

## WELL RECEIVED

### And Gave Splendid Performances

#### VISIT OF THE McMASTER COMPANY

The Anew McMaster company was warmly welcomed back to Limerick on last Monday night, when "Pink String and Sealing Wax" was staged in the Coliseum, before a fine attendance. Considering that it was the opening night it was splendid support which was given to this slickly devised thriller, which bordered faintly on the melodramatic angle. And it was a smooth performance—most entertaining too—which an adept group of characters gave, to well maintain the high reputation that has made an illustrious name for Anew McMaster productions. When the final curtain was drawn, the characters were deservedly given a grand ovation, which signalled approval of their efforts and illustrated the high esteem in which the company is held in Limerick.

#### THE 1885 ATMOSPHERE.

The sittingroom setting in the Brighton home of the Strachans, around whom the theme of the dialogue centred, presented from the outset a very attractive, though ever so interesting, perspective. It was enhanced by the varied lighting effects, and all the miscellanea which went with the scene were very effective. The gowning and make-up of the characters were pleasing, and helped to create the desired 1885 atmosphere. Then when the story began to unfold itself it was obvious that Edward Strachan (played by Eugene Wellesley), the shrewd father of the household and the local chemist, was the focal point of the presentation. Portion of his shop was neatly displayed. Embellished with layers of bottles, it instantly gave the impression that deadly drugs were deposited there; and suspicion was promptly aroused in the minds of the audience. As things transpired the quantity of strychnine which lay on the shelf was surreptitiously disposed of by the irreproachable "Pearl Bond" (played by Peggy Marshall), who found herself in "hot water" on many occasions, and finally ended up in the water at Brighton Pier. The enigma of her husband's death, by poisoning, was unravelled by the chemist's daughters, "Eva" (by Grania O'Shannon) and "Jessie" (by Mary Rose McMaster). It was a sigh of relief for "Edward Strachan" when "Jessie" returned from the pier with the startling news that she saw Mrs. Bond drown herself, and in the act of doing so, she said: "Tell your father not to bother; I killed him, I killed him." The entire plot of the drama was very cleverly conceived. There we saw the ambitious father, who was anxious that his son, "Albert Strachan" (by Robert Dawson) should become a chemist, but he was a failure. However, his mind turned to invention, and he was quite successful in this respect as was revealed by the barrister, "Ernest Shane" (by Godfrey Quigley), who had matrimonial ideas with "Emily Strachan" (played by Dierdre O'Meara). The brother and sisters of the Strachan family were a loyal combination, even if they had to content themselves with bloaters for breakfast, dinner and supper. "Mrs. Strachan" (by Ginette Waddell) was kept aloof from the main secrets of the household, which added further interest to the proceedings.

#### JUSTICE DONE TO ENTIRE SHOW.

Justice was done to the entire show by players who were appropriately cast. It was a distinguished portrayal which Eugene Wellesley gave of the irritable chemist, and a high standard of acting was maintained throughout. The vivacious little "Eva" (by Grania O'Shannon) almost snatched the principal honours of the production. For one so young, she is an actress with an abundance of talent. Dierdre O'Meara was sure in her part, and created a splendid impression as a winsome personality, whose ideas of a singer of fame conjured happy thoughts in the family circle. Ginette Waddell, as the complacent "Mrs. Strachan," was most successful. There was also a lot to be liked about the acting of Mary-Rose McMaster. Robert Dawson treated the part of "Albert" with an ease and simplicity which added to the richness of the drama; while Peggy Marshall, in an exacting role, was also good. Ernest Leitch (as "Dr. Shane") and Godfrey Quigley also got

## GOOD SPORTSMAN

### Passes to His Reward

#### DEATH OF MR. JOE MOONEY

There are in the city many who more than 30 years ago were great admirers of Joe Mooney, who in those far-off days was a prominent member of Lansdowne F.C. and played in several hard-fought games as a wearer of the red, black and amber jersey. Joe has passed to his reward at a comparatively early age and news of the sad event was learned of with sincere sorrow by a host of old-time friends he had made in Limerick. He had been residing in Dublin for a long number of years, in which city he continued to evince a lively interest in G.A.A. and rugby games.

In the days when little (if any) notice was taken of the ban on "foreign" games, Joe Mooney was a prominent Gaelic footballer and played with Limerick City teams. One Sunday he was the star performer as a Gaelic footballer; the next saw him playing with Lansdowne, as a forward, and there were few to equal him. On and off the field he was the perfect sportsman, with always a generous word for an opponent and true as steel to the club of his affiliation. He played games for the love of them, caring little for victory or defeat; it was enough for Joe to spend an afternoon in manly sport, and he could truly say, in the event of being on the losing side, the fault was not his. To those who expressed sorrow at the defeat of his club, he would smilingly answer: "The better team won." That was his form. Big-hearted, generous and a thorough sportsman.

On one occasion he was playing in a Munster Cup match against Cork County and the famous Basil McClear was one of the backs from the Southern Capital. With him was a captain of the British Army, also playing on the Cork side. During a lull in the game, the Captain spoke to one of the Lansdowne forwards and asked who Joe Mooney was. When told, he said: "I was of the opinion he was a very prominent footballer I saw play in England. He has all the traits of the player I had in mind, but he is a more finished stylist." That was a big tribute to Joe, and when he was told of it later, he laughed heartily and added, "I'm afraid he's a bad judge."

While it is invariably the case that every good sportsman has a keen sense of humour, with Joe that gift was developed in an exceptionally high degree. Playing against a Rockwell team one day, the students, when they got possession in the scrums, shouted, "Sinn Fein, Rockwell," and had poor Joe in a quandary as to what they wanted to convey. In one scrum he got down in the first three and when Lansdowne got possession, shouted, "Razzle dazzle, Lansdowne." The students rocked with laughter and the scrum broke, and there was Joe, with tears of laughter rolling down his cheeks, like a big schoolboy after hearing a side-splitting funny story. For years after all that was necessary to bring forth Joe's hearty laugh was a reference to "razzle dazzle."

Away back in the days when he was a member of the Lansdowne Club he was a most regular attendant at practices, oftentimes at great inconvenience, and on being complimented on this, his reply was typical of his club spirit. It was, "I love the old colours and am always happy when wearing them." A more sincere companion it would have been impossible to have. He gave of his best in everything, whether sport or friendship, and never did an unkind word escape from him. Joe was a perfect man to be associated with, and did many kindly acts on and off the field. He was deeply loved by his club-mates, and many were the expressions of sorrow given voice to for the past few days as old Lansdowne men met and conveyed the news of his death.

His memory will long be cherished by those who still survive, and it is safe to prophesy that whenever any of the "old crowd" converse and "re-play" the matches of the past, the references that will be made to Joe Mooney's memory will be such as his bereaved family would be glad to hear. He will be remembered in Holy Mass by the friends of his youth, who will give irrefutable proof that "Lansdowne men never forget." M.H.

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## WON 2ND PRIZE IN BABY SHOW

An Irish Mother writes:

"Llanberis," 311, Collins Avenue, Beaumont, Dublin.

Dear Sirs.—I wrote to you when my baby boy was two weeks old. He has been on your food since he was four days old and now he is nearly ten months and weighs over 21 lb. The enclosed photograph was taken when he was six months, then weighing 17 1/2 lb. As he was only six lb. at birth, and I was unable to feed him myself, you can see what a fine baby your food has made of him. Needless to say I recommend it to other mothers.

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