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(O’Keeffe’s)
IRELAND ON ITS FEET AGAIN.

Ireland is learning to walk again. Best proof of that is the record number, almost 80,000, who came to see the Gaelic football final at Dublin. A couple of thousand, at least, of these, covered a walking section up to 10 or 20 miles in default of regular transport. We have escaped almost all the horrors of war. The compulsory return to shanks' mare is one of the accidental benefits of it. With easy, lazy transport, young Ireland was beginning to lose its energy.

MIDGES—BUT NOT IN IRELAND.

One hundred and fifty different kinds of midges are, according to the British Parliamentary Secretary for Scotland, a great deterrent to visitors, especially in the West Highlands where too many bites keep the tourists away. There have been many wisecracks uttered about insects in Ireland, but we have never had a grand total of 150 like this Scottish plague. The truth is that Ireland has fewer insect pests than almost any country in the world.

SLOW MOTION, BUT CROWDED TRAVEL.

At the I.T.A. Annual General Meeting in Dublin on Oct. 24th there will be an opportunity for reviewing another remarkable travel and catering season, for the 1944 record, in spite of the delays of rail and road, has been as surprising as those of all the war years. The stay-at-home holiday did not seriously diminish movement, and as many travellers as ever seem to have stowed themselves into the trains and buses. The popular centres were frequently booked out, and visitors who had not secured accommodation in advance had often to grow footsore in search of it on the spot.

THE FOYLE SHORE OF DONEGAL.

The famous fuchsia hedges of the West and South have more than a rival in the great growth along the road between Moville and Greencastle on the Foyle coast of Donegal, where the real blood red variety grows as high as 20 feet in places. Altogether the view of sea, hillside and plantations on that Foyle shore of Donegal is one of the loveliest nature-pictures in the North.

FOR CHRISTMAS POSTING.

On the back cover page of this issue, three of the variety of Christmas cards available from the I.T.A. are shown. Elsewhere, details will be found of various I.T.A. publications suitable for the Christmas post. A new four-colour Map of Dublin is also in course of preparation.
Curiosities around Ireland

HEDGE-"PRINTING."

A topiary artist "signs" his work at Terryglass, Co. Tipp.

PEPPER AND SALT.

Salterstown, Co. Louth, near Pepperstown.

"LAST OF THE TOLL-BRIDGES."

Driver and Collector at Fiddown, Co. Kilkenny.

STRANGE "HERD."

Currachs at Ballinagowl, Dingle.
The Famine Years

It was natural that we should look with anxiety to the moment in which the Government census would come into our hands. We were prepared for much, but we were not prepared to find that the decrease in the population, dating from 1846 (i.e., for five years), was nearly two million. Not that the entire two million have died. Nearly a quarter of a million annually fly in frail barks across the Atlantic, declaring by the desperate energy of their flight that Ireland is no longer a region fit for them to live in. Winter or summer it is all the same. I have been at Clew Bay in the dark days of January when the storm howled pitilessly from over the ocean. Many wrecks had just occurred. Yet there was the helpless flotilla. There, too, the crowds of emigrants. How vast their courage! How apocryphal their fate!

Downward they move, a melancholy hand. Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF A TOMB.

The effect of this depopulation is most visible. As to the people, a strange desolation marks the places of their departure. From Mullingar to Donegal, on the one hand, and from the same centre to Cork, on the other, including five of the counties of Connaught, there are fearful signs of depopulation. The wave of the Atlantic scarcely beats on a single barony or isle along the extreme west which does not evince that a great social calamity has passed over the people. Who now, in visiting the villages and hamlets of Mayo, Kerry, Galway or Clare, can say, as of old: “There is a welcome for the stranger in every house.” On the contrary, the traveller may knock at a hundred doors, and, for silence and desolation, it is like knocking at the door of a tomb.

Then as to the land. At this moment millions of arable acres lie waste, untenanted, untouched. There are lands in Munster and Connaught not unlike the prairies of the far west, and were they not fenced about with evils unnatural in themselves, and abhorrent to man, they might yet turn the tables on America and tempt the emigrant to return.

STRANGE SETTLERS TAKE OVER.

A summary of the census in Clare, Cork and Kerry exhibits some startling results. The progress of depopulation in these counties, during the last ten years, is without parallel in historical records. The great majority of the untenanted houses have been levelled to the ground. No fewer than 59,290 dwellings have been destroyed. These, with the numbers swept away elsewhere, form the melancholy total of 270,000 houses.

English and Scottish farmers and yeomen are already taking possession of large portions of the soil, turning it, almost at once, into great fruitfulness and beauty. Almost every week, from the sister kingdoms, there are considerable importations of men and cattle, through the several ports of Londonderry, Sligo and Galway.

—Connemara, etc., by Joseph Denham Smith (1853).

“To portray scenery by language is not possible.”

To portray scenery by language is not possible, often as the feat has been attempted in our time. The utmost one can do is to convey the impression of beauty, grandeur, or picturesque-ness; and one would but use familiar epithets and adjectives to but little purpose were one to attempt to depict in words what one saw on Long Island, at Muckross Abbey, at Torc Waterfall, in the Lower Lake, the Upper Lake, the Long Range, or what one gazed out on at Glena Cottage.

Equally futile would it be to try to describe the drive from Killarney to Glengarriff by Kenmare Bay. I can only say to everybody: “Do not die without taking it.” As for Glengarriff, I scarcely know how anyone who goes there ever leaves it. For my part, I have been there ever since. It is a haven of absolute beauty and perfect rest.

TEDIOUS HASTE.

But the Irish are so casual and inaccurate? Perhaps they are. I wanted a ticket to Ballycumber. The ticket-clerk asked me if Ballyhooley would do for me. Naturally, I said it would not; which evoked the exclamation: “Its Prospect you’re going to.” Which it was, only the ticket was stamped to Prospect and the station itself is inscribed Ballycumber. I remember that, at Westport, on asking why the train did not start, seeing that it was a quarter of an hour after the time named for its departure, I was told that “the engine’s gone cold”—doubtless during a warm conversation between the driver and some of his friends. . . . When going from Galway to Recess by the new light railway, I wanted at Oughterard to look at the river, but feared I should not be able to do so in the time allowed for our halt. “Sure, we’ll wait for you,” said a porter; and they did. In Ireland, people like waiting. What they do object to is being hurried. They dislike “tedious haste.”

—Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate, in Blackwood’s Magazine (1895).
In the Dublin Galleries

(TOP)
The Elder Tree, by Constable

(BOTTOM LEFT)
Portrait by Morini

(BOTTOM RIGHT)
St. Francis, by El Greco
HE was an angry, baffled man, this Captain Charles Boycott, agent of the Earl of Erne’s Mayo Estates on Lough Mask shore. For years he had ruled with an iron hand all that spread of wild and lovely country which sweeps northward along the lake shore from Cong. He had ruled ruthlessly, making full use of process and notice-to-quit, of eviction-squad and crowbar-brigade, cowing the tenantry into sullen obedience.

And now, in those early summer days of 1880, a strange spirit of revolt was abroad in the lakeside fields and farms of Lough Mask. The tenants had hearkened to Parnell’s advice, to his grim plan that the land-grabber and the land-tyrant should be punished by ostracism—”by isolating him from his kind,” thundered Parnell. The tenants of Lough Mask had taken that advice. That day the servants and workmen of Captain Boycott had left him in a body.

Anger had Boycott by the throat as he stood in the silent, deserted house, looking out over the shining lake to where, far and far away, the mountains ranged, Benlevi and Maamtrasna the giant partrys and Nephin’s towering self. Anger held him—and drove him to an angry vow.

”I have close on £300 worth of crops standing,” he swore, ”and, as God’s my Judge, I’ll save every sheaf and ear of it in spite of Parnell, Davitt, or the Devil himself.”

In the days that followed he was to find how hard it was to keep that promise. All through the long days of June the rooms and yards of Lough Mask House were heavy with idleness. No man would save the Captain’s crops, no one would drive his car, the smith would not shoe his horse, the laundress would not wash for him, the grocer would not supply him with goods, the very postman would not deliver his letters.

PICNIC HARVEST.

Stubbornly, Boycott struck back. By the month’s end, with the meadows standing over-ripe for the scythe, the Big House hummed with life again. Pretty girls from the great families of Galway and Roscommon and matrons from the gentry houses of the Midlands battled inexpertly with the work of housemaid and kitchen gardener. Hunting squires from the Blazer country, militia officers and sub-alterns of the garrisons in Birr and Athlone swag-gered through the meadows, making a picnic holiday of the hay-making. Captain Boycott’s friends had rallied to his aid.

But the valuable corn crop still stood, and the amateur hay-makers had neither the skill nor the will to harvest it. Once more Boycott’s friends supported him. In Dublin and in London some of the newspapers and politicians clamoured that the Government should send aid to him. A call for help went northward, and, tempted by lavish promises of wages, close on half a hundred workers volunteered for service in the harvest fields of Lough Mask.

“AMID THE ALIEN CORN.”

These volunteer workers, however, would not move south to Mayo until guarantees of adequate protection had been made to them. And when, eventually, they came, the country looked in amazement on what must have been the strangest harvest preparations in history—for the harvesters marched, fully armed, down the road to Lough Mask, guarded by a full regiment of soldiers and accompanied by a company of artillery with two field guns.

All through the mellow harvest weather that unique harvesting went forward, the volunteer workmen labouring in the alien corn behind a military
IN 1994 the American visitor, arriving for a weekend by air at the great national airport of Foynes, changes planes and proceeds, by one of the internal air-routes, to Dublin Airport at Collinstown. Here, he takes the new electric underground to the central city terminus at Amiens Street. On alighting from the torpedo-shaped coach, he sees similar trains purring in from the suburban garden-cities of Bray, Cabinteely, Whitechurch, Tallaght, Greater Drimmagh, Finglas, and Santry. On his way to his hotel in O'Connell Street, he passes them to and from their outlying homes. His view from here of the stately lines of Gandon's Customs House is unimpeached, for the old unsightly railway bridge has been removed. Higher up the river, where there was once a labyrinth of small streets, a nest of old shops and decrepit tenements, another skyscraper rears—Dublin's Clinic for the People, a giant hospital where free treatment is given. If our cross-Atlantic visitor walks in the opposite direction, towards the mouth of the Liffey, he will see ships of the Irish Navy, and the smart trading vessels of the Council; and also to keep, set and tend the clock newly erected in the Castle; to hold during pleasure with fee of 8d. a day for tending the buildings and 8d. a day for tending the clock: he is to have a lodging in the Castle." "1578: Grant to George Arglasse of the office of keeping, attending and cleaning the new buildings, houses, rooms and edifices erected within the Castle of Dublin for a convenient place for the abode of the Lord Deputy, his train and household and for the assembling of the Council; and also to keep, set and tend the clock newly erected in the Castle; to hold during pleasure with fee of 8d. a day for tending the buildings and 8d. a day for tending the clock: he is to have a lodging in the Castle." "1578: Grant to George Arglasse of the office of keeping, attending and cleaning the new buildings, houses, rooms and edifices erected within the Castle of Dublin for a convenient place for the abode of the Lord Deputy, his train and household and for the assembling of the Council; and also to keep, set and tend the clock newly erected in the Castle; to hold during pleasure with fee of 8d. a day for tending the buildings and 8d. a day for tending the clock: he is to have a lodging in the Castle."
Ireland is also Lake-Land

LOUGH DAN
Co. Wicklow

LOUGH GOWNA
Co. Longford
Plans and plans!

THERE ARE many ways of doing a job. Some of these will be good, some fair, and others, frankly, very bad. Among the good ones will be one or two which are very good and among these will be one plan which is best of all. In planning hotel furnishings and equipment, Arnott’s Hotel Service will help you find the best way of achieving the very best results at lowest cost. This service is well worth investigating — get in touch with Mr. Chambers, Arnott’s Hotel Organiser, now.

Illustrated is a view of the new Bar Lounge of the Oyster Tavern, Cork, fitted out by Arnott’s Hotel Service.

ARNOTTS
Hotel Service
ARNOTT'S • HENRY STREET • DUBLIN

AT LOUGH MASK A WORD WAS SPOKEN—Contd. from page 481.

cordon in battle array. From Dublin and Galway, under police escort, came every ounce of their food. Even their beer and tobacco were freighted in under Government protection — and at the Government’s expense.

At last the strange harvesting came to an end. Captain Boycott had fulfilled his promise: He had saved his crops. But the crops he had saved were valued at less than £350, and the estimated cost of harvesting them was more than £4,000.

AMERICA WAS THERE.

A hollow victory. So hollow that Captain Boycott fled from the country, and in Mayo the Land War against rack-renting gained new impetus. In the week of Boycott’s flight, Father John O’Malley, Parish Priest of Lough Mask district, addressed his parishioners at The Neale and bade them make good use of this new weapon against Landlordism.

“ We have a weapon against the rack-renter,” he told them. “ We can isolate him. We can ostracise him. We can...”

He paused, at a loss for a word which would be readily understood and easily remembered by his hearers. Behind him on the platform Redpath, the American journalist, who was reporting the Land War for the New York press, leaned forward and whispered a suggestion that was to give a new word to the English language:

“Boycott him!”

DUBLIN IN FIFTY YEARS TIME—Contd. from page 482.

Eire’s Merchant Marine that visit the four corners of the earth with Eire’s exports.

WONDERFUL KITCHENS

All the new garden-suburbs are served by the electric underground trains, and, besides modern dwelling-houses, many factories and blocks of offices have risen up in them, making the Dublin of 1994 less centrally located than it ever was before. The houses themselves might surprise those who lived half a century ago. In most of them there is the large “family” automobile, driven by a new compound cheaper than the petrol which it has almost completely ousted, and a couple of “baby” cars owned by individual members of the family. The majority of these dwellings have flat roofs, used to house helicopters or auto-giros. Their kitchens are an unending source of wonder to grandmothers, for the whole kitchen, including electric stoves, refrigerators, laundry, and dryers, is contained in a chromium press measuring a bare six feet. Much of the cooking in these homes is done by infra-red lamps, and every house has its own television set.

A dream of the future? Yes; but a possible reality of the year 1994.

—John J. Dunne.
How many can you identify?

1
2
3
4
5
6

Answers on page 494

TEST FOR THE TRAVELLER
(1). Selskar Abbey, Wexford
(2). Lighthouse, Hook Head.
(3). Vinegar Hill, Enniscorthy
(4). New Ross
(5). Enniscorthy
Co. WEXFORD

1. Wexford
2. The Slaney at Ferrycarrig
3. At Newtownbarry (Bunclody)
4. '98 Pike Man, Wexford.
5. Johnstown Castle
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KILKENNY
Round the Islands of Lough Melvin

THE little waves of Lough Melvin were slapping lightly "gliobadach-glabadach" against the sides of the narrow grey boat as Micheál oared her out of the reeds. A couple of tame geese that had escaped from the Market Yard in Ballyshannon, flying 4½ miles, had "gone native" and made the lake their home. Nearby were two swans carrying little grey cygnets on their backs. Micheál says it is very unlucky to kill a swan, which, contrary to the prevailing notion, does not live to be a centenarian. It is a brave old stager that ever sees twenty-five. A flotilla of water hens and baldcoots cruised and dived beside the sedges, whilst, like a stoic, a grey heron stood patiently watching for the chance of a giolla-ruadh trout.

We landed on a little island where the ivy-shawled ruins of Rossclogher found a trembling image in the topaz waters of the lake. The Annals refer to this islet in 1421: "Cathal O'Rourke and his sons made a nocturnal attack on MacClanchy on Innishkeen (beautiful island) and the guards of the lake delivered up the boats of the lake to them. They took young MacClanchy prisoner and possessed themselves of Lough Melvin (Loch Meilge) and its castle." The castle saw stirring history again after the wreck of the Spanish Armada ships on the coast. That amazing beau sabreur, Captain Cuellar, sheltered in it and defended it successfully in a snow-storm against Fitzwilliam.

GREEN MOUSE ISLAND.

Over to Innishtemple or Church Island we pulled the boat, fastening her by a chain to the stone jetty. Here there are also a ruined church and a roofless two-storeyed building of modern enough construction. The island, a little over half a mile in length and a quarter of a mile wide at its broadest, is alive with rabbits. Clover scented the air. Further on lay Innishkeen, also called Woody Island, looking like a green mouse so evenly rounded are the tree tops. Across a narrow strait is Rosskit Island, which is in Fermanagh. "Rossinver Braes" gleamed in the sun. The abbey of Rossinver dates from the 6th century. Its patron was St. Moedoc or St. Mogue. It is said to have been built by angels in one night, when all persons were cautioned against looking out of their houses. But a certain woman, overcome by curiosity, glanced out and the building was left unroofed.

The cattle and horses are made to swim out to the islands and it is sometimes a risky transit, especially in the case of the horses. "You'd die with laughing if you saw a goat swimming," said Micheál; "he keeps his beard always out of the water."

HERE ULSTER AND CONNACHT MEET.

A little after 4 o'clock, on that August day, we tied the boat up and wandered beneath the arch of trees to Kinlough, the head of the lake. We had cruised about for almost five hours and, by means of a prosaic bit of thread in an inch-to-the-mile Ordnance sheet, I reckon, taking it all in all, we had sailed about nine English miles on "Lough Melvin's waters blue." The mystery and fascination of the crystal-clear Irish air lent to the sky many a hue, pearly-grey, opalescent and silver, whilst the valleys and prominences of the Dartry Mountains changed swiftly at the caprice of cloud and sunlight. From Kinlough Bundoran is only about 3 miles away and, I think, any visitor who has ever fished on the lake or on the Drowes will return to enjoy the pastime. I have just paid my twenty-sixth annual visit to this district and experience has always matched the hidden dream. The names of Allingham, Yeats and Eva Gore-Booth are linked with the region where Ulster and Connacht come together, both provinces revealing their distinguished beauty in river, lake, mountain and the blue western sea.

SEAN CRAWFORD.
Up the Steep Street of Castletownshend

By ROSEMARY BURKE

ONE day, as the end of my holiday in the South was coming depressingly near, my hostess said: "You really must see Castletownshend before you go." The village, about seven miles east of Skibbereen, lies at the head of a long, fjord-like inlet. As we cycled down that afternoon, bound for Castletownshend, the sun danced on the clear green water. Up the steep, right bank the mass of trees, called Myross wood, tossed and shuddered in the light wind, pierced here by the darker and more rigid Scotch firs. On the left bank the road runs beside the water from Leap to the pleasant little village of Glandore, so snugly protected by trees and hills that in winter frost is rarely known there. But it is Castletownshend we are visiting to-day, not Glandore. So we crossed the bridge spanning the narrow waist of the estuary and turned right towards Union Hall, with its back to the sea.

THE STURDY FERRYMAN.

Presently we came to another inlet. We called at a cottage near the shore where the boys who kept the ferry boat lived. We found one at home who was willing to take us and the bicycles across at once. The sturdy sun-burned youth who came out to row us over nonchalantly balanced the bicycles across the stern, and we seated ourselves in the boat. Beyond the neck of water, perhaps half a mile wide, we could already see the village of Castletownshend climbing up the hill, screened by many trees. Just above the water's edge Townshend Castle itself faced us. The wind blew strongly up this estuary, whipping the sea into choppy waves, which pitched the boat about in such a fashion that the bicycles were swaying hazardously. I thought at any moment they would plunge into the sea. After a stiff pull against wind and tide we came into the lee of the little pier, where several yachts were anchored and edged up through calm, pellucid water to the slip.

LIKE AN ORSON WELLS' FILM.

Just round the corner, as we landed, the main street lay ahead of us. Up, up it went, on a steeper rise than any street I had ever seen. Just in the middle it levelled out slightly, and on this sort of landing, plumb in the centre of the street, were two big trees, their trunks surrounded by a low stone wall gripping them like a collar. Surely, I thought, the people here must live their lives at a curious angle, like characters in an Orson Wells' film. But they seemed quite unconcerned, strolling up and down their hill as if it were as level as O'Connell Street, Dublin. The square, flat-faced houses, flanking the street, seemed all much of a period, having that air of grace and dignity so characteristic of most 18th century architecture. Here and there between the houses a wooden door left ajar in the high walls gave a glimpse of beautifully tended and colourful gardens.

UP AND UP.

We pushed our bicycles up the incline, pausing for breath half-way, beside the trees. Here, on the right-hand side, stood a magnificent mansion, in a sad state of dereliction. In the afternoon sun, the cracked and missing panes of glass and weed-grown garden mocked the lovely craftsmanship of the fanlight, from which a shoot of valerian sprouted defiantly.

We pushed on again and went in for a drink and a rest to the pub at the top of the hill. We praised the village to the elderly woman who served our drinks. She laughed at us, good-naturedly but incredulously. "Ah, sure 'tis very quiet," she said. "Now, before the war, the other war, when the gentry were here, it was different—hunts and big parties." Shades of a dead past!

Behind us, on the wall, was a picture of Townshend Castle. "That came to me all the way from Africa," she told us, proudly; "they were putting pictures of famous castles on calendars, and it was one of them. So my son sent it to me."

MISS SOMERVILLE'S HOME.

At the top of the hill the road swung round to the right. There we passed the entrance to Drishane House, residence of Miss Edith Somerville, the venerable but lively collaborator with "Martin Ross" in so many entertaining novels. A little further along, where the hedges bordering the road were lower, we paused to gaze at the view which stretched away below us, turning round slowly so as to miss no facet of it. To the south lay the Atlantic. Away on the right we could just see the point of Toe Head; on the left we saw the white lighthouse on the Galley Head. Eastward, in a shallow scoop, lay the cultivated land of Carbery, the more vivid green of the flax fields contrasting with wheat, oats and pasture land. North and west, hills rose behind hills to become great blue mountains away towards the borders of Kerry.
ACTION!

Hound and Horse
Gates that open on the Past

(1) Outer and Inner Citadel Gates, Limerick
(2) St. Audoen's Gate, Dublin
(3) Clock Gate, Youghal
(4) Gates to Monastic City Glendalough
STORIES OF THE GATES

BATTLE CRIES IN SIX LANGUAGES IN LIMERICK

The inner and outer citadel gates, near which the great breach was made in the walls of Limerick in the first siege, are amongst the best preserved relics of Limerick’s most dramatic hours during the two sieges. It is strange now to remember that Dutch, French, Danish, English, Irish and free-booter regiments, as well as hosts of unarmed occasional combatants, were mixed up in the fighting around the gates and walls that time. A French commander who had led Irish soldiers in Savoy, to-day the first fortress of the French “maquis” was back for another command at Limerick. A Scotsman was Sarsfield’s most reliable fellow-officer in the conflict. Battle cries were shouted in half a dozen languages round the fighting town. It must have been Limerick’s most cosmopolitan as well as tragic-glorious hour. Seven or eight thousand of the Irish garrison who surrendered after the second siege were to look their last on walls, gates and everything in Limerick. These were the proud, adventurous and desolated band who sailed away for France. (For a brief but particularly interesting summary of the subject see The Sieges of Limerick, by J. M. Flood. S. J.).

DUBLIN’S “NORMANDY GATE”

The days when the banks of the Liffey, along from the modern O’Connell Bridge to the Kingsbridge, were green grass with the cattle cooling themselves in the sluggish summer stream, the Dominicans selected a site for a monastery and set it up on the left bank, where now the Four Courts stand. That first Dominican foundation did not last long and stones from the dismantled building were used in the making of parts of the “new” city walls and gateways, including St. Audoen’s Gate (1215). That Gate, since re-edified, is now the oldest part of the walls still to be seen and continues to be a thoroughfare for Dublin citizens. In a tower-room over the archway many of the Guilds, by which the city was then partly ruled, held their executive meetings and, later, a printing press was set up there from which the first number of the historic and variable Freeman’s Journal was issued. The name of the gate links up with Normandy, whose Saint Ouen (Audoen) is commemorated in the church of St. Audoen on the higher level above it. This church, founded by the Anglo-Normans soon after their arrival in Dublin, was their home-token of their town of Rouen, of which St. Ouen is the patron.

IMPRISONED IN HIS OWN TOWER

The old walled town of Youghal still preserves at many points relics of its long history. Second only to Derry in survivals of antiquity, its double quality of ancient foundation and bright modern resort gives it a particular charm. The Clock gate, built in the Palladian style in 1777, stands on the site of the former “Iron,” or Trinity, gate to the town. It was erected by the royalist governor, Sir Percy Smyth, but the Cromwellians having taken possession, Sir Percy himself was made prisoner and confined in his own tower. It continued as the town prison for more than fifty years, and was also the hangman’s post for some time. From its windows many persons suspected of patriotic services in 1798 were hanged and their bodies left on show for the overawing of the people. Among the prisoners was Father O’Neill, the parish priest of Ballymacoda, in the neighbourhood, who survived 275 lashes inflicted on him. For the last hundred years the place has been put to more peaceable purposes, including a practice room for the local band.

THE SAINTS PASSED THROUGH

At this double gateway, formerly enclosing a square capped by a tower, to St. Kevin’s 6th century city, at Glendalough, pilgrims, penitents, scholars and students from the distant countries of Europe knocked for entrance every day for almost 600 years. St. Laurence O’Toole often passed through during his schooling and novitiate before being ordained abbot at the remarkably early age of 25. His death in Normandy, whither he had gone in the cause of Ireland, established another of the enduring links between Normandy and Ireland. The gate as it originally stood has been compared to the famous gate built by the Romans at Lincoln during their occupation of Southern Britain.

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The following candidates have secured scholarships, enabling them to take courses at St. Mary's College of Domestic Science, Dublin, commencing on October 4th.

Miss Maura Callanan, 7 The Terrace, Barrack Street, Waterford; Miss Margaret Cox, Abbeytown, Boyle; Miss Nan Murphy, Petestown, Carlingford, Co. Louth; Miss P. Cushnan, Athlone, Co. Westmeath; Miss Margaret McCarthy, Camp, Castleisland, Co. Kerry; Miss Nora Seoighe, Cullain, An Ceathramadh Ruadh; Miss Mary Coogan, Sir Patrick Dun's Hospital, Dublin; Miss Kathleen Moore, Castleconnor, Mountrath.

In addition to the above list of successful candidates, the following were placed on a reserved list in case of any cancellation.

Miss A. Cawley, Streedagh, Grange, Co. Sligo; Miss K. Kennedy, Garnaflana, Toomevara, Nenagh; Miss M. Fitzgerald, Boherwillan, Cappagh, Co. Waterford.

FAMOUS BIRTHPLACES

(13)

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THIRTY YEARS OF CROKE PARK
Fine Players and Great Games

JONES' ROAD, which had witnessed the mighty feats of mustached sportsmen like "Tyler" Mackey of Ahane, Tom Semple of Thurles, Mike Maher of Tubberadora and giant Dan Hogan of Aghabullogue, became on 22nd December, 1913, at a cost of £3,641 8s. 5d., the property of the Gaelic Athletic Association Ltd.—henceforth to be known as Croke Park after that great patron of Gaelic games, Dr. Thomas Croke. Archbishop of Cashel and Emly, who, even at the advanced age of seventy, had the sprightliness of disposition to learn to ride a tricycle! The first All-Ireland senior hurling final played on the renamed pitch was on October 18th, 1914, between Clare and Leix, neither great hurling counties. Clare won their first All-Ireland title in twenty-five years. Kerry beat Wexford in the All-Ireland senior football replay on November 29th. A tournament was next organised, the proceeds of which went to the improvement of Croke Park.

Croke Park has seen tragedy too: On "Bloody Sunday," November 21st, 1920, while a challenge match between Dublin and Tipperary footballers (captained by Ned Shea) was in progress, lorryloads of auxiliaries and military appeared and fired on the crowd. They left twelve people dead and several severely wounded. The Hogan Stand, erected in 1922, stands as a memorial to that fine Tipperary footballer, Mick Hogan, a player killed that day.

TIPP. VERSUS KILKENNY.

The best athletes in Ireland have given displays on this pitch. The twenties will be remembered for the hurling field between Tipperary and Kilkenny. Old timers still talk about one of the greatest and most exciting tussles of all time which occurred on September 9th, 1922. Twenty-seven special trains brought people from all over the country to watch a galaxy of hurling stars, which included names such as Johnny Leahy, Martin Kennedy, and, for Kilkenny, Watty Dunphy, R. Grace and Matty Power. A last minute goal gave Kilkenny the victory.

In 1925 the pitch was re-sodded and other improvements carried out. The following year, fifty special trains brought crowds to witness one of the finest displays of Gaelic football of the century between Kildare and Kerry, when Kerry won by a goal. On Sunday, August 12th, 1926, in the Tailteann Games, Irish hurdlers played America. The visitors included many prominent exiles, such as the one-time Kilkenny star, Henry Meagher, and they were under the care of Mike Shortall, veteran Kilkenny hurler. After a stiff game, Ireland won 5-9 to 4-3. Another star of the twenties who charmed and thrilled Croke Park spectators was Sean Og Murphy, Rockies' full-back and Cork captain; while Tipp's Bob Mockler and Mick Darcy delighted many a hurling patron.

In 1930 Croke Park saw Tipperary make hurling history by winning All-Ireland senior, junior and minor honours. The senior team was captained by John Joe Callanan.

Regarded as the classic of hurling finals was that played at Croke Park between Cork and Kilkenny in 1937. The Noreside team included the Doyleys of Mooncoin: Eddie, Dick and Mike. Lowry Meagher's fine hurling for Kilkenny kept fans on their toes for the full hour and a half. Eudie Coghlan starred for Cork. Cork won.

KERRY LOSE TO GALWAY.

The 1938 football final saw Croke Park crowded as it had never been before. The Cusack Stand, a memorial to the pioneer of Gaelic football, had been erected the same year. It was certainly a far fling from the first football match—twenty-one aside!—between Callanan and Kilkenny played February 15th, 1885, under the roles drawn up by Cusack and his confères. 68,950 supporters from the West and South had come to watch Kerry and Galway battle for All-Ireland honours. It was a thrilling match of real traditional football—high fielding, long kicking and close scoring all the way. Stars for Galway were Dr. Jimmy McGauran, Dinny Sullivan, Tull Dunne and Brendan Nestor; for Kerry, Bill Kinnek, Bill Dillon and Danno Keefe. The game ended in a draw. Galway won the replay.

Great sporting personalities, besides those already mentioned, who showed prowess in Croke Park were: "Skinny" O'Meara of Toomavara, famous Tipperary goalkeeper; "Locky" Byrne, Waterford hurler. Modern heroes include the famous Mick Mackey, son of equally famous "Tyler"; Paddy Scanlon, Limerick goalkeeper; Jack Lynch and barber Batt Thornhill, Cork hurlers; Tipp's Bill O'Donnell and Tommy Doyle. In football, some of the outstanding exponents who have charmed Croke Park spectators are Joe Keohane (Kerry), Alf Murray and Jim McCullough (Armagh); Cavan's O'Reillys, Big Tom, John Joe and T.P.; "Wee Hughie" Gallagher (Donegal) and Roscommon's Phelim and Jimmy Murray, Donal Keenan and Big Bill Carlos. Their name is legion.

Among the list of those who have thrown in the ball at Finals are Michael Collins, Eamon de Valera, Archbishop Walsh of Tuam, Dr. Browne of Galway, Dr. Mageean of Belfast and Dr. Collier, Bishop of Ossory. In 1932, the year of the Eucharistic Congress, it was thrown in by the Bishop of Zanzibar, Most Rev. Dr. Heffernan.

Surely a grand record of names and games for the first thirty years!

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