

A VISIT TO CROOM**Memories Of Other Days**

(By J. D. H.)

A recent visit to Croom, that pretty town on the banks of the lovely Maigue, brought back memories of boyhood days which in some respects contrasted oddly with the peace of the afternoon of return to its environs. It was in the early nineties of the last century when I think the late Spenser Lyons was Chairman of the Limerick G.A.A. County Board, or at least an active Gael of the time, when the final for the Limerick County Championship was set in Croom for the senior footballers of Abbeyfeale and Doon. On that memorable day came off a special train at Patrick's Well, Father Casey's famous combination. With them came also every junior follower of the team, who could wangle a half ticket from the alert Station Master at Abbeyfeale. But Patrickswell was not journey's end, for there still remained to be covered towards the venue more miles than we juveniles were wont to foot even on a diet of enthusiasm. The day was fine and young blood mixed well with the rigours that such a Gaeltacht match entailed. Who knew it would take a good team to beat our stalwarts from the West—opponents veterans notwithstanding from the borders of Tipperary! After all, the trial for honours was disappointing, for in less than a quarter of an hour from the toss of the coin, some gross foul, followed by an uncalled for attack, led to a general free for all remedy of fists, pending the Doon men to their transport drivers, and the men from the West in the shephered sections which Father Casey freed from the attractions of Croom town. As a sequel, however, the county cup held an honoured place amongst the treasures of the "Tenant Emancipator" of the West for many years after.

Half a century after this memorable encounter a more peaceful atmosphere prevailed, lending a more pleasant experience as understood over the Maigue, where Red Hugh O'Donnell led his troops, nearly three and a half centuries earlier, when he crossed the Shee Felim Mountains into Croom, on his way to the disastrous Battle of Kinsale. How those historic memories crowded the mind when episodes from the struggles of the Desmonds and De Lacy's linked up their efforts with those gallant Irish chieftains, not the least of whom was the O'Sullivan of Beara and Bantry.

What a tranquil scene supplanted those bitter recasts of the mind into the past as one gazed over the parapet of the bridge at Croom and discussed the angling merits of the Maigue with an old angler who speculated on the prospects of his evening's efforts, while we gazed enviously at the busy trout at play beneath. As we looked on an old mill beside the bridge seemed to remonstrate against its idleness as it sent forth a edent to swim along its race in search of something better than this store of erstwhile plenty now afforded him.

Looking down that gently flowing river that lures many an angler from afar to try his luck graced by many a sylvan stretch of Lismore models, a soothing peace dispels the shadows that lingered long where relics of the past told of the centurys old strife from Kinsale to the Walls of Limerick.

Beyond the Bridge by the Mill, peacefully set in its protective arborescent environs, stands the model church of which its parish may be proud. Large enough for its congregations, the artistic beauty of its altars, shrines and emblems, so tastefully arrayed about its sanctuary and aisles, inspire the mind more gracefully in prayer than oftentimes in temples more imposing. A mural tablet I saw recorded a remembrance of a pastor endeared to his people who died on the 27th of August 1861. He was the Reverend Laurence Harnett P.P. He, according to "De Lucy Belingari," was kin to the De Lucy Cian of La Garthe, who were, in County Limerick, to be found from Killacullen, Tournafulla and Rathcahill to Charleville. Some of this great Western section of the clan went into exile with Scroif from Limerick's Walls, and fought for their Field-Marshal and honorary titles in battlefields more recently traversed by greater armies than those of Czars and Emperors.

Slightly to the north-east stands Tully Hill from the top of which the Earl of Desmond watched with the Lord Fitzmaurice of Lissain, his army battle with the invading troops of Sir Nicholas Malby beside Muster Abbey. What dire events followed from the burning of Adare Abbey to the destruction of the towns and country sides from Rathkeale to Newcastle West, and the Feale side before the blighting trahal was resumed from Cangefoyle Castle to Dingle. How Croom stirred up those unpleasant memories this tranquil evening, which might have brought more cheerful thoughts from those searing years of Elizabeth's scourge had a few more triumphs like those of Gort Na Tiobrad sent Malbay, Ormond and the rest of her usurpers, back to her in disgrace like Essex, instead of bounding to their deaths one of the last of the Desmonds, who declined to desert the Papal Legate. Dr. Nicholas Saunders, who died of cold and want in the woods of Claeaghlass.

Turning from this depressing chapter in our history, to-day it was more pleasing to observe the ripening grain that varied the pleasant look of the rich pastures spreading away in that Golden Vein into Tipperary, that developed the blood and bone of some of the best steeds the world has prided.

Passing through Croom no stranger could fail to observe such names as Hartigan, Hart, Hogan, O'Donnell to mention only a few of those familiar as owners on many a race card from the Curragh to Tralee.

JAIL FOR BICYCLE STEALING

At Limerick Circuit Court on Wednesday, before Judge Barron O'Brien, S.C., Timothy Walsh, Friarstown, Feadmore, was charged on three counts with the larceny of a bicycle, the property of Frank Grayson, iron outside house in New Street on the 10th March last.

Mr. T. Donovan, B.L. (Instructed by Mr. J. J. Power, State Solicitor), prosecuted and Mr. George Kenny, B.L. (Instructed by Mr. Martin Tynan (Messrs. Tynan and Co.) defended).

Accused pleaded guilty to all charges.

Sergeant Farrell, John Street, said that he knew the accused for about 12 months. There had been previous convictions against him for larcenies. Accused was aged about 30 years, was unmarried, and worked from place to place with farmers.

His Lordship said that there was no excuse for what accused had done. He would, however, consider the fact of having pleaded guilty. He would impose a total sentence of six months hard labour to cover all counts.

ODDS AND ENDS**Music Of Laughter**

(By AN MANGAIRE SUGACH)

"A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." One could not go on forever reading mouldy tomes of history, psychological short stories with queer endings, learned works on "The Ode in Literature," "The Quaternary Theory," "Realism in Art," "The Haunts and Habits of the Pterodactyl," "Relativity," "The Low-down on Sanskrit," etc., etc. No, the brain soon grows tired of such stuff, and craves for something lighter, craves for a ripple of merriment to lighten the gloomy surface of the deep pool of bookish knowledge.

And so when we have laid aside "The Influence of Arabic on Persian Poetry," and taken an aspirin to cure the resultant headache, we stretch out an eager hand for a volume from the imitative pen of P. G. Wodehouse, and lose ourselves in the world of Bertie Wooster and his man Jeeves. Jeeves, the perfect gentleman, has come to us in literary form. Nothing could ruffle Jeeves' composure, and he was always ready to help his master out of his unending dilemma. When Bertie suddenly stopped suddenly in the middle of a sentence, groping frantically for some word in his unreliable vocabulary, it was Jeeves who supplied the appropriate part of speech. When he appeared in public sporting a tie that did not altogether blend with the rest of his apparel, it was Jeeves who tactfully suggested an alteration in the colour scheme.

My friend Michael Stokes, it was who first introduced me to Jeeves' work in the office, when he was not reading books on wireless or engineering, or making theoretical journeys on his motor cycle around Askeaton. Michael is deeply engrossed in his favourite author, and a result is master of sparkling Wodehouseian wit. And the reading of Wodehouse is something to which we need not be ashamed!

Hilaire Belloc, a competent judge, ranks Wodehouse amongst the greatest living authors in the English language.

SHRIMPS THROUGH THE AGES

I always thought Shakespeare's puns a little forced and his puns unbearable. Did Shakespeare know Irish? Very likely he did! I never was punning when he wrote "Tis true, 'tis pity, 'tis pity 'tis 'tis true." The Irish word for pity is "trough," sounded like the English word "true." Could it be that he wrote "Tis 'trough,' 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis 'trough'?" It's a pity if it's not true. For perfect puns one must go to G. K. Chesterton. The Swan of Avon certainly made a good hand of Falstaff, but he was at his best when portraying his great tragic figures.

Oliver Goldsmith possessed a quiet humour that has lost none of its piquancy with the flight of time. Seated at a winter's fire, with a copy of "The Vicar of Wakefield" in your hand, you have the entertainment you can't desire. How you'll smile at the exploits of Moses at the Fair, and chuckle inwardly at the good Vicar's wife, who, for the sake of keeping up appearances, and in order that they should move without embarrassing giggling, without their wealthier acquaintances, allowed each of her daughters the privilege of rattling a goldie-gum in her pocket, without, of course, granting her the privilege of spending it!

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, too, found time for humorous writing, and where is the man who could keep a solemn face when reading the ornate small talk of Sir Woodwarding Mrs. Malaprop?

It remained for Charles Dickens to give us some of the most comic characters in English literature. Mr. Micawber, waiting for something to turn up, Bayley Trotwood crying "Donkey Janet," Sam Weller spelling his name with a "we," Mr. Winkle on the ice—all these are characters that will live as long as laughter finds a home in the human heart.

SPINNERS OF LAUGHTER

The romantic exploits of Don Quixote, and the wildly fantastic feats of Baron Munchausen are evergreen favourites. Modern makers of fun number in their ranks W. W. Jacobs, Jerome K. Jerome, Stephen Leacock and J. B. Priestley. The demand for humorous books shows that, despite the cynicism and sourness of the present time, the people crave for the saving grace of laughter.

Irish literature abounds in the droll and humorous. The whole cycle of the Flannaidheach is a sparkling fountain from which we may quaff many a merry draught. An "Cleasadh" ("Elstir" and "An Craos-Deamhainn") are typical examples of the humour of the Gael, a humour that is whimsical and subtle, and only fully appreciated by those who are acquainted with "the idiom of our thought." One of the first tales in Irish that I succeeded in reading was "Anam an Easbuig" from the book "Seacht mBuaidh an Eirge Amach" by that prince of Irish writers, Padraic O Conaire. How I laughed at the adventures of the Bishop and his driver, on the road to Dublin, that night when the flames of the burning capital licked the Easter sky. I have read it a few times since, and relished it as much on the last occasion as the first.

Another humorous writer, whose every tale is an explosion of wit, has recently come above the horizon, and scintillates in the sky of Irish letters.

His name is John Desmond Sheridan, author of "I Can't Help Laughing," a book that is a masterpiece of mirth and a mine of laughter. He makes us see humour in the most commonplace events like the purchase of a hat, or the bawling of a baby before sunrise.

John Mitchell once said: "Thank God for Shakespeare anyway!" Yes, and thank God for the humorous writers who distil the sparkling vintage of wit! The world is taking itself all too seriously for no apparent reason, and a generation that is slowly forgetting how to laugh longs for a Wodehouse or a Sheridan.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you;

Weep and you weep alone:
This sad old earth must borrow
its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own."

The following received the habit:

Sister M. Emilian (Miss Mary Gowen), daughter of Mr. M. and the late Mrs. Gowen Capua, Ballymote. Sister Aloysia Mary (Miss Mary T. Shanahan), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Shanahan, Ballyfrota, Killaloe. Sister Kathleen O'Connell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. O'Connell, Ardpatrick, Killaloe. Sister Marie Louise (Miss Nellie O'Rourke), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Rourke, The Cottage, Kilmallock.

"Scooping about doing housework used to affect my stomach and give me indigestion—until I took 'Bisurated' Magnesia."

The cause of digestive upsets is excess acidity—set up by fermenting food. Correct it with a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia taken after meals. Ask your Chemist for 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Price 6d. to 2/-.

Bisurated Magnesia

OBITUARY

MRS. JOHN McNAMARA.

The death of Mrs. John McNamara, which occurred at St. John's Hospital, Limerick, on the 5th inst., is deeply regretted in the Parish of Cappagh, where she lived and where her husband and family are held in high esteem. Deceased belonged to a well-known patriotic family, the Fitzgeralds of Glensharoid, who figured prominently in the national movement in the days of the Plan of Campaign. Gentle and refined, she was a kindly and charitable lady, beloved by those who knew her. Very general heartfelt sympathy is extended to her husband and family in their sad bereavement.

The remains were removed to Cappagh Church on Thursday evening and the interment took place in Nanfron Cemetery on Saturday. The funerals on both occasions were of extremely large dimensions. The officiating clergy were: Rev. D. O'Donnell, P.P.; Rev. T. Murphy, P.P., and Rev. J. Callahan, C.C.

The chief mourners were John McNamara (husband), J. J. John, Thomas (sons); Maureen and Una (daughters); Mrs. G. O'Mahony, Mrs. D. O'Mahony (sisters); Mrs. B. Fitzgerald (sister-in-law); Eily and Kathleen O'Mahony (nieces); J. J. and Michael Fitzgerald (nephews); Dan O'Mahony (brother-in-law); Mrs. J. J. McNamara (daughter-in-law).

Mass cards from Loving husband; J. J. and Eily; John, Thomas, Maureen, Una; Dan Griffin; Pat and Katie Fitzgerald; M. and A. Heffernan; Mr. and Mrs. Heffernan and family; the Donovan family; Newbridge; Michael Quinn and family; John and Mary Buckley and family; George Nolan and family; the Fitzgerald family; Tuohy; the Ryan family; Crescent Ave., Limerick; Eddie, Pamestown; the Culhane family; Crough; the Murphy family; the Siomadrae Hurling Club.

Telegrams and letters of sympathy from Sr. M. Patrick, Convent of Mercy, Buncrana; Sr. M. Alacoque, Convent of Mercy, Victoria Square, Perth; Sr. M. Augustine, Convent of Mercy, Bridgetown; Sr. M. Joseph, Convent of Mercy, Buncrana; Sr. M. Patrick's, Buncrana; Sr. M. Teresia, Teresia Convent; Sr. M. Dominic, Convent of Mercy, St. Columba's, Dingle; Mrs. B. Hennessy, 59 Brian Ave., Marino, Dublin; Mrs. D. Murray, Round House, Longhill West; Mr. Patrick Lillis, Co.C. Lislaune, Patrickswell, Co.C. Flowers from Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Pollock, Cappagh House.

MR. JOHN O'BRIEN.

Deep and widespread regret was occasioned by the death of John O'Brien, who passed away at his residence, Ester, Killaloe, on the 5th of July. The deceased, who was a member of a highly respected and very popular family, was brother of the late Kenneth O'Brien merchant, Hartstown, St. Limerick, and brother-in-law of the late Rev. Father Samuel McKeough. He was a man of many fine qualities and was held in the warmest regard by a very extensive circle of friends and relatives. The remains were removed to Boher Church on Sunday the 8th inst., and after High Mass the next day the funeral took place to Killmalloch Cemetery. Owing to space it would be impossible to give a complete list of cousins and friends that attended, as it was the largest funeral seen in the district for years.

The chief mourners were: Mrs. O'Brien (widow), Patrick O'Brien and Jerry O'Brien (sons); Mrs. W. Sheehy, Cappagh; Miss Margaret O'Brien, Athlone; Miss Minnie O'Brien, Catherine Street, Limerick; P. J. O'Brien, Cappagh (uncle); Mrs. Bowe, Limerick; Mrs. Kelly, Limerick; Mrs. Keane, Limerick; Mrs. McDonagh, Ballyferd, Limerick; (nieces); Mrs. P. O'Brien, Kinnelough (daughter-in-law); Kennedy O'Brien, Hartstone Street, Limerick; P. O'Brien, Birdhill, James O'Brien, Newmarket Street, Limerick (nephew); Mrs. O'Brien, Birdhill (sister-in-law); Mrs. Bourke, Silvermine (brother-in-law); T. McKeon (brother-in-law); W. Sheehy, contractor and farmer, Cappagh (son-in-law).

The Rev. Father O'Meara, Rev. Paul O'Shea and Rev. Father Lee officiated at the graveside. Cooney, Nenagh, carried out the funeral arrangements.

MRS. FITZGERALD, ENNIS-COUSIN.

News of the death of Mrs. J. Fitzgerald, Enniscoush, Rathkeale, which occurred in the Co. Infirmary, Limerick, on Saturday, the 11th inst., was received with general regret in the town and parish, as well as among a large circle of relatives and friends in the locality of her native home in Tipperary. Her demise at an early age causes a serious bereavement to her husband and family, some of whom are still in tender years. She was the mother of Nurse Nellie Fitzgerald, on the staff of the City Home Hospital, Limerick, and Mr. C. Fitzgerald, well-known in greyhound sporting circles. The husband and other members of the family are prominently identified with the G.A.A. and kindred activities in Rathkeale and very deep sympathy is felt for them in their sorrow.

The remains were brought to St. Mary's Church, Rathkeale, on Saturday. There was an extremely large funeral when the interment took place in the New Cemetery, Rathkeale on Sunday. The officiating clergy were: Rev. P. C. Lynch, P.P.; Rev. D. O'Callaghan, C.C.; Rev. T. Costelloe, C.C., and Rev. J. Lyons.

RECEPTION CEREMONY AT KILMALLOCK

There was a large attendance in the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, Kilmallock, when the ceremony of the reception of the habit of the Sisters of Charity of St. Paul of St. Joseph's Convent, Kilmallock, was performed by Right Rev. Dr. Dean Mulcahy, P.P., Kilmallock, assisted by Rev. C. J. Moriarty, C.C., and Rev. E. Condon, C.C., do.

The following received the habit:

Sister M. Emilian (Miss Mary Gowen), daughter of Mr. M. and the late Mrs. Gowen Capua, Ballymote. Sister Aloysia Mary (Miss Mary T. Shanahan), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Shanahan, Ballyfrota, Killaloe. Sister Kathleen O'Connell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. O'Connell, Ardpatrick, Killaloe. Sister Marie Louise (Miss Nellie O'Rourke), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Rourke, The Cottage, Kilmallock.

"Scooping about doing housework used to affect my stomach and give me indigestion—until I took 'Bisurated' Magnesia."

The cause of digestive upsets is excess acidity—set up by fermenting food. Correct it with a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia taken after meals. Ask your Chemist for 'Bisurated' Magnesia. Price 6d. to 2/-.

Bisurated Magnesia

STRAY SCRAPS**Value Of Dandelion**

(By RAMBLING THADY).

I was walking beside my bicycle up a steep incline when I noticed a young fair-haired girl busily picking leaves from the roadside fence under her apron. Stopping for a moment to chat, I saw she was selecting only the dandelion leaves.

Smilingly pointing to the well-known leaves, she said: "For the young turkeys, On my way home at the day was waning I was thinking so deeply of the marvellous properties of the dandelion that I said good morning instead of good night to a neighbour to his evident amusement.

Dandelion is even superior to lettuce as a salad vegetable. Mixed with watercress or water-grass it is even more palatable. The peppery taste of the water cress makes it ideal for sandwiches. Had I thought of it in time I would have recommended these who eat with Thairies on Sunday to take with them a supply of dandelion-wattercress sandwiches.

As a tonic the dandelion is a gift. Powl of all kinds are all the letter for some dandelion mixed with their food and eagles birds should never be without it as well as a spray of groundsel. My own canary, aged 6 last birthday, never sang better than he does this year and for more than three years has lived entirely on "prison" seed collected after the thresher with bits of dandelion and groundsel as an aftercourse.

My readers who are such bird fanciers will welcome this information. The seed supplied in the shop is now definitely bad for birds. The dandelion is the best, the beautifully coloured birds is even more attractive than the gaudy ones that chatter not. I have had many birds when I think of all the money I spent in buying bird seed, and I freely acknowledge my indebtedness to Johnny from Kilrush, a well-known bird fancier and fisherman, for the information which I now pass on with pleasure to all my interested readers.

I am suffering from a malady which is usually associated with the coming of old age. Other famous men besides myself were born in 1882. The late President of the U.S.A. was born in 1882, so also were An Taoiseach and the newly-elected President of Eire, Sean T. and without being unduly egotistic I have hopes of outliving all of them.

But about my malady. A word sometimes comes to the tip of my tongue and if I were to get Ireland ground I can't say it. Thus it is that the English word for "prison" will not loosen itself