

was the interest taken in the competitions by the members of the Gaelic League Branches. A very high standard was reached in the inter-branch competitions. This is very hopeful for the future, and the organisers of the 1937 Feis are confident of a greater response from the Gaelic League Branches and that entries will be received from practically every one of the twenty branches in the city of Dublin.

The Clár with its supplement is divided into nine sections. They cater, respectively for infant, primary, secondary, vocational and technical schools, Gaelic League Branches, Irish Dancing academies, and for those who take an interest in handicraft and instrumental music. Many competitions make their appearance for the first time and they should help to increase the popularity of the Feis and bring larger crowds to the Marston Hall.

If we glance through the programme we get an idea of the subjects. We find Cainte, Recitation, Stair, Solo singing, Quartets, Action Songs, Harmony Choirs, Singing, Instrumental Music, Harp and Uilleann Pipes, Metal Work, and many others. Entries must be received by January 23rd. The programme is to be published in the Clár. The Clár is to be published in the Clár. The Clár is to be published in the Clár.

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# TUAIRIM AN LUÉT EAGAIR

## féacaint siar agus cat-súil Rómáinn

**M**AR TOSAC AR AR SGÉAL IS MIAN LINN RÁD NA nua-bliana DO GURDE AR LUÉT LEIGTE AN páipéir seo. Sura buan a mairfidh, agus nár tugair bliain so AR OIGEARNNA 1937 AÉT DÚBAILT RÁD AGUS MÉADÚ MEANMAN DÓIB.

\* \* \* \* \*

**B**LIAIN ÚR É SEO. NÍ H-É SEO AN T-AM CÚN DEAG-RÚIN A CEAPAD. LE H-IMTEACÉ MALL SOLUAMANTA NA BLIANA CAITTE, I H-UIAGNEAS NA H-ORÓCE DEIREANNAIGE, BA CÓIR AN AIGNE DO DAINIÚ ORTA SAN. SNIOM DÁ RÉIR IS DUAL DO'N LÁ INIÚ. AÉT 'NA AINMÓEIN SAN IS SIAR A CAITPEAM DUL 'SAN IONAD SO, MAR NAC PÍOS DÚINN CAO TÁ RÓMÁINN, AGUS GUR BAOSLAÉ DO'N TÉ RAŠAD I MUINGIN NA PÁISTINE.

\* \* \* \* \*

**S**ULA D'ÉACHTAM ÁMÉAC AR NÍO AR BÍD, CUIRIMÍO SI N-IÚIL DO'N LUÉT LEIGTE GO OTOSNÚIONN LE H-UIMIR NA MÍOSA SEO SCÉIM NUA ŠAOLUINNE 'SA PÁIPÉAR SO. PLÉRÓPEAR ANSO GO H-OSCAITTE, AGUS ŠAN FIACAL A CÚR ANN, ŠAC CEIST GO NŠABANN TÁDÁÉT AR BÍD LEIS MAÍD LE ŠLUAISEACÉ NA TEANGAN. TÁIRIS SIN NÍ RAŠPAR. CÚRSÁI AN DOMAIN MÓIR—PÁŠPAR IAD ŠAN PÉ'S NA PÁIPÉIRI LAETIÚLA, A CUIREANN OIREAD ŠAN SPÉIS IONNTA, GUR AR ÉIGIN NÁ DÉANARO DEARMAD DE'N OILEÁN BEAG ATÁ PÉ'N A ŠCOSÁID. BA MIAN LINN MUINGIR NA TIRE SEO NEAM-ŠUIM A DÉANAM TAMALL DE IOL-CEISTEAMNA NA CRUINNE DOMANDA AGUS A ŠCUIRO SPÉISE DO CÚNTÚ AR ADDBAR GUR MÓ A FÉROM DÓIB—CEIST NA FEANGAN.

\* \* \* \* \*

**C**UADAMAR, ORÓCE MAÍRT AN ŠAD LÁ DE MÍ NA NOVLAS, GO CRUINNÍO AN CUMAINN ŠAOLLAIS LE CEIST SEO AN MÚINEAD TRÉ ŠAOLUINN DO ÉLOISINT Á PLÉRDE. BÍ ŠÚIL LE H-ORÓCE SCLÉIPE AGAINN—AÉT NÍOR SAOŠLUIGÉAD AN SCLÉIP. NÍOR TÁINIS AÉT TAOD AMÁIN CÚN COMRAIC. O' ŠAN AN T-OLLAM Ó TIGEARNNAIS AG BAILE—BÍ CIALL AIGE IM' TUAIRIM FÉIN—AGUS O'PÁŠ SÉ AN FÓO PÉ LUÉT COSAINTE NA ŠAOLUINNE.

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**Á AN SGÉAL SO BLIAM ANOIS A' TEACÉ CÚN DRAOIN, AGUS NÍ MEALLTA AOINNE AGAINN CAO TÁ TAOD TIAR DE. MÚINEAD TRÉ ŠAOLUINN? NAC SIMPLÍDE IAD! AGUS NAC SIMPLÍDE A MEASARO SINNE A BEIT!—AGUS TÁ CÚRO AGAINN Á OTÓGAINT BEIT I NOAIRIRIB! TINNEAS NA ŠAOLUINNE ATÁ ORTA, AGUS PUAC DO AISEIRIGE ANAM ŠAEDEAL. AGUS NÍ H-IAD DAOINE A SCRÍOBANN GO H-OSCAITTE I ŠCOINIB NA ŠAOLUINNE IS MEASA LINN, AÉT NA DREAMANNA 'NÁISIÚNTA, AGUS NA PÁIPÉIRI LAETIÚLA, AGUS LUÉT ŠTIÚRTA RIAŠALTAIS AN ŠTÁIT. IS MEASA A BPACTUAIRE ŠAN NÁ DEARŠ-NÁMADAS AN DREAMA EILE. IS AMRASAC SINN I OTAOB DUITRACÉTA AGUS DÁIRIRE LUÉT COMEADTA OIPGIÚIL AN NÁISIÚNTACÁIS 'SA TÍR SEO. CÁ DPUISPEAM AN TREOIR? CÁ DPUISPEAM ŠTIÚRAD AÉT Ó LUÉT CEANNAIS AN ŠTÁIT AGUS Ó DREAMANNA CUMACÉACA MAR IAD?

**A**ŠUS ÓS A'TRACÉ AR AN OTAOB SIN DE'N CEIST ATÁM, BA MIAN LINN EOLAS ÉIGIN O'PÁŠAIL AR AN ŠCRÍÉ DO RUG AN RÚN CÁINTE ÚO AR MÚINEAD TRÉ ŠAOLUINN A TÁINIS ÓS COMAIR COMDÁLA AN I.N.T.O. AN CÁISŠ SEO O'IMTIGŠ TARAMIN. AN EAGLA NÓ NÁIRE BA CIONNTAC LEIS AN RÚN DO TÓGAINT DE'N CLÁR ŠAN É DO PLÉRDE? NÁR LEIGIR DÍO ŠURAB' É OÁLTA AN CAIT ŠUR MAÍD LEIS BAINNE AÉT NÁR MIAN LEIS A COSA DO FLUCAD ATÁ AG AN I.N.T.O. MAÍDIR LEIS AN ŠCEIST SEO. BA DRONAC, NÁIREAC, MAR SGÉAL ŠAN.

\* \* \* \* \*

**A**R ŠCOMAIRLE-NE DO LUÉT NA ŠAOLUINNE ŠAN ÁIRO AR BÍD DO TÁBÁIRT AR AN ŠCEIST SEO, AÉT SÁČAD CÚN TOSAIS. NÍ CEAD MÚINEAD TRÉ ŠAOLUINN ATÁ UAINN, AÉT CEART AN DÉARLA O'PÁŠAINT AR LÁR MÁ'S MIAN LINN. NÍ DEIMNÍO A DPUIL AGAINN ATÁ UAINN AÉT ÉILEAM AR TUILLÉ. TÁ SÉ RÓ-DEIREANNAÉ 'SA LÓ ANOIS COISCEIM AR ŠCÚL A TÁBÁIRT, AGUS IS MAÍD IS EOL ŠAN DO'N RIAŠALTAŠ AGUS DO ŠAC DREAM EILE. É SIN A CÚR I N-IÚIL GO ŠOILÉIR DÓIB—AN SPRÉ BEAG DUITRACÉTA ATÁ IONNTA DO DROSTÚ 'NA DLAOM LASRAC—SIN É AR ŠCÚRAM FEASTA, MÁ'S CIALLMAR SINN.

\* \* \* \* \*

**B**Í 'RAG' AG MACAIB LEIGINN NA H-OLŠGOILE NÁISIÚNTA I MBLIANA, PÉ MAR IS ŠNÁČAC ANOIS LE TAMALL DE BLIANTAIB. DIOMAR A' FÉACAINT AIR. NÍ FEADAR CIA ACA BA TREISE IN AR H-AIGNE, ŠRÁIN AR AN RUO FÉIN, A MÍ-NÁISIÚNTA, A MÉRO ATÁ BUN-OS-CIONN LE DUTČAS NA TIRE SEO, NÓ IONGNAD AGUS BEAGÁN NÁIRE PÉ BOICÉTE NA ŠAM-LÚIOČTA AGUS EASBÁD NA BEODACÉTA A NOCTUIŠ SÉ 'SNA MACAIB LEIGINN SEO BA CÓIR A BEIT 'NA LUÉT TREORUIŠTE AG AN BPUBL ŠAOLLAÉ. DÁ DPUISPEAD AN DREAM A BIONN PÁIRTEAC ANN FÉACAINT IORTA FÉIN TAMALL TRÉ ŠÚILIB AN ŠNÁČ-ÓUINE AR ŠRÁIO-EANNAIB DÁITE ÁČA CLÍAC NÍOR ŠAD A TUILLÉ ARGÓNA A DÉANAM LEÓ.

\* \* \* \* \*

**S**ŠÉALTA TROMA DUAIRCE IAD ŠAN TUAS. TUGAD TOSAC DÓIB PÉ MAR TUGŠAR TOSAC DO ŠEIRBE NA PURŠÓRDE. COINNIŠTEAR AN MÍLSEACÉ GO DEIRE CÚN AN MÍO-BLAS A BAINTE DE'N BÉAL. AGUS NÍ'L EAS-NAM MÍLSEACÉTA ORAINN. TUAR DÓČAIS AN BORRAD ATÁ TAGAITE I ŠCÚRSÁI DRÁMUIOČTA ŠAOLUINNE 'SAN LEAC-BLIAM ATÁ IMTIGŠTE. NÍOR ŠAIB SEACÉTHAIN TART IS AR ÉIGIN NÁ RAIB DRÁMAI ŠAOLUINNE AR AN ŠTÁITSE AG DREAM ÉIGIN. MOLAMÍO A ÉIPEACÉTÚLA ATÁ AN COMAR DRÁMUIOČTA A' CÚR CÚN OIBRE Ó TÁINIS AN COISDE NUA LE CÉITE. BA MÓR AN DUL CÚN CINN É AN COM-CEANGAL SO A ŠNARÓMEAD RÓIR AN COMAR AGUS DREAMANNA EILE ŠAOLLAÉ AR PUARO NA CATRAC. CUIREANN SÉ ŠLIONNAR LEIS ORAINN ŠLUAISEACÉ NA DRÁMUIOČTA A BEIT COM BEODA A'S ATÁ I ŠCRAOB AN CÉITINNIŠ. TÁ CREIDIÚINT SPEIS-IALTA A' DUL DÓIB DÁ CIONN.

## Cúinne na bpilead

### AN LOINNIR NOC D'ÉAG.

LEOITNE ŠÉIO DE DÚRÚM A' T-SAOŠAIL CÚŠAM,  
LEOITNE ČAOIN :  
ŠLÓRČA ÉAN ANN—BINN A ŠGÉAL DOM—  
CEÓLTA SÍDE :  
ŠÉOL I ŠCÉIN MO ČROIDE AR NÉAL UAINN—  
ŠÉOL NAC TÍL :  
'NA ČOMAD DO TÁČÉT ACÓIÓČ' NÍ DÉANPAID  
LEM' LÓ ANIS.

ŠRIAN IS NUA AR SPÉIR ŠAC LÓ ANOIS,  
AOIBINN NUA :  
ŠCIAIMAC ÚR AN ÉASŠA AR ŠÉOL  
'ŠAN OIÓČE ČIÚIN :  
LUIŠEANN MO ŠÚIL AR ŠAOŠAL IS NÓO DOM—  
ŠAOILIM BUAN—  
Ó ČRIALLAIS CÚŠAM MAR NÉALT AR BÓČAN  
AR ŠLIŠE AMÚ.

\* \* \* \* \*

SOLUS LONNRIUŠ AR MO ŠLIŠE DOM  
ŠEAL NEAM-BUAN :  
D'OSCAIT IONGANTAISÍ 'SA TÍR ÚO  
TAR ŠAC CUAN ;  
DORUS DÚNTA, ŠCAIPEAD ŠOILLSE,  
FEASTA CÚŠAM,  
AÉT PANANN LIÚM I DPUŠ A ČUINNE  
GO ŠGAIPTÉIO LUAN.

" ČRAIPTINE."

**T**Á AR ŠÚILE LEIS AGAINN AR ČUMANNAIB EILE NAC MINIC PÉ ŠÚILIB AN BPUBL AÉT NAC LUŠA A SAOČAR AR SON ŠLUAISEACÉTA TEANGAN. CEANN DÍOB ŠAN AN CLAIS-ČEADAL A TAGANN LE CÉITE UAIR 'SA T-SEACÉTHAIN I MBÁITE ÁČA CLÍAC. DERO TAMALL ANN ŠAR A DUTUIŠPEAR CAO É A MÉRO ATÁ AMRÁN-ÚIOČT ŠAOLUINNE PÉ ČOMAOIN AG AN ŠCUMANN ŠAN AGUS CAO É AN SAOČRÚ ATÁ DÉANTA AR AMRÁNNAIB ACA I MBÁITE AGUS I ŠCÉIN. DERO AISTE PÉ LEIT AR OBÁIR AN CLAIS-ČEADAIL AGAINN ŠARA FADA.

\* \* \* \* \*

**N**ÍOR MÍŠOE, D'FÉOIR, T'RÉIS AN MÉRO SEO CAINNTE TUAS TEACÉ AR ČALAM ŠLÁN AIRIS AGUS CUSPÓIR AN PÁIPÉIR SEO MAÍDIR LEIS AN NŠAOLUINN O'ÁČ-LUAD. NÍ POITICÍOČT NÁ CAINNT ŠAN ÉIPEACÉ AR ČEISTEAMNA ATÁ SEANA-ČAITTE ATÁ UAINN, AÉT SAOČRÚ NA LITRIÓČTA. SPÉIS A MÚŠGAILT INS NA PÍLÍ AGUS A ŠCUIRO SAOČAIR, INS NA H-UŠOAIR PRÓIS AGUS A SAOČAR ŠAN, IARRACÉ A DÉANAM AR BEODACÉ A CÚR ANIS I ŠGRÍOBAD NA ŠAOLUINNE, SIN É BA MIAN LINN A DÉANAM. MAR TÁ ŠGRÍOBAD NA ŠAOLUINNE 'NA ŠPAIO ŠAN BRÍŠ PÉ LÁČAIR, AGUS A CIONNTA ŠAN GO MÓR AR ŠGÉIM AISTRIÚČÁIN AN 'ŠÚM—AÉT SGÉAL EILE É SIN. TÁ CABAIR AN LUÉT LEIGTE UAINN. SGÉALTA, RANNA PÍLIOČTA, AISTÍ LITEARDA DE ŠAŠAS AR BÍD, ATÁ UAINN. SEACAIN AN SEANA-RUO, SAOČRUIŠ AN NUA. AGUS TABARŠAR PÉ TREOIR IS FÉOIR ANSO. AÉT ŠGRÍOB, ŠGRÍOB, ŠGRÍOB—AGUS CUIR A' ČRIALL ORAINNE É!

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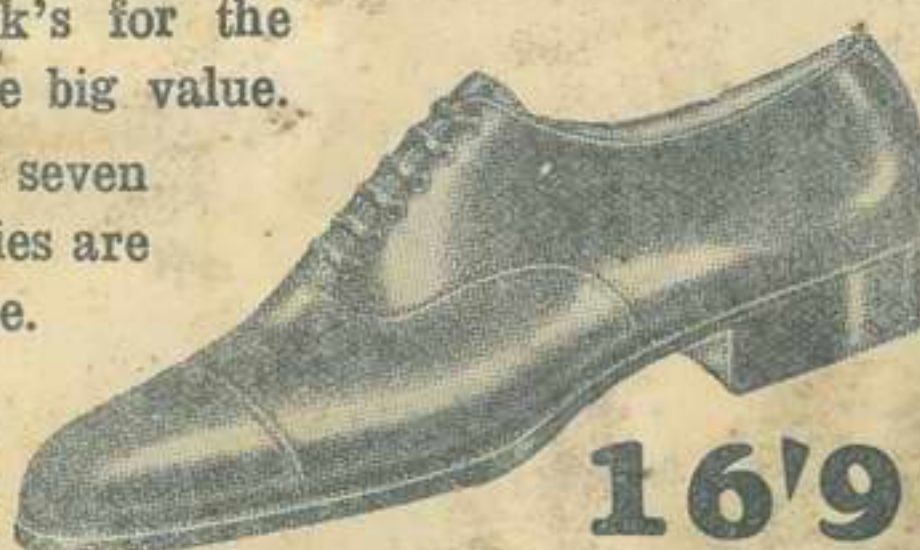
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TERMS MODERATE



## Príor na Saolúinne

"CARRAIS" do scríob.

I.—Teirce Litríocht agus an Dream is Cionnta. 1936.

'Sa bliain 1928 do cuireadh an t-úimhne ar bun. Do tóg an Rialtas orda péin aobair léigheoireachta do cur ar fáil 'sa Saolúine mar bí teirce Litríocht ó lámh bun-úgair a' foilsiú ar ghlaiseacht na teange. Measadh ná raib ann ac nah-innill cló-buailte do cur a' casaó cun Litríocht do réir an míle focal do soláta. Tá raibse leabair Saolúine a' baint na súl dinn iníu ac Litríocht fíor-scáinte.

An Connradh san Taca Airgid.

Ní h-amháin ná raib lámh congantha de bit ar foillsiú leabair sa Saolúine. Bí a cion de'n obair deanta as an gConnradh agus san an taca airgid taob léi ba rósáid lé h-agaí scéime dá leitéir. B'é ba lúga d'aon Rialtas an cúram so do glacaó agus do stiúru. Is san stiúru atá an t-easnamh ar saothar an t-úimhne agus m-ait borraó agus pás do cur ar an otosnú briogmar a veineadh pé'n gConnradh is mó go mór a milleadh é agus a cuireadh toradh Litríocht na h-aitheorachana ar bótar a séat-láighe.

Cinnteaicte cuspóra as na h-úgair móra.

Breithnigh an scéal roim 1928. Bí cló-buailte na h-oibre leagtha síos as an t-úimhne Peadar, Pádraig Mac Piarais agus Sean-Pádraig Ó Conaire. Bí cinnteaicte cuspóra mar séala ar an nua-Litríocht ba mian leo sú do cur fé brágaí an náisiúin óis. Do b'eigean dóib an t-sean-nós innste scéil do briseadh agus cóir nua-innste do préamh n-a h-íomá. Treoirigh an t-úimhne Peadar sinn ar feidm do baint as éaint na ndaoine agus shas litearda uirte. Do cruataigh sé go mba meón Litríocht i com foirthe agus a bí as náisiún ar bit. Do bris an Veirt Pádraig leis an sean-nós innste scéil, veineadh an scéal a cumadh 's a snairmeadh go h-ealaíonta in-ait é d'aitris go leatardhac, fad-foclaic.

Pás iongantach an t-úimhne-scéil.

Lom láitreach do lean bun-úgair na Saolúine a tceoir sú, teas agus cuair d'eirigh úgair, cur díob a raib fíntas n-a gcuir saothar, cur ná raib. Bí a meón féin, a stíle féin, a ceapadóireacht féin as gac úgair, an-cuir loctai ar a gcuir iarrachai, ac tuigeadh gur tosnu a bí ann agus go bpáspad an Litríocht go fada, mall, riigin. In-ait eactraigh leobannach, do saothruigeadh an t-úimhne-scéil 'sa caoi 's go mba gail le pás aon oirde aige é. Dar ndóig táinig an cur ba ealaíonta i dtaob le cumas ceapadóireachta de ó lámh Pádraig Ó Conaire. Ac catfimid trád leis ar Pádraig Mac Piarais agus b'feidm tar ceactar díob ar an mVeirt n-úimhne. Is as na t-úimhne atá an t-úimhne-scéil snairmeadh go fíor le neart na teange agus le deal-oideas dúteaisic na tíre seo. Cé nár saothruigeadh an t-úimhne-scéil ar fógnam, is fiú "Mo Dá Róisin" agus "Caisteáin Óir" do molaó, in-aimdeoin a loctai. Ar an iomlán bí tosac agus treoir curta ar an obair agus a comartaí ann go leantad pás é. Cé ná raib sé m-aon gair do veit saor ó loct, do tuig luic na Saolúine go raib aobair inspéise 'sa nua-Litríocht agus úire 's nuadaic ann a tús sobailceas léigheoireachta do eac.

Claoch-stiúrú an t-úimhne.

Annsan isead leagadh lámh na cinneamha ar an obair. Bunaigeadh an t-úimhne leis an veig-cuspóir ar iocúicte. Do veimniú do'n úgair agus leabair d'foillsiú ar luac a meallpad an pobal ar a tceannac. Ó soim i leit cá "Litríocht" d'a cartad ar an margad do réir an míle focal agus dealrócaí san a veit a veanam san stiúrú, san smaoineamh ar fíntas na Litríocht na a tairbe d'pás na teange. Tá iarracat an t-úimhne dírighe, dealrócaí sé, ar blac na Litríocht ins na teangeachaí iasacata do cur in-úgair. Tá iol-saas leabair a n-aistriú ó'n mbéarla agus a veig nó a mór díob ó teangeachaí na h-eorpa. Tá uil amuiga oraimn nó is fuar acu é, veit a tabairt fé seóda teangean eile do sloagad isteac sa Saolúine.

Mí-éiríne an aistriúcháin.

Is pánac aistriúcháin n-a máig-istir ar a céir mar is riactanac do cumas Litríocht an dá teangean a veit ar adeis aige, com maic le cruinn-tuigint ar eúlán agus ré-saogail an t-úimhne. Fiú san, bíonn bun-leabair sniomta cumta i stíle agus imúla cainte na bun-teangean. 'Sé cáilicte aon áro-Litríocht ar bit, ná feidm an bun-éaint do claoch-scriob sa teangean féin san laige do gabail leis an iarracat. Nac mó go mór an laige briú a gabpad le n-a h-aistriú go teangean nac gailmar? Is follus nac é uil léigheora ar bit lag-innsint Saolúine de leabair do léigheam an fad 's atá an bun-leabair fé n-a lámh. Sa méir 's gur ar obair aistriúcháin atá agair an t-úimhne tugta, tá breit báis ar a cur oibre, a méas ó lag-éileam an pobal Saolúine ar na h-aistriúcháin féin mar gnat-aobair léigheoireachta.

Ugair n-a otost.

Tairis sin tá sé le h-agaic agaimn go bfuil claochló tagaighe ar saothrú bun-Litríocht. An pás a bí as teact uirte ó glacaó le treoir an t-úimhne Peadar, Pádraig Mac Piarais agus Sean-Pádraig Ó Conaire, tá seirge mí-náidúir tagaighe uirte agus is ar scéim aistriúcháin an t-úimhne loct. Ba mór an cáilicte dinn Sean-Pádraig d'páspad báis sa bliain 1928 ac maireann "Máire," Seósaí Mac Grianna" agus an Seabac," siad atá go fada rábac, ac táir n-a otost nó táir as aistriú go mí-tairbeac. Súil san sáamh é, aon tnuic a veit agaimn le h-úirgéal bunais ó "Máire" anois nuair atá maig-istreach ar a céir aige. Ní h-aon céim ar agair dinn é cnuasac d'aiti d'páspad ó lámh Seósaí Mac Grianna—leor a tuigint go bfuil cur ves na h-aistí i "Pádraig Ó Conaire agus Aistí eile" scriobta aige ó 1925 agus a rian ortá nár vein sé fiú agus a lámh do corraige le n-a ndeisiú ó soim.

Is an mbun Litríocht atá curta i gcló ó 1928 a veit ar n-aire ins na h-aistí a leantad so. Tá cur maic oraduill ann, gur ar éigean má's fiú tagairt do, ac, tá taob leis sin fo-leabair b'fiú go maic smaoineamh air. 'Siad na leabair iad san ná "An t-Oileán," "Pádraig Máire Bán," "Peig" agus "Pádraig Ó Conaire agus Aistí eile."

## Filíocht na Saolúinne

"CRAIPTINE" do scríob.

Bun-treite na Filíocht do meas le h-inntinn scéim dúteasac léir-meastóireachta do ceapad.

I.

Ní'l aon mac-léiginn dár veim scrútuí puiblice riam i gcuirsaí Litríocht teangean ar bit nár éait mallac d's céad ar anam an t-úimhne a céad-cuir i bpáipéirib scrútuighe an ceist a gabann de gnat mar leanas:—"Cuir i gcompráir le céile stíl an dá tceact Filíocht so in ár ndiaid." Ceist mí-cóir, mí-reasúnta é a cur san ar an gnat—scoláire scoile. Mar, tuigeadh an scrútuigheoir ná fuil an foclóir as an scoláire cun an obair a veanam, dá mbeadh an féit cun scrútuighe féin ann, ruid is annam fíor. Má's crosta neamhbuidéac an obair as béarla é ámtac, mar a bfuil tcearmuioicte agus beal-oideas léir-meastóireachta na tceacta blian le tarrac ortá—bíod, 'sa béarla féin, nac mbíonn as an scoláire de gnat ac srait 'cliches' nac eol do a mbriú—cad é a míle deactac 'sa Saolúine é, mar a bfuil tcearmuioicte agus caigheam léir-meastóireachta i n-easnamh ar fad. Ar na léigheam do t-úimhne an gnat-freagra a feidtear as Saolúine ar ceact dá leitéir luaitce tuas, tceapad taom gairíde air, nó taom veistine b'feidm, ac má's t-úimhne tuiginnac é, lag-spiorad agus mí-misneac a gabpad é staid léir-meastóireachta na Filíocht Saolúine a veit com h-óimhneac neam-baileac d's atá.

Cumas an t-úimhne-scoláire.

An céad nár is soiléire ná a céile, ná tuigeadh an gnat-scoláire cad is veiseac ná buad ná fiú loct i bFilíocht na Saolúine. Agus dá tceagad féin ní featpad é cur i bfoclaid, mar ní'l na focail ann cuige. Tá cúpla tcearma nó trí de glain-meabair as an mac-léiginn aomúigim—tá an focal iongantac san "Samuioicte," aige, agus "Céolmaireac," agus "Ritim," agus ó scriob Piaras veaslaoi "Eigse nua-Saolúine" an tcearma breag scuabac san le'n a noamnuionn sé Eogan Ruad Voct, "Gluogar!" Ní mó ná go cruinn a cuigim féin briú an tcearma veirid seo. Pé tceact Filíocht a cuirfead os comair an mí léiginn, cuar-voctar sé na neite tuas ann—agus feobair sé iad, san teip! Pé scrútuigheoir a céad-ceap an tcearma san "Samuioicte," agus a cur an mac-léiginn a cuarvac i measg ranna na Saolúine, cur sé cús le tóruicte ná críochpár go raigad an míol tar n-aís do'n cor as ar tuisigead é. B'feidm gurab' é a teirce i bFilíocht na Saolúine is cúis leis an tcear-uoicte—ac scéal é sin a pleirfeam ar ball.

Feidm do baint as tcearmuioicte béarla?

Ac cad is inéanta agaimn? Cuirimis cionntad go Saolúine ar tcearmuioicte léir-meastóireachta an béarla, agus cuirimis san as obair ar an bFilíocht Saolúine? Ní veantad san réirteac ár gcas. I bpad ó céile—fard do-áimighe, aibeagan do-treanúighe—Filíocht an dá teangean. Catpí caigheam léir-meastóireachta 'sa Saolúine teact ó'n taob istig; catpí sé pás as treite agus bunas na Filíocht féin, san tagairt do, ná compráir a veanam le Filíocht aon teangean eile, ac amáin i leit na mór-treite ar a bfuil seasam Filíocht i tceangean ar bit. Aomúigim láitreach nac feidm saothar fite ar bit Saolúine do cur i gcompráir le saothar móir-filí an béarla—Milton, Shakespeare, Shelley ná Wordsworth. Ní'l fiú dinn agaimn a cuirf i gcompráir le dinn d'á gcuir sú. Má tá nár ar bit agaimn cosúil le'n a saothar sú, ní'l ann ac cosúlac seactarac. Tuigeadh go soiléir, ámtac, nac é is mian linn a ráo ná fuil aon ruid 'sa bFilíocht Saolúine atá com h-áir réim Litríocht le'n a saothar san

tuas. 'Sé atá i gceist nac feidm compráir ar bit do veanam eactarac. Catpíar feabas na Filíocht Saolúine do scrútuí i leit eúl dúteasac na teangean as ar gmeadh é, i leit an tceagail as ar pás sé agus ar a tceactann sé, i leit na feallamhaicte agus an creirim a coitig é. Páspad as an scrútuí san, tcearmuioicte agus caigheam léir-meastóireachta a réal-fard feabas nó neam-maiteas na Filíocht dúteais fé solus náidúirca.

Bun-aobair na Filíocht.

Ar Filíocht na Saolúine a scrútuí dinn éirtear dinn a mí-céillide agus a neam-tortamla mar obair é caigheam an béarla do bualaó mar slait tomais air. Tóg aobair na Filíocht i otosac. Trí an bFilíocht Saolúine uile ní'l ac dá mór-aobair, agus asta san do siolruig agus do blacúig a fúimh. 'Siad an dá aobair san: "Creideam" agus "Politiocte." Ba éirte de tcearma "Náisiúntac" ná "Politiocte," ac is fusa an tcearma "Politiocte" a tuigint. Taob amuig ve'n dá aobair san is veag nár eile a corruig féit na ceap-voireachta 'sa bFilíocht Saolúine. Ba veag a spéis i n-áineac, an uil-raid—agus tá cuarvac nóta an uil-raid' as an mac-léiginn gac aon píoc com pánac le cuarvac na "samuioicte"! Níor corruig "cumann mna" é—má corruig níor ríomúig sé an corruigéal fé gne na Filíocht. Agus tá so a ráo i n-áimdeoin a bfuil le páspad de "dánta gráda" 'sa Saolúine—i n-áimdeoin "Dánta Gráda Cuige Connacata"! Tuigeadh leis nac otagramm na tuairimí tuas d'Filíocht na Saolúine ó 1600 A.D. i leit amáin, Sin bliain na veileam ceapad as luic scrútuighe na Filíocht Saolúine. 'Sé an gnat-tuairim é nár glac an Filíocht na treite luaitce tuas go tci tar éis na h-áim-sire sin. Ní fíor san. Ní tce-áineac corruigéal dá méir cun claoch com mór san a cur ar náidúir teangean agus ar léiríú na náidúir sin trí an bFilíocht. Bí na treite san a' baint le Filíocht na Saolúine ó tús. Feobpar anail na náidúir 'sna Laoite Pannuioicte san amras, ac is neam-cinnce, neam-veorá, neam-Litriceac an anail de gnat é. Feobpar dánta gráda go fairsing, ac is amrasac sinn i dtaob a ndáiríre agus a Litriceachta san freisin. Aomúig-tear láitreach gur mó de tioneur na náidúir a feidtear 'sa bFilíocht roimis 1600 A.D. ná na díar ó soim, ac is veag san féin agus is lag i gcompráir leis an méir Filíocht a cumadh fé anail an dá aobair eile.

Focal Sguir.

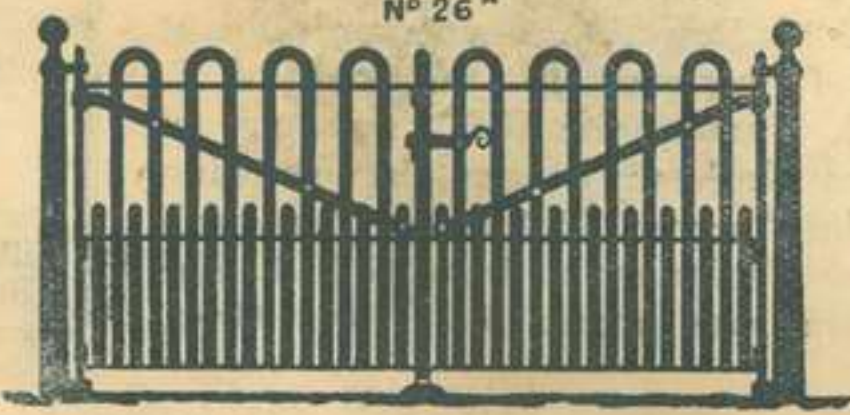
Is cinnce go gcuirfead láitreach i gcuinnib na tuairime tuas, agus ba h-iongnad mar a gcuirf. Ac bítear soiléir air seo, nac a' loctú na Filíocht ar son a loctúighe acatár, ac ar iarrad an fírimne do noctad agus do tag-voct ionnus gur' fusa a treite do meas. Scéim dúteasac léir-meastóireachta atá uaim. Cuige sin ní foláir agair a tabairt ar bun-treite na Litríocht dúteais, go neam-baid, agus ná coisgead aon baot-boige ná ró-maioitneacas sinn. Ní h-é sin cur is tabaictaighe de' sgéal so ámtac. I gcuinnib 's, méir atá ráidte tuas i dtaob id bad amrán gráda, easbad anail uil-raid, tá mórán fíadnuise le cur ar an tcead eile de'n méir. Conus a réiricinn an tuairim sin, veap-far, leis an saibhreas amrán atá le páspad i mbailicéam de leitéir "Amrán Gráda Cuige Connacata," nó na céadta eile líricí dá saas san a feidtear i mbéalaib na ndaoine, 'sa mbéal-oideas? Tá a réirteac agus a freagraí sin agaimn. 'Sa céad aiste eile tabar-far iarracat ar an ionad is ual dóib i Litríocht na Saolúine a tabairt dos na h-amráin sin, agus ar roinnt smaoine inispéise a noctad na tcead.

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# GAELS & GAELDOM

A CAUSERIE ON CURRENT CONCERNS

By Vigilant

"Knowledge and Organisation will set Ireland free and make her prosperous."—DAVIS.

"The true test of civilization is not the census, not the size of cities, nor the crops; no, but the kind of man the country turns out."—EMERSON.

"We cannot carry on the education of a soul and a body separately. It is the whole man we want to develop."—MONTAIGNE.

## The Future and the G.A.A.

We are on the threshold of another New Year and the year 1936 is now numbered with the long roll of all the years which make up the world's past history. Like all the other years gone past, the year 1936 has been auspicious to many individual enterprises and associations, while it has proved disappointing to others. However, that feature of the year just departed is equally true of all the years that are dead. On the whole, the Gaelic Athletic Association has fared well during the past year, and has good reason to remember it with feelings of gratitude, even though the two senior All-Ireland finals set up a new and very welcome record as disappointing games.

## The Monetary Measure.

We are living in an age characterised by a most pronounced inclination to measure all that is regarded as "success" in terms of money values, or the things that money can command. To stand resolutely by unchanging principles is regarded by this up-to-date wisdom as an act of folly and demonstrable evidence of a hopeless want of business capacity. Our grandfathers had a very apt and emphatic name for that sort of thing which the new school now approves as "sound business tact" garnished in most cases with a lavish outward show of conformity to spiritual aspirations. This monetary measure of success is so widely accepted in Ireland to-day as to prove a most demoralising influence in its appraisal of wealth as the one and only thing that matters. The Gaelic Athletic Association from its inception has held itself above many unrighteous concepts of Christian conduct as understood by the "up-to-date school of progressive ideas," but there was never more reason to exhort its members to the safeguarding of our organisation for the continuity of its work in accordance with the designs of its founders.

## The New Year.

The Gaelic Athletic Association, like all other organizations of its sort is of more human origin and development. It lays no claim to perfection, but it has always shown, with more or less strength

of purpose, a praiseworthy persistency to get as near to perfection as human beings can go. It was the spirit of all the old-time conventions when men of determination and patriotic zeal struggled to establish and maintain the Association against intense opposition. To the Gaels of to-day the Association is a cherished tradition and a glorious trust. The Gaels of to-day live in more auspicious times, when in the influence of its success it should be much easier to bring the organisation to a higher state of perfection.

## And The New Imperative.

We are now at the season of annual club meetings and annual county conventions, and this is the time when the real work of progress for the betterment of the Association can, and must be done if we really have the essential interests of our organization at heart. Let us see to it that the best men and only the best men are sent to represent each club at the County Board of each county and to remember that each County Board is very much in need of men of real progressive ideas and of sterling courage and honesty. Let us also remember that there is scarcely a County Board in the country but is carrying a dead weight of human lumber that should at once be got rid of. The way in which so many of these useless, obstructive, self-alleged "Gaels" come back to these county executives year after year is in itself a positive proof of the utter indifference of many clubs to the proper discharge of their duties to the Association as a whole. The painfully persistent result of this indifference is that the County Boards affected degenerate to the position of "cliques" for "wirepulling" and "squaring" in regard to matches and "objections," etc.

## "Smart Men."

Of course, these self-alleged Gaels are also self-alleged "smart men" without the least sense of honour or honesty when it comes to a matter of trying to win a match by sheer mean-minded cheating. Some rowdy self-alleged Gael "with a pull at the Board" can disgrace the Association at a match and despite the breach of an all important rule some "friend" or club-mate will challenge a vote as to whether the offender should be dealt with according to rule or not! A long while ago a foremost historian said that Ireland had too many "smart men" of that brand. I regret to say, from experience long and varied, that within the last ten years all these "smart men" seem to be flocking into our County Boards. Even some of them in official positions feel and act as if the rules and the spirit of the G.A.A. should all stand suspended whenever they care to give voice to the cause of dishonesty. Surely in the name of all that is honest and honourable it would be a decided gain to the Association if these "Gaels"

were at once cleared out of our County Boards! As it is, they entirely misrepresent the true spirit and the letter of the underlying principles of the G.A.A. As I have repeatedly said, the Association and all that it stands for represent something far above any member or any club. That principle is above all and must be maintained at all costs.

## 1887-1937.

A few years ago the Gaelic Athletic Association celebrated its Golden Jubilee in a manner befitting the great occasion. This year, 1937, marks the fiftieth anniversary of the greatest crisis in the history of our organisation. Ever since the inception of the Association three years previously, the Irish politicians of the day who then commanded the most powerful political machine of the day and also the leading organs in the Dublin and provincial Press got very jealous of the ever-increasing numbers and influence of the G.A.A. True enough in its initial stages the politicians and their organization helped in building up the G.A.A., and several branches of the Irish National League formed G.A.A. clubs. The politicians with two of their most influential leaders, Parnell and Davitt, as patrons of the G.A.A., felt that the organization was, in the words of a minor light of the times, the late J. C. Flynn, M.P., "just the same as the League." But it was to every Irishman of patriotism and thought a very different thing. The great politicians of the day and their great organization and Press were leading a movement that looked for nothing more than a reformed system of land-tenure and a sort of limited system of local self-government under British supervision and enactment. No one talked seriously of Ireland a nation. In fact, Ireland's just claim to the restoration of her full title to nationhood had been repudiated, and Ireland was misrepresented before the world by the acts and speeches of these men speaking in her name. Very quickly the politicians came to know that there were many men in the newly formed G.A.A. who still held resolutely to the undying principles of Irish nationhood and who repudiated the right of any set of politicians to misrepresent Ireland's legitimate demand or to hoodwink the masses of the people.

## The Fight That Was Fierce.

From the middle of the "Home Rule year" (1886) up to the end of 1887 a determined effort was made to drive the real Nationalist element out of the G.A.A. at the annual convention of that year, but they did not succeed, and so enraged were they at the miscarriage of their plans, that no effort was now spared to accomplish the purpose. Archbishop Croke, chief patron of the G.A.A., was appealed to. A new scare about the "strong revival of Fenianism and secret societies all over the country" gave his Lordship and many clergy no chance of remaining neutral in the face of the scare raised by the politician's influential daily and evening newspapers, *The Freeman's Journal* and *Evening Telegraph*. The notorious and unscrupulous Chief Detective, Inspector Mallon, had harrowed up the soul of T. M. Harrington, M.P., secretary of the National League, by showing him "secret information" regarding Fenianism and the G.A.A. The same was shown to Dwyer Grey,

M.P., of the *Freeman's Journal*. Harrington held that the constitutional movement was challenged when John O'Leary, the old Fenian Chief, was made a patron of the G.A.A. in 1886. Mostly because of some personal differences, Michael Cusack, who was then outside the G.A.A., sided strongly with the politicians. The fight went on with increasing bitterness but the great asset on the side of the politicians was the strong antagonism of Archbishop Croke and the clergy to Fenianism and to secret organisations. A new convention was called and the Fenians went out of the positions coveted by the politicians for their approved nominees. The rank and file of the Nationalists remained as members of the Association and in time came back to the positions held by men of the same uncompromising principles. The old guard of Gaeldom or what of them who still survived had not forgotten the "Felon-setting convention of 1887" and the tactics of the "constitutionalists." The history of the intervening years has mercilessly exposed the hollowness of the "constitutional movement" that put the ephemeral politics of their day above Nationalist principles. To-day the brave men of 1887-8 have been fully vindicated, and we salute their memory.

## League Progress.

The Hurling and Football League competitions have provided some magnificent sport during the past months, are, naturally, increasing in interest as the final stages approach. For thousands of followers of the games, the outstanding surprise was the sensational defeat of Limerick's hurling men by Tipperary. The very name of Limerick has established itself as an asset in hurling prestige, and that the championship county should go down at all was something unexpected. Next to that surprise came the surprise caused when the victors over Limerick went down themselves before the conquering hurlers of Laoighis. There was no doubt as to the impressiveness of Cork's hurling victory over Kilkenny or about Limerick's capacity for a rally as shown in their triumph over Galway. The Football competitions are full of interest with the Western Gaels as the dominant force.

## A Great Team and A Great Name.

I notice with much pleasure that the Thurles Sarsfield Hurling Club has been holding its general annual meeting. For all old veterans in the ranks of the Gaelic Athletic Association and for thousands of old-time followers of our great national game, the name of the Thurles Sarsfields has a glorious and unforgettable name and fame, and to think of the team in the long period of its halcyon days is

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to call up glorious pictures of entranced thousands of spectators and mighty hurlers. The Sarsfield Hurling Club is in direct line of succession to the patriotic and sturdy generation of Thurles Gaels that saw the founding of the G.A.A. and produced a team of 21 hurlers capable of winning the first all-Ireland championship under the auspices of the newly-founded National Athletic organization. Tipperary county has produced many great hurling combinations, such as Moycarkey, Boherlahan, Horse and Jockey, Tubberadora, Holecross, Two Mile Borris, Toomevara, etc., in the past half century, who carried on the long-established tradition from remote times, but the Thurles "Sarsfields," also known in the past as "the Thurles Blues," have preserved a magnificent continuity on which they deserve the hearty congratulations of Gaeldom on the attainment of the Golden Jubilee of their founding and first All-Ireland honours.

#### "Semple's Boys."

I can cast back my mind to the great reorganizing of the Thurles team with Tom Semple as the great rallying personality. The team was composed of very young boys, but they were all inheritors of the great Tipperary hurling tradition. I remember their magnificent display in running the Tipperary senior hurling championship in 1904. In 1900, Thurles had won the county Junior hurling championship and had then set their minds on bringing back senior honours to the Cathedral town of Munster's historic archdiocese. About this time the importance of the Thurles team was growing so rapidly in Gaeldom that as a scribe I had to keep a close eye on the team, and in a short time I came to know all the players and officials personally, and it was always a genuine pleasure to travel with them for the reporting of the matches in which they were engaged. These were great days, well worth living in. Ireland was awakening to a new and heartening sense of self-consciousness and the inspiring atmosphere of Irish Ireland was exerting an increasing influence on the youthful intelligence of the country.

#### Onward Still!

In 1906, Thurle's slashing team again won county championship honours and went right up to the top in Gaeldom by winning All-Ireland Championship distinction. In 1901 "the Blues" again annexed county honours, and in 1908 were again All-Ireland champions. I would like to talk a bit on the great Gaels and outstanding matters of these days in Tipperary and Thurles, which I then knew so intimately, but space forbids, and I will have to defer such reminiscences to another time. The old crowd that built up a great reputation for Thurles and Tipperary are now far-scattered and some have crossed "the great divide." God rest the true and brave. I heartily congratulate the "Sarsfields" on their splendid record of history-making for the good old "Premier county" in particular and for Gaeldom as a whole. No club in Ireland has a larger or more honourable tradition to inspire for the future. Let the members live and act in the letter and the spirit of that tradition, and the club will go on gloriously from its Golden Jubilee to its centenary in fifty years hence. Let each individual member take as the test for his conduct as a Gael, the words of the esteemed Rev. President, Father J. J. Meagher:

"Everything you do should be done with a view to maintaining the traditions of a Gaelic Ireland. In your amusements, in your anxiety for the restoration of our language, in the games you play, keep Pearse's ideal of a Gaelic Ireland for future Irishmen before you."

#### Is It True?

Down south there is a widely shared opinion as to the ability of Cork to come into this year's hurling championship final. The feeling is that there is plenty of extra good material in that broad county "if the right thing is done in bringing it to the surface." "Ah," as Hamlet would say, "there's the rub." For in that process what things do occur. Anyhow, if such "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" are successfully overcome, and that all goes well, Cork will not have retaken its former position at the head of Gaeldom a day too soon but rather a good many days too late. Cork's sound position in the League is looked to as indicating something more than a mere frolic of that fickle jade, Dame Fortune. A Pessimist from "the Kingdom."

There is a decidedly strong feeling in many parts of Ireland that Kerry will be "well on the premises" for this year's All-Ireland senior football championship honours. There is no denying the prevalence of that view. Fancy my surprise, just on the eve of Christmas, when one of the best Gaels, and certainly one of the

best judges of football in Kerry told me frankly that he did not share the opinion. He thinks that Kerry has yet some distance to travel before reaching the long-established "Kerry standard." The general level of the present standard is far below that mark, and Kerry, he thinks, has been too long depending on Tralee as the head and front of the county's best football. No doubt, Tralee has been for a long while leading the game for the "Kingdom," and happily for Kerry, Tralee was able to do so. Of course, in earlier years, when Kerry football came to full flower of perfection in the game, football was more widespread at its best in the rural districts of the county. More is the pity, indeed, if the county is not raising and training new reinforcements for the maintenance of Kerry's great prestige in the perfecting of Gaelic football. If only for the sake of happy recollections of old time gatherings in Tralee, Killarney, Ballybunion and Listowel, I fervently hope that there is more to the good of Kerry football developing in her quiet, homely and heartsome rural districts at present than has come under the eye of my old and valued friend.

#### Across the Pond.

Much interest is centred by exiled Gaels in the U.S.A. to the forthcoming G.A.A. convention to be held in New York this month. It is felt that much good for the betterment of G.A.A. interests will result from this rally. We hope so.

## BOOKS THAT MATTER

### Sources of Reliable Reference

The 1936-7 issue of the G.A.A. Annual is out and away the most full and satisfying compendium of easily-accessible information yet issued in connection with any organisation for the promoting of sport in Ireland. The handy little volume in stiff covers contains 120 well-printed pages, and is excellent value at one shilling. The book opens with an appropriate foreword in our native language, and this is followed by a fine survey of the history and development of the Gaelic Athletic Association, which covers over thirty pages.

The information which is included embraces all games and scores in championships and other important contests since the inception of the Association, and also the names of the teams. The Provincial Councils as well as the Central Executive are also dealt with, and there is a list of County Secretaries. Judged by all the criteria by which it is possible to test the usefulness of such a book, nothing more satisfying in completeness could be desired. To all who take an interest in the concerns of the G.A.A. and in our National pastimes, this publication is indispensable and is certain to command, on its merits, the very large sale to which it is entitled.

#### Relinking With The Past.

"The Historical Record, 1905-1935," just issued by the National Agricultural and Industrial Development Association, is a splendid production as a sample of the art and the craft of the printer. In that aspect alone the publication deserves attention, but this aspect to many will be all the more appreciated as a right worthy manner of expressing the very worthy matter it contains. For many of us who can

look back to the early fight for recognition of Irish products from the Irish people, the book will bring back many memories of the early pioneering days and the start of the Irish Industrial movement. A foreword is contributed by the Minister for Agriculture, and on the industrial side of the work, the Minister for Industry and Commerce has also a preparatory note very much to the point. The volume is of more than passing interest and deserves to be preserved for the data it contains regarding the pioneering of the Irish Industrial Development movement. There is much in these pages to refresh the memories of the present survivors of 1905 and after, as well as to convey to the young men and women of to-day some idea of the uphill fight from the start of the Dublin Industrial Development Association in January, 1905. In November of that year the Sinn Féin movement also took its rise, and in his now historic speech inaugurating the movement, Arthur Griffith, in the course of his reference to the then position of native industries, said: "It is part of the policy of the National Council to bring about the unity of material interests which produce National strength to convince the manufacturer that every improvement in agriculture will increase the home market, and the agriculturist that every extension of the manufacturing industry will promote his welfare—convince both that there cannot be any permanent prosperity for either unless the nation as a whole is prosperous."

We congratulate the National Agricultural and Industrial Association on this publication, which makes a useful link between the past and present phases of the movement.

## Athletics in Ireland

(Continued from page 7.)

The first attempt to meet this want was made in the "Irish Athletic Records," already mentioned, of 1907. It embraced track and field events in all arenas where Irishmen had appeared, cross-country running and cycling. It was as complete and accurate as such a pioneer publication might be expected to be.

Over a decade and a half elapsed before that work was brought up to date by the first of the Irish Sporting Annuals—"Athletics and Cycling" (1902)? This was later re-issued with a supplement under the title, "Fifty Years of Irish Athletics" (1924)?

The "Record" contained, in addition to the article out of the "Irish Athlete," a valuable contribution on Training by the late Dr. P. J. Cusack who, in his day, was a competent athlete.

The later work, which brought the championship returns up to 1925, and included the results in the revived Tailteann Games of the previous year, contained a concise review of "Ireland's Place in World Athletics," by that well-known authority on a wide range of native pastimes, Mr. P. D. Mehan ("Carbury"). Its production was largely due to the energy and enthusiasm of Mr. Eamonn Fleming, who since filled many important positions on Irish Athletic Councils.

With the exception of these two analytical articles, there has been no attempt at a serious study of Irish Athletic traditions or achievements. Even the revival of historic Aonach Tailteann left us no better off in this respect. Is there any prospect it may be supplied in connection with the Games next year? The omens are not propitious.

I think it should be an official undertaking, placed in competent hands. It is more than ever needed when Irish athletics have been thrown back upon themselves for impulse and improvement. It is a task of research, judgment and constructive writing.

If full justice has never been done to the ancestry of native athletics, it is because materials were incomplete and have still to be sought. The field might easily prove a rich one for a sympathetic explorer.

This may seem a very immaterial aspect of our athletic progress; but it has a value from another standpoint. It is in this way we can recover the glamour, if not the substance, of our lost or ravaged possessions: athletic fitness and enthusiasm included. This is the constructive side of national duty and problems; the restoration of our heritages of language, literature, arts and activities.

If there is to be continuity in our national existence we must advance on lines historically clear and rebuild on designs instinct with our best traditions. Doing so does not mean that we shall not make progress. It means that we shall advance from past peaks of racial achievement, not from some humiliating path to which the arrest of our national development threw us back: ~~cerainly~~ not along lines which the alien and his imitators here sought to dictate.

We are near, responsive enough still to old traditions and virile enough yet in athletic instincts to essay successfully the task of reconstructing a movement so vital to the well-being and security of our people.



# An Gaedheal

The Voice of Irish-Ireland

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## THE REAL CAUSE OF EMIGRATION

THE authoritative statements of the Archbishop of Tuam, in Connaught, and of the Chairman of the Cork County Vocational Education Committee, Father McCarthy, in Munster, are wide apart evidences that the emigration, which concerns us so much, is not entirely due to economic causes. It is somewhat clearer that it is due to what President de Valera described at Galway University College as "the attacks of the opposing civilization." "The attacks of the opposing civilization," he told us, "are growing greater every day, and if we do not begin our counter-attack now it will be too late." We have had appalling evidences recently of what these attacks have achieved. The research of the *Irish Independent* have laid them bare in the country; the corresponding research of the *Irish Press* have laid them bare in the city. The former, in connection with school averages, showed for instance, a decline from 1,264 to 464 in the infant school rolls of Kerry between 1926 and 1936. The latter showed 110,000 housed in wretched conditions in Dublin. The withering of the young life of Kerry is having regard to infant ages of, say, six years in 1926 and 1936, the product of the ten years 1920-1930 between the apex of the decentralization of the Republic and the apex of the centralization of the Free State. The conditions in Dublin are the product of a longer period, but intensified in the past few decades as shown by the re-peopling of the cellars. The whole process, at any rate, is not a process of drift from country to town, as other newspapers put it, but a process of drift from country and all country towns to the cosmopolitan cities of Dublin, Belfast and Britain. It is a drift that has marked the decay of the civilizations of Mesopotamia, Egypt, Greece and Rome, and that now marks the decay of West Britain and Britain. That is the evidence of the Census that *An Gaedheal* already set out and the evidence that it is important to emphasize, so that the country and all country towns might see their unity of interest as against Dublin, Belfast and Britain.

### The Rural Foreign Dance Halls and the System in Support.

We have suggested for consideration that this is due to the attacks of the other civilization; and we suggest further that the front lines of that attack are held by the rural foreign dance halls and that there are behind them the economic and cultural institutions descended from the Bank of Ireland of 1783 and from Trinity College of Queen Elizabeth's time, institutions now densely centralised and rooted in College Green, where the Gall first came ashore. We suggest, further, for inquiry, the question as to how far these rural dance halls and related picture houses have been built by bankers' money; we do not say purposely supplied, but otherwise by way of sub-conscious co-operation between interdependent attacking forces of a unified and decaying alien civilization. We think, at any rate, that the time is ripe for the nation to get full information as to how bankers invest their money.

The rural foreign dance halls and the pictures occupy now the positions formerly held by the R.I.C. and British military barracks respectively, and still held by them in the Six Counties. The Gael, after long years, realized the rural R.I.C. barracks as the British front; and having rooted up these R.I.C. barracks, the British position in the military barracks at the rear quickly crumbled. The rural foreign dance halls have similarly behind them the power of the urban halls and pictures, away back to the Regal and Royal beside College Green; and, thus, the Gael is faced by the public opinion creating power and publicity of an immense and highly integrated organisation, an organisation that working downwards and outwards, disintegrates and breaks up the Gael, principally by destroying his inherited emotional equipment, his feelings for his land and his nation, his hearth, his home and his traditional celebration of Christmas; and the Gael, then in debris, becomes fit for absorption into the decadent city civilization of Dublin, Belfast and Britain, fit for the service described by the *Irish Independent* in its articles on the appalling conditions of the Irish in London.

### Hotel Bar Culture.

But there are other agencies co-operating in this process of attacking the inherited feelings, hearths, homes and social systems of the people, and of transforming them into debris suitable for the development therefrom of bolshevistic forms of life. Behind the front-lines of the rural foreign dance hall, in the country, and of the picture house in the small town, we find what we might term hotel bar culture. This, originating in two-by-four towns in hotel bar groups of petty professional and banking people, is re-inforced to the rear by its origins in the Rugby Colleges and the Universities. It is essentially a carnal form of culture maintaining still many attributes of its origin in the meat and wine of the pirate ship. That is specially proved by the recent statements of lawyers in Dublin speaking on behalf of their clients, the Hibernian and Gresham Hotels and the Metropole Restaurant, all at the top of the hotel bar system, and all select establishments in which social restraint on the sensuality and gluttony of the other civilization is maintained to some extent by dress suit requirements. "The three parties concerned," said one of these lawyers, "have come to the conclusion that the practice of bringing bottles of liquor to dances is increasing rapidly and is quite impossible to control. The result is that very often members of the public consume undiluted gin and whiskey with obvious lamentable results to public morals. . . . In a room in a city hotel after a dance there were found 76 large and small empty gin and whiskey bottles." "They succeed," stated another lawyer, "in consuming this drink in large quantities just before leaving in their motor cars for home."

The hotel bar culture of the two-by-four towns arrives at its apex in these Dublin establishments and its disintegrating influences among professional, banking, Rugby College, University and related classes are vividly illustrated in these lawyers' statements.

### Betting Shops, Insurance and Banks.

The fronts of the foreign dance halls, pictures and hotel bar culture are re-inforced by the fronts of the small town betting shops, which are rootlets among the people of the financial system that again goes back through the larger betting shop and branch banks to the whole financial system of betting shops, insurance and banks centralized in College Green and Dame Street. The financial power there is immense and hidden. The income of the people of the Free State has been authoritatively estimated at £120,000,000 per annum. Against that money power of the people, the banks alone have assets of over £200,000,000, largely fluid assets that can be readily switched on to support superfluous transport (Ireland) limited factories, related soccer, betting shops, picture houses and dance halls, or otherwise diverted to foreign countries as such assets have been to the extent of about £600,000,000. We think again that the nation should know how money flows from College Green to the afore-mentioned.

### The R.I.C. and British Military Barracks and the Remnants of the Alien Civilization.

Thus we find the R.I.C. and British military barrack system initiated in the existing strong remnants of the alien civilization. The boys of a former generation physically attacked that barrack system, protected their women folk and stopped emigration. They attacked the system first in the country barracks. They found behind these the larger town barrack and the military garrison back to the military strength of the Curragh and of Dublin. They broke up that whole system as recent publications specially show. The organisation of the remaining remnants of the civilization go back in the same way from front line rural foreign dance halls, picture houses and other things to brain centres in Earlsfort Terrace, Dame Street and College Green. It is that centralization of an apparently strong system that constitutes its inherent tractability.

But the form of the attack or rather of the defence may imitate that of 1919; the front of the rural foreign dance halls first as in the case of the ostracised R.I.C. barracks of 1919. At that time Dáil Eireann ostracised the R.I.C. and the army attacked or, perhaps we should say defended. Now ostracisation is all that is necessary; and that ostracisation would, in present circumstances, quickly produce rumblings of reform in Dublin and Belfast.

### The Appointment of Gaelic League Organiser.

As a practical step, the Gaelic League and the Fainne, that have never bent the knee to the foreign dance hall have appointed, in response to young Dublin, as Gaelic League organiser, a young man of exceptional native intellect, a young man who, as a native speaker and as a university man, may suitably combine the native and the alien technique of organisation. May we ask, for the sake of keeping our people in the country, an increased support for the Gaelic

(Continued on page 9.)

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# ATHLETICS IN IRELAND

By "CELT"

## III. TESTIMONY.

If we wish to make a comparative study of the ability of Irish athletes in the jumping arena before the institution of modern standards and facilities we could find interesting evidence in an old English work entitled: "Walker's Manly Exercises." This was edited by an authority of English sports—"Craven"—and ran into several editions in London early in the past century. This work purports to give the high-peak of performance at that period. In the estimation of the writer here would be the "records" for the two events with which he deals:—

High Jump—6 feet; termed "extraordinary."

Long Jump—22 feet; "rarely accomplished."

Now, unless there has been an all Ireland conspiracy to exaggerate jumping feats here, these performances were regularly surpassed at Irish wayside sports and impromptu contests. I doubt if there is a parish in the country where you could not have found among the older generation half a century ago eye witnesses of jumping displays far excelling the maxima of this cross-channel student of athletics in his day. He does not deal with weight-putting, so we must infer there were no such events contested in his sphere of observation.

I must say, however, that I think "Craven's" intimacy with popular athletics was limited to the Southern counties, the Schools and Colleges. In the illustrations the performers are represented wearing top hats and something like Eton suits! I am certain the Midlands and North would have provided a greater variety of events than he records and finer performances.

It is not necessary to take all our own stories for gospel; but, making allowance for inexactitude—conscious or unconscious—we can believe that the standard in jumping was higher than elsewhere. So far as tests with the heavy weights were concerned, if we had not an actual monopoly, we were certainly secure in pre-eminence. Our only likely rivals in this department would have been our Gaelic kindred in the Highlands of Scotland.

We are not confined to native or even friendly testimony as to the athletic capabilities of our people. Alien writers have paid tribute to them. Whoever would care to consult such testimony will find it condensed in a little work which Father Hogan, S.J., published many years ago in Dublin. Even Walker himself appends proof of it in a footnote to his chapter on the long jump:—"I have seen twenty-two feet covered, forwards and backwards, by an Irish tailor." (Ed., 5th edition.)

Munster abounds in stories of great performances in these two branches of athletics—weights and jumps. They will point out in almost every countryside there the broad stream which some local athlete took in a flying leap; or

the fence he cleared with a confidence which was as much a physical triumph as the feat itself; for nerve is at the core of athletic ability.

Long before posts, prepared ground, triggering boards, specialised training and scientifically constructed gear were heard of, Irishmen like Walker's tailor could leap with a grace and power no other race excelled. The unweildy mill-store "half-hundred" weight, the sledge, borrowed from the near-by smith, the rough stone picked up by the roadside were the best missiles available for our weight-throwers. The most exaggerated distances of those days have long been surpassed in modern arenas; but with implements which bear no resemblance in form or utility to those of old. And, withal, Irishmen could still hold their own against the world.

When Tom Davin, youngest of the famous Carrick trio and the first Irishman to essay an English high jump championship, was practising for that event he simply repaired to the Phoenix Park, and his rig-out was two saplings, a string tied to one and hung over a pen-knife stuck in the other. Could anything, barring perhaps the string, be more primitive? Why the Fianna of old had a better device in a spear supported horizontally.

In accounts of Tom Malone's athletic career in Australia, we are told how he jumped a deep stream well over twenty feet in width. How often before must he not have done this in his native Clare? The feat was not really exceptional; as Malone would have been as noteworthy in jumping, had he cared, as he proved in running.

Old men around the Northern shore of Carlingford Lough used recount with pride the upshot of a contest in throwing the sledge which took place near Cloughmore sometime "before the rebellion" (of 1798). It was an international challenge between a local sagart, Father Coleman, and an English military officer, from a neighbouring garrison. Victory went to the Irishman. In acknowledging defeat, the officer is said to have remarked: "You are the best man in Ireland." "Ah, no!" the story goes; Father Coleman replied, "There are lads on the hills who could beat me any day. But I am the best man in England." Perhaps this is the inevitable embroidery of such tales; but it is *ben trovato*. And, surely the scene assigned to the contest was a happy one; for does not the legend run that Fionn MacChumhaill himself threw that *cloch-mhór* across the Lough?

Washington Irving, in his "Life of Goldsmith" tells how, during the poet's wanderings on the Continent, he was one day in the gardens of Versailles. The feasibility of jumping a fish pond there arose. No one would essay the feat until the Irish spirit of Goldsmith was roused. He made the jump; but we are told, fell back for a ducking, which was in keeping with poor Oliver's usual luck. How many times may he not have leaped the mill-stream at Lissoy?

## ACCOMPLISHED FACTS (1885-1922).

We have now reached the point in the review of Irish athletic history when we can deal with performances accomplished under conditions approximating to modern requirements. From 1885 onwards, the strength and possibilities of native athletic resources

were concentrated and for fully twenty years Irish athletic fame was in the ascendant at home and abroad.

The foundation of the Gaelic Athletic Association, upon a democratic basis, with an appeal that carried a stimulus into the remotest corners of the island, marked an epoch in our insular athletic life. Without such a movement our athletic traditions must have faded into the vaguest memories and the national urge towards athletics must have died of atrophy.

The isolated achievements of the Davins, Malone and others who had preserved the virility of native instinct would not have sufficed to sustain our claim in a sphere then rapidly developing the highest feature of national athleticism, without such opportunity and material encouragement as the Gaelic Athletic Association provided legions of native athletes must have remained unknown beyond their mountain slopes and glens. Moreover, there were economic factors at work—the beginning of an agrarian revolution—which might have been highly detrimental to our distinctive athletic culture.

The call sent forth from Thurles in November 1884 met with instantaneous and widespread success. Within a couple of years, track and field athletics became an outstanding feature of our national recreative life. The best traditional achievements were soon surpassed and all our claims to pre-eminence in many branches of athletics were convincingly vindicated.

The Gaelic Athletic Association was followed by the organisation of the Irish Amateur Athletic Association, the founders of which took exception to the policy and personnel of the G.A.A. for reasons which need not be discussed. Its support was almost entirely confined to the Capital and parts of Ulster. During its separate existence of over 35 years it produced many splendid athletes, especially on the track. For some years the two Associations worked with tacit understanding. The rivalry was, in fact, stimulating. This situation ended in 1922, when the National Athletic and Cycling Association was formed by amalgamation to control and foster athletics and cycling through all Ireland.

Prior to the establishment of either Association, records—the criteria of all athletic fame—were largely matters of claim and conjecture. Some were accredited which were more than doubtful. On the other hand, some of the greatest athletes of that period were deprived of the honour of setting new headlines owing to the laxity of sports-management. Such as they were, however, they have mostly been since eclipsed and need not enter into this recital.

We should not ignore those pioneers altogether, else we shall forget men who, under adverse circumstances, raised standards for the emulation of succeeding generations. The story of athletics in every country is simply the record of how the highest achievements of one generation became the zero point for the next. This universal stimulus is a vital factor in athletic progress and no artificial incentive can replace it.

This period presents a host of men rightly claiming recognition as exemplars of athletic prowess and contributors to Irish renown. The most cursory glance through the returns of championship winners impresses one with the im-

possibility of doing justice to all without plunging into a mass of minute timings and measurements. Even then, the resources and status of native athleticism could not be fully revealed; for there were men who figured only infrequently in the championships and yet left enduring marks on native and wider athletic records.

These were the men who had drawn their powers from Irish soil to adorn the arenas of other lands. You will find noteworthy traces of the fleetness of George Tinsler amongst Irish championship honours or of Pat Ryan's hammer-throwing feats here. Yet these two in different *metiers* vindicated Irish athletic claims to the highest distinctions.

It would, therefore, be impracticable to mention all who rose to eminence since the establishment of organised competition, without suspicion of personal discrimination, and, worse still, omit men whose merits lacked nothing save an official accolade. The present, living generation of noteworthy Irish exponents do not come under review at all. Their worth and influence will be assessed by the writer of some future complete history of Irish athletics. Besides, life is too precious to risk selection amongst active athletes.

## HISTORY.

We know enough to appreciate the reality of Athleticism in this country from pre-historic times; but the story and the lesson, which all Irishmen should esteem, has not been studied as it should.

Now that development of athletic resources has become a world movement, we must neglect nothing that can exalt our prestige and further our athletic ambitions. There have been centuries when the communal life and natural pursuits of our people were rudely interrupted; but we can pick up the threads of our insular existence if we are in earnest. We have the tradition, the material and the natural gift of athletics. It will be a disaster and a crime if they are allowed to perish in this generation or the next.

We should see that merits linked with our athletic tradition are proclaimed and sustained. We want new generations to know what their fathers have done and, ergo, what they also can essay and accomplish.

It is, I think, a grave injustice to Irish Athletic renown that no work dealing fully and intelligently with the subject has ever been published. Other countries, without an atom of our tradition or a tithe of our prestige, have not been so remiss. There have been contributions go leor to Irish papers and periodicals concerning contemporary athletics; but they have been invariably written for a splendid purpose and more laudatory than discriminating. Comparative treatment has been rarely attempted. The philosophy of the athletic instinct has been ignored.

(Continued on page 5.)

## An Saebéal éú?

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ANOTHER year opens up before us and urges us to renewed resolves to live our lives more in consonance with our ideals than we have been doing up to this.

It is not by saying things that we can make them better. We must have action or not progress at all. Inaction means that we lose ground. Let "deeds not words" be our motto for 1937.

Looking over some files of Irish-Ireland papers of 1907 recently, I was forced to the conclusion that in those days the principles of liberty, the tenets of nationalism, the Gaelic ideals and ideas were all more conclusively advocated and championed than they are to-day.

THINK of all that has happened in those thirty years to Ireland—of the planning, the deeds, the dreams, the hopes, the sacrifices of the men who served the nation and measure their achievements against the cost—and then think on the work and sacrifice which we must make if we are to complete the unfinished task.

It is not by talk that we will do it. We have nothing new to add to the words that were written and spoken years ago

—and written and spoken better than we can hope to write and speak them.

But the unfinished task of making Ireland free and Gaelic is our responsibility. We will shoulder it if we be true to traditions of our race. We will shirk it if we think more on self-advancement and self-seeking.

DO not wait for your fellows to begin, but make a start now. One earnest worker in each area can inspire others. Try organising a ceilidhe and then attempt staging a play.

Now is the time to make preparations for an Irish-Ireland concert on St. Patrick's Night. Do not let the shoneens get away with their imitation stuff for ever!

If the national spirit in your district is not as strong as you'd wish, organise activities to put new life into the people.

REVIVE the old, virile, national ballads. Get the young lads to sing them. They hear so much of the nauseating crooning that it is no wonder they

begin to lose their manliness. A good rousing ballad should stir their blood.

Many of the devotees of the jazz cult are beyond curing. Treat them with pitying contempt.

But there are many who are influenced by their environment, who take their pleasure in music, song and dance as do their companions. These will enjoy our national music and songs and dances, too, if only they can do so in a natural manner by having them part of their daily lives.

THAT is the task before us—to make our own music and songs and dances so much a part in the general life of the people that the foreign importations will then be readily recognised for what they really are.

It is not the time for exclusive ceilidhe cults no more than for exclusive jazz cults.

And, by the way, talking about jazz—what would you think of the young camogie player who was bribed into going to the D.C.H. dance by the gift of a free pantomime ticket!

WHAT does the Sport's Editor of the *Irish Press* ("J.N.S.") mean by writing that the "god of Irish freedom" was dishonoured by the efforts to root foreign games out of the schools in Galway?

Do we require an Englishman like "J.N.S." to tell us what freedom means, and to dictate to us what English games we should play?

Is it any wonder that Gaels are refusing to read the sporting pages of the *Irish Press*, when the English sport's editor is allowed to publish such trash?

AND while he gives us little or no news about G.A.A. conventions now being held throughout the country—important events as they are—he can give banner headlines to the cricket match in Australia, which item holds interest only for those who love these Empire-linking spectacles.

Congratulations to the Tyrone G.A.A. on their fight against the Empire's minions, and I hope their ceilidhe will be a record success.

## An Fíle go Teann

fionán ceann do scríob.

Ná scannruigtear tú, a léig-teoir. Níl mé cun cursios a déanam ar áineacht agus ar uaisleacht na filiocta, mar níl mé inoán cuige. Bíos im' filistín ariam i gcúrsaí éigse, in amhóein gac díceall dár deimeas le m'aigne agus mo meabair d'oilúint cun máigistreacha do deunam uirtí.

An t-ollam re Gaedilge a bí againn i gcóirle a múscail an tsuim 'sa bhfilioct ionnam-sa. Do corruigeaó sé an croíde ionnam leis an cursios a deimeaó sé ar iongantaisí na filiocta agus deir-eaó na mic-léigim eile go scríobaó sé féin dánta. Veró cuime go brát agam ar an gcaoi d'áiriseaó sé "Gile na Gile" dúinn. Do tagaó loimnir in a súilb, do síneaó sé amac a dá láim agus do samluigti dó go bpeiceaó sé 'gile na gile' annsan roimhe ar an úrlár. Do téig-eaó sé go mór cois éroirde liom-sa ná fáoíann a feicsint ann aó pócá fáda casta a beaó orm a foglum.

Do léigear mórán de saotar na bhfilí fádaínt an gcuirpeaó sé don spreagaó ionnam, agus 'sa veire, tíar, tar éis mór-cúro d'áiriseaó do caiteam leis, d'éirig liom an dón beag so do ceapaó :

"Tá cat beag bán 'sa baile againne  
Bíonn sé 'na luige ós cómair na teine  
Ólann sé bainne agus iteann sé peoil  
Nuair cimilim a cluasa deimeann sé ceól."

Do measas ná raib sé sin go h-olc mar tosnú, agus síúo liom láitreach go dtí an t-ollam leis cun a freit-eamantas d'fágail air.

Do léig sé é. D'aitléig sé é. D'féac sé ar cúl an páipéir. Ann-san d'féac sé orm-sa.

"Bfuil tuille mar seo agat?" ar seisean.

"Níl," arsa mise, "aó —."

"Duirdeas le Dia," ar seisean, de glór las, agus leig sé osna beag.

Do tuit mo croíde ionnam.

"An amlaó ná fuil sé go maí?" ar seisean.

"Gáit im' glór agus mé gá ráó."

"A mic ó," aóir sé, "tá oiread de d'úcas na filiocta ionnat-sa agus atá i dturraip seirgce."

"Céaó is filioct ann, mar sin?" arsa mise.

"Ceist gur furust a cur, a's gur deacair a réirdeac," ar seisean ag iompóó ar a sáil.

In a amhóein san is uile níor tréigear an filioct agus nuair a fuairas post i mbaile áta Cliaó, a fás pingní beaga le caiteam agam, bínn i gcóimuirde ag ceannaó leabara filiocta agus gá léigear, aó níor deim mé a tuille iarraóta é do cumadó.

Oróce amháin i ndeire mí lughasa bí mé im' surde 'sa cataoir buig ós cómair na teine, mo dá cois anáirde ar an mantal agus mé ag léigear dánta fé'n ré ag lonnraó ar srután sléibe, crainn ag luascaó 'sa ngeaó agus mar sin 'de, nuair a táinig an taom filiocta orm a deim mé suataó agus mé corruige.

Measaim fós go n-imdeacaó sé gan don díogháil a déanam dóm dá leigfí dom, aó cuir an cinneam-maint a laoar isteaó 'sa scéal. Táinig Baitintín Mac Seilicín isteaó.

Fíle ab eaó Baitintín. D'ait-neopá láitreacha gur' eaó. Ní lomadó sé a cúro guraige ar cor ar bit agus do caiteaó sé meigeall beag ar a smig. Leigear sé dom-sa díot do ceannaó do agus é tabairt cun dinnéir liom anois agus arís, agus do bínn-se cóim mórdaóac asam féin dá bárr, le maora dá ruball.

Buail sé isteaó cuşam, fé mar d'ubras.

"A gíolla an tsóig," ar seisean, "ní cóir duit beir sínte faon. Tá an ré ag gluaiseaó go réimneac, uairbreac, tréas na spéirte uac-taraó i meas na réalte. Tar im' coimneac go bpeirpeam d'aimair-eaó, áineac 's aóibneas d'úilraó 'de."

Táinig sórt meabráin im' ceann agus tosaig mé ag snagarsaig.

"C-c-c-cá raóair? Ba díceall dom é ráó."

"Go Coill Cliaóin," ar seisean.

"Caipmíó an oirde i lúb na coille craobaige sínte go suaimneac fé foscáó na gcrann gumaíra, agus tioc-paró smaointe uaisle cušáin roim fáinne geat an lae.

Bí an filioct ag borraó ionnam go fóit agus do réirdeigear mé féin cun bócair gan a tuille moile. Rugas brat taistil liom fé'm ascal mar bí baramail agam go mbeaó sé fuar 'sa coill. Ba tarcuisneac a féac Baitintín orm nuair a molas do brat eile a bí agam do breit leis.

"Nac bog é do cheas," ar seisean

"a péata an tséim. An measann tú mise cóim meata leat féin?"

Dob' áro é mo meannma agus sinn ag tosnú aó bíos breán go leór díom féin nuair fí an cúig míle go Coill Cliaóin siubalta agam. Mar bárr ar an ntonas bí ceann de mo bróga ag luige orm agus is deacair do dume beir fáleaóta agus fáo-arcán dá ciapaó. Cúin na fírimne do ráó bí áitmeál orm ná fánas 'sa baile dom féin, aó ní leigpeaó an náire d'om é aóimáil.

Bí sé cóim d'ub le pic istig 'sa coill. Bí Baitintín beagán cun tosaig orm agus é ag cannt go deas, líomta, fáleaóta ar uaisneas na coille agus ciúneas na cruinne. Buailas-sa mo srón ar crann agus cuireas srut cannte díom ná raib deas ná fáleaóta aó a bí líomta go leór. Ní rabas iméigte deic slat 'na díaró sin nuair do buailas mo cos ar préim móir crainn agus tuiteas ceann ar aóair isteaó i ndos mór orisleóis. Ba dóbair go stracpaí na láma agus an aóair díom sar ar éirig liom mé féin d'fuaascailt. D'ubras a lán de'n cannt a deim mé ceana agus cúpla rudá eile a táinig cun cuimne dom ó sóin. Do cuir Baitintín suas de'n filioct agus sílim gur cuir sé a méireanna in a cluasaib. . . .

Ní fáca riam áit ba d'orcaige ná ba orisleóis ná an coill úd. Bí cosa an briste agus na loirgne taob istig díob stracaite, stríocaite díom sar a raib fíde slat curta díom agam.

Táir na filí ar fábas cun dearsaí do ceapaó fé d'raoideac agus d'aimaireac na gcoill agus fé'n gcuma a d'érigear sé i bpeiróm ar aigne an dume, aó dá gcaipríois leat-oiread d'útracá le cursios a déanam ar an gcuma a d'érigear orisleóga na gcoill i bpeiróm ar corp an dume ba móirpe an cairbe a déanfáirís do'n pobal Gaedelaó.

Nuair tángas suas le Baitintín d'innseas do a bpríotál lom, púsac, an t'úairim a bí agam air féin agus ar filí i gcoitcime agus d'ubras leis go bpeaópaó sé a cúro fáileaóta do ceapaó 'na donar mar go raib an dub-díabal orm má bíos cun corruige as an áit 'na raib mé. Deimeas aóart dem' cóta, d'filleas mo brat taistil árt timceall orm agus sócrúigear mé féin cun co-lata fé crann móir gumnaise.

Níor b'páda dom im' coola nuair do d'úisigear. Bí mo brat agus mo cóta ar iarraó agus díos ag crit leis an bpuac. Bí roinnt snácaí gumaíse a fuair síge isteaó roir mé féin is mo léine im' ceatgaó

agus im' sígile i gcaoi is go raib mé go h-ainmíis, cráirde in aigne agus i gcuirp. Cuailas an srannacáac gairíom dom agus cuailas ar leamcán timceall. Tángas ar Baitintín. In áit beir ag cumadó fáileaóta bí m'fíle breag sínte ar fáleas a d'roma, mo brat casta timceall air agus mo cóta fé'n a ceann, a beal ar dían. Leatáó agus gac srann as a d'úis-eócaó na maíró.

Tógas seilb ar mo cúro féin arís gan é d'úiseaó. Do cuaróisgear árt timceall go b'puaireas paiste, bog, plúac 'sa talam. Tógas fós breag bog im láim agus d'filleas ar Baitintín Mac Seilicín. Do ropas an fós 'san isteaó in a beal agus leat-síge siar in a scórnaó. Ann-san sar a raib 'fíois aige i gceart cá raib sé do cuireas bárr mo bróige go h-ealaóanta, fórsaíam 'san cúro sin dá corp ba oireamnaige cuige. Do gortúigear méar móir mo coise aó bí mé socair, sásta ag fágaínt na coille sin.

Bí mo brat ag potuamain im' timceall agus mé ag siubal tré sráirdeanna áta Cliaó aó ní raib aóimne le mé feicsint agus nuair troiseas an tsráir 'na rabas ag cur fúm tosnúigear ag canaó go h-áro-gloraó, mí-ceolmar le teann riméir. Táinig gáda amac ó d'oras tíge mar a raib sé ag seasam agus stadaó go hobann. Dírig sé a lampa ar m'ágar agus cuimnigear go raib sé smearta le fuil ón am do tuit mé isteaó ins na d'ruisleóga. Táinig an brat agus an briste stracaite fé'n solas.

Deim an gáda gáire beag, searb-asac.

"Is póca, a mic ó," ar seisean, "go mbeir tú a ráó liom gur Red Indian tú."

Tosnúigear ar an scéal do míniú dó. Níó nárb' iongnaó níor creir sé mé. Pleróce a creirpeaó.

"Tá tú ar meisce, a mic," ar seisean. "Tar uait liom anois, tá leabair beag, deas, ullam ió' cóir tíos 'sa b'ridewell."

An trácnóna 'na díaró sin bí teine breag im' seomra agam. Bí mé ag dágaó a raib de leabara fáileaóta agam. Bí leabar mór go dtugas seac is raol air im' láim agam nuair d'osclaó an d'oras agus cuir Baitintín Mac Seilicín a ceann isteaó. D'aimsig mé díreac roir an dá súil é, agus ba díne liom ná méara ar céadaib ceóil an tormaí agus an húlambóc a táinig anois cuşam ó bun an stáigre. Dúnas an d'oras agus cuireas cúpla leabar eile ar an d'oine.



# Íora, Muire agus Íosep

## Lá an Dreoilín.

IS gnáthac go mbítear ag fiaclaí dreoilíní lá noolas, agus mo trua ag an dreoilín bocht mar ní bíonn trua ná taise dó. Deirtear gurab é do scéir ar Naomh Stíofán bocht ar a teicead ós na saighiúirí. Tárla gur cuair sé isteach pé cupla tor cún na saighiúirí a scaoilead tairis, aet cé bí san tor aet an dreoilín. Seo leis an dreoilín ag léimriú agus ag screadais timcheall an toir. Nuair a connaic na saighiúirí an dreoilín isteach leo agus beiread ar Naomh Stíofán fén d'or agus cuiread cún báis é san trua ag taise. Tá brí sin, bíonn an tóir san mullac ar an dreoilín gac don lá Dreoilín ó soim, agus deirtear go bpanann sé istig i bpoll élaide i rit an lae sin go léir agus i rit na seachtaine roim ré.

Liam Ágas,  
Baile an Firtéarnag.

\* \* \*

## scéal an fígeadóir.

FADÓ riam nuair a bí an Maighean Muire agus an leand fosa ag teicead ón Rígh Heoróir do tárla go mbeadh an isteach i mboitán beag roim tuitim na hoirde uair. Tis fígeadóir a bí ann agus ní raib doinne istig aet an fígeadóir agus a bean. Bíodar ana-bocht agus tugad pé greim beag aráin a bí istig aca dos na stróinséirí agus lóistín na hoirde com mait. Ní raib don teine aca agus briseadur blúire den tseol cún teine a déanam. Ar maidin nuair d'éirig an fígeadóir fuair sé amac go raib an seol deisite airis roimis, agus go raib oiread plainín réir agus a déanad iad ar pead i bpa. Bí arán go leor aca, leis, agus flúirse bainne agus gac ruo eile ann. Bí na stróinséirí bailite leo agus ní raib a fíos ag an fígeadóir céir iad go dtí i bpa in a d'iair san.

Seán S. Ó Concubair,  
Cill mic an Domnaig,  
Ciarráige.

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BÍ fear ann uair amáin agus d'fan sé in a suide go bpeicead sé an fíor go ndéintear fíon den uisce Oirde Nollag beag. Anonn i dtráta an meadon-oirde brait sé an fíon ag éirge dearg, agus ní luaithe a connaic sé seo ná blais sé é, aet ní luaithe a bí sé in a béal aige ná rinnead saile de in a béal, agus ón oirde sin amac bí blas guirte an tsáile in a béal, ba cuma cad é a déanad sé. Deirtear, tá brí sin, na ceart d'aon uine a beir ar a cois an oirde sin go mall, mar go dtiocfad mí-áit éigin anuas air.

Peadar Ó Lámna,  
An Carrac, Tír Conaill,

\* \* \*

## fíon den uisce.

DEIRTEAR go ndéantar fíon den uisce san tobar oirde Nollag beag. Bí fear ann, uair, agus bí sé in amras in a taob seo. Dubairt sé an céad oirde Nollag beag eile a dtiocfad go mbead fíos aige-sean cia'cu a déantaí fíon den uisce nó ná ndéantaí. Bí go mait agus ní raib go holt, táinig Oirde Nollag beag. Cuair an fear seo agus suir sé ar leac an tobair agus d'fan ann. Ar an dó déag a élog tionntuis an t-uisce in a fíon, aet má tionntuis féin, ní fuair an coiméad-arde faill é peicead mar táinig Peadar na Sealaige agus d'arduis leis in áirde san spéir é. Ní feaca éinne beo ón lá sin go dtí an lá inniu é.

Seamus Ó Brianna,  
Fort a' Coirce.

\* \* \*

## scéal na trionóide.

UAIR amáin tá raib Naomh Íosep agus an Maighean Muire agus an leand fosa ag siubail le céile ag lorg déirce isead tuit so amac.

Sa gluaisead dóib casad ar tis feirmeora iad—fear saibhir go raib dáréas mac aige. Nuair a táinig an triúr faoi leis an nooras d'iarr an Maighean deoc bainne in ainm an Tighearna. Bean an feirmeora a bí istig, agus d'eitig sí go láidir i, cé go raib ba ar léana aici agus go leor bainne.

D'imtighadur leo arís agus casad ar tis baintridige iad ná raib san tsaogal aici aet dó amáin, agus bí sí féin agus dáréas mac ag brait ar bainne na bó san. Cuir Muire a ceann isteach san tis beag agus d'iarr deoc bainne in ainm an Tighearna, agus fuair sí a raib ag teastail uaithe agus beannaet a croide in éinfead leis.

D'imtigh Íosep agus an Maighean agus fosa leo annsan, agus nuair a bíodar tamall ón nooras, so stad Muire agus labair sí le Íosep agus arsa sise: "An bpeiceam tú an baintrideac bocht san agus an dáréas mac atá aici? Duil, beró gac uine aca san imtite go Ríog-

aet na bplacas sara ngeobair sí féin bás. Maidir leis an bpeirmeoir saibhir agus a bean, is fada a beir ag tabairt an féir sara ngeobair don mac leo bás." "Agus cad na taob san?" arsa Íosep. "Ná ceapad uine gur d'fearr an dáréas mac a beir in a mbeadur i noirde na baintridige? Brisfid an t-uaigneas a croide." "Brisfid," arsa Muire, "aet ní beró don brisead croide uirtí nuair a beró sí ag dul go flaitis Dé, mar beró curdeacta a clainne aici agus soillse ar lasad aca cún go bpeicead sí an bótar. Ní mar sin don mnaoi eile—do bean an feirmeora saibhir; caifid sí beir ag treabad léi sa d'orcadas in a haonar."

Sin mar a bí. Caillead uine ar uine clann na baintridige, agus bí an uine deireanac aca ag fagail báis ar an gcrois leis an slánuitheoir féin. An peacac a dein airtige. Caillead i féin in a noirde agus a croide briste ag an uaigneas, aet is dóca gur cuair sí suas díreac.

Éamonn Mac Gearailt,  
Baile na nGall, Ciarráige.

\* \* \*

## an dara-daol agus an duibán alla.

DO bí Muire agus an leand fosa agus Naomh Íosep ag teicead ó Heoróir. Faib Heoróir agus a cuir saighiúirí amac, agus ar an slige dóib do buail Dara-daol leo agus d'fíafriughadur de an bpeicair sé doinne ag fagail an bótar. Dubairt an Dara-daol gur ó clainn beag a faib beir go raib asal aca agus páiste beag an bótar. Bí a fíos ag Heoróir gurab iad súr a bí ann.

Nuair a bí tamall mait slige curca ag Naomh Íosep agus an Maighean Muire agus ag fosa dóib, connaiceadur boitán beag ar taob an bótar. Bí cuma ar an mbóitán ná raib doinne ann le tamall fada. Bí sé clúitite le neadaca duibán alla agus ní raib fuaim le cloisint istig ann. Ceap Naomh Íosep gur mait an áit é cún dul i bpolac. Do cuadar isteach san bóitán. Do faib Heoróir agus a saighiúirí an treo. Do connaiceadur an bóitán seo. Cuadar suas go dtí an nooras. Bí an nooras agus na fallai go léir clúitite le neadaca duibán alla agus an áit com ciúin leis an uais. "Sead," ar siad, "ní dóca gur fiú an áit seo a cuardac. Ní annso a bead doinne." agus d'imtighadur leo.

Ó soim i leit deirtear na ceart an duibán alla do mairb, mar go bfuil sé beannuite; agus deirtear doinne a mairbócad an dara-daol len a órdóis go ndéanad sé fuascailt ar na hanamaca i bpuir-sadóiread.

Seán P. Ó Concubair,  
Baile na nGall, Ciarráige.

## beannaet an leimb.

FADÓ riam do mair fígeadóir in áit éigin san Éigipt agus bí sé ana-bocht. Bíod sé ag obair ó maidin go hoirde agus ó luan go Sataramn. Ní raib sé cinnte riam an mbead béile bí aige i gcomhair na marone.

Lá bí sé ag obair agus an léime ceangailte dá drom le hallus. Brait sé uine éigin ag an nooras. Bean a bí ann agus leand ar a drom aici. "Baile ó Dia annso," ar sise. "An baile céadna ort-sa," arsan fígeadóir. Tosnuighadur ar cainnt agus dubairt an bean gur teastuis lóistín na hoirde uaithe féin agus óna fear agus óna leand. Cé go raib an fígeadóir bocht bí croide bog aige agus tug sé beir istig dóib agus fáilne. "Aet," ar seisean, "níl ruaine bí san tis agam, ná nil leabad le sinead énn." "Ná bac san," arsan bean; déan-faib an cúnne an gnó."

\* \* \*

## an daol.

BÍ fosa am amáin ar a teacnad agus bí na saighiúirí a cuardac. Bí sé i gcuardcas agus éit sé é féin ar a béal agus ar a sróin i gcuibhinn coirce. Ins an am sin bí cainnt ag na hainmhirde agus ag na héanlaite. Casad crocac ar na saighiúirí ar dtús, agus d'fíaf-ruis siad de cá fad ó soim ó cuair ar dTighearna an bealac sin.

D'fíafair an crocac agus dubairt "Trí ráite móra agus lá." Siubail na saighiúirí leo agus ba daol an dara ruo a casad ortca. D'fíaf-ruis siad de san cá huair a cuair ar dTighearna tairt. Dubairt seisean gur imtigh sé tairt leis cupla uair ó soim. Píll na saighiúirí annsin agus gab siad ar dTighearna. Ón lá sin amac éail na hainmhirde agus an éanlaite a gcuir cainnte. Ó sin amac tá fuac ag gac uine don daol, agus is mí-ádmáil an ruo le castail ort ar toiseac turais é.

Peadar Ó Fíghil,  
Ceann Droma, Leitheadar.

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## The Real Cause of Emigration—(Continued from page 6.)

League and Fainne. May we ask, for the same reason, for an increasing co-operation of G.A.A., Gaelic League, Camogie and Fainne. May we point out to them their immense strength for their country's good of over 3,000 clubs, branches and gasrai. May we suggest for consideration to all members of Gaelic Ireland organisations that they and their organisations should operate against rural foreign dance halls and positions on their rere in the sequence in which their pre-

decessors operated against R.I.C. barracks and the positions in their rere, back to the Custom House. Now is the time to plan and carry into effect our counter-attack on the opposing civilization. Let the Gaelic League appointment of an organiser, reminiscent as it is of the great days of preparation for 1916, be at once a portent and an incentive. Let us mark the New Year of 1937 a period of new activities and earnest preparations for the time when the Gael will again come into his own.



# ÁR STÁISIÚN FÓIRLEATA

Mr. DARMODY—When is a hat not a hat?

LARRY—When it becomes a nice young lady. That's a old joke, but the girls at the coursing match were no joke!

Mrs. DARMODY—What do you mean, Larry.

LARRY—All feathers on their heads—like the Red Indians! Feathers at all angles, right, acute and obtuse, as the master used to say!

MICHEAL—It was a great coursing. There was a dog there as good as Master McGrath any day.

LARRY—Give us that song, Micheal. It's a long time since we had it here.

MICHEAL (sings):

MASTER MCGRATH.

(Lord Lurgan's great greyhound, which won the Waterloo Cup in 1868, 1869, and again in 1871.)

Eighteen-sixty-eight being the date of the year,

Those Waterloo sportsmen did grandly appear,

To gain the great prizes and bear them awa'—

Never counting on Ireland and Master McGrath.

On the 12th of December, that day of renown,

McGrath and his trainer they left Lurgan town;

John Walsh was the trainer, and soon they got o'er,

For the very next day they touched great England's shore.

And when they arrived there in big London town,

Those great English sportsmen they all gathered roun'—

And one of those gentlemen gave a "Ha! ha!"

With, "Is that the great dog you call Master McGrath?"

And one of those gentlemen standing around

Says: "I don't care a damn for your Irish greyhound";

And another he laughs with a great "Ha! ha! ha!"

We'll soon humble the pride of your Master McGrath."

Then Lord Lurgan steps forward and says, "Gentlemen,

Is there any among ye has money to spen'—

For ye nobles of England I don't give a straw—

Here's five thousand to one on my Master McGrath."

And Rose stood uncovered, the great English pride,

Her master and keeper all close by her side;

They have let her away and the crowd cried "Hurrah!"

For the pride of all England—and Master McGrath.

McGrath he looked up and he wagged his ould tail,

And he winked at his lordship to know he'd not fail.

Then he jumped on the hare's back and held up hi paw—

Give three cheers for ould Ireland and Master McGrath.

Mrs. DARMODY—While you were all out to-day, I came across an old "Odds and Ends" song book, and I want you to sing some of them to-night.

EAMON—Here's an old favourite, "Kate Muldoon." I'll sing it if you all promise to chorus it.

VOICES—Yes! Yes! Go ahead!

EAMON (sings).

THE OLD BOREEN (OR KATE MULDOON).

It was on a summer's evening in the merry month of May,

I was coming from the fair of Cappamore;

I was driving home a purty pair of heifers by the way,

When by chance I stood outside a cottage door.

I just dropped in to light my pipe as any lad might do,

When going to, or coming from a fair,

When I spied a pretty colleen with two eyes of melting blue,

Faith 'twas really then my heart felt very queer!

Chorus.

I love to ramble down the old boreen

When the hawthorn and blossoms are in bloom,

And sit by the gate, on the old mossy seat,

A whispering to Kate Muldoon.

I was coming from my farm, down a neighbouring boreen,

When I met sweet Kitty tripping like a fawn;

She gave me such a smile that I felt like in a dream,

And I never slept a wink that night till morn,

But the next time that I met her, sure I told her of my love—

She blushed and nearly let her basket fall;

Then she said: "Go on, you schemer," with a gentle little shove,

And added, "Ask my father," that was all.

Chorus.

I was threshing in the barn, when her father came one day,

And said, "Patsy Murphy, what is this I heard?"

I've been speaking to my daughter—well, now what have you to say?"

Wisha, faith I couldn't say a single word!

Then he took me by the hand, and said, "Patrick, me son,

I'd be glad to see you settled well in life,

And since you love my daughter, and her heart you fairly won,

At Shrovetide you can make the girl your wife."

Chorus.

Mrs. DARMODY—There's another one there with a chorus—"Phil the Fluter," which I didn't hear this long time.

Mrs. DARMODY—Percy French's songs bring back old times; they are a change for us, to-night. Who'll sing it?

MAIRE—I will, and you can join in "With the toot"—(sings):

PHIL THE FLUTER'S BALL.

Have you heard of Phil the Fluter, of the town of Ballymuck?

The times were going hard with him, in fact the man was bruk';

So he just sent out a notice to his neighbours, one and all,

As how he'd like their company that evening at a ball.

And when writin' out he was careful to suggest to them,

That if they found a hat of his convey-niant to the dure,

The more they put in, whenever he re-requested them,

"The better would the music be for bat-therin' the flure."

Chorus.

With the toot of the flute,  
And the twiddle of the fiddle, O;  
Hopping in the middle, like a herrin' on a griddle, O.

Up! down! hands aroun'!

Crossing to the wall.

Oh, hadn't we the gaiety at Phil the Fluter's Ball.

There was Mither Denis Dogherty, who kep. the runnin' dog;

There was little crooked Paddy, from the Tiraloughett bog;

There were boys from ev'ry barony and girls from ev'ry "art";

And the beautiful Miss Bradys in a private ass an' cart.

And along with them came bouncing Mrs. Cafferty,

Little Micky Mulligan was also to the fore;

Rose, Suzanne, and Margaret O'Rafferty, The flower of Adrumgullion and the pride of Petravore.

Chorus.

First, little Micky Mulligan got up to show them how,

And then the Widda' Cafferty steps out and makes her bow:

"I could dance you off your legs," sez she, "as sure as you are born,

If ye'll only make the piper play 'The hare was in the corn,'"

So, Phil plays up to the best of his ability, The lady and the gentleman begin to do their share:

"Faith, then, Mick, it's you that has agility!"

"Begorra, Mrs. Cafferty, ye'r leppin' like a hare!"

Chorus.

Then Phil the Fluter tipped a wink to little crooked Pat:

"I think it's nearly time," sez he, "for passin' round the hat."

So Paddy pass'd the caubeen round, and looking mighty cute,

Sez, "Ye've got to pay the piper when he toothers on the flute."

Then all joined in with the greatest jovi-ality,

Covering the buckle, and the shovel, and the cut;

Jigs were danced, of the very finest quality,

But the widda' bet the company at "handling the fut."

Chorus.

Mrs. DARMODY—I wonder have the younger generation as good a time as we had!

When we used to clear the barn and the kitchen and dance and sing every night during the Christmas?

PEG—Why do you say "during the Christmas?"

Mrs. DARMODY—Sure the Epiphany is called "Little Christmas," and we used to keep the octave going.

Mr. DARMODY—Yes, indeed, we did—and in good wholesome fashion, too, when all the neighbours would gather together and the old people would have their share of enjoyment of the music and songs, even though they couldn't join in the dancing.

It makes me said to think of the commercialised jazz hall now in every country district and hardly any home life at all.

LARRY—All will yet be well when the people will get tired of the hectic way of seeking pleasure.

MICHEAL—Good man, Larry, and after that we will ask Mr. Darmody to sing us his old favourite—"The Stone Outside Dan Murphy's Door."

LARRY—True for you! He's in the right mood for it now. Come on yourself, Mr. Darmody, and we'll chorus it as well as if 'twas sitting on the old stone itself, we were.

Mr. DARMODY—As Matt the Thrasher used to say, "God be wid oul' times!" And I'll give you the song, as it is better than a sermon. (Sings):

THE STONE OUTSIDE DAN MURPHY'S DOOR.

There's a sweet garden spot in my memory

It's the place I was born in and reared;

It's long years ago since I left it,

But return there I will if I'm spared.

My friends and companions of childhood

Assembled each night by the score,

Round Dan Murphy's shop for hours we have sat

On the stone outside Dan Murphy's door.

Chorus.

Those days in my heart I shall cherish,  
Contented although we were poor;  
And the songs that we sung in the days we were young

On the stone outside Dan Murphy's door.

When our day's work was done we would meet there,

Summer and winter the same,  
And the boys and the girls altogether

Would join in some innocent game.  
Dan Murphy would bring down his fiddle,

While his daughter looked after the store;

And the music would ring, sweet songs we would sing

On the stone outside Dan Murphy's door.

Back again my heart oft-times wanders  
To the scenes of my childhood at home,

And friends and companions I left there,  
'Twas poverty forced me to roam.

Since then in this life I have prospered,  
But oft in my heart I feel sore,

As memory doth fly to the days that are by,

And the stone outside Dan Murphy's door.

## LITIR

A CAISARÉOR, A CARA,

Cuireadh i gcumhne dom, agus mé  
as leigheam scéim nua an Saebéil,  
sur "Domhan beas innici féin" a  
tug an Céiteannaic ar Éirinn, ar an  
scuma céanna, Domhan beas ann  
féin isead an Saothal Saebéalac  
atá as pás i láthair na h-uaire taob  
istis o'Éirinn. Agus 'sé atá de  
cuspóir againn 'nā sae uile ball  
de'n t-saothal san a láthair agus  
sae uile gniom de a méadó.

Cuise sin is iomda cuiriú is féidir  
leis an Saebéal a tabairt; agus,  
san iarraic nua so, tugtar deis do  
na Saebéalgoiri le smaointí Saeb-  
ealaca na tíre a gniósad, deis leis  
an eolúioic agus an ealaída a  
táinig cuíam ó n-ár sinnsear a  
saothrú agus a leatnú arís agus a  
cur i ngníom mar a cuireadh i  
n-állo id.

Féictear, i láthair na h-uaire, go  
bhuil daoine as smaointeam ar pás  
eolúioic agus ealaídan, taob istis  
de'n t-saothal Saebéalac. Féic-  
tear go minic s' an Saebéal é  
féictear i n-aiteaca eile leis é.  
le tinn na míosa a sae tarrainn,  
bain an t-Ollam Liam Ua Duacalla  
féiróm as eolúioic féilleagair le  
minú cionnas a féadóir an Saeb-  
ealac pás as an préamaca. Bain  
an t-Ollam Seán Píogóir féiróm as  
eolúioic aigne le comact teagaisc  
tré Saebéil a déanam níos soiléire.

I gcúrsaí ealaídan, labair Ain-  
rías Ó Muimneacán ar ceol ar  
tíre agus ar na scotha atá as taob  
aníos uair. Labair Seán Céitinn ar  
ealaídan vacadóireacta. Labair  
Pádraig Ó Coctáin leis ar ealaídan  
na bpictiúirí reata 7 taisbeáin sé  
obair nua ionnta as Clann na  
h-Éireann.

Is tabaicta an pás so, pás ar  
sibialtaicta go bfuilimid cinnce a  
tioceair cun cinn agus, taob istis  
de, maireir na Saebéil saogal níos  
aoirde 'na mar a maireadar ariam  
roime seo.

Rud amáin ba maic le cur againn  
aireactaí as taob cuíam, 'sé sin  
pás ealaídan a na rinncí. Deim ar  
sinnsear an ealaída san a cur cun  
cinn go hionfánta, idir rinncí  
donar agus rinncí fuireannaíca.  
Ba maic tinn go mbead daoine, ar  
nós éamúinn Uí Saileobair i gcú-  
rsaí ceoil, daoine a déanad rinncí ar  
sinnir a cur as pás arís, as pás le  
héire ós na haoise seo a cur as  
maireactaínt, uaireanta, taob  
istis de stair agus corruicte na  
hamsire seo, stair agus corruicte  
imúscailte dóib tré féiróm ealaída  
na rinncí agus ealaída an ceoil—  
na h-ealaída is mó a cuiriú le sib-  
ialtaict na h-Saebéal a coimead beo.

Is mise,

le meas,

leigheoir.

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# SOME SONGS of "SLIABH RUADH"

PART II (continued).

BEFORE proceeding with section III of my songs, I desire to state that whilst on a visit to my old home, two years ago, I happened on a box of "rubbish" and literary remains, wherein I found many of my old time effusions. Examination papers, yearly reports of my own little Gaelic League Branch in Ringcurran and several copy books, containing some early poems were amongst the "finds". Most precious of all were two *Caoines*, which I had imagined were lost for ever, and it gave my heart joy to know that they were still available. They were two beautiful lamentations composed by a blind peasant woman on two grand uncles of mine, Eamonn and Tom, and which a relative back from Texas had recited for me after forty years' absence from Ireland. It surely was a pleasant surprise for me to know that these old precious manuscripts of mine had escaped the hands of the modern vandals. I shall reproduce them later on.

One of the national weeklies which I numbered in my collection at this time, was the *Dublin Leader*, which occasionally included songs and "skits" from the versatile pen of Brian O'Higgins. I had on several occasions sung his song, *Shoddy Genteel, the Shoneen* at several Gaelic League concerts and yearned for more of this material to show up the snobbery and superficiality that were preventing the country from expressing its natural and national outlook. I then wrote, for my own satisfaction:

MURPHY, THE MOURNFUL SHONEEN.

I'm a poor "angishore" of a creature,  
My equal, 'tis not to be found—  
My life is a rough sea of trouble  
And that's why I wish I were drowned;  
I came of respectable parents,  
I'll tell you no word of a lie,  
My old father's name it was Murphy,  
But I call myself Murphi.

Chorus.

Oh! Murphi, It were better to die,  
The fact is I almost feel tempted to cry,  
In the country's destroyed between trick  
and intrigue,  
Since they started this vulgar and vile  
Gaelic League!

II.

My dad was a speaker of Gaelic,  
But of course was ashamed of this  
knowledge,  
And when I was able to swagger  
He sent me straight off to a college;  
And when I came home on vacation,  
Such a lasting impression, I made,  
They declared I should take a profession—  
I was never intended for *Trade*.

Chorus.

III.

Of course, I played rugby and soccer,  
Cricket, croquet and ping-pong,  
And they said that my learning was  
finished,  
When my accent was half a mile long;  
But now my old pals all despised me,  
And called me a poor amadán.  
Whilst they beat and they batter each  
other,  
With something they call a Camán.

Chorus.

IV.

They talk about Irish industry,  
Irish dances and music and games,

Whilst some of them have gone much  
farther,  
In changing their old family names;  
Even when I go out for an airing  
Along with papa and mama,  
There's some with a "cheek" still to  
shout me:  
"Dia dhuit," "Conus taoi" and "La  
Breagh."

Chorus.

V.

What a change has come over the country,  
And I fear that 'tis going to remain,  
The home of the classy and toney  
I fear it will be never again;  
So I'll go and I'll pack my portmanteau,  
And say to my friends all "Good-bye,"  
Then I'll live a quiet life of seclusion,  
When oftentimes Murphi will cry:

Chorus.

Of course, I was deeply interested in the Volunteer Movement and was sent as a delegate from the local I.R.B. to the famous meeting in Cork City Hall, where Sir Roger Casement and Mr. Eoin MacNeill attended on behalf of the Executive. It was a stormy night in every sense of the word, and when Mr. J. J. Walsh, then president of the Cork County G.A.A. Board, was taken to the South Infirmary to have his head dressed, he humourously remarked on returning: "*This is the first blood for the Volunteer Movement.*" He certainly took his beating in good parts from the local rowdies and I must pay him due credit as taking his medicine with a most philosophic smile.

That night, after the "Mollies" had wrecked the platform, Diarmuid Fascett, made an earnest appeal to the "Mollies" for order, and said, we would now have a song from Mr. Phil O'Neill of Kinsale.

The announcement was greeted with applause and "like oil on the troubled waters," the erstwhile belligerent "Mollies" sat down to enjoy our vocal contribution. The chorus ran:

"Then, hail the day from Freedom's  
ray,  
Dispels the gloom of years,  
And brightly shines, o'er gleaming  
lines,  
Of Irish Volunteers!"

The chorus was taken up with gusto and in a few moments calm was restored. The meeting was carried to a successful conclusion.

Before proceeding with my songs of the G.A.A., I desire to make a digression. My poetical contributions to the *Cork Free Press* began in 1913 and continued until the war, when some of my poems were refused publication, as being of too fiery a nature for a constitutional paper! They were gladly received by my old friend, Sean Mac Diarmuda, and published in *Irish Freedom*.

The year 1915 saw Volunteer activity grow openly aggressive and some of the daring spirits of the movement were jailed or deported. I then wrote a poem on the men who were serving and suffering for Ireland, entitled:

THE MEN OF NINETEEN-FIFTEEN.  
Air—"The Men of the West."

Whilst we're proud of the sons of old Erin,  
Who for justice and liberty bled,  
And who showed that high courage and  
daring,  
'Mongst Irishmen never was dead;  
In history's page in the coming time,  
Emblazoned in gold will be seen,  
The heroes who suffered\* and did no  
crime—

The true men of Nineteen-Fifteen.

Chorus.

Then here's to each son of our sireland,  
boys,  
Who raised up the down-trodden green,  
And here's to the hope of old Ireland,  
boys,  
The true men of Nineteen-Fifteen!

II.

From each part of Ireland they came,  
boys,  
From Antrim to Wexford's old town,  
And the spirit of all was the same, boys,  
That England can never put down;  
There were Newman, McCullagh and  
Blythe, boys,  
Hegarty, too, and Milroy;  
Who suffered for Ireland's old fight, boys,  
For several months in Mountjoy!

Chorus.

III.

Here's a health to young Fawcett, the  
fearless,  
Who was banished far over the sea,  
And Walsh, too, the Gael's champion  
peerless,  
Another true man from the Lee;  
With Skeffington, Lacy and Bolger, boys,  
And Mac Dermott, who let it be seen,  
That Ireland was out for her Freedom,  
And proud of the men of Fifteen!!

## CIARRAÍÖE

Súróim beannaictaí na h-*ac*-*blíana*  
oraib go léir a *ó*-*ciarraígeacha*—*Sib*-*se*  
atá annso sa "Ríogaict" agus an méir  
asat atá scaipte ar fuair na h-*éireann*,  
nó a *brat* i gcéim *éar* leat. Tá *blí* n eile  
róimann amac. Cao é an *saice* a *ó*-*éan*-*paio*  
fuireann *ciarraíge* i *mbliana*? Táro *as* *ó*-*éan* *go* *maí* *'otí* *so* *pé* *sgéal*  
é, tá *cúpla* *beárna* eile *róim* *pa* *sin* *pém*. Tá *orra* *gabáil* *suas* *'otí* *Caisteán*  
a' *úarraí* an *ní* *seo* *éiginn*. Is *mór* an *turas* é *agus* is *pa* *ó* *baile* é. *Conus*  
*éireochar* *leó*? *Sim* é an *éist*. Cé *go* *brúil* *fuireann* *maí* *as* *muígeó* *ní* *h-ia*  
*curat* na *craob* *ruaróe* *ia*, *marsin* *pém*, *agus* *geallaim*-*se* *óit* *nác* *h-aon*  
*óicín* *ia* *fuireann* *ciarraíge* *nuair* a *luigir* *isteach* ar a *scuir* *oibre* i *noár*-*frí*. Tá a *pí* *san* *as* *các*.

Nác *mór* an *truas* é *go* *brúil* an-*éir*  
*dár* *noime* *óga* *as* *bailiú* *leó* *go* *Sas*-*anna*. Tá *cuir* *aca* *agus* *atá* *orra*  
*iméach* is *óca*. Tá an *iassaireacht*  
*iméige* *'otí* an *choc* ar *pa* *le* *romnt*  
*blíanta* *agus* ar an *úpaí* *as* *bíodar* *as*  
*brat* *mo* *gráir* *ia*. Tá *noime* eile *as*  
*iméach* *agus* *teasbae* *ceart* a *bíonn*  
*orra*. "Bíonn *adarc* *pa* *ar* na *buaib*  
*éar* *leat*." Bíonn *aingeo* *le* *páil* *go* *bog*  
*éall* i *Sasanna* *dár* *leó*. *Bailiú* *leó*  
*agus* *geallaim*-*se* *óit* *go* *múntear* *ciall*  
*óib* *éall*. *Ní* *ó*-*éan* *pá* *se* an *gró* *gac*  
*ní* a *tógaint* *go* *breá* *bog* i *Lomdun*  
*Sasanna*. *D'féarr* *liom*-*sa* *ac* *go* *h-áirí*  
*panaim* *as* *brisea* *cló* an *éa* *an*  
*bótar* i *sciarraíge* *ná* *iméach* *cos*  
i-n-*áirí* *go* *Seana-Sasanna*. Tá *féar*  
*éar* i *nó* *éa* *agus* *éar* *se* *amall*  
i-n-*áirí* *i* *ó*-*éan* *a* *óige*. *Ar* *éach*  
a *baile* *ó* *cuirea* *ceist* *air* *conus* *mar*  
a *éar* *an* *éar* *éall* *leis*. "Ó a *éirí*"  
ar *seisean*, "is *féarr* *prátaí* *agus* *iass*  
i *nó* *éa* *ná* *péil* *bó* i-n-*áirí*,"  
*agus* *dár* *noí* *táim* *ar* *aon* *aigne*  
*amán* *leis*. Tá *grásta* *ó* *san* *dér* *pém*  
i *sciarraíge* *agus* *ca* *tá* *éall* a *dúine* *ac*  
*móran* *pá* *gánta* *agus* *easba* *crí*-*taí*  
*éachta*.

Sé an *donas* ar *pa* *é* *go* *n-iméigeann*  
*buaicillí* *agus* *carlíní* *ós* na *h-áirí*  
is *iar*-*scúlta* *agus* *tar* *éirí* *blíana* a *éar*-*éam*  
i *Sasanna* *pillro* *adair* *ar* *éa* *ar*  
*éa*, *ia* *éa* *la* *mode*, a *ní* *ó*;  
an-*éirí* *i-n-áirí* *as* *gabáil* *leó* *agus*  
*dearmad* *glan* *deanta* *aca* *ar* *blás*  
*ciarraíge*.

"Connraí."

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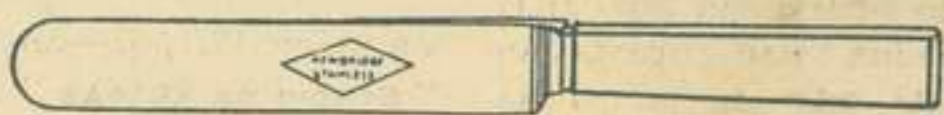
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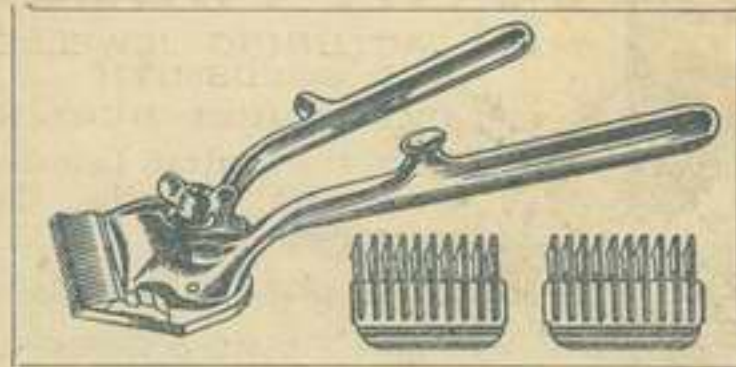
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mic léiginn as coláiste caomhghin do scoláirí.

Az seo síos cnuasáct eile de scéalta beaga ó mic léiginn as Coláiste Caomhghin. ní raib slige dóib go léir i n-uimhir na n-olag.

## Creo na Saoite.

Oíche Coille san tsean-saogal d'fhanad fear tise gac teaghlach in a suide go dtí uair an meadon-oíche. Céigead sé amac faoi an spéir annsan féadaint cad as go mbíod an saot as séidead. Dá dtarlúigead an saot a beir aniar do bead an t-ad leis na saedelaib ar fead na bliana san, aet dá dtarlúigead i beir anoir bead bliain faoi d'oirse agus saoi gear-lean-maint as na saedelaib ón a naimh-oib, na Sasanaigh.

Donncaó Ó Duinnín,  
Beal Áta an Saortaí.

## Oíche na Coda Móire.

Deirtear leis an té ná hiteann an dótáin "Oíche na Coda Móire" ná hiosparó sé a dótáin go cionn bliana arís, mar gurab sin i an oíche a fuair íosa na bronntaisí agus go bfuair sé a dótáin den ruid saogalta an oíche sin.

Tomás Breatnach,  
Baile na nGall, Ciarráige.

## "Miansmaí."

Nós a bíod ann faoi, aet atá as imteact as an saogal anois, doob ead na "Miansmaí" (Iarsmaí). Bíod daoine as imteact ó tise go tise maidéan lae Coille faoi as cur "Miansmaí" ar a céile; agus nuair a buailfead beir um a céile, an té a fósrocaó miansma ar an n-uine eile—"fósraim miansmaí" (fósraim iarsmaí) ort," adéarfaó sé—caitfead an uine eile dul abailte agus bíod a tabairt don té a cuirfead an miansma air.

Seán Ó Muirceartaigh,  
Dún Caoin.

## Ardad na haimhíochte.

Utráda an meadon-oíche no-las céigead fear a' toige amac cun an doicis agus beáran sé sapós fodaí don eallac. Déantar é seo mar féasta beag a tabairt doobta mar go raib siad ins an scioiból in a rugad ar o'igearna. Deirtear go dtéigead na haimhíochte go léir síos ar a n-olag nglám tosaigh cun adrad a tabairt do ar slánúigead.

Innsteag scéal fá o'caob de gasúr ós a bí ar pastad i doicis feilméara. Oíche no-las a bí ann agus bí sé as éistead le sean-uine as ráo go n-éanann na haimhíochte adrad do dia, go háirite an t-asal. Smaoitiú an gasúr go raedó sé amac agus éuair. Ar an dó o'as éuair na haimhíochte ar a nglám, mar b'fíor don tsean-uine, agus tos-uigeadar as tabairt adrad ná gcrúit uigeadar. D'éigean don buacail out síos, leis, nuair a bí na haimhíochte réir. Labair ceann aca agus dubairt: "Tá uine eicint annseo as amarc orainn." "Má tá," arsan t-asal, "ní faoa a beir," agus do buail cic ar an ngasúr. Máirín Lá'r na bárac fuarad an gasúr taob amuis den doicéac agus é sínte annsin fuar marb.

Micéat Ó Cóbáin,  
Dun Deas, Tír Conaill.

Creideann a lán daoine go ndeimtear fion den uisce agus arán des na cloca ar uair a' meadon-oíche Oíche na Utrí Ríste. Faod d'fan fear as fairead féadaint an raib an scéal fíor. Oiread ar buille an dó o'as deim fion den uisce agus arán des na cloca, agus seo m'fear fairead as alpaí an aráin agus as ól an fíona nó go raib póit air. Aet ní raedóar i b'fad ar bóro aise nó gur deim cloca den arán agus uisce den b'fion arís agus do scoilt ar an b'fear agus tángad go léir amac ar a baib cuige arís.

Donnall Ó Caomhnaigh,  
Dún Caoin, Ciarráige.

## An Suide.

Oíche no-las na mban deirtear go b'faad uine pé suide a iarrfaó sé, aet é iarraio in am áirite den oíche. D'fan sean-bean in a suide an oíche sin agus bí dá méis ós a comair amac, agus bíod sí as sínead a méire i o'reo gac méise aca san turas agus—"A lán so d'ór agus a lán so d'airgead" dá ráo aici. Faoi deiread do pread an cat a bí san cúinne agus do léim treasna na mias. "Ó! go dtuitid an t-eirbeall díot!" ar sise. Dubairt sí é in am tráic. Tuit eirbeall an cat istead san méis, in ionad an óir agus an airgid.

Donncaó Ó Duinnín,  
Beal Áta an Saortaí.

## Uisce na Scos.

Creideann daoine nac ceart uisce na scos a caiteam amac Oíche na Utrí Ríste agus nac ceart an doras a dúnad ná a fíafuigead nuair a tágaó uine go dtí an ndoras—"Cé hé sin?" le neagla gurab i an maigdean Múire agus Iósep agus an leand a bead amuis, agus cun a cur in iúil doib ná bíonn don doicéall rómpa ní cuirtear ceist caca ná orta.

Tomás Breatnach,  
Baile na nGall.

## Oíche Coille.

Beirtear fear an tise ar bullóg aráin an oíche sin nuair a bíonn gac doime istig. Riteann i o'reo an dorais. Buailteann enas den mbullóg ar an ndoras agus deir—

"fósraim an gorta go tír na t-turcaí,

An donas amac a's an sonas istead,

Ó anocht go dtí bliain ó anocht,

In ainm an átar agus an míle agus an spioraid naomh. Amen.

Liam Ágas.

## An Coileac.

S é an nós atá go fóill coráiteaca fíor an tír nó dá nglaoíad an coileac cúpla seactmáin roim an no-las san oíche, go raedó bean an toige amac agus marbócaó sí an coileac láitread, mar deirfead sí go raib piseoga ins an coileac.

Doó Ó Baoigill,  
Dun Deas, Tír Conaill.

# Cluicí na Scoláisteac

blain nua pé maise oib.

Blain nua pé maise oib go léir léir a saodala ósá pé ceannar nó pé Connrae nó pé Cúige 'na b'fuit comnuide oraib. Tá súil asam gur bain sib an-sásam as laeannanta saoire na no-las. Beir sib as luige istead ar an obair arís aon lá anois is doca is faoa lib 'o'í go dtosnócaí na comórtaisí arís. Ní bíonn mí an éanair ró-oireannac i gcóir cluicí de gnát, ac más rud é go b'fuit an lá ró-fíuic cun gabáil amac i gcóir b'adta iomániocta nó cluice peile tá móran rudaí eile a féadfaó garsún a déanam ar lá den t-sórt san. D'féadfaó sé roinnt téarmaí saedúige i gcóir páirc-a' báire d'foglaim. Seo rud eile d'féadfaó garsún a déanam: na riagalaaca atá as gabáil le peil agus le h-iomániocta a léigead. Ceapad roinnt riagalaaca bliain nó dó ó soim agus cuirfóis an moltóir péin i b'ponne muna n-éanfaó sé iad a léigead go cúramac ó h-am go h-am. Da maic an rud é leis rud éigin a léigead mar gheall ar cumann luit-cléas saedéal—an gáó abí le-n-a bunú an céad lá riam, na daoine a cuir ar bun é agus na sár-saedóil go raib baint aca leis.

Doime asad go mbead ar a cumas teact ar cóip den leabhar a scriob Tomás Ó Suilleabáin roinnt blianta ó soim do b'fíu dó é a léigead. "The Story of the G.A.A." a ghaodtar air. Tá leabhar eile fós-ceann a scrí "Slia-Ruad" agus tá roinnt maic eolais ann i o'caob cluicí agus eadtraí na n-saodál. Adubaireas go minic lib go raib níos mó i gceist ná eil is eilíní. Tá éire, agus cúis na h-éireann i gceist ac maic.

## Cumann Sgol na mBrácar.

Tá na comórtaisí iomániocta críochnúigead beagnaí anois. Cluice amáin eile atá le h-imirt—an craob-cluice roir Sgoil Uinsinn agus Ré na Canála. Imreópar é sin co luac agus is féidir é mar tá na comórtaisí peile as tosnu go luac i mbliana. Tá a b'fad níos mó fóirne cun beir páirteac ins na comórtaisí i mbliana ná mar abí anuirid. Cuata go mbead fuir-eann ó Sgoil na mBrácar, Dún Lao-gaire, páirteac ins na comórtaisí i mbliana. Co luac is a beir na comórtaisí peile críochnúigead tos-nócaí ar comórtaisí na gCorn annsan. Cé go b'faigead buacailí blá cluic seans nac b'faigead móran buacailí eile ar fuair na tíre nac truas an sgéal é go dtug-ann an cúir is mó o'íob drom-láime dár gcluic náisiúnta tar éis fág-aint na sgoile doib. "Is creise dúicás ná oileamaint" adéirtear agus go deimín is fíor é.

## Az buadcaint is az cailliúint.

D'imrigead móran cluicí táda-caca roim an no-las ac pé mar a tárlúigead i gcóinní tá cúir as buadcaint agus tá cúir as cailliúint. Do bí an-cluice i o'ráig lí roir Sgoil na mBrácar, Daingean Uí Cúise agus Coláiste Breann-dáin, Cill-áirne. Do buair muinn-tear loca léim ac ní raib ann ac san. Cúilín amáin abí eacorras o'beire. Beir sár-cluice anois roir Coláiste Breann-dáin agus an mainis-tir tuair i gCorcaigh. Buair na Corcaigh anuirid ac do réir mar a éloisim beir an éraob as teact i o'reo Ciarráige i mbliana. Tá Coláiste Naomh Mel, Longpuirt as déanam go h-an-maic i mbliana leis is iongantae an spéis a cuireann na h-oltamna sa Coláiste seo i gcluicí na n-saodál agus dár ndóig tá rian a saodair ar na mic-leiginn mar imrigead siad peil saodalaac pé mar ba ceart i o'imirt.

Ní foláir nó go b'fuit an-fuirteann leis i Sgoil na mBrácar Cill-Comnig i mbliana arís. Buairtear ar a dtáinig rómpa 'o'í so ac go h-áirite. Beir sár-cluice roir iad péin agus Coláiste Naomh Ciarráin.

i gCorcaigh cois Laoi a beir an-cluice roir na muinnig is na laig-nig i mbliana.

## Rún na h-Ac-Bliana.

As this is the beginning of a new year, we wish to remind you to renew your national faith with all the sincerity and determination that befits the young, virile, militant Gaelic enthusiast. Yes, pin your colours to the mast once more. Be wholehearted in your allegiance to Eire's cause. "Stand erect" was a dictum of Cusack's. It behoves us at present—more so even than in Cusack's day perhaps—to defend our national inheritance. The channels by which foreign civilisation and alien culture enter to-day are certainly far more numerous than they were when the Gaelic Athletic Association was first launched. "Pictures," as presented in Ireland to-day, are for the greater part a direct negation of the high ideals that we associate with the Ireland of our dreams. It is Gaels of character we want to-day, Gaels who are prepared to make sacrifices for high ideals. Often recall the sacrifices made by such men as Padraig Pearse, Thomas Ashe and Terence MacSwiney. Remember, too, what the hillsiders went through and then say with John O'Hagan—

"When I behold your mountains bold,  
Your noble lakes and streams—  
A mingled tide of grief and pride  
Within my bosom teems:  
I think of all your long, dark thrall,  
Your martyrs brave and true;  
And dash apart the tears that start—  
We must not weep for you

Dear land—  
We must not weep for you!"

Whenever you hear our national language or our native games being sneered at, do not let it go unchallenged, calling to mind these words of MacSwiney: "Let us grow big with our cause. Shall we honour the flag we bear by a mean apologetic front? No! Wherever it is down, lift it, wherever it is challenged, wave it, wherever it is high, salute it, wherever it is victorious, glorify and exult in it."

## An comar drámuiocta.

An Máirt, 12/1/37—An Saedéal, 16/1/37.  
"Scapín na gCleas" agus "fear an Sgeilín Grinn."  
An Máirt, 19/1/37—An Saedéal, 23/1/37.  
"Caipín na nSuide" agus "Lá Bealtaine."  
Cur i n-áirite 5—6 p.m. Súcán 45306.

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(fear a' tise)