

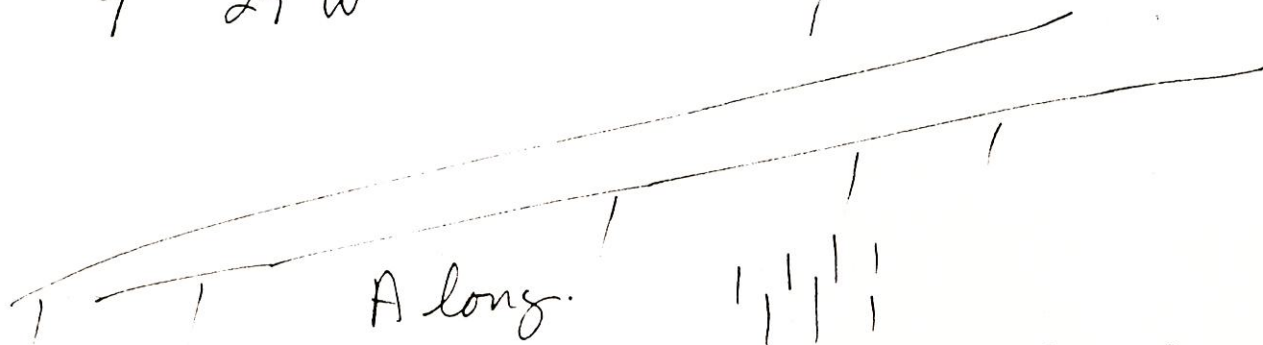


1158 00

Swann  
12 Jan 82  
9.24

52° 58' N  
9° 27' W

L/W



A Buckleiss N  
cliff



A down.

Aal. white cliffs Dover.  
C

Cliff on coastline

Site B

road on edge

town  
on land with  
big wind  
Howling  
End  
foggy night  
Walc  
staying  
cold

1158 00 1158 00

1/12/81  
0924  
Pwam  
class C

52° 58' N  
9° 27' W

1158 00

I

A BONES NR  
B

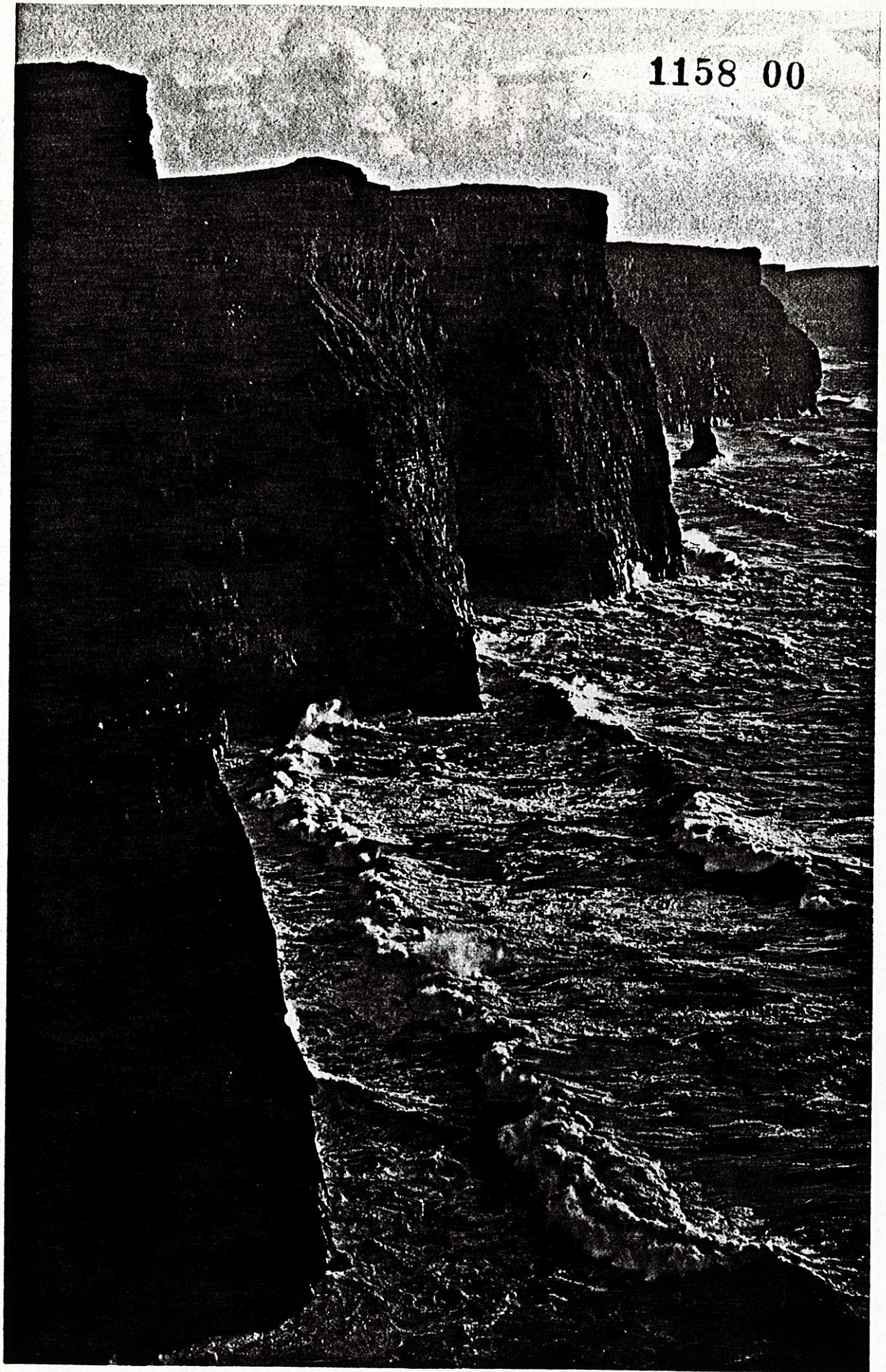
WHITE CLIFFS OF DOWN AOC

CLIFFS ON COASTLINE S120

S2 ~ foggy, N170, STORMY, COLD  
DOWN INLAND TO S.E.



1158 00





participated. When James and "King Billy" finally faced one another across the narrow Boyne River, James had 25,000 French and Irish troops and William 36,000 English, Dutch, Danes, Germans, and Huguenots.

The Battle of the Boyne is generally regarded, especially in Ulster, as the last gasp for Catholic Ireland, but actually the war went on. Its chief spirit was Patrick Sarsfield, who stoutly defended Limerick against siege, until the truly decisive engagement at Aughrim, where a Dutch general named Ginkel defeated a French general named St. Ruth because of betrayal. Sarsfield came to terms, but this Treaty of Limerick is remembered bitterly in Ireland for its being so often broken.

Sarsfield, like the other rebels before him, passed into folklore. He led some 14,000 troops to the Continent to fight on against England for France, the first of the famous "wild geese," men who left Ireland to take up arms in foreign armies.

Thus, defeated at Kinsale, defeated by Cromwell, defeated at the Boyne and Aughrim, the Irish entered the age of the notorious penal laws.

**T**HIS IS THE MOMENT in the long tale when the memory of the immigrant's son stirs and awakens: "An Irishman could not speak his language, practice his religion, be educated, hold office, or own a horse worth more than \$10." The hedge schools, where Latin, Greek, and Irish were spoken. The secret Masses spoken in caves and open fields. The "Protestant lease"—a grave. The murky pubs and constant talk of rebellion.

In 1798 open revolt, fomented by Wolfe Tone and aided by a French army, added more martyrs and battlefields to the Irish earth. The Frenchmen, supported by a motley mob of peasants, were run down and defeated by Lord Cornwallis, of Yorktown fame, and the gallows claimed the losers.

Years of suppression were climaxed by

the Great Famine. It is difficult for us now to imagine the emptying out of the island, in six years, two million people died or left, fleeing to Canada, the United States, England, Australia, blown across the world in a diaspora of the poor and ill schooled, the country oaf, and the incredulous, clutching the rosary beads and the whiskey jug.

The calamity was essentially man-made, a poison of blind politics, scientific ignorance, rural suppression, and enforced poverty. For more than 120 years after 1845 Ireland's chief export was its people; the farmlands today have a third or less of their former population.

What could come of such misery? Over the reaches of the land, the lords who could collect no rents sold out cheaply or resorted to mass evictions and destruction and burning of cottages. Yet another rebellion, that of the Young Irelanders, ended in a bloody mess at Ballinacorney in 1848. Nineteen years later, with help from the Irish of the United States, the better organized Fenian rebels rose against the English; they were crushed as the others had been.

At length British statesmen realized that Ireland, like a lamed and sick dog, was chewing on itself. In 1869 the Protestant Church was disestablished, ending mandatory tithes. The following year the first Irish Land Act was introduced. In the following decades the struggle over the land was renewed by leaders like Daniel O'Connell, until, with England preoccupied by World War I, Irish rebellion struck again during Easter Week, 1916.

The guerrilla war that followed ended with Irish independence in the south and protracted, agonizing struggle in the north.

Brian Boru, Silken Thomas, O'Neill and O'Donnell, Sarsfield, Wolfe Tone, Young Ireland, Fenian, Easter Week. After eight centuries of defiance, Ireland achieved independence in that troubled time, hopeful that her sons and daughters would no longer, like the autumn geese, fly away. □

*"Keeping position like broken heroes, with waves  
breaking upon them like time." So poet Louis MacNeice  
saw palisades like the Atlantic-washed  
Cliffs of Moher, rising 700 feet in County Clare.*



Scottish-Presbyterian settlers in their wooden forts and little towns. As the Protestant colony grew, Gaelic-speaking Catholics were pushed back toward the Shannon, as the Indians of America were pushed back toward the Alleghenies. English law with its ideas of property, its judges and sheriffs and tax collectors, spread over Ireland, replacing the brehons and chiefs and clan-owned kingdoms.

The conquered isle was now caught up in the flaming religious and civil wars of England. In 1641 the Ulster Irish rose, scattering thousands of colonists. Five years later, under Owen Roe O'Neill, an army composed of both native Irish and Catholic descendants of Normans and others won a memorable victory along the banks of the Blackwater River. But the dream of Irish independence was shattered when Oliver

Cromwell and Parliament's forces defeated Charles I in England and beheaded him. Before long, Cromwell himself landed in Ireland, intent on suppression and revenge, on ending the Irish question forever.

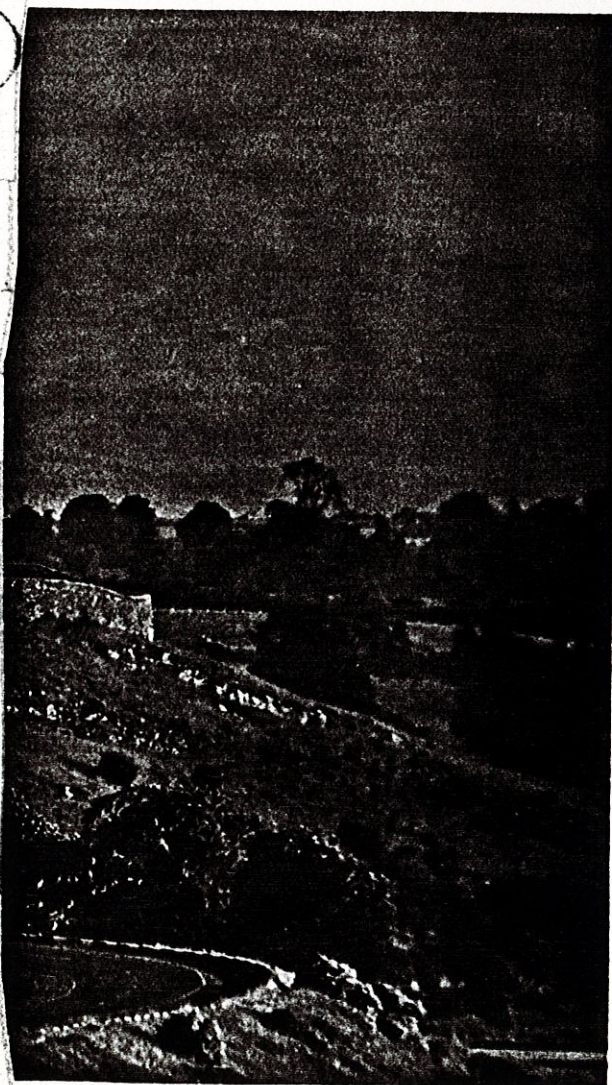
**T**HERE IS no greater villain in Irish folk history than Oliver Cromwell. He smashed Catholic Ireland, its institutions and its people. Massacres at Drogheda and Wexford were followed by the exodus of 30,000 Irish to the Continent. Cromwell's iron boots marched the length and breadth of the land, leaving pillars of black smoke over church and monastery.

Within 50 years Catholic Ireland was largely owned by English Protestants, and the system of wealthy, often absent, English landlords and a massive, poor peasant class of Irish that was to bear such bitter fruit was well established.

There was to be another hurrah. In 1660 the Cromwellian government collapsed and Charles II was called from exile. But Irish hopes for restoration of the land were tempered by the knowledge that it was a Protestant army that recalled the king, and the settlement, when it came, proved galling—the loyal Catholics ended with a fifth of the land. As Jonathan Swift said, the Cromwellians “gained by their rebellion what the Catholics lost by their loyalty.”

The climax of the English struggle for kingship came now, and it came in Ireland. Charles was succeeded by James II, a Catholic king; when James had a son and a Catholic dynasty seemed inevitable, a group of English noblemen summoned the Protestant William of Orange from Europe. James fled to France, and in 1689 he landed in Ireland at the head of a French army, thinking Ireland and its loyal Catholics to be a stepping-stone back to the throne.

In due course, William arrived in Ireland and the *Cogadh an Dá Rí*, the “war of the two kings,” commenced. Much of Europe



1158 00

*“Loud above the grassland,  
In Cashel of the towers,  
We heard with the yellow candles  
The chanting of the hours.”*

— AUSTIN CLARKE



Aol island S  
Break

S-2

spray  
small's fumes.  
foggy

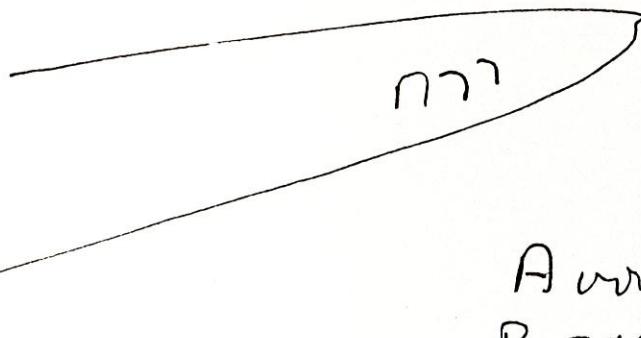


A gently up  
B land.

S.2 vegetation (cactus) sup.  
Break

12° 30' N

70° W



A currens.

B coast line c

A irregular

B rocks. p c

12° 30' N

70° W

Aol like Martini  
Break

1245 00

(3)

H1 very beautiful  
Break.

large  
long  
greenish  
dry

blue water

some houses  
white buildings.



A up down  
B hills C



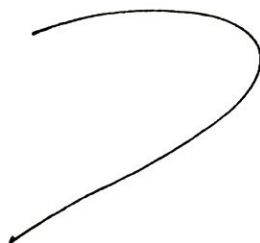
A raised  
B no

S-2 rocky

near another of  
Red  
Break



Island w/ some towns out.



A come  
B bay.

Boats.

some undulating  
smell. acrid.  
Adl Breeds.

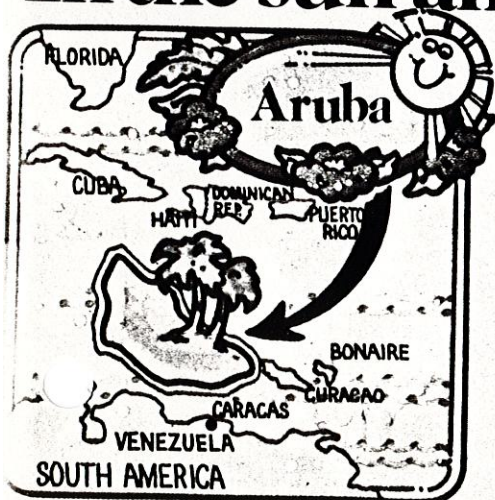
Adl Bricks  
End.



1245 00



# In the sun and fun-drenched Caribbean, the friendly Dutch await you!



There's something very special about Aruba! You might guess that it's the luxurious hotels, or perhaps the endless warm beaches or maybe even the thrilling nightlife. You have the right ideas, but it's the people: they're really "something special!" The Arubans are the friendliest and most sincere people in the world. The standard of living is the highest in the Caribbean. Their eyes shine with pride. Pride of their island, and above all, they want you to enjoy it! Enjoy the abundant tropical gardens, the Dutch architecture, the immaculately clean pastel-colored homes topped with the traditional tile roofs, and the food... ah, yes, the food, Turtle soup at an old Dutch mill restaurant, "rijsttafel" on an Indonesian houseboat, mouthwatering

coconut palms and cooled by refreshing trade winds. Water so sparkling clear you can count your toes. Exhilarating tennis, golfing, refreshing waterskiing, exploring... there are caves, grottos, even an abandoned gold mine.

By night... Aruba swings! Colorful carnivals, happy calypso music, dancing beneath the moonlit sky, star-studded nightclubs, the fever of plush gambling casinos and, of course, elegant gourmet dining.

The sounds of the marketplace fill the air. Aruba is a free port so naturally there are great buys. Along the shopping arcade, the boutiques are well-stocked with European and Latin American treasures, including cashmeres, embroidered