

Southern Ireland, Green and Neutral, Lives in the Constant Fear of Invasion

Canadian Weekly Newspapers Representative Gives His Impression of the Emerald Isle in These Days of War. Centres on Adare as One of the Lovely Spots in Ireland.

(This is the 15th of a series of stories about a trip to London and return, taken by a group of Canadian newspaper men at the invitation of the British Government. It is written by Hugh Templin, who represented the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association.)

Every day of the six weeks of more spent away from home seemed to provide something new and different, but nothing was quite so unexpected as a two-day holiday in neutral Eire, or Southern Ireland. It was not by choice of mine. I would rather it had been Scotland, but this short, peaceful interlude in the only part of the Empire which stays neutral, was not only interesting, but I look back on it with pleasure.

It was on a Tuesday afternoon when I left London, along with seven other Canadian editors. Our hosts put us on the train and bade us good-bye, sending us away with more presents—this time envelopes with enlarged pictures of ourselves during our travels in England.

That night was never to be forgotten. Two huge German land mines floated down out of the air and arrived in Bournemouth at the same time as we did. That experience has been discussed more fully in another of these stories.

I was up early the next morning, having slept fairly well on a mattress on the floor, in spite of the rattling sound of shovelling broken glass off the streets in the darkness. There was some difficulty about shaving in a bathroom full of broken glass and with only a dribble of cold, rusty water from one tap, but the lady manager of the wrecked hotel had her staff organized enough to give me the best breakfast I had while in Britain.

The British Overseas Airways car picked me up at the hotel and drove through streets of stores without glass in the windows, and past English cottages looking out on the channel, to Poole.

The next morning, while undergoing one more lengthy customs examination near the docks at Poole, the air raid sirens began to wail again. The natives looked on us with some suspicion. Air raids had been scarce in those parts, and this was the second in as many days. But I did not share their idea that these few Canadians were important enough for the Germans to send over raiders just to get us. Still, it did add a bit of excitement to be going out in a trim motor boat, through the waters of Poole Harbor, dodging the seaplane traps and the mine fields, to where the winged battleship of the air, the Short Sunderland flying boat, "Champion," rode at anchor.

In the draw for seats, I landed in what was called the spar compartment of the ship. I was all alone in a fair-sized room, full of baggage and sacks of mail. The seat was comfortable, and the steward came and served an excellent meal on light plastic dishes. But though we flew for two hours and a half over what is probably some of the most interesting scenery, I saw nothing at all: The two windows were painted over with thick black paint.

I hadn't realized, on the trip from New York to Lisbon to England, how difficult it is to travel around wartime Europe. In a way that was little short of miraculous, as I learned later, the British Council had waved aside the difficulties on that trip.

The return voyage wasn't quite so easy. As I sat alone in the spar compartment of the huc "Champion," I read a little booklet issued to wartime travellers by the British Overseas Airways, and marvelled that I had got out of England at all. Our good ship would refuel in Ireland and take off for Portugal. The next morning I would be in Lisbon and by Sunday, I would be home in Canada—or so I thought.

Truly the Emerald Isle It was early afternoon when the great ship slid down to the water so carefully that there wasn't even a noise in the ears. I stepped out into the daylight again.

We were in the estuary of the Shannon river at Foynes, Ireland. On the river bank, two hundred yards away, was a big concrete and timber pier, with a neat little customs house at the land end. Behind that were two or three buildings where a couple of railway cars were being loaded with peat. On both sides of the river were hills, just as green as ever they had been described. So this was Ireland!

I never ceased to admire the fast launches of the British Overseas Airways. It took only a few minutes to reach land. The wait in the customs house seemed unnecessary, but when the examination took place, it was brief and informal. Men in green put a few chalk marks on my brief case and club bag, already decorated with an imposing array of airline stickers and official seals. They made one more entry in my passport.

None of us knew that we were to stay overnight in Ireland instead of going on to Lisbon. When an official broke the news, we did not like it. The countryside was green enough, but uninviting.

Two modern buses waited outside. The only thing unusual was the name of the company printed in two languages, English and the strange old text of the Gaelic language. Not till then did I realize that Southern Ireland was bi-lingual. "Sure," says an Irishman, "we can be illiterate in two languages now!" It was a drive of twenty miles to Adare, where we were to spend the night, but the roads were winding and narrow, with walls along each side, and plenty of stones still left in the fields. The tiny whitewashed cottages were picturesque but poor. But by the time we pulled into Adare, the speedometer must have indicated 30 miles at least.

Late that night, I walked with B. K. Sandwell and the constable of Adare, past a thatched cottage, past an old Norman tower, now part of a Catholic church, past ancient trees with six-foot trunks, and on down the main street of the village. The chief was full of Irish lore and a bit of a poet. He said that Adare was the most beautiful village in the whole world. Probably he's right.

A Strange and Ancient People I went to Ireland with a prejudice against the country. I had just come from England, where the people were fighting for their very lives and for the freedom of the world. Here, next door, was Ireland, not only neutral but refusing even the use of ports to fight submarines. Yet these Irish still enjoyed the privileges of Empire.

I came away with the feeling that Ireland is beautiful and the Irish people are kindly, hospitable, but beyond the understanding of a Canadian with Scottish blood. Here in Sweet Adare, the Irish people did not seem to understand what was going on in the world today. They lived in the far past. One night I have thought that Cromwell had come there way just last year and laid waste the old Black Abbey and the Franciscan Abbey and the White Abbey, not forgetting Desmond Castle, down by the stone bridge over the river.

Of course, De Valera boasts that Ireland will defend itself against any attack, from any source. It's rather pitiful. Down by the bridge, there were some tank traps. At least, that was evidently what they were intended to be. A Bren gun carrier might have some difficulty knocking them down; a driver of a medium tank would hardly notice them.

In the last two weeks in England, the army had been on manoeuvres. The sight was impressive. In Ireland, too, the army held manoeuvres. Word had been sent to Adare to have food enough on hand on Friday for not some of the battalions, but they did not come. The following Monday, they arrived. There was no food. Asked why they didn't come on Friday, the colonel said it rained that day, so they postponed the exercises. Apparently the Irish don't realize yet that modern wars don't stop because it rains.

But though De Valera may speak of repelling any enemy, the people of Ireland know their danger, and admit frankly that they themselves are helpless to meet it. I talked with two mothers at the golf course, and they asked if I thought Hitler was going to attack Ireland. I wasn't very hopeful. One of them said she had three little boys at home.

The constable, a veteran of the last war, said that 150,000 men from Southern Ireland are in the British Active Forces. They slip away to Ulster to see a football game and forget to come back.

And down in the village pub one night, Grattan O'Leary of Ottawa, a pure blooded Irishman of the third generation in Canada, steeped in the lore and poetry of Ireland, waxed eloquent on our last night in the village. He said that Hitler was the Cromwell of today, going about burning churches. I missed that speech, but I know how eloquent Grattan can be and I wasn't surprised that he had the men of Adare all anxious to enlist at once against this modern destroyer of religion.

The Most Picturesque Village I have said that the village constable thought Adare the most beautiful spot in all the world. That statement needs to be amplified.

The bus that took us to Adare drew up in front of a picturesque inn, The Dunraven Arms, the sign said. What a tiny hamlet like Adare did with a large inn like that was something of a mystery until I learned that it belonged to Lord Dunraven and was used in peacetime to accommodate his hunting parties. Now it houses the passengers flying over the broad Atlantic. In the pages of its register there are many famous names. The inn was comfortable and not too modern.

ern. Its lounge was full of easy chairs and chesterfields. Sitting in front of a peat fire, waiting for afternoon tea and cakes, one could talk with ferry pilots, with men who knew Bagdad and Singapore and could compare their airfields with LaGuardia and Croyden. In that little Irish village, I was surprised to meet a young American pilot, now taking planes across the Atlantic, who was quite familiar with the landmarks of my own little town of Pergus. He had flown over it often.

I don't suppose anything as lovely as Adare "just happened." I suspect that many Esqs of Dunraven poured the profits of their Welsh mines into this village. I know that they rebuilt two of the ancient abbeys, presenting one to the Catholics and the other to the Anglicans. And they laid out their "demesne" so that there were views down elm-lined streets and past thatched cottages, with honeysuckle growing up the walls. I even suspected that the old thatched cottage that stood directly across the way from the inn could never have attained that appearance of extreme age and yet be so well kept, without being planned that way.

Whether the cottage was old or not, there were plenty of authentic ruins. The ancient stone bridge over the Maigue river had been there for six hundred years or more. No two of its seven arches quite matched the others in size or curvature, though they had stood through the centuries.

Beside the river, just upstream from the bridge, were the ruins of Desmond castle. I liked them best of all. In the library of the inn, I found a book with the plans of the castle, dating back to about 1100. From inside those walls, many a Fitzgerald or Desmond sallied forth to terrorize the countryside. Enough is left to be able to see all the rooms of the old castle, with the help of Lord Dunraven's little signs on the wall, and the use of a bit of imagination. One rainy afternoon, I climbed to the top of the tower, looking out through the loop-holes where archers once shot their arrows—and stories like Ivanhoe, that I hadn't read since high school days, came crowding back. I plucked a tiny fern out of a crack in the rock and put it inside an envelope in my pocket. Back home, three weeks later, I found it, all dried out, but when it was planted again, it grew.

Portrait of a Hoarder!



Cartoon—Courtesy James Allen, St. Catherine's Standard

Wilber Brewer faced an unusual charge in court this week and after almost getting a dismissal he was given a fine of ten dollars and costs. The charge was laid under a local by-law that requires every taxi cab operator to hold a license from the town for that business.

Police said the Brewer's license was invalid at the present time because he was not carrying any insurance on his cars. A clause of the by-law read that when a car was not insured the license automatically lost its value. The police proved that they had stopped the Brewer taxi with three passengers and said that the man had admitted to them that he was still carrying passengers.

Mr. Brewer offered the explanation that he knew he had no insurance on his cars but that he thought he had ten days after his insurance had expired to renew his policy before the license became valueless. He was told by the crown attorney that there was no such clause in the by-law.

Mr. Brewer told the court that he had applied for a new policy and was waiting to get it from the insurance company but when the magistrate found that the new insurance had not been purchased till after the taxi had been stopped he imposed a fine of ten dollars and costs.

The recent drive by the police against drunks and drunken drivers has started to take effect and this week only three cases on the whole police court docket were laid under the Liquor Control Act. They were charges of being drunk and disorderly and in all three cases the accused pleaded guilty. Two of them paid fines of ten dollars and costs while a third was fined fifty dollars and costs as it was his second offence in the past year.

Last week a high school boy was charged with driving with two people on a bicycle and the magistrate allowed the boy to go with a warning. This week another boy was charged and the magistrate told him that he couldn't issue warnings every week so he fined him one dollar and costs.

For driving a car without lights another man paid a fine of a dollar and costs. One man faced a charge of driving a car with defective brakes and he was granted an adjournment while another man was given an adjournment on a charge of driving without a driver's license.

An even twenty dog owners faced charges in this week's court and they were all fined a dollar and costs for allowing their canine pets to roam at large. Most of them paid their fines before court when they pleaded guilty but five of them waited till the court opened and told the magistrate their excuses. In each of the cases the magistrate found them guilty and passed the same fine.

Service on Victoria Day at Timmins Post Office Victoria Day, May 25th, is a statutory holiday in Canada, and the Timmins post office announces the following service for that day:

Letter carrier and parcel post delivery—Morning delivery only.
Wicket service—8 a.m. to 12 noon.
Public lobby—Open 8 a.m. to 6 p.m.
Special delivery service, collections from sub-post offices and street letter boxes, and receipt and despatch of mails—as usual.

Geraldton Times—A fortune awaits the inventor who can develop a gold ball with a smoke-screen which bursts when the ball goes in the rough.



LT. GENERAL K. STUART
Chief of Staff, Canadian Army, Ottawa.

Magistrate Throws Out Disorderly Conduct Charge

Omer Martin Told He Was Getting a Surprise Then Magistrate Dismissed Case

Magistrate Atkinson was in a lenient mood on Tuesday afternoon of this week and at least one man is still walking around free because of that fact. That man is Omer Martin, who faced a charge of disorderly conduct, and after a lengthy hearing during which six witnesses were heard, he was dismissed.

Before dismissing the charge the magistrate asked the accused to stand up and he then looked over the man's record. Just when everyone in the court room was expecting to hear a heavy fine or jail term imposed on the youth the magistrate told him he was going to give him the biggest surprise he ever got. "You can go; I'm going to dismiss the charge," the magistrate said, and Martin almost collapsed.

Two Timmins police and two provincial police told of seeing two men fighting on the street in front of Marshall-Ecclestone's store and the Timmins police named the men as Omer Martin and James Lamothe but the provincial didn't know definitely if they were the same two men. They were certain, however, that it was the same fight. Martin had been apprehended rather easily by the police and made no attempt to resist arrest while Lamothe ran away when the police approached. Police evidence said that Sergeant Lepic gave chase and finally trapped the man in a back alley but when he stopped him the man fell and fractured his shoulder.

Martin called two witnesses for himself and they swore that it had been the other man who started to fight after insulting Martin's girl-friend while they were in the Royal Lunch, not far from Marshall-Ecclestone store. They said that Martin had been pushed into the street by the other man and that he was just defending himself.

Martin took the stand and told the same story, and said that he had been fighting after the other fellow had insulted his girl-friend and had started to hit him. The magistrate then read a report from the hospital informing him that Lamothe would be confined to that institution for at least another six weeks as the result of his fractured shoulder. When he mentioned that Martin hurriedly denied that he was responsible for the other man's injury and told the court that Lamothe was injured when he was trying to escape from Sergeant Lepic.

There wasn't much concrete evidence for Magistrate Atkinson to consider before reaching a decision so he gave Martin the benefit of the doubt.

A case that has been on the police court docket for more than a month was finally disposed of on Tuesday when the magistrate dismissed a charge of theft of wood against Theodore

Lariviere. The charge was preferred by A. C. White and the crown's case was presented last week while the defence was given till this week to have its witnesses in court.

Mr. Leon Cousineau appeared this week and said that he had given Lariviere permission to take some timber from the limit that belonged to him. He denied that he had given permission to Lariviere to take any of the standing timber but only the stuff that had been cut or blown down by the wind.

After he had admitted that, the crown attempted to prove that Lariviere had taken the timber from another place and not the place that he had been given permission to work, but that was quickly denied by the defence when the accused called a government scaler, Mr. C. E. Wallingford, to the stand and asked him if he had seen him coming to Timmins with the timber. The witness replied that he had, so he was then asked if that was in the direction of the place where the complainant contended the timber had been taken from the witness said that it was not.

Magistrate Atkinson was unable to convict the accused on the case presented by the crown so he told Lariviere to go.

Corp. Wm. Colborne of Provost Corps Writes from England

Met Walter Grant and Art Marshall Recently.

Many friends in Timmins and district will be interested in word received here from "Somewhere in England" from Corporal Wm. Colborne, now with the Canadian Provost Corps, but formerly a popular Timmins young man. During the past few days Mrs. E. Colborne, 115 Birch street south, received two letters from her son, Corp. Colborne, the following being extracts from these letters:—

Somewhere in England, April 6th "Dear Mother:—I received the parcel you sent and it was real good, and the photos rather make one lonesome. . . I am writing this at the noon hour, as

I have to go out to-night to do some work at one of our detachments about five miles from here. . . It has rained for the past week, and is still raining. In case you would like to know what Co. I am with moving around the country so much, it is No. 9 Canadian Provost Corps, and they are a swell bunch of lads."

"April 12th—Here I am again, and it is Sunday. . . I was out for a ride this afternoon and got back around 4:30, had a bath and am trying to catch up on my mail. . . I am eating some of the peanuts you sent in the parcel and they are extra good. . . How are all at home? . . . The papers you send are good reading, and Walter Grant and Art Marshall want them when I am finished with them. They are stationed near here for a little while. We were out together the other night, and we had some fun."

"April 15—I am sending you some snaps I took, and just got back from the store. . . The water is on boiling for tea, as it is now 9:30 p.m., over here and we are soon going to bed, but it is only 4:30 at home. . . Hope all at home are well."

Corporal Colborne's address is as follows:—
B—25450,
Corp. Wm. Colborne,
No. 9 Canadian Provost Corps,
Canadian Army Overseas.

Archbishop Anderson to be at St. Matthew's Sunday

The Most Rev. Archbishop Anderson, Metropolitan of Ontario, will administer the rite of confirmation in St. Matthew's church on Sunday next at 11 a.m. His Grace will also be present at the evening service.

Day (Thursday) being Ascension Day there will be a service in St. Matthew's church at 7:30 p.m.

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