

Sraith na mBád Seol

- Báid na Ceathrún Rua chun tosaigh

Gan ach geall amháin fágtha ag na Báid Mhóra an séasúr seo is cosúil go mbeidh an bua ag **An Mhaighdean Mhara**. Níl ach seacht bpointe idir bád Phádraig Johnny Jimmy Mac Donncha agus bád Mháirtín O'Brien, **An Tónaí**. 'Sé an t-aon bhealach a mbeadh An Tónaí in ann breith ar an Mhaighdean Mhara anois, nach n-éireoidh le Pádraig Johnny Jimmy a bhád a thabhairt isteach go Cill Éinne ag deireadh na míosa.

I gcoimhlínt na leath-bháid tá an **Swan**, bád Michaelín Johnny ón gCeathrún Rua, chun tosaigh ar **Bhláth na hÓige**, le Pádraig Chóilín Ó Cualáin ó Charna. Gan ach sé phointe eatarthu, is cosúil gur ag fear Dhoire Fheatharta a bheas duais an leath-bháid ag dul i mbliana.

I gcoimhlínt na ngleoiteoga beaga sé bád **John Deairbe Ó Flaitharta** i bhfad chun tosaigh ar gach ceann eile ach tá an choimhlínt idir **Pádraig Óg Mac Donncha** lena ghleoiteog nua agus **John Bhaba Jeac** i gCeol na Mara don tarna áit. Ní raibh **Nóra Bheag**, bád **Chóilín Uí Iarnáin** páirteach ach i dtír gheall. Ghnóthaigh sé péire acu agus murach an méid a tharladhó ag dul timpeall ar bhuai i gCaladh Thaidhg, ceaptar go mbeadh an geall sin aige chomh maith mar gur chríochnaigh sé i bhfad chun tosaigh ar na báid eile.

BÁID MHÓRA					
	An Tónaí	American Mór	An Mhaighdean Mhara	Mac Dara	An Capall
Inis Oírr	6	7	10	8	AL
Inis Meáin	8	6	10	7	AL
Féile Mhic Dara	7(21)	8(21)	10(30)	6(21)	AL
Cloch na Rón	-	-	10(40)	-	AL
Leitir Mealláin	8(29)	10(31)	-	7(28)	AL
Dóilín	7(36)	8(39)	5(45)	6(34)	10
Cinn Mhara	7(43)	5(44)	10(55)	6(40)	8(18)
Caladh Thaidhg	10(53)	5(49)	7(62)	8(48)	6(24)
Cill Chiaráin	10(63)	al (49)	8(70)	6(54)	al(24)

LEATH BHÁID					
	Star of the West	An St. John	Bláth na hÓige	An Lord	Meaircín Joe
Féile Mhic Dara	10	8	56	5	al
Cuigéal	6(16)	5(13)	10(16)	8(13)	al
Cloch na Rón	8(24)	5(18)	7(23)	6(19)	al
Dóilín	8(32)	5(23)	7(30)	10(29)	al
Cinn Mhara	7(39)	5(28)	6(36)	4(33)	10
Caladh Thaidhg	6(45)	5(33)	8(44)	7(40)	4(14)
Cill Chiaráin	AL (45)	AL (33)	8(52)	al(40)	al(14)

GLEOITEOGA BEAGA							
	Caroline Ann	Ceol na Mara	Pádraig Óg Mac Donncha	Nóra Bheag	An Banks	Morgan Bán	Gráinne Mhaol
Féile Mhic Dara	10	8	6	al	4	5	al
Cuigéal	10(20)	7(15)	6(12)	al	5(90)	al(5)	al
Cloch na Rón	10(30)	al(15)	7(19)	al	al(9)	8(13)	al
Dóilín	8(38)	5(20)	1(20)	10	6(15)	al(13)	7
Cinn Mhara	8(46)	al(20)	al(20)	10(20)	al(15)	al(13)	al(7)
Caladh Thaidhg	10(56)	8(28)	8(28)	2(22)	al(15)	al(13)	5(12)
Cill Chiaráin	10(66)	al(28)	al(28)	al(22)	al(15)	al(13)	-

Comharchumann Dhúiche Sheoigheach Teo.

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Inis Meáin mar a bhí 80 bliain ó shoin de réir tuairisc Ghaeilgeora ag an am

ARRAN FOR A HOLIDAY.

A Fortnight's Experiences in the Heart of The Gaeltacht.

I Meán Fómhair 1914 foilsíodh tuairisc breá fada ar an **gClaidheamh Solais** - páipéar seachtainiúil a bhíodh ag Conradh na Gaeilge ag an am- faoin teideal **ARRAN FOR A HOLIDAY**. Seo cúpla sliocht as an dtuairisc sin.



Why I Went

The motives that impelled me to visit Arran were, firstly, the desire to add to my very scanty knowledge of Irish, and secondly, the fact that I had grown heartily sick of the trippers, pierrots, and the other inanities which are pack and parcel of life at seaside resorts. I guessed that Arran would be a change for the better, and a friend of mine, who had spent his holidays for several years past and who possessed a good acquaintance with the vernacular, happening to get his vacation at the same time as I did, I decided to accompany him.

Inishere

Our first stop was reached in about two hours. Inishere-the most westerly of three islands, and here we got our first real touch of island life. The operations of whichever of those beneficent Government Departments that is supposed to look after our piers and harbours have not yet reached Inishere, and as the natives are without a pier the currachs have to come out about a mile to meet the steamer. Six or eight currachs were speedily around us, the boatmen manoeuvring for position with extraordinary deftness and skill. A few minutes sufficed to put the passengers, the mail bag and the goods for Inishere into the currachs and to take aboard a few pigs which were protesting loudly against their forcible removal from their island fastnesses. The steamer then headed for our objective- Inishmaan (middle island), which was now less than two miles distant.

Inishmaan

Here were enacted the same scenes as at Inishere, and we soon found ourselves in currach rowing for the island. Arrived there, the first thing that struck me was the extraordinary contempt the natives have for sea water. The boatmen, on their craft nearing the shore, jump

out and drag it in with the water up to their hips, never bothering to dry themselves, and apparently suffer no ill-effects.

Fishers and Farmers All

Fishing and farming are the chief means of livelihood on Inishmaan. The mackerel season at the time of our arrival had not yet commenced, and the sole catch consisted of breams, which are a most delightful dish when fresh. The men usually start fishing at about seven in the evening, and if the fish are plentiful, they do not return till five or six o'clock on the following morning. One night a currach may come home with 300 fish and more; another perhaps 30, represents the fruits of a night's toil. The boys meet the currach at the slip and bring the catch home, where the women set to work to clean and salt the fish and spread them out on the walls to dry. Countless numbers of fish are to be seen thus drying around every cottage on the island. The men meanwhile snatch a few hours sleep, and may be seen working in the fields by eleven or twelve o'clock-a sufficient commentary on their industry.

This year, as far as I could gather, the fish have not been plentiful and the prices obtainable in Galway poor enough. The cultivated land is fair enough, but there are thousands of acres of bare rock. If any proof of the industry of the islanders were wanted, it is to be seen in their exertions to bring more of the land under cultivation. Baskets of clay, obtained in small quantities from the nooks and crevices in the rocks, are carried up each spring and dumped on the rock to a depth of a few inches. The labour thus entailed is as will be obvious, simply colossal; but each year sees a little field added here and there. The farms are very scattered- a man may own a field in one place and another perhaps a quarter of a mile away. The island has recently been "bought out" by the Congested Districts Board, and considerable reductions in the rents have thus been brought about, some of them are now three times less than previously. I wish some of the big ranches in Meath or Kildare could see some of the Arran farms. I am sure they would say that instead of being asked to pay any rent, however small for them, their owners should be paid for cultivating them. The fields are for the greater part very small-most of them less than half an acre, and many much smaller. In fact some of them are so tiny that the cows have scarcely room to turn round in them. The reader may allow something in this for picturesque exaggeration, but I honestly believe that in the course of evolution some centuries ahead the

Arran cattle will develop necks as long as a camel's, which they could twist around their legs and thus give them a chance of cropping the grass under their feet.

Goats and pigs are numerous, as are sheep, but the latter do not appear to thrive too well. Potatoes are the principal root crop, and the light, dry soil seems very suitable for them. The only corn grown is seagal (rye), the straw of which is used for thatch, and the grain, after the worst of it has been given to the hens and pigs, is used for the following year's crop. Many fields are set apart to grow sallies, which are used for making baskets.

There is no turf on the island, and it has to be all 'imported' from Connemara. To the students who wishes to hear Irish as she is spoken, I can recommend no better place than the unloading of a turf-boat, when bandinage and banter, fast and furious, pass between islanders and Connemara men. To the cailíní is allotted the unenviable task of carrying the turf from the boat to the temporary clamp, and the sight of one of these cailíní springing lightly from rock to rock with a heavy basket of turf on her back, and keeping that up for hours at a stretch, often made me wonder what some of the aspiring "duchesses" we see parading Grafton street would think of it.

Horses are few and far between on Inishmaan; there is very little work there suitable for them. The most of the "carting" is done by asses-but of course there are no carts, for the "roads" would not permit carting. Take the worst mountain lane in County Wicklow, strew a few four-pound rocks on every square yard of it and you will get some idea of an Inishmaan "road."

Thus, walking is, to visitors, no very pleasing occupation, at least for the first few days; but the islanders move about with ease and grace though their feet are shod with nothing stronger than cow-hide shoes, which are made by themselves.

Dress

In former years, every article of clothing was manufactured on the island, but now most of the tweed, which is of a bluish-grey colour, and from which the men's waist-coats and trousers are made, is got from the mainland. The boys up to about ten years of age still wear petticoats. The fashions of the fairer sex I shall not attempt to describe, but they largely affect bright-hued garments which contrast pleasantly with the rather dull background of rock. Hats are unknown among the cailíní, and their absence certainly takes nothing from their good looks. The houses, with a couple of exceptions, are

one-storey and thatched, but all are kept scrupulously neat and clean. Sickness and disease as may well be imagined, are rare, and health and vigour show their imprint on almost every face. That many attain a ripe old age is to be seen from the number of Old Age Pensioners wending their way to 'oifigh an phuist' every Friday, and men and women of 60 and 70 work as hard as the younger people. Emigration claims a large number yearly-the States getting most of them-but many return after a few years and settle down on the island.

Irish Flourishes: The Reason Why

Education is now conducted on the bilingual system-Irish getting the preponderant share-but an islander, who could not have been more than 40 years of age, told me that when he was a boy, the speaking of a single word of Irish in school meant a flogging. Can anything more iniquitous be imagined. However, the would-be destroyers of our native tongue failed in their purpose, for once outside the school-door the children at once reverted to the Gaedhilg binn, and to-day Irish is stronger than ever in Inishmaan.

Everyone who has visited the island seems to agree that nowhere in Ireland is the vernacular stronger than in Inishmaan, and it is certain that if Irish is, despite all efforts, to be wiped out, it will have its last foothold there. The people have an intense regard for their own language and an equal contempt for the Beurla. Besides, the island is practically cut off from all outside Anglicising influences. There is not a single R.I.C. man on the island, and how the people manage to get along in peace and harmony without them may perhaps furnish a subject of

wonder to our governors. The coastguards, whose principal occupation, as George A. Birmingham put it, is to scan the horizon at stated intervals with glasses for the better security of the British Empire, are also happily conspicuous by their absence.

The people all seem to be of a deeply religious disposition; but this appears to be innate in any speaker of Irish. Instead of our pawky forms of greeting-Good morning, good day, etc.-in Arran we hear "Go mbeannuighidh Dia dhuit" (God bless you), and "Dia's Muire dhuit" (God and Mary bless you) is the reply. At parting "Go meaduihge Dia dhuit" (May God increase or prosper you) is I think, a form of expression peculiar to the Arran Isles. The curate is rowed over from Arran Mor every Saturday evening to celebrate An t-Aifreann binn on the following morning - each house on the island taking it in turn to provide a curach for the purpose. The prayers before and after Mass and the sermon are, of course, all in Irish.

Amusements

It can well be imagined that the year in Arran means one continuous round of toil in striving to win food from barren rock and sullen sea, but the islanders appear quite content with their lot, and, if there is no great wealth among the inhabitants, there is certainly no poverty, and everyone appears comfortable and happy. Still they find time for amusement. The lads on Sunday mornings play a kind of football, no particular attention being paid to rules; but judging from what I saw, I have no doubt that if they failed to render a good account of themselves in a match, it would not be the fault of their pluck and vigour. Indoors, an occasional

game of cards has also its attractions for them. The old-fashioned "twenty-five" seems to be the only game indulged in, and it does not take a visitor long to find out that long practice has made the islanders experts at the game.

Only recently has dancing been taken up. Heretofore it was out of the question owing to the lack of musical instruments, but some time ago a Dublin visitor left a gramophone behind him with a few dance records, and that poor gramophone does overtime all right, for the people are passionately devoted to the "light fantastic." I have seen over fifty people in one kitchen at a "ceoil," and how they found room they may be more easily understood when I say that the buacaillí squat down on the floor in one corner and the cailíns in the other. As in football, no particular heed is paid to the various figures of dancing. In Arran they go in more for the "Welt the flure, Biddy McClure" style; but, after all, what does it matter, when one and all enjoy it to their heart's content.

In every form of amusement, the islanders let themselves go in the heartiest and breeziest fashion, without at all being boisterous, and quite right, say I. If you are out for fun, there is no use in going about it in a solemn fashion and with a funeral face. The folk-songs, through reason of my being unable to follow their meaning, I could not properly appreciate. They are very long, and a thing which was a novelty to me but which is, I believe, peculiar to all the Irish-speaking districts, was the manner in which, when a singer is shy about starting his song, the person next to him grasps his hand, which the singer swings up and down in time with the music until he is finished.



Scríbhneoireacht Ghrúpa Ban Ros Muc

Mar chuid den **Scéim Ealaíon Pobail** atá ag Pléaráca i Ros Muc, thagadh grúpa ban le chéile leis an bhfile **Máire Holmes** uair sa tseachtain. Seo sampla as an saothar a d'éirigh as na ceardlaine scríbhneoireachta seo.

Tá leabhar dhá chur le chéile ag an ngrúpa ban faoi láthair, a bheas réidh le seoladh mí Dheireadh Fómhair. Léigh beirt de na filí atá sa ngrúpa **Máire Uí Chonghaile** agus **Meta Uí Mháille** cuid dá saothar i nGaillimh ag **Cúirt** - an fhéile idirnáisiúnta filíochta, mí Aibreáin seo caite.

Ar an Aoine, 16 Meán Fómhair eagrófar oíche filíochta ag a mbeidh na haoi-filí **an tAth. Seán Ó Donnchú, Mary O'Malley** agus **Máire Holmes** ag léamh óna gcuid saothar i dTeach Scribe. Beidh filí áitiúla ag léamh chomh maith, grúpa ban Ros Muc san áireamh.

Tigh Learaí Ramhar

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Leabhair agus CD's/ Caiséid nua atá le foilsiú go luath

Leabhair

Pádraig Ó Conaire: *Scéal a Bheatha*: An tSiúr Eibhlín Ní Chionnaith

Dialann Chaoimhe: Muireann Ní Bhrolcháin

The Listowel Literary Phenomenon: Ed. Gabriel Fitzmaurice

Exile: Pádraig Ó Conaire

Bóithrínní an Locháin: Pádraig Ó Finneadhá

Ag Ealaín in Éirinn: Antoine Ó Flatharta

Eachtra San Afraic: Enid Blyton

Brídín an Dilleachta: Colm Ó Ceallaigh

CD's / Caiséid (* díreach foilsithe)

*Setting Free: Tola Custy & Cyril O' Donoghue

*Cutty Wren: Parson's Hat

*The Cat that Ate the Candle: John Carty / Brian McGrath

John Beag Ó Flatharta

Ceol Chillian

Seán 'ac Dhonnchadha

Catalóg iomlán le fáil saor in aisce ón seoladh thuas

(Ar chlé:) Máirín Bn Uí Dhubhda a bhfuil go leor filíochta scríofa aici ag na Ceardlaine Scríbhneoireachta a reachtáilleadh anuraidh i Ros Muc mar chuid de Scéim Ealaíon Pobail an Phléaráca

An Reilig (Cill Bhriocáin)

Nach aoibhinn álainn í reilig an Teampaill
Ag breathnú anonn ar na sléibhte maorga
agus ar an gcuan beag uaigneach atá taobh léi.
Í sínte ansin ar taobh na gréine agus i mbéal na gaoithe.

Tá clái tiubh ard uirthi agus na geataí dúinte
Níl bó ar féarach ann ná an tEarrach dhá dhéanamh.
Mar is ansiúd atá siad sínte
Faoi an gcré leis na blianta.

Tá dreám ann a d'oibrigh go crua agus go deacrach.
Ba mhaith na sclábhaithe iad ag teacht an Earraigh.
Ach anois san bhFómhar tá siad
sínte go suaimhneach leis na blianta.

Tá páistí óga ann a d'fhág a muintir
go brónach ag gol 's ag caoineadh.
Mná a bhí ag obair 's ag tógáil clainne
Anseo uilig atá siad sínte.

Tá Teampall Bhriocáin ann is an tobar beannaithe.
An áit a dtagadh mná agus leannaí
Chun faoiseamh a fháil ar phiantaí 's ar eagaoín
Anseo le chéile ag an tobar beannaithe.

Iarraim ar Dhia 's ar Mhuire
Ar Naomh Briocán 's ar na naoimh uile.
Iad uilig a bhailiú i nGáirdín Phárthais
Áit ina mbeidh acu suaimhneas agus áthas.

- Máire Seoige

Oscailt

Tá'n dallóg anuas ar an bhfuinneog inniu
Go cinnte ar maidin níl fáilte roimh chách
Uaigneach mé go deimhin ag an doras amuigh
Cá ngabhfaidh mé anois leis an bhfion is leis an áran?

D'oscail tú an doras ar d'anam aréir
Bhreachnaíos ar do ghnúis agus stánas go géar
Ní fhaca cheana an uaisleacht agus an áilleacht
An cloigeann uaibhreach ar na guaillí arda.

Chonac an chneastacht an beocht's an grá
Fós tuiscint ar an gciapadh's ar an crá
Rian na bpian ar do chlár-éadan mín
Stair na mblianta go doimhin i' do shúil.

Tá scamall anois san áit raibh an ghrian
Ní léar dom feasta d'anam geal glé
Dubh dorchá an néall anuas thar do bhráid
Duairc na smaointe ag dul thríd do cheann.

Da mbeadh eochair agamsa d'osclóinn an doras
Shiúlfainn go ciúin go bog's go réidh
Bhogfainn isteach le h-ungadh's le h-ola
Go leigheasfainn do phian do ghortú 's do chneá.

- Máirín Uí Dhubhda