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# The Irish Press

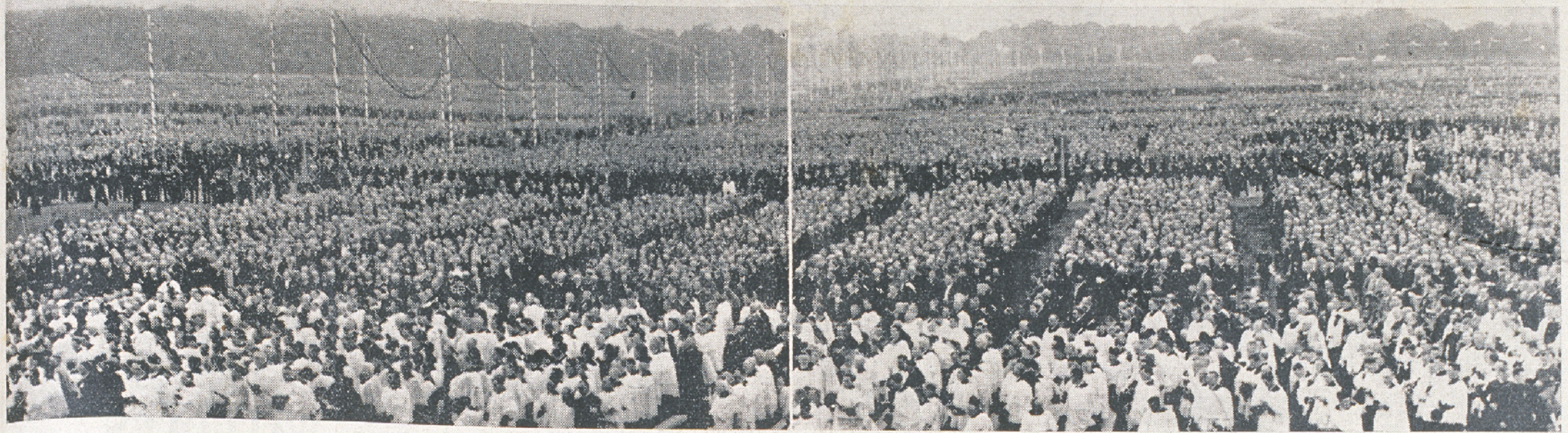
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Do Cum Sliúine Dé aSúr  
Onóra na hÉireann

MONDAY, JUNE 27, 1932.

The Truth in the News. PRICE ONE PENNY

WILLIS'S  
**Gold Flake**  
CIGARETTES  
20 for 11<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub><sup>d</sup>



AS FAR AS THE EYE CAN SEE—a view of the stupendous array at the Mass in Phoenix Park, Dublin, yesterday.

## THE TWO GREAT VOICES

SAINT PATRICK'S BELL HEARD  
AGAIN IN IRELAND  
HIS HOLINESS SPEAKS

(By DAVID HOGAN.)

THREE aeroplanes crept into the sky and the noise of their engines swept down on the fifteen acres. A million people looked up at them angrily; for it was just at that moment that the Pope of Rome was to speak to the Irish nation. Yet despite those droning engines we heard him speak, and I saw an Italian bishop below me cry out in joy at the sound of the voice he recognised.

*Hosanna, Hosanna.*

The choir sang "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus." Like angels in one of Botticelli's pictures they sang—boys with soft faces and bird-like voices.

The fingers of the conductor spoke the message to them of quietness, of strength, of exultation; and the song softened, grew brave, lifted in joy. Yet, beautiful though it was, it filled me with fear. The Elevation was near. Would the voices drown that one voice that was to speak to us through all the ages of our Christianity: the voice of the bell St. Patrick carried over the five royal roads of Ireland.

The last note of the music died, softly crying "Hosanna, Hosanna," as the boys of King David's day cried it, as the children of the first Palm Sunday cried it. The greatest congregation that ever assembled in the world were about to see the sublimest Mystery of the world.

*That Ancient Voice.*

A silence came so that when a bell cried on the far edge of that vast throng, I heard him. And I heard the grass swishing against the boots of a priest who hurried to his place below the Press stand.

And through that silence, so deep and perfect that if you closed your eyes you were alone, through that silence rang St. Patrick's Bell. What music! what beauty! Deep the voice of the bell was: deep and grave as if within it had remained the voice of the Apostle himself, the voice of serious love for his people.

Down to the ground those people bowed, down in ecstasy of adoration that the one voice of the bell called out to the silence. From all that multitude as the Host was lifted a silent unspoken intensity of devotion that gave to the air itself a sweet happiness.

*Steps Through the Dawn.*

As dawn broke over the park these people who bowed below me had been gathered there hardly come and there when along the Park roads the sound of footsteps rang and the white clouds of the Host passed among the trees. Night had shown these early risers resting here and there, and women both. Movement away toward the Ashtown



CARDINAL LAURI.

gate told that with the dawn the cars were coming too. As the light strengthened the individual footsteps sounding through the morning became first the heavier beat of many groups, and then by eight o'clock the steady tramp of an army. On, on, on, never broken, never stopping, it came; from the south, from the north, from the east, from the west, men and women, boys and girls, without ceasing, without pause.

*The Human Torrent.*

There were the voices of the world among them, and all our own inflections—the sharp music of the north, the soft accents of the south, the lilt of the western speech.

There were many old men and women dust-covered, weary walking that long, hard road through the centre of the Park. Many thousands were resting on the grass edges, unending human banks, between which the human torrent flowed.

At nine o'clock there were thirty thousand people gathered in the Park. At ten o'clock one hundred thousand. At eleven, two hours before the Mass was to begin, there were gathered together more than on either of the two great nights, and it was only now that the torrent reached its height, and breaking its banks flowed by every path and pass and road and by-way into the fifteen acres. Even the enclosure, with its rows of new-smelling wooden benches, was more than half filled.

To look on it from above was to know at last the majesty of numbers. From the gold dome of the altar to the far-off semicircle of grave trees, there stood a multitude, with here and there fresh green patches of unoccupied grass, and these vanished even as we looked, as every inch of soil went under to the torrent.

*The Many Flags.*

The day's joy was expressed throughout that multitude. Flags and banners snapped in the kindly wind. The blue shining silks of the Belgians, the white of the Rumanians, the standards of Spain, (Continued on Page 2.)

## A MILLION PEOPLE POPE'S VOICE HEARD BY VAST CONGREGATION

UNPARALLELED SCENES WITNESSED IN THE PHOENIX PARK YESTERDAY

### WORSHIPPERS ALL-NIGHT WAIT

A MILLION IRISH MEN AND WOMEN YESTERDAY HEARD THE POPE'S VOICE WHEN THE GREATEST EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS EVER HELD IN THE WORLD CONCLUDED IN DUBLIN.

The Pope's message was received immediately after the Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Most Rev. Dr. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore, His Eminence the Papal Legate presiding.

THE VAST CONGREGATION BEGAN TO ASSEMBLE AT MIDNIGHT, AND BY NINE O'CLOCK THIRTY THOUSAND PEOPLE WERE PRESENT. THEY CONTINUED TO POUR IN FROM ALL GATES OF THE PARK UNTIL JUST BEFORE MASS CONCLUDED AT 2.15 P.M. THROUGH THE NORTH CIRCULAR ROAD GATE ALONE MORE THAN 200,000 PEOPLE PASSED.

### ENTIRE NATION REPRESENTED.

Around the altar were gathered ten Cardinals, over 200 Archbishops, Bishops and Lord Abbots, and about 4,000 priests.

Nearly 150 special trains brought contingents from all parts of Ireland, many coming from the North. All the principal cities and towns were represented, not only by their public officials in the enclosure around the Altar but by thousands of other citizens.

The contingents who travelled by road must have reached over 50,000. At noon 8,500 cars were parked in the Fifteen Acres, and, in addition, hundreds of others were left in various parts of the city.

At the Mass three great events added to the majestic ceremony. One was an address by the Papal Legate, in which he showed himself deeply moved by the extraordinary scenes he witnessed; another was the singing of the "Panis Angelicus" by Count McCormack, and the third, the ringing of St. Patrick's Bell at the Elevation.

### BY BOAT FROM ENGLAND.

Up to the last moment overseas pilgrims continued to arrive. Two special boats from England brought 3,000 passengers, and from America the ss. Laconia brought 200.

In the City itself three hundred and twenty trams and 86 D.U.C. buses were used to convey the army of people to the Park; while all other bus companies turned most of their cars on to the same route.

DESPITE THIS AND THE FACT THAT THE TRAMWAYS REGISTERED 800,000 PASSENGERS FOR THE DAY, THE NUMBERS WHO MARCHED THE WHOLE DISTANCE FROM O'CONNELL BRIDGE TO THE ALTAR, FIVE MILES, SURPASSED EVERYTHING SEEN IN THE IRISH CAPITAL BEFORE.

From 8 a.m. to 1 o'clock the stream of people entering the main gates was unbroken. Marvellous organisation, alike the work of the Director and his committees and the Garda, Army, and Catholic Boy Scouts made the day's unparalleled proceedings pass without a single hitch. The medical and first-aid services carried out by the St. John Ambulance Brigade were also perfect.

When, in the closing act of the Congress, the Cardinal Legate raised the Monstrance aloft in Solemn Benediction on O'Connell Bridge, scenes were enacted such as were never before witnessed in Ireland. The million people who participated will remember the last phases of the great celebration through their lives.

### LEGATE'S STAY

THE Cardinal Legate will rest to-day, and will not attend any function, except the Lord Mayor's Reception to-night, when the Freedom of Dublin will be conferred on His Eminence. It is understood that the Freedom of Kildenny will be conferred on the Legate at the same time.

To-morrow the Legate will travel to Armagh, where he will be the guest of Cardinal MacRory at the Primatial Residence, Ara Coeli.

He will leave Dublin by road at 9 a.m., receiving public welcomes at Drogheda, Dundalk and Newry.

### TO-DAY'S WEATHER

IRELAND.—N.W., N.E. and S.W.—Wind south-west or west, moderate; cloudy, occasional rain or showers; normal temperature. S.E.—Wind southerly, moderate; varying cloud amount, perhaps local drizzle; normal or rather high temperature.

General Inference.—A depression centred near the Faroes is moving north-east and a trough of low pressure over Spain is likely to move northwards. Weather will be unsettled in Ireland and Scotland, but mainly fair and warm in England.

HIGH WATER. Mag. Alt. Dundalk 6.50 1.25  
Belfast 6.35 1.10 Galway 6.50 1.13  
Cork 6.51 1.13 Waterford 1.31 1.52  
Dublin 6.53 1.28 Westport 1.0 1.33  
Drogheda 6.53 1.28  
Lighting-up Time—10.54.

Dixon and Hennessey, Barometers, and Thermometers, 12 Suffolk Street, Dublin. (Advt.)

### BISHOP OF NAMUR'S TRIBUTE

THE Most Rev. Dr. Heylen, Bishop of Namur, and President of the Permanent Committee of Eucharistic Congress, in an interview stated:—"I may say that since I came to Dublin I have read THE IRISH PRESS and THE EVENING PRESS every day, and I have been much impressed by the descriptions given in them of the Congress ceremonies. There was real sincerity in them showing that the writers, like the people for whom they wrote, were giving expression to their real feelings."



CARDINAL HLOND, Primate of Poland, whose views of the Congress and those of other prelates will be found on page 6.

### GERMAN SYMPATHY

"The efforts of the Irish people to secure their independence have the sympathy of all right-thinking Germans," said Most Rev. Dr. William Berning, Bishop of Osnabruck, Germany, to an IRISH PRESS reporter. "Unfortunately," he continued, "Irish history is little known abroad, though visits such as this will do a great deal towards spreading the knowledge of Ireland. Germans love Ireland and the Irish people, and it is my earnest wish that the relationship between them may be strengthened by the Congress. Ireland has played such a large part in the building of Christianity in Germany that we owe this country a debt of gratitude."

Then the observer saw that vast field of humanity resolve itself into moving columns, which made for four different routes. Singing as they went, these orderly throngs filled the whole park, and after it the whole city, with hymns of praise.

Those of us who moved from the scene of the great Mass to the centre of the city by car, in order to be ahead of the procession, found the city mysteriously deserted. It was brilliant in its devotional colours under a bright, though overcast sky, but the highways were almost empty, save where children crawled at doors of dwellings, or old folk looked forth. Almost the entire population of the city was still in the Park.

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## GLORIOUS CLIMAX TO CONGRESS

ONE MILLION WORSHIPPERS ATTEND THE SOLEMN BENEDICTION

### SOLEMN TE DEUM

AN unprecedented scene of splendour at the Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on O'Connell Bridge, Dublin, last evening, marked the climax of the great Congress celebrations. A million worshippers flocked into the streets around the Altar. The mighty throng knelt on the streets, and heads were bowed as Cardinal Lauri, the Papal Legate, who gave the Benediction, raised the Monstrance.

Many people watched the great spectacle from windows and rooftops in the vicinity. After the ceremony the vast crowd broke into sections and dispersed singing hymns.

### CROWD KNEELS ON STREETS

(By THOMAS O'ROURKE.)

THE last stage of this marvellous Congress began with the moving of the throng from the Phoenix Park. Immediately after

curious crowds strained for a sight of what might be happening. On the bridges soldiers semaphored with flags, sending tidings up the river of the progress of events.

Along the empty quays we walked, and now the air suddenly was filled by a strong voice leading the Rosary from before the altar in the Park. Every few score feet an amplifier threw forth the words: "The Third Joyful Mystery . . ." From open doors, from windows overhead, from by-ways, and from soldiers leaning on their arms, the sound of prayer rose, and the Rosary was answered. Along the several roads by which the processions were advancing, marching men and women added their voices to the chorus of supplication and praise. The glories of the Rosary were marching into Dublin.

*Blaze of Banners.*

We sighted at last, afar off, a blaze of banners, where the head of the procession was crossing a bridge from one side of the Liffey to the other, and now we knew that the final muster of the Congress was at hand.

All through the week that has passed we asked ourselves what secular event, in any land, could call forth such enthusiasm as was displayed in our decorated capital and our land adorned with religious emblems. Now, as we were conscious that a million men and women were marching through the adorned streets—as we heard their steadiness, the full tide of their song—threaded and the full tide of their song—threaded in this age which could call forth such a mighty act of faith and love.

Dublin, this great city, was loud with the Christian answer to the materialism of the age.

Loud?—yes, but melodiously loud—for never was there a more orderly movement of a great throng, or less vain noise and undisciplined conduct. The lands of conscription, where all men are trained soldiers, could not show a better regularity, calmness, steadiness. Deep spiritual unanimity was the cause. A million people had their minds set upon the same spiritual object, and moved with obedience, patience, regularity.

*Men Young and Old.*

See the ranks of Irish manhood advancing! Sweeping round blocks of buildings until they are heading up the quays towards O'Connell Bridge, they come. Ireland's religion is a man's religion; that must have struck many a foreign observer as he saw the sodalities go marching by. Old, grey heads were side by side with young heads of turbulent hair; there were tall, gaunt countrymen, brown of skin and corded of countenance, and there were city youths. There were men in fine raiment, and men in rough homespun suits.

Here and there, banners identified the clans and sections that marched. Bunclody, Little Bunclogh, among the Leinster mountains, sent up so many that it must be empty of folk; Eniscorthy sent such a throng that it was hard to realise this town's contingent was not the mass of the men of the whole county. These Wexfordmen made a fine show in crimson and green sashes.

City churches sent their congregations; the dioceses of Cardiff, Clifton and Liverpool were represented by men who were manifestly Irish exiles. Soon the quays Eastward and South-

(Continued on Page 7, Column 7.)