

# LADIES' HOCKEY

(BY "UNDERCUT").

## North Munster Team

THE team that met South Munster in Cork last Saturday was a team that Limerick can be proud of, though at first sight it did not look strong enough to give the pick of Cork a good game. Personally, I would have given E. Keane and D. Lloyd North Munster honours, but it is very difficult to pick eleven out of twenty-one. The very heavy ground made it difficult to play stylish hockey, but our team rose to the occasion in fine style, and had bad luck not to win. The final score was 2-2, which gives an idea of how evenly the teams were matched. This would lead one to think that we should have more than three "caps," and rightly so. There should be at least two more Limerick girls on the Munster eleven.

McMahon, in goal, had her best game ever and was unfortunate to have Fitzgerald—Irish touring team—in opposition. The fulls did not impress, while the half-line was excellent. M. Cussen was brilliant, while H. Walsh made a good start and is a promising half. L. Moran did not recover from "flu," and was not at her best.

The star of the team was D. Brislane; as always, she could not be wrong. It is hoped that she will go much farther than senior inter-provincial honours. Outside her, M. Louth had a sound game. P. Walsh played herself on, and was unlucky not to get her own position. Congratulations, Pat. C. Kelly (Limerick) and Miss Long (Cork) both played first-class hockey. It is rather amazing to find that neither of these excellent centre-forwards had senior "caps." Both Brislane and Walsh scored. The South Munster fulls, O'Leary and O'Callaghan were on top of their form. Mrs. Keane is certainly a very neat half. Miss Jackson did not travel, but her past form should do well.

Congratulations to the three Limerick girls, who are—M. Louth (Cath. Institute), left-wing; D. Brislane (L.P.Y.M.A.), left-inner; and P. Walsh (Cath. Institute), centre-forward.

## League Game.

Catholic Institute, 5; Limerick Ladies, 1.

Last Sunday, at Rosbrien, Institute added two more points to their junior table. The ground was very heavy and did not help the team.

L. opened the score when H. Keill had the ball in the back of the net for a beautiful goal. Soon after Institute made things even, and were well on top by the inter-

supply of electricity.

## GETTING OUT

### THE WAR IN KOREA

To-day some 60,000 American troops are being evacuated from Korea.

Their departure was hastened by Chinese pressure, but the enemy, however, was not able to interfere with the evacuation plans, which were going on without interruption.

The troops carried away with them full equipment. The great Armada is proceeding to an unknown destination.

### DEATH OF MR. J. O'BRIEN, DUNTRYLEAGUE

We regret to announce the death of Mr. John O'Brien, Duntryleague, Galbally, Co. Limerick, which took place recently. The deceased was brother of the late Very Rev. D. Canon O'Brien, P.P., Templemore. He was a well-known farmer, and the large cortege which accompanied the remains to their last resting place testified to his great popularity in the parish and district.

The chief mourners were:—Mrs. O'Brien (wife), Morgan O'Brien (son), Mrs. O'Brien (daughter-in-law), William O'Brien, National Bank, Macroom; Dan O'Brien, Templemore; John H. O'Brien, Lizzard (brothers-in-law); Sister M. Michael, Presentation Convent, Limerick (sister-in-law); Mrs. W. O'Brien, Mrs. D. O'Brien, Mrs. J. O'Brien and Mrs. M. O'Brien (relatives), Morgan Donovan (nephew), and Mrs. Danaher (niece).

### LIMERICK FOWL MARKET

There was a fair supply of turkeys in the Limerick Fowl Market to-day. Exporters, when housewives had satisfied their requirements at prices ranging from 4/2 to 4/4 per lb. for the choicest birds, paid the standard price of 4/- for turkeys left unsold.

As the export of turkeys for the Christmas market will come to an end on Friday, 15th inst., a big fowl market is expected on Saturday, when home buyers will have the

served a four course meal. Dishes for all courses were already on the table, piled one on top of the other. As we finished with each course those particular dishes were removed. Our English signs for finished or not finished meant nothing to the Spaniard. After the first meal we made sure we had a firm grasp on our "dinner" until we had finished.

\* \* \*

We travelled from Torrelavaga to Santelliano, the nearest village to the Caves of Altamira. We rode with mail, rabbits, etc., ducking branches, ducking showers of rain and in between ducking, soaking up the magnificence of the countryside with its green hills and its feeling of peace and contentment.

\* \* \*

At Santelliano, we walked about two kilometres to the caves. Here we saw the famous paintings. For some reason I had not expected to see them on the ceiling; bison in strange positions, deer, ponies, all in ochre and charcoal, still rich in colour after all these thousands of years. Little did one realise before visiting these caves that one could enjoy standing still and contemplating each one carefully, but the guide whisked us on to see stalactites and stalagmites, anti-climax to the paintings.

\* \* \*

Stopping at the village of Santelliano for dinner at the Parador del Gil Blas we stepped into another world—a world of bygone graciousness. We were shown into a beautiful lounge with heavy beams, oak chests, many comfortable chairs and settees, magnificent paintings, beautiful pewter trays and pottery—everything in perfect taste.

\* \* \*

Soon we were shown to our table on the terrace. For two hours we sat and nibbled and ate, and thoroughly enjoyed the food and our surroundings. We tried to remember our best manners in such a setting, but we threw caution to the winds when we had served to us our choice of fourteen hors d'oeuvre.

\* \* \*

With lagging feet, we left our Parador del Gil Blas to return to Torrelavaga. Here we had more poco cafe con leche at the edge of another dignified square, softened in the evening light.

\* \* \*

On leaving Torrelavaga for Santander, we had left Spain behind. Santander, with its shops and stretches of sands was delightful, but not our idea of Spain. Following the coast line of the Bay of Biscay, we came to Bilbao, where we had a three hour wait for a San Sebastian train. This stop enabled us to have a quick look around the town, a town so well known in the