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Welcome to the latest edition of the IACI e-news.

Founded in 1962, the IACI is the leading Irish American cultural organization. The IACI is a federally recognized 501(c)(3) not-for-profit national organization devoted to promoting an intelligent appreciation of Ireland and the role and contributions of the Irish in America.

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***The Midnight Brownies of Howard
Place
By Steven G. Farrell***

Graugach is an old Scottish word for *brownies*. The brownies are a tiny folk who have much in common with their Irish leprechaun cousins, but they differ in that they're not quite so caught up in the trickery and the word play as are the sometimes bellicose wee people of the Emerald Isle. The brownies are generally known for their playful magic and oftentimes they can use their powers to create products that are useful to the human beings, like cobbling shoes, weaving clothing and even creating words upon the paper. Another big difference between the two species is that the brownies are most decidedly urban while their counterparts favor the blissful privacy of the wooded countryside. The Scottish, English, Welsh, Cornish and Irish nations, who are all a mixture of Celts, Vikings, Normans and Saxons, have sometimes accused members of these two tiny races of sneaking into homes at night and stealing away with younger children of the family which they rear as their own and teach them their skills in the arcane arts of sorcery and in various useful crafts. Apologists of the unseen miniature races pontificate that the allegations are untrue; and that grieving parents used the kidnapping of the infants by small, flying elf raiders as a way to explain the sudden death of children to their sorrowing brothers and sisters.

There was a volcanic eruption of brownie sightings when I was a wee broth of a lad sometime during the 1870's. It was an epoch before the electric lights and motor cars chased the little folk away. Many the times my brothers and I saw them...the brownies... skipping up and down the frosty cobblestone roads of our neighborhood. They had tremendous jumping abilities and it was

comical seeing them engaged in leaping contests to the top of passing hansom cabs. The horses were so accustomed to these tricks that they no longer kicked in protest. On moonlight nights we could look across the street and see the brown-clad figurines leaping from the rooftops in some sort of mischievous game that made them squeal with delight. They would hurl themselves across the Stevenson house to the Doyle resident to the Barrie's home on the corner at the crossroads.

If we six boys could be still for a moment or two, we could hear tiny footsteps clattering overhead as if they were a team competing with the lot on the other side. What great fun they had as they bolted from roof top to foof top. They never lost their temper or their footing. They were normally spotted the most around the midnight hour when the Cathedral bells of the city would ring their chimes. We were supposed to have been long ago asleep with our 8 o'clock bedtime, but we always worried the clock with our own merry laughter and our silly childish pillow fight games.

Actually we three youngest (Robert, Danny and I) went to bed at eight sharp while Jamie and Francis, who shared a smaller room next to ours, had a nine o'clock curfew. Jack, the eldest, had his own room across from Francis and Jamie, and he had a ten o'clock roll call time. The older brothers would bring their pillows and blankets into our room and we would tell ghost stories, talk about Arthur Doyle's big bum, and the price of tea in China. Jack was the cynic but he even had to confess the brownies existed when he saw them sitting on the Stevenson's chimney, kicking their legs and smoking clay pipes. He claimed they were singing in their ancient tongue. Jamie, on a late night visit to the outhouse, claims he saw some brownies inside of our own house, arranging the books inside of father's massive library in alphabetical order.

"Brownies can't read?" protested Francis.

"I didn't say they were reading," countered Jamie, "I said they were arranging the books in alphabetical order.

"Did they look dangerous?" asked Robert, our youngest.

We all laughed at his ignorance, but I was wondering about that myself.

"You're scaring the youngster," said Jack, becoming all stern.

“I’m not scared...I’m curious.”

“The brownies are nice and not naughty like the leprechauns over in the old country,” explained Jack. He had the clearest memory of Ireland.

“Do they help papa run the newspaper?” asked Robbie.

“Yes, they helps with the newspaper, boy-o” said Jack, fondly hugging his littlest brother.

All of us Farrell brothers were curious. Sometimes our nighttime discussions became philosophical and theological. We all piped up and pitched in with our observations, opinions, readings and stories we had heard. I had some of the best stories because my friend across Howard Place was Robert Louis Stevenson, the most imaginative boy in the United Kingdom. He even claimed to be writing his ripping yarns down for publications in magazines for the bookstores and libraries. If he left his shades up and his light was on I could spy on him hunched his writing desk and scribbling furiously.

“Robbie Stevenson, me mate, thinks he’s created the new invasion of the brownies with his quill and ink,” I announced once Francis had stop being bombastic about the body snatchers on the loose in the old town who would “Burke and Hare” a person for a few quid.

“Robbie Stevenson belongs in Bedlam with the other lunatics,” put in Danny, who was envious of my budding friendship with the lighthouse builder’s son.

“He’s already a writer who create stories about brownies, pirates and things.”

We wondered if he did indeed create the midnight brownies of Howard Place.

One Saturday morning, we raced to the breakfast table to find that Jack’s chair was empty.

“He’s been sent to learn the newspaper trade in Dublin with your uncle Leonard,” announced papa, but he seemed distracted. There was a sadness lingering over his head and he hardly touched his breakfast. Our night time discussion was now down to five until we were reduced to four when Francis vanished.

“Francis has been sent to France to study for the priesthood,” said father, putting a happy face on for our benefit that didn’t fool any of us but Robert for one moment.

During the course of one foggy night, Jamie disappeared into the walls of the room and we were informed in the morning that he had been shipped out as a midshipman on a vessel heading over to Canada.

“As I speak to you lads now our Jamie is crashing through the waves of the Atlantic Ocean to Nova Scotia,” said Father, adding, “the name means “new Scotland.”

“When will Jack, Francis and Jaime come to visit us here at home?” asked Robert.

We were all homesick for past times and lonely for the golden old days and nightly brownie races.

“Christmas time, surely,” said father.

At this point even the youngest didn’t believe him anymore. Our comfortable and genteel life had been shattered in to a million pieces by the encroachment of time. None of us could stop the tick tock of the clock and there was no way to put together the calendar pages that had been ripped apart and tossed out with the rubbish.

The weather was warming up and the days were getting longer when Dan woke me up one night. He was fully dressed in his traveling clothes and he had a bag flung over his shoulders. He smiled at me and put out his hand to say farewell.

“I’m off to see the world, little brother.”

“Are you running off with the tinkers or the gypsies?”

“Something like that, Stephen. Keep your voice down or you’ll wake the youngest. You know is not as strong as us.”

“But why must you leave, Danny?”

“You wouldn’t understand,” he said with a brave front. “We never understand...but when it’s time the clock shall beckon you.”

“I’m going with you,” I announced, making an effort to get out of bed.

“The chimes haven’t struck for you yet.”

The dawn found his bed empty and a note in his sloppy longhand pinned to his pillow. He declared he was off to Australia to find a gold mine. He would return when he was a wealthy man and he could buy papa every newspaper outlet in the British Isles.

Robert and I grew closer in the following months. We still enjoyed watching the brownies and talking past the midnight hour. I heard murmurs around the house that my brother was in failing health, but I chose to ignore any warning signs. I couldn't bear the thought of losing him.

"Did the brownies take Jack, Francis, Jamie and Danny?" asked Robert.

I didn't know the answers, but I cried into my pillow. And then he was gone. Just an empty bed pushed up against the large bay windows. I was desolate and all and. I blamed the brownies were snatching my siblings away from me.

Shortly afterwards, when I came across Robert Louis Stevenson walking down the avenue, I pitched into him with all of might and fury. I clouted him in the ear and swatted him in the jaw with all of my might.

"Bring me back my brothers," I shouted.

"I didn't take your brothers," he said, trying to sound reasonable.

"The brownies took them."

"Time swept them away...the ticking of the clock."

"You belong in bedlam, Robert Louis Stevenson."

The years passed and I was ready to be sent to Trinity College across the Irish Sea. It was my father's hope that one day I would become a barrister, eventually, become of Member of Parliament where I could lobby for Irish independence. I was all packed and ready when I opened up the windows to admit the warm, soft breezes of the simmering August night. I no longer paid heed to the Olympic games of the brownies, and there was no room inside of my heart for magic that had been hammered flat by the grim realities of the late 19th century.

I was only in my bed for what seemed like a few moments when I heard a voice calling to me.

"Stephen, are you awake?"

"I am now," I grumped. "What is it?"

There was a pause as the room seem to fill to capacity with a very sweet, spicy aroma that I couldn't identify from any bakery I had ever been in before. Sniffing the air, I pulled myself out of my bed. I instinctively looked towards the open windows. I was shocked to see a miniature image sitting on the window ledge, kicking out his legs and waving his arms to catch my attention.

“I have come to visit you, brother, but my time is short.”

Something awoke a responsive chord inside of my head: it was the voice of my long missing brother Robert. I was more overjoyed than panicked. He was right in front of my very eyes: smallish and at the same age I lost him to the mists of the ages. We gave each other long looks before I lost my composure and started to cry. It was only then that he smiled at me and said in a tiny voice that sounded flute-like to my untrained mortal ears.

“I am happy.”

‘Why did you leave....me?’

“Many the times I tapped on our bedroom window but you refused to answer because you no longer believed in Celtic magic and the dances of moonbeams. You even turned cold to the teachings of the Holy Church.”

“I missed you so much, Robert?”

“I was sick and wasting away, so father asked Robert Louis Stevenson to beg the brownies to accept me into their race so I would not perish.”

“Jack, Francis, Jamie & Danny?”

Robert tossed something into the air that appeared to be a cloud of some sort of purple dust. We were swirled away across the towers and chimneys of the city until we were set down on the dockside. I felt like old Ebenezer, dressed only in his nightgown, night cap and bedroom slippers, in *A Christmas Carol* who embarked on a late night air journey through the ticking of times with the ghosts of Christmas Past, Present and future. Only Charles Dickens or Robert Louis Stevenson could have had the creative flare to write about my midnight cruise with the little brownie. My long lost brother.

“Our older brothers took the ships to other lands to live their own lives according to their own wishes and whims,” said the brownie, waving towards the anchored ships

“So they are alive?”

“Yes, but you knew that already before asking.”

“They never came back to visit.”

“Yes, they all came back home to visit...but you didn’t see or hear them...just like you didn’t see or hear me. You had forgot how to look, listen and feel. You forgot about Celtic magic, dancing moonbeams and the ticking of the clock. You had lost your whimsy.”

“What does it all mean?” I cried.

“I have no wisdom for you, Stephen. Follow the road in your life and don’t try too hard to understand what no man, brownie or creature can understand. It is called the miracle of life. There is a meaning in the end, but it doesn’t reside on this earth or in this life. Know that it all exists in a dreamscape. Pleasant dreams, big brother”

I awoke to the sound of boyish laughter and I quickly realized that I was back inside of my own bedroom on Howard Place. I struggled to my elbows to see five boys crowded up against the bay window where they were cheering on the brownies in their merry dashes over the rooftops of our Edinburgh neighborhood. Everything had been reset to the time of my boyhood memories. What glee surged through my veins as I bounded out of my bed and raced to join the five boys, Jack, Francis, Jaimie, Danny and Robert turned around and smiled out. I wanted to cry but the littlest Farrell put his fingers knowingly to his lips in a warning for me to keep our secret.

“You’re missing out on the fun, lad!” shouted Jack.

I snuggled in between Robert and Danny and laughed with the others. I looked into my little brother’s and only then I realized he was wane and sickly in the light of the moon and the glowing of the streetlamps that lined the avenue below. I hugged him gently and whispered, “I love you.”

When I awoke for the third time I was an old man. I had long since been to college, off to India and back home to my inheritance. I examined my ancient face in the 20th century mirror

and smiled. I then reached for a picture hanging on the wall of myself and my five brothers. In the background of the faded photograph from the last century. I barely identify the house across the street. Yes, it was the front window of Robert Louis Stevenson's study! I could envision the author drawing up his curtains and waving back to me. It had to be an optical illusion for even he had been dead for many years.

I could only think to say, "thank you, Robert Louis Stevenson!"

The End

The Slosly Saga of Brendan Behan, A Gifted Writer

By

Raymond D. Aumack

This is the story of a great talent who might arguably be Ireland's most famous alcoholic and possibly her most prodigious drinker. He was also an active rebel for which he served a lot of years on prison. On top of that, he was a beautiful writer with an autobiography, several plays, and poetry. He loved America and spent a lot of his later years in the USA. Later is relative because he was quite young when he died.

A friend called from Colorado last week and told me this story. At the time, he lived in Union City, NJ. On the way home from work he stopped at the neighborhood bar for a beer. As he was going in, an Irish drunk was being thrown out. He knew he was Irish by the accent from invectives hurled at the offending bouncer. Nothing was said about it while he was there except that the guy came in by himself a few hours before and tried to drink the place dry.

A couple of days later my friend was reading the local newspaper and there before him was a photo of the drunken Irishman who was appearing at a theater in Union City to do a reading from one of his plays. He immediately called his friend, the owner of the bar, and told him that he had thrown out someone famous. It was then that the name, Brendan Behan, was discussed in the neighborhood. My friend suggested a sign for the front of the bar: *Brendan Behan drank here.*

Brendan Francis Aidan Behan (christened Francis Behan) born February 9, 1923, was an Irish Republican, poet, short story writer, novelist, and playwright who wrote in both English and Irish. He is widely regarded among the greatest Irish writers and poets of his era.

He was born into a Republican family at Dublin. The family had a comfortable middle-class existence. They lived in one of his grandmother's houses. She was something of a real estate entrepreneur and owned several properties in Dublin. His mother was the most political of his parents and saw to his education. Her brother was songwriter, Peadar Kearney, author of the Irish National Anthem. From his childhood, she took him to the museums and libraries of Dublin. She read to him the stories of the rebels of years gone by including the stories of the martyrs of the 1916 rebellion and filled his mind with the lore of Irish history, the literature of his heritage, the rousing patriotic ballads decrying the horror of British occupation from the 1700s.

Each evening, his father, who was also imprisoned as Republican during the Irish Civil War, would read the great classics to the children. If a love for literature came from his father, his politics came from his mother. She was a personal friend of Michael Collins who dubbed the young Brendan as "the laughing boy."

He joined the IRA youth organization at age 14 and joined the Irish Republican Army at age 16 and served as a courier. This led to his arrest for attempting to blow up a bridge in England. He was sent to a borstal (Reform School), Kearny prison in England, and then transferred to a prison in Ireland. He used the time of his imprisonment well. He studied the Irish language and achieved fluency. He was deported to Dublin in 1942 and was soon involved in a shooting incident in which a policeman was wounded. He was convicted of attempted murder and sentenced to 14 years. He served at Mountjoy Prison, Dublin, and at Curragh Military Camp,

County Kildare. He was released from prison in 1946 as part of a general amnesty. Behan moved between homes in Dublin, Kerry, and Connemara.

Subsequent arrests followed, either for revolutionary activities or for drunkenness, which also forced various hospitalizations. In 1948 Behan went to Paris to write. Returning to Dublin in 1950, he wrote short stories and scripts for Radio Telefis Éireann and sang on a continuing program, *Ballad Maker's Saturday Night*. In 1953 he began in the *Irish Press* a column about Dublin, later collected (1963) in *Hold Your Hour and Have Another*, with illustrations by his wife, Beatrice Salkeld, whom he had married in 1955.

In 1954, Behan's first play *The Quare Fellow*, was produced in Dublin. It was well received; however, it was the 1956 production at Joan Littlewood's Theatre Workshop in Stratford, London, that gained Behan a wider reputation. This was helped by a famous drunken interview on BBC television.

In 1958, Behan's play in the Irish language *An Giall* had its debut at Dublin's Damer Theatre. Later, *The Hostage*, Behan's English-language adaptation of *An Giall*, met with great success internationally. Behan's autobiographical novel, *Borstal Boy*, was published the same year and became a worldwide best-seller and by 1955, Behan had married Beatrice French-Salkeld, with whom he later had a daughter Blanaid Behan in 1963.

In the 1950s I was in high school and read of the exploits of Behan in the newspapers each day. It was a year or two later when I read the newly published *Borstal Boy*, and immediately changed my opinion of Behan. I had sympathy for him. He was a drunk, but he was a drunk who was also a genius. I wanted to know why he drank. Was it the prison experience? I don't know. But for me, his story leaped off the pages. Maybe I was in the midst of the Irish revolutionary romance

Behan was a master of spontaneous quips. He once described himself as a "drinker with a writing problem."

"If it rained soup, the Irish would go out with a fork."

"It is not that the Irish are cynical. They just have a wonderful lack of respect for everything and everybody."

"There is no such thing as bad publicity, except for your own obituary."

There are many, many more but the saddest is this, "one drink is too many and a thousand are not enough."

By the early 1960s, Behan reached the peak of his fame. He spent increasing amounts of time in New York, famously declaring, "To America, my new-found land: The man that hates you hates the human race." By this point, Behan began spending time with the likes of Harpo Marx, Arthur Miller and was followed by a young Bob Dylan. He even turned down his invitation to the inauguration of John F. Kennedy. However this new found fame did nothing to aid his health or his work, with his medical condition continuing to deteriorate and works such as *Brendan Behan's New York* and *Confessions of an Irish Rebel* receiving little praise. He briefly attempted to combat this by a sober stretch while staying at Chelsea Hotel in New York, but once again turned back to drink.

Behan died on March 20, 1964 at 41 years of age, when he collapsed at the Harbour Lights bar in Dublin. He was given a full IRA guard of honor, which escorted his coffin. It was described by several newspapers as the biggest Irish funeral of all time after Michael Collins and Charles Stewart Parnell.

IRISH SPORTS TRIVIA

What sport takes place at a velodrome?	Cycling
What is the name of a bicycle that has two riders?	Tandem
What is the first name of the Jamaican Olympian whose nickname is 'Lightning Bolt'?	Usain
What is the word used to describe a sailing or rowing sports meeting?	Regatta
What is the name of the fast-moving type of boat that sits on two hulls?	Catamaran
Which swimming stroke wasn't developed until the 1930s?	Butterfly
What wasn't introduced in basketball until 15-20 years after the invention of the sport?	A hole in the basket. A stepladder used to be used.
What is the surname of the brothers who won Ireland's first ever medal in rowing at the Rio Olympics?	O'Donovan
What name is given to rowing with an oar in each hand, as opposed to rowing with both hands on a single oar?	Sculling
Who is the Irish Paralympian and Galway university lecturer who has been dominant in world C3 cycling Time Trials from 2014-2016?	Eoghan Clifford

ON THIS DAY IN IRISH HISTORY - MAY

1st

- 1916 - Collapse of the Easter Rising.
- 1943 - Sir Basil Brooke becomes Prime Minister of Northern Ireland.
- 1969 - James Chichester Clark becomes Prime Minister of Northern Ireland.
- 1980 - The Derrynaflan Chalice discovered in a bog.

2nd

- 1945 - Éamon de Valera expresses his sympathy on the death of Adolf Hitler to the German Ambassador.
- 1982 - Ireland affirms its neutrality in the Falklands war and opposes EEC sanctions against Argentina.

3rd

- 1916 - Patrick Pearse, Thomas MacDonagh and Thomas Clarke are executed at Kilmainham Gaol for their part in the Easter Rising.
- 1933 - The Bill to abolish the Oath of Allegiance is passed.
- 1949 - The British government passes an Act guaranteeing that Northern Ireland will remain within the United Kingdom as long as the majority of its citizens want it to be.

4th

- 1916 - Joseph Plunkett, Michael O'Hanrahan, Edward Daly and Willie Pearse executed for their part in the Easter Rising. Chief Secretary of Ireland Augustine Birrell resigns.
- 1922 - Three day truce secured between both Pro- and Anti-Treaty forces.
- 1939 - The Prime Minister of Northern Ireland announces that conscription will not be extended to Northern Ireland.

5th

- 1916 - John MacBride executed for his role in the Easter Rising.
- 1918 - 15,000 attend an anti-conscription meeting in County Roscommon.
- 1941 - When Belfast suffers its third bombing raid, Dublin sends emergency crews to assist.
- 1970 - The Arms Crisis. Finance Minister Charles Haughey and Agriculture Minister Neil Blaney asked to resign after suspicions that they had supplied arms to the Provisional IRA.
- 1981 - Bobby Sands dies on the 66th day of his hunger strike at Long Kesh prison.

6th

- 1882 - Lord Cavendish and Thomas Henry Burke are murdered in Phoenix Park.
- 1924 - William Craig refuses to appoint a Northern Ireland representative to the Boundary Commission.
- 2000 - The IRA begins to decommission its weapons.

7th

- 1915 - The RMS Lusitania is torpedoed by German submarines eight miles off Kinsale, bringing America into the War.
- 1931 - An Óige established.
- 1969 - Tax exemptions announced for artists and others whose work has cultural merit.
- 1992 - Bishop Eamon Casey resigns following the revelation that he is a father.

8th

- 1916 - Eamon Ceannt, Con Colbert, Michael Mallin and Seán Heuston executed for their role in the Easter Rising.
- 1987 - The SAS kill eight IRA members at Loughgall.

9th

- 1912 - Second reading of the Home Rule Bill in the British House of Commons. A Unionist amendment is rejected.

10th

- 1912 - Andrew Bonar Law and Edward Carson both voice opposition to the Home Rule Bill.

1972 - A referendum on Ireland's membership of the European Economic Community sees a large majority in favour.

1973 - Erskine H. Childers wins the presidential election.

11th

1908 - British House of Commons votes in favour of the Irish Universities Bill.

1916 - During a session of the British Parliament, John Dillon of the Irish Parliamentary Party calls for an end to the execution of the Easter Rebels.

12th 1916 - James Connolly and Seán MacDiarmada are executed for their role in the Easter Rising.

1950 - Nationalist MPs in Northern Ireland ask the Irish government to give Northern-elected representatives seats in the Dáil and Seanad.

13th 1900 - Rift in the Parliamentary Party is healed, with John Redmond and John Dillon sharing a platform together for the first time in ten years.

1919 - IRA men Dan Breen and Seán Treacy are injured while rescuing Seán Hogan from custody in County Limerick.

1921 - Sinn Féin take 124 of the 128 seats available in the Southern Parliament.

1937 - A statue of George II in St. Stephen's Green is blown up.

1949 - Leading figures in the Republic of Ireland share a platform to protest the British government's stance on Northern Ireland.

14th

1974 - The Ulster Workers' Strike begins.

15th

1847 - Death of Daniel O'Connell.

16th

1917 - David Lloyd-George announces that he wants immediate Home Rule for 26 counties of Ireland. The remaining six counties are to be excluded for five years.

1926 - Fianna Fáil is founded by Éamon de Valera and Seán Lemass.

1945 - Éamon de Valera responds to Winston Churchill's criticism of Irish neutrality.

1954 - A huge Marian Year procession is held in Dublin.

17th

1880 - Parnell elected chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party.

1916 - Bishop of Limerick Thomas O'Dwyer refuses to discipline two of his curates who have expressed republican sympathies.

1974 - Loyalists bomb Dublin and Monaghan, killing 31 civilians.

1976 - Tim Severin sets off in a voyage from Dingle to America in imitation of St. Brendan.

18th

1854 - Catholic University of Ireland formally established.

1996 - Ireland wins the Eurovision Song Contest for the seventh time.

19th

1928 - Foundation stone of Northern Ireland Parliament building laid at Stormont.

1932 - The Constitution (Removal of Oath) Bill is passed.

20th

1901 - A census shows that Ireland has a population of 4.5 million with Catholics outnumbering Anglicans and Presbyterians by three to one.

1918 - Anti-conscription meeting in Dublin.

1963 - Plans are announced for comprehensive schools and regional technical colleges.

21st

1956 - First Cork International Film Festival.

22nd

1957 - The Minister for Education announces that married women will no longer be barred from teaching.

1971 - The 'Contraceptive Train' brings contraceptives from the North to the Republic as a protest against their illegality.

1998 - The Good Friday Agreement endorsed by referendum on both sides of the border.

23rd

1964 - Official opening of the US Embassy in Dublin.

24th

1951 - Gardaí exchange shots with two men who try to bomb the British embassy in Dublin.

25th

1921 - Custom House in Dublin set on fire.

26th 1868 - Fenian Michael Barrett publicly executed in Clerkenwall, London.

27th

1936 - First Aer Lingus flight, going from Baldonnell to Bristol.

1941 - Winston Churchill rules out military conscription in Northern Ireland.

1960 - The last barge sails on the Grand Canal.

28th

1923 - Official end of Civil War.

1936 - Motion passed abolishing the Senate of the Irish Free State.

1970 - Charles Haughey, Neil Blaney, Albert Luykx and Captain James Kelly appear in court accused of conspiracy to import arms.

29th

1977 - Massive peace rally in Belfast.

30th

1924 - New licensing laws restrict pub opening hours and limits drinking to the over-seventeens.

1952 - Longer summer holidays for school children announced.

1983 - Inaugural session of the New Ireland Forum.

31st

1941 - Dublin bombed by the Luftwaffe with the loss of 34 lives.