**The One Man’s Pass at Slieve League,**

My father and his three brothers were saying in Killybegs on the west coast of Ireland in Donegal.

This was a few years before the First World War and my father, being the youngest of the four brothers, was in his late teen years. He told a story of how the brothers planned to visit the cliffs at Slieve League and walk the One Man’s Pass. My father always referred to that pass as “The Dead Man’s Pass”.

So, leaving the hotel at Killybegs my father and his brothers drove to the closest point you could get to in order to walk the pass. The trip took about 45 minutes, and a huge storm was brewing in the Atlantic. When they arrived, it had started to rain. But it always rains in Ireland and especially on the West Coast, so they paid no attention to that. The 4 of them then set out to walk the pass. The pass is a narrow knife edge footpath literally along the top of the mountain with sheer drops either side. The rain was pelting down, and huge waves were crashing against the cliffs 2000 feet below. The cliffs are some of the highest in Europe, and my father said you could not tell whether it was rainwater or ocean spray that you were being soaked with. The waves were so big and powerful that the whole mountain seemed to tremble when they struck.

Eventually my father and his 3 brothers managed to walk the pass which is about 3 kms long and return to their car. The experience left my father with a great respect for the power of nature.

In my teenage years my brother and I went with one of our uncles to stay at Bundoran, in County Donegal which is not far from Killybegs. We did visit Killybegs, but my uncle was very reluctant to walk the “Dead Man’s Pass” again. So, we never did.