

2013

IMPRESSIONS AND OBSERVATIONS
OF TRIP TO
ENGLAND, IRELAND AND SCOTLAND

I am going to write something of my experiences and impressions of happenings since I moved from my farm at Lucan, Ontario, on March 14, 1960.

With the help of Owen Casey and others, we loaded our furniture on the van to go into storage and I took the train to Detroit where I was met by my son-in-law Tim Hennessey and went to his home in Royal Oak, Michigan. I spent from Monday till Saturday, March 19th with Tim, Anne and the children, Mary Anne, Timmy and Kathleen. While there, my daughter Mary took me to visit my brother Father Edgar Casey at Duns Scotus College in Detroit. We also visited Mr. and Mrs. Henry McNally, a brother-in-law who is retired and living in Detroit. Father Edgar had been ill with pneumonia but on Thursday, March 17th visited us at Anne's. During the afternoon he and I visited a cousin, Mary Casey, formerly of St. Thomas, Ontario, who was recuperating after an operation. Father Edgar stayed for dinner at Anne's and also as a guest for dinner was Miss Anna E. McClear who I had not seen for 44 years.

We had, at one time, been close friends. In my earlier years she and other members of her family had done much to make life pleasant for me. On seeing her again I found her sociable and quite attractive as one would hope their friends might be after 44 years. Anne Hennessey had a nice dinner which I think everyone enjoyed.

While in Detroit I also visited Frank Martin, a brother-in-law and his two sons, Douglas and John, their wives and families.

On Saturday, March 19 my daughter Mary took me to Wallaceburg to visit my daughter Nora, her husband Pat Dwyer and their children, Daniel, Paul, Mary Margaret and Mark. Saturday night we went to the arena to see Paul play hockey. Paul is nine years old and while he did the best he could, he has not yet reached professional status.

On Monday, March 21st, I returned to Lucan to take care of some business details and on March 22, 1960 went to Toronto to stay at Owen Casey's until I could arrange passage to Europe. Lillian, my son's wife, has a busy life with her duties as housewife and the care of three small children, Carol, Edward and Bernard. She also found time to help me prepare and pack for my trip. Sunday evening, March 27th we had dinner with Lillian's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Strassdas. They were good hosts and we had a pleasant time.

On March 29th my passport and other papers were ready and on March 30th, at 8:05 a.m. I was to leave Toronto for New York to embark on my voyage to England.

- THE TRIP -

My son came to the train to see me off. I left Toronto on the C.P.R. in a New York Central Coach. We travelled leisurely to Buffalo, stopping at small stations and sometimes stopping apparently for no reason at all. Some stops were of short duration but at other times you would think they were going to bed down for the night. We finally arrived in

Buffalo after 12 o'clock and pulled out for New York at 1:30 p.m. Between Toronto and Buffalo there was little of interest to meet the eye. The weather was commencing to get warm and small streams of water were beginning to run down the hillsides. The farming country you see from the train is not too good, but there did seem to be some good peach orchards, clean and looking well-kept. The train for New York left Buffalo at 1:30 p.m. It was a good train and made the 460 miles in 470 minutes.

Arriving in New York I went at once to Times Square Hotel where a room had been reserved for me. The following morning, March 31st, I went aboard the Cunard Liner Ivernia without more than a mere glance at the vast city of New York. We sailed before noon and saw many points of interest as we passed down the Hudson River. The Statue of Liberty does not look as big from the boat as it really is. You can also see Sing Sing Prison which I am told is a good place to stay away from. Later we made a stop at Halifax, our last port of call in America.

At our first meal we were assigned to certain tables in the dining room and took our meals at that particular table throughout the voyage. My table mates were Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Hawthorne, both about 25 years old, who were returning to England to live. They had left good jobs in Toronto and were leaving Canada with mixed feelings about Canada and Canadians, but with a full knowledge of the superiority of everything English. Mrs. E. A. Jarvis, a widow, about fifty, was returning to live in England after six months in U.S.A., because she was lonesome for her grandchildren. She was widely travelled and had been many places that I will never see. She was an ordinary person, like myself, and said she worked, saved her money, then went places. Mrs. Edith Wright who had, in her early life been active in theatre work. She was a widow with one daughter. The daughter had been educated in England and France and was employed as a secretary at the United Nations. The sixth member of our group was Mr. H. Schellenberg of Switzerland, returning to his native land from a business trip to Mexico. He was a mechanical engineer employed by a company that installed water pumping equipment. They were an interesting group of people.

My first meal aboard ship I retained only a short time and for five days had only one meal in the dining room. I finally got my sea legs and enjoyed the balance of the trip. I will not dwell on the joys of seasickness. It is one of those things that makes you miserable while it is with you but is soon forgotten when it passes.

The food and various services on the boat were equal to what one would expect in good hotels in Canada and United States. The people I met were sociable and even with my spell of seasickness, the voyage was well worth remembering.

Our first port of call was LeHavre in France. We arrived at 10 p.m. on Thursday, April 6th and left the next morning at 6 a.m. After leaving France we proceeded to Tilbury on the Thames river. Under good weather conditions we would have been able to see the White Cliffs of Dover and other interesting sights but fog which is so popular at that time of year prevented us.

We disembarked at Tilbury and took the boat train which was waiting for us, to London. Disembarking is not as easy as one might think. Between customs and immigration you spend a couple of disagreeable hours. You then get aboard the train, your feet tired from standing, and wait until they are damn good and ready to pull out. The train finally starts and you get into London in about an hour, take a taxi to your hotel and start in on a new lot of troubles.

I went to Regent Palace Hotel and stayed there until Monday, April 11, 1960. The room was nice and the service good. On Palm Sunday, April 10th, I went to Mass at a Catholic Church near the hotel. It was the Church of Our Lady of the Assumption and St. Gregory and dated back to the early seventeen hundreds. Previous to 1736 it was attached to the Portugese Embassy and in 1736 it was taken over by the Bavarian Embassy. During the Gordon Riots of 1780 the Church and contents were burned and a new Church built. It was known, until recently, as the Royal Bavarian Chapel and the only remaining embassy Chapel of Penal times. I talked for a few minutes with the pastor, Father Fuller, and he told me that during his studies in Rome he had, as a classmate, Rev. Father Wemple, Principal of Christ the King College in London, Ontario.

On Monday, April 11th I left London to go to Ireland. I went through Wales to a place called Fishguard where I boarded a boat which took me to Rosslare in County Waterford in Ireland. A waiting train took us to the city of Waterford and from there I went by taxi to Trumere, a seaside resort about seven miles from Waterford. While in Trumere I stayed at the Grand Hotel. The townpeople, the Hotel staff and guests made my stay there, during Easter week, very pleasant indeed.

On Tuesday, April 19th, I returned to Waterford and spent the night there. Next morning I went to Mount Mellary, a Trappist Monastery, near Cappoquin. They have a guest house where people are fed, made welcome and given a room for the night, or as long as one wishes to stay. If desired one may make a donation when leaving. They have a wonderful place, one of the Catholic places well worth seeing. Next day I went to Cork City. I stayed at the Imperial Hotel, a good hotel in a nice location. Cork is the most modern city I had seen in Ireland up to this time. Many of the streets are wide and business places present a good appearance. Near the business district in Cork one sees the River Lee and at the top of the hill is St. Ann's Church with its famous Shandon Bells, which bring to mind the lines of the poem taken in school more than 60 years ago:

"The Bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee -

Blarney Castle is six miles from Cork and is considered by tourists to be a place one must see. I regret to say I failed to see it. The magic Blarney Stone is said to confer the gift of invincible eloquence on all who kiss it. In my case, it may have done more harm than good. Many think I already talk too much.

My mother was a native of Cork County and we believe was born somewhere in the vicinity of Charleville, a town near the Tipperary border. On Friday, April 22, I went to that town to see if I could find the definite locality where she was born. I had the maiden name of her mother and the christian names of her brothers and sisters. Her maiden name, Fitzgibbon, is quite common in that part of Ireland. I talked to some of the older people of the town and others who were supposed to know everyone's family tree, but could get no lead. I also talked to John Fitzgibbon a farmer and a Miss Mona Fitzgibbon a hair dresser, but got no useful information. I was told to visit the Church at Ballyhea. Father Rice, the Pastor, searched the registers which go back to 1800, but couldn't find the right people, I decided to give up the search and try to honor my Mother in some other way. My Mother had an exaggerated idea of my importance. She was always willing to overlook my weaknesses and magnify my virtues. It is lucky that we each have one such person in this world.

Saturday, April 23, I went on to the town of Killarney, a place of 6000 people. Folks say there are 99 Pubs to supply liquid refreshment to the thirsty. This vicinity is, of course, one of Ireland's show places. I saw the Gap of Dunloe which is an opening between the high hills or mountains. Irelands highest point, 3,414 feet, is near here. From the Imperial Hotel, where I was staying, one may go by jaunting car, a horse drawn vehicle, to the gap, then by trap, another horse drawn vehicle, for seven miles, over the steep rocky pass between high hills and you finally arrive at a lodge near the Lakes of Killarney, where you eat a very good lunch provided by your hotel. Mrs. O'Connor was in charge, a very nice person, with 5 children. The kind of family anyone might be proud to have. I forgot to mention six people ride in a jaunting car and four in a trap. The road through the pass is rough and the trip is a hard one on the pony. After lunch, a row boat was waiting to take us across the Lakes of Killarney, small bodies of water, the largest of which is 5 miles wide and seven miles long. The boat used is manned by four oarsmen and carries 25 people. The work is quite strenuous and one gentleman in the party suggested that if they wanted volunteers for rowing his wife might take over as a reducing precaution. Very generous offer indeed! The water trip was very pleasant and ended two miles from Killarney where we found the same jaunting car that had taken us to the Gap of Dunloe in the morning, waiting to return us to our hotel, a pleasant drive of two miles.

Monday I went on a tour they call the Ring of Kerry. In length it is 110 miles and touches many points of interest. We went in one of the local taxicabs, a new car. There were five of us counting the driver. We stopped for lunch at a seaside hotel, made several stops to enjoy scenic parts and returned to our hotel about 6 p.m., to enjoy a steak dinner with onions.

Wednesday I rested and on Thursday I visited the local Cathedral which was in the process of being renovated and decorated. I visited the school near the Cathedral which is operated by the Christian Brothers of the Presentation Order. At the rear of the Cathedral is a Junior Seminary, operated by the Diocese. In passing this school I talked for a few minutes with one of the priests, a teacher at the School who was outside at the time. There is also a large Franciscan Church

and Junior Seminary in Killarney, near the Imperial Hotel where I was staying.

On Friday with a party of seven, I went to Glengarriff. We had our noon day meal at a hotel near the bay. After lunch I went with a party on a boat trip to Garinish Island. The island is about 10 minutes ride from shore and is maintained by some public organization. It is beautifully laid out in Italian style with magnificent gardens and rare shrubs. It is well maintained and really worth seeing. Besides the flowers and shrubs there is much to see; rock formations, high and low spots, wooded areas and a wonderful view of the sea. The hour and a half allowed is hardly enough. Going to Glengarriff you pass through a tunnel in one of the hills. It is three or four hundred feet long and hills and valleys along the way add to the beauty of the scenery. The return trip takes you through the town of Kenmare and then back to Killarney where you arrive in time for the evening meal.

Saturday I rested and on Sunday afternoon, May 1st went with a party on a trip in a jaunting car through a National Park near the Lakes of Killarney. The distance was 14 miles and the scenery was fine. Jaunting cars, like most man-made things, **are, some** good and some not so good. The one chosen for us that day was really not so good. You faced out and had to hang on to keep from being tossed off, while a rod at your back occasionally caused discomfort. One of the imperfect things, just a fly in the ointment!

Monday morning, May 2nd, I said goodbye to Killarney and took the train to Galway, to further explore the beauties of Ireland. After many hours of round-about travel, we arrived in Galway at 6:30 p.m. During the day we spent an hour and a half in Limerick, one of Ireland's important cities, a place of forty-five thousand people. In much of Southern Ireland the land is stoney. However, between Killarney and Galway, in many localities, the land looks good and the people prosperous. Stone fences are common and in the vicinity of Galway you may see many that are neat and well built.

On arriving in Galway, I went to the Odeon Hotel, plenty expensive, but real good accommodation. About that time dental trouble developed and I decided it wise to take May 3rd out and consult Dr. J. J. McNamara. He promised to have me enjoying my meals again in a few days. He also told me I should see St. Nicholas Church which was not far from his office. It was originally a Catholic Church, taken over by the Protestants at the time of the Reformation. Legend has it that Christopher Columbus attended Mass there before setting forth for America and that the bells of the Church rang when news of the discovery was received in Ireland. The tradition is strengthened by the fact that a Galwayman Richard de Culcy did accompany Columbus on his voyage of discovery. Some say Cromwell also visited this church.

While I was in the Church the organist was practising on the beautiful pipe organ. I don't pose as a critic of music or instruments but I was struck by the beauty and tone of the organ and have since been told that it was recently restored and repaired at a cost of 6,000 £, \$16,800 to you. In a wall near this Church there is a window known as the Lynch Window. It is said that in 1493 James Lynch Fitzstephen, at

that time Mayor of Galway, acting as chief magistrate, tried his own son for murder, found him guilty of the crime and sentenced him to hang. The son, Walter Lynch Fitzstephen was a great favourite of the people of Galway and the official executioner refused to act. The mayor determined that justice be done, embraced and then hanged his own son. The father later died of grief and Agnes, over whom the crime was committed lived in seclusion with her family the rest of her life. The window from which he was hanged, or a replica of it, is still there and the adjoining street is still called "Dead Man's Lane". The Lynch's had been prominent in Galway from 1185 to the 17th century. From this happening comes our word "lynching".

Another word often used in the English language is said to have originated from an occurrence in County Mayo, Ireland. The word is boycott. The story told is that Captain Boycott, an English landlord, was excessively harsh in his treatment of his Irish tenants. His servants who were also Irish, quit rather than carry out the meannesses he wished them to inflict. He was left "high and dry", hence the word boycott. My wife and I saw the play founded on this episode about 11 years ago in West Lorne.

In writing of Killarney I forgot to mention my efforts to get information about the fairies. We were told that, according to legend, the fairies are supposed to have a ring or meeting place in the hills or small mountains of County Kerry. They say that anyone who enters that ring will die. They also have mounds of earth in Cork County that they call Forts or Forths. It is said that interference with these will bring disaster or death. These mounds of earth are said to have been erected previous to Irish occupation and used in the wars so popular at that time. Personally, I have no intention of aggravating the fairies or desecrating the Forts.

At the hotel in Killarney I asked one of the maids, a young lady about twenty-one, about fairies, banshees, etc. She told me, as I had heard from my parents and others, the old stories about the banshees that are supposed to appear previous to a death. I asked her if these stories didn't scare her when she was a child. Her answer was "They still do". When I was a child, the ghost stories told by the Irish when they gathered at my father's house used to make us kids afraid to go to bed.

To return to my visit to Galway City and vicinity - Salthill, which joins the city, lies along the seaside, or Galway Bay. Along the beautiful street at the waterfront, there are many fine hotels for tourist accommodation. Vast amounts have been spent developing the waterfront for the pleasure and convenience of tourists and bathers. I first saw this area on a raw, cool day early in May. A setting like this would really appeal to one in weather such as we have in Canada, during July and August.

When I first started writing my impressions of the trip, I had hoped to record each day the various interesting and unusual happenings which I saw and heard. This I have failed to do. Today is Sunday, May 15, 1960, probably ten days having elapsed since I last wrote. Tomorrow I will go on to Dublin, so will try and record my views of

of Galway and surroundings as I have seen them.

My dental trouble was more serious than I anticipated. For ten days it has been difficult for me to get my mind 100% on pleasure. The attractions in Galway are so great that the time has not been entirely wasted.

Ireland has Catholic Churches all over the place. Galway with twenty-five thousand people has at least seven Catholic Churches - St. Patricks near the hotel where I stayed is of the common or garden variety - The Abbey or Jesuit Church is somewhat nicer - The Dominican, The Pro-Cathedral or St. Nicholas and the Augustinian Church are still nicer but at present the Franciscan Church is the nicest. A beautiful new Cathedral is being constructed at a cost of nearly one million, seven hundred thousand dollars. These Churches are all worth seeing.

At different places in Galway you find streams where the water seems to be in a Hell of a hurry to get away. There are three bridges and from one of these called the Salmon Weir bridge, you can see them catch salmon some of which are said to weigh 35 pounds. About 1,000 feet upstream from the bridge there is a dam by which they control the flow of water. In May when I saw it they were holding back about nine feet of water. Two gates of the dam were open. Later when the supply of water dwindles they will probably be closed. This stream is an outlet for Lake Corrib and is fresh water. A book on Galway says the city has been called "The City of Tumbling Waters" - a very fitting name.

About an hour's ride from Galway is a Catholic Shrine called Knock, one of Ireland's Holy Places. The Apparition of the Virgin Mary is said to have appeared there on August 21, 1879, and was witnessed by many people. I visited the Shrine on Sunday, May 8. On that Sunday there was a crowd I would estimate at 10,000 in a village of about 400. Of these fifty were stretcher cases, seeking a cure. I will consider it sufficient to say that the religious zeal of that vast throng was very apparent.

My next venture was a trip by boat from Galway to Aran Islands. I was advised not to go on Wednesday, ~~March~~ 11, but as I have never been able to distinguish between good advice and bad I went anyway. For me that was a minor catastrophe. Things went well until we got near the islands, then the water got rough. I tried to ride it out, but finally surrendered and for several hours had that extremely miserable feeling that only seasickness can give you. However, I will mention a few things about these islands which tourists are supposed to see. There are three in all, the largest being 3 miles wide and 5 miles long. On the largest island there is a dock where the boat ties up. At the other two islands the boat, which has a Gaelic name that I won't even try to spell, stops off shore about a quarter mile and native boatmen with a row boat they call a "currach" manned by three oarsmen, come out from each island to take off passengers or what have you. As I said, the day was rough and these small boats were pitching up and down; sometimes one end of the boat would be four feet out of the water. Three boats came out from each island. The boatmen seemed unconcerned as if it

was all part of the day's work. Some people got off at each island, some cargo too. One young man under 30 years old, an employee of New Yorker Magazine, wanted to land at the second island. As the currach pulled alongside to take him off, the Captain's voice came over the loud speaker saying that anyone leaving the boat did so at their own risk. The man hesitated, but with a little encouragement from another passenger took the risk and will, I hope, live to tell his grandchildren what a brave man he was. I have always liked even small money, but for \$1,000 I would not have gone ashore under those circumstances. He will ever have my admiration.

The two islands where we made our first stops have farms and many make their living farming. When their cattle and hogs are ready to sell they are made to swim out to the boat and are lifted from the water by some kind of hoist. I didn't see this but believe it to be true. The third island is the largest of the group and has a dock. On arriving at this island we found it necessary to wait an hour for the incoming tide to furnish sufficient depth for us to land. About that time seasickness had me in a very unhappy state of mind. I certainly was not sorry when, at 5 p.m., we started for Galway. At 8:30 p.m. we arrived back and at 9 o'clock was sufficiently recovered to enjoy a steak dinner at the hotel. On returning, I made a resolution never to go on a sea trip expecting to get any pleasure out of it.

Like all other living people, I have much for which I should thank my parents. One of the things is that they saw fit to see that my birth took place 500 miles from the sea. If I am lucky enough to get back to that area I hope to stay there.

Another place one must see while in Galway is Connemara. Later in the year when tourist numbers increase, one can always arrange a party in order to share the cost. When I was there that was impossible. I finally broke down and paid the cost myself, 5 £ (\$14). Whether it is because I am not sufficiently rich or merely that I am too stingy, I always suffer a stab of pain when \$14.00 disappears from my purse. Now I will quit weeping and tell what I saw. There is much to see, winding roads among the hills, sometimes near the ocean, small villages with tourist attractions, beautiful flowers and shrubs in full bloom, kinds peculiar to that part of the country. It is mostly very rough country to a person from Southern Ontario and it would seem difficult to make the land in this part of the Country produce a living, as we in this country believe we are entitled to. Along the way one sees many mountain sheep. The only town of any size is Clifden. It was near Clifden that Alcock and Brown landed after their epoch making West to East flight in 1919.

That same day in Galway, a market day was in progress. At that time of year farmers are interested in seed potatoes and cabbage plants which are later used as feed for stock. To a Canadian, one of the strangest things to see is the number of donkeys still in use in Ireland. This humble beast of burden, used by some operators of small farms and some of the land owners who are not yet in a position to adapt more modern methods. Their number, I am told

diminishes each year, but there are still quite a number around the market places. As a rule, the owner walks and leads or drives the animal. A sad looking servant, but it still has a small part to play.

On Sunday, May 15, Mr. Doyle, proprietor of the hotel where I was staying, took me for a ride through Galway and up the waterfront into the country. We visited one of the hospitals erected with Sweep Stake money and continued up along the coast, returning through Salthill along Galway Bay over which I have never seen the sun go down. The trip in the country was nice and the scenery wonderful.

On Monday, May 16, I visited Dr. Heskin who had treated me for some minor ills and Dr. J. J. McNamara, my dentist, for a final check up. At 3:15 p.m. I said goodbye to Galway and took a train bound for Dublin. I shall have fond memories of Galway and am grateful to the people who made my stay pleasant.

In the same compartment with me on the Dublin train was an employee of the railroad, a gentleman in civilian clothes. He was about 40 years old and very pleasant company. In the same compartment was a young lady about 25 years old, born and raised in Southern Quebec, but now works as a stewardess for a Commercial Air Lines operating out of Baltimore, Maryland. She was on her way to Cairo with various stop-overs and was to be back at work in 30 days. She was travelling over airlines not operated by the company for which she worked and was paying half fare, \$400.00. She also had \$1,000.00 to spend on incidentals. Some people can afford to be generous with themselves! She was a bright and likable person and said the thought had occurred to her that she might save the \$1,400.00 toward a marriage fund, but her boy friend, who was of Irish descent, fell short on some of the qualifications she would like in a husband. Furthermore, a recent book by Edward R. Morrow had upset her. She wanted me to read it so I could find how low we human beings had sunk.

We arrived in Dublin at 6:30 p.m. I carried her bag to the taxi and she went her way and I went mine. I wish her luck. After seeing her off, I took a taxi to The Maples Hotel. It fell short of my hopes and expectations, so next morning I transferred to St. Lawrence Hotel in Howth, a suburb of Dublin. This was a wise choice. The hotel was located near the sea, the staff and guests were pleasant and the food was well cooked and extra good.

In order that I might see as much as possible of the Dublin area, I started on the sightseeing tours. On one tour we saw the Vale of Avoca and Glendalough, a nice trip that everyone should take. You see the ruins of the monastery founded by St. Kevin in the sixth Century. At these ruins there is a stone with a hollow top containing about a gallon of water. According to the guide, the amount of water remains the same regardless of how dry the weather might be. There were two places among the ruins where we were told that by doing some small thing and making a wish, the wish would be granted. Having come from Canada where life is so pleasant, most of our wishes had already been granted. The conductor on that trip sang Irish songs and told interesting stories to pass the time.

My seat mate on that trip was Father Murray, a Paulist Father from Baltimore, Maryland. He was a very interesting man, making, what he said would probably be, his farewell trip. On that trip I also met Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Kelly of Santa Fe, New Mexico. They were friends of my brother, Father Edgar B. Casey, when he was stationed at Santa Fe, previous to 1928.

Another of the longer trips was the tour of the Boyne Valley. The Hill of Tara may be seen, also the Hill of Slane where St. Patrick lit the Paschal Fire in defiance of the Druids. This is said to be the beginning of St. Patrick's missionary life through which he converted pagan Ireland to the Christian faith.

My seat mate on that trip was Father Guy Gossellin of Valleyfield, Quebec, on a small tour of Europe after a year's study in Paris. I explained some English terms with which he was not familiar and he put me straight on some religious matters. Our last stop that day was at Drogheda.

The only other long tour out of Dublin was called the Liffey Valley trip. We saw some very nice farms in Kildare County, went through a large Government owned property used as a training field for soldiers and contained also a race track, etc. We stopped for lunch at Naas. During the final twenty minutes of our stay there, I visited the local church and talked to the pastor, Father Doyle, who was outside at the time, saying his office. He was very nice and much interested in Canada. When you are away from home you consider any one interested in your country nice. Later on the same trip we visited the Japanese Gardens, wonderfully well laid out and an interesting story by the guide went with the visit. My seat mate on that trip was from Ceylon. He was a college graduate, in the British Isles to sell edible oils for the firm he represented. His English was perfect and he told me his wife, who was joining him later, had a degree in English. He told me much about Ceylon, its religion, climate, people and what they produce. He regretted that he didn't have a sample of their tea which he said was the best in the world. He was very convincing.

From Dublin I took two other short trips. One of these took us to Phoenix Park, said to contain 1760 acres. We saw the zoo and also the Botanical Gardens. We made a short stop at Corpus Christie Catholic Church which, for simple elegance, is the nicest I have seen. The trip also took us to the Hill of Howth, a high spot in the suburbs of Dublin.

Saturday we took a short tour of Dublin on which we visited the Irish Sweepstake offices. It is a huge place on one floor and is said to be one-eighth of a mile long. We were shown the equipment used and the procedure followed in choosing winners. It all seemed fair and just. We also visited St. Patrick's Cathedral, one of the large Anglican Churches.

During my stay in Dublin I visited Trinity College which occupies 26 acres almost in the heart of Dublin and I saw the famous

Book of Kells. I also visited Dublin's Art Gallery. The beauty of the paintings exhibited inspire even people like myself who have little understanding or knowledge of Art.

On Monday morning, May 23, I went with a party to visit Guinness Brewery. In the small party of 12 three were from England, 2 from Australia, 2 from South Africa, 1 from India and at least 1 from Canada. After seeing the plant, which is enormous, they gave us small samples of their product. This plant, they say, is the largest of its kind in the world producing one hundred and fifteen million gallons of stout and porter a year. These are heavy drinks, not very popular in Canada and the U.S.A.

Like other European cities, Dublin has statues of famous men. Some of the larger ones are of Daniel O'Connell, Robert Emmet, Thomas Moore, etc. They also have great pillars honoring Horatio Nelson and the Duke of Wellington.

On May 25, I said good-bye to St. Lawrence Hotel, its staff and guests. Among the guests was an ex-judge of the Appeal Court. His name was Martin Connolly. He was retired and making his home at the hotel. With him anything other than Ireland or the Irish had little value. We talked a good deal and as I neither feared or loved him, I could hold my own. I found out, however, that anything you may say to a lawyer in conversation may later be used against you in further discussion.

Wednesday, May 25, I took the train to Belfast, intending to spend a few days seeing what I could of Northern Ireland's beauty spots. On arriving in Belfast at 6:30 p.m. I found that, because of the Balmoral Fair, an agricultural exhibition going on at the time, I could not obtain hotel accommodation. Having slept in a bed for so many years one hesitates about sleeping on park benches. I decided the 9 o'clock boat for Glasgow was my best bet, so when it left Ireland's shore on the night of May 25th, I was a passenger, bound for Scotland.

In leaving Ireland after this visit of six weeks duration, I wish to pay my respects to a warm and friendly people. Being of Irish descent myself, I found among the Irish many of the qualities and virtues that I hoped they might possess, and if I were younger would certainly look forward to another visit among so nice a people. The men were friendly, the women attractive, the children courteous.

On May 26 at 7:30, I arrived in Glasgow and registered at the Adelphi Hotel. During the day I looked over uptown Glasgow which was much nicer than I expected it would be. The shops were big and clean and their goods were nicely displayed. A park uptown interested me. It contains about three acres, is called George Square and has many monuments. Among them is the memorial to those killed in war and is one of the nicest I have seen. Others are for Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, William Ewart Gladstone, Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell, Field Marshall Lord Clyde, Sir John Moore, Robert Burns, James Watt, Robert Peel and James Oswald. While uptown in Glasgow I visited the offices of Cunard Steamship Lines and arranged for passage home, sailing from

Liverpool on June 7, on the liner Sylvania.

Friday morning, May 27, I took a bus tour out of Glasgow. We saw much of the surrounding country side, including Loch Lomond and the lakes referred to by Sir Walter Scott in "The Lady of the Lake". At one point we could see Sterling Castle in the distance.

On Saturday, May 28, I decided to keep a promise I made to Beat Borland of Centralia, Ontario, and visited some friends of his at Auch-enheath. It had been ten years since he had seen them and the passing of time had taken its toll. They had a beautiful farm of 350 acres with good buildings and 50 registered Ayrshire cows. Mr. William Carruthers had been sick for a year with hardening of the arteries. He was 78 years old and had been in a wheel chair for 6 months. He tried to talk but I could not understand him. He had been a bright man and widely travelled. His case was sad. His wife, bright and cheerful at 66 had raised a family of nine, all of whom had married and gone. Down through the years the Carruthers had been great entertainers and had welcomed visitors from all over the world. They were good enough to ask me to spend a few days with them, but it was quite apparent that I would only add to their burden. I thanked them for their generous offer and went to Lanark where I spent the night at the Royal Oak Hotel.

Sunday morning, May 29, I attended Mass at the Vincentian Church in Lanark, had breakfast at the hotel and took the bus to Edinburgh, arriving there about 12 o'clock noon. After spending seven weeks in the British Isles I thought I had become saturated with scenery, but I found I still had something to learn. There was a church assembly in progress and rooms were hard to get, but on second try I obtained a room at the Old Waverly Hotel on Princess St., almost opposite the Column built in honor of Sir Walter Scott. Also across the street were the world renowned Princess St. Gardens which could be called a Park and are in two sections. One of the attractions of the Gardens is their floral clock said to be the first of its kind in the world. The beauty of these gardens is great and I will not attempt to find words to convey my impressions. It occurred to me that in seeing Edinburgh and the beauty that exists here at this time of year, I should have no regrets over spending the amount of money this trip will cost, and to my frugal mind the amount is substantial. My only regret is that we were unable to take the trip while my wife, Helen, was still alive. She had spent her youth in Edinburgh, from the age of 4 to 18, and would have enjoyed visiting it again in her more mature years.

The afternoon of Sunday, May 29, 1960, I visited Father Thomas Martin of Captains Road in Edinburgh. He is a brother of Mrs. Clarence Seelbinder of Walled Lake, Michigan, and my visit was in fulfillment of a promise made in Detroit early in March. I had tea with him and on Monday morning returned to continue the visit. We went in his car to visit Mt. Vernon Cemetery where my late wife's father is buried. We later went to Edinburgh Castle which has much of interest for everyone. While we were at the castle there were many tourists, sightseers and conducted tours of school children. At noon he returned to his duties and I to my hotel. I enjoyed meeting Farther Martin and was grateful to him for making my stay in Edinburgh more enjoyable.

After dinner at the hotel on Sunday evening, I attended a band concert in the gardens across the street. There were two bands, a Military Brass Band and a Highland Pipe Band, in full regalia. They played alternately and I enjoyed them both. The night previous, in Lanark, a Pipe Band returning from competition marched down the street playing their favourite selections. Pipe music has always been popular with me and I still like it.

Monday afternoon I rested and Tuesday morning left for London. Much of the farming country you see looks good and is well farmed. One goes through many places of some importance, Berwick on the Tweed, Newcastle on the Tyne, Durham, Darlington, York and Peterborough. About 6:30 p.m. we arrived in London and I was lucky enough to get a room at the Cora Hotel in Woburn Place.

I wished, during my stay in London, to find the next of kin of the air crew who fought and died with my son William on their final trip over enemy territory on August 17, 1941. They were the crew of a Wellington Bomber of the 99th Squadron, R.A.F.

For information to aid in the search, I tried the British Air Ministry and got what amounted to a brush off. I then decided to try Canada House. Everyone there was courteous and the information was available in a few hours.

Wednesday, June 1st, I went to visit Mr. and Mrs. Norman Dotchin who live at 133 London Road, Bedford, England. Their son, Norman, was co-pilot on the bomber on which our son was navigator. The plane was shot down August 17, 1941. Of the crew only Sgt. Robt. Williams survived. P.O. Norman Dotchin was the only child, and heir to a minor title held by Mr. Dotchin. He was 19 at the time and making his first trip over enemy territory. Our son had made 19 trips. Even after 19 years the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Dotchin still revolve around the son they lost. They are deeply religious people, members of the High Church of England and try to see their loss as true Christians should, but any one who has suffered a similar loss knows how difficult it is. They visit the graves of their son and his crew mates and have friends who keep flowers on the graves of these young men, who really deserve any honor they may receive.

On Thursday, June 2nd, I visited Sgt. Robt. Williams, the aforementioned member of the crew to survive. He is living with his family at Gillingham, near London. His wife, a nurse before her marriage, had also known our son. He has a family of four, Peter 14, Stena 12, George 8 and Margaret, just 8 weeks old.

His account of the loss of the bomber was as follows:

They were struck by enemy shells and set on fire. They were told to abandon ship. He got his parachute adjusted and was clear of the plane when it exploded.

He is doubtful whether anyone else got out before the explosion. He was injured and spent two months in hospital and from then to the end of the war, in German prison camps. He said they referred to our son as "astral king" because of his ability to tell their position by the

stars. To any one who doesn't know how, this would look like quite a trick.

Pilot Officer William A. Casey had been a good son who had caused as little trouble as possible. He was a brilliant student, gold medalist and winner of the University of Western Ontario Scholarship in his final year at Ridgetown High. He had promise of a great future. However he had lived a respectable life, died an honorable death and we hope received a reward in heaven. We will do well if the same can be said for us.

The other three young men who lost their lives were P.O. Wells of Australia, Sgt. York and Sgt. Crane, one from Shelbourne and one from Wellington, in England. I didn't get to see the parents of these boys, but I do, nevertheless, regret the loss of their sons, as I regret the loss of my own.

On May 31, I was in the right place at the right time to see the changing of the horse guard. They make a big ceremony of it and it is truly worth seeing. Both the mounted men and guards on foot wear armour which looks like brass and shines like gold. There were two trumpeters on white horses, the balance of the horses, 30 in all, being various shades of black. The changing of the horse guard is something every tourist should see. The crowd watching would exceed 400. The guard changes each day at 11 a.m. I passed on the bus each of the two days following June 1st and 2nd and on each day equally large crowds were present. Americans are among the most enthusiastic as they have nothing like it, even in Texas, where everything is bigger and better than anywhere else except in Russia.

The size of London is so great that it would be foolish to attempt to see it all. I will, however, mention a few other things I saw. One was Trafalgar Square. The fountains are nice, also the congregating of the pigeons. There seems to be thousands of them continually being fed by children and others. They seem to have no fear of people and will light on the head and arms of most anyone. Really it is worth seeing.

On my last day in London, I visited two of their great Churches. One was Westminster Abbey of the Church of England and while, I presume, many things about it should be worthy of attention, I will not try to single out its points of interest. Week day services were going on while I was there so chances to explore were limited. I went from there to Westminster Cathedral. As I am more familiar with Catholic Churches, it was easier to see the beauty of this Church, but in all truthfulness, I have seen some modern churches that impressed me more. A solemn High Mass was going on at the time, but I had a train to catch so had to leave.

I collected my bags and boarded the train for Liverpool. The train was crowded but I was given a seat in a compartment occupied by three young women on their way to Liverpool to board the Empress of France bound for Montreal. They were about 21 years old, one from England, one from Australia and one from South Africa. They were, I

believe stenographers intending to work in Canada and later continue to circle the globe. On arriving in Liverpool, I wished them luck and set out to hunt a suitable hotel where I could stay until June 7 when I was to sail for home. I chose the Shaftsbury and was a guest there until the following Tuesday.

While I am in the mood I will give my impressions of touring. People like myself who have stayed close to home and their work, partly through choice and partly necessity are apt to overestimate the joy of touring. You start out very enthusiastic to see far away things which you have always wished to see, you travel on, seeing this thing and that, rocks and rivers, lakes in beautiful settings, mountains and valleys until at last you become saturated with scenery and you feel old and worn out and you commence to wonder "is all this worthwhile"?

Previous to making this trip, I was a farmer and since undertaking it I have been an enthusiastic tourist. While I admit the two occupations differ in every detail, being a good tourist takes more energy. A saying that has always been popular with me is "You are never licked till you quit fighting". Right now I am ready to "throw in the sponge" but I hope to snap back again. It must be an awful thing to be old in both mind and body.

On Sunday, June 5, I visited Speke Hall and Park, a twenty minute ride from uptown Liverpool. The grounds were nice and the house, an ancient one, through which parties were conducted by a guide, contained furniture and cooking utensils of 150 years ago, or more. When I came to Liverpool I was tired and thought I had lost all interest in sightseeing. However, as it was my last opportunity I decided to see both the Church of England and the Catholic Cathedrals in Liverpool. The Catholic Cathedral, known as the Metropolitan Cathedral of Christ the King, is more or less in the early stages of construction. They are using the basement at present. The altar and fixtures are rich and simple. When I looked at it I thought I was seeing the finished church and thought it to be of strange design. I have since learned I saw only the basement and the foundation on which they are about to erect a new million dollar church. From there I went to see the Church of England Cathedral. As a structure, it has great appeal both inside and out. The grounds outside could be nicer, but, as so often happens, funds for proper maintenance may not be sufficient. It is built on the edge of a small ravine. This Church was started in 1904 and is still not completed. Anyone who has the opportunity should see this church. One of the attendants told us that the architect who designed the church was only 20 when his design was accepted. His name was Scott and he died recently, at the age of 76. He also told us that Mr. Scott was of the Catholic faith while the man who designed the Catholic Cathedral was Protestant.

Tuesday afternoon, June 7, I took a taxi from the hotel to the pier where I embarked on the Liner Sylvania bound for Montreal and home. We left Liverpool at 9 p.m. and arrived at Greenock next morning. At 3 p.m. Wednesday we left Greenock and began our homeward journey, the next part of call would be Quebec.

By now I was a more experienced sailor and took what precautions I could to avoid seasickness. Whether by good luck, or good management, I made the return trip without any of the annoyances that sometimes go with sea travel. My table mates were Mrs. M. Hotchkiss and Mrs. M. Hannah of Scotland and Mrs. A. Young of England. They were wonderful people, pleasant and good company. People aboard ship mix freely and you have an opportunity of finding out much about how the other half lives. I had some interesting discussions with a family of four, making a visit to Canada and the U.S.A. from Rhodesia. They gave a word picture of their country, its weather and its people which was interesting and very descriptive. I also had some interesting conversations with the Rev. Jane Bone, a United Church Minister, formerly of the Five Oaks Christian Training Centre near Paris, Ontario, run by the 5 central Conferences of the United Church of Canada. I had similar talks with Mrs. McReady of Toronto, an enthusiastic member of the United Church. Both had great zeal and after talking with them I had a much better knowledge of their faith and what it meant to them.

Entertainment and social activities arranged by the staff, along with the wonderful meals, with their wide choice of food, adds much to one's enjoyment aboard ship.

I was not up in time to see Quebec City, which, they say, presents a beautiful appearance from the boat. Coming up the river from Quebec one sees the shoreline on both sides. I will not attempt to describe it. To say that it is a wonderful sight to see, is putting it very mildly. Any words I would use would not properly convey the beauty of the scenery as I saw it. This was June 14, 1960, our last day on board. At 6 p.m. we ate our last meal aboard the Sylvania, landed at Montreal, said goodbye to our ship mates and proceeded to our various destinations.

As usual, it took some time to clear customs, immigration and other annoyances one encounters in travel; so it was about 8:30, Tuesday evening, June 14, when I arrived at the Canadian National Depot in Montreal. I boarded a train at 10 p.m. for Brockville, arriving there at 12:30 a.m. Wednesday and took a taxi to the Revere Hotel where I spent the night. After breakfast I called my daughter-in-law, Mrs. E. F. Casey of Athens, Ontario, and spent Wednesday, Thursday and part of Friday at her home. While there, we visited the grave of my son, Edward, in the Catholic cemetery at Smiths Falls. I also saw, for the first time in four years, my three grandchildren, Thomas, nine, Michael, eight and Mary Bernadette, four past, and was amazed at their growth as well as their advancement in wisdom and knowledge. On Friday I took the noon train to Toronto, from Brockville, and was met at the depot by my son Owen and taken to his home.

On Tuesday, June 21, I took the 8 a.m. bus to Niagara Falls and spent the day seeing the Falls and surrounding area. While there I took the four hour bus trip covering points of interest on both sides of the river. We made stops at Queenston Heights, saw Brocks monument, Power Commission Park, with its beautiful grounds and floral clock, said to be the largest of its kind in the world, also the Airial ride over the Whirlpool, the tunnel with the barrels and the board walk along the rapids. On this trip we also saw the

flowers and gardens cared for by the students of the Horticultural Option of Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. This display of flowers and shrubs is said to stand high in comparison with any in the British Empire.

On Sunday, June 19, while in Toronto, I visited Edwards Gardens in that city. This park is unusual in many ways and very beautiful; a place to be remembered.

While in England, Ireland and Scotland, I saw beautiful things, many of which could not be seen elsewhere than in their present setting. I will not attempt to make a comparison but I was pleased to learn on returning to Canada, that this country also has natural scenic beauty, comparable to any in the world. Possibly I exaggerate our importance but it seems nice to be a Canadian.

Wednesday, June 22, 1960, I took the bus from Niagara Falls to Blenheim, where I was met by my daughter Nora of Wallaceburg, her husband, Pat Dunlop and their four children, Daniel, Paul, Mary-Margaret and Mark.

That about ends my trip and is more or less the end of this story. While we live we must find some spot to call home. Finding a suitable place to live and enjoy what ever time may be allotted to me, shall be my chief concern. For now - the end.

*Copied from Notes
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