Suí na hÉireann

1953

lámh féin pádraig
Ceilidh Mór
To-Morrow Night
At St. Pancras Town Hall
(opposite King's Cross Station)
7.30 to 12 p.m.
Tickets — 4/-
Look out for the Annual Open Air Feis
to be held this year at the G.A.A. Sports Ground,
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On Sunday, June 28th, 1953

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AN CLÁR

PART I OF THE 1953 ST. PATRICK'S EVE CONCERT

Item:

1. ORGAN SOLO: "Selection of Irish Airs"
   JOHN P. RUSH, B.A., B.Mus., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.O.

2. SONGS:
   "The West's Awake"
   "The Dawning of the Day"
   CHOIR OF HOLY CROSS CONVENT, NEW MALDEN

3. SONGS:
   "The Irish Emigrant"
   "My Mary of the Curling Hair"
   STEPHEN BURKE

4. FIGURE DANCE: "The Flax in Bloom"
   SMYTH SCHOOL OF DANCING

5. SONGS:
   "St. Patrick's Day"
   "She moved thro' the fair"
   PATRICK THORNTON

6. HARP QUARTET: "Selection of Irish Airs"
   AN TOSTAL HARPISTS
   (O'Shea School)

7. Amhrán:
   "Án Cúil Phionn"
   "Seofo lo Cón"
   MÁIRE NÍ SCOLARIDE

* Interval of ten minutes.  * Doors closed promptly.
* Admission only between items

* In courtesy to the artistes, the audience are requested to refrain from smoking during the concert.
PROGRAMME

PART II OF THE 1953 ST. PATRICK'S EVE CONCERT

1. ORGAN SOLO: "Selection of Marches"
   JOHN P. RUSH

2. SONGS: "I know where I'm going"
   "The Lark in the clear air"
   CHOIR OF HOLY CROSS CONVENT

3. STEPDANCING: "Reel"
   "St. Patrick's Day"
   CATHAL SMYTH

4. SONGS: "Úna Ó Déan"
   "Kitty of Coleraine"
   PATRICK THORNTON

5. RECITATIONS: "Said Hanrahan"
   "Josephine"
   MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN

6. DUET: "Down by the green bushes"
   "The Old Side Car"
   MÁIRE NÍ SCOLÁIDE and PATRICK THORNTON

7. HARP QUARTET: "Selected"
   AN TOSTAL HARPISTS

8. Àthair: "Án Démpsin Lácha"
   "Án Píobaire"
   MÁIRE NÍ SCOLÁIDE

9. Àthar: NA BPAINN

AT THE PIANO — KITTY O'CALLAGHAN
COMPÈRE — EAMON ANDREWS

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In accordance with the requirements of the L.C.C.:—

(i) The public may leave at the end of the performance or exhibition by all exit-doors and such doors must at that time be open.

(ii) All gangways, corridors, staircases and external passageways intended for exit shall be kept entirely free from obstruction, whether permanent or temporary.

(iii) Persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any of the other gangways. If standing be permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating, sufficient space shall be left for persons to pass easily to and fro and to have free access to exits.
"THE WEST'S AWAKE"

When all beside a vigil keep,
The West's asleep! the West's asleep!
Alas! and well may Erin weep,
When Connaught lies in slumber deep;
There lake and plain smile fair and free,
'Mid rocks, their guardian chivalry,
Sing, oh! let men learn liberty
From crashing wave and lashing sea.

That chainless wave and lovely land,
Freedom and nationhood demand;
Be sure the great God never planned
For slumbering slaves a home so grand,
And long a brave and haughty race
Honoured and sentinelled the place.
Sing, oh! not e'en their son's disgrace,
Can quite destroy their glory's trace.

And, if, when all a vigil keep,
The West's asleep! The West's asleep!
Alas! and well may Erin weep
That Connaught lies in slumber deep;
But, hark! some voice like thunder spake:
"The West's awake! the West's awake!
Sing oh! hurrah! let England quake,
We'll watch till death for Erin's sake.

—THOMAS DAVIS.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

Arranged by J. P. Rush

At early dawn I once had been
Where Lene's blue waters flow,
When summer bid the groves be green,
The lamp of light to glow;
As on by bow'r, and town, and tow'r,
And wide-spread fields I stray,
I met a maid in the Greenwood shade,
At the dawning of the day.
Her feet and beauteous head were bare,
No mantle fair she wore;
But down her waist fell golden hair,
That swept the green grass o'er;
With milking pail she sought the vale,
And bright her charms display,
Outshining far the morning star,
At the dawning of the day.

Beside me sat that maid divine
Where grassy banks outspread.
"Oh! let me call thee ever mine,
Dear maid," I gently said
A blush o'er spread her lily cheek,
She rose and sprang away,
The sun's first light pursued her flight
At the dawning of the day.

—Edward Walsh.

THE IRISH EMIGRANT

Arr. Dudley E. Bayford

I'm sitting by the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
The lark sang loud and high
The red was on your lip, Mary
And the lovelight in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary
The day is bright as then.
The lark's loud song is in my ear
And the corn is green again.
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand
And your breath warm on my cheek.
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more will speak.
I’m very lonely now, Mary
For the poor make no new friends,
But oh! they love the better far,
The few our Father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary
My blessing and my pride;
There’s nothing left to care for now
Since my poor Mary died.

I’m bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true,
But I’ll not forget you, darling
In the land I’m going to.
They say there’s bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,
But I’ll not forget old Ireland
Were it fifty times as fair.

—Lady Dufferin

MY MARY OF THE CURLING HAIR

My Mary of the curling hair,
The laughing teeth and bashful air,
Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
With blushes in the skies.

Shule, shule, shule agardh,
Shule go socar agus shule aroon,
My love, my pearl, my own dear girl,
My mountain maid arise!

I am no stranger proud and gay,
To win thee from thy home away,
And find thee for a distant day,
A theme for wasting sighs!

For soon my love will be my bride,
And happy by our own fireside,
My veins shall feel the rosy tide,
Which lingering hope denies!

—Gerald Griffin
"ST. PATRICK’S DAY"

Traditional

Oh, blest be the days when the green banner floated
Sublime o’er the mountains of free Inisfall,
When her sons to her glory and freedom devoted
Defied the invader to tread her soil.
When back o’er the main they chased the Dane
And gave to religion and learning their spoil,
When valour and mind together combined.
But wherefore lament o’er those glories departed,
Her star shall shine out with as vivid a ray,
For ne’er had she children more brave and true-hearted
Than those she now sees on St. Patrick’s Day.

Her sceptre, alas! passed away to the stranger,
And treason surrendered what valour had held,
But true hearts remained amidst darkness and danger
That, spite of her tyrants, would not be quelled.
Oft, oft, through the night flashed gleams of light,
Which almost the darkness of bondage dispelled;
But a star now is near her heaven to cheer,
Not like the wild gleams that so fitfully darted,
But long to shine down with its hallowing ray
On daughters as fair and on sons as true-hearted
As Erin beholds on St. Patrick’s Day.

Oh! blest be the hour when begirt by her cannon
And hailed as it rose by a nation’s applause,
That flag waved aloft o’er the spire of Dungannon,
Asserting for Irish men Irish laws.
Once more shall it wave o’er hearts as brave,
Despite of the dastards who mock at our cause,
And like brothers agreed, whatever their creed,
Her children inspired by those glories departed,
No longer in darkness desponding will stay,
But join in her cause like the brave and true-hearted
Who rise for their rights on St. Patrick’s Day.

—M. J. BARRY.
“SHE MOVED THRO’ THE FAIR”

My young love said to me:
“My mother won’t mind,
And my father won’t slight you
For your lack of kind.”
And she stepped away from me
And this she did say:
“It will not be long love
Till our wedding day.”

She stepped away from me
And she moved thro’ the fair;
And fondly I watched her
Move here and move there;
And then she went homeward
With one Star awake,
As the swan in the evening
Moves over the lake.

Last night she came to me
She came softly in
So softly she came
That her feet made no din
And she laid her hand on me,
And this she did say:
“It will not be long love
Till our wedding day.”

—PADRAIG COLUM

An ēitinionn

An ùraca tò an ēitinionn ri a ’rìubal or nà bóthia
Marom zeal ùraca ’rì gan tìntse or a bròsge
Lì mò ògànaic rìib ìslàr tì a tònt le n-a ròraò
Dé ri ùraca riòb mo rùin-rà a ri an gìumnaòa rì oìg teò.

An ùraca tò mo bòdan tò ùraca ’ri na h-àonàr
A cùl òdalaic ùracaìsaìc gùm réimheòin riòr léice
Mìl a ùr ògàna ùraca ’rìb ùraca na h-àonàr
’S ri oìg te gùm òraghò a ùracaìsaìc riòm teò i.

An ùraca tò mo rìeò-àrn, ’ri tòòb teòr a’ tòum
Pàinn òrib a ri a mèara ’rì peòtcì òr sìm
’Sò òrlab an òdalaic bi na mòr a ri an tuòm
So mb’fèarì aòg teòr aòg teò i nà Èine gan ròmìn.

10
Ó reóth ló col, reóth ló col, reóth ló col
Águr ná goil go púilt.

Séith an capall agus séith an riamh ó
Séith an fálaimh agus séith an diálait
Águr reóth ló col, reóth ló col, reóth ló col,
Ná bí ag goil go púilt.

Séith gáin deargadh calf ce gáth reóth
Á bí ag do fínnreach piogtha pómhait,
Águr reóth ló col, reóth ló col, reóth ló col,
Ná bí ag goil go púilt.

I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING

Arr. J. P. Rush

I know where I'm going
And I know who's going with me
I know who I love,
But the dear knows who I'll marry.

I have stockings of silk,
Shoes of fine green leather,
Combs to buckle my hair,
And a ring for every finger.

Some say he's black,
But I say he's bonny,
The fairest of them all,
My, handsome, winsome Johnny.

Feather beds are soft,
And painted rooms are bonny,
But I would leave them all,
To go with my love Johnny.

Traditional
THE LARK IN THE CLEAR AIR

Arr. J. P. Rush

Dear thoughts are in my mind,
And my soul soars enchanted,
As I hear the sweet lark sing,
In the clear air of the day,
For a tender beaming smile,
To my hope has been granted,
And tomorrow she shall hear,
All my fond heart would say.

I will tell her all my love,
All my soul's adoration,
And I think she will hear me,
And will not say me nay,
It is this that gives my soul,
All it's joyous elation,
As I hear the sweet lark sing,
In the clear air of the day.


"úna báin"

A úna báin, a bláic na níosclóise,
Tá éir do báin 's d'fháthh an cóic-cóimhle.
Fheic a gnáth eis aca a b'eath 's dh'n 'sda cóimhle,
D éim i gcealláin li me 'n iad 'n Dónoige.

A úna báin, ba róir 1 ngnáthcin 'ú,
'S ba comhchéim díth, ar bhoirt 'ná dámharóig 'ú.
Na cóntasban 'r ba cóntasadh 's ghabháin 'n na bhealtar 's roimh 'ú,
'Se mo éineach-mairgne bhrúnach, náth póradh loim 'ú.

A úna báin, li 'ú do mearfog mo eaitc,
A úna, li 'ú 's a chlaidh go dtúirt roimh 's mú Dha.
A úna, an éiric 's cumpa 's tháinig 'sreata 'n gceobh
Náth b'eath 's domh a bhéid sain rúth 'n na 'fhéiseal aitríon.

—TOMÁS LÁTOIR COISTEALA

12
"KITTY OF COLERAINE"

As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping,
With a pitcher of milk for the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

Oh, what will I do now, 'twas looking at you now,
Sure, sure, such a pitcher I'll ne'er see again,
'Twas the pride of my dairy, och, Barney McCleary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.

I sat down beside her and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune should cause her such pain.
A kiss then I gave her and before I did leave her,
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.

'Twas the haymaking season, I can't tell the reason,
Misfortune can never come single, 'tis plain,
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
There was divil a pitcher found whole in Coleraine.

THE GREEN BUSHES

As I was a-walking, one morning in May,
To hear the birds whistle and see lambkins play,
I espied a young damsel, so sweetly sang she,
Down by the green bushes, where she chanced to meet me.

Oh, why are you loitering here, pretty maid,
I'm waiting for my true love, softly she said,
Shall I be your true love, and will you agree,
To leave your own true love and folly with me.

I'll give you fine beavers and fine silken gowns,
I'll give you smart petticoats, flounced to the ground,
I'll bring you fine jewels and live but for thee,
If you'll leave your own true love and folly with me.

I want none of your beavers, or fine silk, or hose,
For I'm not so poor as to marry for clothes,
But if you'll be constant and true unto me,
I'll leave my own true love and marry with thee.
Come, let us be going, kind sir, if you please,
Oh, let us be going from under these trees,
For yonder is coming my true love, I see,
Down by the green bushes, where he thinks to meet me.

And when he came there and found she was gone,
He looked very sheepish, and cried, quite forlorn,
She's gone with another and forsaken me,
And left the green bushes, where she vowed to meet me.

THE OULD SIDE CAR  

Arr. J. A. Dix

I was driving to the fair,
On my ould side car,
When I saw sweet Kitty Clare,
Och! the belle of Castlebar,
You were walking—I must state,
So I up and says to Kate,
Would you like to take a sate,
On my ould side car.

Yes, says I, I'll take a lift,
On the ould side car,
And I thank ye for the gift,
For 'tis miles to Castlebar,
And says I, if you don't mind,
And the pony is resigned,
Sure I'll drive ye like the wind,
On the ould side car.

When you gaily took the reins,
On the ould side car,
Sure my heart near burst my veins,
On the road to Castlebar,
How I drove the little beast,
Did you mind—not in the least.
I was anchored to your waist.
On the ould side car.

Faith, an awkward place to kiss,
Is an ould side car,
But we tried when I said yes,
On the road to Castlebar.
Och! our blessings on the day,
For the neighbours soon will say,
Look at Mistress Mat O'Shea,
On the ould side car.

—P. J. O'Reilly.
an deinsín luáisn

í lá go raibh mé go h-áiteadh a duit rosp iomh go hímé.

Bí i mo ghádáiríni go h-áiteadh ag náilteacht ír i mo guma'im láithní.

Nuair a chaoi món an phocair-dean ba dhéanadh síráid í na mílithe ba.

Agus dóidh bhenní bhainín. Aici de'n luaisead a tháirgeógail.

'Sa cathair uath na luaidhe sac leigse-raid a duit ar láir.

Á bhfuair na coille cuimhínne as aíteacht le gach coinnead.

Bhogadh ni bhfuimeachtais aic sa ean eile go bhfuimeach me dar.

Nó go dtiocfaidh camain do'n céimhithe a'ch Dheacrion Iomuadh baile.

an phoibín

Má róithim tú an phoibín bhí an áth again aon fein.

A múimhneofíl Eithin dé.

Cuiridh ní an mbun tó ó maithe 'oci an oródhe.

Á tháirgeadh an phoibín a mháin ceanninní.

O bhfuair an t-oide móar 'gur an ceol a'ta a chuid again aon múimhneofíl Eithin dé.

II

Má róithim tura pearsáidh bhí an áth again aon fein.

A múimhneofíl Eithin dé.

Cuiridh ní an mbáin tó ó maithe 'oci an oródhe.

A chriú na mbáin 'fá bain á bhfuair aighna bhein do.

III

Ách má róithim tú an phoibín bhí an ní fein.

A múimhneofíl Eithin dé.

Seomraidh ní an eolait féin iompra na réalaí.

A tharásadh an ceol 'fán bhron dez'od mhíomh.

Cuiridh ní an oidelectric air uile air ainm tuiscit.

A múimhneofíl Eithin dé.
Amhrán na bFíann
(The Soldiers’ Song)

Seo óib, a cáirse, uaan Óglaigh,
Caithmeacht, bhíosman, ceolmhar,
Án dealbh an bhnaí sa bhád cáis,
'S an ghréin 50 mìn mheantaigíocht,
'ís doimhne faoi tháirge 30 chun cló,
'S go cúmmhar glé pem ort' cloch le'n ló,
Pé cúmmh caomh na h-oirde a phrotá:
Seo óib: canaigh Amhrán na bFíann.

Cúpla:
Smíne Phíanna Fáil,
Átha pé saill as Éirinn,
Bhurdean ó’tar pluach,
Tá tuille do pháinig cúsaí, fhéin.
Fé mór do bheith raibh,
Sean-tiop á bhínn peasacht,
Ni fágfeadh fe'n iomhán ná fe'n otáin.
Anuic a ceann ra beáinm naogán.
Le sean ár gSaorín, cumh báir nó naogán.
Le súna rísbéal fé láthach na bpríteach.
Seo óib: canaigh Amhrán na bFíann.

Céip bánda péide, ar amrach pléide,
Bhá buadach ár bimpeach hnorann,
As láthach go críon pé'n rámh-brac féin,
Tá críon ra goire 50 peoclá.
Bhá dúsceap na d'éin gnoine cárd,
Gan taimpán rias ó mnemonic ain.
'S as ruaidh mar aon á 5g conta na mánad:
Seo óib: canaigh Amhrán na bFíann.

A bhurdean naoí póm d'éin Saoréad tu Fáil,
Sm breacadh luce na raioirse,
Tá ríomhaire 'r peannlaidh 5 gheastaír námhau,
Rómh mhaith baochra ár uibhe.
Ár ríomh as críon péann rípeach anois,
Sm tugmid sí le pán rípeach anois,
'S an bideadh i raon na bpríteach agaidh:
Seo óib: canaigh Amhrán na bFíann.

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Connad na Saeilge

1 noenene na h-aoir peo caite le an Saeil agus an Saelcair
map colain timina, caite aca buirpota le galap agus as paith
baip o'n lageact a leannap, bii wemina na noasoma a trai an Saeil
va labaint aca as oul o largse, bii an pinnice, an cicil agus an
wejfaic Saelac pe saamal, agus bii an naitmintaic pem as 45 pic
le pnoite. Na 40ig le cac 50 pei anam Saelac na h-Eaithnean teicce.
1 pem na h-aoire pem nudor a lan tarract' agus bunaicic a lan
Cumman cum na Saeilge a tancilam, aec bii as 45 tam ap saa
larract' agus an tarract' saa Cumman pan obaini uapal peo, agus
nuh pem man cuairt an aoir 1 noire as oul o largse a bu ciupoir
na h-aoirpe.

Sa bhatam 1893, nuair bha goairn 50 pei an gseal tancilam tap
lecear, taminn Dublair ve n-fooe agus saetimin eile le cecele
1 mibla Ciarat, gnuh bunaioch Connad na Saeilge, le cripoir
an Saelic 100 cum an labaint imearg shate-oamne na the agus
sae cpaob do'n cuntam air a b'ainteamsach agus a cumh an
broio tancilam. Togadh "An Craoibhin" pem na bhatam ap
an 5Connad, agus le n-a cepte pan rachap a bu pomine, bii nuh
pe pem agus a compadairic tam le h-obair rathara anaim na
nheameann, gnuh cuireadh eititeic 50 saa diuro na the agus teacn
poirseil na Saeilge agus as pheagach oamne cum a labainta
; 50 bunu cpaobada do'n Connad agus saa cuirte cao an cuntam
1 sceipe saa oamne. Nuair a rpeair 50 pei torpod fo h-geir
o'n rachap peo o'n 50 pei 43 cpaob do'n Connad bunaite anca
as puro na the pan bhatam 1897.

Nuaim do pemi an sae. Crotpe 50 potetm vaim na pei
riorn Sael am anaim na cum cuirte a crpord o'c crom saa
nro eile agus na pei coite perto cum saa odh puro pem o'facsam
ap rou na cuire paim. Na rpeast do'n Aineam peo obairi Connadca
na Saeilge. Nuaim a bunaic "An Craoibhin" an Connad, nuh
feasaic an pem pemu pe n-fooe an pei rachap aime Lenin—50 breapa an Connad
peo n bham am ap furo na h-Eaithnean untilis, a.c 1 rceiptain eap leap
1 sceim o'm mac; 50 bume teacntaite crpord aime a breapa
amn uapal an Connadca tap na Pabais Piana agus a ciupoir
11 a compadairic an Saelic o' labaint imearg na noreapudic
a bu ag breac ap breac o'de followed 1 sceim? An weair Oe 50 pei anam
ap "Graoibh Domhain"," map ir e pem a laoro aca caite aime
ap rou a pinnce pe o'jcinna. Ir riorn 50 bume ap eat a cuimh
peu pribal 50 ronl, agus ir riorn sa'pnu mo aca le taim ainm ppor
ap riorn an cao riord, a.c, o'anseoin pem, an rpeair a rpeair 50
bume buraic rpeaime anam ag razerfaimi "An Craoibhin"? Nuaim
do cuir Dublair ve n-fooe an Connad ap bun, bii pem cem-
neapul 50 uaimic a cime cum tirpul. Bii riorn aime 50 pei naimic
lairic ceapun le cun pem coirri aime; bii 1 neol do 50 pei an naimic
pan uapal 50 tiom anaim na h-Eaithnean le fana agus 50 riorn
tenez ap thobain tarract' cum a fheama ve upread—read: nil
ampe a 50 pei rraitimic map peo 1 laicle na aigne nuaim a
18
точно ро ар а еуро одири ае, арб ед то 50 мида ат Комаро пан Заезге 50 бео леар и оёти ф на намао, арб 1 н-а сеар бап, 50 луц ро ан сор а ви суаре. Ар ро пе аон уаар аним 1 стоар 50 мида ат Лами н-н-аастар пим аге ар луц ан римора аур зуи ро "на сеамне, арб 50 мида ат Заезге, на тури, ар сед ауир ар пинце ауир зсе еар нутуар оа сапанс тал и Ломоан Сапана ар пе н-аастар и оёти ф на намао? Ан буао е, ное нас еао, зуи ретои таи роамар а тионав анпро и Ломоан те луц фреаран ар паннгамма Заезге; зуи ретои ан налла ир мо и брежи стоар Заезге а тионав 50 ворао те луц пинце Чети арб н-ааним пим—ас 50 брун н Сапанас ас ро пиме ран сеумтуи п-алумы рео—50 брун Сапанас ас рошум на теааран, ар фреаран ар сапар а бамар те н-обаир ан Комарца ауир ас мерцар теар н-заен ар унлап ан Чети? Сеао, а Чрвооб Уапан: Jan аон ангар, би ан буао агар та ёо еао. Нипр ёла а та амна ар нип рарпб ат аулое. Нипр рилед ёрао роа тэ а соао-ра ауир нипр пато аон бамареа и чытеччес аз саемна таи а бапи. Нил аон уаар н лео саемнеам, нил аон зои н паре сеум ас репурар ап чыраа а ап сеар зуи цеп кордесе—ас 59р та ат ас д’амеди, ауир ар леар-ра ан буао—ауир еоар арб ретои е? Мап ро ёла а та аугар ар чрвооб ан таире арб ауир тимарит таи ёла аон сенарар ное аон наауир арлам—ан епире азур ан тиреаар ауир уарлесар кордас ру ауир ла дуао теар, ауир ма тареаар аор ауир н Заезге азур ар еупрар ан Комарца, нит ор-ра ан лоо, а Чрвооб уаар, ар ниммо, ар луц теаарма; тымиро нё ро ёлаа аиро оо табаро оо нёро а буао та ооимм—таб "Чрвооб Сурпи" ’нап лама азарн азур ао томила ор ар сомарн д’ар дрруи, ауир теар ад д’орамак рео теаармэдис ро н-обаир сапарла на Заезге сан реао зо реао, ас зеамар онпа оо упуимре, ду упуимре арб н-вамам ное манеаам, а би ’на чево уааран ар аз Скомард и Ломоан, азур ар упуимре зо ауир а таеан ро рео арбр а вем паарли ар рон теааран, суатуа азур сире на н-еирпам: А леареои ои, аз тирервана еура и фраааран аз Чрвооб? Ыр Заел та, ат а ро ’номни а гоем—ар ооарли та ное ретои куп ру ро’ еймин рон. Ар брун бир азар 50 брун уоалар орт мар ооарли? Ан ед вор 50 брун Комаро на Заезге и Ломоан азур 50 брун арт анн оо за Заел. Ыр ретои 50 брунли ро ваа оо су Комаро еуаре—ар ретои наро ед вор 50 роар ан буао го ас "Ар зчраооб." Мар’ Комарецше та, сан упма 50 брунли бралуит биет ар луц теаарма Чобыла оо н-тоэ; мар’ еирпамак ное Заел та, мар’ Заел ное Комарецше та, азур мар’ орт рон ат а ан лоо, еатэо 50 брун наше орт сан лам азар те "Чрвооб Сурпи," "Ар зчраооб." Суминг, а леареои, зуар и а Заезге а табапе и "н-олеаан на ном ар на н-оллам," ное брун теаар а ви г’ирпим ас а таеан рон, азур ро обаир ное паарли а сипирар ир рон на Заезге 50 моемреар е "Ар рон зошне Дэ азур Онпра на н-еирпам."
Patrick and the G.A.A.  

"WARS and devastations, inroads and invasions, shall sweep the land, and it’s hillsides shall see fire and famine and it’s valleys shall hear wail and lamentation ringing through myriad ages yet unborn; but never through the vast catalogue of thy children’s sorrow shall this light of thine be quenched. Nay, the tears and travail of coming generations shall be but fresh fuel to spread over God’s earth this flame—beyond the shores, beyond the oceans, into continents yet unborn, the sacred light will touch the hilltops of time until it emerges at last into the endless radiance of Eternity!"

In 1847 the first great devastation came—the Famine—to send the Irish streaming to all the corners of the New World, and in their trail they brought that holy flame—the Faith of Patrick. Every future conflict gave a further impetus to this dispersal of the Irish, fulfilling through sorrow and suffering, as it were, their spiritual destiny, the creation in a materialistic world of the Second Spring.

It was, perhaps, no coincidence that in that fatal year 1847, when death and destruction stalked the land, an omen of hope and promise can be detected amid this darkness. For in that harvest time when hearts were chilled with despair and weakened bodies surrendered to death, life began for Michael Cusack. Together with a worthy successor of Patrick in his priestly office, Rev. Dr. Croke, they founded a great cultural organisation, which was to render signal service in the cause of Patrick and of Ireland. “To God and Ireland true” might well have been its motto, for in these words are summed up the ultimate ends and achievements of the Gaelic Athletic Association. The preservation and extension of the national heritage, the constant upholding of the national ideal, combined with a spiritual strength drawn from devotion to the faith of Patrick, helped to make the Association take root and flourish in every corner of the world where Irish exiles settled and made a home.

Like the grain of mustard seed, the early efforts of the pioneer emigrants in Britain bore fruit, and in 1897 London County branch of the Gaelic Athletic Association organised championships in hurling and football. Both grades were won by one club, bearing the very apt name of “Ireland United.” The Roll of Honour had begun. This was but the beginning, and like a giant snowball it sped with increasing momentum to bigger and bigger dimensions.

Ireland’s first Ambassador to Britain, Mr. J. Dulanty, spoke with truth when he said: “Ireland owes a debt of gratitude to her sons abroad, who in keeping up her Gaelic games, keep alive her traditional values of courage and fair play.” And hand in hand with the growth of the Athletic organisation, the faith of Patrick was likewise developed in strength and vigour. So that a Prince of the Church, the spiritual leader of Britain’s Catholics, Cardinal Griffin, testifies: “Wherever the sons of Ireland go,
they take with them both their Catholic Faith and their Irish traditions—their love of the Church and their love of their country.”

To-day in the heart of the British Empire, the Association stands strong and confident, representing a body well organised in all its aspects. The year 1948 was a red-letter year in the annals of our body here in London. A long cherished dream of Irish exiles became an actual fact with the opening of their own park at New Eltham by His Eminence Cardinal Griffin. On this momentous occasion the first game played on our maiden pitch was the All-Ireland Junior Hurling Final between London and the Royal County of Meath. The London County Board could pride itself on having at last attained it’s manhood and becoming a fully fledged member of a great Association. At the moment, London can boast of 34 clubs with an ever increasing membership. These 34 clubs are representative of the thirty-two counties and form a little Ireland here in this foreign capital. A little Ireland which recognises no Partition and which is based on the twin principles of Religion and Nationality. They remember that the original bearer of the Faith recognised no such divisions, and as if to refute such artificial borders, he deliberately left his mortal remains to rest in Saul.

Our organisation in London is a vital link to preserve the Irish exile in a living contact with his native land, reminding him what he can do for it, even though, unfortunately, he may be far from it. In the company of other Irish men and women, the flame of National culture burns as bright as Patrick’s flame on the Hill of Tara. In this sphere, there is room for a great deal yet to be done. One urgent need at the moment is for a club which could be used as a cultural centre affording facilities for recreation and Irish culture for the thousands of our fellow countrymen living in boarding houses and hostels. This is something that will have to be tackled in the very near future and is earmarked for priority. Another need is for some periodical catering specially for Irish tastes and interests of the emigrants in this country.

Devotion to the ancient games of our country is like devotion to the Irish language and enthusiasm for Irish music one of the marks of possessing a share in Irish culture. These are the things that, with Religion, go to form Irish Nationality, and the Irishman away from his native land must be ever aware, and must be constantly reminded, that he is the standard bearer of this Nationality. Everywhere he goes, and in everything he does, he either engenders respect for it amongst strangers, or evokes their contempt. Our Association, with it’s discipline, with it’s upholding of the National culture, wields the full weight of its organisation to see that Irish Nationality wins the respect it deserves. It is for Ireland’s welfare that we should not lose touch with our ancient language, our ancient games, and our ancient aspirations. I make a personal appeal to every Gael here in London. The games of the Gael symbolise the spirit of an athletic minded and nation conscious people PLAY THEM—ENCOURAGE THEM—BE PROUD OF THEM.
Ireland and Music

JOHN PATRICK RUSH, B.A., B.Mus., L.R.A.M., A.R.C.O.

THE wealth of beautiful Irish folk-music that has come down from the earliest times leaves one in no doubt that the Irish are by nature a musical race. Indeed, many able scholars in the realm of folk-music, have not hesitated to declare that the folk-music of Ireland is the finest in existence. Ask any musician to-day to name what he considers the most beautiful piece of melody he knows, and in nine cases out of ten the answer will be “The Londonderry Air.” And if further proof is needed of the natural musical ability of the Irish nation, let me say that Ireland is probably the only country in Europe where folk-music is still composed. Mention of this, however, also brings the sad reflection that it is a dying art. Progress, so-called, in the guise of the internal combustion engine, electricity, and the radio, has in no small way contributed to the arrest of the flow of native melody, and, indeed, to the nation’s delight and interest in its rich heritage. Too often, and in places where one would least expect it, the emasculated crooning of importations from the western world is heard in place of the “sweet song of the Gael.”

Few people—even among the sons and daughters of Erin—are aware of the great musical culture that developed in Ireland centuries ago: a culture that was to spread all over the civilised world and stimulate the development of the art of music in many lands. The monks who sailed from Ireland’s shores in bygone ages brought not Christianity alone but a highly-developed artistic civilisation. The Benedictine abbey of St. Gall in Switzerland, founded in the seventh century by the Irish St. Cellach (Gall), became world-famous for the high level of its musical and artistic achievement through the labours of the Irish monk Tutilo (Tuathal) who lived and worked there in the ninth century. But four centuries earlier than this we have to note the Irish monk Sedulius (Siadhal), a famous writer of hymns, who composed the Introit “Salve Sancta Parens” which is in the Roman Gradual and is still sung to-day. St. Mailduff, the Irish founder of the celebrated Malmesbury Abbey in England, was the teacher of the renowned St. Aldhelm, a famous Saxon musician. In Germany, it was St. Helias, an Irish monk, who first introduced the Roman chant at Cologne, somewhere about the year 1025. And it is to the Irish scholar, John Scotus Eriegena, that we attribute the beginning of harmonised music known as organum or descant, in the ninth century.

The minstrels of Ireland seem always to have been held in high honour, and it is not surprising to find that distinguished writers—from Giraldus Cambrensis and John of Salisbury in the twelfth
century to Bacon, Spenser, and Camden in the sixteenth century—have praised the excellence of instrumental playing in Ireland. One of the last of the minstrels was the blind O’Carolan (1670-1738), famous alike for his performance on the harp and for his wonderful improvisation of both poetry and music.

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the art of music languished, and eventually decayed in Ireland because of the wars which devastated the country, and it is not until the nineteenth century that Irish composers again appear. One of these, John Field (1782-1837), is of particular interest—though his name is probably familiar only to the student of musical history. It is to John Field that we owe the type of pianoforte piece known as a Nocturne—a form which most people usually attribute to Chopin. One has only to hear the Nocturnes of Field to realise at once how much the latter composer was indebted to him in this style of composition. Moreover, Field was an accomplished pianist, and it is a pity that we are seldom afforded an opportunity to-day of hearing the seven pianoforte concertos he wrote, which were as popular in his day as those of Rachmaninov are now. In 1803, Field was teaching in St. Petersburg, where one of his pupils was the celebrated Glinka who later was to lay the foundation of the modern Russian school of composers. There is thus a highly interesting link between the modern composer Stravinsky, and the Ireland of a hundred and fifty years ago.

The revival of the opera, “The Bohemian Girl,” recently in Liverpool and London, where performances were given under the baton of Sir Thomas Beecham, brings to mind a composer who was held in universal esteem in the nineteenth century. Michael Balfe, born in Dublin in 1808, spent most of his working life in the theatre, first as a violinist, then as a singer, and finally as a composer of operas and theatre manager. Rossini chose him as his Figaro for the Paris performances of “The Barber of Seville,” a part which he played with considerable success. At the age of fifty-six, he retired from the world of music in comfortable financial circumstances, and spent the remaining years of his life, till his death in 1870, as a gentleman farmer in Hertfordshire. William Vincent Wallace (1812-1865), a Waterford man, is another operatic writer who achieved European fame, though, perhaps he is best remembered to-day for his opera “Maritana.”

It is fitting that tribute should be paid to two Irishmen who exercised a powerful influence on the course of English music. The work of Stanford, a Dublin man born in 1852, and of Charles Wood, born at Armagh in 1866, will go down into the annals of musical history. By their labours at the Royal College of Music and at the University of Cambridge, they rescued English music from the doldrums into which it had drifted; and the rise of the fine modern school of English composers is due entirely to the unremitting labours of these two Irishmen. Most British composers of the twentieth century either passed through their hands, or
reaped the fruits of their teaching in studying with teachers who had themselves been pupils of these remarkable pioneers. Stanford, indeed, has a position of eminence in the world of music by his reputation as a composer. Songs, chamber music, church music, orchestral works, oratorios, and operas, all flowed from his versatile pen. His six Irish rhapsodies, the “Irish” Symphony, and the Irish opera, “Shamus O’Brien,” all reveal his native background, for the flavour of national melody is always apparent. Apart from this, the world of music must be ever grateful to Stanford for his work as a collector of Irish folk-music, the editing of which he accomplished with discerning scholarship and artistic skill. Indeed, his achievement in this field alone would be sufficient to ensure him a lasting place in musical history. The name of George Petrie, with which Stanford’s is inseparably linked, is worthy of more than a passing reference. Petrie, who was born in Dublin in 1789 and died there in 1866, was from his earliest youth an indefatigable collector of the traditional songs of the Irish peasantry, and it is interesting to note that he supplied Thomas Moore with a number of airs for the “Irish Melodies.” Though some of the tunes Petrie had collected were published during his lifetime, it was not until 1902 that the complete publication of over fifteen hundred traditional airs that Petrie had noted down was undertaken by the Irish Literary Society of London. The work was entrusted to the editorship of Stanford, who, in the three years that followed, devoted himself with loving care to the Petrie manuscripts, and produced, in 1905, the monumental work, indispensable to all students of Irish folk-song, known as “The Complete Petrie Collection of Irish Music.” For the last forty years of his life, Stanford held the Chair of Music at his old university, being succeeded in that office on his death in 1924, by Wood, who, however, survived his predecessor by only two years.

It is a curious sidelight on Irish history that during the eighteenth century, when, as a result of ruthless persecution, Irish native art had been completely stamped out, Dublin was an important centre of musical activity. To the capital city came composers and performers from England, whose visits lasted several weeks, or even months. Handel stayed there from November, 1741, to August, 1742, and during the latter year, in the incredibly short space of a fortnight, composed “The Messiah,” which received its first performance there in Neal’s Music Hall. Dr. Arne and his wife were frequent visitors, while the celebrated violinist and composer Geminiani, actually settled in Dublin. Thither, too, had come Roseingrave, distinguished pupil of Purcell, with his family in 1698 to become organist of both St. Patrick’s and Christchurch Cathedrals. On his death, in 1747, his youngest son succeeded him in the latter post, an appointment which he held till his death ten years later. The year 1764 saw the establishment of a Chair of Music at Trinity College, the first professor being Lord Mornington. It was maintained, however, for only ten
years, and eighty years were to elapse before it was subsequently revived. With the Union of 1801 came the disappearance of Dublin’s importance as a capital city, and with it the end of an unreal and artificial state of affairs in which a nation whose own culture had been utterly and completely suppressed saw its capital become one of the leading centres in Europe of a musical activity which, though excellent in itself, was entirely divorced from the national life and tradition.

The founding of the Feis Ceoil in 1897 was the first real step towards restoring the cultivation of the art of music in Ireland; such, indeed, was the primary aim; and prize competitions in instrumental and vocal performance together with concerts are an integral part of the Festival. A further aim was to collect and preserve by publication the traditional songs and dance tunes of Ireland. The contribution of the Feis to the cultural development of a country so long bereft of its native artistic achievement cannot be over-estimated, and its importance in this regard is shown by the way it has become firmly established in the musical life of the nation. The names of Count John McCormack and Sir Hamilton Harty are a reminder too, that the Feis has been the starting-point of a musical career that has led to world-wide fame for many talented singers and performers.

It is clear that in the national renaissance, the schools of Ireland have a vital and indispensable part to play. As the “Programme of Instruction in Music for National Schools” published by the Irish Department of Education in 1926 pointed out, from the earliest times there has not been any “civilisation or system of education in which music is not of prime importance,” for “it is at once a source and product of civilisation, and the most democratic and elemental of the arts.” Training in music reading and choral work is thoroughly organised in Irish schools and Training Colleges; and with the revival of the national language, the heritage of traditional song in the language in which it was composed has been restored to the race. The Royal Irish Academy of Music, founded in the mid-nineteenth century by Joseph Robinson, is a teaching institution where tuition is given in all branches of the art of music; while at University level, as well as the Chair of Music at Trinity College, there are now professorships of music at two of the constituent colleges of the National University of Ireland.

To complete this short survey, it only remains to point out the high ideals that are to-day being pursued in Irish ecclesiastical music. At the Pro-Cathedral in Dublin, only Gregorian Chant and the music of the Golden Age of classical polyphony are performed; while all over Ireland, there has been a remarkable revival of interest in the ancient liturgical plainsong—so akin to the traditional melody of Ireland—to the spread of which, centuries ago, Irish monks so largely contributed. One has but to hear the fresh, young voices of Irish children upraised in this exquisite liturgical chant to feel that “here religion for the listener has perhaps for the first time in his life become audible.”
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Zappún an ‘Macalla’

(This essay is offered here as of possible interest to readers from the Leeside, who will need no introduction to “Zappún an Macalla,” the “Echo-Boy,” who sells newspapers on the streets of Munster’s capital. It was written around St. Patrick’s Day nearly thirty years ago by a student of University College, Cork (who was later to become Editor of a London financial weekly) “The Statist,” and had the distinction of being reproduced in the revived An Lócnam in February, 1930. Unhappily, An Lócnam is no longer with us; we are indebted to the Director of the National Library of Ireland for supplying a photostat copy of the article which, it is felt, may evoke memories of the Cork of the early twenties. Zappún an Macalla is still a feature of the Cork scene, but his lot, like that of others fortunate enough to remain at home, has changed for the better over the years).

Cé hé póm? “Zappún an Macalla” gan amhrá, Zappún na bháiréidh do dhíol ar phróntaí na casac.

Zappún ceisthe mblían níos fear a ead é, agus é beag bhroil thríúilca. Líofadh do carpín ghabhac Phráidhe. Chonfhaigh ní bóna níl a fheicte ar a bheoí. Dhrum an báir agus é a réite leith na bhruacht. Táin bhreg gníomhacht do ghniom do conmhdh aon a roth a deoltaí aige. Bhí an-bairéidh féin achrú aigean aigh agus é dá thugtaí ó am go h-am i n-áirí a chinn agus a ghóta.

Féach aigh níosmhan agus píosa a ná fhuair páirt ‘na tseachtaí agus amhain as oícheaghs agus as oícheach, nó as t-áirgí agus as tráipisít do réim mar éigheadh leith. Táim féin iad níuís motúirín féin an ceannmíle i bháis leith. Sin idir chúise e de fíce. Má thuilleogadh nó ní fáil a rís aice am a ghreat. Céann féin chúise dh ná agus ní eicheadh féin an bhíonn ná an bhiodh. Dhe an ceannúirt uair féin féin aithne bheag mar a ná mó ort a thugann féin a bhiom ag bhac ní hé aithní a comh póm aice, go mór, ní ná a muintire 'prá báite.

Tomás Ó Nícheadha.
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