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# The Quarryman

*Conducted by the Students for the Students.*

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**EDITORIAL.**

Letters, etc., intended for the Editor should be addressed "Editor *The Quarryman*, University College, Cork."

The Edltor cannot be held responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, nor for the publication of letters of more than 300 words.

Every endeavour will be made to return rejected manuscripts, provided a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. The names of correspondents must be sent in, though not necessarily for publication.

**PUBLICATION.**

All business eommunications should be addressed "The Manager;" likewise all orders or letters, etc., concerning advertisements should be addressed to the Managers.

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## INIT.

The Quarryman bids "Good Morrow" to the students of every faculty in the College. The appearance of our magazine at a time when the social life in the College has approached its highest point, and when sects or cliques of any kind are conspicuously absent, is a certain and sure sign that the Quarryman has come to stay. The need for a College Magazine has for two years been keenly felt by the students, and though the establishment of one was a task that required courage to uphold principle, and pluck to take risks that might mean anything, a number of students have been brought together from the various corners of the College to perform the task of publishing a thoroughly representative Magazine, worthy of a great institution, and worthy of the past records established by students who have made their mark in the big world we have yet to face. The result of the efforts of the present committee has been—The Quarryman. We offer no apology for the step we have taken, for we have violated no College rule, or infringed any rights of the mass of students. We leave our readers to judge if the Quarryman is not representative.

We have noticed with regrets that the first impression of the Magazine idea was not a favourable one to what is wrongly termed the "Gaelic Element." Now, at the outset, it is well that the Quarryman gives an opinion on this point. We all look upon ourselves as Irishmen. Every student in the College realises that he is justly claimed by the country as a member of the Irish race. Whether he proclaims himself an Irishman or not does not cost the Quarryman a thought. Consequently the question of representation of this element must always be a settled matter. The games wherein alone the question may arise shall always be catered for as items of the utmost importance, not to one section only but to the whole body of students. Hurling, Rugby, Gaelic Football, Hockey, and Camogie, are departments in College Athletics, and as such shall each receive in the Quarryman a proper amount of attention by students who practice them. And so it will be for every other feature of College life.

The QUARRYMAN is a College Magazine, written by the students, and for the students. For this reason we appeal to the students, and those who have been or are at present connected with the College to support us in the work we have inaugurated. We have foreseen the difficulties financially and otherwise that lay in our path from the outset, and these difficulties we have overcome. We claim no more than that we have not flinched from the task of restoring the general voice of the students—a voice that may be heard by every interested person; and we have bound ourselves to principles by which we mean to stand. One great boon has been afforded us. We could not possibly have supplied a long-felt want but for the loyalty and sacrifices of our staff. Each member willingly took his and her own share of the responsibility attached to this step, and so far as we know, we have nothing to cause us to waver. There comes a time in the history of every enterprise when attacks will threaten, but we trust that such a time is far distant—distant enough that we shall be strongly fortified against these attacks. We are now absolutely and entirely confident that once the QUARRYMAN is placed in the hands of the students, our ultimate success will be assured. The students' support will be our mainstay, and we look to them with the utmost confidence. For subsequent issues our pages shall be at the disposal of the students, that is whenever they have any matter of importance to relate that would benefit by discussion in the open. One condition we lay down is, that in discussing any matter whatever, we cannot allow disrespect to be shown to the authorities, or to the students. Matters that require attention will be discussed, as far as we are concerned, in a straightforward, gentlemanly manner, and the extent to whlch discussion may go, may in some cases be very great. This we state by way of assurance and with a view to clearing away any wrong impression that may exist in the minds of the students or others. We also wish it to be remembered that the management and conduct of the QUARRYMAN will be free from any external influence whatsoever. And any attempt made to introduce subjects which pertain only to institutions outside the gates of the College will be frustrated. Our correspondence page shall be thrown open to students and professors, and thus enable the two elements to come into communication. Any suggestion that can be a source of advantage to the students, whether it be dealing with the intellectual or physicial side of College life, and in which the QUARRYMAN has power to assist, shall always find the fullest consideration. One thing, perhaps, we cannot promise to do, and that is, that we cannot publish the examination papers in advance! Those students who take good notes and make "observations" at lectures may assist in making valuable suggestions in this direction.

To these principles and aims we pledge ourselves, and hope they will meet with the general approval of every faculty and department in the College. And in order that we may carry them out to the letter, we appeal for support. We appeal to those who believe in the utility of our work on behalf of the students; we appeal to the professorial staff; and finally we appeal to the authorities themselves, whose lifework is to make our College foremost amongst Irish Educational Institutions. Let us hope the publication of the QUARRYMAN, even at this late hour in the history of the National University, will be the beginning of better things for the College of which we are humble students.

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## A QUESTION OF TOILET.

From the Arts section comes an old grievance mentioned many a time in the past. "Why don't all our lady students come out of their teens and put up their hair." Lady students should know by this time that a University is not a kindergarten, nor yet a sort of show ground for exhibiting the sublimity and resplendence of flowing tresses. Perhaps they think that they would look too respectable or too grown up if they were to put up their hair in the ordinary orthodox ladylike fashion.

## BUSINESS.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to our advertisers. The generous response which has been given to us by the business people of Cork, encourages us in our work of producing the QUARRYMAN. For them, we know, it is a matter of certainty that the small outlay in advertising will be amply rewarded, and we ask the students and the professorial staff to support those who support us. For our first issue we have refrained from looking to generous donors for subscriptions, and we depend on purely business methods for success. The cost of production is high, but we count on our advertisers and our readers to enable us to carry on the QUARRYMAN. Our readers can specially assist us in placing their orders with our advertisers.

## AN ESTATE IN "FEE SIMPLE."

We overheard a rather startling remark the other day, and one which we think calls for immediate explanation. A certain embryo student at the North Infirmary wished to know "whether the two residences allotted to medical students have been reduced to one." On inquiring into the matter we found that such was not the case, but that owing to the egotism of one of the present residents, who evidently thinks that the Infirmary cannot exist without him, a vacancy will not occur until after the Christmas holidays. As the tenancy only lasts three months, and as this individual has already been in residence since June last, we think such a procedure grossly unfair, especially as there are a large number of students waiting "patiently" for a vacancy to occur.

## AT THE NORTH.

There is another complaint among students in general, and one which has been "on the tapis" for a good many years, namely—the non-existence of a students' room at the North Infirmary. At the present time it is really pathetic to see students wandering about the corridors, awaiting the arrival of the visiting doctors. As the hospital authorities contemplate making changes in the Infirmary substructure, we suggest that now is the time to remedy this defect.

## THE PASSING AWAY.

To the students who have just finished their courses we offer our heartiest wishes for their success. This year we have missed them, and it feels difficult to fill their places. Cagney, Verling, Buckley, "Ivo," and Harvey, have ended their student days with credit to themselves—a credit which ensures bright prospects, and above all, wide practice. We hope they will read the QUARRYMAN with reminiscences of the days when a college magazine had the benefits of their powers to fill its pages. Harry Jack, too, is "missing," but we have hopes of seeing him again; and we miss innumerable other faces whose owners made life worth living amongst the Ogham stones and dead men's bones.

## A SHAME!

Do the authorities ever smoke? It would seem they are completely in ignorance of the joys of a G.B.D., or even a fag. Why on earth have they vetoed smoking in the medical museum? This smoking veto must be removed, or the students must clamour for museums in "the quarry," where they can have the longed-for "hale."

◆ ◆ ◆

## "SIT DOWN, YOU FOOL!"

The QUARRYMAN hears that in future, in selecting extern examiners, the University will "insist on 'em" passing a test in manners. He does not consider "Sit down, you fool!" a proper form of address in an oral examination. Really, people are becoming very fastidious nowadays!

When "GOING DOWN"
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**A Want in the Medical Side.**—We were strolling through the Dissecting Room lately when our eye was arrested by an exquisitely framed set of rules hanging athwart the mantel. We perused them, and found that they contained full many a sound maxim for the guidance of erring youth. Since the authorities have been so far moved, may we suggest that the supply of dissected specimens (not in glass cases) be augmented. A few model dissections in covered pots, with some formalin, would form a useful adjunct to an otherwise well equipped department. We would also like to point out that the markings on the bones in the museum are showing signs of disquamation.

THE EDITOR.

## CAN YOU GUESS?

The name of the adored one among the latest arrivals at College?

◆ ◆ ◆

Why Briggs never tells of his adventure in the tram?

◆ ◆ ◆

Who are the Siamese Twins?

Why the Antelope is always in a hurry, and invariably arrives late and out of breath?

◆ ◆ ◆

Does the damp weather agree with the Rajah's health?

◆ ◆ ◆

Why R. F. W.'s head was likened to porter?

◆ ◆ ◆

Why the brothers Kennedy are so erratic in the matter of growing stubble?

◆ ◆ ◆

How many elephants the Count slew in his recent expedition into Birrachi?

◆ ◆ ◆

When Carey knocked Packey Mahony into a washing tub?

◆ ◆ ◆

Why do they all laugh when "Elsie" O'Mahony's name is called at lecture?

◆ ◆ ◆

"Is there any medical student here named Murphy?"

"Time qualifies the spark and fire of it."—*Shakespeare.*

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# Misguided Research.

Whilst reading for my Third Medical Exam., I was often struck by the meagre and indefinite description of the action of Cannabis Indica. When everything was summed up, it amounted to very little. True, the book said "it produces pleasant ideas, and a pleasurable sensation of mild intoxication, followed by sleep, and is much used in the East for these effects." True also, it said "large doses given to a dog, made him sleepy and uncertain on his legs, but he appeared contented and well pleased, and that much the same results followeth if a monkey is made to inhale the smoke for one hundred and eighty one days." It was all delightfully vague! The former owner of my Materia Medica had inscribed in the margin a rhyme to the effect, that,

Five to fifteen of aconite,
Belladonna, and Scilla white,
Indian Hemp, and German fly,
Caprici, and Colchici, etc., etc.

and that was all about Cannabis Indica. Resolving to find out more about it, I purloined a stiff dose from the Infirmary shop, and took it one night before retiring to bed.

* * *

Leaving my digs at 7.15 p.m., I wended my way to the Coliseum, where the greatest boxing match of the century was to be fought. Being rather late, I took a short cut, up Lissaurs Street, turned to the right at the top into Marchi Lowenthal Street, and over the Pons Varolii into that quarter of Cork, given over entirely to amusements—It's known as the Island of Rheil. Two "bob" secured me a seat in the front row of the "gods." Looking into my neighbour's programme, I perceived that the fight was announced as follows—

Metschnikoff (Germany) *v.* Erlich (Germany)

Twenty Rounds.

Referee—Adami, of Montreal.

Stake Holders—Goll and Burdach, London.

Purse—10,000 Leucocytes.

(A Leucocyte is equal to £1 10s. 0d.)

On the stroke of eight, Metschnikoff stepped into the ring—a mighty man, soon followed by his rival, who was much smaller. Loud cheering greeted the combatants. Nothing much happened in the first four rounds, but in the next, the wary Erlich secured a distinct advantage, getting home two heavy side-chain cuts on his opponent's jaw. Metschnikoff, acting on the advice of his second (MacCreagh) adopted clinching tactics. Winding his long limbs around poor little Erlich, he literally enveloped him, until at last, we in the "gods," thought that he had devitalized his opponent. However, with another of his wonderful side-chain cuts, Erlich freed himself as the gong sounded. The same incidents marked rounds eight to nineteen. Everyone was breathless to know what would happen in the last round! So far, the combatants were equal on points. Amidst desperate excitement, the men faced each other for the last time. After some out-sparring, simultaneously each landed a heavy blow on his opponent's jaw, and both fell to the ground. One, two, three, gong. With bated breath, each spectator heard the referee disclose the fight a draw. There was thunderous applause, which lasted for fully five minutes, after which the theatre manager stepped into the ring and made a short speech. Briefly he complimented both men on the noble fight each had made, and said that both had shown their ability to introduce new tactics into the noble art. He prophesied that their names would be handed down to posterity. He regretted to announce that each had sustained a fracture of the lower jaw, and that Surgeon Stonheim had kindly rendered First Aid.

My next thought was for the bookie, who on the result, owed me a "fiver," but alas, he was no where to be found. With empty pockets I left the building, mentally prescribing Mist. Diabol. for my friend the bookie. So great was my thirst that I crossed the way, and drank freely from the Acqueduct of Sylvius, Sore in mind, I recrossed the Pons, and walked home by Gawers Road, and Fleischigs Lane, and few minutes more brought me in sight of Clarkes Column, which is opposite my digs.

* * *

At this critical moment I sat up in bed, and realized that I had been dreaming. Collecting my thoughts together, I remembered all about the pleasant ideas produced by Cannabis Indica, and of the dose I had taken earlier in the night. I was well pleased as I pondered over the remarkable additions with which I could now supply Hale White. Perhaps, I thought, Cork Students would some day be quoting my name when answering Examination Questions. Oh, what joy!

What remains to be told, makes sad reading. The first question next March on the Materia Medica paper was, "Describe the action of Cannabis Indica." Naturally, I saw myself getting First-Class Honours as I was writing out the above dream, but I regret to say that the Examiners took another view. In short, I failed, and was recommended to take out Lectures in Physiology again.

Cusso.

## The Cant of Cult.

BY "TIMID."

The individuals who have been provocative of the following remarks are, I assure you, dear reader, a minority. As to the remarks, they may be sensible or inane, praiseworthy or deserving of the most rigorous condemnation. The individuals in question are, I repeat, a minority, but none the less a danger, and, as I take it, a blotch of darkest ink on the escutcheon of a University. My conscience it is that calls me into the breach, though it is but a poor fightingman I have ever made. Yet one thing I can do—make a stand and be beaten into the most abject silence. From the very outset I wish not to lose sight of the possibility, as well as the probability, of my being entirely in the wrong. One point of defence I certainly possess, which is that I have met the aforesaid minority over and over again. Another gleam of hope which I bruise to my timid soul lies in the knowledge that, though I am in ways something of a radical, I am not an intolerant and unconventional crank.

There is undoubtedly an ably represented culture in our University College. It is with those who misrepresent culture that I am dealing. To those I am addressing myself who claim culture on the strength of a mere entry into the halls of learning and who strive to forward this so-called culture by a daily and annual round of clever superficialities which count for nothing, least of all for culture. There is another class who come into the College and remain perfectly neutral while therein. They are without culture, but they are also without pretence, and so far are genuine, and consequently outside my range of fire. The offending ones are those who deck up an impostor in tinselled robes, and place him on a pedestal, under which they write—for the most part with their tongues—"culture." What they really inscribe is "We of the U.C.C." (as if they were really solicitous about the U.C.C.), but to them it means the same thing. I am sure, dear reader, you will guess at my meaning. I don't wish to be brutally plain.

You will now, doubtless, demand a definition of culture. I am not at all sure that I can meet such a demand in a downrightly formal and scientific manner, but a few points of view may serve to illustrate my grievance. "What impudence," you will cry, "to raise a pen in the matter." I confess as much; yet, despite all, I will come forward in my feebleness.

What is culture? One thing there is of which I am fairly sure, and that is, that when we speak of the cultivation (I hope you don't take offence at the term) of anything, we mean a process by which we endeavour to make the most out of the possibilities of that particular thing. We take advantage of the inmost potentialities of a plant when we uproot it from its nature bed and set it in a pot of earth to adorn our room (I have no garden!) This, I presume, you might call botanical culture. I am, however, concerned at present with what I might style mental—or, if you like it better, though I don't—intellectual culture. The highest type of this form or kind of culture we might regard as being the greatest possible intensity of realisation pertaining to what is mentally highest and best. A University ought to be the place in which to seek this.

Now this realisation (at least, so it seems to me) must be first of all personal. External influences will, of course, aid one, but the real heart of the work lies in one's self, and thus pre-supposes some personal material upon which to work. A University with its long retinue of professors, lecturers, libraries, clubs, &c., may supply you with some of the working fodder, but as regards the other item—the personal inherent force—well, as the ancient and wise one has put it, "you can't get blood out of a turnip" (I am not saying that there's any blood in myself. Alas! dear reader, I am the sorry victim of a physical and mental anæmia!) Fundamentally culture is something born of an innate prompting. It is, if you like, a temperamental feature, or, if you prefer it, a psychic disposition or tendency.

*(To be continued.)*

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# Faculty Notes.

## MEDICINE.

Greetings to the new students! Bless their pretty faces, they are a promising lot! Is it imagination on our part, or are the girls really getting younger each succeeding year?

We congratulate Dr. J. C. Johnson, M.B., M.A., M.SC., who after a distinguished career in U.C.C., and later Cambridge, where he was appointed Demonstrator in Zoology, has now accepted the Chair of Zoology at Auckland. We extend our congratulations also to Mr. P. Collins, who won the Hutchinson Stuart Scholarship; and to Messrs. J. M. O'Donovan, and H. C. Collins, on obtaining the Primary Fellowship of the English College of Surgeons.

What strange things we learn in these progressive days! Only a few days ago a certain professor told his class that in tetanus the patient dies because he cannot *expire.*

"Fanna Volat" that the Medical School are about to start a band. At any rate the Physiology Department has acquired a stock of drums.

The dentists are a merry lot. "Mark" my words but the "undaunted" group which daily gives such a terrific "whalin" to the unfortunate extern patients 'neath the spreading "foliage" at the North is a sight not to be forgotten. This paragraph has the approval of the Lord Lieutenant.

Here, gentle reader, we hear the purr of one of our professorial motor-cars, and, with a sigh drag our weary limbs from the cosy club to the vast and chilly expanse of the Medical Building.

VICQ. D'AZYR.

## COMMERCE.

We are 13—Lucky number. The Faculty has cause to feel proud of its first graduate—of whom an appreciation figures elsewhere in the present number. We welcome the advent of the lady commercials and wish them every success.

The outstanding feature of this term was the "swapping" of business reminiscences among the "old hands." Mac, whom, by the way, we congratulate on his appointment to the auditorship of the Philosophical Society, held forth on Railway organisation. Breen, whose thoughts ran on Timber and Mill-Stuffs, listened to the "Hawk's" discourse on Professional Auditing, whilst Farrell's lightning sketch of Railway Traffic Management was much appreciated. O'Sullivan's references to Cutlery caused us instinctively to rub our chins; and Connolly's remarks regarding Wines and Spirits gave rise to many involuntary sighs.

We have started well, although many remarks have been heard about the number of subjects and their difficulty. Powers that be, please note.

LANDSHARK.

## THE LAWYERS.

Of course you've heard of our Faculty. You must have, if you've ever been within a hundred miles of the College. Why you couldn't miss us. This year the faculty received into its exclusive fold four more (I might have said 'sheep' here, but I just saved myself) students—students in the proper sense of the word, mind you. One at least of them has already graduated with distinction. Now, alas! I must chronicle a tragedy. The sacred precincts of the faculty have been trodden on by heathen feet, a veritable invasion has taken place. The octopus, Commerce, sending forth its tentacles has grasped the famous faculty. Hence, we have much to complain of. Thrown from one end of the corridor to the other; tossed about on the stormy sea of lecture hours—now on the crest of a 9 a.m. wave, and now at the bottom of a dark 5.30 p.m. gulf. No wonder we do look worried at times.

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Our lectures too are most interesting. They have only one fault—their brevity. And as for "fee simples" and the like—no they're not awfully simple, they're just simply awful! "No stir in the air," when we're at lectures. Not even a feminine titter to relieve the awful stillness. Have you ever read of an African night. You know the bright moon shining on the silvery desert and all that? Why not come and see our Irish African night by day—or rather by early morning and late afternoon.

By the way, did it ever strike you how a class understands? No matter how difficult the subject is—it may be the intricacies of a back bone or a problem in maths.—but the problem is always understood. And mind you, it's not the professor's fault at all, but still—it always happens.

And now beware—Some knave hath whispered "Laborare non est secundam naturam." Why did he say it to me I wonder. In *our* profession we are never working—no, I mean we are never natural. Ink is but a cold unsympathetic medium to convey my scorn for the knave who thusly whispered. (That's the way to say it, isn't it?). But enough of this prating. I needs must hie me to the club, and toast my toes at the welcome hearth; or, rather I must snatch a moment from my work and swallow a morsel of food, and then—Heaven's how delightful!—I shall *rush* to my books again, and pave the way towards my Lord Chancellorship.

THEMIS.

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## ENGINEERS.

It is with some degree of confidence, inspired by the fact that the "Engineers" now form a respectable proportion of the College, that I, one of them, beg the indulgence of the readers of our QUARRYMAN. But first of all let me impress on you, who are not of "us" that our members *have* gone up, indeed to such an extent that the third year men have had the pleasure of being promoted downwards to the Hydraulics Laboratory on the ground floor, which has had to be converted into a "Drawing Office" for the accommodation of this august assemblage. We now number over 40, and though this may seem small, it must be remembered that it breaks all previous records, so that the so-called School of Engineering is assuming quite alarming proportions. If things go on at this rate, Prof. Alexander will be applying for more money to build a new Drawing Office.

By the way, what an awful name that "School" is. What memories it recalls. Why! we thought when we had passed our Matric. that such a word and all it implies were to be things of the past, but evidently that is not the case. It looks as if we were going to attend "school" for—well! we will say X years yet anyway, X of course being as usual a veritable quantity. But it may prove to be of some use, that word of our youthful days, as it may serve as a tonic, taken daily at 9, for some of the first year men who are inclined to suffer from that new and awful disease known in medical circles as "Knutitis." Nevertheless it is an abominable word, and seems to suggest that we are a thing apart from the rest of the College, a position which we have no desire to fill. Yet, we *do* fill it. Have you ever heard an Engineer being addressed by, say, a medical man. He says, "you Engineers," and he might as well have said "You people from Timbuctoo."

But never mind, we certainly might be more sociable, still we are improving. We now possess an Engineering Society, surely something to be proud of. It is in its infancy yet of course, still it is aquitting itself very creditably. Papers are read occasionally, and some very interesting ones too; the only pity is that on the morning after one of them, you begin to experience a sort of Kathleen Mavourneen feeling about the next. Well! we have a new secretary now, let us see what he is made of.

That the Society is doing good work we feel assured, or rather we *are* assured by various members of the committee, but except the reading of a paper once in a blue moon, we have only very vague ideas of what the good work *is*. We never hear much about it; in fact I don't think we ever hear anything at all about it. At present the whole thing seems a myth.

it would be a decided improvement to give it a touch of reality.

These remarks would be very incomplete indeed if I did not mention a very pleasant evening which Prof. Alexander gave us soon after our return to College. It consisted of a concert, light refreshments, and some good games. The Hydraulics Laboratory was transformed into a Drawing Room for the occasion, and served the purpose admirably.

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## THE FIRST GRADUATE IN COMMERCE.

"John F. Burke, B.Com., 1st Class Honours." Such was the bald statement in the "programme" for Degree day. Such evidence of notable success makes its appeal to us. But if, instead of blindly admiring the towering structure of successful academic achievement we will search for the foundation on which it was built and investigate the reasons, we will discover something of significance—namely that from first to last there was no haphazard effort. Burke came to the Faculty with a long series of successes, he had culled prize after prize, exhibition after exhibition, in the Intermediate ere he enrolled as a Commercial in 1910. He maintained the same high level by attaining 1st place in his first year's honour list. His versatility is evidenced by his contribution of "The Honour of Economics" and a "Plea for Industrial Peace" to the Philosophical Society; in whose debates he was a fluent speaker. The crowning success of his career in U.C.C. was the Final and the conferring of the Degree, as above stated, at which Sir Bertram Windle paid him a marked compliment. We understand that the extern examiner, struck by the brilliancy of Burke's answering in the Final, has recommended him for the honorary degree of B.Sc. in London University, whither he has gone to take up the Scholarship allotted him by the D.A.T.I. A brilliant student, a conscientious worker, and a thoroughly good fellow was Burke; we wish him every success.

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## The "Filosoff."

The inaugural meeting of the Society took place on November 8th. Professor Smiddy presided over the very large audience which came to hear Professor Merriman's presidential address, the subject being "The Balkan Races." No more fitting subject could be chosen, for it concerns peoples and races whose actions have of late been very much in the limelight, and this perhaps explains the great attention paid to the lecturer as he gradually unfolded the life history of the various Balkan races, and traced the development of Turkish power in Europe. Then, turning to more modern times, the lecturer sketched the causes which led to the recent struggle, and he characterised the conditions of peace as essentially unstable, for even though the shadow of Allah should become more dim, the internecine strife of all these petty principalities will continue. He referred to Pan-Slavism as being a possible cement to bind together the ethnic stones in the mosaic of Balkan peoples.

The vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. C. P. McCarthy, seconded by Mr. J. Saunders, and

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conveyed to the lecturer by Professor Smiddy.

On November 15th Mr. C. P. McCarthy, Auditor of the Society, read a paper on "The Co-Operative Movement." When the writer of a technical paper such as this thoroughly "possesses" his subject, it is almost humanly impossible for him to avoid being pedantic. We were consequently agreeably surprised at the attractive treatment on the present occasion. The members of the audience (a record one, by the way), were unprepared for this, and a lot of misprepared criticism made itself heard in the ensuing debate. Mr. O'Donoghue made an urbane chairman. Miss Cummins, Miss Murphy, Messrs. Bourke, Lucy, Powell, Crowley, Dennehy, and Saunders took part in the debate. Messrs. Dennehy and Bourke were evidently the only two who did not mistake the name of the paper. The rest spoke on "co-operation." Mr. McCarthy innocently mentioned the subject of games, which led to a rather heated discussion, wholly irrelevant. Mr. Lucy's humorous interlude was exquisitely naïve and altogether a relief.

On Saturday, 22nd November, Mr. Sam Powell treated the meeting to a paper on "The Growth and Development of Language and Writing." Some of us expected the subject to be treated from the elocutionist's standpoint, and we were not disappointed. The paper was well written and well delivered. Mr. Powell might have been more tolerant to the "interjectors" (who often have to choose between the Palace and the Philosophical on Saturday nights, and generally prefer the cheaper). He didn't say much about the origin of language. The debate was the weakest we have ever had the pleasure of witnessing. Mr. O'Donovan voiced, let us hope, the opinions of the majority in his lightning-like speech. Miss Murphy thought the subject had a bearing on Kindergarten. Mr. O'Leary denied the existence of Adam and Eve, while the two well-known "knockabouts," Messrs. Lucy and O'Donoghue, gave us the indispensable laugh. The ungentlemanly vote of thanks to the essayist which was proposed came as a shock to the meeting. It reflected a spirit which is entirely an exotic, and, we emphasise, a spirit that is detested by the QUARRYMAN.

There was a rather remarkable meeting on Saturday, November 29th. We had a paper from Mr. Liam de Roiste on "Ideals." The speaker treated the interruptions (which are becoming a feature of the Philosophical Society) with a pleasing disregard. The paper itself was delightfully Celtic—re-echoing to the last word the music of its opening lines. It was truly a poem in prose. Even a subject like this—purely sentimental in tone—gave rise to a discussion which was, to put it mildly, rather lively. An unfortunate slip by Mr. Powell brought down the wrath of the multitude on his devoted head. Nearly every speaker gave him a lash. Mr. Murphy O'Connor advised the ladies to take part in the debate, and his suggestion was adopted by three. We are very grateful to Miss Browne for leading the way in such able style. Messrs. Owen, O'Donoghue, O'Leary, and Fawsitt made use of some sound arguments. The last was rather long-winded, even though deadly in earnest; we might benefit by following a few of his suggestions.

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The meeting was exceedingly unruly; this might have been in a measure averted had those whose forte was Gaelic games confined their energies to applauding only. It is ridiculous to see the question mooted indiscriminately—without any reference whatever to the paper under discussion. The chairman should have been more firm. PHILOS.

---

## *THE OGHAM STONES.*

A TRUE STORY.

No cuniform of a gnome
Excels the interest of our Ogham;
So Brash will tell you, and he knew
The proper value of the two.

Of antiquarians Cork could boast
Quite a large and honoured host,
Croker, Abell, and Windele,
Caulfield, O'Shea, and Sainthill.
Men who loved research profound
Of treasure above and underground.
Ogham stones surpassed all others
In interest for these learned brothers;
And many a stone unique and rare
Became their truly precious care.

To honour mind e'er seeking knowledge
They sent the stones into the College,
To serve as monuments, whose age
Reveals the mind of king and sage
In Erin's day of fame and pride,
Now swept by vast oblivion's tide.

A kindred soul received the prize,
For in Professor Sullivan's eyes
No greater gift could they bestow
To keep the Irish mind aglow.
And he, who loved and knew the forces
Of Ireland's brains and her resources,
Selected inside College walls
A place of honour in its halls.

But man's proposals, we are told,
Went oft agog in days of old;
Just as they go the same to-day
In things around us every way.
The Doctor told the mason: "Place
Each stone upright upon its base,"
Then went to Dublin for some days
("It's done to-day," so someone says).

An archæologist profound
Saw the stones, when on his round;
Puzzled his wits in trying to spell
Out letters he should know so well.
No key or code could he recall,
The strokes were there—and that was all.
He called the Doctor to his aid,
But he, too, ignorance displayed.
The lines he often read before
Plainly defied his cryptic lore.
In sore disgrace he raged and fumed,
And wished the stones had been consumed.

After dinner (when, 'twould seem,
Wisdom often reigns supreme),
He called the mason, and with a frown
Said, "*Jerry, you turned them upside down!*"

TIDDY.

## Rugby Football.

The outlook for season 1913-14 was just fair. We were keeping most of our backs, but our forward ranks were not so lucky. When Prof. Alexander prophesied at the general meeting that College would go unbeaten through the four competitions there was a feeble titter. It doesn't seem so strange now when we consider their performance in the first six matches—57 points to 9!

To begin with the first County match, College were lucky to draw. It was a useful lesson—preventing swelled head whilst giving a little confidence to the newcomers on the team. In the first Leicester match, we were told in both the Cork and Dublin Press the football was perfectly rotten, the students having greatly disappointed their friends, etc. From the mere impartial spectator's point of view it was a fast and enjoyable match. Linehan's two scores were the finishing touches to two perfect passing movements. That is merely one feeble instance of what College gets, and indeed expects, from a section of the Cork Press. The usual failing of College forwards—inability to get the ball in the scrum—looked bad. We thought perhaps some of the new men might

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possess the knack of hooking. Saunders will be useful later in this respect. In the Leicester match, consciously or unconsciously, the centre threes could not pass the ball to the right wing. If Minch has great speed and can use it, why not let him have the ball when he wants to go for the line? He hasn't seen very much of it yet, worse luck.

We are mighty hard up for a full back. Smyth is very plucky, but lacks judgment. John Linehan is in a merry scoring mood on his wing, and is as good as ever he was. People say his speed has disappeared. Well, *it hasn't*. John Joe and Tim Sheehan are working well together, but they should treat the ball more in hot potato fashion—out like lightning. They are bottled up too often. Linehan and Minch with any luck should do a bit of scoring this year. The defence of the threes is fine. Vincey Mack gets out the ball in the same businesslike fashion as of yore; he is always a tough proposition. Tommy Richardson's hands are a treat. George O'Connor is as good as usual on the loose, and it pleases me vastly to see him showing some more in the scrum. His height should be useful out of touch, our scrummagers not being as big as they ased to be. Eddie Cotter is even improved on last year; though we almost felt his panting on the stand in the first Leicester match. It would look much nicer to see our elder forwards leading the youngsters into the rucks, not sending them. Willie Linehan has not played much so far; he has been missed. Oh, that Denny Donovan were heftier; there is something good in store for him. D. V. Murphy shoves and dribbles well, but when he is in the last row of the scrum it would be just as well to let the ball out; Heaven knows we don't get it too often. Holmes is subject to protracted latent periods; he is otherwise very fair. Saunders, I repeat, has the materials (*i.e.*, the legs) of a hooker—our great want in the team. He is a welcome addition, as is also P. McDonnell, clever in the fight and on the loose, but a bit light. The last two will do good service yet for College.

The Second Team match with Douglas at Douglas was a disgraceful exhibition of refereeing. We blame Ambrose for not insisting on getting a better man. It was balm to our wounded pride to see the return match the following Saturday; we got a little of our own back against the same team. It just shows what a *real* difference the "knight of the whistle" can make. The Seconds have a business-like look, and, *entre nous*, we fancy them for the Junior Cup, which they missed so rottenly last year. Smyth is a fixture here, and he might serve his apprenticeship in worse company. Bastible is very fast and sure on his pins. Jerry Magner's accident has temporarily disorganised

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the threes. He played really well against Leicesters, at Fermoy, for the Firsts. Clarke and Brosnan, two newcomers, have visibly improved during the past month. Kelleher is very safe. We hear his First Medical namesake is very fast; we want fast men. Mullane and Sullivan are reliable, though the former passes very wildly. Oram has never lost his pluck. Ambrose has proved a keen captain and a keen forward. Cummins is solid, but against Con. II. he soliloquised a good deal. Cotter has dash, but must learn a lot; for instance, that there are only three places in the first row of the scrum. Richardson is on the point of being included in the first fifteen, and he is jolly well worth it; he has speed. Young wants a lot of practice. Brosnan and Murphy are also very fair.

The Beagles have not yet got properly away. They have small but unusually clever materials, and we feel confident of being able to record their successes later. They have lost one match and won another.

The first Charity Cup match was an unexpected walk over for College. It was a fast, rough match, in which the passing of both our forwards and backs was the one outstanding feature. The try got conjointly by John Linehan and John Joe Sheehan was wonderfully quick. Cotter's run from beyond half way was another fine effort. The touch marking and goal kicking were lamentably weak. The whole team, of which J. J. O'Mullane was not the worst, played well.

Many a match has been lost and won by goal kicking only. Would it be any use to ask Eddie Cotter to practise in the Quarry? There is great room for improvement in this respect, though he might not think so. Those in authority should see this is done, or get a satisfactory reason why it is not.

Up to now (Nov. 27th) the Firsts have played five matches in the League, winning four and drawing one. The Seconds have played three in the Junior League, winning two and losing one. They are still on top.

Unofficially speaking, we did not at all appreciate the entertainment accorded the team after playing Leicesters at Fermoy. Some of us, who are "stuck up," were not flattered at being feasted in the Sergeants' Mess.

The practices have been well attended up to the present, and this a very healthy sign. There were thirty-five men out on one occasion.

In our next issue we hope to recount how College won the Charity Cup.

GNAT.

P.S.—These remarks are purely introductory. In future numbers matches (Nunan Cup, etc.) will be dealt with consecutively.

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# Ladies' Hockey Club.

We are already advanced in the Michaelmas term, and so far the ladies have not had many opportunities of playing owing to the state of the ground; notwithstanding all, a few successful practices were held.

The team, on the whole, looks a promising one, and although some good players of last year have left, their places have been well filled by the new comers. There are several beginners who have made remarkable progress since the commencement of the term.

Under the able captaincy of Miss Cummins, and judging by the general spirit of the members, the club bids fair to achieve a good measure of success. We will field a team which should be capable of making a fight for the Munster League, and the Windle Cup. Last year's team did not enter for the last-mentioned trophy.

A word about the dresses of the lady hockey players is more than necessary. The length of the skirts worn in a match has a lot to say to success. It stands to reason that a person wearing a long tight skirt is not so free as one wearing a short wide one; the former is very badly handicapped. We suggest that the ladies playing should wear skirts at least seven or eight inches from the ground. Of course this does not apply to all, as some of the present lady students persist in wearing their skirts so short that one might well imagine them just promoted from the nursery. But passing to the subject of the actual game—

On Thursday (Nov. 27) a match was played between College and Blackrock Ladies. The teams were very evenly matched, and the play was consequently of a give-and-take character. For College, Miss Cummins (Capt.) and Miss V. Donovan played splendidly, being well backed up by Miss V. Stockley and Miss K. Crowe. Miss Cogan, keeping goal, saved several trying shots. Miss Giusani and Miss Cotter, among the forwards, were seldom taken unawares. The match might easily have ended in a draw, or even a win for College, for it was not till towards the very end of the game that the winning goal was registered. Considering that six of our side had never played a match before (and there were two who didn't know the first thing about the rules), we must consider it quite a creditable display. Practically all the Blackrock players had played right through the competition of last year, and were thoroughly well up in the game.

Therefore, let us not be discouraged. With consistent practice, and a bit of luck, we might do great things.

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# Hockey Notes.

Hockey appears to be somewhat spasmodic as far as Munster is concerned, and particularly so in the case of the College. This is, of course, due to the shortness of a College career. When the team has settled down, two or three men get qualified, or go to finish in some other College. This latter is the case with H. G. Fitzmaurice, one of the best backs that College, or indeed Munster, has ever possessed. His loss is greatly felt by the club, and it only rests with the remaining backs to make up in pluck for what they have lost in his skill.

The 1st XI. is much the same as last year, with the exception of Fitzmaurice, Popham, and A. E. Dixon, who, with all the majesty of a B.E. has gone out in the world to build bridges. The senior league up to the present is headed by College, who drew with Rifle Brigade, and beat C. I., Midleton College, and Skibbereen.

A few notes about the 1st teams may perhaps be helpful. In the first place, with regard to the forwards, the wings take far too long in centreing, and the centre forwards who should be there to take the passes when they do come, is generally to be found helping or hindering the halves. This is to be condemned for two obvious reasons. In the first place, there are only two men in the forward line who can shoot, and the centre is one of them. In the second place, three halves are quite enough, and four is a crowd.

With regard to the halves, they are generally brilliant, but since the centre half has injured himself, much of the brilliancy has gone. Farrington is a hard worker, and so is Kennedy, but the latter is too much addicted to "fly-hitting."

The backs are very good indeed, and as for the goaler, his playing up to the present has been of a very high order.

The second team has not much to recommend it, but the season has only just started, and the chances are that some very fine players will be turned out of the material in hand. Those who look promising are:—Creagh, Morehead, W. Morehead, F. Morehead, and Herriott. Of course there are a few veteran players in the 2nd XI., like Trigg, Liston, J. J. O'Brien, etc., who form the nucleus of the team. Certainly the second eleven needs a lot of training, and it is only consistent practice and keenness on the game that will make it efficient.

## *THE LIBRARY.*

Away from the troubles and cares of the College,
Away from the jargon of gybs without knowledge,
There's a quiet little spot—an oasis sublime—
Where students aweary seek rest for a time.

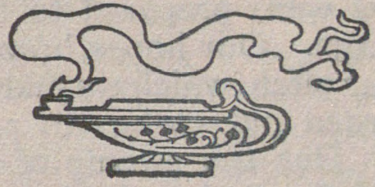
In this harbour of quietness fair ladies abound,
And the gay College "knuts" are there to be found;
In silence they sit, but I cannot make out
Why the ladies face North and the gentlemen South.

They have books out before them, as if to acquire
A knowledge of all that is dismal and dire;
But, *mirabile dictu*, these books are not read—
Their eyes are a-scanning fair features instead.

With many a wink and many a smile
The long, charming hours they thus beguile,
Till hunger's shrill clarion sounds a loud call,
Then away to the Club and its festive hall.

The 'Varsity stream may ebb and may flow,
For students must come and students must go;
But the Library will stand, with memories like these,
A landmark of pleasure in life's troubled seas.

Smilax.



## *TWO IS COMPANY——.*

I am not a poet, as you will see,
But I can write both full and free
Of College men and College maids,
Of Cupid's darts in several raids.

Being in gybdom is no bar
To a friendship reaching far,
*La petite Rouge*, who is so gay,
Loves to meet the black-haired K.

Nice and dainty, dressed in brown,
'Tis her first year up in town.
She went to the Graduates' dance, I'm told,
He was there, and shone like gold.

She's not a gyb, nor yet a chronic,
Whilst Georgie can prescribe a tonic.
He says he raves o'er jet black hair,
To tell you more—'twould not be fair.

'Tis just three years since it began,
They speak as darlings only can.
Tell them, please, the tram-men say
They are going to strike for increased pay.

From my lofty perch I see
That many people still are free.
There's Gerald H, the brothers L,
Miss Rosy Cheeks, *et La Belle.*

INQUISITOR.

# Gaelic Football.

The annual general meeting was held about the middle of October. There was a large attendance, representative of all the Faculties. Trophies were conspicuous by their absence from the table. The Sigerson Cup, once the property of our Club, rests with our brothers of University College, Dublin; and the Simcox Cup, which we thought would be ours for ever and a day, has been borne off in triumph by he sturdy stalwarts of Presentation College.

We began our work last year full of hope. Up to this, we argued, we had struggled hard and had held our own against fearful odds. We had had to practise in the Quarry (scarcely half the regulation size) or on the pitches of generous neighbours, for we had no pitch we could call our own. But this year we had our own little plot, and we were prepared to turn it to the best advantage. Our hopes, however, were not realised; our pitch, which we had bought dearly enough, turned out to be—to put it mildly—very damp. But the swamp of last year has been drained, levelled, and otherwise improved, thanks to the efforts of the officers of the club, led by the Patron, Sir Bertram Windle. Still it is unfit for playing after heavy rains. I wonder is there no cure for this.

But let not the playing ground be held entirely responsible for our failure; We certainly could have practised much more consistently. It was pitable to see, on most practice days, only about ten men turn out in togs. The captain and other prominent members of the club did all in their power to remedy this state of affairs. This might be partially accounted for by the foolish supposition that the College team, having shown itself conspicuously the best in the Simcox Cup Competition of the previous year, should easily come out winners this year also. The players were individually as good, but collectively, much inferior. Practice by twos and threes does not go far to win a match. Unless the players turn out *en masse* and accustom themselves to combined tactics, they cannot possibly expect to distinguish themselves as a team. This is what our heroes of last year scarcely ever did, but to speak fairly, there was no incentive to practise till after the Xmas holidays. The Cork Colleges' fixtures did not commence till February, and it is hard to expect men to practise without something immediate in view. We had a few tolerable practices before Sigerson Week with the result that, though we met first-class teams, we went down only after a stubborn fight.

Hitherto we have been looking on the dark side of the picture, but there is a gloriously bright side also. In the athletic arena we have no victories to record, but in the social we have registered a triumph, perhaps, unparalleled in Inter-college Fixtures. Those who had the pleasure of taking part in the festivities of Sigerson Week in Cork will long remember it with feelings of delight. Things looked blue about a month before the great event, as the Gaels had never before found themselves face to face with a similar undertaking; but, by strenuous and combined effort among the students with generous assistance from the citizens, they achieved a success, the most sanguine did not dare anticipate.

Let the lessons which last year has taught us sink deep into our minds, and prompt our actions for the coming season. At present our prospects appear rather bright. We have got good material, our fixtures have already started, and the Stockley Cup matches, intended to discover latent talent, are in full swing. Let consistent practice be our watchword, and next June we may hope to look back upon the Session 1913-14 as a red letter one in the annals of Gaelic Football in U.C.C.

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## HURLING NOTES.

The crack of the ash resounding from the Quarry and through the old quadrangle reminds one that the hurling season has begun in the University. Bands of warriors, caman in hand, may be seen entering the Quarry at all hours of the day and continuing practice until late in the evening. Down from the "Hall" come John Hickey, the bhoy from Tipp., with his trusty henchmen, Joe Mahony, "Hawk" O'Brien, Jim Kennedy, and Dan of the Amber Locks; whilst from Western Road side come Jim Reidy & Co., including Dan Boohan and his backers, Morkan and Broderick, the inseparables. We must not, however, forget honourable mention to the Three Musketeers from the Sheares Street stable—Corney, Charlie, and Donagh; nor indeed the worthy representative of the Dental faculty, Hugh Whelan, with the perpetual hard hat, the especial adornment of members of the faculty. The South side is well represented when Bill Lehane (sound man, Lehane), Denny Lucy (of Philosophic fame), and John C. Saunders (with the voice) arrive, accompanied by he of the pipe, specs, and subtle innuendo, who complains, whilst cleaning his *pince-nez*, that "it is painful to have to arise so early from a virtuous couch these cold mornings for lecture, especially after——." Nuff said.

It is a good sign to see the hurlers out so early this year. It does a man no harm to knock around in the Quarry with a hurley some time every day, but it is important that the regular practices should be well attended on the Mardyke if possible, because a man continually hurling in the Quarry often finds himself rather at sea (in more senses than one) when he comes to play on a full-sized ground like the Mardyke.

The Hurling Club general meeting has come and gone, and looking over the list of officers elected we do not think they could in any way be much improved upon. In Jim Reidy, the man of many battles, the Club has an excellent captain. He talks little, smokes much, but when he has a hurley in his hand he's a tiger. Jim should, however, remember there is also such a thing as saying too little. Some captains on the field have a bad habit of leaving their men unmarked, and a sharp command now and then would wake them up considerably. Denny Pa Lucy, the versatile forward, is vice-captain, and Pat Collins and Davy Ring are two good secretaries with plenty of experience. P. J. Bourke, the journalistic prize packet, is hon. treasurer.

The first match in the Junior League was played on Wednesday, November 18th, against Wilton College. University turned out as selected, with the exception of "Hawk" O'Brien, who was laid up in the "Hall" with several mustard plasters on his chest and a blanket round his head. University were on the field up to time, which fact gave the referee such a shock that he nearly swallowed his whistle. Recovering himself, however, with an effort, he set the teams going at 3.15. University again surprised everybody by starting and finishing well. College settled down and keeping up the pressure on Wilton posts for most of the first half, had on turning over a lead of five goals to Wilton's one point. In the second half it was expected that College would have to fight hard to retain the lead, as a strong wind had sprung up from the west, blowing down the field against them. To our surprise, College lasted the full half hour without being winded.

The final score was :—

| | |
|---|---|
| University ... | 9 goals, 2 points. |
| Wilton College ... | 1 point. |

FINN.

## An Cualaċt Gaeḋilge.

Coṫraiġe do sgríoḃ.

Go dtí tosaċ na bliadna so Caitte ba ḋroch-sceul ag an nGaeḋilg é in Árd-scoil Ċorcaiġe. Ḃí sí mar do ḃeaḋ Fraincis nó aon teanga iasaċta eile. Taoḃ amuiġ do ṡeomra na Gaeḋilge ní labartaí focal di agus is béag suim do cuirtí innte aċt anois atá aṁaláirt do sceul againn. Do ḋein cuid de na macaiḃ leiġinn maċtnaṁ ar an sceul ċionnas mar a ḃí meaṫ ag teaċt ar gaċ rud Gaeḋealaċ agus

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ċun an meaṫ ⁊ an ṁairbitiḋe sin do ċosc do ċuireadar ar bun an Cuallact Ġaeḋealac. Cuallact í so d' aiṫḃeoḋaḋ ⁊ do ḃuanuġaḋ na teangan agus gaċ beus ⁊ nós do ḃí ag Ċlannaiḃ Gaeḋeal in allód ⁊ do scriosad ⁊ do ċreaċaḋ na ndroċ-beus iasaċta atá ag síor-ḃrisead isteaċ orrainn le déiḋeanaiġe. Is fada sinn ar siad ag riṫ tré an laṫaiġ le sálaiḃ Ṡasana is fada sinn dár meallaḋ agus dár millead dár mbascad ⁊ dár mbruġaḋ aice. Tá furṁór ar ndoine anois agus is dóiġ leo ná fuil blas ná daṫ ar aon rud fír-Ġaeḋaelaċ aon rud ná fuil de réir aigneaḋ ⁊ inntinne na n-eċtrann, is dóig leo go raiḃ a sinnsear ró iargúlta ⁊ do ḃeaḋ naire orra aiṫris do ḋeunaṁ orra. Sin coṁarta ċinnte ḋuinn, ar na mic-leiginn, go ḃfuil an caṫ idir Gaeḋeal ⁊ Gall láim le ḃeiṫ crioċnuigṫe. Táimid ag troid le na ceudtaiḃ bliaḋain aċt anois is goirid go mbeimíd ar lár. Aon dream daoine a ṫréig a dteangain agus a mbeusa b' ḟin é a ndeireaḋ mar ḋream sé leiṫ agus ní raiḃ buaidṫe ceart ar aon dream gur ḋeineadar sin. Ná cuirimís-ne suas do'n ċaṫ do ḃíod ár sinsear ag freastal. Deunaimís iarraċt ar ċlanna Gaeḋeal do ḟaoraḋ sar a mbeiḋ sé déiḋeanaċ. Tá sé déiḋeanaċ go leor ċeana aċt is fearr deiḋeanaiġe ná ro-ḋeiḋeanaigе.

Ḃeiḋfear ag magaḋ fúinn agus ag cur nár

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gcoinniḃ ar dtúis ar siad mar is dóiġ le luċt poilitiḋeaċta in ionad Gaeḋil do ḃeiṫ ag dul d'eugaiḃ gurab amlaid atáid siad ag eirge. Ní mar sin atá áṁ aċt is dóiġ le Sacsaiḃ go ḃfuilimíd claoiḋte ċeana sin é an ċúis go ḃfuilid ag teaċt bog orainn anois go ḃfuilid ċun sinn do ġabail ċúca féin mar ċairdiḃ go deo airis. Sin é do ḋeineaḋ Saerar le gaċ dream ar a ḃfuiġḃeaḋ sé forláṁas. Ar dtúis do ċreaċaḋ ⁊ do scriosad sé iad do ḋeineaḋ sé beag-ṁeanamnaċ agus lagḃriogaċ iad ⁊ annsin gaoir ná bíoḋ baoġal orra do ḋeinead sé cóirde ḋíoḃ. Aċt ní fuilimid-na claoiḋte fós le congnaṁ Dé. Taisbéanamís ná fuilimíd tábairmís deag-ṡompla do luċt an dorċadais agus na mí-ṫreóra. Téiḋmís fé'n ár-ṁáiġ airís agus Fógromair caṫ cróda calmia ar an naṁaid ⁊ ná ċuirimís suas do'n ċaṫ ná don ċruaḋ-ċoṁrac go ṁbuaiḋfimíd. Ḃ'ṡin í coṁairle do ċeapadar na fíor-Ġaeḋil so ⁊ ba ṁaiṫ í mar ċomairle

Ḋeineadar tosnúġaḋ maiṫ agus ċuireadar i-n-iúl do ḋream an ṁór-gairsciḋ go raḃadar dá rírib. Labaraidís an Ġaedilg istiġ ⁊ amuiġ agus ba ḃeag-ḃeann iad ar luċt scige. Tionóiltí cruinniugaḋ gaċ seaċtṁain agus do léiġtí paipéir ceann ar Gaeḋluinn ⁊ ceann ar Ḃeurla gaċ re h-uair. Aċt i mbliaḋna cúiread deireaḋ le na paipéaraiḃ Ḃearla ar fad agus ní miste an Ċuallaċt é. Ḃíonn an oiread ceadna dáoine ann agus tugann níos mó fé labairt na Gaeḋilge. Cuireaḋ buiḋean ar bun do ṁuineaḋ na Gaeḋilga dóiḃ so ná raiḃ aon ṗioc do'n teangain aca ⁊ buiḋean eile doiḃ-so go raiḃ scrioḃaḋ ⁊ léigeaṁ aca aċt ná raiḃ labairt. Do ḃí buiḋean eile airis do luċt labarṫa na Gaeḋilge agus ḋeiniḋís sin caint agus caoin-ċoṁráḋ eaterta féin i dtaoḃ sean-sceulta sean-aṁrán agus gaċ beus níos Gaeḋealaiġe na a ċéile.

Do ḃí oiḋċe do ceól againn timċeall le seaċtṁain ó ṡoin. Ḃí an píob ⁊ an ḃeilín dá seinm in aenfeaċt. Is iongantaċ binn an ceol a ḋeiníd siad mar sin. Puirt Ġaedealaċa ar fad do ḃí againn dar ndóiġ puirt ḋeasa eudtroma de ċuirfeaḋ míle fear ag rinnce ⁊ puirt ṁalla uaigneaċa doġeunaḋ ciuin airís iad. Is éaċtaċ an smaċt atá ag ceol na nGaedeal ar an gcroiḋe Gaeḋealaċ aċt sé an truaġ go ḃfuil an croiḋe breaġ sin ag imṫeaċt agus go tiuġ leis. Do ḃí rinnce ⁊ aṁráin againn leis ⁊ ḃí gaċ aoine de'n leaṫ-ċeud do ḃí istiġ lán tsásta leis an spórt.

◆ ◆ ◆

*Some very interesting contributions have been unavoidably held over owing to pressure of advertising matter.*