

# SAOIRSE ÉIREANN WOLFE TONE WEEKLY

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1939

Twopence

## NIMH NA nGALL

Tá cráic ann arís mar gheall ar na páirpáiribh agus na leabairibh palaca a casán cuimhinn annal ó Séan Dúiré. Bíonn cráic oppa anoir agus arís, ar fear camall, agus anan bíonn uaine 'na uicort arís ar fear abru, agus an uicort-óir ar fudal as an nSaeóiré nac ruid páirca le neart agus maon agus ór na nSaeóiré do fóro agus do rcairéad, san a uicéall do téanarh anoir anam ar mulciple do loic agus do péabó. Agus tá as éirge leir san aon asó.

Scaprean i nÉirinn ruar le trí déan míle oer na páirpáiribh palaca sac reaccain, agus ní rior dom ná u'ainne, ír uoisí lóm, an mó leab- ar lobca a uicéir anro i pié na bíana, mar do péir uicéirí níl aome ann cún a fáo leir an bpoab- cao ír leabair lobca ann. Sac uile lá tá an ním fá ól as Saeóiréiribh ósa agus muna cuirrean cors leir beró an uicéiribh san teirgear uéanaca uar éirge agus beró éirge na nSaeó- eal imite. Éirge na nSall a beró agusm map éir.

Ír míre agus ír lán-míre ruo eirín rosanaca a téanarh cún uerpe do cup le cráicéir an uicéiribh ír an éir réo, agus ór ruo é nac noimean canic san gníoth móirín máicéara cairéar gníoth do téanarh rera rera agus cairéar é téanarh i ríí do uicéiréar é i nÉirinn agus i scéin.

Má cuirrean le céite, so mír- neallat uána, ír fétóir rcor do cup le obair Séan Dúiré. Ueicéad déana é agus ír fétóir é téanarh arís. Stróic na páirpáirí rín, uoisí iao so puiblíre, caic' ircaic rai caoiré iao, uer lea aon níl ír máic leat ac ná leir u'ainne iao do uicéir do rcairéad i n-irge anro i nÉirinn. Muna mbead an uicéirí rai a casán cuimhinn annal beo aor ós na éirge réo abru níor Saeóiréiribh ná map ac, agus beo meo as ós agus cphónna ar a uicéir leir agus ar uile níl a báinean téir. Cuirrean uerpe leir an ním, i n-ann Dé!

Muiris na móna.

## PARTITION WITH THE LID OFF

FOR some time past Mr. de Valera has attempted to entrench himself and his followers in Leinster House. In order to retain the loyalty of his satellites he has provided increased salaries for all of them. Never once has he been heard to express anxiety concerning the mass emigration from Ireland that has increased yearly under his administration. The fate of the emigrants has not, I suppose, cost him any loss of sleep. The greater the exodus, the less will the "Free State" Government be compelled to provide in dole money.

THE cause of the emigration has been truthfully attributed to restlessness and the wander-lust of the Irish. Any excuse is good enough to hide the truth, because the truth reveals so strikingly the complete incompetence of the "Free State" administration.

Failure to attune the economic and monetary systems to Christian ideals, and a slavish subservience and adhesion to Imperialistic interests are the real causes of the catastrophe.

THE youth of Ireland must earn a living anywhere except in its native land! What of it! Why should the "Free State" Government consider such people? Germany, France, Poland, Hungary, England all take a lively interest in the welfare of their nationals abroad. Any Government worthy of the name would do so. The "Free State" Government only concerns itself with tourists and wealthy aliens.

JUST lately, we, Irish in England, have been visited by a few of Mr. de Valera's henchmen, who have suddenly displayed an interest in us. Have they come to help us? To find out if we have obtained work, or under what conditions we are working? Not likely! They want us to gather round them and listen to their tale of woe about our poor divided country, and above all to part with some of our hard earned wages—we, who have been debarred from earning a living wage in Ireland. What fools Mr. de Valera must think we are, expecting us to cheerfully finance an Anti-Partition League of Great Britain.

Any other government in similar

circumstances should have directed operations through a ministry of propaganda and have provided the funds necessary for an Anti-Partition Campaign, but not the "Free State" Government. That government can only find money to increase its officials' salaries. Why should it waste money on such an idea! Let the God-forsaken soft-hearted Irish youths in Great Britain do that. And listen to the scheme for ending Partition! The existing Six County Parliament is to be allowed to function, only the reserved services must pass to the "Free State" Government.

So Partition is to be ended by perpetuating Partition.

LEST anyone should foolishly imagine that removal of customs barriers means the end of Partition let him consider the following words of a former "Free State" Prime Minister:—"I would, therefore, ask the Northern people to weigh well the substantial guarantees assured to them in the event of their deciding to recognise the Treaty position in so far as it relates to them. By the Treaty they are guaranteed in perpetuity—securely entrenched for ever, as one might say—in every inch of territory which for the moment is under their control.

This is guaranteed by article 14 which provides that in the event of the North Eastern Parliament not opting out, it shall continue to exercise the power conferred by the Government of Ireland Act, 1920; and the Parliament and Government of the 'Free State' then assumes the position with regard to the North which the British Parliament at present holds. In other words, the Parliament of Northern Ireland is guaranteed for ever, or so long as it wishes in its present territory, in the event of the North East deciding to remain with the 'Free State.'"

By the London Treaty we are precluded, even if we wished, from removing their Governor, or in interfering in any way with their domestic legislation and their development along their own traditional lines."

THE late Bonar Law gave as his reason for voting for the Treaty in the British Parliament "there could be no chance of an Irish settlement which did not recognise

the right of Ulster to shape her own destiny." In agreeing to the Six County Parliament being permitted to function as heretofore Mr. de Valera is agreeing to "the right of Ulster to shape her own destiny." He denies Ireland's right to function as a Republic; and would resign his leadership of Fianna Fail rather than agree to it, but is quite willing to allow the Six County Parliament to shape its own destiny. Being a politician, and to explain his deceit Mr. de Valera would invent some sophistical arguments and try to foist them as cold logic. The "Free State" taxpayers will be expected to pay for this sophistry. They will be expected to pay for the maintenance of Orange ascendancy.

SIR JOHN SIMON, in the British Parliament, quite recently revealed that payments to the Six County Parliament have grown from £500,000 in 1934-'35 to £1,240,000 (estimated) in 1938-'39. They were £1,607,000 (provisional) in 1937-'38. Land Purchase Annuities retained by the Six County Government have not been included in this estimate.

ACCORDING to Published Six County Revenue and Expenditure details for the financial year ended March 31, 1938, the New Land Purchase annuities (Imperial) amounted to £301,000 and the Local Loans Repayments (Imperial) amounted to £53,000.

There is in addition a Milk Industry Assistance Grant from Great Britain estimated at £30,067.

Whilst under the heading 'Unemployment Agreement Act, 1936' Payments by the Imperial Government are quoted as £1,615,873.

HERE are a few of the figures under the heading of Expenditure:—(year ended 31st March, '38), Supply Services—Parliament and Cabinet Offices £33,811; Secret Service £1,200; Constabulary £775,374.

In return the Six County Government nominally provides £10,000 contribution towards British Imperial services and the transferred Tax Revenue.

Is Mr. de Valera willing to provide £1,615,873 annually to the Six County Parliament in order to main-

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## PARTITION WITH THE LID OFF

(Continued from Page One)

tain it as his British friends are doing? Presumably so, as he has not said otherwise.

Presumably also he will find £775,374 for maintaining those "Paragons of Perfection" the Special Constables.

At a word from him they would lay down their arms and become obedient and dutiful "Free Staters."

If perchance they proved recalcitrant, an increase in their salaries and a few further compromises by Mr. de Valera would settle matters.

**A**FTER the withdrawal of the British Forces from the Six Counties, it is not inconceivable that the armed Special Constables might control the Six Counties. Mr. de Valera would have no means of preventing them.

Remember, Mr. de Valera's repeal of the "Free State" Constitution does not affect the Six County Government's Agreement with Great Britain.

He would then be in a greater tangle than he is at present. Although an adept at compromising and hair-splitting, he would find that things had gone beyond him. He might beg for an end of religious persecution, of electioneering jerryandering, of corruption in public administration but would have no means at his command to bring about this end. Instead of respect for his authority there would be absolute contempt for his methods and his compromises.

**H**OW true are the words of Terence MacSwiney: "In matters of principle there can be no tactics, there is one straightforward course to follow, and that course must be found and followed to the end."

The Six County business man knows well that his Parliament is rotten to the core, and if he wants to come in with the rest of his fellow countrymen to get away from this rottenness and corruption and take his place in the life of the Nation, Mr. de Valera will tell him to remain as he is subject to the same wretched rulers and wretched conditions.

What a prospect for Northern business men! What a prospect for the Irish Nation!

**B**UT people are growing tired of political talk. They realise they have been tricked and are deciding that it won't happen again.

They are determined to extend friendship and justice to their Northern neighbours, not to bully them, nor pamper them, nor foolishly try to entice them by despicable compromises, but to welcome them wholeheartedly into the Sovereign Independent Irish Republic.

M. T. PHILLIPS.

# USURY

**A** great deal of thought and ingenuity is expended in propaganda to make it appear to the ordinary people that the money for housing loans, etc., is put up by "the public"—meaning the people in general. As was evidenced by the last National Loan flotation (to give £10 millions to John Bull) by far the bulk of the money was put up by the Banks. Last August Dublin Corporation issued a loan for £500,000 at £98 cash for £100 stock, interest at 4 per cent. The Banks subscribed it all. The Dublin Corporation wanted it issued at par—but the Banks refused. In 1932 Dublin also had to borrow £500,000 from the Banks at £93 cash for £100 stock, interest at 4½ per cent. Dublin's municipal Debt is now over £10 millions! Long live Usury in Catholic Ireland!

**F**IGURES are cold, dead symbols that do not readily bring to the mind any living picture of the reality behind them. Mounting Debt means mounting loan charges; and increased loan charges mean increased rates and taxes. Increased rates and taxes literally mean food taken out of the mouths of our underfed children, and men and women. If you doubt this analyse what our complacent Minister for Local Government said at the Fianna Fail Ard Fheis. He said this: "They would continue until all those who wanted decent houses were provided for. It was a heavy burden and every section of the community were bearing it. Every item in use in their households was bearing some of this tax in order to provide the money which the Government was spending to ensure that those who were so long neglected were properly housed." Except for the cool admission that "every item in use in our households" is taxed, this statement by the Minister is typical bank bunkum. The tax is not to provide the money. The tax is to

meet the Usury charges on the borrowed money. The Banks provided the money by monetising the Nation's credit in the manner in which they normally create money, that is, by the use of paper and ink.

**I**F the Nation owned and controlled its own credit, that is if we had a State Bank providing the finance required for Housing, etc., (as in New Zealand), this dismal tale of mounting Debt, and the sorrier tale of robbing our people by mounting taxes of the money they badly want to spend on necessities, would not be told against us. I have yet to meet the Irish man or woman who likes the lashes of the Bankers' whip we call rates and taxes. And the lashes will get heavier and heavier. Mr. MacEntee in his recent Bill to increase assessments will see to that, and the Minister who boasted of whipping John Bull will do nothing to expose the whippings administered to the common Irish in the interest of Bank usury. He said "every section of the community were bearing the burden." This is not true. The strongest section, the Bankers, do not bear the burden of the Debt they have loaded upon us in the interest of Bank Usury and to maintain their domination of the economic life of the country.

**I**N the upshot the F.F. resolution to reduce cottage rents by fifty per cent was defeated. Another triumph for the Party Machine! Who are Irish cottagers that they should escape their duty of shouldering the burdens of "Sound Finance"? The next thing they will be saying is that there ought to be Means Tests for politicians before they are given rises. They should be told that Means Tests are for the unemployed, and destitute Widows and Orphans, only.

—E. Ua Curnáin.  
in *The Kerryman*.

## THE FIGHT IN BRITTANY

**T**HE fight being carried on by young Brittany against the French invader is kept very carefully out of the news given to Irish readers, whether by the English papers or their Irish echoes.

**I**N this paper some time ago an account was given of the prosecution and sentence to four months' imprisonment of Fransez Debauvois, chief of the Breton Nationalist Party, for the "crime" of writing patriotic slogans to rouse his people from the sleep of slavery.

**O**N December 15, he was brought from prison under a heavy guard, and with a comrade, Olier Mordrel, charged with having acted or of being about to act (how familiar the words are in Ireland!) in a manner prejudicial to the interests of alien France in their native and beloved Brittany.

**E**ACH was sentenced to a year in prison and fined about £160.

The courthouse was packed with friends and comrades of the "criminals" and there was an anti-French demonstration.

**B**UT a more effective protest against injustice and tyranny came later when on December 18 a monument erected by the French at Bondy in the centre of Brittany to commemorate the enforced "Union" of the two countries, was blown sky high. It had been closely guarded by France's Breton police for years. Fifteen young men of Bondy were arrested and imprisoned. And so the fight goes on.

BREATHNACH.

## UNFURLING THE FLAG

**D**arling, in sorrow and mourning,  
We've waited for year upon year,  
With none to look down on our labour,  
With none to wipe off the dark tear.  
The stillness of death was around thee,  
The graveyard encircled thy face,  
And the flag in your hand draped in mourning,  
Could tell the sad tale of your race.

And drifted away into silence  
The glorious passions of old,  
Till the pulse that was hot as the lava,  
In weakness grew frozen and cold.  
Thy home was where urns were resting,  
Thy children were crying for bread:  
There was nought but the night cloud above thee,  
No sound but the tramp of the dead.

But God, who looked forth from the heavens  
In pity smiled kindly at last,  
And the green land grew bright with His glory,  
Soft dew on thy bosom was cast;  
A trumpet call gathered the scattered  
The urns stood alone on the plain,  
By the sea wave with face turned Westward,  
You lifted the banner again.

And called for the chains to be broken—  
No quailing with cowardly fear,  
But proud in the power of defiance.  
And loud, that the wide earth might hear;  
And the ends of the earth, how they answered—  
Go ask of the tyrant and knave  
Go ask of the dust that is lying  
All cold on the patriot's grave.

And we who are gathered around thee  
Are firm in the truth of our faith,  
And shall stand 'neath the folds of that banner,  
Nor care for the torture or scathe;  
Though the scuffer may sneeringly mutter  
Thy beauty is now on the wane,  
The gauntlet flung down by our fathers,  
By heavens! we shall fling it again.

Not recklessly, aimlessly striving,  
Not lifting with weak strength the brand,  
But patiently biding the moment  
That shall give us a sweep for our hand.  
Wave proudly the flag, dearest mother,  
The true hearts are still by thy side,  
Till we deck thee in queenliest beauty,  
As Liberty's queenliest bride.

"LEO," the Fenian Poet.

## AN ADDRESS TO THE NATION

**T**HE radio speech delivered on December 29 by the Prime Minister of the 26 Counties Dominion of the British Empire, boasting the amended "Free State" Constitution (the Empire's alternative to the Sovereign Republic of Ireland) was called in the Government daily organ "an address to the nation." We direct the attention of our readers to an Address to the Nation which will appear in our next issue.

STRONG AS GIBRALTAR

BREAKING THE CONNECTION

ONE of the most familiar legends of the advertising world of our time is that which is given here, "Strong As Gibraltar." However used to boost this or that business, its primary reference to England's rocky fortress at the mouth of the Mediterranean challenges attention in England's present crisis as to whether the saying does not emphasize the weakness rather than the might of the British Empire.

GIBRALTAR is the first of four notable military outposts of the world empire of Great Britain. It stands at the point where the Atlantic and the Mediterranean join their waters, close by the point from which Prince Henry of Portugal, five centuries ago, launched the vast adventure of Atlantic exploration whereby the Commercial Revolution of the next century came. Civilization had been sheltered within the Mediterranean areas for two thousand years and more, and for a much longer period if we include the river civilizations of the Nile Valley and the "Valley Of The Two Rivers," the Tigris and the Euphrates, south and east of the Mediterranean. During these long ages England had been either altogether unknown and outside of the range of world culture, as before the time of Rome, or under the Roman Empire a mere outpost herself on the western edge of the known world.

THE Commercial Revolution, which followed upon the three-fold discoveries of the Portuguese who made their way around Africa to India and incidentally bumped up against Brazil in South America, the Columbian voyage, which made known the existence of America a few years earlier than Portugal's contact with the Brazilian coast, and the circumnavigation of the earth by Magellan's men twenty years later, changed the whole face of human affairs. It introduced the Oceanic Era, and made the mastery of the oceans, not the control of the Mediterranean, the test of world power.

ENGLAND seized this mastery, out of a succession of incidents which need not be enumerated here. And by the process of making herself mistress of the newly found oceanic areas England managed also to make herself mistress eventually of the Mediterranean itself. She seized upon Gibraltar at the mouth of the Mediterranean, in 1704. A century later, or a little more, in 1814, Malta, midway of the Mediterranean, and like Gibraltar, an important fortress for long centuries before, fell into England's hands. Aden, at the mouth of the Red Sea, where it joins the Indian Ocean, the other end, as it were, of the land-locked sea route from the West to the Far East, was seized by England in 1839. Singapore, farther east, but in a no less strategic position from the viewpoint of England's imperial interests, had already fallen to the English crown in 1824, although it has been made "as strong as Gibraltar" only in our own times. By the holding of these four apparently impregnable positions,

which command what is on the whole the greatest commercial highway of the world, the British Empire holds such command of world trade routes as no power ever held before. Each of them is supposed to be, as the British Empire itself, "as strong as Gibraltar."

BUT how strong is Gibraltar? And how strong is the British Empire, thus fortified at points which have been seized from other peoples, thus secured against their rightful owners? How strong is any Empire which builds its prosperity upon the enslavement of others?

ENGLAND, when Queen Elizabeth died a little more than three centuries ago, had a population of approximately five million people, and she had not a colony anywhere in the world although she had been exploiting Ireland for generations then, and was just beginning her exploitation of India.

England has a population now of between thirty-six and forty millions in the same area in which she had less than one seventh of that population three hundred and thirty years ago. To support this population, which is actually more dense per square mile than the population of Belgium, England has exploited the earth.

NOW, however strong Gibraltar may be, or Malta, or Aden, or Singapore, not one of them, or all of them together can feed England. They are but outposts of military ascendancy, and only important as they secure to England the fruits of outside labour in her "dependencies" abroad. But England is far more dependent upon her "dependencies" than they are upon her. If England sank in the sea tomorrow India could live without her, as could Canada, or Australia, or Ireland, or any other section of the British Empire. But if the rest of the world were somehow shut off from England for even a few weeks then England would starve to death, even though she held communication somehow with Gibraltar and Malta and Aden and Singapore. These could not feed her, and England cannot feed herself.

The problem is to put it briefly, "How can an Empire that lives by forced contributions from abroad continue to feed its people when these contributions fail?"

ROME built her ancient Empire upon imported provisions and imported slave labour. She could not maintain these supplies from abroad. Therefore she fell. The Saviour may not have been thinking of Rome when He indicated, in the closing passage of the Sermon on the Mount, what happens to the man who builds his house upon the sand. Quite certainly He was not thinking of the British Empire. But it would well have paid both the Roman Empire and the British Empire to do some thinking about the practical philosophy which He there propounds. Will your foundations carry your building? That is His inquiry in a word. The Roman foundations did not. Neither will the British foundations. Both built upon the exploitations of other people. Such exploitations always fail sooner or later. And when foundations fail what is built upon them no politicians and no parties can uphold. It is an impossible task.

—Foot of Col. 3

IF any one of the three or four hundred delegates at the recent Fianna Fáil convention still believe that the connection with the Republic has not been definitely broken, as far as the Prime Minister of the "Free State" could do it, they should be fair to themselves and look at the facts in a detached way. All that is necessary is to accept the admissions of the "F. S." authorities. That is the undisputed admissions in the laws made by themselves, which they say in their constitution are of "full force and effect." The alternative but deceptive way of approaching the subject would be to rely on propaganda, as distinct from information that can be checked.

THE government organ in the press has no interest in giving the facts favourable to the Republic. Then having looked at things as they are, and satisfied himself that the admitted facts are greater than mere propaganda, intended to confuse, and not to enlighten, one should bring his allegiance into harmony with the truth ascertained in that way. Any of the delegates who believe in conscience that their allegiance has been compromised are bound to return to open allegiance to the Republic, rather than acknowledge they are British subjects, even though their conversion now would mean apparent material loss to themselves; loss of "allowances" for instance.

A beginning may aptly be made by reflecting on what happened on the 8th of last month! That was the anniversary of the Mountjoy atrocities, the massacre by the Crown forces of the "Free State" of four armed prisoners who had been in their custody for some months. On this occasion the anniversary of that massacre of the four Republicans in the "F. S." government organ was marked by showing the photographs of the martyrs, with their names and the word "Executed," along with the date. The British authors of the "Free State" Government used to give out exactly such information when they had taken the life of a "rebel" to the Crown.

NOW what is to be gained by concealing the fact, revolting though it must be to sincere Republicans still connected with F. F., that the "Free State" Government newspaper was quite consistent in its action? Can it now be denied that it

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AND we have men in power in Ireland who, instead of strengthening and hardening this country against the tottering Empire, are doing all in their power to tie her securely to it. That policy must be defeated.

is the Prime Minister's own interest to maintain the suppression of the Republic? Within a year or so the "Free State" Government produced a law confirming the one made by the previous government.

That "law" granted a "pardon" to the perpetrators of the shocking deed. Deliberately they stand in with these, taking responsibility for their acts and for the "pardon." Having thus solemnly associated themselves with the deed, they are consistent in justifying it in their newspaper, and in all their public actions. It follows that there must be no enquiry, with a risk of punishment. For no people in their senses would begin an investigation in the "Free State" courts, remembering the proverb of the futility of going to law with the devil and the court in hell. Their law is in "full force."

BUT the real risk would be in the event of the pressure on the Republic being relaxed. In seeing to that the "Free State" Prime Minister is more immediately concerned than even Chamberlain. And Chamberlain must know that, and Craigavon must know it. They cannot be deceived by the "Staters" attempt to pose at this juncture as the friends of the Republicans who are prisoners. There is of course no republican backing for the Hibernian united imperial front. It is obvious too that the Irish upholders of the Crown have even less to give than Redmond, because his secret talks with British ministers took place before and not after the establishment of the Republic.

Having crossed the Rubicon they are now securely in the Empire, as far as their public acts are concerned.

THE "Free State" has been driven to make many experiments in changing names, to hide its British foundation and origin. But unfortunately for the would-be deceivers their written words and State papers remain. These reveal that their power arises from the Midnight Treaty of Surrender in 1921 in London which recognised the Parliament of "Southern Ireland." So far from denying that connection and origin the promoters of the scheme have resorted to almost every artifice, and taken every precaution, to break the connection with the Republic and its Government, the legitimate Dail Eireann, established by vote of the whole Irish people. The London Agreement ensured an absolute boycott of the Republic. Its existence is not even hinted at. What the "Staters" actually did was to adopt the British alternative, and disown Dail Eireann, treating it naturally in the English way as an illegal assembly. Accordingly they treated the "Southern Ireland" Parliament as the legitimate one, degrading themselves and the nation, as far as that was in their power. To placate the people at home "Southern Ireland" was called the "Free State." While blotting out as they thought all traces of the existence of the Republic, an elaborate scheme of deception was begun and has continued ever since. Outside their "laws" they would be "externally" associated with the Re-

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 14th, 1939.

## PARADISE

**A**BOUT a year ago somebody wrote in an English publication that this country of ours—partitioned Ireland—was a sportsman's paradise. He wrote about hunting. A slave-minded Irishman had said some time before that our mountain-sides should be converted into deer forests, to help to make this country a deer-hunter's paradise.

Over and over it has been said that Ireland is a fisherman's paradise—presumably because Irishmen are not allowed to fish even on their own land, some foreigner or other having inherited or bought the fishing "rights," or stolen them from their lawful owners.

Now a writer in an Irish daily paper comes along with the glad news that Ireland could be made a motorists paradise.

In all cases, this paradise that is envisaged by Britons and West Britons is a paradise for foreigners, for enemies, for slaves, for mongrels, for invaders.

But for the true and rightful owners of Ireland, its young men and young women, their native land is not a paradise but a hell, from which they must flee to earn the livelihood that is their right here at home but that is denied them because slaves have knuckled under to the enemy and forsaken the dreams of their youth.

Ireland is a paradise for professional politicians, for greedy profiteers, for palm-greasing monopolists, for shameless pensioners, for "England's faithful garrison," for Englishmen and Jews and foreigners from the ends of the earth, but now as through all the centuries and generations since the shadow of the Crown of England fell darkly over our national life, the young people, the strong, virile, healthy people—our country's real gold—have no future to look forward to in the land God meant them to own.

They must turn their faces to the exile ship to-day as ninety years ago, as fifty years ago, while those who should be planning a happy future for them in the tilled fields of Ireland are busy making this country a paradise for its enemies and for heedless strangers, and making sure of a prosperous present and a wealthy future for themselves.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when Ireland was not a paradise for its enemies and false friends. When blood flows back into the veins of our youth and the anger that is a gift of God rises up in their hearts and minds, that time will come again.

## SOCCKER MINDS

**T**HE revelation in your issue of January 7 that the visit of Mr. Eamon de Valera, President of the Gaelic League branch, to the Soccer match at Dalymount was part of a new campaign for the dishing of Lord Mayor Byrne, is backed up and fairly well proved by a long, confused rignmarole of a letter in the Dublin *Evening Mail* of December 29. It was written by Mr. Thomas A. O'Reilly, who was Mr. Oscar Traynor's stable companion on a couple of recent occasions in the race for the Leinster House Stakes run in North West Dublin. Mr. Traynor was a Soccerite, Mr. O'Reilly proclaims himself a Soccerite, Mr. Alfred Byrne is strongly supported by the Soccer element in Dublin, and it is necessary to draw that support away from him. Let us all become Soccerites! said the sage men of Fianna Fail (Republican Party that was—maybe).

**M**R. O'REILLY chastises the G.A.A. for living up to the spirit of its constitution by dismissing one of its Patrons because he violated that spirit. Their action, says Mr. O'Reilly, "deserves the utmost contempt from all Irishmen and sportsmen," and he goes on to try to show with but a feeble attempt at success that the fighting spirit of the years from 1916 to 1923 was fostered and fanned into flame not in the ranks of the G.A.A. and kindred organisations, but in the Soccer clubs that grew up here in the poisonous wake of the British Army. And in doing this he strives to show that two soldiers of the Republic who gave their lives in the fight for freedom were good Irish Republicans because or in spite of

the fact that they played Soccer! He does not tell us whether they played Soccer only before they discovered Republican Irish Ireland or whether they played it all the time because they were convinced that it and its British Garrison atmosphere were more redolent of Irish national spirit and tradition than mere vulgar Gaelic football or hurling.

**T**HERE were many young men who, like Cathal Brugha, played foreign games (part of the British scheme of peaceful penetration) until they discovered that Ireland had games of her own and that these were at constant war with the anglicising importations. Mr. O'Reilly and Mr. Traynor and Mr. de Valera and evidently the whole Fianna Fáil Party and its organ the *Irish Press*, now think that there is no difference between Soccer and Gaelic, that one is as deserving of support as the other. It is only a matter of time until they tell us that there is no difference whatever between Irish music and jazz, between Gaelic and Bearla, between Ireland and England. I wonder what is thought of Mr. O'Reilly's rignmarole in defence of Soccer by the Gaels of North West Dublin who voted for him at the last two elections, and who may be asked to vote for him again.

**I** PUT forward the suggestion that the present would be a good time to republish the famous letter written by Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel, to the founders of the G.A.A. It would, I am sure, be of interest to thousands of readers of SAOIRSE EIREANN.

LIAM O CADHLA.

## THE ENEMY PRESS

**A**N English daily paper, commenting on the bogus "Plot" scare in Belfast, and the arrest of 34 men and their imprisonment without charge, is as intelligent and well-informed as English papers usually are about this country. It says:—

"Yesterday's events in Ulster are a consequence that might have been foreseen of an announcement in last Saturday's *Wolfe Tone Weekly*, the official journal of the I.R.A., and year old successor to the banned and dead *An Poblacht*. There it was stated that on Dec. 8 the 'Government of the Republic of Ireland was taken over from the Executive Council of Dail Eireann by the Council of the Irish Republican Army.'"

"In Eire now the I.R.A. is numerically weak and politically unimportant, with its spare energies concentrated on the Border, so therefore the announcement barely caused a ripple. But it is evident that the

decision implied an intention of advancing, or, better, reeding, from verbal propaganda to physical force.

"It would, I think, be silly and regrettable if the importance of this incident were magnified either in the South or in the North, and the dying flames of bitterness fanned to no good end. Certainly few people in Eire would agree with the *Wolfe Tone Weekly's* exhortation to Irishmen to dissociate themselves openly and absolutely from England's unending aggressions."

Be it known to our ignorant contemporary that the *Wolfe Tone Weekly* is not the official organ of any organisation. It is independent of all organisations, but gives its cordial support to every movement aiming at the smashing and routing of English power and influence in Ireland and especially of the lying and vindictive enemy press, which should be entirely prohibited.

## TO ALL IRISH REPUBLICANS

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# RECENTLY OLD AND YOUNG

ON December 29 Mr. Eamon de Valera, Prime Minister of this partitioned Dominion of the British Empire made a big effort to revive interest in his discredited Constitution by broadcasting about it for twenty minutes. It followed the usual hour of jazz music and song that Irish listeners have to put up with from Radio "Eireann" every night.

IN the course of his speech Mr. de Valera accidentally forgot to mention the Act he introduced and had passed as a sort of stable companion to the Constitution, proclaiming George VI of England King of Ireland. Forgetfulness is an affliction.

MR. de Valera, who recently volunteered to tell the Gaelic League how to revive and strengthen the Irish language—after he had discarded his *Fáinne*—began his broadcast on the new "Free State" Constitution in English, and then threw a few words of Irish in at the finish as a sop to the fanatics.

THAT action of his drew attention more eloquently than the most eloquent words to the position of the Irish language under the bogus Irish Constitution. It is declared to be the official language, but English comes first.

ALL the new imperialists are the same. In his Christmas broadcast to U.S.A. the Irish speaking Governor General, one time President of the Gaelic League, apologised for speaking a few words in Irish. As if he only wanted to let them know he knew it!

TRUTH and honesty were the two guiding stars Mr. de Valera recommended to the youth of this country. He gave a splendid example of both a few weeks before when he said publicly that the members of his Cabinet had made sacrifices by becoming professional politicians—when everybody knew that they received at least five times as much as Ministers as they ever received in private life. It seems that empires and the dominions of empires cannot be maintained without lies and hypocrisy.

LIKE the other local "Head of the State" a week or so earlier, Mr. de Valera said not one word about the most important and most tragic question of to-day—the exodus of the youth of Ireland to an enemy foreign country to become wage slaves in a demoralising pagan atmosphere, not one word about providing for them a home in the land God meant them to occupy. Under the boasted bogus Constitution of a "sovereign, independent, democratic State" the real wealth of Ireland is being sent across the sea and is being replaced by foreign dross. And the two local Heads put together can do nothing or say nothing about it. God Save Ireland!

THE attitude of the new Staters to the plain people of this country who helped them to feather their nests and the nests of the murderers of 1922, was revealed by the funny man of the *Irish Press* when he jeered in the cheap manner of his kind at a resolution from Donegal demanding that those who have the spending of over thirty millions of the people's money each year take immediate steps to abolish the fear of poverty and establish decent living conditions for the citizens.

HERE is what Mr. de Valera's well-paid jester had to say about the Donegal demand:—"If I had been at the meeting, I would have asked the people who drafted the resolution to make a thorough job of it, and to call on the Government—

(1) To abolish sickness, accidents and sudden death, within ten days; and—

(2) To transform our weather into such climatic conditions as shall ensure a perfect harvest every year, forever; and to do this forthwith; also—

(3) To make us all millionaires, and do away with work for anyone, *instantly*.

When you are ordering the moon, let it be the full moon."

The value of the hypocritical professions expressed in the boosted Constitution can be estimated by the readers of such a sneer in the paper of which Mr. de Valera is Controlling Director. It is plain to be seen that no election is expected in Donegal for some years to come.

KING GEORGE'S other representative in Ireland, Taoiseach Craigavon, discovered a non-existent Plot and on the strength of the discovery imprisoned 34 men who have far more right to their freedom in this country than he has. He then publicly regretted that his masters in London had not ordered him to enforce conscription for the British Army in the Six Counties; after which he went on a cruise at the expense of the Irish people. How long more will this country put up with its professional politicians and parasites?

TWO petty Premiers with but a single thought. Taoiseach Craigavon said he wanted the stolen Six Counties of Ulster to become and to remain as British as the midland counties of England. Taoiseach de Valera in the Trade Agreement he made with The Dove of Downing Street, London, recognised the stolen Six Counties as part and parcel of Great Britain. When all Ireland is indistinguishable from Great Britain, when there is one British Constitution for the 32 Counties we'll have unity and freedom—according to Taoiseach de Valera and Taoiseach Craigavon. Two hearts that beat as one.

## Ceilidhe

OUR Dublin readers are invited to begin the New Year well by attending the Ceilidhe to be held at Conarchy's Hotel, 7 Parnell Square, on Jan. 14. Particulars on page 4.

THE crime of being young has often been thrown as a taunt at men who espouse some seemingly forlorn hope or champion some daring plan for the liberation of their country from the humiliation of subjection. It is a poor taunt and a cheap taunt. The flinging of it displays in the thrower a want of greatness, a dearth of sincerity. There can be wisdom in youth, as well as in age. Very frequently youth in its daring is wise. When age in its caution is foolish. If there is no other charge against a man than his youth, then he is blameless.

EQUALLY lamentable is the taunt which sometimes comes from ambitious and envious youth that a man is too old to be in any position of responsibility in a revolutionary movement. It is contemptible and unchivalrous; it is mean and untrue. When the slogan of "the will to win" was raised a few years ago certain ambitious politicians who had yearnings for power and place suddenly discovered a great many 'fossils' in the Republican Movement. They gathered groups of trusty henchmen around them and raised a loud cry for the elimination of the old, worn-out fogies who had not the vision and the wisdom to compromise, to break a solemn oath of allegiance they had taken in all earnestness and reverence, meaning to keep it to the very end of their days. That oath and the men who kept it were serious stumbling blocks to the vaulting ambition of the young and adaptable politicians, so there was a demand for their removal on the grounds that they were in the way of national progress, that their ideas were antiquated, that they had not "the will to win"—a place in a puppet parliament of the British Empire.

IN revolutionary circles to-day we hear this same complaint of the presence of old men and the view expressed that they should be relegated to obscurity, and their impossible attitude of no compromise with British Imperial institutions sneered at as something that goes with senile decay. Do those of my comrades who give expression to such opinions ever reflect at all, before they speak such arrogant and despicable nonsense? Do they ever allow their thoughts to go back over the highways and byways of history and count for their own improvement the number of old men who were true and young men who were false to the ideals which all of them had vowed to serve? They will meet with some startling and steady-revelations on those beaten roads, and if they are sincere in their quest for knowledge they will come back

from the journey of seeking determined that never again shall the cheap taunt cross their lips or find shelter in their minds that any man or woman who has not grown weary of the struggle and tired of belonging to a faithful untroubled minority, is too old to occupy a position of respect and trust and responsibility in the movement for the independence of Ireland.

THERE are very few men who, when they pass middle age, would not prefer to retire into the quiet of peaceful ways and allow sturdier and more energetic and more youthful toilers to take upon themselves the heat and burden of the strife. Very, very few men of, say, sixty years of age are keenly ambitious for political power or anxious to hang on to the skirts of a movement for the questionable pleasure of being seen and heard. They have been through the mill and have come out disillusioned. They know what a chimerical thing is popular applause, and whatever pardonable ambitions may have been an incentive to their youthful activities have long since been placed by them among the things of life that are not worth while.

THE man who surmounts temptation and beats down or endures hostility and persecution for the sake of a noble purpose and a brave ideal, and who remains true when the majority decide that he is a fool and a crank, is never too old to be in the national struggle; in fact, he is never old. His heart and spirit are as young at sixty or seventy as at twenty or thirty, and he is entitled to as much respect as a veteran soldier who is resolved to die fighting rather than agree to a dishonourable surrender. Willie Neilson and Robert Holmes, William Philip Allen and O'Donovan Rossa. Kevin Barry and Tom Clarke should stand side by side in our thoughts, and receive from us an equal measure of homage and of love. And if we so regard them and so group them, those gallant fighters for liberty who did not speak of "the will to win," but of the will to endure and to be true, we will never again say that a man is too old or too young to command respect from soldier or civilian workers for the full freedom of Ireland.

THERE were old men who took their place in the firing line in 1916 when young men stayed at home or ran away out of the country. There were old men who stood up to the English threat of "immediate and terrible war" in 1921 and rejected with scorn the Treaty of Surrender.

—turn to page 8



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# MEMORIES OF MELLOWS THE GAELIC LEAGUE

(Proinsias O hEidhin, who with Aibhe O Muineachain accompanied Liam O Maolíosa in his wanderings and adventures after Easter Week, tells this splendid, simple story)

111

**N**EXT night (Thursday), about 10-30, a messenger, who always pretended to be a most extreme Republican and a splendid fighter, came to us with an awful story. Something like half of the British army and all the big guns England could command were coming to crush the rebels in Galway, who had about two digpikes, 80 shotguns, 40 rifles, and some harmless bombs. Liam told this fellow that we came out to fight and not to run away, and the fellow looked at him and asked him what age he was. Liam said 24 years. Then the scare-monger shook his head in a very wise fashion and said, "very young, very young, entirely." Our Commandant, I am ashamed to say, was the most anxious to disband (on advice which the bogus despatch bearer gave); the majority of the officers were also in favour of it, but Liam, rather than agree to disbandment, handed over command. The Commandant, who was so anxious for Liam to disband the men, when the command was handed over to him, refused to disband them. After about an hour, Liam took over command again and called for Volunteers to go out on the roads in search of the enemy. He got as many and more than he required, put them into about twelve motor cars, and sent them out; told them that if they were not back within two hours that we would take it that they were captured or shot. They were all back from the different directions inside of two hours with word that there was no sign of the enemy in any place.

**O**N Friday evening we got word from one of our scouts that 900 soldiers were after arriving in Attymon, and Liam announced this to the men, and asked them what would we do. Should we retreat in order, or disband! And with one voice they shouted:

"We will stick together."

We retreated towards Clare. Poor Liam! I can picture him getting the party into processional order. First, the majority of the men marching, then the prisoners on carts, all the cars, about 30 in all, and then the rear guard. He and another officer and I stayed with the rear guard. We were marching till about one o'clock on Saturday morning, and, needless to say, by that time we were worn and weary. At a place called Limepark, a priest overtook us, and asked Liam if he could speak to the officers. There is an old house in this place which was unoccupied, and all the officers were called in there. The priest addressed us, and said that Dublin had given in, and that we were the only crowd in Ireland who were on the war path, and, furthermore, there were 600 marines and as many soldiers marching on us and would be on us in about two hours. Poor Liam! He sat on the floor with his back to the wall, and fell asleep. Each of the officers was asked what was his opinion, and nat-

urally everyone agreed that under the circumstances it would be more rashness than bravery to bring our men, who were very badly armed, to face more than twice our number of well armed men. But then it was suggested to ask the Captain, as we called him, what he had to say. When Liam wrote he apologised for going to sleep, and said he still held the same opinion, that he brought out the men to fight and not to run away. It was pointed out to him by the priest that it would be criminal to bring his men against such odds to be slaughtered. Liam said it would be better to die fighting even against big odds than be shot like rabbits running through the country. Then he said that he had had no sleep for three nights, and that if the men were disbanded he would sleep in that house till the soldiers came and then fight till the end. Then the priest remarked that it was all the same to him, that he would be shot anyhow. The priest then disbanded the men. And Oh! such a scene. I hope I will never have to witness such a scene again: fellows rushing here and there, and poor Liam going amongst them bidding everyone good-bye.

**I** stood aside and watched the scene, and began to think within myself. "Here we are everyone asking every other one where he would go, and no one bothering about the man who had done so much for us." Then I decided to stay with him in that house whatever the consequences. I just mention this as an explanation of how we came to be together after.

When they were all gone he came to bid me goodbye, and when I told him I was going to stay with him—Ah, can I ever forget it—he took my hand in both his and looked me in the eyes, and said from his heart out, "God bless you."

**W**HEN everyone was gone except one motor which the driver was trying to get in order (I forgot to mention that another organiser, Alf Monaghan, who was working with Liam, stayed with us), we were getting ready to go into the house, when Liam suggested that after all it would be better for everyone and everything, especially the cause which we were out for, not to stay in that house—that we could make a better fight in the open. So we left it to him to decide, and he decided on the latter (he told me after that it was the thought of my wife and children which made him decide on this). By the time we had made up our minds the motor was ready to start (it was a commandeered motor from Galway), so we got the driver to bring us out to the high road. There was a long avenue going into the house we were in. When we got on the high road we started on our own. It was only then we thought that it was at least twenty-four hours since we had anything to eat. The first house we came to we aroused the occupants and asked them to make tea for us; they also gave us some meat and were very nice to us. It was about 2 a.m., Saturday.

(To be Continued)

**T**HE Gaelic League, as I see it, is not an alert body. It is not a force. If it were, 500 foreign dances in 26 out of the 32 counties would not have polluted our New Year at its birth. Let doubters count the advertisements in the public press. If the Gaelic League were live, the inscriptions which affront the good citizen daily and amuse the seoinin would not be part of the street nomenclature of Dublin city. "Sraid Graftún" "Sraid Capel" "Aseal Whartún" did not, as a Burmese student in one of our colleges thought, emanate either from a Puck or a clown. No, they represent the homage of weak sentimentalism to exotic vested interest. What else is it! When I observe the Gaelic League philandering with philology I feel that ecodology should be lifted from its slang habitat into rarefied quarters. I grow suspicious when I hear of deputations. Figure heads who stand in need of enlightenment—to enlighten is the purpose of a deputation—on National matters are sorry figures indeed. But then I may be too harsh and hasty in my remarks. The ravages wrought on public morality by the social and political demoralisations of the last eighteen years must be taken into account.

**S**OMEONE suggested that the G.A.A. should take over the Gaelic League. In that event, G.A.A. units, for the sake of logic if for no higher reason, would be obliged to give up foreign dancing and stop flirting with garrison games. That would be all to the good. They would thus be qualifying for membership of a valid, productive movement. At any rate, they would have to insinuate (no killing compulsion) the Language into fields and factories, the stores and the streets. This note brings me back to the enthusiasms which I mentioned in last week's number.

**L**ET me flicker a red light. Five and thirty years ago there were in the Gaelic League persons who suckled in selfishness and snobbery, felt that Kathleen Ni Houlihan was specially created to provide them with milk and honey. Some lawyers are like that too. The quicker to corner the honey, people of this ilk associate in anti-Christian secret societies like the Freemasons, and the Knights of Columbanus. (Recently a man died suddenly while he was in a state of intoxication. He had long looked forward to promotion which was his due, but was "scrapped" so that a Knight would receive the post when the vacancy for the "promotion" arose. The poor fool tried to put out his burning disappointment with alcohol. A very reputable Catholic theologian holds that the Knights share responsibility for his death—and danger).

**B**UT to return to the "Self lads," the academic Leaguers as they were dubbed, they were no more National in outlook than the Bedells or the Blue-guts. Thanks to the sacrifices of others they rode into place and power on negatives. As the author of "Religion and Fear" suggests, negatives and Freedom are incompatible. That explains the position of the "Self lads." These placehunts-

ing egoists forbade politics, reprobated anti-English sentiment, and liked to pose as intelligentsia if not as savants. They were as dead in soul as Doran's ass. Men like those put a brake on the productive enthusiasms of youth. In the coming revival, the red light must be played upon them.

\* \* \*

**A**ND, now, what are we to revive? In what shall we employ our enthusiasms? We have to revive the spirit that opposed demoralising foreignism wherever it showed itself, in the theatre, the concert, the political platform, in the realms of sport. All these foreignising factors still exist, and are reinforced by new ones. They are crying out for the application of our enthusiasms in order to become pure nationalists.

DALCASSIAN.

\* \* \*

## BREAKING THE CONNECTION

(from page 3)

public, and their English masters would understand that no offence was meant. Secret talks and a "high Commissioner" would explain everything.

\* \* \*

**B**BRITISH MINISTER: "If Queen Elizabeth had the choice, would she hesitate to trust Irishmen who were loyal and not have it appear she was doing it herself! For one thing, it would result in an economy of English lives."

There was no preventing the "Stat-ers" annexing the flag of the Republic and calling it the "Free State" flag. And so with all the other "external" symbols of association, the uniform of the Army of the Republic, and its rallying songs.

That is the institution that the Prime Minister has sworn to perpetuate. There was no duress when he had Edward the Eighth proclaimed in the "State's" legal records as *King of Great Britain and Ireland* and his successor (George VI) as "The King . . . under the laws of Saorstát Eireann." The "State" parliament consists of that King and the members, and is "by law established." Their Constitution positively lays it down that law of origin as well as all the connecting laws have "full force and effect." These show Liam and Rory, Dick and Joe as "traitors to the Crown" as much as the British laws which they have adopted show the "rebels" of 1916, as well as MacSwiney, Kevin Barry and Cathal Brugha as equally "traitorous" to the other George.

And England knows that a lasting peace, if it is to be made with her, is to be made, not with willing British subjects, but with the Republic. Hail the Republic!

Seumas Og MacDarragh.

\* \* \*

OUR PAPER IN GLASGOW.

**W**E are asked to state that the *Wolfe Tone Weekly* can be obtained every week at O'Hara's Newsagency, 37 Duke St., Glasgow.

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## A "TAKE IN"

JUST after I had read your quotation from the speech of Mr. William Thomas Cosgrave when the result of the poll was declared in the Kilkenny Election of 1917 (writes a correspondent), I came across an eight months old copy of the *Kilkenny Journal* to which an able and entertaining writer modestly signing himself "S.D." contributes each week a *Kilkennyman's Diary*. Your readers will appreciate the "asides" of the writer. Here is the article:—

"FOR the information of those of the younger generation of Kilkenny people, and by way of no harm as a little reminder to many of the older generation 'lest they forget,' a few tit-bits from speeches delivered after the declaration of the Poll in the Kilkenny City Parliamentary Election in 1917 may be a little refreshing. The candidates were Mr. Wm. T. Cosgrave (Sinn Féin) and Mr. John Magennis, J.P., T.C. (U.I.L.). The figures of the result were:—  
COSGRAVE ..... 772  
MAGENNIS ..... 392  
SINN FEIN MAJORITY ..... 380"

"THE result of the poll was declared at the Courthouse, Kilkenny, on Saturday, August 11th, 1917.

In the Council Chamber, when the Mayor (Mr. John Slater, J.P.), Returning Officer, announced the result, Mr. Cosgrave, returning thanks, said he had received from many sources testimony as to the orderly manner in which the election had been conducted. They had shown the world that, however high their political feelings might run, or their interests in the different sides, they could exercise that national self restraint, which was typical of the Irish race.

Mr. Magennis seconding, said the victory for his opponent was a victory for intolerance, low, mean, lying and scurrilous abuse, terrorism and intimidation of the grossest type.

Outside the Courthouse, Mr. Cosgrave was joined on the balcony by Mr. de Valera.

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30 Eden Quay, Dublin. Est. 1907

## OLD AND YOUNG (from page 5)

remember when young men in the uniform of the Irish Volunteers raised a craven wail of defeat; and eight months later there were old men who joined up in the Army of the Republic when young soldiers became "neutral I.R.A. men." We young men have no taunt to fling that cannot be flung back at us. We should rise above such mean pettiness and, instead of adopting the attitude of the compromiser who wants an obstacle removed from the path of his selfishness; we should foster a spirit of trust and comradeship that will win to our side the eager and the young and keep in our ranks the old and the true. No man is too old to serve Ireland until he grows tired in her service.

LIAM O CADHLA.

## SUNK AGAIN.

AFTER being "reconstructed" at our expense a short time ago that wonderful achievement of Big Bluff—The Transport System—is on the rocks again. The "F. S." Government which refused to give men on relief work a full week's work at Christmas, but which has rushed through the Bill to raise its own dole, now rushes to pull the chestnuts out of the bankruptcy court for the railways. Not even the granting of a virtual monopoly of rail and road transport has enabled the wonderful Board of Directors to overcome their incompetence, and the small hauliers are taking the business away from the Colossus! In other words, the little fellow has got the big fellow beaten to the ropes. Let the big fellow stew in his own axle grease.

(Continued from previous column)

things on that balcony are together again, united by the solid bond of salary and pension. Money and self-interest have not lost their power in the world.—Editor W.T.W.)

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