1935

Irish Travel, Vol. 11 (1935-36)

Irish Tourist Association

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THE SPIRIT OF IRELAND

We have just received from the publishers—Messrs. Batsford, Ltd., London—a copy of "The Spirit of Ireland," written by that well-known Irish author, Lynn Doyle. It is a beautifully produced and superbly illustrated book, containing 128 pages of text and 38 excellent pictures of Irish life and landscape, together with three-colour reproductions from Paul Henry and Humbert Craig and pen drawings by Brian Cook. We hope to publish a review in the next issue of IRISH TRAVEL.

NOVEL OF PATRICK SARSFIELD

On page 6 of this number of IRISH TRAVEL Miss Marjorie Bowen (in private life, Mrs. Arthur Long) gives her impressions of Ireland which she recently visited. These impressions were broadcast from the B.B.C. Station last August. Miss Bowen, who is the author of several historical novels both under her maiden name and under the name of George Preedy, has completed two historical novels dealing with Irish history—"Brave Employments," which has Patrick Sarsfield for its hero, and "Dark Rosaleen," which covers the troublous times of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. She hopes to make a trilogy of Irish heroes, but has not yet decided who the third will be. She has also just finished a three-act play on Sarsfield which will soon be seen in London.

PICTURESQUE

Probably the most picturesque magazine article on Ireland published in recent times is that written by Alain Serdac in a summer number of the French monthly motor news—"Automobilia." M. Serdac, who visited the south of Ireland in 1934, gives in this essay, which he calls, simply, "En Irlande," a full and very graphic account of Munster. The feature occupies three large pages and is artistically set off by five excellent illustrations. Perhaps we shall quote from it in a future issue of IRISH TRAVEL.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

The Memory Test set to readers in the August issue of IRISH TRAVEL evoked answers from all quarters. Particularly good entries came from America (Joseph Morrow, New York), France (R. Gerber, Rue Valette, Paris), and Germany (H. Fuchs, Gera), all of whom win prizes. Turn to page 16 for a full report.

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<tr>
<td>Ballymad (22)</td>
<td>Oldcastle, Castlepollard</td>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>T. Martin</td>
<td>A. Home, Esq., Ballymad</td>
<td>Minimum sub., £5; cap., 2s. 6d.</td>
<td>By arrangement ...</td>
<td>Grennan, Drummore, Oldcastle, Co. Meath</td>
<td>Write Hon. Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carlow (35)</td>
<td>Carlow, Tallow, Bagenalstown</td>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>Mrs. W. Hall</td>
<td>G. H. Guest, Buckett, Ennisbarrow</td>
<td>£10 min. 5s. cap.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
<td>Moyle, Carlow, T. C. Carlow 17</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dulehallow (42)</td>
<td>Mallow, Buttevant, Charleville</td>
<td>Tu., Th., Sat.</td>
<td>A Committee</td>
<td>Mr. B. P. Daly, Esq., Mallow</td>
<td>£1 cap per day</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
<td>Lismany, Ballinasloe.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>East Galway (25)</td>
<td>Ballinasloe, Ballymurry, Portarlington</td>
<td>2 per week</td>
<td>J. A. B. Trench.</td>
<td>Mr. B. P. Daly, Ballymurry</td>
<td>£1 per day</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
<td>Craghwell, Co. Galway.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Galway Co. (The Blarney) (45)</td>
<td>Galway, Athlone, Longtown, Togher</td>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>Mr. Bowes Daly, D. Browne, Esq., and the Marquess of Sligo</td>
<td>Col. Hudson, Kinahan, C.B.E.</td>
<td>£10 10s. per day a week. 5s. cap.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
<td>Craghwell, Co. Galway.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Island (38)</td>
<td>Gorey, Enniscorthy, Fars</td>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>W. Lutti, Esq., Clone, Longtown</td>
<td>J. A. Lewis, Derryna, Ballyvernishe, Ballinasloe</td>
<td>£10 2s. 6d. cap.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
<td>Lismany, Ballinasloe.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kildare (45)</td>
<td>Dublin, Naas, Maynooth, Kilcock</td>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>A Committee</td>
<td>A. D. Comyn, Esq., Longtown</td>
<td>£1 cap per day</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
<td>Lismany, Ballinasloe.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Limerick Co. (60)</td>
<td>Limerick, Queen's, Adare, Rathkeale</td>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>Lady Helen McCallum and Mr. Alexander.</td>
<td>Edward Ladye, Esq., County Club, Limerick</td>
<td>Sub., £5. 5s. cap.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
<td>Chichester, Adare.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tipperary (40)</td>
<td>Fethard, Clonmel, Cashel, Cahir</td>
<td>Wed. and/or Thur.</td>
<td>Mrs. A. Masters</td>
<td>S. B. Armitage, Thoel.</td>
<td>Minimum sub., £10, Cap., 2s. 6d.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
<td>Toffamine, Fethard.</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thurles and Kilsheen (28)</td>
<td>Thurles, Cashel, Tipperary</td>
<td>Five per fortnight</td>
<td>Major E. Archer</td>
<td>Miss Selon, Holycross, Thurles.</td>
<td>£15 10s. to qualify as member. 2s. 6d. cap. Non-subscribers, 10s. cap.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
<td>Holycross, Thurles.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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### HARRIERS

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<tr>
<td>Dundalk (15)</td>
<td>Dundalk, Dunleer, Ardee.</td>
<td>Tues., Fri.</td>
<td>Capt. G. Holmes, Delia House, Rostrevor, Castlebellingham, Co. Down.</td>
<td>R. J. Byrne, Esq., Rostrevor, Dun- dalk.</td>
<td>£2 2s. 26. 6d. cap.</td>
<td>£6. per day</td>
<td>Delia House, Castlebellingham.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fermanagh (15)</td>
<td>Enniskillen.</td>
<td>Wed., Sat.</td>
<td>Miss A. Betty.</td>
<td>Mr. C. J. Kerriigan, 39 Belmore Street, Enniskillen.</td>
<td>£3 2s.; Cap 26. 6d.</td>
<td>By Arrangement</td>
<td>Durnkin, Enniskillen.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
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### List of Irish Hunts, Masters, Secretaries, Fees, etc. (continued)

#### HARRIERS (continued)

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<tr>
<td>Iveagh (17)</td>
<td>Banbridge</td>
<td>Wed. Sat.</td>
<td>D. W. Smith, B.L.</td>
<td>Miss Ferguson, Iveagh House.</td>
<td>5 to 10 guineas.</td>
<td>10s. cap</td>
<td>Banbridge.</td>
<td>Banbridge.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Killinick (14)</td>
<td>Westport</td>
<td>Mon. Thur.</td>
<td>J. Davis, Esq.</td>
<td>Miss M. C. Gibbon, Skennakilla, Westport, and Mr. R. Hickey, M.R.C.V.S.</td>
<td>2s. cap</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Killulagh, Old Rock and Chichester (20)</td>
<td>Crumlin, Lisburn, Antrim.</td>
<td>Mon. Fri.</td>
<td>A. Willis, Esq.</td>
<td>G. D. Coates, Esq., Andersonstown, Belfast.</td>
<td>£10 10s. 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>£1 per day</td>
<td>Dunbrody, Crumlin, Co. Armagh.</td>
<td>Capt. S. Waring, Glenavy, Antrim.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mount Lotton (18)</td>
<td>Bagenalstown, Goslar, Kilkenney.</td>
<td>Wed. Sat.</td>
<td>W. F. O'Brien</td>
<td>Maj. McGarva, Kavanagh, Briscoe House, Castlereagh, and Mr. W. Mulholl.</td>
<td>£3 3s. 2s. 6d. cap.</td>
<td>£2 2s. 6s. cap.</td>
<td>Woodville, Goslar.</td>
<td>Mr. W. Mulholl, Gorebridg, also from Kennels.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newry (18)</td>
<td>Newry and Ballybridge.</td>
<td>Mon. Fri.</td>
<td>Capt. Maxwell Close</td>
<td>Miss Moirand, Beltive, Newry.</td>
<td>£5. 2s. 6d. cap.</td>
<td>10s. per day</td>
<td>Drumragh, Newry.</td>
<td>R. J. Hall, Esq., Banbridge, Co. Down.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skennakilla</td>
<td>Castletownroche</td>
<td>Twice a week</td>
<td>D. J. O'Sullivan, Esq.</td>
<td>W. J. Griffin, Esq.</td>
<td>£1 Is.</td>
<td>2s. 6d. per day</td>
<td>Ballyloughan, Castletownroche</td>
<td>T. H. Kellett, Esq., 39 Mespil Road, Dublin.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tyman and Armagh (10)</td>
<td>Armagh</td>
<td>Wed. Sat.</td>
<td>Miss J. McClintock, fellows Hall, Tyman.</td>
<td>Miss Joyce Irwin, Mount Lawn, Tyman, Co. Armagh.</td>
<td>£3 3s. Is. cap</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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**List of Irish Hunts, Masters, Secretaries, Fees, etc. (continued)**

### STAGHOUNDS

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<td>Ward Union (26)</td>
<td>Dublin, Drumree, Dunshauglin, Dunboyne.</td>
<td>Wed. Sat.</td>
<td>Hon. Mr. Justice Wyse</td>
<td>Mr. S. H. Lynch, 6 Seaview Terrace, Dumpy town.</td>
<td>£10 for 1 day per wk. £15 for 2 days per wk. 3s. 6d. cap ...</td>
<td>... ... ...</td>
<td>... ... ...</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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### BEAGLES

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<th>Kennels</th>
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<tr>
<td>Athenry (71)</td>
<td>Athenry</td>
<td>Wed. Sun.</td>
<td>Mr. C. I. Broderick</td>
<td>F. Sweeney.</td>
<td>None ... ...</td>
<td>Private Pack ...</td>
<td>Athenry.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mrs. Eustace-Tullow (8)</td>
<td>Macroom</td>
<td>Mon. Thrus.</td>
<td>Mrs. E. Eustace-Tullow</td>
<td>Mrs. A. Hornby</td>
<td>Apply Master ...</td>
<td>Apply Master ...</td>
<td>Castlemore Tullow.</td>
</tr>
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For further information on Hunting apply to the Irish Tourist Association.
I

SPEAK of Ireland from memory—I cannot bring myself to open any of the reference books I have at hand. What a disappointment if one were to find that a hoarded memory was of something that one could not have seen!

By descent I am Irish. But I had never been to Ireland until quite a few years ago. So I saw the country as a stranger, and yet, in a sense, as one who belonged to it.

Do we usually think of Ireland as part of a convention? It is easy, I think, to do so. So much that is Irish has been woven into our daily life, as it were. We read and hear so much about the country that we are bound to form fixed ideas of it. But I found that when I reached Ireland, all such ideas as I had fell away. There really is nothing like seeing things for oneself! I had been almost wearied by hearing of the beauty of Killarney—I thought that the place must surely be over-exploited, staled. But no, here was a scene absolutely fresh, untouched even by one's imaginings. And incredibly lovely. Yes, incredible is the word. I couldn't quite believe in it.

That warm, moist air, the blue haze over hill and water, the constant rainbows, the rich growth of fern, and the arbutus tree, so uncommon and so beautiful, make a perfect harmony. And when you come to consider it, a perfect harmony is not so easy to find in a landscape. Too often man interferes with nature, and too often his works jar on their setting.

By Killarney I mean the whole district to which we loosely give that name—the town, the lakes, the islands, the ruins. Killarney means, I was told, the Church of the Sloe Trees, and is the name of the little town close to the lake with Ross Island, on which is the fine ruin of the O'Donagho's Castle. For three hundred years it has stood desolate and beautiful, fitting with rare perfection into the grand, sweet scene. It is a more splendid memorial to vanished greatness than any tomb or statue could be.

Innisfallen Island also belonged to these famous chieftains. One of them is said to have descended miraculously into the lake at the height of his glory, and to arise from it and ride over the placid surface on a great white horse when the mood takes him. Such stories as these are more important than history when one is at such an enchanted spot as this. On Innisfallen is the ruin of an ancient church, truly sanctified by the loveliness of its situation. But Mucross Abbey was, to me, the most exquisite of all the exquisite scenes in this delicious part of the earth, "the Mountain Paradise of the earth."

I saw Mucross first in the evening. The soft light in which a gentle rain was suspended, showed the dark grove of ash, holly, elm and yew from which it rose. A warm wind stirred the tall ferns and splendid wild flowers growing on the broken walls. Between the small cloisters grew an ancient yew—there was no need to tell me that this magic tree was feared, the subject of many legends. I could have guessed as much. Irish kings are buried in these secluded, long-deserted cloisters. The dewy weeds rise beside half-defaced sculptured corons and mossy coats of arms. The blue light slants through the fallen windows on to pillars of old, gray marble. The great and the noble are buried beneath your feet. And beyond the blessed place the humbler dead crowd in the shadow of sanctity.

The Abbey is utterly secluded. Beyond the grove, the field, are the lake, the mountains, the veils on veils of vaporons clouds, often a rainbow. Here, to me, was incomparable beauty, peace, a deep, nameless satisfaction for the spirit. It is not a place to be dated—it is nearly as old as Christianity. But I like to use these names in connection with Mucross—because of their fairness and fitness. It was built by the McCarthys, Princes of Desmond, occupied by Franciscans and dedicated to the Blessed Trinity. It is still dedicated to peace and dreams and beauty. To me this lovely spot was not sad. The dead who lie here have left nothing save tranquillity behind them. One feels glad that they lived, not grieved that they died. I tried to put into words something of what Mucross meant to me. It inspired me to write Brave Employments, which is an attempt to tell, in the form of a romance, the story of Patrick Sarsfield. Inspired is too big a word, and how one wearies of the pronoun "I." And when I am in places like Mucross I really do lose all sense of individuality and seem part of the universal scene I look on. Part of my own memories.

Ireland always catches at the imagination; both its history and its legend fascinate. Is it the pearly quality of the light that gives much of that magic air? Where else do you see such azure vistas, such soft, warm tints, such muted colours? Never anywhere have I seen such tall lush grass, flowers and
trees expanding so brightly in the warm, moist breezes.

There is a great variety of scene in the Killarney district, sparkling waterfalls, for instance, and the long rock called the "Eagle's Nest" where the echoes are startlingly insistent. A bugle blown here will sound like "the horns of elfland" down the hills and glens long after it is really silent.

The Gap of Dunloe is so wild, so grand in its mountains and torrent, its rugged loveliness, that it overawes as much as it pleases. This scene takes one quite outside one's self. It produces the most extraordinary sensations of being in not only a strange country, but in a strange world. I had this impression sharply in another part of Ireland—Glendalough, in the county of Wicklow.

This is an easy drive from Dublin, but it is difficult to believe that it is near any great city. There are two lakes and seven churches and a stately round tower placed in the loveliest spot close to the still, deep water, overhung by the dark shadow of the mountains. The largest church is an abbey. There seems once to have been a holy city here, but many old stories are told you of this place. Nearly fifteen hundred years ago Saint Kevin came here to live retired from the world. Such a small world then—yet too large for a saint!

But what the Seven Churches really are, and if the tower is pagan or not, no one seems to know. I saw stones with snakes chiselled on them, and there was an immense cross cut of a single block of granite. This stands amid the stones of an old graveyard. When I saw it, all was overgrown with brambles and wild flowers waist high. And dark clouds made a shadow in the lake. Glendalough is a gloomy, desolate, mysterious spot. The sense of melancholy here is overpowering, yet not displeasing.

Another solitary, but, strangely, not a sad place, is the green hill of Tara in Meath, where you gaze over meadows undulating like a summer sea to the silver-blue horizon. Here stands a statue of St. Patrick. And here at your feet are low mounds under the thick grass. It is the site of the hall of the ancient chieftains of Eire, and here were picked up great brooches, torques, bracelets and pins of solid gold, most exquisitely wrought.

Ireland has a folklore which is among the most lofty, refined and pure in the world. All Irish legends show that sense of beauty and fitness which is supreme good taste. This feeling of taste makes Irish people able to give interest to commonplace objects—surely one of the secrets of charm!

In the superb valley of the Boyne there lingers that exquisite atmosphere of a perfected civilisation that has completed itself and left nothing but fragrance behind. This river is named after a saint—how lovely it is, here spreading out like a silver net pierced by rushes, here narrowing to a little ford. It is lovely, too, in a way that England never is lovely. It is the loveliness, I think, of a landscape that is very old and tranquil, after complete self-expression. I did not like to crawl into the narrow cromlechs of New Grange and Dowth. These are old temples or burial places. Antiquaries differ by hundreds or thousands of years in dating them. Are they pagan or Christian? Outside one is a stone with a tracery on it supposed by some to be the labyrinth at Crete. Through these places you can link Ireland up with the very oldest of vanished kingdoms, religious and dreams.

While the other members of our small party explored Dowth and New Grange I sat outside looking at the unutterable peace of the prospects. Many of the pebbles and stones were of white marble; they looked unfamiliar among the grasses. A dark grove with a heavy undergrowth lay at the foot of the hill on which New Grange stands. The guide who shows this curiosity said: "A king is buried somewhere there." Under the tangle of brambles and fern, under the dense trees, he meant. I could well believe it.

Many people agree that Dublin is one of the finest cities in the world. It has a magnificent situation, a stately outline—above all, a character. Some of the streets, squares and houses seem the very epitome of the 18th century. They are so large, precise and dignified. Many of them have gorgeous painted ceilings and Italian marble chimney-pieces of great rarity. I remember one, rescued and placed in the museum, of peculiar richness. And also in the museum, a magic mirror of alarming powers. I have never lived long in Dublin, but I would rather live there than in most great cities I know.

I liked to ride out on the trams to Howth—half round the bay, it seemed. The sea of Dublin Bay has surely a pure blue hue unknown anywhere else. At the end of the ride is the Castle, the Abbey on a hill, and a little island—Ireland's Eye—and a vast stretch of sea. A holy man lived and died there on the tiny island, in that azure mist of water. You cross, to get to Howth, a plain where the great victory of Clontarf was won against the Danes by King Brian Boru. On a stormy day you can easily picture the Raven standards of the Northman falling here before the Irish. I seem to recall seeing Brian Boru's harp somewhere, but maybe I only fancied that.

Mellifont, with the lovely name, is a lovely place; Kilcolman Castle, once the property of the Desmonds,
The Pony Show at Carna

Distinguished Visitors attend Display in Connemara

By Sean Kenny

UNDER skies as grey as a dove's wing, the twelfth annual Connemara Pony Show was held at the little village of Carna on Thursday, September the 12th. A good breeze was blowing and there were occasional splashes of rain which mercifully held its full strength until the conclusion of the Show. Special fleets of buses brought crowds from all over the district, but the greater portion came on jaunting cars and some on the more modest ass and cart. The crowd exceeded all expectations, and by the time the judging commenced the spectacle on the field was as fair as any in Ireland. A bird's-eye view showed it moving grey and brown against the prevailing russet and green of mountain and bog. Here and there a red petticoat made a welcome splash of colour. Homespuns were the fashion and sweet rhythmic Gaelic was the tongue. Fine tailor-macks from Duhlin and London were there in profusion mingling with bawbheens and gaily coloured shawls. The scent of Havanas commingling with cut plug and wild heather made the nostrils twitch in an ecstasy of delight. Altogether a charmingly old-world scene more suited to a film than real life.

THE ENTRIES

There were almost two hundred entries in the pony class, and these made an imposing array. In another part of the field cattle and sheep viewed one another with suspicion. Both these classes were well filled with exhibits of remarkable quality. Poultry, flowers, vegetables, roots, butter, honey and delicious pots of home-made jam drew large entries from all parts of Connemara, while the home industries section, including examples of native dyeing, spinning and carding, was one of the most interesting features of the Show. A glance at the exhibits gave one the impression that there is no danger of the precious home crafts, with all their delicate and intricate workmanship, being lost to Connemara.

INTERESTED TOURISTS

Wandering through the home industries section of the Show, I noticed an old man very interested in an exhibition of "kries." A "kris" is a type of belt peculiar to Connemara. Of varied colours delicately interwoven, it reminded me of some of the delicate tracery in the Book of Kells. The old man who was very interested in the belts was Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, the world-famous surgeon, who was on a visit to Connemara. Sir William was wearing a suit of brown Connemara homespuns woven in a little thatched cottage near Carna. He expressed himself delighted with the home industries section of the Show.

Another prominent visitor to the Show was Mr. Charles Lamb, R.H.A., the eminent artist, whom I discovered amongst the ponies,—sketching characteristic Connemara types.

A RECORD

The entries for the Show constituted a record, there being over 1,000 in all. Judges were unanimous in their praise of the amazingly high standard maintained and most of them confessed to having a most difficult task, so excellent were some of the exhibits. Credit for the successful organising of the Show is due to Mr. B. O'Sullivan, Galway, Hon. Sec., who worked untiringly to ensure its success.
Faltboating in Ireland—
Growth of the New Sport

By Alec R. Ellis
(Author of "The Book of Canoeing")

Those pioneers who have tried their faltboats on Irish rivers have returned to their countries very pleased with the experience. This year Continental and English canoeists have explored the Erne and its lakes, the Shannon and the south-west coast with its large inlets. There is every indication that the new sport will gain a firm hold on Irish waterways.

The faltboat, or faltboot, as it is known in Germany, the country of its birth, is, as its name implies, a folding boat of the canoe type. Its great merit lies in the fact that it can be dismantled in about twenty minutes, the wooden framework being packed into a bag, and the rubberised skin into a rucksack, both packages being easily transportable by one person.

It follows, therefore, that in a country which is intersected with waterways, such as Germany, England, and, to a lesser degree, Ireland, it is possible to get over the whole of the country by means of the waterways, with a few portages.

Thus it is possible to canoe from Belfast or Dublin to the Shannon; from Inverness to Edinburgh; or from London to the Lake District.

Other features of this craft have also contributed to its immense popularity. It has a beam of unusual width, and this renders a capsize unlikely. In addition to this, the centre of gravity is below the waterline.

Canoeing first attained popularity in Germany after the war, and now it has grown to such an extent that it can lay some claim to be considered as the national sport. An official of the Deutsche Kanu-Verband recently told me that the number of registered members of the German Union of Canoe Club is now between a million and three-quarters and two million. To see a faltboat meet on one of the great German rivers is a sight which will live in the memory. They assemble literally in shoals, manned by brown-backed, sun-tanned girls and youths looking the picture of health.

From Germany the sport spread to Austria, Czechoslovakia, and Sweden, and in lesser degree to several other European countries. In 1933 the British Canoe Association was formed as a section of the Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland, and in 1934 it doubled its membership. This year has seen more canoes than ever before on the various waterways, and several very successful and well-attended meets have been held. A number of foreign canoeists are also beginning to find that Ireland has waterways which are worth exploring.

The Erne probably stands unique as a canoeable waterway, and it is essential to take a reliable largescale map in order to steer an accurate course through the labyrinth of waterways.

A good point to start the descent of the river is at Drumhewnagh, which can be reached by railway. The river is rather narrow here, but usually contains sufficient water to float a canoe. A faltboat only draws from three to four inches of water and so it can be paddled into places which would be impossible of access for any other type of craft.

Sails should be taken, as, although the trip is purely a paddling one, there is plenty of scope for sailing. The scenery is grand and the lakes and river are almost deserted. There are one or two places of historical interest on the route, notably Devenish Island, which is a holy island containing one of the chief groups of Irish ecclesiastical ruins.

The voyage ends at Belleek, 85 miles from the start, the remaining six miles of the river descending to the sea by a series of impracticable cataracts.

(Continued on page 12)
A Peep at Rural Ireland

Fair, Field

A row of pretty cottages along the country roadside at what is, perhaps, the sweetest spot in rural Ireland (and one of the best-kept, too)—Adare, in Limerick. You come to Adare, that "soft retreat of sylvan splendour," on the road between Limerick and Killarney. You pass under over-arching beech and elm, across the old-fashioned bridge that spans the Maigue, and along by old-world cottages with pleasant porticoes shaded by eaves of deep thatch.

Above:—The thatcher's work Ireland. It is a skilled one, to this workman's labours. Her finishing touches to the bord

Left:—This is a busy market day in town. Horses and carts are "parked" in the open square while their owners are busy with buying and selling. The pump is, as always, a gathering place.
A pleasant group is this, taken along the country "bohareen" in Connemara. The "callini" are carrying panniers (ciseáin), which they use to bring turf from the stack to the house. A prominent feature of the picture is the stone hedging—made up of many loose stones gathered from the fields and used as walls in the west of Ireland. In the background are a cottage, outhouses, and a large rick of hay.

Right:—A lucky holiday-maker from the city is being shown the "works" of an old-fashioned threshing machine. The farmer's dog takes this opportunity to rest beside the hayrick.
1935

HUNTING PROSPECTS.

(Reprint from the Irish Independent, 25/9/35)

The prospects for the coming hunting season are extremely good, writes a special correspondent of the Irish Independent. There are plenty of deer and foxes in the country, and hounds everywhere seem to be in the best of form. The Ward Union hounds, particularly, are looking extremely well, and there is a good stock of deer in the hunts covers. All the other packs in the country seem to be doing equally well, the young entry being all in good form. There appears to have been remarkably little distemper amongst the puppies this year, and comparatively few of them were lost owing to this scourge, the curse of every master of hounds.

The hounds in Galway, Kilkenny, Wexford, Westmeath, and the other hunting counties seem to have all done pretty well. It is a good sign of a prosperous season to come when there is no rumour of trouble during the close season, and if that be any indication, then the coming season should be a bumper one.

VISITORS

Last year was a first-rate season as regards visitors, there being plenty of English, Americans, Germans and Swiss, and the only thing that might prevent a repetition of that state of affairs this season is a European war. This, of course, would have a devastating effect, most certainly as far as the visitor aspect is concerned. It is also doubtful as to what effect a European war would have on the horse trade. During the Great War all the hunters in the country were rapidly bought up for use as chargers, but in the present highly mechanised state of all the armies of Europe it is doubtful if the horse has not lost his old place of honour on the battlefield.

Americans are not as frequent in this country during the hunting season as they were before the slump, but last year there was a fair number of them. Ireland is so well known all over the world for its splendid natural fields that hunting people are naturally attracted here. They know that all they have to do is to come over here and that they can hire the best of horses. They can hire horses much cheaper here than in England, and other hunting requirements are also much cheaper than either in Britain or on the Continent.

Altogether there is every prospect of a fine hunting season this year, with plenty of sport and plenty of visitors.

VISITORS FROM CROSS-CHANNEL

Report from Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Dublin

"The 1935 season has been very good so far as incoming tourists are concerned. We have had some really exceptionally good business from across Channel—in fact, our business from that area showed a remarkable increase on previous years. It was one of the best cross-Channel years we have experienced since I came to Dublin."

(Mr. W. Giles, Dublin Manager, Thos. Cook and Son.)

FALTBOATING

(Continued from page 9)

The Shannon is another river which has been frequently done by canoeists. There are no rapids worth speaking of, but the lakes offer good sport if there is a capful of wind and if you are carrying sail.

Apart from faltboating as a means of seeing the country, its great attraction as a sport comes from the negotiation of the different obstacles which the waterways present in the shape of rapids, weirs, rocks and other obstructions.

Shooting a rapid is a sport which calls for a cool head, a steady hand, a quick eye, a prompt decision, and a certain amount of physical strength.

No two rivers are the same and no river is the same on two different occasions. Canoeing can never be dull. When you are tired of inland canoeing there is always sea canoeing, which involves quite a different technique.

Most of the Irish rivers are as yet unknown from the point of view of their canoeing possibilities. There is sport here for the pioneer equal to that to be had in any other country.

KERRY

(Continued from opposite page)

a heartfelt echo of the man who pointed out to us the Hungry Hill: "The last the poor emigrant would be seeing of old Ireland. But now," he explained, "ye have to be a man of possession before they will have ye. I'm the only man here who could go now to America—and I don't want to be going."

And we did not want to be going. And we left, too, with a question unanswered: Is it a love of animals that has inspired the designs on these Irish coins, or are they an ingenious trap to ensure that every visitor shall leave in Ireland six shillings and fourpence ha'penny more than he originally intended?

1935—BEST SEASON FOR MANY YEARS

Inquiries at the tourist agencies in Dublin about the season just ending elicited the following facts:—

It was the best year for many years.

More Americans came than in any season since the "Depression."

The Great Southern Railways' omnibus tours of Ireland proved immensely popular with visitors from overseas.

The number of visitors from Great Britain was greater than at any time since the Eucharistic Congress in 1932.

(Irish Independent—24/9/'35.)
KERRY—
The Impressions of a Foreigner

By F. M. G. Cahn

BLUE hills, bluer seas, and the palest of silver sands. To the traveller from cities, Kerry is the unspoilt paradise he has read of without belief. For Kerry is prodigal in her loveliness. Not content with hedges of flowering fuchsia around her fields, she throws in a rambler rose, even a whole hedge of rambler roses. Geraniums, a blaze of pink and scarlet, clamber over her cottages, and artum lilies grow anywhere they are thrown.

Even in August Kerry can give you the illusion that you are her only guest—though not in Killarney. No city policeman could cope with the traffic of Killarney. Outside the station wait jaunting cars, motor cars, donkey carts, and the buses from the hotels; and there is just room for them. Then the train comes in...

To the bewildered traveller everything immediately moves in frenzied circles, with strange cries and the honking of motor horns and donkeys. It is incredible that the maelstrom should sort itself and escape from the station yard. But while the foreigner cowers in his bus and a donkey tries to climb up the back, the traffic code of Killarney achieves the impossible and everyone—even the donkey—is extricated intact.

There is a person in Kerry for whom a title has yet to be found. He is known at present—oh, miserable inadequacy—as the hotel porter. On your arrival he registers your face and name, takes you under his wing, and henceforth you are his.

“What would ye be doing to-day?” he will enquire—when you give him the opportunity, for he never intrudes. You lay before him your foolish plans.

“No, ye wouldn’t go up there to-day; there’ll be mist on the tops.” “Mist” signifies dense, blanketting cloud. You look at the hills and regretfully agree.

“Ye wouldn’t go to Glengarriff? It will be the grand day for the drive to Glengarriff, and the bus passing in half an hour.” You agree that to leave Kerry without going over the border to see Glengarriff would be breaking all the rules, and so the matter is left. Or so you suppose. Twenty minutes later he is with you again.

“There is a gentleman,” he begins, “who is wanting to go to Waterville . . .” but the story follows the rules of Killarney’s traffic. What presently emerges is that everyone’s plans have been rearranged for your benefit—or such, at least, is your impression—and that in your hand are free bus tickets for Glengarriff, where you will cheerfully deliver the four pieces of luggage now being placed at your feet. “Hotel porter,” indeed!

The guide books gallantly attempt to describe the changing beauty of the road over the hills to Glengarriff. They mention the tunnels where the way is hewn through the solid rock, but they do not tell you that the tunnels are full of little black Kerry cows, all gleaming eyes and twitching tails, who come in out of the heat of the mountainside. Nor do they tell you that the bus may have to wait while small donkeys enjoy their dust rolls in the middle of the road.

To the visitor for whom a donkey means a shabby animal on a seaside beach, the donkeys of Kerry are a revelation. The dogs, too, are handsome creatures. The people of Kerry may go barefooted and shawled, but you will never see a dog neglected. Heraldic Irish greyhounds, silky-coated setters, collies with waving plumes of tails, and that most charming of breeds, the Kerry himself, all are in the pink of condition, and most of them friendly. One black-and-white collie, indeed, adopted us. With true Kerry hospitality he welcomed us every morning and conducted us along winding cliff paths and down to what seemed to be his private coves. It is this blessed solitude that so endears Kerry to her guests.

Solitude—and yet not solitary, for the rocky coasts are alive with birds. Gulls, guillemots, shags and cormorants, sandpipers and ringed plovers, snipe and curlew, the black-and-white oyster-catchers with their red legs and beaks and eyes, and the heron who comes up on heavily flapping wings to fish in the estuaries.

We hoped he enjoyed his mackerel as much as we did ours, cooked while we were hungry after catching it, and eaten with “brown cake,” Kerry’s homemade bread, spread lavishly with Kerry butter. And followed by carrageen. It is a strange dish, carrageen; cool and almost tasteless, yet its delicate flavour is one of the memories you will take with you when you leave Kerry.

When the time came for us to leave Kerry, we were

(See opposite page)
IRELAND
(Continued from page 7)

IRELAND is a ruin of peculiar grandeur. Spenser's Fairy Queen was written there. I could not connect the castle and the poem. Yet I was deeply impressed by the thought that in that desolate ruin the familiar verses had been put on paper. So many memories come into my mind when I think of Ireland, I do not know what to select. In Dark Rosaleen I have tried to reproduce something of a picture of Ireland. Not the romantic Ireland of convention, or the modern Ireland that is so apparent to any visitor, but Ireland as it impressed me.

Cork, Limerick and Antrim I described in Brave Employments. When I compared these cities as they are now with old maps I found they had not much changed. Some of my own ancestors came from Cork, others from Belfast. How superbly situated is this great city!

There is something grand and imposing about the scenery of Northern Ireland. The whole country is sparkling, as it were, with the names of great men. The sense of that is very strong—a lovely country—a brilliant people.

Little fragments connected with my Irish visit come into my mind. The great span of the Rotunda in Dublin, the Book of Kells, incredibly odd and fascinating. How did human skill accomplish this? Then the great Church of St. Canice at Kilkenny, so old, so lovely! It stands on a hill amid trees in the usual sacred grove, and there is much black marble in it. Within are the tombs of some members of the noble family of Butler. One of them, Margaret Fitzgerald, wife of an Earl of Ormonde, was rich, beautiful and warlike, mistress of men and castles. It is said of her that "the estates of the realm crouched to her." So much pride is worthily entombed in St. Canice's.

The Abbey of Clare, in Galway, I recall with delight, even among so many pleasures.

Clonmacnoise—I dare not begin to speak of. How could I convey in a few words this abode of dead saints in the midst of bogs, the seven churches, the tower again, the ruin, the desolation, the graves? And yet something stronger than the melancholy underlying all. The cross is there, huge, ornate, like that at Monasterboice. The bogs of Ireland may seem part of a conventional idea of this country—but when you see them they are as real as odd to you. The colour of them, the wide expanse, broken by little stunted oak trees—the gloom, that is also exciting!

Here, indeed, you might hope to find the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow. When you are safely in England, the term 'Celtic twilight' seems perhaps something of an affectation. But stand at the edge of an Irish bog at the hour of sunset and you will understand what it means. But I doubt if you will be able to put it into words. You want music or poetry for that. All I can say is that in this country, lovely with so spiritual a loveliness, I found a most extraordinary mental stimulus, as if, in these ruins, lakes, mountains, bogs, were the very essence of—what? Why, everything needful for comfort of mind and soul.

The National Spa and Hydro, Lucan, has been opened after a lavish expenditure of Irish capital, and comprises a highly modern hotel and a fully equipped hydro. The new medicinal wing offers an extensive range of baths and treatments. The hotel itself is sumptuously planned. Sporting facilities include free Golf on the Lucan links and at Hermitage. Guests who come for health or pleasure are assured of a completely satisfying holiday. For tariff apply to the Manager.

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"IRISH TRAVEL"—OUR COVER PICTURES
The cover of this month's Irish Travel depicts a joint meeting of Galway Blazers and the Scarceen Black and Tans Hunts. It is the copyright of the Irish Times, Dublin, and is a unique view of its kind.

The pretty picture featured on the cover of September, 1935, Irish Travel—Knockmaroon, near Phoenix Park, Dublin—is the copyright of Mr. J. B. Aikin, Dublin.

The other splendid scenes reproduced on the cover in recent months—Haymaking, Glendalough, Evening at Killarney, etc., etc., are all the copyright of the Irish Tourist Association, Dublin.
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A MEMORY TEST

COMPETITION IN AUGUST, 1935 "IRISH TRAVEL"

Widespread interest was evinced in our Holiday Competition, "A Memory Test" (announced in the August issue of Irish Travel) and entries were received from England, U.S.A., France and Germany, as well as from all parts of Ireland. So satisfactory was the result and so numerous the entrants who sent correct solutions, that we are awarding prizes of photographs to all who "remembered" the ten scenes depicted on the centre pages of Irish Travel, in the issue of August, 1935.

Here is the correct list of places of which photographs were reproduced:--

No. 1. Aran Men in Currrachs off the Aran Islands, Galway.
No. 2. Glencree, Wicklow, showing the Big Sugarloaf Mountain in the distance.
No. 3. The Beach at Bundoran, Donegal.
No. 4. Courtown Harbour, Wexford.
No. 5. The Gap of Dunloe, Kerry.
No. 6. Cummeenduff Lake, Kerry.
No. 7. Greystones, Wicklow.
No. 8. The Road to Clifden, Connemara; the Twelve Pins in the Background.
No. 9. Monkstown Bay, Cork.

We reprint hereunder three entries of special note which, because of their attractive titles and because they are almost correct in the items, have earned prizes for their entrants.

FROM NEW YORK CITY.

121 E. Nineteenth Street,
New York City,
2nd September, 1935.

Irish Tourist Association, Inc.,
O'Connell Street, Dublin, C.B.,
Ireland.

Gentlemen,

Look Out!"

Here is Morrow's memory try. If it passes the judges, I should select as prize, "Stella's Bower, County Cavan," as per vol. 7, No. 2, page 28, October, 1934, Irish Travel.

No. 1. Aran Islanders in Currrachs, Inishman.
No. 2. A Shot Through Tall Trees at the Everlastings Hills.
No. 3. The Beach at Bundoran, Co. Donegal.
No. 4. Strand and Harbour, Courtown, Wexford.
No. 5. Awakening the Echoes, Gap of Dunloe.
No. 6. Cummeenduff Lakes, Black Valley, Kerry.
No. 7. Greystones, County Wicklow.
No. 8. A Road in Connemara.
No. 9. Monkstown Bay, Cork Harbour.
No. 10. The Curve of Keem Bay, Achill.

Trusting the above are correct.

Very truly yours,

Joseph Morrow.

FROM GERA (GERMANY).

Diplomwirtschaftler Herbert Fuchs,
Geschäftsführer,
Ger (Deutschland),
Handelschop, Zimmer 300.
Ger (Germany).

17th September, 1935.

Irish Tourist Association,
To the Author's Desk.

A Memory Test.

Since Shannon Scheme I am reader of the I.T. This year I became an Associated Member of the I.T.A., and although I only had the luck to pay a visit to Ireland for only three months, please find below all what I recognised and also what not, but what I therefore consider a suitable title to the two other pictures:--

No. 1. Aran Islanders in their Currrachs.
No. 2. A view which open up highways into "The Finest Scenery in the World."
No. 3. The Beach at Bundoran Donegal.
No. 4. Courtown Harbour (showing Strand and Harbour, with Tara Hill, Wexford, in the background).

Oh, the Fishing Boats that fasten left and right beside the slip.
No. 5. Echoes from the Bugle in Dunloe's Mountain Gap, Killarney.

Oh, Blow, Bugle, Blow! . . .
No. 6. Cummeenduff Lakes.
No. 7. Bathing Strand—somewhere en route—but it's Ireland, Dear Old Ireland.
No. 8. Road through Connemara.
No. 10. Achill Memories—That Curve of Incredible Jade-Green Glass-clear Water at Keem Bay.

And what proves me that Memory Test?

"See Ireland a second time!"

It is so beautiful, and you can't see and keep everything at once.

With Greetings and Heil Hitler!

H. Fuchs.

13 Rue Valette,
Paris 8e (France),
10th September, 1935.

The Manager, Irish Travel.
Irish Tourist Association,
15 Upper O'Connell Street,
Dublin.

Dear Sir,

Residing in France, but a great admirer of the marvellous Irish landscape and in general a lover of all things Irish, I send you enclosed my list for your Memory Test of Irish Travel's August 1935 number.

With nostalgic sympathy,

Yours always faithfully.

R. Gerber.

No. 1. Aran Islanders in their Currrachs.
No. 2. Fairyland Behind a Screen.
No. 3. The Beach at Bundoran (Donegal).
No. 4. Courtown Harbour and Strand (Wexford).
No. 5. The Bugle Call in Dunloe's Mountain Gap (Killarney).
No. 6. Cummeenduff Lakes.
No. 7. Greystones (Co. Wicklow).
No. 8. Road through Connemara.
No. 10. Keem Bay.
IRISH TRAVEL

KILLYVEG (Donegal).
BAY VIEW (Rogets); 13; Day 12/6; week 60/­
KILMACORRA (Wicklow).
KILMARTA PARK; 19; Day 10/6; week 60/­
KILMALLOCH (Limerick).
CENTRE; 15; Day 10/6 to 12/6; week 70/­
KILMERRY (Cork).
CLERY’S HOTEL; 12; Day 12/6; week 70/­
KILMESSAN (Meath).
CLEO’S; B. 10; Day 10/-; week 65/-.
KILMACURRA (Wicklow).
BANBA (M.G.); B. 7; Day 10/-; week 55/-.
KILMANN (Clare).
COMMERCIAL (Private); 14; Day 9/- to 10/-; week 55/-.
LAYTOWN (Meath).
ALVERNO 10; B. 14; Day 11/6; week 71/­
LEENANE (Galway).
LEENANE (Private); Day 17/-; week 94/­
LETTERFRACK (Galway).
LETTERFRACK; B. 12; Day 12/6; week 70/­
LETTERKENNY (Donegal).
GALLAGHER’S; B. 12; Day 10/-; week 70/­
LIMESTRIN (Meath).
LIMESTRIN; B. 10; Day 10/-; week 60/­
LISDOONVARNA (Clare).
LISDOONVARNA; B. 37; Day 10/-; week 63/­
LISWELL (Kerry).
LISWELL ARMS; 11; Day 10/-; week 60/­ to 84/­.
LOUGH VIEW, Banbridge; B. 12; Day 9/-; week 55/­.
MALLOW (Cork).
MALLOW; 23; Day 12/-; week 63/­.
MALIN HEAD (Donegal).
MALIN HEAD; B. 14; Day 12/6; week 70/­.
MALT (Louth).
MALT; 12; Day 12/-; week 70/­.
MULHEARN (Wexford).
MULHEARN; B. 10; Day 10/-; week 60/­.
MULLAGHMORE (Cliffoney, Co. Sligo).
MULLAGHMORE; B. 12; Day 12/-; week 70/­.
MULLAGHMORE (Sligo).
MULLAGHMORE; B. 12; Day 12/-; week 70/­.
NACAR (Donegal).
NACAR; B. 10; Day 12/-; week 80/­.
NEWARK (Westport).
NEWARK; B. 12; Day 12/-; week 70/­.
NOBALL (Cork).
NOBALL; 12; Day 12/-; week 70/­.
PORTUMNA (Galway).
PORTUMNA; B. 5; Day 9/- to 10/-; week 50/­.
PORTOLO (Clare).
PORTOLO; B. 12; Day 9/-; week 55/­.
PORTOLO (Galway).
PORTOLO; B. 12; Day 9/-; week 55/­.
PORTOLO (Wexford).
PORTOLO; 12; Day 12/-; week 70/­.
PORTOLO (Private).
PORTOLO; 12; Day 12/-; week 70/­.
PORTOLO (Private Guest House).
PORTOLO; 12; Day 12/-; week 70/­.
PORTURO (Waterford).
PORTURRO; B. 12; Day 10/-; week 63/­.
PORTUGAL (Galway).
PORTUGAL; B. 12; Day 10/-; week 63/­.
PORTUGAL (Limerick).
PORTUGAL; B. 12; Day 10/-; week 63/­.
PORTUGAL (Private Guest House).
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PORTUGAL; 12; Day 10/-; week 63/­.
PORTUGAL (Private Guest House).
PORTUGAL; 12; Day 10/-; week 63/­.
NOTES AND NEWS

A FAMOUS DOCTOR VISITS CARRARA

Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, the famous doctor, photographed at Canna, Connemara. He is shaking hands with Pat Neav on old Connemara weaver who weaves the suit which Sir William is wearing. Mr. J. W. Morgan, Director, I.T.A., is on the right of the picture.

FAMOUS SURGEON IN CONNEMARA

That world-famous surgeon, Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, visited Connemara early in September and attended the Pony Show at Canna. Sir William has bought the rights of the Ballynahinch Fishery—formerly owned by the late Ranjitsinhji, Maharaja of Nawanagar—and spends much of his time in Glendalough, Connemara.

1935 SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY IN DUBLIN

Thirty-three countries have sent entries totalling between two and three thousand prints to the little Irish Salon of Photography, which will be held in the Mansion House, Dublin, from November 2 to 9. The entries have increased by some 500 since the last Salon, which was held in 1933, and the standard is exceptionally high this year. Mr. Alexander Keighley, F.R.P.S., one of the best-known photographers, has been chosen to select the five hundred best entries, which will be hung. The Exhibition is divided into two main classes—one open to Irish photographers only, and one open to photographers from all over the world, and a great development is recorded in the Irish contributions since the last Salon.

DUBLIN—AN APPRECIATION

An interesting and very attractively written paragraph on Dublin comes from the Travel Section of the Chicago Tribune, 18th August. Here is the writer's impression of our capital city:

"Dublin, surrounded by mountains of purple and gold, with silver streams and shady dells... Streets which are statue-honoured by Grattan, O'Connell, Burke, Moore, Goldsmith... How the city loves the green—St. Stephen's Green, Botanic Gardens, Phoenix Park... The treasures in the National Museum, the National Gallery, Trinity College, and the Academy... St. Patrick's Cathedral and the shades of Dean Swift... George Bernard Shaw born at 35 Synge Street... Oscar Wilde born at No. 1 Merrion Square... Steele, Sheridan, Balfe, Moore, Lover, Lever, all cradled in Dublin... Christ Church, 900 years old... The Stowe missal in the Academy, 500 years older... Yet the youngest part of old Ireland is Dublin town."

A PLEASANT SURPRISE

A pleasant reversal of his expectations was the experience of Dr. P. J. Tynan, of the Department of Public Schools Hygiene, Boston, U.S.A., on his visit to Ireland this summer. He gave his "Impressions" in a broadcast from the Dublin Station on August 27.

Dr. Tynan, who hail's from Dunamase, Leix, was delighted with the progress and development which he witnessed everywhere. "I came back," he confessed, "prepared to see a great deal of depression, for the picture which we in U.S. receive of Ireland in the Press of our country is not always a cheerful one. To my surprise, I saw everywhere signs of development and economic recovery. I was greatly struck, too, by the healthy appearance of the children and the elder people, the improved sanitation and greater knowledge of hygiene, and the excellent roads that are maintained in all parts of your country."

Dr. Tynan also praised the work of the Irish Tourist Association.
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J. B. STEPHENS,
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The Irish Travel Agency, 8 D’Olier St., Dublin.

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