POGO

IRISH BARS

By Watt Kelly

The Lyons Den

The Lyons Den

By Leonard Lyons

Eavesdropper

"From The Man Who Fools Left Ebbing" by Gerald W. Johnson (Morrow, $4).

It is not always well to understand too clearly. Some years ago a learned doctor in the faculty of a Southern university developed an interest in collecting folk songs, especially the Negro spirituals.

"The University of: "The Shamrock Bar," "The Dubliner," "Sherry's," "Mickey's," etc. But as you walk along the district today, you see the saloons have given way and are now Puerto Rican "bodegas" (grocery stores). What saloons remain have changed their names to the "Paradiso" and the "Le Cielo.""

Here and there, however, an Irish saloon remains stubbornly stuck to the last. "Quinn and Klings" is still there and "The River Shannon Bar and Grill." But they do not flourish. As you walk you can peer over the green paint on the window—six feet of the bar's window—on, always painted green for two reasons: (1) the green identifies it as Irish; (2) the wives painting back and forth could never see over it and thus spy a relaxing husband.

In those last remaining bars you can see two or three old codgers on their stools and the Irish bartender wiping the mahogany counter with his apron. Otherwise the place is empty. The very emptiness itself seems to proclaim that here lives a stubborn Irishman who will stick to the very last. But the very last is not far off, and on my next visit perhaps "The River Shannon Bar and Grill" will give way to the "Amoroso Boys.

Each group came, thrived, and moved on, leaving a deposit of its culture and a memory, and all of them together made America.