

Amán

THE ORGAN OF IRISH IRELAND

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CONMRAO NA SAEBILSE.

FEIS CONNACT, 1933

Cionóipar an Feis seo i SCAEIR
na MARE, ar 4th AGUS 5th LÁ
meiúin.

Syllabus on application.

Entries Close May 17th.

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Munster Hurling Championships

At WATERFORD, on SUNDAY, MAY 21st, 1933

PORT LAIRGE v. TIOBRAD ÁRANN

(WATERFORD)

(TIPPERARY)

MINOR HURLING at 2.30 p.m., S.T. Liam Gleasáin, moltoir.

SENIOR HURLING at 3.45 p.m., S.T. Tomás Ó hAodá, moltoir.

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Special Trains from THURLES, 10.45 a.m.; Horse and Jockey, 10.55 a.m.; Laffan's Bridge, 11.5; Farranaleen, 11.14; Fethard, 11.21; Clonmel, 11.50; Kilsheelan, 12.5 p.m.; Carrick, 12.17 p.m.; Fiddown, 12.25 p.m.; Grange, 12.35; Waterford, arr. 1.0, returning at 7.15 p.m.
MALLOW, 10.30 a.m.; Fermoy, 11.0; Ballyduff, 11.19; Tallow Road, 11.27; Lismore, 11.34; Cappoquin, 11.44; Cappagh, 11.53; Dungarvan, 12.5 p.m.; Durrow, 12.23; Kilmacthomas, 12.37; Carroll's Cross, 12.48; Kilmeaden, 12.56; Waterford, arr. 1.15 p.m., returning at 7 p.m.

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G.A.A.

Munster Hurling Championships

At THURLES, on SUNDAY, MAY 28, 1933

CLÁR v. LUIMNEAC

(CLARE)

(LIMERICK)

MINOR HURLING at 2.30 p.m.

moltoir: S. Ó Loeláinn.

SENIOR HURLING at 3.45 p.m.

moltoir: S. Ó Cinnéirí.

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DUBLIN SENIOR HURLING AND FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP SEMI-FINALS.

AT CROKE PARK, SUNDAY NEXT, MAY 21st.

Hurling Semi-Final: YOUNG IRELANDS v. ARMY METRO (11.45 a.m.)

Football Semi-Finals: GARDA v. ST. LAURENCES (1 o'clock)

ARMY METRO v. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (2.15 p.m.)

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SUNDAY FIXTURES

SENIOR HURLING AT BLARNEY:

GLEN ROVERS v. MUSKERRY, 3.30 p.m.

INTERMEDIATE HURLING AT RIVERSTOWN:

BLACKROCK v. MIDLETON, 3.30 p.m.

INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL AT UPTON:

BANDON v. ST. PATRICKS, 3.30 p.m.

AT CORK ATHLETIC GROUNDS:

REDMONDS v. ST. FINBARRS, 3.15 p.m.

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All letters should be addressed to the Managing Editor. Matter intended for publication should reach the office by first post on Tuesday morning.



TEACHTAIRE NA hGAELTACHAIS IS NA hGAELTACHAIS.
Incorporating "An Claidheamh Soluis" agus "Fáinne an Lae."

The Games, The Turas, The Aeridheacht, The Feis.

The rural recreations that contribute to Gaelicization and betterment are now in hand. In addition to G.A.A. and camogie activities, we have the growing Turasanna, Aeridheachtanna and Feiseanna and these often in association. In Dublin over 350 attend the Comh-Chraobh Turasanna under the direction of Eoghan Mac Mathuna and his colleagues. Rathmines Branch has added another to the Branch Turasanna, while a new development is the visit of Cumann na nOg to Athboy in response to an invitation from local Gaels. The Turas movement is also extending further westwards, one of the latest being a joint Turas of Athlone and Mullingar Fainneoiri to historic Clonmacnoise. The Turas organising technique is simple and a subscription of about 2/- generally covers travelling, tea and ceilidhe. Gaelic Games, Turas, Aeridheacht and Feis are occasionally linked together and with immense success. Our recreations are generalized, as distinct from alien which are specified. Ours, too, require a minimum of property, while in alien the pleasure comes largely from a display of possession, in accord probably with instincts of pirate origin.

Gaeltacht and Workers.

The foregoing Gaelic entertainments form the environments that stimulate things national, from language to industry. The working wealth producers are grasping these facts and are responding to the Gaelic League's appeal to organize to send scholars to the Gaeltacht. A closer union between the people of the Gaeltacht and the other wealth producers would have far-reaching advantages. Both belong to the classes that never bent the knee. If they did they might be higher up the economic scale with those that adapted themselves to the planter.

Aids to Learning Irish.

Children learning Irish would also be helped by attending Aeridheachts, and meetings, as in Cathal Brugha Street, and listening to native speakers, as suggested by Cu Uladh. In learning Irish the development of the ear and its neurons is a first essential, and meetings give an opportunity. We know of instances where attention to this

enabled learners to take their place on Gaelic-speaking committees within two years. In fact attention to training of the ear makes the learning of Irish a matter of little difficulty. Opportunities, therefore, are a primary advantage of summer colleges, and we are glad to note such items as arrangements for 50 Gaeltacht scholarships, under the Dublin Vocational Committee, and for 60 Belvidere College pupils and numerous others in Colaisde Camolin.

Owenabwee Celidhes and Blackwater Dances.

The scars of the conquest are visible in the rate of recovery. Areas scarred least recover quickest, and Owenabwee excels Blackwater valley. The people of the Owenabwee have not been dazed to the same extent by demesne walls and, accordingly, from an established outpost in Ballinora the Ceilidhe is extending sideways to Douglas, Ballincollig and Ballinhassig, and westwards to Gur-

ranes, Crossbarry, Upton, Bandon and such places with some history. From Lord Devonshire's Lismore, on the other hand, the foreign dance dominates along the Blackwater valley as far as the Kanturk Camogie Club. At Rathcormack, however, a ceilidhe is approaching, and the Blackwater valley may shortly be pierced near that point, as it has already at Youghal.

Cavan Young and Old.

In Cavan a similar struggle is apparent. There is a matter of age rather than area, the juvenile elements recovering fastest from the effects of the conquest. Ceilidhes are held by the G.A.A., Gaelic League, Camogie and Fianna Fail, while dances are held by the A.O.H. and kindred senior organizations. In Manorhamilton near by, a ceilidhe Mór drew an immense gathering from all surrounding counties, and prominent in the decorations were the colours of the Manorhamilton Volunteers which bear the coat of arms of the O'Rorkes of Breffni. It was a symbol that in Breffni past and present have linked up to grow through overhanging items of the conquest.

The Conquest and the Lack of Playing Fields and Publicity.

Some of these overhanging items were put in verse in that excellent paper further west, *The Mayo News*. "Onlooker" therein gives the following in attacking the lack of playing fields for the people and the plenitude of room for other things. We have, he says:—

"Plenty of room for jails and courts
(willing enough to pay),
Plenty of room for shops and stores
(Mammon must have the best),
Plenty of room for the running sores
that rot in the city's breast,
Plenty of room for the lures that lead
the hearts of your youth astray.,
But never a cent on a playground
spent, no never a place to play."

Vivid truth, and he might have said somewhat the same of the "room" for things Gaelic in the "national" newspapers with their submission to the "shows" and "musical festivals" brought in by the conqueror. Papers like the *Mayo News* and *An Camán* were never more urgently required

Enforce the "Ban" on False "Culture."

Nothing can give more heartening encouragement to those who stand for Irish Ireland ideals than the patriotic statement of His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, the Most Rev. Dr. Gilmartin, at the opening of the Tuam Feis.

His Grace's address, in so far as it dealt with literature and amusement, was as unequivocal and emphatic as one could wish. In clear ringing tones he vindicated—perhaps unknowingly—the principle of the "ban" on false ideals and culture set up unconditionally by the Irish Dancing Commission under the auspices of the Gaelic League.

Speaking in what might be described as a rural diocese, it will scarcely be denied that the power of the foreign press is not as insidious as the influence of the foreign customs and amusements which reach the homes of the people without the aid of the foreign press. Into few country homes go the foreign daily papers which circulate mostly in the cities and larger towns, but in almost every parochial hall amusements are organised—frequently under clerical management—which are certainly not in keeping with the spirit or letter of his Grace's homily.

Advocacy of our Irish dancing to the complete exclusion of the foreign dancing is a necessary condition to membership of the Gaelic League to-day. Advocacy of Irish games to the exclusion of foreign games is a necessary condition to membership of the Gaelic Athletic Association.

In these two organisations, now happily more closely drawn together than ever before, we have consistency and fidelity to the principle of true patriotism. Outside of these

organisations there is national inconsistency and contradiction. Men with advanced views on personal and national freedom give support to denationalising influences in the sphere of games and amusement, apparently quite unconscious of the fact that their example in their selected leisure undoes their work in their serious spheres.

Language enthusiasts—few in number, thank God!—are also to be found supporting and patronising definitely anti-national games and functions in their social activities. Much of this inconsistency has been caused by the political disunion of the past ten years, the bad results of which cannot easily be overtaken.

Now that His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam, moving in spirit with his great precursor "John of Tuam," has sounded the clarion call, we sincerely hope that the various religious societies in their social activities will hearken to his words.

It is to Gaels humiliating to observe the power and influence of Catholic sodalities in present day Ireland used to undo the work of Gaelic Ireland, day after day. If His Grace's denunciation of foreign and exotic influence is to take effect, there must be more attention given to his advice by the Catholic clubs and societies.

What the Irish Ireland groups are saying to-day the country will say to-morrow. What the Gaelic League said forty years ago is now accepted as a first principle of Irish life.

Reactions and setbacks will take place. Men will apostatize before the false gods of fashion, social snobbery, and alien culture; but these will pass quickly "down amongst the dead men," and will be forgotten for ever.

SÁIR-TEASBEÁNTAS DRÁMAÍ AS FEIS ÁTA CLIAË

An "m.ó." do scríob

Is fada nár cáiteas don dá tráchnóna ba cáitheamh ná mar a cáiteas as feis Áta CliaË tráchnóna céadom agus domne na seachtmáine seo faib éaraim. Comórtaisí Drámuiocta na mbunscoileanna a bí á comórad. Bí trí comórtas ann—ceann amháin de scoláirí sinsear na mbunscol naé i an Saeóilg an ghaic-teanga ionnta, agus dá ceann eile do na bunscoileanna Saeó-ealaíca. **EADTORRA AR FAD A LÉIRIGEAD CÚIS DRÁMA DÉAS.** Is maic é an raibse don lá, ac ní amháin go raib an raibse annsúo agaimn ac bí mianac agus pojan-taéct in a bpuaraimair. Ní raib don droicléiríu orca agus sáir-léiríe ab ead a bpuimón.

"Na Clois."

Comórtas na mbuncol sin naé i an Saeóilg an ghaic-teanga ionnta a bí ar siudal an céad lá. Bí oet gcinn de drámaí don comórtas san. Fuireann ó Scoil Saeóair Naoim Íosep, Dromcomrac, a cuir tosac le scléip an lae úinn. Do bí acu dráma nua—"Na Clois"—ná feactas ar árdán pús go uci seo. B' amlaio a cumad go speisialta don comórtas so é, pé mar a cloisim. Ceol dráma é de ceart. Ceol Saeóealac an ceol san ann—sean-fuinn a bpuil eolas ag ár bpuimón orca agus focail nua o'oireamaint an dráma curta leo.

Do braicé i gcomnuide dom an ceol Saeóealac a beic ana aecom-air don diaóacé. Do deimhigead san dom sa dráma san agus an tslije a faib na ceolta Saeó-ealaíca san leis an léiríu roir óraoideacé san na pásántaécta agus diaimhaireacé diaóanta agus solamhntaéct san na Críostuiocta.

Le teacé agus le perom na Críostuiocta a baim an dráma. Is maic é a teagasc do páistib agus ní féadpad gan a rian o'páigaint orca. Níor innsigead úinn cérb i an t-úgar ac tuigim gur duine de mnáib, riagalta na scoile i. So gcuicigro Dia a saotar oi, pé ní fém, agus véanparó, mar tá saotar a'béanparó torad véanta aici.

"Eiblin Talbóro."

B' é céad dráma eile a éonna-camair ná "Eiblin Talbóro" le h-Annraoi Saeóleac. Fuireann I ó Scoil na mBrácar, Mairino, a léirig san úinn. Dráma é seo a baineas leis an 15ao dois, nuair a bí an Talbóroac i réim mar fear ionad do Rí Sasana i mBaile Áta CliaË. Tá dá raóare perom-poanta ann agus raóare eadtorra ná fuil com maic san ar fad. Ac dráma maic 'na úaró san é: dráma a bpuil gniom agus gaisce, stair agus seanéas, gream agus spórt, laocás agus uilseacé ann—na ríoi víreacé is sean le garsúm.

Do bí an dráma céona so ag fuireann eile, leis—fuireann Scoil na mBrácar, Sráio Synge, sam-luigim. Da giorra do éoride agus de sprio meannan an dráma a táinig a léiríu súo ná an céad ceann.

"Cabair Dé."

Ós ag tagairt do drámaib an tSaeóleacais dom tá sé com maic

agam tagairt do dráma eile o'á cuio—"Cabair Dé"—a léirigead sa comórtas céadna. Sé na t-úgar so an t-aoimne amháin go uci seo atá tréis don iarraéct ceart a véanam drámaí a solácar do úaduib óga. Do foillsigead leabar beag díob, "Ceitre Drámaí," breis agus dá bliain ó som agus cloistear dom go bpuil a dá oiread san eile acu ullam um an taca so aige agus iad ag feicéam leis an scló. So neartuigro Dia cum an tsaotair é!

Scéal brónac diaó na mboet, in a léirigear cineáltas luét cara-uais, atá sa dráma so, "Cabair Dé." Is maic an ceacé iomcair do páistib áta ann, cé go measpad úadime, bfeidoir, nár ceart beic ag tarrac scéalta cruadán agus bróm mar sin orca. Ní tagaim leis an tuiarim sin, am.

Dráma deacair le léiríu é óir is gao aisteoireacé smacéite agus com-glúiseacé aisteoireacé o'ponn go mbead perom leis. Puartas san ó fuireann an Moó-Scoil Láir san léiríu a tugaóar air. Níor ceart dom scur de gan mólaó ar leic do tabairt don cáilín sin a veim pearsanú ar nell boet.

"Tomáisín."

Bí an dráma so, "Tomáisín," ag ceitre fóirne. I gcomórtas na ngnat-bunscol bí sé ag fuireann II ó Scoil na mBrácar, Mairino; agus sa comórtas do na bunscoileanna Saeóealacá do bí sé ag dá fuirinn ó Scoil Naoim Pátraig, Dromcomrac, agus ag fuireann eile ó Scoil Muire. Ní ró-maic an roga a deimead nuair a glacad le seo mar dráma. Tá an scéal ann deaíamhac le "The Babes in the Wood," ac níl uóctam glúaiseacé ná drámuiocta ann le comérom a tabairt dos na h-aisteoirib. Tá an scéal oireamnac go maic ann ac ní leor san.

"An Picnic."

Is fada eolas agaimn ar "An Picnic" le Pádraig Ó Bróite. Tá sé roimnt blian anois ó som ann ó cuir Pádraig an dráma so ar pásáil úinn, agus is iongnad liom ó lá go céile ná cloisim do nio eile dá sajas uaró. Dráma ri-oireamnac do páistib é—bameann sé le 'na saéal péim agus naé sin é víreac a bíonn uata. Fuireann scoil Náisiúnta an Póirt Tuair a léirig é seo, measaim, agus deimeadár go creideamnac é. Da ceart molaó ar leic do dáil don garsún a veim páirt "Dréanóam": táisbeáin sé tuigim a beic 'na páirt aige agus péit a léiríe a beic ann.

"An Leipreacán."

Bí dráma beag gleoride do páistib óga—"An Leipreacán"—ag fuirinn Scoil Muire agus léirigeadar com gleoride céadna é. Saogal agus seanéas páistí ar an leipreacán atá ann; cuio acu ví-creideamnac a leicéro a beic ann ac léirigear díob go bpuil.

"Toirmeasc Síde."

Sean-dráma le sean-cararó agus ri-Saeóeal eile—"Toirmeasc Síde" le Pádraig Ágas—bí mar buille scuir ag fuireann Scoil Sráio Stan-

hope úinn. Tá an dráma so bun-uicé arbéal-oideas agus aréireideam Saeóeal i tacaó na síde. Cé gur dráma do páistib é caicéad admaíl gur cuir an léiríu so a deimead air cuio agaimn naé páistí sin pé óraoideacé. Saogal na síde agus a nhabann leis a dá ann uairirib roir feicéití an aróam agus éicéití na h-aisteoirí agus a nglúaiseacéití. Níor den tsaogal úadna so aoimne agaimn fadó a bíomair ag péacaint air.

Tuairim na Moltoirí.

Ag fógairt breicéamhais na mol-toirí o'Annraoi Saeóleac do mol sé go móir roir scoláirí na léiríu agus na h-oioi a veim teagasc orca. **Bí gac don ceann acu com creideamhac san gur mol sé do Coiste na Feise Teascas do Tabairt do Gac fuirinn.** Bí an aisteaireacé ab fearr ag fuirinn Sráio Synge, cé go raib an dráma 'na gcomnuib in aisteamhais. Dráma deacair le léiríu ab ead "Na Clois" óir ba gao móran feicéite agus éicéite cuige. Ní gabann an uaró san leis "An Picnic" ná le h-"Íosagán," ac bí toga feicéite ag gabáil leis "Na Clois," le "Eiblin Talbóro" agus le "Toirmeasc Síde," drámaí go mba gao san. Do gnoctuis fuir-eann An Moó-Scoil Láir an céad uais, agus deimeadár san le **DRÁMUIOCT.** (Seóaro síad síu sciad a brenn Craob an Céitinnig agus Craob Moibí eadtorra.) Fuireann Scoil Íosep, Drom Comrac a buaró an uara áit. Ní raib ac dá marc eadtorra péim agus luét an céad uais.

I gcomórtas san na Scoileanna nSaeóealacá do páistib pé bun 8 mbliana do cuaró an céad áit do Scoil Pádraig, Drom Comrac agus an uara áit do Scoil Muire. A malairt san do tárla sa comórtas do páistib ós cionn 8 mbliana.

An Comair Drámuiocta.

"Tá súil agam," arsan Saeóleac, "go gcuirpí An Comair Drámuiocta suim sa scéal so, drámaí do páistí, agus go ttabairt cabair díob. Da ceart don Comair agus do Coiste na Feise dul i gcaóair agus i gcom-airle a céile cum na h-oibne seo. So deimín péim, ac is móir an congnam agus an spriocad an sciad so atá 'a bronnac ag Craob Moibí agus ag Craob an Céitinnig."

Molaó ó Croide agus Comairle Carad.

Molaim péim ó éoride luét na ndrámaí so do léiríu ag an bpeis. Da móir an oige agus an cógaint éoride úinn a bpeacamair. Beró sé fuirist foiridú ar ar deimead. Cuige sin bearpoinn comairle carad a. beic níos cúramai i tacaó roimnt beag o'puameamhais na Saeóilge. Seacnuigear na leigear dos na páistí sin leanamaint ag ráo "A Watch-esh" in áit "A Maicais"; ná "Squeal" in áit "Saeóil"; ná "Pás píum-sa é" in áit "Pás píum-sa é." Da ceart leis a beic seacántac i tacaó pocai a mbíonn consom leacán 'na uosac agus consom caol 'na uoieir agus a malairt san.

A Saeóla, bíró burdeac!

Comairle carad atá sa méro seo. Do cuige na fóirne úo de cáitneam agus de misneac dom gur píu liom

é. A Saeóla áta CliaË, agus a Saeóla na héireann, bíró burdeac díob seo a uoin an saotar a raib slaet air. Do bí sluag móir i lácair na léiríu, ac a Saeóla, do bead níos mó ná san péim díob ann dá mb'peasac díob cao é a bí 'a cáill-eamaint aguib. Deamnacé Dé ar luét an gaisce agus go neartuigro sé iad le tuille dá sajas a véanam. Beró mo súil leis ag an oireacéas.

feis Áta luam.

Tionóipar an feis seo ar plásois uuilleógaig cois na Sionna Burde. Da uoilig ionad níos áilne ná níos feileamhais o'pásáil le h-agaró tabairt-amaé Saeóealag. Ceol binn na h-éan ar éraoib ag véanam com-fuime le h-amháin na h-iomairó-teoirí ar árdán. Eadag Saeó-ealaíca i brataca iol-uaitte measgta leis an scló-raóare géal, glas le peicéuir sár-álumín a véanam. Rinne lúctmar eadrom-cosac a baimpead na sgoltaca de séan-séacla críon, caicéte i a cuirpead é ag preabad i ag iomruagad mar searrac ós.

Ó h-at-béorad an feis tuairm's seacé mbliadna ó som tá pás i borrad ag teacé inntí réir a céile, a burde sin do'n gcongnam fial, plaiteamhais a bíomns le pásáil ó muinntear an baile móir áirsig seo. Tá lócrann an Saeóealacais ag ionnrú go soillseac na measg. "Is Saeóil mise i ní h-eol dom gur náir'om é" adubairt an piarsac cróda (solus ne bplaitéas dá anam glégeal!). Tá an ráo sin greamta ar a h-aighe i ní bréaghuigeann síad áriam é.

Fritead trí cuirn luacmara ó cumanna eagsamla i bronntar a lán bonn le dreamanna eile bliadain réis bliadna. Bíonn an-iomairdeacé le h-agaró "Crios an Custumais," a cuige an uara caé de "Oslag na héireann" nuair a h-at bunuigead an feis, mar uais le h-agaró com-órtais rinne. Ní móir cosa acillróte, acfuinneacá a beic faoi'n té a gnoctuis an érois seo. Cos-nuig sé £40 i bíonn sí i seilb an buairóteóra ar fead bliadna amháin i greamntar an t-ann uirri. Cuaró sí go Blá CliaË anurad acé tá súil ag bailte eile go mbéir sí faoi cum a malairt uime i mbliadna. Bíonn corn ag dul do'n sgóil a geibeas na marcamns is doirde san bpeis i níl innsacé sgéil ar an gcomluimnt a bíos roir na ualtaí an éraob a tabairt leo cuige a sgóil péim. Cuirpead sé gionmóar ort beic ag éisteacé leó ag stollad astá i "Oteongam binn a mácar"—somlaet pocai, cruinneas áicrise i smaointe píleacéa i gac uime aca moróalac as a h-acfuimn san nSaeóilg. Tugtar áir do teagasc an Connarta deantúisí na h-éireann a cuir cum éinn mar béro roimn tionnsgala ann 'na mbéir earraróe Saeóealacá a rinnead san gceanntar.

Tá gac uiléas véanta ag Coiste uotractac le h-agaró Uomnaig Cinn Óigise. Le cúpla mí amas tácar ag obair go dian, uicéallac ionnus go mbéir lá car na laete i lár bail na héireann ar an 4ao Meicim. So neirigro go géal leó i go mba géal grianmar an lá a véas ann.

Ó Cúis Árdail na h-Éireann

Collected by **BOYLE ROCHE'S BIRD**

"Unfortunately," declared His Grace Most Rev. Dr. Gilmartin, in opening the Tuam Feis, "the character of many of the modern dances would offend the moral sense of a pagan!"

If not on national grounds, then on moral grounds, should our clean, wholesome Irish dances be encouraged. But why not on both national and moral grounds together?

Now is the time to get ready for next winter's season of Ceilidhthe. Every G.A.A. Club and Gaelic League branch, either separately or, where local circumstances permit, jointly, should now begin to make adequate preparations.

No function can contribute more to the inculcating of the right Gaelic spirit in the rural areas than the Aeridheacht. Every parish should be up and doing. Let the saying be heard throughout the countryside all this coming summer: "Where will the Aeridheacht be held next Sunday?"—and let the adjacent clubs help each other by each supporting the others in turn!

"While some foreign newspapers are good, and some neither good nor bad, many of them are positively vile!" is another vigorous denunciation by the Archbishop of Tuam.

Again, I say, the vileness is revolting alike to morals and nationality. While some of these importations are vile all the time, most of them are vile some of the time, and as 'tis not always easy to discern those that are good some of the time, 'tis better to exclude the lot.

Not, mind you, that we must forget that some of our Irish papers, imitating as they do in many respects the sensational style of English journealese, should escape censure.

Which reminds me, I hear that a certain "gentleman" has threatened to "knock my block off" for something I said about him last week. Truth is bitter, and I am not to be put off my mark by any blustering nonsense.

I can account for myself, if it comes to that, even though I didn't take any re-hashed lessons from the "Gentleman Jim" series!

I mingled with some ex-champions and some prospective ones last Sunday morning behind the Canal goal. It was the best sixpence worth of "barracking" I got for a long time.

Even some of the big stand patrons lent a hand—or lung, I should say!—in the rowdy work. When will some of these fellows learn to "sin not" that they may not be sinned against?

"Thou Nenagh start away sac hastie with bickerin' brattle!" as I said to the postman with the heavy mail bag at the South Line railway station on Friday.

"The Lord be praised!" said he, an' he wiping the perspiration from

under the peak of his cap, "what's on up in Dublin at all to be sending such a heavy sack?"

If he saw all the admirers looking at "our Johnny's" photo' in the sporting column when the parcel's contents were disgorged, he'd have said—!

What did the referee say to the County Board member who tried to "scrounge" the ball after the hurling match in Croke Park on Sunday last? And wasn't Jim very reluctant in giving it up?

Is it true that "the Master" was inclined to double the ten bob after the first goal in Carrigaline, and wasn't he glad afterwards that he didn't? I'd like to hear him giving "the rascals" a good "bar" on the way home, "like a good fellow, my man!"

By the way, as I flew over the Owenabue I was glad to see the Tricolour flying from such a prominent position in the hurling field. One of the first to put the Congress motion into effect!

'Tis good to know that there are true "Blues" of the right sort still left in Carrigaline!

What prominent supporter of the "little fishing village" club had occasion recently to "Cash"tise his son, for peeping over the wall at a soccer match?

Andy Callinan is still as strong a force as ever on the hurling field, but someone should have remembered that he gave away his "togs" when they got too small for him!

For the nonce, I don't think I'll get a chance of that dicky seat on the trip to the Hell Fire Club on Saturday. There's more in this than "meats" the eye, but, never fear, I'll be among the sand-"wishes"!

I have spent a good many week-ends in Killimer during the past few months, but I don't seem to remember seeing Keating coming home—not even for as much as a change of a handkerchief!

Why did Daisy leave Cranny? Was it the foreign programme on the wireless?

That was a great enthusiast now, who at the recent Camoguidheacht match between Mayfield and St. Rita's, insisted on shouting "Good MAN, Bridie!"

And talking about Caomguidheacht, aren't they doing great work in Tipperary in helping to put an end to the foreign dance craze. Surely, it is time for everyone to realise that the proper dances for players of Irish games are our own Irish dances!

You were not at all "at ease" on Sunday night at the Mansion House, Dave, when, during the singing of "The Soldier's Song," you threw your partner into "a fit of the giggles!" 'Shun!

I got the fright of my life down Carlow way recently. In fact, somebody said I was "moultin'," seeing all the feathers I lost when making my get-away! You'd never think 'twas the aftermath of a Camoguidheacht match!

I often practised myself with a "raggy ball" before trying the real thing, and maybe that's why I saw so many in Arcadia on Saturday week getting into training for the New York Ballrooms. I said, maybe! Oh, for the knights of the Kerry dances!

I overheard this bit in Castlebar last Sunday: "We can't turn him down as it is? Well, we might find it harder to make him turn up!"

M'anam, ac cruatais Maithu tar cionn as an gcloiche i gCaisleán a' BARRAIS! O'muir sé com maith le h-éinne acu, agus é ar an taobh-line, tá 's asat!

Dubairt duine eicme go raib sé níos fearr ná "Cairbre." Agus, dar níos, cá raib Séamus agus Miceál?

Maith tú a Camuinn! Is fearr duit: "Dún do clab muna bfuil Saebhais asat!"

Why didn't the referee who officiated at an inter-county venue in Cork county on Sunday sign his name in Irish, as required?

When one of the Mooncoin men, going home from Clonmel on Sunday night, was speaking about pig's head and cabbage, who was the Corkman who opened his case and produced the sandwiches?

Did you get your "Phil" when the sharing out was done, Martin?

That man on the sideline at Birr, Paddy, was very loquacious entirely about home-made footballs, but you missed seeing the box of foreign matches when he stooped to light his pipe.

That was a grand bagfull of sweets you bought, Charlie (or did I hear her call you another name?) when you left the crowd "to buy a box of fags," mar o'ead! But what was wrong with "Peggy's leg" that ye were the last home from the curas? Maybe the "bullseyes" were hard, were they?

What's "grief in" Padraig may soon be "Gaul" to a Frank, as anyone perambulating O'Connell Street on a certain Saturday after-

Philo got "balled off" on Sunday night by some of the Waterford lads, because they told him they'd have won only for Jim Regan using the "Old Head"!

Somebody then said that Philo hasn't a bad "Old Head" himself, for 'tis he and Jim "Kinsale" well together!

Ambling along the road from Athboy to Navan on an evening of last week, I had "to move to it" to get out of the way of a bowl.

The "Clonakilty Giant" and a fellow Corkman were hurling the "iron ball" at a great rate, and I wouldn't like to try to take the "drop hop" off one of Jim's "lofts."

"John Kelly, the boy from Killann," is only in the ha'penny place with John Mackey, the boy from Mooncoin, who played with the Waterford boys on Sunday at Clonmel.

When a Waterford referee lately got the lists from two teams, they contained two Keanes, two Powers, two Moores, and four Whelans. No wonder he said that he didn't know which of the two teams was "keener" or had more power to give their opponents a whalin'!

What was that meeting about, lately held up Dillon's Cross way? I'm afraid the "fox" is too cunning for the "hounds."

Wisha, Johnnie, I hardly knew you! You may be a "quick change artist" to play in Beaumont at 1.30 and then at the Athletic Grounds at 3.30, but you can't hand me a "packet" like that.

Who were the two Boreenamanna Road boys seen straggling down Gardiner's Hill in the small hours of Monday morning? Was that the way they returned from Glenbower? Somehow, I had an idea the "match" finished at 5 o'clock!

I have been asked to join the new Dublin hurling team, but I have only a "Hayesy" idea of its personnel so far. I'm told that weight is going to be the deciding factor in the acceptance of players. Martin will see to that!

Da deallraméac le "Caisleac mhór-srón na Saiblé" istodóe Dia Oomnaish mé:—

"I o'túinín na Sréine sead sasad mé.

I scúm choic ná fearar in aon cor, i bpeincair 'sa gcomcas as caillig 's na tuata le Danann dom traocad.

'San tally hi ho, hi ho, etc."

Anois, cérb iad so airigeas as fósairt do d'aoimib eile san bert i b'ead amuic mar nár maith leo siub-tóir o'óce agus an cead neomac eile ná maithois rém "Peis" ná "Eullín" o'aoimne sa shó? Agus anusan an tally hi ho, hi ho!

I peeped inside the dawnee hall at Ballavary last Sunday week, and who do you think were judging the "Old Time Waltz" competition? If you're laying odds, "lay none" on Seoirse as a step-dancer after that, not to mind a "too-hee, too-hoot" on the Irish dance teacher!

The tickets issued to the Primary Schools' boys for last Sunday's matches in Croke Park were "made in England," but they were not accepted at the gate. May I add a "rider" to the verdict that 'tis very easy to get the Irish tickets, and no extra expense!

**Red Abbey Tobacco
Factory, Cork**

**YOU SHOULD SMOKE
O'Sullivan's Cork Made Tobaccos**

**And obtain our
Free Gifts!**

meascán muintneac: A MUNSTER MEDLEY.

By LAMH DEARG.

The Suir Valley.

I have received strict orders from the management to refrain from describing scenery in my reports, but what poet or penman could remain passive as we hummed merrily up the Suir valley last Sunday, from Waterford to Clonmel? Bounteous nature lavished her gifts in generous measure on all sides: "glorious woods and teaming soil," pleasant pastures, hawthorn hedges, ornate orchards, bright with beautiful bloom. As Bulfin wrote in his "Rambles in Erin"—mountain and valley and river and lake and woodland." Here we had them all in pleasing contrast and generous profusion. Beside the rail track the Suir shimmered like molten silver, and over all, heather clad old Slievenamon stood sentinel over as fair and as fertile a plain as lies between the Four Seas of Eire!

We welcome the championships and the healthy Gaelic atmosphere that surrounds them, but part and parcel of our pleasant day's outing is to enjoy the beautiful scenery with which the Master Architect has adorned this natal isle of the Gael.

Clonmel.

The stoutest defence made in Ireland against Cromwell was sustained at Clonmel by Hugh Duv O'Neill, nephew of Owen Roe, in 1650. Commanding 1,500 Ulstermen, he fought until ammunition and provisions ran short. Allowing the Mayor to make an honourable peace with Cromwell, he led his troops out of the town under cover of darkness, and arrived at Limerick, where he conducted the siege against Ireton and further enhanced his military reputation. After this he lived ten years in exile in Madrid, and assumed the title of Earl of Tyrone.

Clonmel saw a dark day, too, in March, 1776, when Father Nicholas Sheehy was hanged, drawn and quartered before the old jail. He openly denounced the collecting of Protestant Church rates and made no secret of his sympathy with the people in their down-trodden and oppressed condition. His head remained spiked over the jail gate for twenty years! These are facts of history!

Here, too, languished the "White Boy" hurler, who lay under sentence of death in the old prison, and he thus soliloquises on his pallet: Next Sunday, the patron, at home will be keeping; And the young active hurlers the field will be sweeping. With the dance of fair maidens, the evening they'll hallow, Whilst this heart, once so gay, shall be cold in Cluainmeala.

In Kickham's Country.

"Those active boys at play on a bright summer's day, in the Valley near Slievenamon."

This epitomises last Sunday's great Gaelic day beside the Suir, in the old historic town of Clonmel. Two splendid matches were provided, and if friend Dick O'Donnell was disappointed with the attendance, he got a promissory note for £50 on the drawn game between Waterford and Kilkenny. The arrangements were perfect, but other attractions in the Gaelic arena—matches at Limerick and Mitchelstown—depleted the attendance.

* * *

The first match, between Limerick and Tipperary, was a fine robust game. Rapid, strenuous hurling from whistle to whistle—close clashes, brilliant ball play and a superb display of goal-keeping by O'Meara and Scanlon, gave us a great pleasurable hour. Limerick were gallant

triers for a goal that would give them a two-point lead, but it never came, and Tipperary swarming up in solid phalanx raised another green flag that stapleised their victory.

Tipperary, 4-2; Limerick, 2-3. Mr. Sean O'Shea of Fethard gave us all thorough satisfaction as a referee.

For Tipp., the two Phils (Cahill and Purcell), Tommy Leahy, Lanigan, Maher and O'Meara (in goal). Best for Limerick were Cregan, Mick Ryan, J. Mackey, P. Kennedy and Scanlon between the sticks.

The Waterford Boys.

Waterford sent up a parcel of green gorsoons to uphold the honour of the Decies in the second game, against a Mooncoin selection. General expectations had summed up the match as a "wash out," and nobody present was expecting any class of a game. All these calculations were upset, for the little lads from Waterford were a goal up before the match was long in progress. They forgot for the nonce the prestige of their opponents and hurled away with as much *sang froid* as if they were having a lively practice. Our surprise turned into admiration, and at half-time they led by 2-3 to 1-4.

The Mooncoin men were non-plussed, and they started down to serious business when the second period opened. Duggan, Doyle, Dunne and Martin White—four All-Ireland men—were doing their best to wear down the opposition, and when only a goal divided the teams, we had some hard, strenuous hurling. Mooncoin at length levelled up, and Jerry O'Keeffe blew his whistle, leaving us another day to see them in action again.

Waterford, 3-4; Kilkenny, 3-4.

After the Ball.

I collided with Tom Semple as I was leaving the field, and the customary conversation followed as we made ourselves "comfy" in Lonergan's hostel. The boss, who played with the old Clonmel Shamrocks in 1900, joined us, and the conversation turned as usual on old times and old games. In spirit we visited Turner's Cross in Cork, Dan Fraher's famous field at Dungarvan, Jones' Road, Fermoy, Kilkenny and Tipperary town—everywhere a good man fought or figured.

Friend Tom is insistent that the All-Ireland Final for next year must be played in Thurles, and with that idea I am thoroughly in agreement. If the Central Council desire to prevent a Gaelic revolution, I think in fairness, as well as in sentiment, that they must agree to the wishes of the Thurles people in particular and the Tipperary people in general. What more fitting than that the Jubilee celebrations of a great, national champion be held where the infant child was born?

Camánacht?

The suggestion of Mr. Seán McCarthy, at the last meeting of the Cork County Board, that the word *Camánacht* should be brought into use again, gives us food for much thought. I think the word should be used to designate 'hurling' in general. It suits the general idea of the game better, particularly as we use the word "*camán*" a hurley in general reference to the stick used in the game. *Iomáin* or *tiomáin* means to drive along by force, and unquestionably has a connection with the idea of hurling. However, I think for uniformity and general use we could safely use the word *camánacht* or *camáníocht*, for hurling. Then *camánuidhe* in general for a hurler, instead of *iománuidhe*. There is much to recommend the suggestion.

In passing, I may add that the word *peil* (gen. *peile*) a football, is

incorrectly used on many occasions and by people who should know better. *Peil* is the ball itself, and not the game, which should correctly be *peilíocht*. A 'football club' then is not *Cumann Peile*, but *Cumann Peilíochta*, or more correctly still, *Cumann um Peilíocht*. 'The football championship of Ireland' then should be *Craobh Peilíochta na h-Eireann*.

"Sound as Iron."

I once met old Major Kennedy of Carrigtwohill, in Waterford, and asked him how he was. "Sound as iron, boy," he replied. This just sums up Carrig's great present team, who defeated the Rockies in the Cork Senior Championship on Sunday last. Some time ago I wrote in these columns that Carrig was the coming team, and my words are proving prophetic. Cork patrons had a fine homely feast without any trimmings or second course, and the famous old Rockies have gone gloriously down before dash, determination and weight, in their first round of the championship.

Carrigtwohill, 2-6; Blackrock, 0-2.

Cork's Draw with Waterford.

From some who were present, I learned that the football served up on Sunday at Mitchelstown, between Cork and Waterford, was a very fine exhibition of the native code. Waterford's early lead of two goals gave them great heart, and they played with combination and confidence. Jim Regan was the spearhead of the Cork attack, and his efforts were responsible for a drawn game.

Waterford, 4-4; Cork, 4-4.

Football in Cork.

Some weeks back, I had something to say of the rise and progress of football in East Cork. Football also in the County generally demands a passing notice from me. In the early nineties, football was generally practised in the county, and Cork teams figured four years in the final—in 1890, Midleton, 1891 (Clondrohid defeated in 1892 by the Laune Rangers of Kerry); 1893, Dromtariffe and in 1894 the Nils. This latter was a famous final, and the competing teams, the Dublin Young Irelands and the Cork Nibs, played a drawn game at 1 goal 1 point to 6 points for Dublin. Nine points were then equal to a goal. In the replay, Dublin left the field, and Cork refused to play a third time. The Central Council then declared Dublin as champions, but the Cork County Board gave medals as well to their players for the All-Ireland championship.

Then came the "Dohenys" of Dunmanway, who after beating all opposition in Munster, met the Dublin Kickhams in the All-Ireland Final of 1897. The Kickhams won on the score 2-6 to 2 points. It is worth recording that the Captain of the Kickhams was a Bandon man, Paddy Walsh, who died in 1927 in Dublin. He fought in the Easter Rising of 1916. The Nils contested the final again in 1899, but were defeated by the Dublin Geraldines. Cork (Fermoy 1906 and Lees 1907) were defeated also by Dublin (Kickhams) in the final and it was not until 1911 that Cork (Lees) again won the premier title after a lapse of twenty-one years.

Irish Ballads.

We had a pleasant time at De La Salle College, Waterford, on Saturday night, when friend Phil O'Neill gave a lecture on Irish Ballads to the students. The lecturer traced the history of the ballad from the Penal Days down to the present time, and gave us several fine numbers to his own accompaniment on the piano. It was heartening to hear the students joining in the chorus of several fine songs like "Billy Byrne of Ballymanus," "The game played in Erin-go-bragh," "Bold Jack Donoghue," "She lived beside the Anner," and several others. Fionan had something to say on

our old ballads last week in AN CAMAN, and I wish he heard friend Phil's lecture.

The Faughs (Dublin) All-Ireland Record.

Dublin is outside my province, but this great old hurling combination has included many great Munster hurlers from time to time, and their All-Ireland record will not be so much out of place in a Munster medley. There may be a few errors, but no doubt on my next visit to the Capital, friend Tommy Moore will point them out to me. The famous Faughs has been one of the first organised hurling clubs in the Association.

1917.—When the Dublin Collegians defeated Tipperary in 1917, the following Faugh players participated: Bob Mockler, Tommy Moore, J. Clery, M. Neville, M. Hackett and F. Burke.*

1920.—Bob Mockler, T. Moore, J. Clery, M. Neville, F. Burke,* T. Hayes, E. Tobin, R. Doherty, J. Walsh (Builder), J. Phelan, J. Clune.*

1924.—Joe Bannon, R. Doherty, T. Barry,* J. Walsh, Bob Mockler.

1927.—Jim Walsh, J. Bannon, T. Barry,* T. O'Meara.

This aggregates 26 medals in all. Not a bad record for an individual club.

*Doubtful.

Munster Items.

The Waterford Juniors made a very poor display against Tipp. at Mitchelstown. When it was learned that the gorsoons drew with Mooncoin at Clonmel, one man who was present at Mitchelstown said: "We put the juniors into the wrong train."

Tipp., 5-8; Waterford, 1-3.

* * *

The big surprise of last Sunday's Munster matches was the splendid display of the Kerry junior hurlers against Cork at Limerick. When a great close game was finished, Kerry were only three points in arrears: 2-6 to 2-2.

When the Kerry and Waterford lads are showing such promise, the Munster Senior Championships in a few years ahead will be something worth writing about.

* * *

Clare, who played two drawn games with Cork in the Football League last year, made a poor show in the same grade against Tipperary at Limerick on Sunday in the Munster senior football championship.

Tipperary, 1-11; Clare, 1-2.

* * *

Kilbrittan, the home of hurling in West Cork, and for many years divisional champions, had a solid win over Timoleague at Ballin-pittal on Sunday.

Kilbrittain, 7-2; Timoleague, 1-0.

Waterford is expecting a great hosting of Gaeldom on Sunday next for the senior hurling tie between the locals and Tipperary. Tipp. is coming to a man, and let us hope the local hotels and hostels will cater adequately for the large crowd.

A Flourishing Munster Industry.

Combining business with pleasure, Mr. P. O'Sullivan of the Red Abbey tobacco factory, Cork, has gone to the States with the Kerry footballers. Building up their business from the foundation, O'Sullivan Brothers, from a great Gaelic stock in Mid-Cork, have shown wonderful business acumen and enterprise. With the recent growing demand for Irish manufacture, their plugs and tobaccos are forging ahead in popular favour. Mr. O'Sullivan will visit the huge tobacco plantations in Virginia and Kentucky, and will study the latest methods of production and blending. On his return he will impart the experience gained to the betterment of his own factory and also to the benefit of the increasing group who are now growing tobacco in Ireland.

BOYNE AND BEYOND

BY "MOCHTA."

"Veritas" How Are You!

In a letter in last week's issue, over the penname of "Veritas," I was accused of saying what I didn't say. I have made it a practice not to reply to such letters, but I am reluctantly compelled to reply to this one. My reason for this departure is because I feel extremely worried lest the pages of AN CAMÁN should be used for the purpose of fanning a vendetta between local schools' managements.

What, may I ask, could be the motive of "Veritas" for saying: "Mochta" is inaccurate in describing the Louth team as being with only one exception, past pupils of the Drogheda Christian Brothers." When I said "Fourteen of the Louth players were Drogheda boys, the only outsider being Teddy Rice (Dundalk)."

A sample of the truth running through the letter of "Veritas," apart from the above distortion, may be gleaned from the following adroit reference to "W. P. Allen, who captained the Dublin Keatings in several All-Ireland Finals." The dogs in the village streets know that the Keatings hurling team never won a Dublin championship.

Yes, "Veritas," the veil is transparent; you should have left out all reference to schools—"Mochta" described them as Drogheda boys—tell the truth, "Veritas," are you seeking kudos or truth?

Additional Fixtures.

The Gaels of Monaghan are not inclined to let the grass grow under their feet, as the following additional fixtures will show, which were approved by the County Board.

Senior League.

May 28th—Donaghmoyne v. Inniskeen. Clones v. Killeevan. Castleblayney v. Latton.

June 18th—Inniskeen v. Carrickmacross. Donaghmoyne v. Killanny.

June 25th—Latton v. Castleblayney. Killeevan v. Clones.

Junior League.

May 28th—Donaghmoyne v. Magheracloone.

June 4th—Donaghmoyne v. Killanny. Magheracloone v. Carrickmacross.

June 18th—Magheracloone v. Inniskeen. Donaghmoyne v. Carrickmacross.

June 25th—Inniskeen v. Magheracloone. Carrickmacross v. Donaghmoyne.

Minor League.

May 28th—Donaghmoyne v. Carrickmacross.

June 14th—Donaghmoyne v. Inniskeen. Magheracloone v. Carrickmacross.

June 18th—Donaghmoyne v. Killanny. Inniskeen v. Carrickmacross.

The first-mentioned team in each case has home venue.

Monaghan League Games.

The opening games in the Monaghan Senior League can be written down as satisfactory. The football in most cases was good, and in many cases the results were contrary to expectations.

Carrickmacross at home ran out good winners over Killarney Geraldines on the score of 2 goals 6 points to 1 goal 2 points. Inniskeen Rovers held the more fancied Donaghmoyne team to a draw at Drumcatton. The scores were Inniskeen, 1-5; to 2-2 for Donaghmoyne. Castleblayney Faughs were also successful at their venue, while Clones at home went down before Latton (2-1) to 4 points.

Carrick junior string were lucky to draw with Magheracloone (1-2 to 1-2).

At Drumcatton, Inniskeen (2-3) accounted for Donaghmoyne (0-6) in the Junior League. In the same competition at Tullycorbett, the local team (2-3) had a narrow win over Doohamlet O'Neills (2-2).

The recently formed minor team in Carrickmacross registered its first win at Kingscourt by 3 goals 2 points to 2 points for Kingscourt.

One of the Old Brigade.

During the week Mr. Patrick Cleary, the well-known inter-county Referee, and former Vice-President

of the Ulster Provincial Council, died suddenly at his home in Belfast. The funeral, which was largely attended by the Gaels of Ulster and the general public, testified to the high esteem in which the deceased was held. Mr. Cleary was a native of Armagh and played on the Armagh football team, which won the Ulster championship in 1903. Following his retirement from active participation in the game, he was elected to the position of South Antrim Chairman and County Antrim Chairman at various periods. R.I.P.

A Great Success.

The keenest interest was taken in the Louth v. Monaghan return game in the Four-County League, which was played at Dundalk on Sunday last, and as a result the attendance crossed the 2,000 mark, while the gate receipts totalled over £100.

This League has proved itself one of the greatest successes that have been played under the auspices of the G.A.A. The teams raced neck with neck with each other through the entire competition, and now the final games has been reached, with Meath and Louth standing level at the top, with each of them down two points. The participating counties have obtained valuable training for the championships, and their "war chests" have been amply enriched. That the promoters and the participants are jubilant over this great success needs not the echo of my trumpet.

The Louth Men Excel Themselves.

At last Louth gives promise of again figuring prominently in the All-Ireland Championship. By their display against Monaghan on Sunday at Dundalk, there can be no doubt about the excellence of that fifteen of Louth's. In most matches the "stars" are picked out for special mention, but in this match I found it delightfully difficult to spot a weak department.

The scoring at the end would give the impression that the match was one-sided. Let me dispel that notion immediately by saying it was no such thing. The game was a sparkling exhibition, brimful of thrilling duels, fast and clever, and interest was sustained to the last kick. Monaghan had a grand combination, which played excellent football, and it was this fact which brought out the traditional cleverness of the "Wee" County footballers.

The Ups and Downs of the Game.

Louth were first to handle the ball, and an easy chance of scoring was missed. When Coyle sent Louth forward from the touch-in, and T. McKeon found the range, to be followed by a further point from P. McKeon, Louth looked all over the winning team. Later on, following a bout of high-class ball play, Louth's left wing came into action, and Moonan punted over the third point. Coyle, Mohan and Caffrey on Louth's midfield supplied the forwards with the ball to advantage. Mason, McMahon and Fisher pulled the game round in Monaghan's favour, and Coyle and Fisher had a point each. Cluskey took Louth forward for Coffey to point. The struggle raged for a time before Monaghan's goal, in which Traynor (full) was splendid. Louth forced two fifties, one of which Mohan pointed. It was fast, enjoyable football all over. Moore increased Louth's lead, and later Caffrey gave Louth a seven points' lead at the interval.

Brisk play was the order before Mohan drove a "50" on to Taaffe, whose swerving half-volley sailed past McCabe for a goal. Fortunes fluctuated for a time, and the game appeared to be swinging in favour of Monaghan.

Monaghan Give of Their Best.

Coyle (M.) drove home a point. Louth tackled keenly, giving or seeking no quarter. Moore with a fast ground, beat McCabe (goal). Mason again brought the game round in favour of Monaghan, who had two fruitless "50s" before Fisher kicked a point and Mason pointed later from a "50." Although the pace did not slacken, Louth were clearly on top from now to the end. Moore (point), Caffrey (point), brought a great game to a close. Result—Louth, 3 goals 8 points; Monaghan, 5 points. Mr. P. Fearon (Pres., Ulster Council), Referee.

Teams:—

Louth—M. Leech, E. Callan, M. McKeon, J. Hearty, J. Kelly, E. Boyle, P. Cluskey, J. Mohan, J. Coyle (capt.), T. and P. MacKeon, T. Coffey, J. Taaffe, J. Moore, J. Moonan.

Monaghan—C. McCabe, E. Martin, O. Traynor, J. McMahon, J. Finegan, J. McMahon, J. McElroy, J. McCourt, W. Mason (capt.), J. Coyle, J. Nurns, H. Lennon, C. Fisher, T. Flanagan, J. Loughman.

Armagh for Second Round.

At Derrymacash, Lurgan, on Sunday last, Armagh (1-8) beat Down (2-3) in the opening round of the Ulster Junior Football Championship. The match was an exciting affair, for at the interval Down, who were much heavier, were leading by 8 points to 4 points. The nippy Armagh lads proved too fast for Down, and in an exciting finish managed to pull the game round in their favour to win as mentioned above.

Final of Peter Lyons' Cup Competition.

Once more Louth and Meath are fated to meet each other. This time the venue will be Navan, and the match is for the final of the Four-County League, to which is added the Peter Lyons' Cup and Medals. I know of no other county teams which have met each other as often as Louth and Meath, nor of any case in which the results of those meetings have so little bearing on either teams' supporters. Neither side is prepared to admit the other's superiority. This is all to the good of the game. Of late, the Meath team has had several victories over Louth, the latest being at Drogheda on April 2nd in this Competition, when Meath's total was 2-5 to 2 points for Louth. On that day a gale was blowing over the field, and although Louth never let Meath over the halfway line, their forwards frittered away numerous easy chances for scoring. It is claimed in Louth that that day was an unsatisfactory one for football, and besides that the players were not at their best form. The team has been much improved since then, and confidence reigns in the "Wee" County that the team will dispose of Meath at Navan, and be the first to have their name inscribed on the Peter Lyons' Cup. Be the result what it may, a great game is assured, and a record gathering is expected.

What the Gaels are Talking About.

The sole topic in Gaelic circles in either County is the outcome of this game. A special train will leave Drogheda for Navan on Sunday at 12-45 p.m., and it is hoped that the Drogheda Brass and Reed Band will accompany the team.

Special preparations are being made in Navan to deal with the huge influx of people who will make Navan their headquarters. It is also being arranged that a representative from each of the four counties will be in attendance at the presentation of the Cup, and that the donor, Mr. Peter Lyons, Drogheda, will be in attendance also.

The teams' records in this competition are:—

LOUTH:

Beat Armagh at Dundalk by 4-3 to 0-1.

Lost to Meath at Drogheda by 2-5 to 0-2.

Beat Armagh at Bessborough by 1-6 to 0-8.

Beat Monaghan at Carrick by 3-6 to 3-4.

Beat Monaghan at Dundalk by 3-8 to 0-5.

MEATH:

Lost to Monaghan at Carrick by 1-5 to 0-2.

Beat Armagh at Navan by 1-9 to 1-3.

Beat Louth at Drogheda by 2-5 to 0-2.

Beat Monaghan at Navan by 0-8 to 1-4.

Beat Armagh at Armagh by 0-6 to 1-0.

The League Table reads:

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Pts
Meath	..	5	4	0	18
Louth	..	5	4	0	18
Monaghan	..	6	3	0	36
Armagh	..	6	0	0	60

Limerick Notes

By "LEAN ORT."

Fixtures.

Sunday, 21st May.

At Newport—Inter-County Senior Hurling Tournament. Clare v. Tipperary; Limerick v. Galway.

At Ballinvana—J.H. Championships. Glenrose v. Hospital. Referee, Mr. P. O'Sullivan, jun. J.F. Championship. Anglesboro' v. Kilmallock; Referee, Mr. J. O'Connell.

At Adare—Daly Cup Final, S.H.: Croom v. Rathkeale.

At Dromcollogher—J.H. Championship: Tournafulla v. Castlemahon.

At Mongea—Silver Medal Tournament Final: Ballingarry v. Broadford.

Last Sunday's Games.

Limerick fielded two inter-county Senior Hurling teams on Sunday, both against Tipperary. At Golden, a Cloughan and Fedamore combination were successful, but at Clonmel the tit-bit of the day was staged, and after a really high class hurling display, in which the goalkeeping of O'Meara for Tipperary was the outstanding feature, the premier county men gained the verdict in an exciting finish. It was a great game, with the result in doubt to the final whistle.

At Croom, a "gate" of £57 witnessed the Junior County Championship Semi-Finals. In Hurling, Broadford gained a well merited victory over Doon, and in football Cloughaun were victors over Ballysteen by the narrowest of margins.

CLARE.

Next Sunday's Fixtures.

CLARE

At Labasheeda—Labasheeda v. Kilrush, M.F.; Cooraclare v. Kilrush, S.F.

At Kilkishen—Clooney v. Feakle, J.H.; Tulla v. Clonlara, S.H.

At Broadford—O'Callaghan's Mills v. Broadford Juveniles; Garraiboy v. Cratloe, J.H.

At Crusheen—Tubber v. Barefield Juveniles; Ennis v. Crusheen, J.F.; Tubber v. Barefield, J.H.

At Kilfenora—Lisdoonvarna v. Ennistymon, Juveniles and Junior F.

At Kilkee—Kilkee v. Cooraclare, Juv. F.; Ennis v. Cooraclare, S.F.

At Ballynacally—Clarecastle v. Ballynacally, Juvenile and Junior H.

At Scariff—Kilclaran v. Whitegate, J.H.

Last Sunday's Results.

Senior Hurling: Ennis 5-5, Clarecastle 3-7; Newmarket 4-4, Clooney 3-3; Boydke 5-4, Kilkesh 4-4.

Junior Hurling: Boydke defeated Quin, and Tuamgraney defeated O'Callaghan's Mills.

Minor Hurling: Ennis 7-4, Clooney 2-3.

Senior Football team defeated by Tipperary, 1-12 to 1-2. Clare being without six of the selection, viz., Comerford, McMahon, Marri-man, Casey, Considine, and Blake.



A CÁIRDE ÓSA,

Do sheallas tuid, an tseachtmáin
seo caithe, leagan saodálaic ar
"The Foggy Dew" a tabairt im'
cúinne annso. 'Sé an t-atair
Máirtín Ó Domhnaill as árainn a
cuir saodúis ar an amhrán béarla
leis an atair Ó Néill. Is tóig liom
sur minic a can sib é, amhrán breá,
fiú i mbearta féin, amhrán go
bhuil an brón is an bró le céile
ann. Buel, seo sib anois n-ár
dteangaim féin é, agus is deas mar
a téigean sin leis:—

AN DRÚCT CEO 'S.

'Dul síos an gleann' dam maíom
Cás', ar cátair bí mó triall,
nuair casad orm buíne saodéal do
seas 'san mbearna daoigail,
níor seinn píob fonn, níor fógair
drum' an caismirt ná an gleo,
áit bí'n fáilte go bog mar céol
ó'n gcloig a clos ins an Drúct CEO 'S.

Go tréan os éinne sean-dail' áit
Cliaí do croc siad a mbrat go
h-árd,
Óir b'fearr leo bás i n-éirínn 'fagáil
ná as súla nó súl-el-bár.
'Sus ó mbe na ríog do shuais fir
griúde, go mairiú siad go deo,
áit do buail dream fall, do cleact
riam feall, istead leis an Drúct
CEO 'S.

Do tuit an oróide, áit do cuir saodúil
crit ar shuagstib dorb na n-fall,
is go h-árd 'san aer imeasc piléar
bí lasraea 'bus is fall;
le cradóidib teami', imeasc na lann,
ar dílse saodéal go deo,
do shuí na loóra 'r éraic a mbrat
go h-árd 'san Drúct CEO 'S.

Áit go brónac binn do builead cling
fíor-leóra inise fáil,
do tuit, moniar! san earrac úr,
áit a bhuil a ngníom fá fáil,
'Sus bí iongnad croide ar an domán
amuis fá na saistíog mear san só
do tróir go dian le go soillsigead 'n
srian amac trío an Drúct CEO 'S.

Ar éir fá léan, mar 'd'ead 'd'iarr
fáil ar saodélaib dul 'breit
buar',

Áit le h-ais cuain súla tá a n-uais'
is ar brúcaib na mara tuar',
Dá dtroidead siad fá baléragroide
nó mar aon leis an bpiarsac 'san
ngleo,

'D'ead a gcúinne buan le 'bhuil fá
suan fá énoicib an Drúct CEO 'S.

Ar ais fá'n ngleann cuair mé go
fáin, is ba brónac bí mó croide,
Óir do tuit mó léan! na sáir-fir
tréan' na bfeicfead arís a coróide
is orraib, a rún', do shuíom go buan
o' oróide is de ló,
Óir ruais sib na tráil', a feara fáil,
nuair do tuit sib san Drúct CEO 'S.

Is fear é an t-atair Máirtín go
bhuil saodar maí deanta aise ar
son saodúis is saodálaic. Doimne
sur maí leis eolas maí cruinn pé
onleánab árainn o' fagáil seodúir sé
i n-saodúis breas slactmar é i
leabair an atair Máirtín. As seo
sompia as an leabair sin—tá an
t-atair Máirtín as cur síos ar
naomh árainn:—

"Is mór atá Éire fá comaoim as
naomh agus as mainstreacáib ar
leit, óir de bí naomh seacas naomh,
agus mainstreaca seacas mainis-
treaca eile, do bí i n-a lócrann
crabair, agus i n-a lócrann léiginn
mar an gcéadna, as an tír uile.
B'féidir go gceapad a lán daoine
go bhuil mé as iarrad glóir ró-
mór agus ear mar is ceart do
tabairt o' árainn agus o' áit cuir
naomh má áirínn orá san iat. Ba
mór é cliú árainn ar léigean, áit
ba mó 'ná sin a cliú ar éirí. . . .
Deirtear turb i Éire "Solus an
lartair" áit shuí i ára "Solus
na h-Éireann uile."

STAIR ÁITEAMAIL.

Seo siota eile as leabair an atair
Máirtín, siota go gcuirfimid spéis

ar leit ann anois agus comórtas
mór fionáin ar siubal. "Dáine ar
bit cuiread fíor-súim i n-aon áit
a bhuil baint aici le stair na tíre
ní féidir do san cóir do beir aise
ar an eolas noctas stair na h-áite
agus na ndaoine a raib comnuide
orra inntí. . . . An t-é ar maí
leis stair aon áite o' áitris, ní mór
do an t-eolas ar an áit agus ar
sac a mbaineann léi do cuairúgá
go díceallac." Sin comairle úib-se,
a cáirde mo éraoide. Bíod sib as
cuairúgá eolais agus á cur cuis
fionáin, eolais pé sean-cáisteán, nó
sean-dún nó pé rud ar bit sur fiú
le rú é i stair áiteamail úir
nóútaige féin. Tá na duaiseanna
annso as peiteam le teact na h-aistí
is fearr. Tá cuir ves na h-aistí
éana féin. Agus péac ná fuil
fásta áit—

Seachtmáin Eile.

M'focal úib, a cáirde mo éraoide,
áit sin a bhuil, is san lá leis. Aon
aiste ná bíonn i n-oifis **An Camán**
roim deire na seachtmáine seo cu-
aim, ní vacar fionáin leis. Anois
a buacailli is a cáilíní griúde!
Tá aistí agam ó Portláirge, ó
Cáisteán a' Varrais, agus dála an
sgéil cat pé Cátair na Mart? Ní
an amlaí é go bhuil an lartair 'na
luige, ó Cáisteán a' Varrais siar.
Go deimín féin, áit ní i n-a scolad
i gCáisteán a' Varrais. Táim a
gcuir aistí cuaim is tá comne agam
le h-obair móir as iarrad na cinn
is fearr a togaí astá go léir.
Agus na h-aistí ó Portláirge! Ní
cáil Portláirge riam é, agus tá
cúil agam go mbeir dom maí
suaiseanna as tul go dtí an baile
dois Shuire. Ní i bPortláirge ná
i gCáisteán a' Varrais amain tá na
saodúil ósa as corruige, tá áiteaca
eile. Áit fanad le torad mo
comórtas?

Deirid buad ó

Búir gCarra,
FIONÁIN.

Asked and Answered.

PATRICK LOVETT (New York).—
The lines quoted in our recent issue in
reference to Cahirciveen are taken
from a poem written by Brian na
Banban. This poem, which we give
in full hereunder, can be found in
The Voice of Banba, a book of songs,
ballads and satires published by the
author, Brian O'Higgins, 68 Upper
O'Connell Street, Dublin.

CATHAIR SAIDHBHIN.

1.
Och! éist liom a cháirde, is brónach
mo scéal,
That vulgar invention called Teanga
na nGaedheal,
Has ruffed the temper and altered
the mien
Of a charming young lady i gCathair
Saidhbhin.

Chorus:

Ochón! 'Sé mo bhrón! Olagón!
Aililiú!
The fat's in the fire, and we're in all
a stew;
If you call yourself Máire or Cáit or
Eibhlín,
You can't boil potatoes i gCathair
Saidhbhin.

2.

Such names should be kept in their
places, you know,
On the hills and the bogs, with the
vulgar and low;
They should never be spoken or
written or seen
In a cookery class-room i gCathair
Saidhbhin.

Chorus:

Ochón! 'Sé mo bhrón! Olagón!
Aililiú!
The fat's in the fire and we're all in
a stew;
If you call yourself Máire or Cáit or
Eibhlín,
You can't bake a pancake i gCathair
Saidhbhin.

3.

'Tis "foolish, ridiculous, childish,
absurd"
(And something else, too, but I
can't find the word),
To talk about Irish, or anything
mean,
In the presence of "gentry," i
gCathair Saidhbhin.

Chorus:

Ochón! 'Sé mo bhrón! Olagón!
Aililiú!
The fat's in the fire, and we're all in
a stew;
If you call yourself Nóra, Siobhán
or Eibhlín,
You can't scour saucepans i gCathair
Saidhbhin.

4.

Those rude Gaelic Leaguers alone
have the cheek
(Altho' they seem gentle enough—
till they speak),
To drag in philology, flavoured with
spleen,
And mix it with pastry i gCathair
Saidhbhin.

Chorus:

Ochón! 'Sé mo bhrón! Olagón!
Aililiú!
The fat's in the fire, and we're all
in a stew;
If you call yourself Máire or Cáit or
Eibhlín,
You won't get a husband i gCathair
Saidhbhin.

5.

This Irish Revival is growing too
strong.
Spite of Bryce and of Birrell, of
Starkie and Long,
And I hear for a fact that a Kerry
cailín
Can cook without English i gCathair
Saidhbhin.

Chorus:

Ochón! 'Sé mo bhrón! Olagón!
Aililiú!
There's one thing I nearly forgot
you can do:
If you call yourself Máire or Cáit or
Eibhlín,
You can frizzle a Seóinín i gCathair
Saidhbhin.

HURLING—SHINTY.

Hurling and the Scottish game of
Camanachd or Shinty, are of common
origin, and in some form or other
rank amongst the oldest pastimes in
the world. In the absence of unified
control, minor points of difference
have arisen between the games as
practised in Ireland and Scotland.
It is not difficult, however, to ar-
range a compromise of the rules,
whereby the players of both countries
may meet on common ground. Four
matches of importance took place in
the nineties of the last century, and
four have taken place during the
present century. Two of the latter
took place in 1924—one in Glasgow
and the other at the Tailteann
Games in Dublin. Another was
played at the Games in 1932 and
the next recent match took place
on Saturday week in Glasgow. In
the match at Glasgow, in 1924, the
Irish team was composed of members
of University College, Dublin Hurling
Club, assisted by three outside
players. The match at Dublin in
1924 was between the pick of Scot-
land and the pick of Ireland. Scot-
land won both matches by a goal.
In the Tailteann Games, Dublin,
last year, an Irish team met a team
selected by the Southern Shinty
League of Scotland. The Irish won

comfortably, but it is interesting to
note that no score was registered
for twenty-five minutes.

The match played this month was
between a team selected from the
National University Colleges and
the Scottish Southern Shinty League.
The hurling team left Dublin on 5th
inst., under the management of
Messrs. Kenry and McNamce, (re-
presenting the Central Council,
G.A.A.), and travelled via Belfast,
where Mr. McNamce joined the
party. Arriving at Glasgow, they
were met by the Southern Shinty
League representatives, and one or
two members of the Irish National
Association. After breakfast at
the Grand Hotel, they left for a trip
to Loch Lomond, returning about
1 p.m. Lunch over, they proceeded
to Hordgate Road for the match.
Though winning by the smallest
margin, the hurlers deserved their
victory on the run of the play.

After the match the teams were
entertained to tea by the Southern
Shinty League, Mr. Fletcher pre-
siding. Speeches appropriate to the
occasion were made by the Chairman,
Mr. Horgan, Mr. MacPherson, Mr.
MacLeod, Mr. M. Cronin (Captain
of Hurling Team), Mr. S. Bain
(Captain of Shinty Team), and Mr.
MacNamce, who read the following
telegram from Mr. Sean Mac

Carthaigh, President of the Gaelic
Athletic Association:—

'Beatha agus Slainte: Heartiest
greetings to Gaels of Scotland; hope
for annual games and reciprocal
social functions; extend invitation
Ireland next year.'

The Gaelic songs which were a
feature of the evening, were highly
appreciated. Not the least inter-
esting item was the speech in Gaelic
by the Shinty Captain, Mr. S. Bain,
who followed up with a song in
Gaelic and then another in response
to the applause.

On Sunday night, a Ceilidhe was
improvised by the Irish National
Association, and an invitation was
extended to the hurlers. Those
who went had a very enjoyable
time. There were more songs and
speeches. Of the latter one of the
most interesting was that of Mr.
M. O'Flaherty, of University College,
Galway.

The Southern Shinty League, with
Mr. Hogan and his colleagues of the
Irish National Association, had done
everything to make the occasion a
pleasant one for the team, who
returned on the morning of Tuesday
week, quite satisfied with the trip.

As to the hurlers, only one thing
remains to be said: Their conduct
on and off the field was above
reproach.

HANDBALL SERIES

No. 6—Soft-Ball Service.

by MARTIN O'NEILL

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The pliable nature of the soft-ball lends to its manipulation in various ways by the Server. Skilful use of the fingers will be an asset. On a dry floor and opposed to skilled servers, various kinds of service can be delivered, but the tossing that serves the required purpose of gaining direct aces is practically negligible.

(1.) The low hard-ball tossing is only to be given on a greasy floor, as the wet gives a skidding effect, that makes a return practically im-

possible. It is therefore solely dependent on the wet floor, for its effectiveness.

(2) Cross-tossing is very effective: in fact, it is often a menace to the best exponents of the game. Its particular high bouncing off the walls, in diagonal fashion, makes it both awkward and difficult to return. The receiver gets fed up watching it ricocheting from wall to wall, his eyes become strained, and as there are various ways of returning it, more often than any the wrong way is attempted.

It is a sound, useful toss.

(3) Direct service slung out along the side walls is good provided the striking is not too strong and that the ball lies close to them. It must not touch the back wall either. It is difficult to deliver, but is useful for gaining aces, and so is worth trying from time to time.

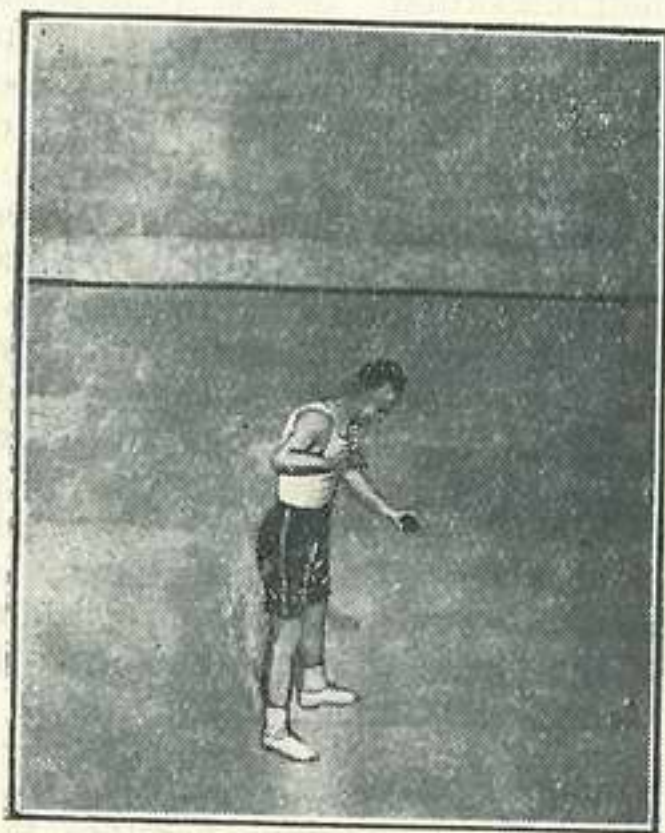
(4) The best toss of the Soft-ball game can be executed thus: Bounce the ball midway on the front wall, across the court to either side wall. Get contact with the latter wall high up and about a yard from the back wall. It must glide along the back wall, either touching it or not, but touching it, the rebound at most must be an inch or two. In every movement the ball must travel slowly; the toss has been termed everything that words can call it. It is the demon-toss of this game, and has spelt disaster to the mightiest exponents of the alley-game.

I have omitted Lob-tossing, as it is somewhat similar to No. 4.

I shall conclude the service section with a short general advice:

Deliver all service with as little exertion as possible; remember, no matter how relentless tossing onslaughts are, the front wall of the court will not crumble to pieces; do not waste unnecessary energy, as its loss will sorely be felt in a long rubber. The Server must give himself a chance; he will have plenty of time to expend his energy in other sections of the game. Save hard hitting for such.

No. 7—Receiving. (Next Week.)



Ready to Serve

Why not a Real Irish píob món?

Letter from London

2 MAUDE ROAD,
LONDON, S.E.5.
May 13th, 1933.

An tEagathoir, "An Camán,"
Baile Atha Cliath.

A CHARA,

The attack on the traditional war-pipe by Pádraig O Meachair cannot be allowed to pass unchallenged. May I trespass on your valuable time with the following refutation.

Firstly, the "Brian Boru" pipe is not Irish. It is the invention of a man well known for his intimate association with the British Army. It was invented, patented and manufactured in London, with a view to its being adopted by the British Army. Some of the older London Gaels, who were piping some thirty years ago when this "epoch-making invention" (sic.) was marketed, could give you fuller details.

Secondly, the Brian Boru pipe is not a war pipe at all. The war pipe in its only traditional form (as it has come down to us from the ancient Irish via the Scots) possesses these definite characteristics:

A conically-bored chanter of very thin wood.

A unique scale, irregular (judged by ordinary musical standards) in two or three intervals.

"Open" fingering, and a complicated system of ornamentation.

The Brian Boru pipe fails absolutely to fulfil these requirements.

The chanter, in order to support the keys, has to be made of thick wood, and consequently the open, full throated tone is lost, and a dull, "reedy" clarinet tone appears.

The scale of the Brian Boru pipe is based on modern musical standards and not on traditional forms.

I challenge any Brian Boru piper to produce on his instruments the characteristic grace-notes called "taorluath," "crunluath," "grip" and "berrel." Neither can he reproduce the "tripling" and "quadrupling" cuttings, so essential to good reel and jig playing.

Your correspondent seeks to prove that the traditional war-pipe is not Irish, by quoting some Irish airs which cannot be played on it. By the same token, I could prove that the Píob Mor is not Scottish. Such famous Scottish airs as "Bonnie Charlie," "Dark Lochnagar," "Ye Banks and Braes," "Charlie is my Darling," "The Cameron Men," "Loch Lomond," etc., cannot be successfully adapted for the Píob Mor.

Such stupid arguments prove nothing, except that both Scotland and Ireland have airs which were "made" for the pipes, and others

which are entirely unsuitable, because they were "made" for other instruments.

Pádraig is on slippery ground when he rants about "infamous Back-and-Tan tunes." Will he regard with suspicion such Irish airs as "Gallant Tipperary Boys," "Kinnegad Slashers," "Let Erin Remember," "Haste to the Wedding," etc., just because these same airs are used by British Army regiments as marches past? Will he reject "St. Patrick's Day," because a fatuous eulogy of the Duke of Wellington was once written to that tune?

I am an Irish piper first and foremost, and my aim is the furtherance of Irish pipe music. But I am also an unrepentant player of Scots music, which I love and admire.

I am not deterred by an air being called "The 548th Regiment's Welcome to Nova Zembla." I realise that almost invariably a Scottish piper, having the strains of an old Gaelic air in his head, has built it up into a four-part pipe-march, and named it after his regiment (usually to curry favour with the officers). It's the air that matters, not its name. Better a Scots Gaelic tune than Anglo-Irish "wish-wash" anyway.

Anyone who will seek to draw lines between Irish and Scots music is in for a tough job. Scratch an Irish tune and you will find a Scots one not two notes different, and vice versa—I could give a hundred examples—just what could be expected of two closely-linked countries which have a common stock and tradition.

As for Irishmen not being able to play Scots pipe-tunes, that is arrant nonsense. Last year, at a Scottish competition in London, Mick Fogarty (Clann na Gaedheal Band) walked off with second prize against a representative gathering of Scottish "cracks," soldiers and civilians. Can we forget the fine show that Nélus Cronin (go ndeanaidh Dia trocaire ar a anam!) made at Cowal gathering?

I enter into controversy unwillingly; I would be better occupied arranging Irish airs for the Píob Mor. Let us work and study to perfect a technique of Irish piping, equal to, yet different from, that of the Scots.

I have no grudge against Brian Boru pipes. I am merely uninterested in them: they are to me an instrument as hybrid as the saxophone, and as un-Gaelic.

Le mor meas,

Mise,

Do chara,

DOMHNAID BREATHAID

Piobairí an Chonnartha
Londain.

CAISLEÁN A' BARRAIS

Cumann an n-Ós
na Sóisirí

4-5.
1-7.

n-Éireannóir an deirt a b'fearr ar
ar an bpáirc san áon ádó. Is gearr

so mbéir a n-aimneadaí n-áirde i
scúrsaí peile. O'obrigí fearadóir

Mac Siolla easbuig agus Mac Uí

Latais as lámhaib a céile ar líne

cosais na Sóisirí. Tá mór fá leir

as Tomas Ó Cúinn agus fear con-

taobairteac é nuair a bhíonn an

liathróid 'na seilb. Luigeam sé

istead ar an mhirt ó'n gcéad fear

—rúo naic féidir a ráo fá n-a lán

eile, agus is minneac an t-urchar

atá aige. Da mór an t-urchar

gortuigeac Seumas Ós Ó Niallám,

mar b'fearr a b'fearr agus fear

do'n cumann. Cruthaig muintir Uí

Súilín go toíca freisin, 7 iad as

himrigeac cluiche breas, briogmar

peile roir Cumann na n-Ós 7 na

Sóisirí Dia luam sec caite (lá

'le De la Salle). Jaedilge is mó

a bí le cloisteal i bpáirc mhic

n-Éil an lá sin, agus táinig sé

an-rioste le Cumann na n-Ós an

buaio do breis leo i ngeall ar com

uáirteac is a d'imir na Sóisirí.

Promnasias Ó Cúinn, a bí mar

cúl-taca as na Cumannóirí, agus

má cuair an liathróid istead táinig

cúpla bobta ní air a bí an loet,

mar b'fearr a b'fearr agus fear

'eile pointe san am céadna. Agus

teastuig a ghealluáirteac uair, mar

luigeac Máireín Mac Domhnaill air

mar seadac faobrac am ar b'fearr

a b'fearr a b'fearr agus fear

do'n cumann. Cruthaig muintir Uí

Súilín go toíca freisin, 7 iad as

comhlinne i n-áirde a céile. An

Brácair Caobarr, F.S.C., a bí mar

réirdeoir. Casad "Amhrán na

b'fearr" i nJaedilge roim toisniú

do'n cluiche. Siudail na foirne

crio an mbaile faoi lán-gléas is le

brataca i n-áirde. So deimin, a

Jaedilge Ós, is lib-se an náisiún.

Feis agus Aonac Carman.

"An Feis is Jaedilge in

Éireann."

The first Co. Wexford Feis was held in 1902, and since, save in 1916 and again during the Black-and-Tan war, it has been held without a break. This year the indications are that it will be more successful than ever.

Preparations are already well advanced and patrons may be assured of a Gaelic hosting that will make history in the Gaidacht. Entries in all sections are exceptionally heavy; this pleasing fact is due to the whole-hearted co-operation of the Gaelic League Branches, the schools, both in town and rural districts, and the G.A.A. The Folk Schools at Camolin and Bridgetown are also contributing their share, and their appearance as competitors in the Feis (probably they are the first schools of this class to appear in Feis competitions) will be noted with interest and appreciation.

On Whit Sunday the massed choirs of the Enniscorthy Schools will par-

ticipate in an impressive opening ceremony. The final of the "Sciath an Mhae Alla" Nurling tournament will be followed by an exhibition of first class football. Senior Dramas, Senior Dancing, a Ceilidhe, and Pipers' Band competitions will take place.

The Feis Ceilidhe, lasting from nine p.m. until three a.m. will be a pleasant gathering. Prices will be popular, most of the concert artists, Miss Margaret Mac Inness, a Scottish Gaelic singer of distinction included, will contribute to the evening's enjoyment.

On Monday, all competitions in vocal and instrumental (with the exception of the bands referred to above) will be held. But Monday is essentially the children's day, and the schools of Wexford will show in drama and pageant what they are doing in the cause of Gaelic Ireland.

The Feis concert on Monday night will bring a great Gaelic festival to a fitting and memorable conclusion.

Special cheap railway fares from Dublin will be issued.

Famous Irish Athletes of the Past. By "Celt"

No. I—Peerless Tom Malone

ONE day during the 'Sixties of the last century in the vicinity of Miltown-Malbay, a pet hare escaped from its confinement to the despair of its fair owner. A youth near-by saw the incident; started in pursuit, and recaptured it! **That young lad was Tom Malone of Clare!**

A man experienced in physical training and athletics was also an onlooker and realised at once that young Malone was the making of a great runner. He engaged him to go on the track, scarcely dreaming, however, of the world-fame his protegee was to acquire. The basis of that renown is outlined in the accompanying article.

There is a line of demarcation drawn nowadays between amateurs and professionals. Prior to the establishment of athletic associations, the distinction, so far as the mass of athletes was concerned, had very little significance. There existed the "gentleman amateur" who could not enter the same arena as the "working-man." The performances of this exclusive coterie never called for much attention; and are now almost forgotten. It was mainly confined to the Universities and a few London clubs in Britain, and had, needless to say, imitators this side of the water.

This difference between "amateur" and "professional," which some people are so keen to insist upon recalls the dialogue attributed to a Swiss mercenary and a French soldier. The Frenchman reproached the Swiss for "fighting for pay."

"What do you fight for?" the latter asked.

"For glory," said the former.

"Ah, well," the Switzer mused, "I suppose each fights for what he lacks most."

This is only by way of preliminary to a glance at the career of the Clare athlete who was hailed in his day as the "peerless Tom Malone"; for he turned professional in the course of his career, like two other great Irish runners of later periods, George B. Tincler and Beauchamp Day.

Although Malone's short career in Ireland was a brilliant one, his enduring achievements were accomplished in Australia as a professional. Consequently his finest feats will not be found recorded in the ordinary chronicles of Athletics.

Athletic Boom.

When Tom Malone appeared on the track, professional running had attained the height of its popularity in England and on the big island continent, where the gold-diggers promoted sport spectacles upon a lavish scale. They had the money, and were prepared to pay to see the best men in competition.

Never since has pedestrianism reached such an intensive pitch as in the sixties and seventies of the past century. In England, Hutchens won for himself a place in the annals of Sprinting which no other has been able to capture. In style and speed he set up a tradition of excellence which all subsequent generations acknowledged. He was supreme in his own country and time, and yet it is no vaunting claim to assert that, given equal opportunities, Tom Malone was his peer on the track and infinitely his superior in all-round ability.

Malone's Début.

Malone was born in Miltown-Malbay in 1859. His physique early exhibited admirable build for the varied athletic role he was destined to fill: height, 5 ft. 9 in.; weight in training just under 12 stones, and his limbs beautifully moulded in graceful proportions. He made his first appearance in open competition at the age of 19 years in Ennis, where, with a 3 yards start, he won the "100" from C. B. Croker, a high-class sprinter. As an early proof of

his versatility, he was placed in several other events at that meeting.

Emboldened by this initial success, he competed soon after at Newmarket-on-Fergus, and, letting himself out, won the long jump, putting 16 lb. shot, 42 lb. weight, and the 100 yards from scratch—a mark of merit he had already secured.

In the last-named event he beat a champion of high quality in a fellow-Clareman, T. A. Lynch. Lynch later won the 440 yards and half-mile championships of 1880, and was rightly regarded as one of the finest runners Munster produced. Malone conceded 1½ yards on that occasion, a proof of how quickly his potential greatness had been recognised.

Some Noteworthy Achievements.

In the following year he journeyed, to Galway "Queen's" College sports and won the "century," beating the Irish champion, Stewart. He also won the quarter-mile and high jump, and came second to Dr. P. C. Hickey in the weights. At the subsequent "Queen's" College sports in Cork he was somewhat "off colour," but nevertheless captured the 100 and 220 yards handicaps, was again second to Dr. Hickey in the weights, and tied with another champion, W. A. Kelly, in the high jump (5 ft. 6 in.).

He was soon at high pitch again, as his successes at the Clare Co. Club sports proved. His victories there included: Putting 56 lb. shot (20 ft. 0 in.), 42 lb. (25 ft. 4½ in.), 16 lb. shot (41 ft. 0 in.), high jump (5 ft. 9 in.), long jump (20 ft. 5 in.), and 100 yards from scratch.

Examined in any light, this was a wonderful series of achievements. His home sports (Milltown) followed, and here he again won six events, and was second in a seventh. He came first in 42 lb. putting, 25 ft. 5 in. (Ned O'Grady's record then was 26 ft. 6 in.); long jump, 21 ft. 4½ in.; hurdles, 100 yards, 220 yards, and 440 yards handicaps from scratch, and second in high jump. He deservedly secured a special trophy for the best all-round performance—a distinction which is now too rarely recognised at our sports.

Still pursuing his inevitable course, he won five events—100 yards, 220 yards, long jump, high jump, and shot—at Tulla. He came to Dublin in May, 1879, to the Civil Service Sports, then a great two-day festival, at which Tom Davin first distinguished himself. Competition was always of the highest class at this fixture.

First Record.

Malone's performances had not been readily accepted in the Capital, but sceptics were speedily confounded. He was on scratch in the 120 yards flat, and won, against the best opposition, in 12 seconds. This is his first authentic record; and as the distance is rarely run here now, it is probably the best time in Ireland for the journey. It was not surpassed until 1896, when the flying American, B. J. Myers, did the distance in 11 4-5 secs. at Traver's Island, New York. In the 100 yards he conceded Gerald Brown 9 yards, and was

beaten by a foot. Brown was champion for 1881-2.

Dual Champion.

That meeting was on Saturday. The Irish Championships were held on the following Monday, and Malone then achieved his first Irish title.

He won the 100 yards easily in 10 2-5 secs. In the quarter-mile he was again opposed by T. A. Lynch and by G. D. Christian. Malone was crowded in on a narrow track for 150 yards. When he got away he piled on the pace mercilessly, and won in 51 1-5 secs., which remained the Irish record until Vigne knocked off the fraction in 1887.

In the field events he was second to Pat Davin in the high jump with 5 ft. 5 in., and long jump, 21 ft. 4½ in., and second to the late and universally lamented Maurice Davin with the shot. To the last-named I am under obligation, which I must acknowledge here, for many details of the Irish performances of his contemporary, Tom Malone, whom he regarded as an athlete of superlative capability and style. *En route* for home from the championships, he competed at Limerick, and won the "100" from Pat Davin in the splendid time of 10 1-5 secs.

More Series of Successes.

His re-appearance in 1880 was at this last venue. Upon a rugged, uphill track he won both scratch and handicap sprints (conceding up to 13 yards in the latter) in 10 1-5 secs. He was now being asked to concede maximum allowances of a nature long since discontinued. Nevertheless, at Cork Queen's College he carried off the 100 yards, 220 yards, and shot.

England Invaded.

Naturally his ambition turned to the English championships—then the nearest approach to international competition in existence—and shares with the Davins the honour of first representing Ireland there. Neither Pat Davin nor Tom Malone received fair treatment across the Channel, and their successes were far from commensurate with their merits.

The championships were held in Birmingham on this occasion, and Malone, leaving home on Monday, reached the venue on Saturday two hours before the commencement of the events—a crushing disability which robbed him of the freshness so essential for championship contests. He was beaten in his heat of the "100" by the London A.C. crack, A. W. Phillips, in 10 1-5 secs., but got home in front of the American, Myers, whose forte, however, was longer distances. He got second to Pat Davin in the broad leap, clearing 22 ft. 7½ in.; Davin jumped 22 ft. 11 in.

Malone's jumping lost him a great opportunity for distinction in the 440 yards. He hurt his foot, and so missed the chance of meeting Myers over a pet distance. The Yankee flyer won in 48 3-5 secs.

Ten Yards a Second.

Tom returned from England disappointed, but not discouraged. He competed next over the same wretched track in Limerick. He won his heat in the 100 yards easily in 10 1-5 secs., and in the final finished a shade faster than 10 seconds. This time on grass, and such a course, was phenomenal, and put the seal of supremacy upon Malone as a sprinter in this country at that epoch.

Unfortunately, it was his last race upon an Irish track. However, he contested the English championships again that year (1882), and once more met with ill-luck, if nothing worse, in the coveted sprint event. He was still unset when the pistol went; and Phillips again won that championship in 10 1-5 secs.

Our representative had some recompense in succeeding Pat Davin as

broad jump champion. He won with 21 ft. 9½ in. He cleared 23 ft. 0 in., but the jump was disallowed.

Malone bade good-bye to English competition then and alas, also said adieu to his native land.

Reader, imagine, if you can, a greater change of environment than Tom Malone must have experienced when he landed at Brisbane in November, 1882, from the Gaelic territory of Dal Cas, where the old traditions and customs had lingered longer than elsewhere in Ireland. Climate, pursuits, and conditions, all were as wide apart in their character as the places themselves.

New Scenes.

The resources of Queensland were limited at that time. Riches, and the pursuit of riches, were the ruling passions of its inhabitants. Exciting sport of every possible nature was their relaxation. Its European population was sophisticated, but far from cultured. Elemental impulses surged beneath a thin veneer of adopted civilisation.

The sporting instinct was powerful, and money was its motive force. The horse was highly esteemed in a vast pastoral and mining country; and horse-racing has developed in Australia as nowhere else with such limited population.

Though notoriously lacking in great rivers, the lower courses of such as do exist have produced some of the finest oarsmen the world has known.

Athletic Activity.

It is not surprising, therefore, that athletes of the field and track should have received corresponding encouragement, nor that Irishmen and Irish names should figure in the forefront. Several amateur records of the South were created by a later Irish exile, Matt Roseingrave, of Gort. It was on Australian tracks Day, of Dun Laoghaire, accomplished most of his great performances. In short, the history of Australian, as of American, athletes, is starred with the deeds of men of Irish birth or Irish blood. And of these, and of all others, Malone must be acknowledged by the title long since accorded him—the "Peerless Tom."

First Victories.

The professional arena was the dominant one. Amateur sports were held, but the money events drew the big crowds and the most accomplished competitors. Like the Swiss soldier of fortune, Tom Malone was intent upon pitting his physical capabilities against the best men, for the richest prizes his new home could produce.

Nor did he wait long for acclimatisation; but entered at once upon a short career that has made his fame enduring. On the St. Stephen's Day following his arrival he appeared at Warwick, about forty miles from Brisbane, and made a characteristic debut, winning four events—high jump, broad jump, 120 yards, 220 yards, and was second in the shot putting.

On his way back he competed at Ipswich, and again won quadruple honours in the 120, 200, and 300 yards and high jump. He was scratch-man in all events, but, as yet, his real qualities were not tested.

Sydney, away down the coast, was then the headquarters of keen pedestrianism. Thither he took ship, and at the Armdale Sports won a "Sheffield Handicap" (so named after the famous sprint races in England) over 75 yards. The prize was £25, and to this he added victory in the 100 yards.

He was now fairly launched upon the strenuous road of Australian conquest; and his appearance was sufficient to make any meeting a success. Rivals arose in quick suc-

cession, men who had dominated the arena hitherto, eager to quench the Irish flame that dimmed their halos.

The Clareman was in his element. He evaded no challenge, shirked no odds, competed everywhere and in every event that was possible.

Continuous Conquests.

In rapid succession he beat a series of noteworthy opponents—Stubbins over 150 yards; Weatherby over the same distance; Heywood over 100 yards. These men were all stars in their own latitudes, and were eclipsed almost without an effort.

Bigger stakes were now offered. A compatriot named Flanagan was matched with Malone over 100 yards for £100. The latter was conceding three yards, and it was generally admitted that he won. The evil that is always present in such contests asserted itself, and the money was not paid.

At this time (1883) one of the speediest runners that ever left England, Frank Hewitt, held the Australian record for the half mile at 1 min. 53½ sec.—marvellous time even to-day. Hewitt was nearing the veteran phase when Malone loomed in the arena. He sought a race, however, and they met over 50 yards. Malone won easily, as might be expected. The vanquished champion later paid a generous tribute to the Irishman's powers in the following appreciative comment upon his style and achievements:

Rival's Generous Tribute.

"Since 1865," he wrote, "I have met all the best men in England—men who would run from 50 to 1,000 yards. First Jim Nuttall, Sid Anderson, Dick Buttery, Bob Hindle (of Paisley), Hayward (of Rochdale), Tudsley Walsh, and Low Meyers (amateur and professional)—not one of them could duplicate the whole of Malone's performances at the distances mentioned. I do not mention the other four great champions. Anyhow, I know Samuels (an Australian Aborigine of phenomenal speed), and Hutchins (one of the very greatest of Sheffield runners) would not run up to these distances."

"I have always thought that Malone has not been given the credit due to him. His race of 250 yards at Botany, around two corners in 25½ secs., was one of the best performances I ever saw—Malone beaten by a foot and Hutchins all out. I have no hesitation in saying Malone was one of the best middle distance runners the world has ever seen, or ever will see."

Old Champion Defeated.

Malone's next and most ambitious race so far was with Jack Aplitt, the Australian champion. The distance was 175 yards. Tom won from the pistol in hollow fashion. The time was returned as 17¼ sec., but there was a doubt, never cleared up, as to the exact distance, so a wonderful record was probably lost to Malone. At a place called Glen Innes he won the "Sheffield" sprint handicap from scratch, the 120 yards hurdles, and the high jump.

He was challenged by one Elmeno, of Grafton (N. S. Wales), for three field events—the hop, step and jump, high jump, and long jump. He won the latter two with 5 ft. 9 in. and 20 ft. 10 in. He was next beaten by a fellow-countryman through meeting with an accident. The distance was 150 yards, in which Malone was conceding 60! Such contests were, of course, absurd, and were the outcome of the craze for wagers of any sort prevalent at that time. Next a black called Combradella Billy was matched with him to run 150 yards for £300, but the dusky champion repented, withdrew, and paid forfeit.

Malone's activities and versatility were now in full flood. At Clontarf Picnic Sports—an Irish festival probably—he won the 150 yards and 400 yards, along with the hop, step and jump; and at Murcheson he captured another "Sheffield" handicap, high jump and shot. His native ability still showed no diminution under the Southern Cross.

Quaint Contest.

He now invaded the capital, Melbourne, on an Alexandrian mission of conquest. He was engaged here in another novel contest with a walker of the familiar name of Barney Murphy, and lost. Malone was to run 100, 200, and 300 yards, while Murphy walked 60, 120, and 180. Malone won the first test on sufferance over rough cinders in 9 4-5 sec., but was beaten in the longer events.

It was a freak contest, and in no wise decreased his fame. He issued a challenge then to run any three men 100 yards, 200 yards, and 300 yards, within an hour's time, but could evoke no acceptance. He then proffered to run five men 100 yards each within the same period, and none were found willing to oppose him.

Splendid as had been his feats so far, they paled in the light of his other performances. More and more were demanded of him in fast times and in allowances. His fame had now penetrated to every quarter of the athletic world, and his pre-eminence was not to be unchallenged.

Winning "Under Even Times."

He ran in the Cootamarras Handicap (£100) over 150 yards. He accomplished remarkable times in the heats, in one of which he traversed 152 yards in 15 seconds, just faster than ten yards per second. In the final he was beaten by a yard in 14½ secs.—a record that will still be found in authorities dealing with professional running.

He lost another handicap event at Grafton, but Stawell (Victoria) found him at a winning pace again. There he won the champion 120 yards in 11½ sec., did his heat in 130 yds. handicap in 12½ sec., and ran 221 yds. in 21½ secs., round a circle. (The odd yards mentioned, 152 and 221, in the foregoing races arose from the fact that Malone, in addition to maximum handicaps, had often to start behind the scratch line.)

He was now untiring in his activities, and quite possibly overtaxed himself about this period. As an instance of his zest, it is recorded that he once travelled all night by road to compete, only to find that he was five minutes late for his event. A twenty pound champion sprint was put on as a consolation, and he won.

Still Flying.

No burden of increasing handicaps daunted him, but even his marvellous speed could not overcome them all; and he experienced many nominal defeats which were regarded as great triumphs by inferior runners. About this time he ran a 150 yards heat in 14 4-5 secs. In the "Great Sheffield Handicap" at Bourke, he did 149 yards in 14½ secs., and in the final, when he ran third, his time was 14¼ secs. On the same occasion he won the "champion" 125 yards handicap from scratch in 12½ secs. easily.

He was soon engaged in midfield events with an Irish rival, J. W. Byrne. It was a triple contest. Byrne won the 120 yards hurdles and high jump, and Malone the long jump. The outcome of this competition was the issue of a joint challenge to any two men in the world for £500. It was received in silence.

"Money Spinning."

His next appearance was on the track, when he gave Hilliard 3 yards in 150 for £200, and beat him. In quick succession he defeated two noted sprinters, Campbell and Robinson, for like amounts. A new arena, Kelly's Running Grounds, was opened in Sydney, and Malone signalled the event by a superb performance. Against seven of the pick of the colony on a small, narrow track, he won the quarter mile in 50 secs.—a time seldom surpassed on the finest tracks to-day. Then, to prove how he appreciated variety, he was the only competitor to clear a running brook 22 ft. 11½ in. in width!

In the Field.

At Mansfield (Victoria) he won the Champion sprint, high jump, and broad jump (covering 23 ft. 0½ in.), the shot, and ran a dead heat in the furlong. In Parramatta he divided the prize-money in 100, 200, and 400 yards. He ran unplaced in an International Handicap in Kelly's arena, and later in another over 150 yards, but in his heat set up a world's record of 14 3-5 secs.

A Hasty Half Mile.

Once more in Stawell he won the usual select champion sprint, and, extending his powers, won the half mile from scratch in 1 min. 53 secs. He was next engaged in a series of handicaps with varying success. At a place called Carcoar he participated in an exceptional race. The judges failed to place any of the six men, and the race was re-run, Malone winning by a yard.

Waning Powers.

Malone now filled a position of "splendid isolation" on the Australasian track; but his ambition was unsatisfied. He had been unsparing of himself, and it soon became evident that even his marvellous powers yielded to the stress of continuous competition. He had, like so many men of athletic fame, invested in a licensed business, and this debilitating pursuit was not calculated to keep him as fit as he needed to be for the trials in which he was soon to engage, and to which (perhaps wantonly) his admirers committed him. His renown had aroused envy wherever great runners were to be found, and England and America were preparing to send their best to dethrone the Irish-Australian track king.

A Record.

His fame, nevertheless, was on very secure foundations. In 1883 he was to attempt to lower the 440 yards record (48¼ secs.) at Sydney. There was an unfavourable wind, and he elected instead to attack the 13 years' old 350 yards time of 40 secs. Despite the adverse conditions, he accomplished his task in 37 2-5 secs. In 1884 he ran a quarter in 47 3-5 secs. at Ballarat, and at the same place in the following year covered the half mile in 1 min. 55½ secs., and 1,000 yards in 2 mins. 14 2-5 secs.

Eclipse.

Having asserted his undisputed sway in Australia, he challenged the world indiscriminately. His cartel drew acceptances from Myers, the Yankee; George, the great miler, and Hutchins, the sprint wonder. The last-named arranged a triple match. It was for £200 aside for a series of three races—150, 200, and 250 yards. Malone had not kept his form. Victory had relaxed his preparedness. Hutchins won the 150 yards in 14 3-5 secs. by 3 yards, and the 250 yards in 25¼ secs.—¾ sec. faster than Myers' 1882 record. It is this race Hewitt refers to in his testimony to Malone's running.

It was a downfall for the home champion, more particularly as Hutchins was twice beaten during that visit by the Australians. Our champion had passed the zenith of his power. His renown, however, did not decline amongst Australians. They were proud of him, and the prestige he had brought to their arenas; and for long years after his presence lent a glamour to any sports meeting he attended or at which he officiated, as he often did, for he was an expert starter.

He died at Sydney in February, 1920, and his fame was recalled through the mists of forty years by the tidings of his demise. He was a phenomenon, if such a word is not inapplicable to a natural athlete, in his day, and in arenas where shady practices were not unknown he maintained an irreproachable character for honest effort.

In Clare his name is remembered with pride even as the Irish champion. Neither Dal Cas nor Clann Eircann has right to forget Tom Malone. He blazed a path in the world of primitive athletics that made it easier for later champions to continue. He was a great athlete, and his greatness is all ours.

His Supreme Efforts:

- 100 Yds. and 440 Yds.—Irish Championships in Dublin, 1879.
- 100 Yds., yard inside 10 secs.—Limerick, 1881.
- Long Jump—English Championship, 22 ft. 9½ in. 1882.
- 350 Yds., 37 2-5 secs. (record 40 secs.), Sydney, 1883.
- 100 Yds., 9 3-5 secs., Melbourne, 1884.
- 120 Yds., 11½ secs. and 130 Yds., 12½ secs., Sawell (Victoria), 1884.
- 150 Yds., 14 3-5 secs., Botany, N.S.W., 1884.
- 175 Yds., 17½ secs., Championship of Australia—Sydney, 1884.
- 200 Yds., 19½ secs. (straight track), Sydney, 1884.
- 220 Yds. (owing 1 yard), 21½ secs., Sawell, 1884.
- 250 Yds., 25½ secs., Botany, N.S.W., 1885.
- 440 Yds., 47 3-5 secs., Ballarat, 1884.
- 120 Yds., Hurdles (10, 3 ft. 6 in.), 17 1-5 secs.
- 120 Yds. Hurdles (doubtful conditions), 15 1-5 secs., Botany, 1884.
- 880 Yds., 1 min. 53 secs., at Sawell, 1884.
- 880 Yds., 1 min. 55½ secs., Ballarat, 1885.
- 1,000 Yds., 2 min. 14 2-5 secs., Sydney, 1885.
- 149 Yds., 14½ secs., Bourke, N.S.W., 1885.
- High Jump, 6 ft. 0½ in., Brisbane, 1883.
- Long Jump, 23 ft. 4 in., Botany, and 24 ft. 4½ in., Mansfield (Victoria), 1884.
- Hop, Step and Jump, 48 ft. 6 in., Sydney, 1884.
- 16 lb. Shot, 47 ft. 7 in., Orange, N.S.W., 1885.
- 42 lb. Shot, with follow, 26 ft. 4½ in., Limerick, 1882.
- Putting 56 lb., with follow, 21 ft. 3 in., Clare, 1882.

(NOTE.—This series of sketches of the careers of some Irish Athletes of Renown appeared many years ago in a Dublin periodical and were revised on the strength of later authentic publication, and now re-appear for the first time).

No. 2.—James S. Mitchell of Emly.

An Fáiinne

SAODLUZÁD NA TÍRE.

Cualamar ariamh ag na sean-daoine "fan go dtuicir sé as an aer agat." Deiríois seo faoi dhúine a bheadh a' súil le rud páigil go réir — san pioc strób ar bit cur air féin. 'Sé a fearaict agaimne, Saedil-geoirí, é: ní Saedilóctar an tír seo coirde san saotar páigil uair.

Bimio a' cainnt ar Saedilalacás 'sair Riagaltas is eile aet muna ndeanar muid féin é beir sé san deanamh. Tis le riagaltas a lán a deanamh aet ní tis leis an tír seo a Saodluzád san cuirúigá na nSaedilgeoirí. Mar sin tá sé air agaimn bualad faoi i n-ainm Dé.

Cumáct an Fáiinne.

Deirimio agus creidimio gurab é an Fáiinne an Cumann is éipeactaige cuige seo aet 'oibruigá i gceart. Agus tá seo le céill: dá mbead gac Saedilgeoir sa tír uilis do cuspóir an Fáiinne racfáir an teanga cun cinn san buideacás. Cloisfí Saedilg ó ceann ceann na tíre agus bead sí dá h-úsáir i n-áiteacá a bfuil sí faoi tar cuisne faoi látair.

Tugtar an Caé.

Agus tá sí faoi tarcuisne faoi látair go h-áitirio in a lán oipigí puiblíde. Nár cóir go spriocfá seoféin sinn le go spréacaimis amac. Nac milltinnead an rud go bfeafá seomín ar bit tarcuisne a caic oraimn an t-am seo de lo agus a ceann a tabairt leis. Ná seasaimis níos fuide iad, a Saedilal!

Aécuinge.

Iarraimio ar gac Saedilgeoir cuirúigá linn sa cat seo. Tá sé réir go leor, nó ba cóir go mbead, Sasra de'n Fáiinne a bnuigá i ngac ceannatar. Tis le seisear Saedilgeoirí ar bit seo a deanamh: ní 'oigbáil orta aet an spiorad ceart agus a beir i ndáiríre.

Na Sean-Fáiinneacá.

Tá a lán Fáiinneacá nac bfuil baint ar bit aca linn. Ba ceart go dtuigfóis nac bfuil Fáiinneacá ar bit oleagac nac bfuil baint aige le Sasra. Is iomda áit nac bfuil Sasra ar bit agus tá Sasra na Comhairle ann faoi n-a gcomne seo, sé sin, beir baint aca leis an Árd-Oipig. Tá súil agaimn nac bfuil don tsean-Fáiinneacá sa tír nac bfuil cóim-ceangailte linn nac scriobfáir cugaimn com luat 'sis tis leo é.

Ó na Sasraí.

Fuairamar cunnatas ar na mallaid ó Sasra Nua Eabrac. Táir a' deanamh maic go leor tail annsin. Ár nuálca féin is iomda constaic le compán a cur orta-san, aet mar sin féin táir a' ropad leo. Molaimio iad agus beirimio a' vuit le tuilleam deag-scéala uata.

Saedil Cuam-Dá-Sualann: Sasra iarrlata naomca.

Cáinic na Saedil seo le céile an Domnac eile agus cuireadur Sasra de'n Fáiinne ar bun. Seo é an Coiste atá 'na bun: — Doiríre: An t-Átair Tomás Ó Ceomín; Reaetáir: Riobáir Ó Cuinneagáin; Cisteoir: Pádraic Ó Puirseil, O.S.; Coisde: An Brácair Ó Clumáin, Donnad Ó Maoileoin, Pádraic Ó n-Oisín.

"An Camán."

'Sé an "Camán" páipéar Oipigeamail na nSaedil. Mar sin ba ceart dúinn uilis cuirúigá leis. Tá súil agaimn go ndeanfáir gac Sasra iarrlata a vuit feasta le n-a gcuro ball féin agus le daoine eile. Muna bfuil sé 'sna siopaí tart orta ba ceart daobta iarrlata a deanamh le go mbíó, sin nó 'páigil tríó an bpostá ó oipig an páipéir féin. Rud eile, beirimio a' vuit go gcuirfó na Sasraí cunnatas ar a gcuro imteactaí go dtí an "Camán" ó am go h-am.

Seolad úr ag an bFáiinne.

Tá an Fáiinne ag imteact as "25" preisin. I 14 Ceannós Parnella béas an Árd-Oipig feasta. Doimne a bfuil eolas ar bit uair ní'l le deanamh aige aet scriobad curis an Rúnaide ann.

Cúrsaide an Connarcta

na Feiseanna pé lán-tseóil.

"Tosac maic leat na hoibre," aoirtear, agus san amras bí tosac maic ar Feiseanna Connarcta na Saedilge an Samrad seo. Tá Feis Áta Cliaí agus Feis Tuama tart, agus ba mór an t-ol ar agair ar an dá ceann tar amuirio. Cuirfó sé sin misneac i luic stiúrta na bFeiseanna atá cugaimn agus spreagfáir sé muinntir na tíre cun claoide le náisúntaet agus cun cúrsaide an Galladais agus cúrsaide na headar-náisúntaetá do céilt.

Feis Tuama.

Órráirí Sroide ó'n Árd-Easbog.

B'é an Doctúir oirmíreac Mac Siolla Mairtín, Árd-Easbog Tuama, a oscail Feis Tuama sa páirc Móir, Tuam dá Sualann Dé Domnaig seo gab éaraimn.

"Ár tseanga féin do labairt, ár rinnciú féin do cleactad, agus smaoinciú na litrídeacta gallada do céilt," do leas sé amac mar gáir-cata a' pobul féin agus do muinntir na h-Éireann ar fao.

Bí an aimsear go hálumh i gcom-air na Feise agus bí sluag breag i látair, agus suas le cúig céad ag iomuirdeact ann.

Na Rinnciú Saedilalacá.

"Níl loct ar bit agam ar rinncé agus iad san áit ceart ag an am ceart" a' duabairt ar tÁrd-Easbog, "aet is cuma ceart nó mí-ceart iad

má bíonn siad ar siubal ró-fada san oirde agus i náiteacá salacá plácta, mar goilleann siad ar sláinte an duine annsin;

agus pós, cuid maic de sna rinnciú nuada cuirfóis náire ar an bpágánac féin.

"Tá rian na gadarsamlacta go soiléir orta. Ní péirir an loct san o'páigil ar na rinnciú Saedilalacá, agus o'a bris sin cuireann sé ácas mór ar mo éiríe b'eit i látair ag Feiseanna pé Connrad na Saedilge oir go bfuil aibheodactaint agus múinead na rinncé nSaedilalac mar cuspóir aca agus na rinnciú Gallada do coimead as an tír.

Ceól Saedilalac.

"Tá a ceart féin o'a tabairt do ceól na h-Éireann pé deiríad mar is dual do mar tuigtear anois go bfuil fíorspiorad an amma ann. Tá sé go han-deallramtá sa tsliú seo le Ceól Sreagóire; é go merdreac, é go brónac ar nós oilltreacta an duine tré'n saogal so go flaitis Dé. Teanga na nSaedilalac.

"Deir Pól Naomca gur san bflaitis ba ceart ár gcaimnt a beir. Caimnt na ndaoine mar a bíó i n-Éirinn fao ó is mar a beir aris le congnam Dé agus teanga binn na nSaedilalac o'a labairt ar an tceim-teán le cur síos ar sean-naomh is ar sean-laoera; tá an caimnt sin com goirio ar a luigead do'n bflaitis is atá caimnt "na nuasal" moiu. Torcáide Éireann.

"Tá ácas orm a feiscint go bfuil mar torad ar ár saotair le n-ár o'cionnscail féin do cur cun cinn ná go scaitcear éadag Saedilalacá go fairsing sa tír agus faisúim Saedilalacá orta.

"Tá súil agam go leanfar de seo agus go mbeimio go léir gléasta i néadag na h-Éireann an bliadain seo cugaimn, agus deallram níos fearr orrainn o'a barr."

Feis Aíone, Sont Inse Suairé.

Toisg go bfuil Feis Tuam-Muham ar siubal a lumnig Meiteam a 11, socruig Coisde Feise Aíone dáta na Feise sin do cur siar go dtí Meiteam a 15.

Céilíde an Fáiinne i nGailim.

Tá "BOYLE ROCHE'S BIRD" — ?

O'fear Eagair "An Camán."

A Cara,

Is gearraio go mbeir post lán-aimsiú agam ag faire ar an gcleitire sin agat — "Boyle Roche's Bird." Bí orm an neam-fírinne a éros air an tseactmáin seo gab éaraimn agus seo airis anois mé.

Ar uimhir an 25ad lá 'Márta síóe mar scriobann an "Srágaire" úo: —

"Dála an scéil, bí daoine ag an gCeilíde an oirde sin agus suaitéantaisí á gcaiteam aca a cur in iúl do eac go rabadar ar Coiste an Fáiinne, agus An Fáiinne féin á caiteam aca ós a gciomn san in áirde, má's é do toil é, agus béarla á scaitlad acu le 'na céile."

Má's don céilíde a bí ag Sasra na Gailim atá an tseairt sin, veirim-se leat-sa nac fíor é. Bead so ráirde agam fao leat ac bios ag feiteam le crutáinnas ceart o'páigil ar an scéal.

Is baogalac liom go scaitfear a cleití síó do bearrad.

Mise,

Pádraig Ó Buadáin.

Teagmasa na n-lolsol.

Fuireann ó Albain.

Tá na Camánóirí ag caint go fóill fá n-a túras go Glasú. Deir siad — rud a creidim — go raib fuireann níos fearr in a n-agair ná mar bí annsec ag donac Tailtean. Ar cum' ar bit, bí cluitce sár-maic acú, agus céilíde 'na vuid. Agus táir ag súil le dul arais aris. Cluim go bfuil an fuireann Albanac ag teact go h-Éirinn tar éis tamail, le h-imirt in éadan fuirne as gac Coláiste annseo. Beir fáilte agus píce roime.

Musgailt.

'Téim go bfuil níos mó mac-leigimn ag freastal ar cruinnigce an fóruim i Sráir Caicil Bruga gac Domnac ar a ceatair a clog. Is maic an comarcta ar an Coláiste é, agus má's maic is micio é.

Péile.

Ní peicim don eúis nac gnócuigeann an fuireann Péile Craob Baile Áta Cliaí gac bliadain. Bíonn fuireann cóim maic agaimn bliadain ar bit is tá le páigil 'sa ceatair. Go dtí seo ní rad fuinneam go leor ann. An mbéir i mbliadna? Tá muid tar an gceat claoide ar gsur ar bit.

Fairire.

"Sintí"?

De réir mar tuigim an sgeal, focal béarla "Shinty." "Camánacó" (Camanachd) an t-ainm atá ar an gcluicé i nSaeltact na hAlban. De réir mar eualas, b'é an rud a teastuig ó Cumann na Lúit-clas nuair a cuir siad an comortas úo i nGlasú ar bun, an gaol 7 an cartannact de torad na Saedilgeoir Saedil an dá tír a neartú 7 a leatnú. Is tuisgionac 7 is uasal an smaimead é sin 7 tá súil agaimn le torad maic as ar mórán bealac. Leis an gaol teangad atá eadromm a coimneal os ár gcomair deapainn go mba maic an rud é san don aimm a cur ar an gcluicé (san nSaedilg go h-áitirio) ac an t-ainm Saedilalac atá mórán mar a céile san dá tír.

p. e. mac p.

Feis Láir na h-Éireann, Muileann Ceann

DIA DOMNAIG—28ad Lá Dealtaine.

CLÁR AGUS GAC EÓLAS LE PÁIGIL ÓN RÚNAIDE, MUILEANN CEANN.

Feis Áta Luain, 4ad Meicim, 1933.

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FA SGÁE CNOC FROD NA SCAOR.

"DO CUM GLÓINE DÉ AGUS ONÓRA NA H-ÉIREANN!"