1936-10

Irish Travel, Vol. 12 (1936-37)

Irish Tourist Association

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IRISH TRAVEL
OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE IRISH TOURIST ASSOCIATION

On the South Coast of Ireland
SIX ROUTES TO IRELAND

FISHGUARD to CORK—Direct
Leave Paddington *5.55 p.m.
Every Tues., Thurs. and Sat.

LIVERPOOL to DUBLIN
Leave Euston *6.5 p.m. Sail 10.15 p.m.
Nightly (Sundays excepted).

LIVERPOOL to BELFAST
Leave Euston *6.5 p.m. Sail 10.15 p.m.
Nightly (Sundays excepted).

GLASGOW to BELFAST—Direct
Sail from Glasgow 10.0 p.m.
Nightly (Sundays excepted).
via Greenock. Every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

GLASGOW to DUBLIN
via Greenock. Every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

GLASGOW to DERRY
*Saturdays 10.30 p.m.

BANK OF IRELAND
ESTABLISHED 1783.

FACILITIES
FOR
TRAVELLERS

HEAD OFFICE, COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN
AND BRANCHES AT
BELFAST, CORK, DERRY
AND 100 TOWNS THROUGHOUT IRELAND,
ALSO AT
COBH (QUEENSTOWN) & GALWAY (DOCKS).
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE
BUSINESS TRANSACTED ON ARRIVAL
OF ALL LINERS BY DAY OR NIGHT

GARDEN LOVERS visiting Ireland should make a point of seeing Lissadell Gardens where a very large collection of Alpines and other Hardy Plants can be seen growing in Rock Gardens, Moraines, Retaining Walls, etc.

SEEDS A SPECIALITY.

LISSADELL IS SITUATED ABOUT FOUR MILES WEST OF THE SLIGO-BUNDORAN ROAD.

MANAGER, LISSADELL, SLIGO
IRISH FREE STATE

Donegal
Handwoven
Tweed and
Handknitted
Stockings,
Jumpers, etc.,
also fine
Handmade
Lingerie and
Hand-
embroidered
Goods, always in stock.
Ireland gives you the freedom

"For the visitor who likes to feel that he is "on his own," an Autumn holiday in Ireland can have a unique quality. If he goes to one of the Irish sea or lake places, as likely as not he will "own the town." In many of the remoter centres he will be the single unexpected and therefore doubly esteemed guest. It will not be a case of *prix fixe* and *place reserveré* for him, but literally the "Freedom of the City."

Take a ferry to one of those ocean islands off the West coast of Ireland and go ashore like an explorer to find these two priceless things—unspoiled scenery and undoctored food. There will be a bit of sport always on sea or land, whatever the season, and if, as may be expected, you get a tip "straight from the horse's mouth," you certainly will not get your dinner joint from there.

On that larger island, Ireland itself, autumn is, of course, the hunting man's season, with the best months and the cheapest facilities for sport to be found almost anywhere. He will carry a rod with him, too, for the leisure hours when the fox is in his lair and the horse in his stable."

(From "Coming Events," issued by the Travel and Industrial Development Association of Great Britain and Ireland, October, 1936.)
### Irish Hunts, Masters, Secretaries, Fees, etc.

#### FOXHOUNDS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of Hunt and Couple of Hounds</th>
<th>Convenient Towns</th>
<th>Hunting Days</th>
<th>Masters</th>
<th>Secretaries</th>
<th>Subscription and Cap Charges</th>
<th>Special Fees for Temporary Visitors</th>
<th>Kennels</th>
<th>Where Hunters can be hired</th>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Fri.</td>
<td>Scott Esq.</td>
<td>Mr. J. Merriman, Davidstown, Kilkenny</td>
<td>Sub. £2 2s. 6d. cap.</td>
<td>By arrangement with Hon. Sec.</td>
<td>Cooladown</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>Sat.</td>
<td>Mrs. W. Harr</td>
<td>elliott, Q. M. C. S., Kilbarron Hill, Ballymacelligott, R.D.</td>
<td>Mln., £5. 2s. 6d. cap.</td>
<td></td>
<td>Old Barracks, Bundoran</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Carlow (30)</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>P. J. O’Driscoll</td>
<td>Carlow, Tullow</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Carberry (29)</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>D. H. E. B. Beck-</td>
<td>C. Drury, Esq., Enniscorthy, Co. Kilkenny</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Dublinoil (25)</strong></td>
<td>Mallow, Buttevant,</td>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>J. A. B. Trench</td>
<td>J. A. Lewis, Nutlands, Ballyvaughan, Ballymacelligott</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Charleville</td>
<td>Wed.</td>
<td></td>
<td>A. B. C. Trench</td>
<td>£1 10s. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>East Galway (25)</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>Wed.</td>
<td>J. A. B. Trench</td>
<td>J. A. Lewis, Nutlands, Ballyvaughan, Ballymacelligott</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Galway Co. (The Baxters) (43)</strong></td>
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<td>Fri.</td>
<td>J. A. B. Trench</td>
<td>J. A. Lewis, Nutlands, Ballyvaughan, Ballymacelligott</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td>Sat.</td>
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<td>J. A. B. Trench</td>
<td>£1 10s. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Island (48)</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>W. L. Curtin</td>
<td>£10 10s. per day a week.</td>
<td>£1 per day</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Wed.</td>
<td>W. L. Curtin</td>
<td>£10 10s. per day a week.</td>
<td>£1 per day</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Killade (15)</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>A. Committee</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
<td>£1 per day</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td>Wed.</td>
<td>A. Committee</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
<td>£1 per day</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Kilkenny (39)</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>J. Alexander</td>
<td>£10 10s. per day a week.</td>
<td>£1 per day</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>J. Alexander</td>
<td>£10 10s. per day a week.</td>
<td>£1 per day</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Kilkenny (North) (39)</strong></td>
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<td>J. Alexander</td>
<td>£10 10s. per day a week.</td>
<td>£1 per day</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td>J. Alexander</td>
<td>£10 10s. per day a week.</td>
<td>£1 per day</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Kilkenny, Freshford, Ballyraght (39)</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>Geo. Angell, Esq.</td>
<td>£10 10s. per day a week.</td>
<td>£1 per day</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td></td>
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<td>Wed.</td>
<td>Geo. Angell, Esq.</td>
<td>£10 10s. per day a week.</td>
<td>£1 per day</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Limerick (42)</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td>R. Cahir, Esq., Ballyvaughan, Ballymacelligott</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Limerick, Castletown, Waterford</strong></td>
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<td>R. Cahir, Esq., Ballyvaughan, Ballymacelligott</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Limerick (42)</strong></td>
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<td>R. Cahir, Esq., Ballyvaughan, Ballymacelligott</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Loreto (25)</strong></td>
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<td>R. Cahir, Esq., Ballyvaughan, Ballymacelligott</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Louth (25)</strong></td>
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<td>R. Cahir, Esq., Ballyvaughan, Ballymacelligott</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Meath (50)</strong></td>
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<td>R. Cahir, Esq., Ballyvaughan, Ballymacelligott</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Meath (50)</strong></td>
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<td>R. Cahir, Esq., Ballyvaughan, Ballymacelligott</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Muskerry (30)</strong></td>
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<td>R. Cahir, Esq., Ballyvaughan, Ballymacelligott</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Muskerry (30)</strong></td>
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<td>R. Cahir, Esq., Ballyvaughan, Ballymacelligott</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Ormonde (25)</strong></td>
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<td>R. Cahir, Esq., Ballyvaughan, Ballymacelligott</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Queen’s Co. (25)</strong></td>
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<td>R. Cahir, Esq., Ballyvaughan, Ballymacelligott</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Scartoon (Bad and Tass) (52)</strong></td>
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<td>R. Cahir, Esq., Ballyvaughan, Ballymacelligott</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td><strong>South Union (25)</strong></td>
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<td>R. Cahir, Esq., Ballyvaughan, Ballymacelligott</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Tipperary (49)</strong></td>
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<td>R. Cahir, Esq., Ballyvaughan, Ballymacelligott</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td><strong>Tipperary, Hunting Hotel, &quot;Longfield,&quot; Cashel</strong></td>
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<td></td>
<td>R. Cahir, Esq., Ballyvaughan, Ballymacelligott</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td><strong>Thurles and Killkane (50)</strong></td>
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<td>R. Cahir, Esq., Ballyvaughan, Ballymacelligott</td>
<td>£10 1s. 6d. cap.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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</table>

**Note:** Additional information about the hunts, masters, secretaries, and fees can be found in the text of the document. The information includes the names of the hunts and couples, the convenient towns, hunting days, masters, secretaries, subscription and cap charges, special fees for temporary visitors, kennels, and where hunters can be hired.
### List of Irish Hunts, Masters, Secretaries, Fees, etc.—(continued)

#### FOXHOUNDS—(continued)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of Hunt and Coupl. of Hounds</th>
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<th>Where Hunters can be hired</th>
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<td></td>
<td>Carrick-on-Suir,</td>
<td></td>
<td>and Lord Wm.</td>
<td>Mr. R. Keane, Belle-</td>
<td>Minimum £15. Cap 2s. 6d.</td>
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<td>By arrangement.</td>
<td>Dromana, Cappoquin, Waterford</td>
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<td>Dungarvan</td>
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<td>Berosford.</td>
<td>ville Park, Cappoquin, Waterford.</td>
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<td>Westmeath</td>
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<td>Fingal</td>
<td>Tues. Fri.</td>
<td>J. P.</td>
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<td>M. Carroll,</td>
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#### HARRIERS

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<th>Name of Hunt and Coupl. of Hounds</th>
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<td>Antrim, Mid.</td>
<td>Ballymena</td>
<td>Wed.</td>
<td>K. Morton, Esq.,</td>
<td>L. J. Woodside, Esq., Aldergrove, Ballymena.</td>
<td>£5 5s. 5s. 6d.</td>
<td>Cap 5s.</td>
<td>Ballyloughlin, Ballymena.</td>
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<td>Cloneel</td>
<td>Cloneel, Cashel</td>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>M. McCarthy, Esq.,</td>
<td>W. Kennedy, Esq., Derrygath, Cashel, and P. O'Nell, Cloneel.</td>
<td>£2 2s. Cap 2s.</td>
<td>Cap 5s.</td>
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<td>M. McCarthy, Goathouse, Cloneel.</td>
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<td>Clare</td>
<td>Ennis, Newmarket</td>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>Capt. J. Brady</td>
<td>P. F. O'Halloran, Rhyne, Quin.</td>
<td>£3 3s. Cap 2s. 6d.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
<td>Newgrove, Tuilta.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td>Crook</td>
<td>Crooch, Ahtre</td>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>Ed. Fighton,</td>
<td>Dr. W. Hedgesman, Crooch.</td>
<td>Voluntary. Field money, 2s. 6d.</td>
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<td>House, Crooch.</td>
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<td>Down, North</td>
<td>Belfast, Bangor</td>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>David Munu,</td>
<td>W. L. Greaves, Treasurer, Rockfield, Dunmold.</td>
<td>£10 10s.</td>
<td>£1 per day.</td>
<td>Glassoness, Conlur, Co. Down.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td>Comber, Newtownards</td>
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<td>Esq., J.P.</td>
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<td>Down, East</td>
<td>Downpatrick, Newtownards</td>
<td>Mon.</td>
<td>Capt. Perch ...</td>
<td>Capt. J. Percival, Kinlely, Cappoquin, Dunmold.</td>
<td>£10 10s. 2s. Field money.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
<td>Delphill House, Castlebellingham.</td>
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<td>Dundalk</td>
<td>Dundalk, Dunker, Ardree</td>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>Capt. G. Holmes</td>
<td>R. J. Byrne, Esq., Rossmoyke, Dundalk.</td>
<td>£2 2s. 2s. 6d. cap.</td>
<td>5s. per day.</td>
<td>Dundalk, Portladlullen.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fermanagh</td>
<td>Eamhachillen</td>
<td>Wed.</td>
<td>A Committee.</td>
<td>Mr. C. J. Kerrigan, 30 Belmore Street, Eamhachillen.</td>
<td>£5 3s.; cap 2s. 6d.</td>
<td>10s. per day.</td>
<td>Eamhachillen.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<td>Fingal</td>
<td>Dublin, Malahide</td>
<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>Alex. Craigie,</td>
<td>Minimum £2. Cap 2s. 6d. Subscribers. 2s. 6d. non-subscribers, 1s.</td>
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<td>Colgan, Esq.</td>
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<td>Garry вне</td>
<td>Beaverly, Charleville</td>
<td>Thurs.</td>
<td>M. Carroll, Esq.</td>
<td>Master</td>
<td>Cap 2s. 6d.</td>
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<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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October, 1936

IRISH TRAVEL

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## List of Irish Hunts, Masters, Secretaries, Fees, etc.—(continued)

### HARRIERS—(continued)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of Hunt and Couples of Hounds</th>
<th>Convenient Towns</th>
<th>Hunting Days</th>
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<th>Kennels</th>
<th>Where Hunters can be hired</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Gaultiere (15)</td>
<td>Waterford</td>
<td>Mon. Thurs.</td>
<td>J. H. de Brunhead, Esq., Ardee, Waterford</td>
<td>Major H. J. Jones, County Club, Waterford</td>
<td>Subscription voluntary, Cap 8s.</td>
<td>By arrangement with Secretary ...</td>
<td>Arleen, Waterford</td>
<td>W. Murphy, Buttertown, Waterford</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ivieagh (19)</td>
<td>Banbridge</td>
<td>Wed. Sat.</td>
<td>D. W. Smith, D.L.</td>
<td>Miss J. B. Ferguson, Dromore House</td>
<td>£10 10s. Cap 2s. 6d.</td>
<td>£10, cap of special fee</td>
<td>Kilpik, Banbridge</td>
<td>Banbridge.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Killinan (14)</td>
<td>Wexford</td>
<td>Mon. Thurs.</td>
<td>J. Davis, Esq.</td>
<td>Mrs. Hayes, Bective, Roscommon</td>
<td>2s. cap.</td>
<td>£1 per day.</td>
<td>Walshestown, Killinick, Co. Wexford</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lacken Blizzers (12)</td>
<td>Lisheen</td>
<td>Thurs. and occasional by-weeks</td>
<td>M. D. Shaw, Esq., and A. Mc Donough, Esq.</td>
<td>Capt. E. R. Shaw, 23 Molgreen St., Limerick</td>
<td>Sub. minimum 5s, 2s. 6d. cap.</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>Berryknockane, Limerick</td>
<td>Patrickswell, Limerick, Cross, Rathkeale. Apply to Hon. Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Limerick (15)</td>
<td>Limerick</td>
<td>Tues. and occasional bye-days</td>
<td>Capt. N. W. Mayne and Lady Dunraven</td>
<td>Dr. M. Cooney, Kevin's Terrace, Limerick</td>
<td>£2 2s. Cap 2s. 6d.</td>
<td>Cap fee.</td>
<td>Dunbrody, Crumlin, Co. Armagh</td>
<td>Capt. S. Waring, Glenavy, Antrim.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mayo, North (25)</td>
<td>Ballina, Killala, Crossmolina, Belclare</td>
<td>Wed. Sat.</td>
<td>J. H. de Bromhead, Esq., Ardee, Co. Sligo.</td>
<td>Dr. M. McNulty, Killala</td>
<td>Sub. £3 3s. 2s. 6d. cap.</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>Nethy Park, Crossmolina</td>
<td>Apply Master or Hon. Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Newry (21)</td>
<td>Newry and Bangor</td>
<td>Mon. Fri.</td>
<td>Capt. Maxwell, Mee</td>
<td>Miss M. C. Moorehead, Belmacrane, Newry</td>
<td>Voluntary, 2s. 6d. cap.</td>
<td>10s. per day.</td>
<td>Drumshanobeg, Newry</td>
<td>Banbridge.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sennakilla</td>
<td>Castletownroche</td>
<td>Twice week.</td>
<td>D. J. O'Sullivan, Esq.</td>
<td>W. J. Griffin, Esq.</td>
<td>£1 1s.</td>
<td>2s. 6d. per day.</td>
<td>Balbyveck, Castletownroche</td>
<td>T. H. Kellett, Esq., 30 Mesne Road, Dublin.</td>
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<tr>
<td>South Co. Dublin (16)</td>
<td>Dublin</td>
<td>Wed. Sat.</td>
<td>Capt. C. Harty, Mr. F. Clarke.</td>
<td>C. E. McConnell, Merrion</td>
<td>Members, £3 5s., 2s. 6d. per annum, Cap. Members, 2s. 6d.</td>
<td>Cap only.</td>
<td>Springvale, Rathfarnham</td>
<td>—</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tyrone and Armagh (10)</td>
<td>Armagh</td>
<td>Wed. Sat.</td>
<td>Miss L. McCullough, Fellow, Hall, Tyrone</td>
<td>Miss Joyce Irwin, Mount Iawan, Tyrone, Co. Armagh</td>
<td>£3 3s. 1s. cap.</td>
<td>None.</td>
<td>Grange, Ballina</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Westmeath (13)</td>
<td>Mullingar</td>
<td>Tues. Fri.</td>
<td>H. T. O'Neill, Esq.</td>
<td>Miss. £1 1s. 2s. 6d. cap.</td>
<td>£1 per day.</td>
<td>None.</td>
<td>Grange, Mullingar</td>
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</table>
## List of Irish Hunts, Masters, Secretaries, Fees, etc.—(continued)

### STAGHOUNDS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>Special Fees for Temporary Visitors</th>
<th>Kennels</th>
<th>Where Hunters can be hired</th>
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<tr>
<td>Ward Union (26)</td>
<td>Dublin, Drumarcy, Dunshaughlin, Dunboyne.</td>
<td>Wed. Sat.</td>
<td>Hon. Mr. Justice Wyllie</td>
<td>Mr. S. H. Lynch, 6 Barnview Terrace, Donnybrook.</td>
<td>£11 for 1 day per wk., £16 for 2 days per wk. 36. 8d. cap.</td>
<td>£1 per day hunted; 10s. for Officers in H.M. Forces.</td>
<td>Ashbourne, Co. Meath.</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec.</td>
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### BEAGLES

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<tr>
<th>Name of Hunt and Couples of Hounds</th>
<th>Convenient Towns</th>
<th>Hunting Days</th>
<th>Masters</th>
<th>Secretaries</th>
<th>Subscription and Cap Charges</th>
<th>Special Fees for Temporary Visitors</th>
<th>Kennels</th>
<th>Where Hunters can be hired</th>
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<tr>
<td>Athenry (71)</td>
<td>Athenry, Loughrea, Tuam.</td>
<td>Tues. Thurs. Sun.</td>
<td>Mr. C.J. Broderick</td>
<td>F. Sweeney.</td>
<td>None ...</td>
<td>None ...</td>
<td>Athenry.</td>
<td>Athenry,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mrs. Eastlake-Duckett's (10)</td>
<td>Tullow and Carlow</td>
<td>Mon. Thurs.</td>
<td>Mr. Eastlake-Duckett</td>
<td>Mrs. Eastlake-Duckett</td>
<td>None. Private Pack.</td>
<td>——</td>
<td>Castlemore, Tullow.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Waterford (12)</td>
<td>Waterford ...</td>
<td>Sun.</td>
<td>T. R. Leonard and M. O'Meara.</td>
<td>D. Cherry and W. Grant, Waterford.</td>
<td>10s. ...</td>
<td>Apply Hon. Sec. ...</td>
<td>Osser Bank House.</td>
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For further information on Hunting apply to the Irish Tourist Association.
Irish Hunting Through English Eyes

By W.E.D.

An Old Hand at the Game writes frankly on our best Winter Sport.

Had we to sum up Irish hunting—and here we mean primarily fox-hunting—in one word, we should use the word "sporting," for it is the sporting wildness of Irish hunting that appeals most to the British visitor. English, and to a lesser degree Scottish and Welsh, hunting now suffers from artificiality—artificiality starting with "invitation" timber jumping places in wire fences, and finishing with motor horse-boxes conveying 60 per cent. of the horses to meets along tarred roads. Market gardens and ribbon development, though they may be a sign of a country's prosperity, are not conducive to good or enjoyable fox-hunting!

All these decadent features are absent from Irish hunting. Naturally, as in England, the more fashionable the hunt the more artificial the sport, for, the world over, money spells artificiality; it is where money is most scarce that one finds the most natural hunting. In parts of Ireland people tell you that they have almost forgotten what money looks like!

And so we come to the second great virtue of Irish hunting—its variety. There may be just as much variety, even more, in Britain—variety ranging from Leicestershire to Snowdonia—but in Ireland every scrap of the variety is good. We doubt if the more fashionable Irish hunting—say the Meath, the Kildare and the Limerick—is any better, if as good, as the more fashionable English hunting—the Pytchley, the Cottesmore, the Beaufort. But the average and small Irish hunt shows infinitely better sport than does its opposite number in Britain. For a £10 subscription in Ireland you can be pretty sure of hunting primarily across a grass country, the majority of the fences being jumpable. For a £10 subscription in England you would be doomed to spend your time in woodlands or on the moors, and if you jumped a dozen—probably "invitation"—fences a month you would be lucky.

Snags

Irish hunting, of course, has its "snags," too. In our opinion the average Irish pack of hounds is not the equal in breeding, appearance or performance (Continued on page 8)
Visitors from U.S. :: Courteous Ireland :: Overseas Publicity

From U.S.A.

Recent returns of passenger traffic to Ireland from U.S.A show record figures for the season just closed. It is, in fact, calculated that the numbers are well up to pre-war standard and, with the continued prosperity of the American nation, should reach still higher levels in coming seasons.

In last month’s Irish Travel, we noted the arrival in Dublin of Miss Mary McWhorter of Chicago. Here is her photo. This distinguished guest had not been in Ireland since 1928, but hopes to have spent a couple of months here before returning to U.S. this time. She is an American Patron of the Irish Tourist Association and a Past President of the Ladies’ Auxiliary, A.O.H., of America.

Yet another important visitor, this year, was Mr. Charles B. Sears, Presiding Justice of the Appellate Division, 4th Supreme Court of New York, who expressed himself very pleased with his stay. Some of his impressions were—“Ireland is a fine place to visit. The country seems very prosperous, and things seem to be going ahead.”

Rev. James J. Valley, Pastor of St. Bartholomew’s Church, Philadelphia, who completed a tour of Ireland in August, declared that the country has made a big advance in Tourism since his last visit and that more and more Americans will come here—“for a quiet, peaceful and healthy holiday.”

Irish Food

A worthy tribute to Irish food was given by Mr. Edwin H. Cassels, Counselor-at-Law, Chicago, on his visit, this season. He writes: “I like Irish home-made bread and butter and Irish bacon, very much. If the health-giving qualities of the Irish food were better known, more people would come here on holiday.”

OVERSEAS PUBLICITY

Britain

Part 29 of the 56 parts in the series “Countries of the World,”—issued by the Amalgamated Press, London,—gives a fine section on Ireland containing a good map and several handsome illustrations, many being from photographs supplied by the Irish Tourist Association. The feature is an interesting and attractive one in a most tasteful publication.

Under the title “There's Peace in Ireland,” Mr. V. T. Brennan has written two very readable articles in The Autocar (issues of 28/8/36 and 4/9/36) giving his experiences and impressions as a motorist in the south and west of Ireland. The author fittingly dubs it a "Motoring Rest Cure"—in comparison with the stress and hustle of English roads. Of Connemara he writes: “In my view, the last twenty or thirty miles into Clifden, past the Twelve Pins of Connemara, render worthwhile the whole journey to Ireland. Here, surely, is beauty beyond compare.” Illustrations (by the author) are excellent.

“Ireland looks after her visitors” is the title of a picturesque article in The Tourist (September issue).

India

Some Indian periodicals, recently come to our notice, prove of especial interest in that they contained articles reproduced from Irish Travel. Even so far east has our fame travelled, and readers of Illustrated India (2/8/36); The Daily Post (31/7/36); and The Weekly Observer (30/7/36) are now learning something new about Ireland.

New Atlantic Passenger Accommodation.

A view of the main hall of the splendid new Passenger Landing Building completed at Alexandra Quay by the Dublin Port and Docks Board for the convenience of passengers between New York and Dublin.

Reproduced from the “Daily Express, 1/9/36.

Courteous Ireland

Just back from a holiday tour in Ireland. What scenery! What people!

Nowhere could I find more kindness, politeness, desire to oblige.

Being a stranger, I had to ask my way everywhere. Always I was helped along with a smile and cheery word.

Here is an incident which illustrates the general attitude of the people I met to visitors. It was in Dublin’s fair city. A car containing two obviously Irish visitors to the city pulled up beside me “Can you tell me . . . ?” began the driver.

“Sorry,” I cut in. “I'm not Irish.”

“Not Irish,” commented the other. “Then I hope you'll enjoy your stay in our country.” I did.—S. Cheesbrough, Mount Pleasant, Kippax, near Leeds.
IRISH TRAVEL.

IRISH HUNTING THROUGH ENGLISH EYES

(Continued from page 6)

of the average English pack—but the Irish Field cares even less than the English about hound work, so that does not much matter! A more serious matter is the division of the big farms and estates, which in many parts is proving already a hindrance to hunting. It is not so much the division itself as the new type of land-owner which that division breeds which will cause the trouble. Many an English M.F.H. and Hunt Secretary have been driven grey-haired to a premature grave by the new type of capital-less small-holder, who cares not a rap for sporting tradition, honestly cannot afford even six penn'orth of damage, and has been brought up in a school which has taught him always to stick up for his "rights." That type of man is beginning to appear in the Irish countryside, too, though on the whole it would be hard to find a more sporting population.

But all that is diversion, and none of it will deter the would-be visitor from coming to Ireland. Rather he will want to know something about the sort of country he will meet.

The Country

Wherever he goes he is pretty certain to ride mainly over grass, though in many Irish hunts nowadays there is as much as 40 per cent. ploughland. In the more fashionable hunts there will be more grass, in the less fashionable more "rough country"—just as in England. On the whole, the country, though it may be deep, will be flatter than the average English country, and there will certainly be a comparative absence of woodland—the little gorse coverts alone are worth a "bad crossing" to see! The fences will be banks—single, double, stone-faced, clean, hairy, or, alas! even rotten—with walls and open drains in some parts. There will be an almost complete absence of what the Irishman terms "flies" or "sticks"—that is, flying fences or timber. The average Irishman would rather take on the most appallingly fearsome bank than a "shicket"—two foot high and rotten. On the whole, Irish enclosures are smaller than English, and there is accordingly more jumping and less galloping.

The Field

Finally a word about the Irish Field. In the first place, they are all practically certain to be riding what in England would be termed "young horses"—four, five or six-year-olds—for sale. Consequently they can be trusted to "go" as though the "divil" himself was after them. They can also be trusted to give the visitor—no matter what his nationality—a real, almost an embarrassing, welcome. An Irish Field is a much cheerier, happier collection of men and women than an English Field, and the vast majority of them do hunt because they enjoy it—not because they like the clothes or because they think it gives them a social uplift! Except in the really fashionable countries, "turn out" does not matter a rap, and everybody hunts as economically and with as little ostentation as possible.

So if you are tired of hacking along tarred roads or of galloping through a series of gaps between the back gardens of desirable (?) bungalow residences, or if you are fond of grass and wire free fences, or small coverts from which a fox breaks at once over a grand wild country; if you both ride to hunt and hunt to ride—which is what you should do—in fact, if you really want to enjoy perfect fox-hunting, come to Ireland for a season, for a month, even for a week—you will come again!

Some Sundries

In Sweden: Guinness and the I.T.A.

Guinness and the I.T.A. are featured in August issues of the Swedish Sunday Illustrated. In the number dated 2nd of the month, a huge full page of text and illustrations, printed in four colours, makes a truly grand display for Messrs. Guinness' products, and goes to mark "Dublin" in no uncertain colours on the map for Swedes.

No less mighty is the front page devoted to Irish Tourism in the issue dated Sunday, 16th August. Here five photographs, the copyright of the Irish Tourist Association, set off a long article on Ireland which takes up the whole page and is carried over, with three other I.T.A. views, to fill half of a following page. This is, literally, front page news for Sweden.

A Tribute

"... I have made a point, throughout this account of our Irish tour, of being precise as regards hotel and other expenses for the benefit of others who may follow. In this connection I must pay tribute to the literature and help provided by the Irish Tourist Association (National Tourist Bureau, O'Connell Street, Dublin) and in particular to their Irish Tourist Directory. [The author of "At Peace in Ireland," in The Autocar, 4/9/36].

"Giant Fish of the Irish Lakes"

"No fisherman leaves Lough Mask without regrets—usually for the monster which he has lost! My regrets are not for the fish that I have lost, but that I had not just three more days' fishing in the sea-like lake.

"All the great Irish lakes in this neighbourhood are stacked with big pike and trout, and in the "local" in the evenings they barely bother to mention any pike under 30 lb. and any trout under 5 lbs.

"Leaving Lough Mask made me as cheerful as an anaemic on a goat's milk diet."

["Onlooker" (E. H. Tattersall) in the Daily Mail].
On the Shannon, at Athlone.

On the Shannon, at Athlone.

A Five Weeks' Trip by Canoe Through the Midland Waters

By Owen Quinn

The Route

The route we mapped out for ourselves was Clon-silla to Abbeyshrule, Co. Longford, via Hill o' Down and Mullingar, on the Royal Canal; thence down the Inny River to Lough Ree and on down to Athlone and Shannon Harbour, returning to Mullingar via Brosna River. We intended to finish by touring the Boyne Valley up to Drogheda, but were prevented doing so by unexpected circumstances.

On July 23rd we left Dublin city behind us and embarked on our voyage towards the west. Rising at 5 a.m., we breakfasted on bacon and eggs, coffee and wheaten bread. The bread was fresh and wholesome, having been baked by us the previous night.

We were generously granted a permit, gratis, by Mr. Floyd, of the G.S.R., to use the Royal Canal, but when we applied for a permit for the Grand Canal we were not so fortunate.

We Set Sail

The morning we set sail the Weather Clerk seemed to have got out the wrong side of the bed, but by the time we reached Maynooth his humour had improved considerably and friend Sol was beaming down on the placid waters of the Canal. To the south the
IRISH TRAVEL

October, 1936

Wicklow Hills, in their gay greens and purples, beckoned us a farewell and seemed to say there were happy days ahead.

The night we stopped at Maynooth we made friends with a local shoemaker, who proved very kind by effectively patching our canoe where it had sprung a slight leak. This was the first example of the kindness and hospitality we were to meet all the way through the Midlands. The places of most interest to us at Maynooth were Carton Demesne and St. Patrick’s College, both of which we visited.

Leaving Maynooth and its ecclesiastical dignity to the east, we proceeded the following morning, July 24th, through Kilcock to Enfield. Beyond Maynooth we met our first canal lock, and, having passed by three or four more, came on the thirteen miles stretch from Ferns Lock to Thomastown Bridge, which is not hindered by any lock. The locks were our only trouble, as we carried “Minnie” and our baggage round each one, and were thus slightly delayed.

Our next camp was made just beyond Enfield, where we met a cyclist who decided to join us for a few days—one of the three of us cycling along the towpath while the others paddled the canoe. That night we supped on roast rabbits, beans, potatoes and sausages, coffee and pancakes, and our new friend was delighted with the bill of fare. The rabbits were given us by a kind farmer from the locality. Afterwards we learned to catch our own young rabbits—a long, heavy stick and a stealthy trek up the back of a ditch.

We stopped at Hill o’ Down early on the evening of July 25th, and here we were fated to remain five days. The weather broke and forced us to make a five-day camp at Ballasport. Fortunately we were near relations of mine and had plenty of company and pastime during our stay. We helped at the turf and hay where there was a shortage of men. So we “worked our passage” and, in return, enjoyed horse riding, shooting and barn-dancing. We, with our ukulele and mouth-organs, supplied the music for the latter.

We now proceeded to Mullingar but were twice driven ashore by thunderstorms, on both occasions meeting with first-class hospitality, once sharing a spare room in a lock-keeper’s cottage. Our cyclist friend had returned to the north by no. This meant less hands in clearing the locks, but we got eight locks “in a row”—all in one mile, and then had a seventeen miles clear run to Mullingar.

Mullingar

We reached the town on Wednesday evening, July 29th, and turned up the Supply to Loch Owe. On whose shores we camped for a further five days. Here we met with great consideration again, and actually camped in a private garden by the lakeside. We spent a most enjoyable time at Mullingar and were lost in admiration of the new cathedral which towers above the town like an ever-watchful sentinel. The countryside around Lakes Owe, Ennel and Berravaragh abounds in historical remains, from prehistoric to modern times. The most interesting of these remains, I think, is what is believed by some to be a Danish ship-burial on the eastern shore of Loch Owe. This, if excavated and proven genuine, would be the only one of its type uncovered in Ireland. An archaeological authority explained to me that ship-burials—in which the chief and his ship are buried—have been discovered in the Isle of Man and elsewhere abroad, but never in Ireland.

Apart from exploring the many historic ruins, we spent a most enjoyable time motor-boating, motoring, cycling, swimming, playing tennis, and fishing; so one can see what a variety of pastimes can be had around Mullingar. There is also an excellent golf course.

Westwards we went, after August Bank Holiday, and left the Royal Canal at Abbeyshrule to sail down the Inny River to Loch Ree. This is a beautiful but treacherous river, and provided us with unexpected—and unasked for—thrills in the form of dangerous weirs and rapids, two of which we were compelled to shoot. It is no light pastime to shoot rapids in a canvas canoe!

Athlone

With mixed feelings of relief and regret we left the dangerous Inny at Loch Ree and soon reached Athlone. Three days spent in the vicinity of Loch Ree and Athlone proved to be three of the best of our tour. We were sorry to leave this beautiful lake, and Athlone and its kindly people, to proceed south along the Shannon.

Before we left the Shannon to return home via Brosna River, we visited Shannonbridge and C homer, and spent a day shooting near Ballinahown. Then we prepared ourselves for the test of our abilities—the push up the Brosna. This we completed in four days, and we finally reached Kilbeggan. It was slow, toilsome going, but we could not complain, as a little hardship must be met with everywhere. Our greatest difficulty was at Clononey, where we had to haul all our equipment overland for a quarter of a mile to avoid a series of rapids.

We were “stuck” also at Clara, but the directors of the firm of Goodbody Bros., sack manufacturers, kindly came to our rescue and had our canoe carted round their mills for us and deposited beyond all further obstruction on the river north of the town. We were also conducted round their very fine factory and were most interested in the process of sack-making.

Home Again

Now, unfortunately, our tour was to end. We reached Kilbeggan after a two-hundred-mile voyage, and my companion and I were sorry to have to return to Dublin, cutting short the projected trip through the Boyne Valley. But urgent business called us home and we returned to Dublin by train. Let us thank our friends in Kilbeggan, however, and our friends all over the Midlands for their hospitality, which surpassed all our expectations. The Garda Siochana deserve a special word of praise.

And now, Irish Tourist, remember that if you want to spend a holiday abroad you can do so without going abroad!!
The I.T.A. Film Unit on Location

These picturesque cloaks are the copyright of the women of Bandon.

Above:—Turning a telephoto lens on the bird life of the Saltee Islands.

On this page we reproduce a few "stills" taken during the first season's work of the I.T.A. film unit.

Three sections of the work—the Donegal, Western and Southern—have been completed. The "high spot" is reported by the Director to have been the filming of the Croagh Patrick Pilgrimage. In this, the difficulties of bringing equipment through the climbing crowds in the darkness were well outweighed by the scenes which shadowy night, grey dawn and glorious morning on the mountain top gave to the camera.

The task of editing this material is now starting, prior to its appearance on the screens of the world.

Right:—
Preparing to "shoot"
Bantry Bay.
IRISH TRAVEL

IRISH HUMOUR

By D. L. Kelleher

Broadcast in May, 1936, by the Travel and Industrial Association of G.B. and I., in the Overseas Broadcast Programme, through a network of U.S. and Canadian Stations.

This is the reason why so many Irish people go to heaven. The harp is the national instrument of Ireland. You have seen pictures of angels playing upon their harps in heaven. All the best players come from Ireland. So whenever they want new angels, they just send for the Irish. That must be why the poet wrote his song about Killarney, “Angels fold their wings and rest in that Eden of the West.” It is an Eden of the West for all the Europeans. The poet gave it another name, “Heaven’s reflex.” So all good Americans stop a while there to see the lovely places where the angels are recruited.

You’ll soon discover at Killarney, as you will anywhere in Ireland, of course, that there is a bit of an imp mixed up with the angel. That is why the Irish have wit and humour somewhere at the back of half the things they say. “Is it a long road from here to Cork?” said a visitor who had been complaining about the hills he came up against. “Well,” said the driver of the jaunting car, “it seems long when you are going up the hill, but it is always shorter on the other side.” That answer was a piece of confusing philosophy that set the visitor thinking hard in order to unravel it. He ended by bursting out laughing, and already the car was under way and the length of the road was forgotten in the pleasant bewilderment of the driver’s explanation.

Sometimes an Irish answer has a kind of lazy quality that combines humour and truth. “You don’t seem to be movie-fans in this town,” said another visitor in a small place in Donegal. “Movie-fans? What are they?” said the native. “I mean you don’t patronise the cinema much. There was a very small audience at the show last night.”

“Ah, I know,” said the native, “‘tis like that—sometimes it’s only half full and other times it’s half empty.”

The critical visitor gave up his comments with a laugh. “This is a lovely country, anyhow,” said he, “and you don’t know when your leg is being pulled, so we’ll call it quits.”

The “Hard Stuff”

In every country, of course, there are half a dozen or so regular subjects for jokes. Usually one of them is the local variety of alcohol—let us call it the “hard stuff” as they do in Ireland. Ireland is now a very sober country, but a visitor need not go thirsty there for long. Lynn Doyle, one of the best of the humorous writers of Ireland, went to Cork the other day and wrote a description of his visit.

“The name of this city should be written in the plural,” he said. “Cork is one of the most hospitable places in a hospitable island. As you pass over St. Patrick’s Bridge into its main street you will see opposite you a statue to Father Mathew, the famous apostle of temperance. His face is toward the river; and it may well be so. It was almost the only water I saw in Cork during four days.”

Round about the south of Ireland the people are very ingenious at giving each other nicknames. A countrywoman opened a little store at the end of the village. Whenever a new customer appeared, she said to him, “Come into me all ye can.” Very soon she was nicknamed with that phrase. After a while, like all nicknames, it was cut short, and now her little store is famous in the region by the name of “Into me oil-cans,” the short and easy rendering of “Come into me all ye can” with which she had encouraged her first customers. That kind of playing with words and names is half the fun of Irish country life. In another little town one of the stores took fire three times in a couple of years. On each occasion the fire was put out with little damage. Each time some of the goods were removed from the burning store and piled on top of a couple of wide pillars that stood outside another store across the way. Ever since, the first store has been known as the house of blazes, while the other with the pillar stones outside on which the half-burned stock was piled is known now as the “hobs of hell.”

More “Leg-pulling”

Dean Swift, the famous author and political writer, lived and died in Dublin, and some of the best Irish stories are told about him. His man-cook, who was also his coach-driver, was a bit of a thief, but he was such an excellent chef that Swift passed over many of his tricks. One Sunday he removed a leg of a goose prior to roasting it, and stitched the skin neatly over the joint to make the bird appear to have only one leg. The other he cooked for himself as a dainty morsel. At dinner the Dean asked, “Where is the second leg?” “Oh, you often get them like that, your reverence,” said the man. The
IRISH HUMOUR

Continued from opposite page

Dean was driving some time later with the cook now acting as coachman. They passed a flock of geese standing on one leg by a pond, as they usually do in very cold weather. The driver drew the Dean's attention to this. The Dean turned and whistled a couple of times at the geese. This frightened them and the second leg immediately took up its natural position.

"See now," said the Dean, "all these geese have two legs."

"Ah yes, your reverence, but you didn't whistle at the goose you had for dinner."

Most of Swift's jokes were full of acid. One of his last was a particularly stinging one at the expense of the Irish people. His doctor had taken him for a walk in the Phoenix Park at Dublin. They passed a building in course of construction. It was a new powder magazine. He at once made up this rhyme about it:

Behold a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen.
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
They build a magazine.

Of course, that was long ago when the English garrisoned Ireland.

Somebody in the Irish Dublin has been exercising his ingenuity about the number of namesake places in the world. He has discovered that there are about twenty Dublins in the United States. One of them in the State of Missouri has moved him to rhyme about it like this:

In Coahoma County, on the banks of the Yazoo,
There's a little place called Dublin that its mother never knew,
So she send a kindly greeting and invites the child to come
Right along to Irish Dublin and just make himself at home.

That, surely, is as warm and as witty an invitation to Ireland as anyone could wish!

The Irish can always put their story quick into a rhyme. When the sedan chairs were first introduced into Dublin they were known as chaises. A blind beggar who heard about them summed it up this way:

The proud and haughty ride in chaises,
While we, poor mortals, walk like blazes.

Prize Bulls

There is a kind of "bull" that is regarded as typically Irish, but is not unknown among other nations. That bull is seen in the piece of information once offered to a visitor: "If you see five cows lying down in a field, the one standing up is a bull." A better one is the famous example from Sir Boyle Roche, the baronet from County Cork. He got excited in a debate over a bill in the London House of Commons. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "I smell a rat—I see it floating in the air—but, mark me! I'll

nip it in the bud." It is Sir Boyle Roche, too, who is credited with that immortal burst of indignation:

"Posterity, indeed! I'll do nothing for posterity! What has posterity ever done for me?"

Another speaker excelled him: "If Julius Cezar was alive to-night," said he, "he would turn in his grave!" in court one day a judge had just sentenced the prisoner to twenty years' detention. "My lord, I shall not live long enough to serve it," said the man, in tears. "Don't worry," said the judge, "do what you can!"

Lord Carson, the famous political advocate, is the hero of another law court story. The witness had all the appearance of a boor. "Do you drink?" asked Carson, very quietly. "That's my business," said the witness. "Any other business?" said Carson, slowly and gently. Whereupon the court adjourned for laughter.

An Irishman is very skilled in making evasive answers when someone is trying to corner him. A farmer was being cross-examined by one of his rivals as to his success at the cattle sale. "Well," said he, "I didn't get as much as I expected, but I didn't expect I would." After that his rival withdrew.

Say It With Sugar

Every country, of course, tries to flatter itself in the funny stories it makes up. Here is an Irish example:—A Frenchman visiting England, Scotland and Ireland was invited to a tea-party in each country. He was particularly fond of sugar in his tea and never seemed to get enough of it. The English hostess noticed him sipping very slowly. "Perhaps I have not given you enough sugar," she said. "Pass me your cup and I'll put some more in."

The Scotswoman noticed him and asked if his tea was all right. When he said it was not sweet, she said, "I've put one lump in. Stir it again." When he took his tea with an Irish woman the same problem arose. "Ah, there's the sugar-bowl for you," said she. "Help yourself!"

The ready answer is the Irishman's best natural gift. If he puts a sting into it all the better. The local governor put up an anti-Irish motto over the gates of an old Irish town. At nightfall a postscript was painted under it by one of the residents. It ran:

Whoever wrote this wrote it well,
For the same is written on the gates of hell.

This humorous angle on life is everywhere in Ireland. There is a note of unconscious humour even in Irish pathos. A poor mother sitting one night in her cottage with her three children when famine was over the country, had only a little cup of milk to share between the three. As the night was cold she put the milk to heat on the turf fire. It boiled up quickly and the froth filled the little saucepan to the brim. One of the children cried to her, "Mother, mother, divide it while it is big." The Irish are like that. They share out their hearts and their humour at every turn.
I.T.A. RECENT WINDOW DISPLAYS IN LONDON

1.—Thos. Cook and Son, Sloane Street, S.W.
2.—Thos. Cook and Son, Kensington High Street.
3.—Sewell and Crowther, Onslow Place, S.W.
4.—Pickfords, Ltd., Ilford Lane, E.W.
5.—Pickfords, Ltd., Station Road, Brixton, S.W.
6.—Pickfords, Ltd., High Street, Clapham, S.W.

Above, we reproduce six photographs of some of the many window displays recently arranged by the I.T.A. in conjunction with the leading Travel Agencies in London. Several similar displays were photographed—some of them appearing in previous issues of "Irish Travel."
Radio Athlone

October Programmes:—Hunting Selections : Greyhound Grand National : Symphony Concerts

Winter nights are drawing in and the Radio will soon be restored to its pride of place, in the magic circle beside the fire. Listeners will become more keen and more critical and programmes will have to keep pace with a wider and more exacting demand. The forecast for October programmes makes a good entry into the "indoors" season and, if followed worthily by the succeeding winter programmes, can guarantee an increasing interest on the part of Radio licensees in the output of the Irish Stations. Grave and Gay work hand-in-glove to broadcast of their best—from Symphony Concerts and Chamber music to Whistling and Musical Comedy; from Garden Talks and Book Reviews to Vaudeville. Nor is the "National" side forgotten. This coming month has Gaelic Dramas, Talks, and Music "galore" to remind the listener that he has tuned-in to a Gaelic as well as a World Station.

Hunting Selections

October ushers in the Hunting Season and hundreds of sport-lovers look forward to this, our best winter sport. On October 1st at 7.55 p.m., there will be a John Peel Commemoration by the Station Orchestra, in hunting selections.

Greyhound Grand National

A running commentary on this will be relayed from Shelbourne Park, Dublin, at 9.15 on Saturday, 3rd.

On Tuesday, 6th, from 7.30 to 9.20 the second Symphony Concert of the season will be given by the Dublin Symphony Orchestra, under the conductorship of Dr. J. F. Larchet.

An interesting item is billed for 8.5 on Thursday night, 8th October,—a fifteen minutes' performance on Hand Bells by the Ringers of St. Werburg's.

"Down," by Aodh de Blacam, features at 8.20 in the series—"What has your County Done?"

"Men With Chairs"

A cryptic item, this, on Saturday, 10th, at 7.50 p.m. We must only wait and see!

From 8.5 to 9.30 on this night, there is a definite "high spot" in the relay of the Bruckner Festival from Vienna.

Symphony Concert No. 3

On Wednesday, 21st October, at 7.30, the third of the Symphony Concerts will be given, consisting of three works of Beethoven, played under the conductorship of Lieutenant Doyle.

This item—which will take almost two hours, will be preceded by a twenty minutes' talk on the Dublin Municipal Art Gallery, which is one of our city's proud boasts. As well as being, since its reconstruction, a splendid structure, modernly equipped, decorated and lighted, it has also a fine collection of art works, including paintings by Constable, Fantin Latour, Courbet, Diaz, Monet, Whistler, Augustus John, etc., etc.

On Saturday afternoon, 24th, at 7.20 p.m., the visitor interviewed will be Rev. Fr. Martindale, noted author and preacher. Father Martindale will speak on Communism and Capitalism on Sunday, 25th October, at 8.50 p.m.

Play by Maeterlinck

A Maeterlinck play (name not yet disclosed), will be produced by Mr. John McDonagh at 8.25 p.m., on Monday, 26th.

On Thursday, 29th, a Foreign Colony Concert—Belgium—will be given for one hour, commencing at 8.5.

On Saturday, 31st October, there will be a Belfast and Athlone Joint Variety Programme from 7.30 p.m. to 8.15 p.m. This should prove interesting. And from 8.15 to 8.30 a question of much importance will be solved in a treatise on "How America Elects her President." Few Irish have no ties in the "Big" country and few, therefore, have no interest in her coming elections tussle.
CARDINAL MacRORY'S VISIT TO ARAN.

We Set Out for Aran
(A Sail from Connemara)

By U. O'BRIEN-HITCHING.

THE old sea-song of Captain O'Maille kept ringing in my ears, as the hooker laboured her way against the waves and the rising storm. Behind us lay Connemara, bare and bleak and stony, with the Twelve Pins and the Maam Turks in the distance, serious and solemn with their white cloud caps, like the wigs of judges.

We are making for Golam Head, and in front of us is Aran, a long line on the horizon, slightly greyer than the sky. The Captain looks worried and voices his fears of a bad journey to the boatman, who plainly would prefer to turn back and wait for better weather. But our four lady passengers, one of whom is over seventy, have urgent business in Aran, and to Aran we are going, whatever happens. They have made themselves comfortable on deck with rugs round their feet and big coats round them. But they might not be quite so light-hearted if they knew what the Captain and his boatmen are talking about. There is no fear of that, however, for they cannot understand a word of what's going on.

They are mere English speakers, whereas the Captain and his crew feel infinitely happier when speaking Irish, and never use any other language between themselves.

The wind is rising, but once we are out of the rocky bay of Muigh-Inis we are safe enough, and when we have rounded Golam Head, Aran begins to take shape, and the Captain points out Portmurvey and Dun Aengus and the light-house at the far end of the island, whose friendly gleam can be seen from the lonely roads of Connemara, when everything else is darkness.

We are making a tour of the three islands to-day, starting with Inis Thiar, but first we have to go into Killeaney Bay to pick up the doctor and some other men. They have seen us coming and meet us in a currach; they leap aboard the hooker, and taking the light little nutshell in tow, we leave the comparative calm of the bay and continue our journey.

I take a good look at this first batch of Aranmen I have ever seen. You would know an Aranman from a Connemara man by his dress just as easily as you would know an American. I think the Connemara man is the greater dandy, whereas the Aranman is the more picturesque with his tasselled cap, his crios and pampooties. But his trousers are a little too short to be really elegant, and his coat has not the same sporting cut as the Connemara-man's.

We cast anchor on the sheltered side of Inis Thiar, and swift currachs bring us ashore across the water, which is green and mysterious and gleaming like an exquisite jewel. Inis Thiar is the smallest of the islands, but there is a church in it and a Dudley nurse to take care of the spiritual and material welfare of its...
Catering Record Broken : Compliments

90,000 Meals in 5 Days

This is the headline in a recent issue of “The Caterer and Hotelkeeper,” and it refers to the breaking (and making) in Ireland, of a Catering Record. The new record was established at the world-famous Horse Show held in Dublin during August. In the five days of the Show, approximately ninety thousand meals were prepared and served without a single hitch. In the twelve tearooms which dotted the enclosure, the teas served totalled 75,000. No less than 5,000 teas were served in the cafeteria and 4,000 in the sunshine café.

Fifteen thousand luncheons were served in the ten luncheon rooms, while, in the seventeen refreshment bars the attendants had hardly breathing space.

The catering rights were in the sole charge of Mrs. Lawlor and Sons, of Naas, County Kildare. Their achievement is one to be proud of.

Compliments

Now, at the close of the tourist season, many impressions of visitors who came to Ireland in 1936, are being registered in print. To our joy, they are, for the most part, entirely complimentary. The one or two occasional “knocks” are more than compensated for by the many spontaneous appreciations which have been reproduced in many organs, both at home and abroad. Here are some samples:

“The Irish Tourist Association has done excellent service to visitors by encouraging improved standards of hotel service and the standardisation of charges. The Great Southern Railway System has similarly opened up the country to the visitor of the most moderate means with its 2,000 miles of rail and 3,800 miles of road services.”

[“The Tourist,” September, 1936]

“Ireland, from the scenic viewpoint, has proved all ‘it’s cracked-up to be.’ My holiday in your charming country is now over.”

[A visiting journalist writing “The Irish Times,” 15/9/36.]

“We found the hotels recommended by the I.T.A. very clean and comfortable and the courtesy of the people, combined with the lovely scenery, makes a holiday in Ireland one to repeat.”

[P. M. Brocklesby, Herts.]

Irish Hotel in Card Series

An interesting issue of a series of forty cards, for insertion in their cigarette cartons, has been made by Messrs. W. D. & H. O. Wills. The series covers the representation of an “Old Inn” on the front of each card, and a short résumé of its history on the back.

Number 22 of the 40 historic hostelries is Hunter’s Hotel, Rathnew, Co. Wicklow. The remaining 39 are all famous English and Scottish Inns. The series is a most picturesque one and we hope Messrs. Wills have under consideration a similar issue for Irish Inns only.

I.T.A. Window Displays in Great Britain

The Irish Tourist Association campaign of special Irish Window Displays at British centres has been splendidly aided by tourist agents. Their valuable co-operation has made possible a widespread scheme for putting Ireland-for-Holidays before the eyes of the British public in an intimate way. Already over twenty displays have been held in the London area. The striking reproductions of some of these on page 14 of this issue of Irish Travel are the best evidence of their publicity value.

It is particularly gratifying to note that arrangements have been made by which Pickfords Travel Service have kindly given us the use of their windows at their 88 branches throughout Great Britain, for a one-week display of all-Irish publicity. To them and to the other tourist agents who are generously giving us facilities, our thanks are due.

From a Guest Book

A glance through this summer’s pages in the Guest Book of Morgan’s Hotel, Carra, revealed many important names of recent holiday-makers in Connemara. Included were: His Eminence Cardinal McKory, Dr. Keogh, Bishop Elect of Killarney and Leighlin, Mons. O’Callaghan of Armagh, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Cosgrave, The Marchioness of Waterford, the Hon. Mrs. Campbell, Lord Davies and the Hon. E. Davies of Wales, C. P. Churchill (Consul General for Algiers); Countess Mayo and Lady Brabazon, Dr. Ashley Cooper and Mrs. Ashley Cooper, Professor Jones (Wales); Dr. Gabe (Swansea); Dr. Porteous (South Africa); E. McCaghie (Scotch Gaeltacht), and Dr. Welch (Edinburgh).

Surely, Irish Hoteliers must boast a unique collection of autographs!

Irish Tourist Directory: New Issue

One hundred thousand persons consulted the Irish Tourist Directory in 1936! A striking tribute, this, to its pulling power.

For 1937, a first edition of the Directory,—for special foreign circulation,—is being arranged and will be issued early in December. In this, members returning their completed forms before Press, will get free publicity. All members who wish to grasp such a splendid opportunity of gaining new business are requested to send in particulars of accommodation, facilities for visitors, etc., without delay, to the Head Office of the Association, O’Connell Street, Dublin.
IRISH COUNTIES

Their Literary and Art Achievements
No. 4.—Co. Laois

By Seumas G. O'Kelly

LAOIghIS, like Offaly—which with which we dealt in the last article of this series—is one of our midland counties of which we hear little, save when it gets into a G.A.A. football final. Yet when we come to examine its record in the domain of literature and art, we find that, though a small county, it has given as much if not more to the building up of Irish civilisation as any county of the thirty-two. One thing is certain about Laois and that is that it has given us many a great literary genius—both in men and women.

The Seven Septs

Before and after the coming of the English—in fact, up to the breaking down of the clan system, when the two Ulster chiefs, O'Neill and O'Donnell, were defeated at Kinsale—the ancient territory of Laois was divided between seven great Gaecl families. These families were the O'Moores, the O'Donnells, the O'Gormans, the O'Lawlors, the O'Kavanaghs, the O'Dempseys and the Fitzpatricks. Later a section of the O'Kelly clan came out from the west and settled in the midlands. They also held a large strip of territory in Laois.

From the very earliest times these Gaelic Septs were patrons of literature and art. They were great church and castle builders, and they encouraged the writing of poetry, then the most popular form of literature. Their churches they adorned with the most costly and beautiful ornaments, and their castles, in which their poets and harpers sang of the glory, joy and sorrow of their race, were dotted over every part of the county.

Churches and Castles

In the space at my disposal it would be altogether impossible to give an adequate description of all the churches and castles in ancient Laois. All I can do is to give a very short pen-picture of one or two.

In the olden territory of the O'Kelys, now the Barony of Ballyadams, stand the ruins of the Church of Kilabbain, said to have been founded by St. Abbin in the middle of the sixth century. Not far from here is another famous old ruin, that of Kilmannam, the burial-place of Mannam, one of Laois's and of Ireland's most holy monks. He also erected the Monastery of Lahall and called it Carrigean, which signifies "The Hermitage of the Rock."

Near Stradbally, once the home of the O'Lawlor clan, is the site of another famous church built by the olden clans of Laois. It is the Church of St. Moehua. The founder of this church was descended from one of the High Kings of Ireland. There is a diversity of opinion as to where the actual site of the building is, some holding that it is three miles eastward from Stradbally, but the Four Masters give Stradbally as the actual spot, and they are the most likely to be correct.

The two most outstanding castles in Laois were Lea Castle and the Castle of Ballinakill. Lea Castle at one time belonged to the O'Dempseys, but it was not built by them. It was built by one William De Vasy, an early English colonist. He came over with Strongbow. Later it was captured by the Irish clan and figured very prominently during the confederate wars from 1641 to 1650. It was besieged by the Puritan Army of Cromwell and held for the Confederation of Kilkenny by the O'Dempseys.

The Castle of Ballinakill was the property of the O'Moores. Like Lea Castle, it was also prominent in the time of Cromwell. His army also besieged it, but the O'Moores held out for five long months. In the end, however, they were forced to surrender, and their fine old castle was burned to the ground.

As has already been stated, the other churches and castles of Laois are far too numerous to give a detailed account of here, but the few mentioned show clearly what a contribution to architecture and religious culture this small county has made.

Poetry and Learning

Gaelic poetry and learning, we are told, flourished in Laois for several centuries. The clergy were great exponents of the arts and sciences, and the native chiefs of the seven clans supplied them with everything they needed for bodily comfort, and also with wealth enough to adorn the churches. Then there were the lay poets and historians who wrote in the Gaelic language. They were a very numerous tribe. So numerous were they that each clan had a whole army of them for itself. They told of the glories of the clan in verse, sang the praises of their own particular chief, kept records of the outstanding battles fought by him, and were able to give a list of the achievements of their clan from the beginning. They were, in fact, the journalists of their own day.

(Please see p. 20)
A Directory of Hotels in the Irish Free State

Abbreviations: B—number of bedrooms. Fr.—French.

ASBEYEFAL (Limerick). B: 11; Day 15/6; week 75/6. ASBEEFAL (Lough). B: 12; Day 10/-; week 60/-

ACHILAL (Cork). B: 14; Day 12/6; week 70/6. ACHILAL (Kilkenny). B: 2; Day 10/-; week 55/6.

ABBSEYEFAL (Limerick). B: 10; Day 10; week 60/-

ABBEYFEALE (Limerick). BANDON (Cork). CASH EL (Tipperary). ARAN ISLANDS (Galway). ELDRIDGE'S; B. 8; Day 7/6 to 8/6. CLAREMORE (Mayo). ADARE (Limerick). 50/- to 60/-. ROY

ARDEE (Louth). ARDARA. ARDROD; B. 22; Day 14/-; week 84/-.

ASHFORD (Wicklow). ATHLONE (Westmeath). Day 10/-; week 63/-.

ATHENRY (Galway). Day. 10/6; week 63/-. CREIST; B. 14; Day 11/-; week 70/-.

BALLYBUNION (Kerry). O'CONNELL'S RAILWAY; B. 17; Day 12/-; 50/-.

BALLINEEN (Cork). to 84/-. ESPLANADE; B. 18; Day 10/6 to 12/6; week 70/-.

BALLYSHANNON (Donegal). KILLORNE (Down).

BALLYSHANNON (Donegal). BUNDOR,AN (Donegal). CORK CITY. AUGHRIM (Wicklow) BUNCRANA (Donegal). CORK CITY.

ATHLONE (Westmeath). Day 10/-; week 63/-.

ASHFORD (Wicklow). ATHENRY (Galway). Day. 10/6; week 63/-. CREIST; B. 14; Day 11/-; week 70/-.

BALLYBUNION (Kerry). O'CONNELL'S RAILWAY; B. 17; Day 12/-; 50/-.

BALLINEEN (Cork). to 84/-. ESPLANADE; B. 18; Day 10/6 to 12/6; week 70/-.

BALLYSHANNON (Donegal). KILLORNE (Down).

BALLYSHANNON (Donegal). BUNDOR,AN (Donegal). CORK CITY. AUGHRIM (Wicklow) BUNCRANA (Donegal). CORK CITY.

ATHLONE (Westmeath). Day 10/-; week 63/-.

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ATHLONE (Westmeath). Day 10/-; week 63/-.
IRISH TRAVEL

IRISH COUNTIES

(Continued from page 18)

Lee Castle, Portarlington.

Recent Writers

Coming down still further in the history of the county, we find a host of brilliant writers writing in English. First and foremost there is that great scholar and historian, the late Canon O'Hanlon, who was born at Stradbally in 1821. He had a very distinguished literary career and his writings are most versatile. He wrote poetry, history and folklore with ease. But the great work by which he will be remembered for all time is his "Lives of the Irish Saints," nine volumes of which appeared. He was working on the tenth when death overtook him.

Then there was John Barrett, the great writer and scholar. He was born at Ballyroan in 1753 and educated at Trinity College. Later he became a Fellow of Trinity and was appointed Professor of Oriental Languages. He wrote much on literary and historical subjects, and his greatest known work is his "Life of Dean Swift." He died in Dublin in 1821.

Another extraordinary Laoighis man was Sir Jonah Barrington, lawyer, judge and historian. Born at Abbeyfeale in 1760, he was one of a large family, and, as he tells us himself in one of his books, had to look after himself very early in life. From the start he was determined to make law and politics his career. In after life he developed a taste for writing. Like most of the upper middle class in the Ireland of his day, he, too, was educated at Trinity College. In 1788 he was called to the Irish Bar, and six years later was elected a member of Grattan's Parliament for Tuam.

In 1809 he visited France, of which country he wrote many interesting sketches. About the middle of 1830 he was removed from the Bench for the misappropriation of court fees. He then left Ireland and went to reside at Versailles in France, where he died in 1834. His two best-known works are "Personal Recollections" and a sort of history of Ireland called "The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation."

Yet another famous historian from Laoighis was Walter Harris, born at Mountmellick in 1886. He, too, was a Trinity College man. In 1738 he married a great-grand-daughter of Sir James Ware, the writer, and thus became possessed of a great number of ancient manuscripts. Many of these he translated and expanded. His greatest translations are "Annals," "Writers and Bishops." His own original works were "Life and Reign of William III," published in 1746, and "History of Dublin," published posthumously in 1766. His death took place in 1761 and his manuscripts are preserved in Armagh and in the National Library, Dublin.

James Fintan Lalor

And now we come to him whom I consider the finest writer ever produced by Laoighis or any other county—James Fintan Lalor, the writer of the people. Fintan Lalor was born at Tinakill the same year as John Keating. From birth he was crippled with spinal disease, but although his body was deformed, his mind had developed to an extraordinary degree before he reached the age of twenty. He was a student of Carlow College, and after he had finished his education there he emigrated to France, where he became associated with the Continental revolutionary movements of the period. Upon his return to Ireland he wrote his famous letters to the Nation newspaper (then run by the Young Ireland Party) in which he stressed the opinion that the land question was the big question in Irish politics. He was the first to attack openly the landlord system and to point out that the breaking of it was linked to the question of political separation from Great Britain.

His letters were written in wonderful prose. Nothing like them had ever appeared before in an Irish newspaper. He was also associated with The Felon after the Nation had been suppressed. The Young Irishers would not listen to his pleas of linking the land struggle with the political one, and so the "Forty-eight" Rebellion was a failure because the farmers stayed out of it.

The "Forty-eight" Rebellion failed, but very few are aware that Lalor himself led a second attempt at revolt in 1849. This also failed because the people had not grasped the magnitude of his idea. Two months later he died.

The great American economist, Henry George, based his theory of land nationalisation on the theories built up by Fintan Lalor, though he did not acknowledge his indebtedness to the brilliant Laoighis man. Before 1916 James Connolly, the Labour leader, also built his agricultural policy on Lalor, but he was big enough to acknowledge it.

Other brilliant writers from Laoighis were Mrs. Blundell, the novelist, who wrote under the pen-name of M. E. Frances; Peter Borrows Kelly, author of "Lays and Legends of Ireland"; Eleanor M. Sweetman, poetess; Jacob Thompson Dunn, poet and local balladist; Thaddeus Delaney, a famous editor of the London Times; and many others of lesser note.
GLENDAUGH (Wicklow). 
ROYAL: B. 12; day 19/- to 24/-; week 65/-.

GLENRARRIG (Cork).
CASH: B. 14; day 18/- to 20/-; week 65/-.
ECCLES: B. 64; day 18/- to 20/-; week 105/-.
GOLF LINKS: B. 19; day 12/- to 15/-; week 73/-.
PUB. HOTEL: B. 10; day 12/-; week 40/-.
POULDRUM (Barry): B. 15; day 19/-.
ROYAL: B. 45; day fr. 70/-.

GLENNALURE (Go., Co. Wicklow).
CLIFF: B. 14; day 12/- to 16/-; week 65/-.

GLOVERS (Kilkenny).
POULDRUM (Barry): B. 45; day fr. 70/-.

GLENMADY (Limerick).
CONWAY: B. 19; day 9/- to 15/-; week 40/-.

GORT (Galway). 
COMMERCIAL: B. 11; day fr. 10/-; week 75/6.
ROYAL: B. 12; day 19/- to 24/-; week 65/-.

GORTMORE (Downeg). 
GRAND: B. 56; day 20/- to 24/-; week 86/-.
PRINCE: B. 17; day from 19/-; week from 75/6.

GREENCASTLE (Downeg).
DRUMWHEL: B. 16; day 12/- to 16/-; week 65/6.
PORT: B. 20; day 12/-; week 65/6.

GREENORE (Louth).
GREEN: B. 36; day 10/-; week 50/-.

GREENORE (Louth).
NORTH STAR: B. 50; day 14/-; week 63/-.

GREENORE (Louth).
UKRAINIAN: B. 18; day 14/-; week 63/-.

GREENORE (Louth).
DEAN: B. 25; day 16/-; week 75/-.

GREENORE (Louth).
SHANNON: B. 50; day 18/-; week 75/-.

GREENORE (Louth).
CASTLE: B. 10; day 7/6 to 10/-; week 40/-.

GREENORE (Louth).
COOKSTOWN (Private).
B. 8; day 16/- to 20/-; week 65/-.

GREENORE (Louth).
CASTLE: B. 14; day 21/- to 25/-; week 70/6.

GREENORE (Louth).
GREAT SOUTHERN, Eyre Square: B. 84; day 16/- to 20/-; week 70/6.

GREENORE (Louth).
IMPERIAL: B. 25; day 14/- to 15/-; week 63/-.

GREENORE (Louth).
ROYAL: B. 22; day 14/- to 15/-; week 63/-.

GREENORE (Louth).
CONWAY’S: B. 25; day 16/-; week 70/6.

GREENORE (Louth).
GREAT SOUTHERN: B. 14; day 16/- to 20/-; week 70/6.

GREENORE (Louth).
CASTLE: B. 14; day 21/- to 25/-; week 70/6.

GREENORE (Louth).
GREAT SOUTHERN: B. 14; day 16/- to 20/-; week 70/6.

GREENORE (Louth).
IMPERIAL: B. 25; day 14/- to 15/-; week 63/-.

GREENORE (Louth).
ROYAL: B. 22; day 14/- to 15/-; week 63/-.

GREENORE (Louth).
CONWAY’S: B. 25; day 16/-; week 70/6.

GREENORE (Louth).
GREAT SOUTHERN: B. 14; day 16/- to 20/-; week 70/6.

GREENORE (Louth).
CASTLE: B. 14; day 21/- to 25/-; week 70/6.

GREENORE (Louth).
GREAT SOUTHERN: B. 14; day 16/- to 20/-; week 70/6.
WE SET OUT FOR ARAN
(Continued from page 16).
inhabitants. On the highest point there is an old castle, said to have belonged to the O'Briens before the O'Flaherty's put them out of it. From there, no doubt, they could look across to their other castles in Clare, and warn or be warned of some approaching danger.
The storm is ever increasing, however, and we have no time to delay long, and having paid a flying visit to the Middle Island, we make for Kilronan once more. It has started to rain too, and the Captain looks more worried than ever and speaks rapidly in Irish to his boatman. The result of their conversation is that we decide to go in to the harbour, and see if the evening would not bring a lull in the storm.
Meanwhile Pat Ceoinin makes tea for us in the cabin, taking great care that it should get a really good boiling, tea-leaves and all. A generous soul, Pat. He gives the Captain and myself a big mugful each, and a chunk of soda bread, the size of a boot. "Tea gives you great courage," he says, and perhaps he thinks we need it, for being very young, Pat is more reckless and would love to brave the storm and sail home through the drifting mist.
And perhaps we might have persuaded the Captain, if the latter had not caught sight of a strange visitor in the bay: "If the weather is so bad, that even a French trawler has to seek shelter, it's bad enough for us to do it too."

The Cardinal Comes

Before long we are all sitting round a big table in a comfortable hotel in Kilronan, listening to the Captain's stories of Aranmen and Aran life, for he knows the islands just as well as his native Connemara. Amongst other things, he tells us about Cardinal MacRory's visit this summer, and how the Aran people at two hours' notice had flags on every house from Kilmurvey to Kilronan and walked miles to see him and receive his blessing. And he tells us of the old man of nearly ninety years of age and with a long, flowing beard, who was not satisfied with the Cardinal's blessing of himself and his family, but also asked him to bless the land and the cattle, the boats and the sea. And the Cardinal did so, and said: "Isn't he a real old St. Patrick?"

Our return is postponed from hour to hour, but at last we embark and set sail for Costello, so as to avoid the dangerous rocks in the home waters. The wind is with us now, and we are making the journey at record-breaking speed, although the little ship rocks threateningly at times. But our passengers are good sailors and the old lady is the best of them all and in spite of wind and waves and rather much rolling, she converses with the same ease and grace as she would in her drawing-room.

Although our stay in Aran was involuntary we return with the pleasantest of memories of a country, desolate, but grand, and of simple, charming people, entirely unspoiled by the visits and attentions of "daoine mora" of all sorts. And we envy them their simple faith and courage, which enable them to face the storms and the loneliness, and the constant struggle for an existence with land as well as sea.
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This beautiful book on Dun Laoghaire and district, by Mr. Manning Robertson, Town Planning Adviser to the Corporation of the Borough, is sure to stimulate a wide interest—both amongst local authorities and individual ratepayers—in the all-important subject of Town Planning. Well written and illustrated with a most discriminating taste, it is also a splendidly-printed survey of the physical features, history and general administration of the steadily-growing extent of the area. It is a book worth buying and worth keeping—an artistic triumph produced regardless of cost and trouble.

The caption on photo 2—"Bray Head, with the Little and Great Sugarloaf, known of old as 'The Silver Spears'"—catches our eye and our interest. The graceful Sugarloaf mountains have many names, and perhaps "The Silver Spears" is one of their least well-known. Sir William Petty refers to them, in his famous atlas, as "The Giltspeirs," which has since become corrupted into "The Golden Spears." "Giltspeirs" is thought to be, itself, a corruption of an old Gaelic phrase. But it would be quite a research to study the history and names of these twin heights.

P. B.
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