

BULLETIN

of The North American Manx Association

**NORTH AMERICAN
MANX ASSOCIATION
NINTH CONVENTION**



**WINNIPEG, MANITOBA
CANADA**

AUGUST 4th to 8th, 1936

Vol. 9, No. 2

"To preserve whate'er is left to us of ancient heritage"

March, 1936

WINNIPEG SOUNDS THE CALL!

The Winnipeg Manx Society cordially extends to you all a whole-hearted invitation to attend the Ninth Annual Convention being held here in August. We know that all who can do so will be well repaid by their visit, and we hope that they will take away memories that will be cherished.

WINNIPEG—What a history could be written about its growth from a Trading Post with a few residents sixty years ago to the City of today with 300,000 people. Now there are beautiful homes in contrast with the old log houses; up-to-date hotels, splendid parks and golf courses; immense wide streets lighted by countless thousands of electric lights, the cheapest electric power on the continent; our grain exchange building, handling practically all of the immense wheat crop of Western Canada. Then there is the \$6,000,000 Hudson's Bay Department Store, and the T. Eaton Store—what a treat for the ladies!

We have no hesitancy in asking our friends to come here, because we know they will enjoy themselves. We have our headquarters at the "Marlborough Hotel," Winnipeg's newest and most up-to-date hotel, although not the largest.

Our Committees are all working with one object in view — to make your visit a happy one. We will do our part and you can do yours by co-operating in our efforts. Come along with your suggestions and helpful ideas. This is your Convention—Show us where we can improve our previous reunions—let us have your support and help to insure another successful convention.

Our decision to set the date August 4th to 8th was taken after much thought. We felt this would be the most suitable time for most people, and the weather should be fine during that period. August is usually an ideal month in this country, and, folks, do not let anyone fill your heads with ideas about snow and frost, because we are having that now so that you will enjoy the best while you are here. Our Committee arranged this ahead of time!

We cannot claim, as Cleveland can, that the Manx have done very much towards building our city, but we do claim that Winnipeg is no worse for our being here, and we take pride in seeing our Manx flag floating on the

"Free Press" flag-pole on the 5th of July every year, letting the citizens know what the word "Manx" stands for.

At a later date, you will receive all details through the columns of our Bulletin, as well as our Manx papers.

Again — May I extend my invitation to come to our city? We are expecting you; we will welcome you and we will do all in our power to make your visit a happy one. Come with the idea of enjoying yourselves; make others happy by your presence, and return to your homes confident in the knowledge that you have done both.

James Y. Mann, General Chairman

THE WAYS AND MEANS COMMITTEE

The work of this committee is going ahead. Plans have been formulated to handle their problems. Tickets for a drawing are being printed and will be mailed out about the middle of March, showing the nature and value of the prizes.

The Souvenir and Notions Counter will be under the direction of this committee, and it will be our object to provide a useful selection of gifts at a moderate price, suitable to an occasion of this sort.

Should any of our readers have any article which they would like to donate to this, or for any other purpose, the committee will gratefully receive such a gift.

Thomas Corkan, Chairman.

CONVENTION PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

The Publicity Committee reports that progress is being made in its work, and arrangements are under way to further the plans for the coming convention.

The Winnipeg Exhibition has decided to hold an Exhibition and Rodeo in Winnipeg August 3rd to 8th, and as this is the same time as our convention, our visitors will have the chance of taking in this show while in Winnipeg, should they wish to do so.

Further information will be furnished upon request, and any suggestions or help will be greatly appre-

ciated by the Publicity Committee through the chairman,

Mrs. Thos. Quirk,
128. Luxton Ave., Winnipeg.

REGISTRATION COMMITTEE

Mr. George Killey, 30 Martin Avenue, Elmwood, Winnipeg, is in charge of Registration, and is prepared to receive fees on the installment plan. Installments of one dollar (\$1.00) or more will be received and duly acknowledged. Why not use this plan? The Registration Fee has been set at \$7.00 for adults and \$4.00 for juniors. Make it easier on your pocket and help your Convention along by commencing payments now!

HOTEL RESERVATIONS

Hotel reservations are in charge of Mrs. R. W. Killey, 30 Martin Avenue, Elmwood, Winnipeg.

Marlborough Hotel rates are:

Per Day
Single room with bath \$2.50 and \$3.00
Double room with bath.....\$3.50
Double room with bath
and twin beds.....\$4.00

Parking facilities in connection with the hotel are free of charge. Garage in connection with parking at nominal charge. Additional parking will be provided free of charge by Mr. James Y. Mann.

In connection with the hotel are three first-class dining rooms, providing excellent food at reasonable rates.

For any further information, or any different arrangements, communicate with Mrs. Killey. Winnipeg has fifty-six other hotels, besides the Marlborough, for you to choose from, as well as numerous tourist camps and boarding houses.

SOUVENIR BOOK COMMITTEE

Great progress in compiling the Convention Booklet is being made by this Committee. The formation of the book, with the exception of some details, which, of necessity, must be left to a later date, is nearly complete.

Work is going forward on the Patrons' List, and it is hoped that our friends everywhere will support us as they have done in the past. We are featuring this list in the hope of supplying an up-to-date list of names

and addresses of our friends who wish our N. A. M. A. to progress.

Patron's Insertion—\$1.00.

We hope our Souvenir Book will not only be the best yet, but will be well worth keeping as a permanent record of a very successful Convention. Any suggestions will be appreciated by the chairman,

William Quayle,
63 Harbison Ave., Winnipeg.

TRANSPORTATION

Information regarding transportation to Winnipeg is now being accumulated. No doubt, you have seen news items in your local newspapers regarding the reductions in railroad fares, which will probably become effective in June. Therefore, until new rates are available, we will defer publishing fares from various points. Complete information regarding rail and bus fares, as well as automobile routes, will be included in the May and July issues.

MANXMEN ABROAD

How interesting it would be to trace the Manxman in his wanderings throughout the entire civilized world. Wherever the average white man has gone, there you will also find one of our hardy race, eager to make good. It has proved true that a Manxman will fit in anywhere.

Some years ago, while a minister at Deer Lodge, Montana, I was privileged to meet several Manx people. But was disappointed to learn that there was no society to bind our fellow countrymen in the bonds of fellowship. Butte, the great copper mining center, with Anaconda, the smelting city, had boasted of many Manx inhabitants, yet in both of these cities I could locate but four or five families.

With a former islander, John Keruish, from Maughold, we renewed the acquaintance in Butte, of Louis Moughtin, foreman in the largest baking establishment there. On entering a grocery store it was a pleasant surprise to find that the proprietor was Mr. Kermode, Renshent, now the proud and happy papa of twelve children! That same evening we called on a former Peelite and his wife—Jack Crellin and (nee) Annie Clague. We were neighbors in years gone by and spent the evening recalling the living and the dead. It was at this time we learned of the Johnston boys and others of Foxdale Band fame, who had left Butte for the coast as the war had almost finished mining at the copper city.

I was invited on one occasion to preach at Anaconda. Sunday morning I was met at the station by Willie Quilliam who seemed to be terribly embarrassed as we walked to the church. Many people were returning from worship at one of the Catholic churches and as they passed, persisted in identifying me as Father. Mistaken identity—and the cause of Mr. Quilliam's embarrassment.

At the close of the service at the Presbyterian Church, I met several former Peel people whom I remembered as a boy. One in particular

was Clucas, whose parents had sung in the Primitive Methodist Choir. To meet them after a period of 35 or 40 years was indeed a thrilling experience. On being introduced to another man I found he had sailed with my father on the Flying Scud. Of course I warmed up to him immediately, for that seemed much more intimate. He proved to be a Mr. Moore from the south of the Island and the father of Dr. Moore of Chicago. All of the above mentioned Manxmen showed they were happy in the land of their adoption. Space does not permit of further recollections.

It seems to me that no greater piece of work could be accomplished than that the N. A. M. A. create a directory of Manxmen on the American Continent. What an interesting history it would be and a record that would prove exceedingly valuable in future years. I have often felt like writing an article descriptive of Eilan Vannin and its people, for the sake of our children to remind them of their ancestral home. There is or was something in the old island that fitted her sons and daughters for citizenship anywhere in the wide wide world. God bless her.

W. H. CHRISTIAN,
Shreve, Ohio.

"THOS. KELLY AND FAMILY'S JOURNAL"

"The Isle of Man Examiner" secured a great literary scoop last autumn when it published a most fascinating story of Thomas Kelly, one of the early pioneers from the Island, who left Jurby and settled with his family in the United States in 1827.

At the request of many readers "The Examiner" has published "Thomas Kelly and Family's Journal" in booklet form, and it will be forwarded from the "Examiner" office, Hill Street, Douglas, Isle of Man, on receipt of 15c (in stamps or otherwise.)

As there are now nearly one hundred and fifty direct descendants of Mr. Kelly in the United States, apart from other branches of the Kelly ilk, there should be quite a demand for it.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

This being Leap Year, now is the opportune time for all "Bachelorettes" and would be members of the feminine part of the Breakfast Club to study their prey and make the "big catch" at the Winnipeg convention.

Don't delay. Begin your preparations now! Join the N. A. M. A. Breakfast Club! Send your quarter to M. Kennish, 3353 West 95th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Next year isn't Leap Year, in case any of you single fellows are interested.

GOOD WISHES

We regret that so many of our members and friends have suffered from illness during the past several weeks.

May this Bulletin find all of them well on the road to recovery!

"MANX NIGHT", EUCLID AVE. CHRISTIAN CHURCH, CLEVELAND

The Rev. J. H. Goldner of the Euclid Avenue Christian Church, Cleveland, had heard so much about the beauty of the Isle of Man that when planning a trip abroad last summer he decided to include it in his travels. Through letters of introduction to Mr. Wm. Cubbon of the Manx Museum, as well as others on the Island, Mr. Goldner was able to get in touch with those who could give him a wealth of interesting and valuable information. He spent considerable time with Mr. Cubbon and was greatly impressed with the ancient lore and history of the Island.

As a result of this visit, Cleveland Manx people were invited to hear Mr. Goldner lecture on the Isle of Man on the evening of February 19. Despite zero weather, they turned out in large numbers. The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides as well as motion pictures which Mr. Goldner brought back with him.

Incidental music was rendered by the Cleveland Manx Quartette—Miss Evelyn Christian, Miss Claire Mylecraine, Mr. Robert Anderson and Mr. Alec Cannell, accompanied by Mr. John Lane. "Mylecharaine" and "Eilan Vannin" were sung at the commencement of the lecture.

Mr. Goldner's slides included some interesting views of the House of Keys and Tynwald Court. To emphasize our age-old form of government, the quartette at this point sang the "Hymn of the Manx People."

All of the views shown were unusual and charming. Mr. Goldner closed with a description of Peel and its tradition of the sea, showing beautiful pictures of the Castle and fishing boats with a background of sunset sky, and with this parting glimpse of the Isle the quartette sang the "Manx Fishermen's Evening Hymn."

The entertainment was keenly enjoyed by the large audience.

PROMINENT MANXMEN

Colonel H. A. Mullins, member of the Canadian Parliament, representing Marquette Province No. 9, Manitoba, has been signally honored by the Canadian government, having been called to the Senate of Canada. This new distinction crowns a life of useful service in many directions. His fellow Manxmen will join in heartiest congratulations.

The Honorable Colonel Mullins will be remembered as having attended several of our annual gatherings, and was a speaker at the banquet held in connection with the London Convention.

A Manxman who occupies a prominent position in the Canadian Civil Service is Dr. T. W. Grindley, head of the Agricultural Statistics Branch of the Statistical Bureau of Canada.

Dr. Grindley was born on the Island and received his earlier education in Manx schools.

NORTHEASTERN OHIO PIONEERS

A few years ago a Conneaut teacher asked her geography class what kind of people lived on the Isle of Man, and one pupil answered "Cannibals." In the class was a granddaughter of a Manxman. Indignant, she sprang to her feet and said, "I'm Manx. Do I look like a cannibal?"

That incident would not happen today, for the Isle of Man is now on the map. But the loyalty of that little girl, so proud of her Manx blood, is not to be overlooked.

Affection for the little Island and for each other are strong characteristics of the Manx wherever found. Especially true was it of those early Manx settlers. Of them none were more devoted to their Eilan Vannin than that group of Manxmen and their families who, to escape ague so prevalent in those days along Lake Erie, pushed back into the unbroken forests of Lake and Geauga counties, and established homes in Leroy, Concord, Thompson, Hambden, and later in Chardon and Claridon. To keep fresh the memory of those fine people, we list their names and recall a few incidents.

They were the Corlett, Crellin, Kewish, Harrison, Callow, Kelly, Boyd, Cowin, Craine, Crowe, Lace,

Teare, Radcliffe, Cleator, Quirk, Cowle, Christian, Quayle, Kissick families, etc.

John Teare of the parish of Kirk Andreas, grandfather of the writer, built the first frame house in southwest Leroy, and for 30 years was a pattern-maker at Geauga Furnace plant, Painesville. He was an old-time Methodist. Slow of speech in English he always gave his testimony in class meeting in Gaelic. While but few of the congregation understood, they knew his testimony was true.

Rev. Thomas Radcliffe, called "Preacher" Radcliffe, was a familiar figure and was often assisted in religious services by John Cleator of East Claridon, a local preacher in the Island and who was fluent in the Manx tongue. His daughters are Mrs. Nellie Adams of Geneva and Mrs. Lina Graver of East Claridon.

Chardon in early days had a tannery operated by John Kissick and brother. Mrs. Kissick, a much beloved woman, was an expert tailoress. Their son is W. R. Kissick of the Neal Storage Co., Cleveland.

It is not surprising to those who have heard of the musical "Billy" Harrison, one of the early settlers who lived in Leroy, that his great nephew, J. Clifford Harrison of Char-

don, is the efficient director of Chardon Rube Band.

Of all those early Manx settlers, only one couple returned to their native land for their last days — Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Christian of Chardon. Their bodies lie in the cemetery in the parish of Kirk Bride.

When 19 years old Angus Cowle, a red-headed Manxman, came to America and later located in Leroy. He was a ship carpenter. Shortly after his arrival and while working in Michigan at his trade, Indians appeared. Gathering in a group, they talked excitedly and pointed to young Cowle who was quite uncomfortable until one of the workmen explained that the Indians had never seen a red-headed man before. He told Cowle the Indian word for "How-do-you-do," which the Manxman lustily uttered. Immediately the Indians responded in a friendly way.

The homes of these Manx people were always hospitable homes, and especially so were those of the Corletts of Concord, Cowins, Boyds and Craines of Northeast Leroy.

Many of the descendants of these Manx settlers are members of the Northeast Ohio Manx Society.

EMMA MUNN COWLE.

THE COOISH CORNER . . . by Phynoderee

During the last convention some Canadians from London were mildly surprised at what they considered the quaint American custom of serving water with their meals. Tommy says it's "too hard to wash with and not hard enough to drink."

Last fall Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Quirk attended the 50th Anniversary of the Wade Park Corps of the Salvation Army of Cleveland. A goodly number of Cleveland Manx attended and enjoyed the speaking and especially the singing which was "tremendjus."

J. Wilson Jenkinson of Washington, D. C., says he "liked the glint in Jim Mann's eye when he announced he was already on the job in preparation for the Winnipeg Convention. He's got him a chore, but I expect he will have Manxmen from all parts of the West stampeding into his corral when he has all set for the roundup."

Ch. "King Orry" and Ch. "Ben my Chree" are pugs, descended from Ch. "Manx Fanny" imported from the Isle of Man by Mrs. E. C. Killip, vice president of the Los Angeles Society.

Seattle Manx Society say they are "still alive and kicking."

Hint to smokers. J. C. Teare of Cleveland who celebrated his 92nd birthday in December is an inveterate smoker. Among his many gifts were a box of cigars and a smoking stand.

W. B. Smith of Cochrane, Ontario, hopes 1936 will be a "bumper" year for the N. A. M. A.

Calgary, Alberta, at one time had a flourishing Manx Society of 250 members. Where, oh where, have the Manx people of that community gone?

Radio listeners were deprived of an eloquent 15 minute broadcast during the last convention when a prominent Manxman remembered his engagement to speak just two hours too late.

Ladies needing marital advice are invited to the next convention. It is free and authentic too — straight from an M. D.

We have been informed that cats without tails are still the chief export of the I. O. M. A world-wide demand for the tabbies has increased and last year a considerable number were sent to the U. S. They are reputed to bring good luck and are the ace mousers in the feline world. Now, someone else tell one.

Rust resisting wheat grown and developed by Thomas Teare, a well-known agriculturist of Marquis, Sask., was given a test at the Robin Hood mills in Moose Jaw to ascertain its milling and baking qualities. The wheat was found to be of exceptionally high standard. Congratulations, Mr. Teare.

Apple pie may be America's dessert No. 1, but it takes a Manx woman to bake No. 1 Apple Pie! At a recent food show in Cleveland, Ohio, Mrs. George Gell took first honors in this art. Yes—she learned it in the Isle of Man.

We heard that our genial Treasurer would welcome the news that every person who expects to attend the convention will "sign the pledge" — thereby insuring themselves against the same embarrassment to which he was subjected while attending the last convention. Tut-tut Fred.

Los Angeles Society held their Christmas Tea Party December 27. If "Roast Beef and Colman's Mustard de luxe" appear on the menu of an innocent little Tea Party—Shades of Epicures — what is their idea of a feast.

Are you interested in old and rare Manx coins? If so, you had better get in touch with Mr. Fred Brew, 7204 Spangler Court, Cleveland, Ohio. His collection was exhibited at the Cleveland Convention last August.

It is rumored that the versatile impersonator of Mahatma Ghandi at the London Convention will put on an encore at the Winnipeg Convention. Bring a bigger "pinny" Bill!

We'd like to have a cooish with you. If you have a yarn you'd like to spin with us, address "Phynoderee," care of the Corresponding Secretary.

The North American Manx Association

OFFICERS 1935-1936

Hon. President.....	Mrs. A. B. Crookall
	Douglas, Isle of Man
Hon. Vice President.....	Hon. Richard Cain
	Douglas, Isle of Man
Past President.....	Thomas C. Kelly
	Hinsdale, Illinois
President.....	William D. Moore
	Montreal, Canada
First Vice President.....	Richard Corkill
	Detroit, Michigan
Second Vice President.....	Mrs. Alva R. Corlett
	Cleveland, Ohio
Third Vice President.....	W. Harry Kelly
	Cleveland, Ohio
Corresponding Sec'y.....	Miss Claire Mylecraine
	10525 Baltic Road, Cleveland, O.
Financial Secretary.....	Miss Gertrude Cannell
	1492 Robinwood Avenue, Lakewood, O.
Treasurer.....	Fred Boyde
	5044 W. Superior Street, Chicago Illinois

OUR PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

I wonder if we Manx folk on this Northern Continent really appreciate the true value of our North American Manx Association.

What is the picture of our lot as Manx people today, as compared, say, to prior to 1927, when we had our first home-coming. Then—individuals or individual Manx Societies, floundering around in our local activities like icicles, as far as our connection with other Manx folk was concerned. Today—a chain of individuals or of Manx Societies, bound together through the medium of the North American Manx Association, with links of love and friendship and with longing to meet our fellow countryfolk at our Annual Conventions.

We Manx folk are extremely fortunate that we have our Association which enables us to keep in contact with one another and to feel as one large and happy family. If we derived nothing else from the North American Association but the privilege of attending our Annual Conventions, so efficiently organized, I consider that we would be well rewarded for our membership, but there is something, in my estimation, much more important to us, one and all, than Conventions, or even Bulletins, which are always so interesting, and that is the fact that by membership in the North American Manx Association, we show our desire to extend the hand of Manx friendship to our fellow countrymen scattered throughout the Northern continent of America, and also the desire, through our Association, to keep alive by comradeship, love and contact, these memories of our earlier days spent in that dear little Island, which we all love so much.

From the bottom of my heart, not only as your President, but as a Manxman speaking to my fellow countryfolk, I appeal to you to join the North American Manx Association and thus enable us to carry on the most wonderful work which is now being accomplished by our Association.

The North American Manx Association was founded for the mutual benefit and social welfare of the Manx people and their descendants resident on the Northern continent of America; to bring into closer unity the various Manx Societies of our Northern continent and, above all, to stimu-

ECHOES OF THE "BOUNTY" MUTINY

From a treasury of newspaper clippings collected by Mr. W. H. Collier, of 18906 Benwood avenue, Cleveland, he has contributed to the following interesting article from the Isle of Man "Examiner."

A letter was received on March 21, 1935, by Mr. W. Cubbon of the Manx Museum, Douglas, from Mr. Richard Edgar Christian, Chief Magistrate of Pitcairn Island, the lonely isle in the Southern Pacific where the "Bounty" mutineers, under Fletcher Christian, set up a colony in 1789.

Mr. Christian is one of the three governors of the island, the custom being for the inhabitants to elect from among themselves, a Chief Magistrate and two councillors, who act as governors and are responsible to the Governor of Fiji in his capacity as High Commissioner of the Western Pacific. The island is only two miles long and between 1½ and 1¾ miles broad; its highest peak is 1,008 feet and the population is about 200. The only landing place is Bounty Bay, wide enough to enable one rowing boat to go out at a time.

Between this small island and the Isle of Man there is the well-known affinity which sprang from the episode of the "Bounty," one of the most romantic stories in British naval history.

In December, 1789, when the "Bounty" sailed from Spithead, she was commanded by Lieutenant William Bligh, who was married to a Manx girl, the ceremony having been one of the first solemnized in the old St. George's Chapel, Douglas. Sailing with Bligh there was Fletcher Christian and a number of Manxmen, including Midshipman Peter Heywood, son of Deemster Heywood. Ten months' sailing brought the ship to Otaheite in the Southern Pacific, and after six months there, the homeward voyage commenced. Earlier happiness among the crew had by this time given way to much discontent, and matters came to a head when Bligh spoke some insulting

words to Christian, who was a man of violent temper. Before sunrise on April 28, 1789, he, accompanied by three other men, entered Bligh's cabin, bound him and carried him helpless to the upper deck where he and eighteen other officers and men were forced into one of the ship's boats, given a meagre supply of provisions and cast adrift, while the "Bounty" returned to Otaheite.

After drifting for over 3,000 miles and enduring great privations and hardships, Bligh and his companions, all of whom survived the journey, reached civilization in Kupang (Dutch East Indies) and when they returned to England in March 1790, the mutiny was reported to the Admiralty. H. M. S. "Pandora" was sent in search of the "Bounty," and after a long trail through the Pacific Ocean, several of the mutineers, including young Heywood, were captured, while others escaped to Pitcairn with six men and nine women.

At the court martial which followed the arrest of the mutineers, Heywood was sentenced to life imprisonment, but as a result of the earnest entreaties of his sister, Netty who went from Douglas to London to plead for her brother, he was pardoned and readmitted to the Navy. (The Heywood house in Lower Douglas was demolished about a year ago.)

Nothing further appears to have been heard of Fletcher Christian until 1814, when it was found that he and some Tahitian men and women had taken possession of Pitcairn. The "Bounty" had been burned and scuttled near the coast of the island, and it is little more than a year ago since the rudder of the vessel was discovered by the descendants of the mutineers—now a peaceable community who have been living under the protection of the British flag since 1835. Various other relics of the "Bounty" have been recovered from time to time, and in the Manx Museum there are a number of interesting exhibits from the island.

MANX PROVERBS

Cha vel eshyn laccal gerjagh ta goaill soyley jeh aigney booiagh.
"He wants not happiness who enjoys a contented mind."

Ta chengey ny host ny share na olk y ghra.
"A silent tongue is better than evil speaking."

Dy chooilley ghoo illey er e hon hene, as Jee son ooilley.
"Every man for himself, and God for all."

Cha nee eshyn ta red beg echey ta boght, agh eshyn ta gearree moorane.
"It is not he that has a little who is poor, but he who desires much."

Keeayl chionnit yn cheenyl share, Mannagh vel ee Kionnit ro gheyr.
"Bought wit is the best wit if it be not bought too dear."

Ta cree dooie ny share na kione croutagh.
"A kind heart is better than a crafty head."

Easht lesh dagh cleaysh, eisht jean briwnys.
"Listen with each ear, then do judgment."

Ta ynsagh coamrey stoamey yn dooinney berchagh, as t'eh berchys yn dooinney boght.

"Learning is fine clothing of the rich man, and it is riches of the poor man."

late and revive the love for Eilan Vannin. It behoves us, one and all, as Manx folk, to consider it an honour to

be classified as a member of this Association.

W. D. MOORE, President.

THE FOUR TOWNS OF MANXLAND
As Seen By a Visitor in 1798

In the summer of the year 1798 a gentleman by the name of John Feltham of Salisbury, England, made a visit, or as he called it, a "tour" through the Isle of Man. His account of this trip, although rich in current statistics, such as census figures, prices of live stock, commodities, etc. also contains much interesting descriptive matter, is interspersed with appropriate verse and many philosophic and moral reflections,—all contributing towards a narrative sketch of quaint and old-fashioned charm.

Out of the wealth of information given, we have selected some very brief passages from Mr. Feltham's descriptions of our four principal Island towns. Let us commence, however, by touching on the method of transportation in those days.

The trip from Liverpool to Douglas, now performed by our "Baby Cunarders" in less than four hours, then took "two tides, or twenty-four hours." The DUKE OF ATHOL—handsome sloop-rigged vessel, commanded by Captain Brew, afforded the best accommodation.

Here are Mr. Feltham's impressions of Ramsey, the northern town of which so many of us are justly proud:

"Ramsey is a small neat town containing about 300 houses. It has a spacious bay with good anchorage, but the sand has injured its harbour. . . . It is protected from foreign enemies by a fort and several pieces of cannon. The old fort was built about 1648. . . . Ramsey has a snuff manufactory, a brewery, a ropery, a tanyard and a public lime kiln. . . . The butter is good but the cheese is bad."

Bride Church, which he describes later, "commands a full view of the noble extensive bay of Ramsey, and of the fine bold shore from that town and harbour to the promontory of Maughold."

"Peel," Mr. Feltham says "is a pleasant small town." It has two public breweries, a free grammar school, a mathematical school, an English charity school and a capital red herring house! . . . The ruins of the Castle are extensive and are separated from the town by a narrow channel, which you cross in a boat in a few minutes, but the way across the Isthmus or causeway, round by the mill, is long and disagreeable. . . . On the top of the Horse hill is a noble and sublime view."—(We agree with him—the magnificent sweep of shore and headland from Peel Bay to Jurby Point is hard to beat).

"Douglas," we learn, "contains about 900 houses and is a neat, pleasant town, the buildings lofty but the streets narrow and close. Douglas has snuff and tobacco factories and a linen manufactory. As instances of its progress in refinement—it has a circulating library, a theatre, several billiard tables, assemblies and races. . . . Douglas sands afford a fine ride

extending near two miles, terminated by romantic rocks, down which in the winter run two beautiful cascades; the sea water is peculiarly clear, and the shore adapted for bathing machines; the view of the bay is delightful;—the swelling sails solicit attention"

In these descriptive phrases, do we not see more than a shadow of coming events—more than a prophecy of the hundreds of thousands of August holiday seekers who were to invade Douglas many years after these lines were written?

And now to Castletown, capital of the Island in those days—"metropolis" Mr. Feltham called it)—"An airy pleasant town, smaller than Douglas but more spacious and regular. . . . In the centre is Castle Rushen, which overlooks the country for many miles. . . . The early Kings used to reside there in barbarous pomp." . . . Castletown evidently made a most favorable impression. "Its general clean appearance, its society, the military, the vicinity, the pleasant walks to Ronaldsway, Scarlet, the Stack, etc.—all conspire to render Castletown a very agreeable place."

What of the tiny villages nestling in the countryside? Rather pompously, but with evident appreciation, Mr. Feltham says: "They will be worthy the attention of a contemplative stranger; here he will perceive that happiness may reside clothed in a retired garb, and far distant from the refined luxuries of modern dissipation."

In these descriptions written nearly 150 years ago, we can recognize the outlines of our little Island towns—recall the landmarks and the atmosphere of our own associations of not so long ago.

Contributed by The Historical Committee of the N. A. M. A.

THE LADIES' AUXILIARY TO THE N. A. M. A.

The Ladies' Auxiliary is desirous of doing everything possible to ensure the success of our first Western convention in Winnipeg.

With this thought in mind, a card party, sponsored by the Cleveland Group, was held on February 22nd. This was a very enjoyable evening and a nice sum was turned over to our treasury.

We appeal to our Manx friends throughout the continent to hold similar parties—sending the proceeds of same to our treasurer, Miss Mary Hampton, 3277 Cedarbrook road, Cleveland Heights.

We are also sponsoring a prize distribution, comprising a hand-painted view of a scene in the Isle of Man, by Mr. Tom Corkan, of Winnipeg, and other prizes. You will greatly help our cause by purchasing these tickets.

Your membership in our Ladies' Auxiliary will be welcomed. Dues are only 25 cents a year, payable to

Miss Ada Christian, 2708 Berkshire road, Cleveland Heights.

With your support we will have another successful year.

MRS. JOHN R. CAIN, President.

News of the Manx Societies

SAN FRANCISCO

Mrs. Essie Quayle has again been elected Secretary of the San Francisco Manx Society. She reports that other 1936 officers are:

Mrs. Phoebe Lambert, President.
Mr. Fred Callow, Vice President.
Miss Evelyn Wood, Treasurer.

LOS ANGELES

Mr. Donald Bain and Mr. Edward Storey, both of whom have served the Society so faithfully and well for many years, retired from office when the annual election was held recently. The new officers are:

Mr. Robert Gregg, President.
Mrs. E. C. Killip, Vice President.
Mrs. Oscar Warde, Secretary.
Mr. Joseph Rodger, Treasurer.

BISBEE, ARIZ.

The Bisbee Manx Society reports the election of the following officers for 1936:

Mrs. J. E. Cain, President.
Mr. Cecil Corrin, Vice President.
Mr. Arnold Corrin, Secretary.
Mrs. James Kennaugh, Treasurer.
Mrs. Alfred Kelly, Mr. William Kelly, Accompanists.

DETROIT-WINDSOR

The Detroit-Windsor Manx Society elected the following officers for the year of 1936:

Mr. Edward Kenna, Hon. President.
Mr. Arthur Stephens, President.
Miss Evelyn Cornell, Treasurer.
Mr. Richard H. Corkill, V. Pres.
Mr. Richard A. Cook, Secretary.
They also report that new By-Laws are being formulated.

HAMILTON, ONT.

Mr. Edgar Kewley tells us he was recently elected as Secretary-Treasurer of the Hamilton Manx Society, and that the other officers are:

Mr. W. H. Cowin, Sr., President.
Mr. W. E. Kewley, Sr., 1st V. Pres.
Mr. S. Brown, 2nd V. Pres.
Mrs. Houslander, 3rd V. Pres.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Miss Edith A. Cubbon, formerly Secretary-Treasurer of the Seattle Manx Society, has recently been elected as its President. Other officers are:

Mr. Claude Clague, Vice President.
Mr. N. Earl Brown, Sec'y-Treas.

ALL SOCIETIES

We are constantly receiving from various Manx Societies requests for suggested programs which may be given after regular business meetings. If you have had a particularly successful or enjoyable entertainment recently, pass along to us an outline of it, so we may give other Manx Groups the benefit of your ideas. THANK YOU!

OBITUARIES

The following message of sympathy was extended to the Royal Family from The North American Manx Association at the time of the passing of Britain's beloved ruler King George V.:

His Majesty, King Edward VIII, Buckingham Palace, London: All Manxwomen and Manxmen residents in the Northern Continent of America hasten to express their deepest sympathy in the bereavement suffered by the death of King George V. He was beloved by all.

W. D. MOORE, President,
North American Manx
Association, Montreal

GOVERNMENT HOUSE OTTAWA

Sir: I have the honour to inform you that His Excellency the Governor General is commanded to express to the President and Members of the North American Manx Association the sincere thanks of The King for your kind message of sympathy in his irreparable loss.

C. H. REDFERN,
Secretary to the Governor General

J. E. Cowley, an old member of the Los Angeles Manx Society died recently of pneumonia.

Mrs. Margaret P. Moxon, the first President of the Ladies Auxiliary to the Mona's Relief Society of Cleveland, passed away on January 11th at her home in East Cleveland, Ohio. Her husband survived her only a month, having passed away in February.

Miss Emma Jick another well-known and highly respected Cleveland Manx lady also passed on in February.

Mr. Wilfred Corlett, Calgary, Alberta, passed on December 19th. His death was very sudden. He was the son of Mrs. Corlett and the late John James Corlett, of Ramsey, who was very well known in the North of the Island and the owner of Thalt-y-Wilt and Alt Hotel, Sulby Glen.

The funeral of the late Mr. F. K. Grindley, for many years Chief Clerk in the Alberta Attorney General's office, and latterly Assistant Superintendent of Neglected Children, took place on February 8th. Mr. Grindley was the brother-in-law of Mr. John Cubbon of Edmonton, Alberta, formerly of Douglas and Peel, Isle of Man.

We are also informed that Mr. W. L. Corlett, of Mellette, South Dakota, died in the Isle of Man during the latter part of February.

George Watterson, Los Angeles

The following interesting letter from Mr. T. Donald Bain, Past President of the Los Angeles Manx Society, has come to our attention, reporting the death last August of Mr. George Watterson, of Los Angeles.

"Mr. George Watterson was seventy-seven years of age and came to California from Peel, Isle of Man, more than fifty years ago, arriving in

Los Angeles when it was a very small city. No roads, such as we have today, but simply trails greeted his eyes. He travelled on horseback from Los Angeles over trails that took him to the state of Nevada, and finally he located in Inyo County, California. Most of his life since then has been spent there. Of late years, he has been in retirement, his son, Alfred, assisting in the management of his many business interests.

"An outstanding gentleman in the best sense of the word, George Watterson was a Manxman who never forgot the land of his birth. He loved his little homeland, as testified by his many visits there, the last being in 1934.

"He motored many times up and down the state of California, visiting old friends, particularly old Manx friends. One evening, while staying

at an hotel midway between Los Angeles and San Francisco, he was informed that there was an elderly Manx lady residing on a ranch forty miles away from the main highway. The next morning he started for this ranch on a mission that brought sunshine and happiness to a dear old lady. She had not seen a Manx person for twenty years. Such was the life of George Watterson. He was always seeking an opportunity to help others. Many a Manx family in distress in California has thanked God for George Watterson.

"California has lost a pioneer, Manxland a faithful son, and the memory of this great soul will abide with us as long as life lasts."

To the families and friends of these members, we extend our deepest sympathy.

KINDRED!

The following verses are a part of a poem written by Mr. Thomas Stephen of Merchantville, New Jersey. The fine sentiment expressed was inspired by a visit to the Manx grave at Highland Park Cemetery during the Convention in Cleveland last August. We regret that space does not permit printing the poem in its entirety:

Their bones lie mingling, mouldering in dust,
All with a common lot, a common trust.
Kindred in life, in death; kindred in aims to be;
Kindred in that Island Home beyond the sea.

Here they lie, calm, sepulchered under our feet.
Smiling nature all around, as if to greet
Kindred in happiness on the other shore;
Kindred souls mingling beyond forevermore.

DREAMING OF MANXLAND

The summer days have ended and the winter nights have come,
As I sit down by the fireside dreaming of my Island home,
And the days up in the mountain pulling, pulling up the ling,
Then a bart upon my shoulder to my mother I would bring.

To the cottage in the mountain facing down towards the school,
Oh, those days were very happy in the cot on South Barrule.
As I ran right through the gorse bush with my little naked feet,
In the currachs with my brothers, digging up our winter's peat.

And the embers on the chollagh sending out a cheery glow,
In the evenings Ma was baking griddle cakes as white as snow.
Oaten cakes with bacon gravy, solican and courie,
And the kettle over the chollagh singing gaily on the slowry.

Oh, my little Ellan Vannin, how I'm longing now for thee,
With thy haggards and thy meadows, and the big rocks by the sea.
Yes, the big rocks at the Niarbyl, where the flitters always grew,
And we took them to the old folks to make a flitter stew.

They said that they were medicine when there came a winter's mist,
And they boiled them over the chollagh for to cure their rheumatiz.
Not only were there flitters—there was winkles in the pool,
And we gathered them on Saturdays when we didn't go to school.

Oh, my little Ellan Vannin with the heather on thy hills,
The fern bush in the curragh and the primrose in thy gills.
The blackbirds in the orchard and the thrush down by the river,
And the stinking of the pole cat, till 'twould fairly make thee shiver.

The craik, craik, craik of the corn craik, till he fills your soul with hate,
As you're spreading out your hunting net upon the cornfield gate;
And standing there so quietly—to breathe you scarcely dare,
While waiting for the Mawaaghty, Mawaaghty, the big brown hare.

The bees upon the cushag, the tweet upon the dock, that's picking
Seeds a plenty to feed his little flock,
The flock that's in the hedge side, now very soon will fly,
But there's danger little tweeties—there's a big hawk in the sky.

And tonight I see in fancy those things of days of yore,
And again I am a youngster picking Duhish on the shore,
And to the places I have traveled, and wherever I did roam,
I never saw such beauty as in my little Islan' home.

(The above poem was written by Pherick T. Corrin, father of Arnold Corrin, Secretary of Bisbee Manx Society, Bisbee, Arizona.)

ELLAN VANNIN . . . The Isle of Faery

Being an account of the Isle of Man, Its Romantic History, Its Antiquities, and Its Singular Charm

By JOHN HENRY QUINE

Mr. J. H. Quine, of Rochester, N. Y. has kindly given us permission to publish his interesting history "Ellan Vannin - the Isle of Faery" in serial form. The first chapter appears herewith.

Bulletin Committee

CHAPTER ONE

Humors of the Atlantic Passage

I sailed from New York in July, 1933 on a liner bound for Liverpool. Browsing through the ship's library that same evening, I happened to tell the steward—a studious steward, by the way—that I was a Manxman. All the White Star and Cunard stewards on the Liverpool run are Liverpudlians, or at least natives of Lancashire, and it would be exceedingly difficult to find one of them who had not visited the Isle of Man at least once. My friend then asked me a question that he said had puzzled him for a long time. What was the meaning of the motto that surrounded the famous Three Legs of Man? Our arms are legs, by the way, to repeat a hoary joke. The motto is "Quocunque Jeceris Stabit," whichever way you throw it, it will stand. Two mornings later I was again reminded of my native land when I read on the breakfast menu, "Manx Kippers," and needless to say, I indulged heartily. It is said that when the late Aristide Briande visited London for the first time, he ordered beer and kippers, under the impression that that was the typical British breakfast. If he had ordered tea and kippers, with toast and marmalade, he would have been nearer right. The Manx kipper (which, for the uninitiated, is simply smoked fresh herring), is one of the world's great delicacies, and is far superior to the Scotch variety, and also to the Yarmouth bloater. But in order to savour it with the utmost zest, it is necessary to partake of it in its native lair.

A genial young collegian on board, a recent graduate of the Harvard Law School, was making his first trip abroad. "So you're from the Isle of Man," he said: "I never met anyone from there before." After a pause, and a keen scrutiny, "Why, you look just like anyone else!" "What did you expect me to look like?" I rejoined. "A Red Indian?" "Yes," he admitted, rather shame-facedly, "I think I did."

On the boat I had the pleasure of meeting four charming young ladies from New England, who, for convenience sake, I shall designate as Bostonians, and they intended, I believe, making a tour of Southern France. They were highly cultivated, and well sustained Boston's proud reputation as the Athens of America. I decided, after a short acquaintance, that they must have spent, not fifteen, but fifty minutes a day absorbing, through every pore, the contents of Dr. Eliot's famous five-foot shelf of books. To paraphrase slightly the well-known lines of Goldsmith—

And still I gazed, and still the wonder grew,

That four small heads could carry all they knew.

I found, among other things, that they were addicted to the literary society of George Borrow, who is not so well known on this side of the Atlantic as he deserves to be, and so I dubbed them the Bostonian Borrowians. It has been my experience that a mutual fondness for Borrow acts with fellow-travelers as a sort of open sesame, or literary freemasonry. Incidentally, the author of "Laven-gro," who was a distinguished linguist, spent a considerable time in the Isle of Man in order to study the Manx language. The young ladies in question were also enthusiastic collectors of limericks, and deplored the well-known fact that the best limericks are unprintable. In a spirit of chivalry, I gave them a concoction of my own, perfectly innocuous, to add to their collection:

There was an old maid of Japan
Who sighed, and who cried, for a man:
Said she, "What a bore,
I'd have lovers galore,
If I lived in the Island of Man."

When I had declaimed this incomparable doggerel to the four fair Borrowians in a sing-song voice, they looked at each other "with a wild surmise," and decided, then and there, to save up their money, and include the delectable land of Ellan Vannin in their next itinerary.

Then I recited my lines on Snaefell, Manx-land's highest peak:

Snaefell, lord of Mona's hills,
At thy feet a kingdom lies,
Source of many murm'ring rills,
Souring proudly to the skies,
From thy summit, bold and free,
Gaze we spellbound, and perceive
All the bounds of Irish Sea,
All the white-capped billows' heave.

and they came to the unanimous conclusion that to view the sunrise from the top of that glorious mountain would be the height of all earthly bliss.

The intellectual damsels politely requested further specimens of my poetry, and I complied with a carefully edited selection from my "Bathroom Ballads" which, alas, are not so well-known to the world at large as their intrinsic merits entitle them to be:

We rise up in the morning
Our neighbors to pursue,
And with the day's first dawning,
Do gargle Highland Dew.
The early worm is trying
To flog the goofy bird,
The jabberwock is crying
Because he's shrunk one-third.

If this is sung *con amore*, fifteen minutes before breakfast, the effect is surprising, and results in a fresh access of vim, vigor, and vitality. "More! More!" clamored the fair Bostonians in ecstasy. I explained that the remainder was highly Rabelaisian, and that I should feel morally reprehensible were I to sully their lily-white Puritan minds with my ribald rhymes. They pretended, however, that they were hard-boiled, and teased so prettily, that I somewhat reluctantly, rewarded them with another spasm:

The turtles of Tobago
Do evermore get tight;
They feast on rum and sago,
Expectorate all night,
And Boston beans are bonnie,
Or so the Yankees say,
But I gave mine to Connie,
My pup, who died today.

But at this point the young ladies, with tears in their eyes, implored me to desist; it was too harrowing, they said. Next, they confessed that they had often tried to write poetry, but had never succeeded in getting beyond the first line. And so they wished to know if I found it easy, and made careful enquiries about my diet, habits, etc. I replied that writing poetry was the easiest thing in the world, and that I relied for my inspiration on a well-known American breakfast food, which is believed to nourish the brain cells. After painfully masticating a heaping bowlful of this remarkable substance, with plenty of rich cream (according to directions,) I felt a glow of virtuous pride, and knew that I was a nobler and a better man.

One of them asked me if I was descended from Brian Boru, under the impression, I suppose, shared by a good many Americans, that most people of Celtic blood claim descent from that doughty hero:

"Brian Boru, Boru, Boru,
Brian Boru, Boru!
Though he stirred up a thoroughly Irish stew
Was no scholar at all, aroo!
In various ways he spelt his name,
So nobody spells it twice the same,
But he died in glory, and lives in fame
As Brian Boru, Boru!"

I told them that I could not claim the honor, but that, according to the genealogies, the Manx Quines (pronounced with a long i), and the Irish Quins and Quinns, were descended from Conn Ced-cathach (Conn the fighter of a hundred or the Hundred-fighter),

who was king of all Ireland from A. D. 123 to 158.

I quoted the lovely lines of T. W. Rolleston, "The Dead at Clannacnois:"

In a quiet water'd land, a land of roses,
Stands Saint Kieran's city fair;
And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations
Slumber there.
There beneath the dewy hillside sleep the nobles

Of the clan of Conn,
Each below his stone with name in branching Ogham
And the sacred knot thereon,
Many and many a son of Conn the Hundred-fighter

In the red earth lies at rest;
Many a blue eye of Clan Colman the turf covers,
Many a swan-white breast.

I told them, however, that I had recently received some unwelcome news to the effect that an alleged friend of mine was determined, very callously, to deprive me of my most precious social asset. It seemed that Mr. J. J. Kneen, the well-known philologist, author of the "Manx Grammar," (recently published by Oxford University Press), was then working on a book to be entitled "Manx Surnames." According to Kneen, the patronymic Quine is derived, not from the immortal Conn the Hundred-fighter, but from a famous Viking chief, Swegn Asleifson, of Gareksey in the Orkneys, who afterwards settled in the Isle of Man. His descendants were called MacSwegn, and this was gradually corrupted into Quine. Swegn's exploits are sung in the Orkneyinga Saga, and I ought to add that Kneen's contention is supported by Prof. Carl J. Marstrand, of the University of Oslo.

I remarked to the young ladies, very innocently, that no doubt they were familiar with the Orkneyinga Saga. No, they had never heard of it. "What," I exclaimed, in feigned, or pained (I have forgotten which), astonishment, "I supposed that every true-born Bostonian read that immortal work at least once a year!" In modern parlance I was one up; but, to phrase it in more fitting language, in this way was my cultural supremacy over the fair denizens of the Back Bay irrefutably established.

One day a group of passengers got into a discussion about the famous song "Tipperary," which had such a tremendous vogue in all the Allied countries during the World War, and in the neutral countries too. An Irish engineer who had been stationed 2000 miles up the Amazon said that Tipperary was the only song the Indians in that vicinity knew, while a young Franciscan friar affirmed that it was the favorite among the students at the University of Louvain, in Belgium. The origin of the song is extremely interesting. It was written and composed in one evening, at a small town in Lancashire, by Jack Judge, an itinerant English music-hall singer, in January 1912, if my memory serves me correctly. It created no sensation at the time, and apparently was destined to die an untimely death. Eighteen months later it was sung by Miss Florrie Forde, a popular vocalist, on July 21, 1913, at the Palace, a huge dancing pavillion at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, said to be the largest in Britain, if not in Europe. Then and there Tipperary made its first great hit, and it is still going strong. A year later, the World War broke out, and the British military bands took it up, it being a perfect quick-step. The publishers made a fortune out of it, but I understand that Jack Judge is today suffering from poverty. While in Douglas, I met Mr. Harry Wood, Britain's oldest living musical director, who has been in charge of the orchestras at the Palace, and at Derby Castle, another large dancing hall there, for over forty years. We discussed Tipperary, and he said that when the music was sent to him, he divined a great popular hit, and requested Miss Florrie Forde to sing it. She refused, another case of temperament. It seems that popular vocal artists have their own repertoires, and they almost invariably refuse to make any changes. They know by experience just what songs they can put across. However, Mr. Wood insisted, and the rest is history. Incidentally, Miss Forde was singing in Douglas while I was there, and at the end of her engagement

she signed a contract for the season of 1934.

On the return voyage, in conversation with the pianist of the ship's orchestra, he told me that he had often accompanied Jack Judge when singing, and that Judge got his inspiration from an old Irish son "Eileen Alanna."

As fellow-passengers there were some Virginian ladies, of great social charm, descendants of old Colonial families. It was extraordinarily interesting to study the marked contrast between the Southern mentality, as typified by these natives of the Old Dominion, first of the colonies to be settled, and the New England mentality, represented by the jeunesse filles of Boston. One would almost suspect that they belonged to different races, and yet they were all of Anglo-Saxon stock. The ladies from Virginia assured me that they loved and respected England, and were very proud of their English descent. Furthermore they told me, and this I believe to be true of all the genuine old Virginian families, that they were not particularly proud of George Washington, although he was a native-born Virginian, and looked on him as being somewhat of an upstart. This was amusing, in view of the superstitious reverence with which he is regarded in other sections of the United States. One thing is certain, Washington was sadly deficient in education, and his treatment of the Loyalists was beneath contempt.

Shakespeare had still nine years to live when, in 1607, Virginia was founded, and in *The Tempest* he refers to the "still-vexed Bermoothes" (Bermudas). These islands were originally part of the premier colony. The Virginia House of Burgesses (of which the present State Legislature is the lineal descendant) is the oldest representative political institution on the American continent, and was organized in 1619, one year before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock. And this reminds me of a time-worn joke, which yet may be new to some of my readers, respecting those self-same Fathers: "First they fell upon their knees, and then they fell upon the aborigines."

Six men were seated around a table in the ship's bar, imbibing the glorious amber brew of Burton-on-Trent, smoking and talking. There were three Irishmen, two of them priests, one Englishman, a Scotsman and a Manxman. The Englishman perpetrated the hoary boast about the sun never setting on the British Empire, and one of the sons of Erin carefully explained that that was because God Almighty was afraid to trust the British in the dark. The Sassenach subsided into sulky silence. Someone told a story about a Hollywood film actress who, before her ascent into stardom, had been a cashier in a Chicago restaurant. Consequently, her accent was not exactly reminiscent of Oxford or Mayfair. She determined to spend a few months in London, in order to acquire an irreplicable British diction. Being fairly intelligent, she made rapid headway, and soon learned that Marjoribanks was pronounced Marshbanks, Cholmondeley, Chumley, Beauchamp Beecham, and Colquhoun Cahoon. Then one day, without warning, the blow fell. Picking up a newspaper, she read the stinging headline, "Casualty Pronounced Success!" That was too much; she packed her trunk, and sailed on the next boat for God's Country.

Then we fell into a discussion about the world-famous "Irish Bull," a quaint quadruped that is rather difficult to define. According to the Oxford Dictionary, it means an expression containing a contradiction in terms, or implying ludicrous inconsistency. The word "bull" in this sense came into use about 1630, though its connection with the Emerald Isle is more recent. I told one of my favorite stories, concerning an American gentleman who had never been able to get a satisfactory definition of the above term. Be-

ing in Ireland on one occasion, and taking a stroll in the country, he met an intelligent looking farmer. Now, or never, he thought. "Pat," said he, "what is an Irish bull?" "Weil, sor," replied Pat, shifting his quid, "if you was to see three cows lyin' down in a pasture, and wan of them was standin' up, begorra, that wan would be an Irish bull!"

Story-tellers ask no other reward than the spontaneous and undiluted laughter of their auditors. If not cackinnation is forthcoming, either the joke is antediluvian, or the audience is deficient in a sense of humor. On this occasion I was more than rewarded. One of the priests, a strong and burly man, laughed so immoderately and so hysterically that I felt serious alarm for his safety.

The amber brew having by this time disappeared down our thirsty gullets, Ganymede, in the form of an obsequious steward, quickly brought a fresh supply, in order that the flow of hilarity might be suitably sustained; we poured a libation to the memory of those godlike benefactors of the human race, the anonymous authors of humorous and witty stories, and side-splitting limericks, who had unselfishly added to the gaiety of nations, and thereby laid the world under a debt which can never be repaid.

I remarked that I had often been amused by accounts of Irish wit in books and newspapers, but I suspected their authenticity; in other words I assumed that a good many of them were synthetic. However, I told a story of genuine spontaneous Irish wit that had actually come within my experience. We were lying in Queenstown Harbor (now Cobh), on one occasion, and four Irishwomen came aboard to sell souvenirs, principally box-oak walking sticks and pipes. Three of them were ancient wrinkled dames, but the fourth was a typical buxom cherry-cheeked colleen, and, man-like, the male passengers concentrated their attention on her. "Will you take American money, Bridget?" a facetious Yankee asked. "Sure, Oill take any kind of money," she responded. "Will you take matrimonial money, Bridget?" An Apollo-like individual enquired. Quick as a flash the reply came back, "Sure, sor, from a good-looking man like you!"

By this time the Scott was chafing under the collar, feeling, no doubt, that it was incumbent on him to uphold the honor of Caledonia as a fountain of humor. So he was permitted to tell a story about three men drinking whiskey at a bar, an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotsman. Sounds familiar, doesn't it? Simultaneously, three flies fell, one into each glass. The Englishman daintily removed the offending insect with a spoon, the Irishman flipped out the intruder with his forefinger, while the Scot wrung his fly out! This was told with an inimitable Aberdonian flavor, redolent of heather and haggis, and impossible to reproduce in print. "Mr. MacDougal" (that wasn't his name), I enquired politely, "may I ask where you acquired that delicious accent?" "I acquired it in Aber-deen, the city of my bair-rith," he proudly answered. One of the priests innocently asked him if it were true that a Scotsman, accompanied by four kids, had once walked into a restaurant and demanded a cup of tea, and four saucers! The Aberdonian complacently affirmed that not only was it a fact, but that he knew of incidents worse, or rather better, than that!

At this point I told my friends that a kindly Scotch lady on board had given me an infallible remedy for seasickness—for Scotch people. Simply hold a sixpenny piece firmly between the front teeth; that is all. I had not had occasion to try it, being a good sailor; furthermore, I was Manx, and not Scotch.

We were interrupted by sweet strains of bacolic music, and, in the farther corner of

the room, beheld a curious spectacle. A stocky broad-shouldered Yorkshireman was on his feet, rendering "The Farmer's Boy" in the accepted style of the North Riding. He had comic side-whiskers, bristly upstanding hair, little pigs' eyes, a heavy jaw, and the slightly bewildered look of a fatulent bulldog. Just as Jess Oakroyd in "The Good Companions" is the type of the kindly Yorkshireman, so this man was the aggressive, pushful type. His linen was soiled, and it was apparent that he washed only on alternate Saturdays. Here was a genuine survival of the 1860's, and we conjured up visions of wax-flowers, pressed leather, anti-macassars and framed mottoes like "God Bless Our Home." In response to a thundering encore, he next favored us with "Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" in a grotesque tremolo. Could the Wandering Boy have only heard that heart-breaking appeal, I am sure that he would have returned instanter. Not Caruso at the height of his fame, nor John MacCormack in these days, were ever rewarded with more vociferous applause. The floor shook under the impact of stamping feet, glasses jingled, pewter flagons were thumped on tables, passengers laughed, whistled, and blew their noses. Overcome by emotion, this droll specimen from the North Riding subsided into his seat, and we were free to resume our intellectual discourse.

Someone brought up the subject of Cockney humor, and it was pointed out that the Cockneys not only drop their aitches, but they frequently tack them on when not called for. This was illustrated by a story about a young Englishman who was appointed to an administrative post in the Far East. It seems that at these posts there is a functionary called the Executive Engineer, invariably known by the initials E. E. One morning, shortly after the young man had taken up his duties, he was seated at his desk, when the Police Inspector appeared. This individual was notorious for the carelessness with which he handled the eighth letter of the alphabet. "Good morning," was his greeting. "His the He He hin?" "I beg your pardon," the bewildered young novice replied. "His the He He hin?" "I say, you know," stammered the unfortunate youth at the desk, "I've only been out here a fortnight, and I can't speak Chinese!"

We had had some good examples of English, Scotch and Irish humor, and I felt that the little Isle of Man should be represented in this glittering galaxy. So I told a Manx story, and it is necessary to do a little explaining. The railway carriages there are divided by cross compartments, each holding eight people, four on each side facing each other; there are no corridors. In the old days the partitions in the compartments did not always extend to the roof, so it was possible for people in one compartment to overhear the conversation in the adjoining one. A Mr. Gill, a lawyer, had just been appointed Deemster, or Chief Judge, and he was comparatively unknown at the time. A group of men in a railway carriage between Douglas and Peel was excitedly discussing this appointment on the day it was made public. The Gills and the Gells—they were really the same family—were a powerful political clan on the Island, and they managed to secure a good many of the plums. "How on earth," exclaimed an irate individual, "did a fellow like Gill get that job?" Unknown to them, Bishop Rowley Hill, the wittiest man on the Island, was sitting in the next compartment, keenly listening to the talk. Suddenly, the bishop popped his head over the partition. "I know," he whispered, "he was hauled in by the Gills!"

It is only fair to state that Deemster Gill proved to be one of the best officials the Island ever had.

(To be Continued in Next Issue)

This "Bulletin" is the voice of the North American Manx Association. Have you enjoyed reading it? If so - pass it along to a friend - Arouse his interest in the N. A. M. A. - Secure his membership fee and forward it to the Financial Secretary. § If you have an item that you believe would be of interest, please forward it to the Bulletin committee, care of the Corresponding Secretary. - We want this to be YOUR paper.

PUBLISHED BY THE BULLETIN COMMITTEE of THE NORTH AMERICAN MANX ASSOCIATION

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