

LIMERICK SOCIALIST

SEPTEMBER 1979

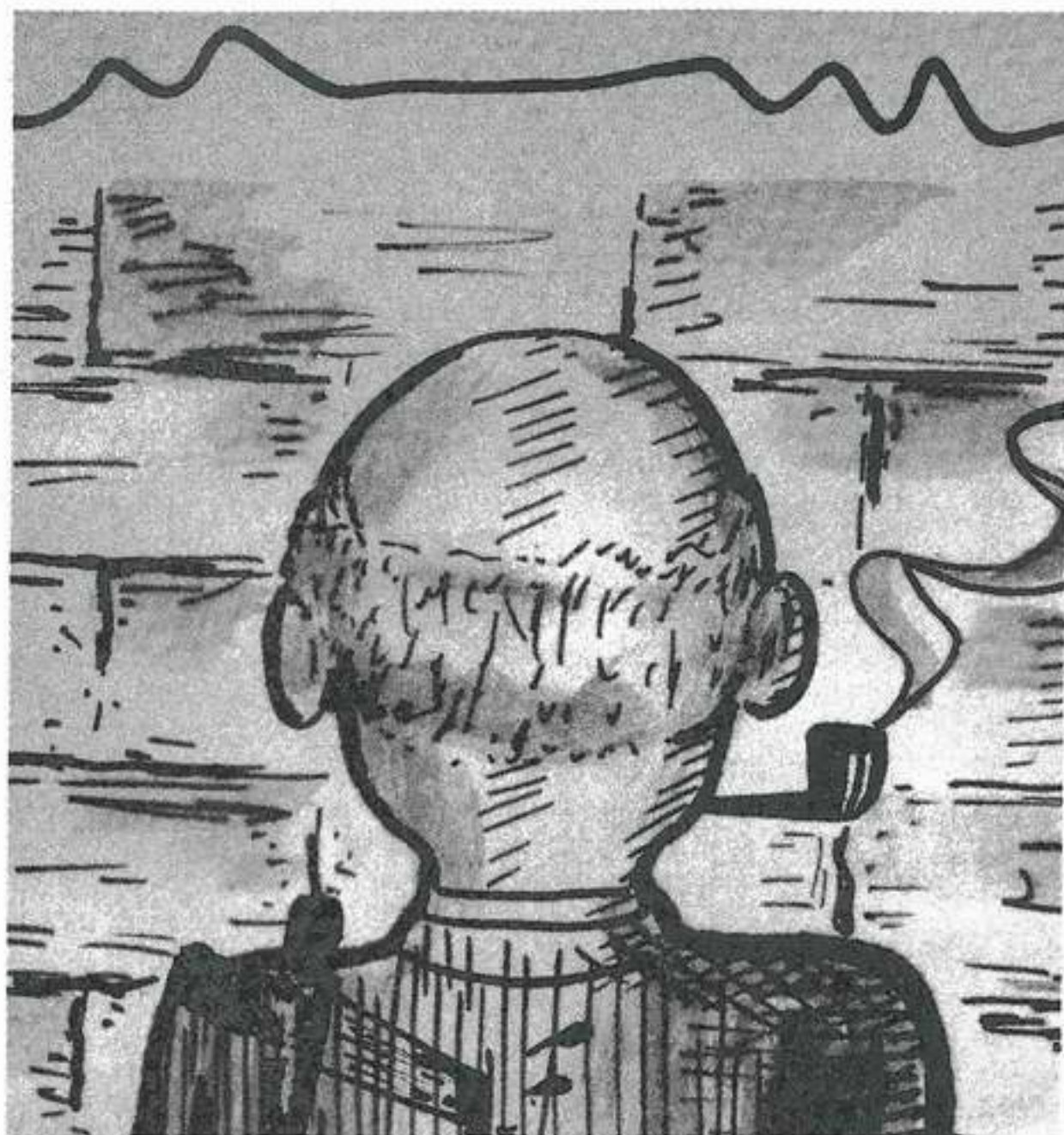
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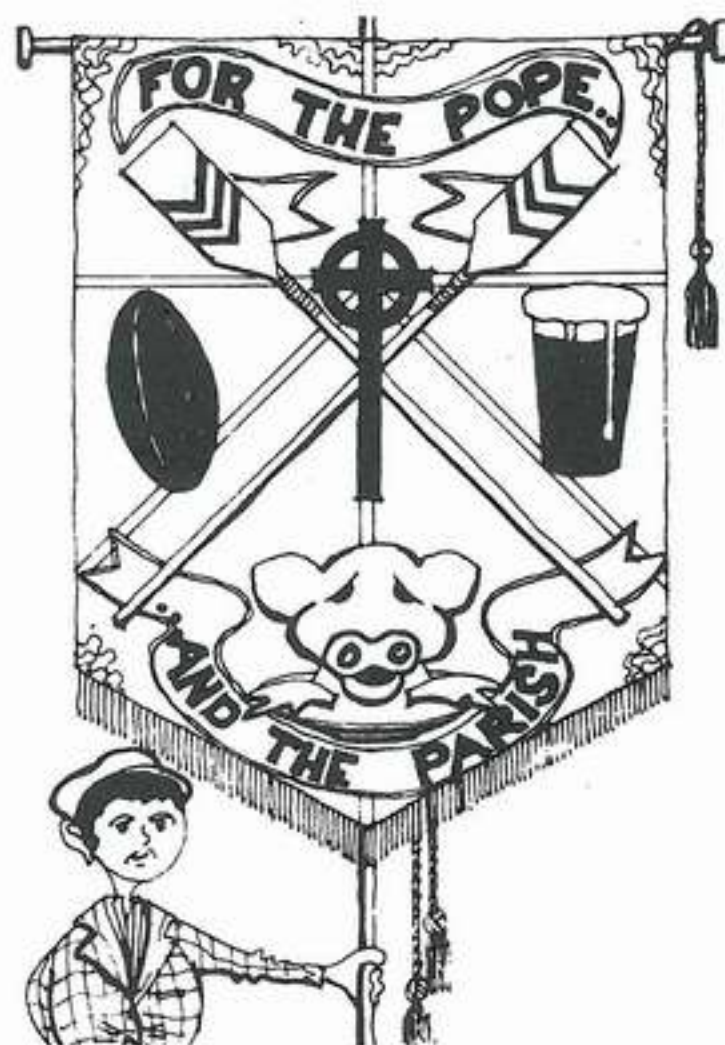
That which is good for the working class I esteem patriotic . . . James Connolly

**THE
VOICE
OF THE
WORKER**

DANGEROUS DE VALERA



THE PAPAL VISIT



SOME LIMERICK INDUSTRIES



tall chimneys and huge factories in various parts of Great Britain, testify to the wisdom of their geographical selection.

"The present is but the open door from a past to a future. Will our industrial population ever learn that prosperity depends not on the envied capitalist, but on the honesty of purpose of the employed, on his honesty of work in time and material, the faithfulness to his employers, which is faithfulness to his family, city and country".

Oh, what a diatribe! Oh, what a mouthful of nonsense!! What can only be described as the outpourings of a confused mentality and distorted mind; always the worker is to be blamed whenever a victim must be found for the inefficiency and ineptitude of others.

The workers of Lancashire which the writer mentions, more than once, were the little children, boys and girls of eleven and twelve years old, who, ill-nourished, ill-clad, and at times flogged, were made to "sweat it out for a lousy florin a week" (six days) in the factories and mills of Lancashire, Edinburgh, Manchester, Bolton, and other British cities, over a hundred years ago (to quote Dickens).

Before taking leave of Britain let us not forget the contribution of Irish workers to that country's economy. It is worth recalling the Mersey Tunnel, with its four traffic lanes and pedestrian footpath. Truly, a British wonder ... built by Irishmen. Also much of the re-building of East London, Coventry, Yarmouth, etc., after the ending of World War II was done on the sweat of Irishmen. And it was Irishmen and women, too, who manned the buses, trams, tilled the land, saved the crops and worked in the ammunition factories — sometimes at grave risk.

Not enough of attention has been given to take-overs. First, it was the flourishing Spillane's tobacco factory that closed for all time; next came Danus, clothing factory, the best in these islands. Soon followed the century-old Limerick Clothing Factory — one-time tailors to the governments of the U.S. Britain and Ireland, in military and police uniforms; while shipping companies, car rentals, coal and travel agencies went by the board overnight — the names of the new owners frequently not being disclosed.

One remembers, only too well Harrison Lee's foundry folding up, after a £60,000 contract for the Shannon Scheme, was cancelled and divided between Cork and Dublin firms.

During the war years, when turf was the burning topic, the proprietors of the Shannon Laundry when refused coal (then difficult to obtain) by the Department of Supplies, closed the concern with the loss of 49 female and two male jobs (A good excuse, well engineered!).

One could list a number of other thriving industries and business establishments and their owners — all of which disappeared into outer space, long before the Russians landed on the Moon!! But it would take too long...

However, at a future date, I propose, giving in these columns, all the businesses that Limerick once had and which are recorded in McKerns Directory, which I compiled for the firm in 1933.

Till then, a final, simple, old-fashioned tribute to the worker, in verse.

If life were a thing that money could buy,
The rich would live and the poor would die.
And when they are dead and in their graves,
With a hundred years to back it—
Who then can tell which were the bones that wore the
ragged jacket?

So, here's success to the workingman ...
May his wages never go down.
May his dear little wife be the joy of his life,
And never kick up a racket;
But do all she can to please her old man,
And patch up his old ragged jacket!

A modest wish!
(To be continued).

THE PAPAL VISIT



Popes do not come to Ireland every day of the week. It is a fact that — notwithstanding the importance Ireland likes to think it occupies in the Christian world — successive popes have not considered it worth their while to come here.

So, for many Irish people, what is rare is wonderful, especially when it comes to anything concerning the bishop of Rome. The visit to this country, therefore, of the present pope has a widespread novelty attraction.

As a people we still have a deep-rooted inferiority complex. We lap up praise, no matter how extravagant or false it may be, particularly when the praise comes from smooth, sweet-tongued foreigners.

Given this consideration, it is not surprising that the announcement of the pope's visit to Ireland has been the signal for an orgy of publicity and propaganda, actively orchestrated by the Bishops. Every gimmick and emotional ploy has been exploited, from giving the freedom of a number of cities to introducing a Kerry footballer to the visitor. The end objective of the campaign is to squeeze every last ounce of Church gain from the exercise.

What are the other reasons for the pope's visit? Despite the propaganda, it can hardly be because of his undying love of Ireland. Indeed, up to this year he has shown little interest in the country, its people or their problems. Had the pope not been granted permission to address the United Nations in New York, it is doubtful if he would ever have stopped off here.

It seems likely that the visit is being made at the request of the leaders of the Irish Catholic Church in an attempt to bolster up its declining strength here and to try to rally lukewarm and lapsed members. And almost every priest, journalist, broadcaster, television personality, politician and senior public official has been enlisted in the effort.

Little or no thought has been given, in the midst of the carefully planned excitement to gauge the effect the unrestrained triumphalist exhibition will have on the million Northern Ireland Protestants, whose worst fears about the sectarian Southern Irish state are being daily confirmed and reinforced by whole affair.

And, after the papal day out and the ten or more million pounds spent on the visit, will we be a further step nearer to solving even one of the many problems and conflicts that continue to trouble and torment the Irish people.

**GET THE
LIMERICK SOCIALIST
EVERY MONTH**

Up and down the Irishtown

PART SEVEN

Came the day when I got my first green-heart rod, and an order for a box of worms, blueskulls now mind, not redskulls. I knew where to get them in the dry stony soil, near old stone walls. I had less than a dozen in the cocoa tin when an eldritch screech shocked my eardrums.

"Be the Lord J.C. d'you want to knock th'oul cabin door around us.

I nearly dropped the spade at the sight of the thin twisted face glaring over the low yard wall.

"What the hell d'you think you're doing?"

'Digging up the foundations is it?"

"Oh, so t'is worms you want. Well dig outside yere own door for um".

The bloody ould b-! you'd love to sink the spade in her forehead but not now. And not her, the Terror of the Town Wall. She fought with everybody and for nothing. Mostly she fought with her husband Donkey Donnell, a railway porter, humped with consumption. She screeched at him when he came late to his dinner and screamed at him for going back to work late, and all the time he had was half an hour.

Mother stacked the ware in the pock-marked enamel basin and poured a kettle of boiling water. She sang above the rattle and clatter, delph flying through her hands, piling up on the white scrubbed table.

I smiled. I liked the queer old songs. "Oh the bugs and fleas ran up the wall/He ho, me linkum laddy. She said God damn and blast ye all, To the ricks cum toorle adory. She was untidy, she was untidy, She was not a bit tidy

For she swept the floor with the tail of her shift, And she left the dirt in the corner".

There was another one about the cow "that ran away with the bulls".

"Shamus O'Brien" and "When He Who Adores Thee" made you want to cry.

The ware was back in the dresser I was doing the crossword.

"Did you hear anything?" "Anything about what, Mother?" "They say Dinny Meade's brother is coming from America". Never mind. Why don't you go out and play". Boys were playing handball against Long's gable end, their boots thudding in the garden when the ball came back too hard and over the wall. One would think there was money on the game, all that shouting and arguing.

A little below Long's, Dolly Houghton sat on the big stone beside her wee house, All twelve wee houses had a big stone, some houses had two, one on either side of the door. A next door neighbour sat close to Dolly. Their daughters stood behind them going through their mother's hair with fine white combs, looking for boody min. Every now and then a girl would take a louse from the comb and put it on her mother's snuff box to be thumbnail cracked with a sharp hah of satisfaction.

I walked across the road. "Is Gerard there". He is love. Go on in, "her thumb pointing backward to the open door. Gerard was sitting near the fire in his stocking vamps. His father squatted on the floor, a last between his knees. He was putting crabbit heads on the soles of Gerard's boots. No one spoke. I went back to the porch.

Mamie opened her snuff box, took a pinch and handed the box to Dolly. She took a pinch and snuffed it up hard. "The Lord have mercy on the dead". "And on all the Poor Souls", replied Mamie. "Did you know Dinny Meade had a brother?"

"I lived here before the Meades' name was known in the

by John Bennis

Town Wall. I never even heard of a brother". Dolly was very sure. "Whats all the talk about so", complained her daughter". 'Tis around the whole place. He's supposed to be coming to-day".

"Wisha pay no attention, sure Limerick is the home of rumours".

Suddenly to everyone's upset Dolly was on her feet. "Look, look. Isn't that a motor car coming down the road?" Before more could be said the car pulled up and a voice enquired, "Where does Mister Meade live around here?"

"Back around the corner, sir. second house".

I was finishing my supper when the commotion started. I looked out the window wondering were the neighbours gone mad, rushing out of their houses, shouting to each other and pointing. Then I saw him standing on Long's yard wall and nothing on but his shirt. He had a piece of coloured glass in his hand. He put the glass close to his eye and peered up at the sky and then down at the road to left and right of him, all the time shouting and repeating a phrase. I couldn't catch the words, so I went out side to hear and see better.

The words didn't make sense: "You wouldn't see this on the White Star Line". The street was black with people all gawking up at the stranger climbing up Houghton's roof to the chimney, tearing off his shirt, waving it around his head and shouting, "You wouldn't see this on the White Star Line".

Women living in the redbrick houses ran in home and banged their doors. Window screens began to twitch.

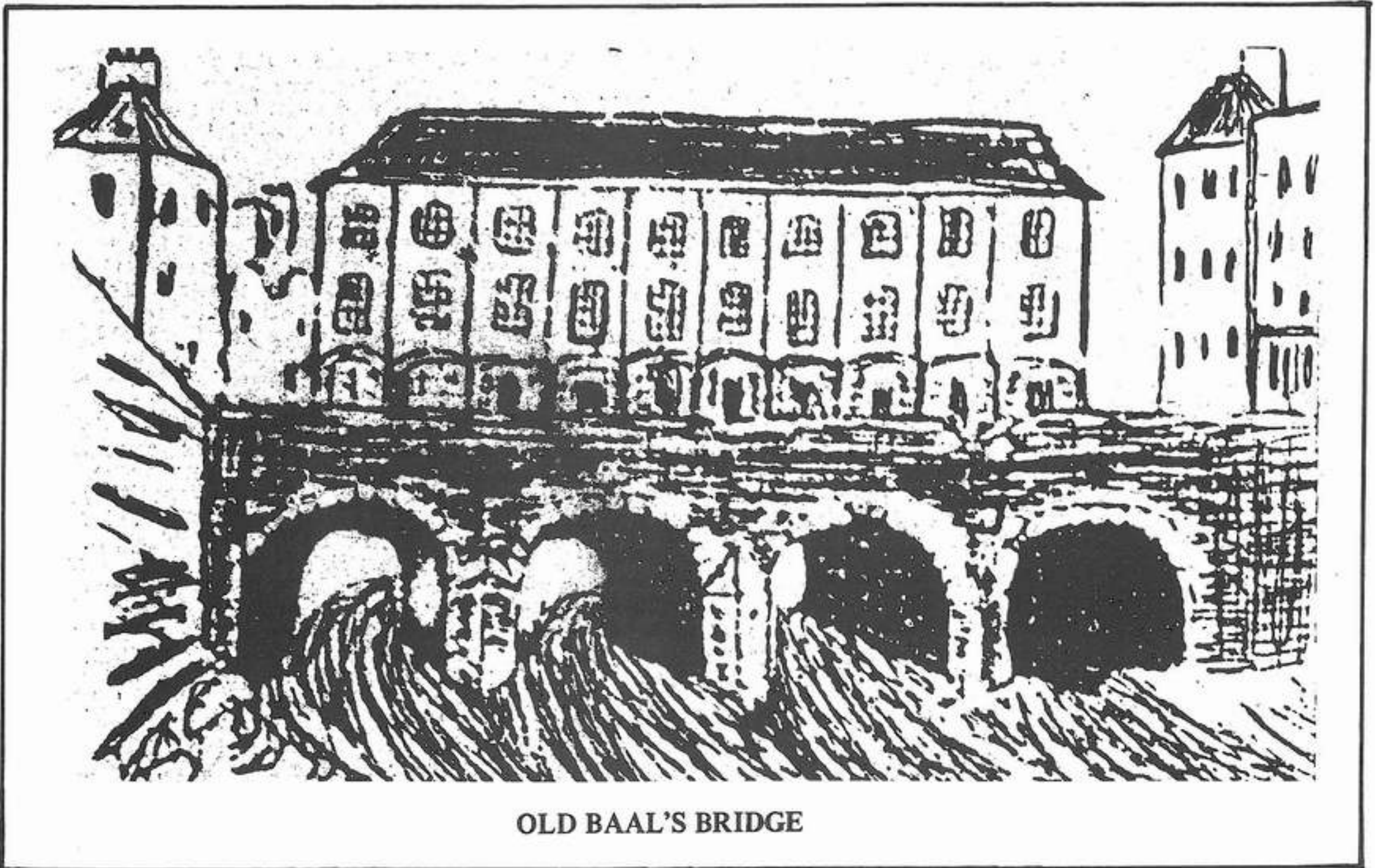
Raker Bailey shouted, "Come down out of that, man. You're making a holy show of yourself. Bridgy Benson whispered, "Jasus, the White Star Line must be a terrible place to live in. The poor man he'll get his death of cold. The street arabs were laughing at this Keystone Cops caper till Mamie busted one fella's lug "You should be ashamed of yourself. Run up to the Guards' Barracks and tell Sergeant Higgins to come down here quick".

Fat and all as he was the sergeant came on the double, a guard respectfully to heel. Between threats, cajolery and persuasion the unfortunate man was lured from his perch. They caught him as he left the slates. Someone threw a shawl around him and still shouting about the White Star Line, he was taken away.

I bolted down my supper and made for the street. My mouth still full of food. Father growled, "Where are you going?" "Out in the street only". "Alright but don't go far and be back here by half past seven. You're joining the Men's tonight." The Men's Confraternity. I knew what that meant. I had a sudden sinking feeling at the prospect of walking up to the Fathers every Monday night for the rest of my life. No more ducking the chapel.

The men behind the desk in the Confraternity Room were busy writing, Secretaries they were called. One secretary stopped writing to tell a story. Everybody laughed. A man said you never lost it, Tom Duggan.

I gathered that Mister Duggan was a bit of a wag. You'd think men were paid to sit in the church it was so crowded. The preacher's voice rose and fell as the coughing lived and died. I looked around ... all old men, some asleep. The fella next to me was snoring as if he hadn't been to bed for a week. The fella in front was slipp-



OLD BAAL'S BRIDGE

ing sweets into his gob. All the bald heads. Would you be bald too, you wondered.

The sleeper woke up with a snort, looked at his watch and put his head down again. Father marked the Section Book, looking around and nodding his head before using the butt of a pencil.

I was bored fidgety, thinking of the boys out in the canal field jumping trenches. I could feel the warm cow dung oozing between by toes. Benediction ... the Devine Praises. Everyone standing for the last humn, "Confraternity Men to the Fight". Not so much gusto with the second verse. Why is the second verse harder to learn than the first?

Bolts scraping, doors banging, a rush of cold air heralded an orderly exit, not like Saint John's — aheap of stones coming out of a bag. Father's hand on my arm. "Wait awhile. Let the crowd out first".

In small time O'Connell Avenue was behind and Daniel O'Connell's great bulk hurting my eyes. I was just remembering to raise my cap to the Jesuits when Father tugged my sleeve. "In here". I was in a big room. I didn't know why. Something strange was up and I had no way of knowing what. I was afraid. I thought of a cornered rat.

A door opened and a priest entered the room. My father spoke to him quickly, deferentially, his cap going up and down keeping time with the words, nodding sideways at me. The priest nodded his head and muttered something. I couldn't catch either. I was searching his face. He was neither sorry nor glad, pleased or displeased. He just looked at me and told me to kneel down and repeat the words after him. "I promise to abstain from all intoxicating drink".

The Pledge, then it dawned on me, I was taking the Pledge. Why? What the hell did I know about drink except the sups of porter from the empty barrels outside the Guinness store in the canal? And wouldn't the boys make a right feck of me when they saw the pioneer badge on my coat.

Christmas was a mere month away and not a mag in the moneybox. All set and shiny it stood on the dresser cum bookcase between St. Anthony and The last of the

Mohicans. St. Anthony was forever looking backwards by reason of his head turned wrong way round. An infidel sister struck it from his body and without reverence or care stuck it back on.

The last of the Mohicans grew in beauty daily since it was transplanted from the Science Shoe Polish tin to the glazed cardboard.

I was proud of my first real effort to catch up with Michael Angelo. A full hour I'd laboured. First the delicate pencil sketch. A few changes were necessary on the nose and chin. The chin gave trouble beyond the limit of a Master's patience but finally acquired and hung long and strong. Next came the choice colouring with the chinks, the chinks I found in the hole in the wall in John St. where oul whats-his-name the cobbler died and someone pulled down the shutter and we all crawled in not knowing what I'd find. Rubbish I found, leather parings, rusty nails and tack, scraps of old newspapers and a smell. I said nothing about the chinks.

THE PORTER

When I was young I wondered
What life might have in store,
I never thought I would end up
Working on this door.

I pick up bags and cases,
Upstairs I take a trip,
Hoping that this wealthy client
Will surely drop a tip.

I could tell you stories
Of what happens on our floors,
People in pyjamas
Not using their own doors.

For I am but a simple man
Who's not much good at prayers,
And to tell the honest truth,
I'd love to be upstairs.

PATRICK MOORE

Notes On

THE DR. LONG STORY

PART TWO

In March, 1898, J. John Long, M.D., T.C.D., opened a Free Dispensary in Thomas Street, Limerick, under the auspices of the Irish Church Missions. He has also a private practise in the city. There has been no evidence to show that Dr. Long has forced his services on any person or gone to any house without being invited. Nor is there the slightest evidence to show that in his work he has used any language insulting to the Roman Catholics.

Numbers flocked to his Dispensary, and many of them, both Roman Catholics, Jews, and Protestants, continue to avail themselves of his services, though they have heard from his own lips, from the very first, the highest object of his mission, and have been warned by the Roman Catholic clergy not to attend.

Since October, 1898, the Roman Catholic clergy of Limerick have done their utmost to work up the passions of the people, and to induce them to drive the doctor out of Limerick. This process has one till at length two and a half years of agitation have led to recent police court proceedings.

The following are some of the incidents which have been recorded in the press:-

FATHER TIERNEY VISITS THE DISPENSARY OCTOBER, '98

The Rev. Father Tierney, Spiritual Director of the Redemptorists, interviewed by representatives of the Irish Catholic, gave the following account:-

"The Rev. gentleman stated that in the forenoon, at the corner of Thomas Street, he saw a woman coming out of Dr. Long's house and he spoke to her... I found the door open and walked inside. I asked were there any Catholics here? A woman and a man said there were. There were eleven or twelve women and three or four men present. I said, there are Catholics here present, and if so they should clear out at once.

The doctor rushed out from a little office and said, 'How dare you come into my house.' I replied, 'There is the door open and I walked in, I understand that some of these people are Catholics, and they must leave this house.' At this observation the Doctor said, 'Get out of this at once.' I replied, 'Just you try and put me out.' I walked to the steps and some of the women went out. The Doctor banged the door. Some of the Catholics were inside then. I knocked at the door and kept knocking for about a minute. A crowd collected.

Such is the priest's account as abbreviated from the Irish Catholic, of October 1st, 1898.

From another account it appears the Rev. Mr. Tierney addressed the crowd in the street, using warm language in denunciation of Dr. Long. A number of Roman Catholics refused to leave at his bidding.

FATHER TIERNEY'S FIRST SERMON TO THE CONFRATERNITY MEN

Father Tierney said:- "From the time of Henry VIII, the powers of darkness had never ceased to wage an undying war against the religion of Jesus Christ. He would pass over in silence the butcheries of '98, the scourgings, the pitchcapping, the outrages of every kind, and come to the year when, through the fear of civil war, the last of the Georges signed the Act known as the Act of Emancipation. From that day the power of Protestant ascendancy began to wane. The will was there to persecute, but the power was wanting to a great extent... The bigoted amongst the Protestants gnashed their teeth in silent rage, but they could no longer bite. Then came the dreadful famine time. Now was the moment for those who

could not persecute to try at least to injure the Catholic religion. The people were starving and dying; the land was desolate and in misery. What did the Protestant bigots? They grew benevolent, but with a benevolence that must have been begotten in Hell... We wish to draw them from their Papish errors - now is out time; let us offer them plenty of food, clothes, warmth, comfort. They cannot resist these... The soup was there, the bread was there, but where were the starving people? God's blessing rest upon their memory. They were at home patiently waiting for death rather than sell their souls for a mess of pottage, and then were written the darkest foulest pages of the history of the Protestant Church in Ireland... The new form of persecution was a failure. Some poor God-forsaken wretches preferring an earthly life to an eternal one sold their birthright for a mess of pottage, stained their conscience with two damnable lies, viz:- That the Catholic religion was wrong, and Protestant true... These inhuman creatures, who gloated in the sufferings of those whom they called obstinate and incorrigible Papists, were the representatives of those who, in a former age, burnt, hanged, outraged, and robbed their unfortunate fellow-contrymen. Have they any representatives at the present day? Are there any living in this land who have hearts as black and hatred as deep as those I have just mentioned. There are, yes, here in this City of Limerick; there are men and - God save the mark - women too, who, if they could set up outside this Church their gallows and triagle, would drag us from our homes and scourge, burn, and hang us without mercy. It is not the will to do so that is wanting, but only the power... Their day is past, and the only way they can show their hatred is by insult and annoyance... They invited street preachers, and the people of Limerick made short work of them. The latest attempt, the latest annoyance was the cleverest they tried up to this time. In the early part of this year a benevolent medical gentleman opened a free dispensary. The rumour went abroad that he was a rich eccentric man, who would not take any money for his valuable advice or medicine. The unsuspecting people flocked to his free dispensary... But after a bit the poor people discovered that one of his eccentric practices was a fondness for speaking on religious subjects. Many took alarm and stopped away, others said to themselves - 'Oh, what harm does his talk do to me, if it gives him any pleasure it can give me no pain', and they continued to attend. The bigots were delighted. The medical move was a great success. The doctor grew bolder, began to make attacks of the Catholic Faith, had even the hardihood to attack the virginity of the Ever Blessed Mother of God...

We know him now. He is no longer the rich benevolent gentleman who, for the pleasure of speaking piously to the people, was willing to give the valuable advice and the medicine free. He is known now to be the hireling agent of the Irish Church Missions, the undying enemy of the Catholic Church. He is known now to be the mouth-piece of those bigoted hounds, who are going about Limerick, snarling and barking, since they cannot bite. But what is to be said of those men and women who attend at the doctor's dispensary, sat and listened to him?... Shame upon them, and shame upon those who are willing and ready to sell their souls for a bottle of medicine. Men of the Confraternity, stand up on your feet, raise up your hands and say after me - 'I protest in the sight of God against the attack which has been made by the bigots of Limerick upon our religion. I promise never to attend myself, and to prevent all whom I can from attending this super dispensary.' The congregation having responded as Father Tierney required, the devotions concluded with the Benediction of the Most Holy

DANGEROUS DE VALERA

BY JOE HARTNETT

Once again we are in the midst of the great sterile debate - who is more republican than whom. Sile De Valera has looked into her heart (as her eminent grandfather frequently did before her) and decided that "Republicanism is deep rooted in every true Irish man and Irish Woman." She also said that proposals such as the Council of Ireland, power-sharing and federal solutions only make the problem worse.

The occasion was the annual Liam Lynch commemoration ceremony in Cork. (Liam Lynch was a former chief of staff of the I.R.A. and a close colleague of Eamon de Valera and was shot in West-Cork by Free State forces in 1923). This particular commemoration has become the venue for various politicians to preach the usual rhetorical republicanism to the assembled faithful. Fine Gael have Blal-na'Blath (we recently had Ritchie Ryan preaching his version of republicanism there) for their annual pilgrimage, and of course Bodenstown is the Mecca for such disparate groups that vary from Provisional Sinn Fein to Fianna Fail, each group exposing itself as the true inheritors of the philosophy of Wolfe Tone.

Sile de Valera quoted her grandfather at Fermoy. Everyone knows the stated objectives of De Valera and Fianna Fail - to re-unite Ireland and restore the national language. And, when impressionable and idealistic young men decided to turn action into words and "free the North" De Valera and that other true blooded republican Gerry Boland the former Minister for Justice, had internment camps waiting for them.

As for the other national aim, the restoration of the Irish language was shown to be in trouble when the highest position in the country, the presidency, was given to a man with an Eton accent who could not speak Irish. The party quietly ignored the fact that since the foundation of the State thousands of youngsters have had to emigrate without a formal certificate of education and were denied jobs in the civil service because of their inability to master the intricacies of the Irish language.

But let's get back to the gut republican speech of Sile De Valera. It is known that she is expressing the opinion of a number of Fianna Fail deputies and there is a suspicion that even Charlie Haughey is lurking in the background. But Jack Lynch knows that elections can no longer be won on policies of re-unification or restoration of the Irish language. He is committed to re-unification but shirks from the enormous economic and social responsibilities it would entail, or even the thought of a bloody military campaign. The last election was, after all, won on the basis of the abolition of house rates and car tax.

The cynics hope that this controversy will cause a split

in the monolith that is Fianna Fail, the best organised political party in Western Europe since the old Unionist Party, which of course was also founded for the same reason - self-determination. The realists however note the date (September 28th) that Mr. Lynch has chosen to discuss the matter carefully with his parliamentary party. It was carefully chosen to coincide with the Papal visit so that the ensuing public statement papering over the differences that make up the coalition of F.F. will attract the minimum of publicity in the circumstances, surrounded by photographs of the Pontiff and the general media hysteria that we can expect for those few days Ms. De Valera will fade gently from the headlines and spend her well remunerated time in Strasbourg and Brussels. The remainder of her time will be spent in Foxrock, far removed from the Shankill and Falls Road, poring over her grandfather's memories and congratulating herself that she tried to do her bit for the cause.

As for the rest of us - we'll spend our time in factories and offices paying our taxes to support the hypocritical fantasies of Sile De Valera and her kind. But be warned! There is a growing body of opinion that recognises that unity is not feasible in our society at present. We have a Catholic constitution (drawn up by Eamon De Valera and Archbishops Charles McQuaid) for a Catholic people. Unity will never be on until we cater for Catholic Protestant and Dissenter and that means creating a more liberal society in which things like contraception and divorce are available as fundamental rights. It also means recognising the right of the majority in Northern Ireland to opt for a state of their own choosing. Hopefully, at some stage, we may become that state. But we will not become that state while we are governed by the Lynch's, Cosgrave's, Haughey's, Fitzgeralds, Cluskeys or De Valeras. "Up Dev" was a powerful emotive political slogan throughout the land for more than fifty years. But not even a De Valera can turn the clock back.

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Name.....
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Sacrament. - Irish Catholic, Oct. 1, 1898.

ATTACK ON A HOUSE

"The house of a man named James Walsh, residing in Upper Edward Street or Rosbrien Cottages, was attacked between two and three o'clock on yesterday morning, stones being flung at the windows and the glass shattered. It is alled that the cause of this attack is connected with a change of religion on the part of Walsh, who is stated to have gone over with family from the Catholic to the Protestant Church." CORK DAILY HERALD, AUG. 22, 1899.

The next step took place in Jan 1901. A Dublin man

named Hegarty, avowedly a Protestant, finds that his daughter is in a Limerick convent and claims her, and in order to get his daughter delivered safely into his custody he, without consulting Dr. Long at all, names Dr. Long as a trustworthy person who will receive the custody of his daughter from the hands of the nuns in Limerick, and Dr. Long does not refuse. The order is given not by Judge Boyd, but by the Recorder of Dublin, and with this order Dr. Long presents himself at the convent doors.

The convent refused to comply with order of the Court, and Dr. Long's action is regarded as an insult.

Reprinted from "The Limerick Scandal".

THE ROLLING BUGABOO

It is related that on one occasion when Michael Hogan, Bard of Thomond, went strolling "one fine summer's morning in June" through Broad Street, two old-timers, known to all as The Doctor and The Lancer, were about to put "paid" to a quart of whiskey in Jim Synan's pub, when suddenly they observed the Poet as he passed by the snug window.

Without further ado, the pair of boyos rushed out onto the street, seized your man, and hustled him into the well known Synan's hostelry. Sometime later the same fate befell the notorious, arch-rake, boozier and toucher, Pincille Flynn, who, with the eye of a hawk, was never once known to miss his quarry. (True to say, this age-old custom is still observed in many Limerick pubs and pavilions and is known among "friends" as the human touch!)

Soon the singing started, followed by drinks all round, culminating in the usual "fireworks", with porter spilt all over the floor, on walls and counter. The bar room floor grew "drunk with porter", as the Bard described a similar scene in "Drunken Thady".

Next, after order had been restored, Pincille hadn't to be prevailed on to recount the terrifying experience he had in a bad dream after having consumed somebody else's dirty porter the night before. This he did with gusto.

By the time Shaw's siren had screeched the hour of two bells, the quartette were on the point of calling it a day when one of the party intoned the first line of "Down White's Lane" to the tune of "The Blarney Roses". "Shut up! you drunken lout", interrupted Flynn, who, by this time, was three-quarter plastered! "Give us what we never had: 'Happy moments', he shouted, or else ...?"

Amidst roaring and bawling, jostling and choice language, and cries of last round, Synan was soon on his feet atop a half-barrel, and was heard to say several times above the din: "Time, gentlemen; no more booze, you had your fill. Safe home and God speed you", Then, in subdued tones, the least-drunk of the party heard him to say, "I have your money and you have your piss!!"

It is on record that on reaching his home, a cellar, at No. 11 Nicholas Street, the Bard penned the following lines of verse recounting his experiences of that day, but thought his effort so bad that he did not include it in his "Lays and Legends of Thomond".

THE ROLLING BUGABOO

It was early on the breeze of a finesummer's morning,
The Doctor and the Lancer got mixed up o'er the 'dew'.
A full quart of whiskey on Jim Synan's counter,
Awaited the Doctor, the Lancer and the Rolling Bugaboo.

CHORUS:

Tear away, tear away, up and down,
Crosby Row and the Irishtown,
Slash for the Lancer who is looking for his shoe.
Well done, Pincille Flynn, you'll have to knock them
down again;
Well done, the Doctor and Lancer and the Rolling
Bugaboo.

Pincille he dreamt that he lay in the stoneyard,
He dreamt that he died and went straight to Hell's gate.
Over hills, over bogs, old Lucifer dragged him—
But when he got there, he found, alas. 'twas too late.

CHORUS:

At the gate he made a kick,
At the devil threw a brick;
Old Nick cried out mercy and mustered all his crew.
The devils left their native flames, fought back with iron
bars and chains,
'gainst the Doctor, the Lancer and the Rolling Bugaboo.

CHORUS:

Ah, said the devil with a grin,
I have a keg of punch within,
And if I let you, Pincille, in I know what you will do.
So, in the name of God, Jim Flynn, will you go back to
earth again
There's no admittance here for a rowdy boy like you.

CHORUS:

So back to earth came Flynn again, not knowing what to
do;
The booze, he swore, he'd touch no more — not even
mountain dew.
But with his former friends he would for old times' sake
renew—
The Doctor, the Lancer, Jim Synan and the Rolling
Bugaboo.



BEING A LATE ENTRY FOR IRISH TIMES COMPETITION.

AN ODE

TO:

Conor Cruise O'Brien's farewell to the Senate

Senators, Nominees, University thicks
Forgive my kicking against the pricks
Who have kicked me out
I bear some clout elsewhere
With oilwells, Astors and malignant stare
So shall unstack my gifts
And take
Erudition and perception
History of a kind, unauthorised version
To where the lordly ermine flows
With meady praise my gut to glow
And never shall you lot forget
Lynching dullards and Cosgravian gets
Hearty Haugheys of Murphyosa
Did my fragile self a yowsa!
(Oh bring accented equilibrium
from gore and gorse of green peasantium)
And bid you now unfond farewell—
in part, for part shall always dwell
In that Upper House of grey squireen
that sleeps above the chamber green.
KEVIN O'CONNOR