1945

Irish Travel, Vol 21 (1945-46)

Irish Tourist Association

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The meeting will be held at the Hotel, Dublin, on October 1st. The meeting will be followed by dinner at 1 p.m. In the large attendance is expected, those who intend to attend are advised to book their accommodation in Dublin as soon as possible.

Top left—L. Key.
Top right—Inchigeelagh Lake.
Bottom left—At Clonmacnoise.
Bottom right—Philosopher’s Stone, Menlo.
T. O'Sullivan

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NOTES AND NEWS

Thousands of Overseas Visitors

"Literally thousands of Irish-Americans are waiting for an opportunity to visit Ireland," says General Thomas B. Wilson, Head of the Transcontinental and Western Air Co. of America, who has been in Ireland for discussions on the America-Europe air connections. This, along with the Editor of The Bicycle of London's forecast of thousands of cycling visitors as well as many other evidences of a big demand for Irish holidays in future years suggests that the problem may be accommodation rather than the lack of visitors here in the future.

Tourists in Their Own Planes

Private flying to Ireland by tourists is indicated by the British Aero Club's decision to send a representative to see available landing grounds here.

Deer Stalking in Tipperary

In the 1,390 acres of old woodland and new plantations at Dundrum, Co. Tipperary, many of which are so thick as to be almost impenetrable to humans, wild deer find cover and shelter. A farmer on the edge of the wood recently surprised seven of them in his young oat crop. There is no ban on shooting them so deer-stalking is still available at Dundrum though the animals are very wary, says the Nenagh Guardian, from which we take the details.

Art in the Towns

Father S. Tiernan and Messrs. M. Garvey and W. White have been pioneers in the new art movement in Ballaghaderreen. The first exhibition and competition for local artists has been a success. It is their ambition to form a permanent Art Club in the town. This is praiseworthy and encouraging and indicates that a new cultural movement as seen in the art revival in many places by local effort is making progress in Ireland in a spontaneous way.

Feile an Oireachtais

October 20-27th will be another of Dublin's crowded weeks, when this year's Oireachtas will attract a great variety of competitors and audiences. The Oireachtas week has become the feature of the Irish autumn season in the capital and interest in it increases all the time.

Castlebar's Attraction

From the 26th August to the end of September, Castlebar was the centre of attraction when over 22,000 persons visited the Western Fair and Carnival held by the Castlebar Development Association.

Killarney Bridge Congress Success

Killarney's crowded summer season reached a peak with the very successful South of Ireland Open Bridge Congress week. Already this is an established festival and it only awaits the return of better transport facilities and the relaxation of checks on international travel for the Killarney event to attract many more overseas patrons of the game.

Visit the Country Places

The Dublin district continues to receive crowds of visitors in search of a welcome change of diet and scene, and already a few hotels report "full house" for October. In the present circumstances this may go on through some of the winter months but there should be room for all. Visitors to centres beyond Dublin will find excellent fare and good accommodation in the provincial centres so, where possible, they should distribute their Irish itineraries a little more widely in the country.
LOUGH DERG OF THE SHANNON

By M. F. GANTLEY

THAT sentimental ditty which claims that Ireland owes its existence to a bit of heaven slipping "from out the skies one day" also has it that once this bit of heaven came to rest earth-bound in the Atlantic, the angels, by dotting it with silver, adding the finishing touches and providing the scenic beauty of its many lakes.

There is a lake on the Shannon where the angels certainly did a good job, although in comparison with the praise lavished in song, story and canvas on the lakes of Kerry and Cork, Galway and Mayo, Sligo and Wicklow, it has almost been ignored. It is Lough Derg, that grand old lake in whose waters Munster meets Connaught, and along whose twenty-four mile stretch the Shannon rolls serenely, gathering volume for its plunge through Kincora’s mountain gate to swirl in a last joyous frolic at Doonas before it merges with Old Ocean.

Lough Derg, perhaps more than any other of Ireland’s lakes, is a lake of capes and bays, wooded shores and verdant islands. Its shoreline twists and turns almost continuously throughout its seventy odd miles in length. Nowhere less than a mile wide, it broadens to eight miles between Scarriff and Youghalarra and five between Carrigahorig and Power’s Cross.

Portumna to Killaloe.

At Portumna, where the Shannon enters through the rich woodlands of Belle Isle and Clancaride, the lake begins, and immediately widens to a distance of five miles. On the west shore Galway winds in island studded bays and bluff headlands from Portumna to Rinbarra, and behind the Galway lakeshore the Dalcassians, looking across from Kincora’s ruins see the beginning of the Ardnacrusha Canal along which the Shannon brings power and light to Ireland.

Between Clare and Tipperary.

Between Aughinish Point in Clare and Castlelough in Tipperary the lake cuts through the mountains to end at Killaloe, where it again becomes the River Shannon. Here at Killaloe the ghosts of Brian’s Dalercassians, looking across from Kincora’s ruins, see the beginning of the Ardnacrusha Canal along which the Shannon brings power and light to Ireland.

The Excursion "Liner."

The highlight of the trip was, of course, the lake voyage, and the "Excursion Steamer," not to mention its genial skipper, Pat Collins, became very popular. There were other steamers on Lough Derg, but they passed their life towing barges laden with produce and merchandise; in comparison with the excursion "liner" they were, of course, only the sturdy but plebeian "tramps." Lough Derg has, however, always been a lake of sails rather than steam, red and white for the pleasure yachts, brown for the turf boats beating down from Portumna. When regatta day came round in every village worth its name on Lough Derg the turf boats forgot turf in a few hours of play and showed their patrician brothers, the yachts, some sailing.

"Of all the rivers of Ireland, new and old," says Giralbus Cambrensis, "the Sinemenus (Shannon) deservedly claims the first rank. It has its source in a lake which divides Connaught from Munster and forms two branches which take opposite courses." The Shannon does not, of course, run north to Ballyshannon in Donegal, as Cambrensis has it, and it does not have its source in Lough Derg, but although Lough Derg cannot claim credit for running two ways at once, it can well afford to claim a high place in Ireland’s choice beauty spots.
BETWEEN the prickly furze and the tufts of purple heather, a narrow, winding path led up the mountainside. It was like a goat's track going nowhere in particular. But, suddenly, when I was tired of climbing, the path turned abruptly and there was a small, snug, whitewashed cabin. Roses clustered round the door, swaying in the breeze. And by the gate was Mary Nale, brown, weather-beaten, bent but smiling and active.

Over seventy, she had lived there alone since her husband's death a few years before. On her feet were a pair of men's heavy farm boots. In one hand was a big spade and in the other a bucketful of fine, large, white potatoes. On her head was a shabby, battered felt hat. She set down her burdens as I approached and lifted a brown, gnarled hand to shade her eyes for the cabin door caught the sunlight. Her eyes were very bright and friendly. It was lonely for her although her niece used to come out from the village and stay with her sometimes. So she liked having a talk to anyone who climbed to her door.

In the village—about three miles below—Mary Nale was well-known. Her name originally had been O'Neill. But it was shortened by a process of erosion. She could scramble down the rocks like a goat and disdained to use the mountain's path.

Her vegetable garden at the back of the cabin was well dug and well stocked. The white-washed pigsty was empty for—during the war period—she had found it impossible to get feeding stuffs. But she had a donkey, three goats and some hens that ran scratching over the mountain-side. A predatory hawk had swooped down on several of her chickens, so the mother hen of the clutch was tethered to a heavy weight just outside the cabin door. This allowed a radius of freedom but it kept the chicks under her eye as they would not stray far from the maternal care. A red fox had raided her poultry too. But she considered the hawk the more persistent enemy.

**The Homestead.**

Mary Nale told me this as we walked round her homestead. A monotonous sound—like a scratchy saw—cut in continually on our conversation. This noise mystified me.

"Have you a sawmill on the mountain?" I ventured.

Mary flung up her arms and laughed loudly.

"Come in!" she cried, darting into the cabin. She rummaged in a big brown chest in the corner and brought out two small brown eggs—a lovely creamy brown—laying them on the table.

"These are the sawmill's eggs!" she announced gleefully.

They were laid by guinea fowl. Before I visited Mary Nale I knew little about guinea fowl except that they were neat, fat, speckled birds who looked as if they were wearing well-fitting feather cloaks. But it really was these small birds who made the big screeching noise.

Mary set light to a heap of furze bush on the open hearth. The furze burned with a lovely golden blaze. She sat on a stool and raked the furze with a long metal hook from a corner to the fire. She had plenty—a whole mountainside for the taking—but it burned quickly. Two cats, sleek and grey, sidled to the hearth and sat there quietly, gazing unwinkingly at the crackling flames, reflected in their narrow eyes like pin-points of light.

At the door of the cabin was a broad path which the thin track up the mountainside joined. Every Thursday Mary Nale harnessed her donkey to a little cart and set off for Gorey, the nearest town, about five miles away. She used her old-age pension to buy sugar, tea and other necessaries. Mary looks on this journey as a lively adventure. But always what she likes best is to return to the cabin in the evening when the sun is setting over the mountain.

**Didn't Like the Pictures.**

Pushing at an old clay pipe with quiet satisfaction she gazed through the open door to where the chickens clustered round the tethered hen on the patch of grass. Then she raked fresh furze towards the fire.

"I was up in Dublin once," she said reflectively. "It's a grand city. I have a sister there who wouldn't leave it at all. She was here one time with me but she ran back to the city. When I was in Dublin with her she took me to see the pictures. She goes every week and says she'd be lost without them. They're well enough but what do I want with the pictures? The city's not the sort of place I'd like to live in at all! I thought it queer to see all those houses jammed together and the people crowding on the pavements. Every morning I'd go to the door and look out. I missed the mountains and the bit of a field and the hens scratching! I was glad to get home again!"

When I left the cabin Mary came part of the way with me and showed me her goats silhouetted against the sky as they browsed. We went down past her white-washed gleaming pigsty. She pointed to where her donkey poked its head, with two big ears, over a hedge. "That's what I like to see!" she confided.

We came to the narrow track leading down the mountain. Mary turned her face the other way.

"If we climb up on that ridge above there we could get a good look at the sunset on the other side of the mountain. Come up again," she said coaxingly, "when you've more time and we'll go there!"

Mary Nale likes her mountain to make a good impression.
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TERESA G. MacGOEY, - Managing Director.
Dreariness is a characteristic of too many railway stations. As children we occasionally dodged the ticket collector or the station master so that we could have a bit of fun with the name-printing machine or get a ridiculously small piece of chocolate for our saved pennies. We seldom lingered for long, though, despite the juvenile wonder which shrouds things mechanical in an aura of romance. But soon, according to Public Relations Officer Richard Dowling, the Dublin stations of C.I.E. as well as others will become as popular as cinemas or fun palaces. They will have all the amenities and attractions that we could possibly rave about in our most Utopian dreams. Remodelled and equipped with up-to-date facilities, they will become popular. Snack bars and restaurants, reading and writing rooms, billiards, table tennis, a small short cinema and a chapel will be included among standard equipment for to-morrow’s railway station.

To-day the railway station is patronised only by those who are travelling. To-morrow it will be a place of social interest and will be visited as readily as is the dance-hall of to-day. So say the experts.

"Dublin-Kingstown" Line.

As railways are strictly commercial propositions they have seldom been associated with pomp, ceremony, romance or sensationalism of any kind. In fact there is far too little ceremony and colour attached to the great iron way: it is a sign of the materialism in which we live. In the early days of the railroads, a little colour did enter into their affairs, a dying flutter, as it were, of the periods of pageantry that were quickly being submerged in the smoke, steam and bustle of the industrial revolution from which the railway was born. In those days the dominating factor of rail enterprise appeared to be litigation and trouble. Big people of their affairs, a dying flutter, as it were, the first regular service to Dun Laoghaire. On the day before, Daniel O'Connell and his friends had been honoured by a trip to Drogheda and a banquet at the company's expense at Edenderry where an all night dance was held. O'Connell was not on good terms with the powers at the time; it was thought inadvisable to bring them together.

Kingsbridge.

Next year, Kingsbridge is to celebrate its centenary. Most notable point about this station is its inaccessibility to the city, a fact which is partly explained by history, partly by the fact that most of the Irish railway systems were planned by military boards which saw things from a military viewpoint. At one time Kingsbridge was most convenient to Dublin merchants, for all the business of the city was transacted between Capel Street and Kingsbridge. In those days ships used journey far up the quays to where the old Customs House was situated. Then a strange thing happened. Near Butt Bridge was discovered a rock which used scrape the bottoms of heavily loaded vessels. It was
DUBLIN'S RAILWAY STATIONS
(Continued from previous page)

known popularly as Steadfast Dick. Many attempts were made by the port authorities to shift it, all to no avail. Dick was left in peace and instead the Customs House was moved further up the river to its present position. In those days the site was a mudbank but Gandon, the man in charge, made a fine job of it. Strikes often held up his work and a favourite method of his was to settle them with the aid of a bottle of whiskey. The Liberator is believed to have travelled from Kingsbridge at one time.

Like most railway stations, Kingsbridge seldom came into the news: railways appear to be extremely conservative things. During the War of Independence, however, the boys at Kingsbridge refused to take the Tans for a ride and for a while the station remained idle. It was a great centre for intrigue and the planning of military coups by the Irish forces.

Broadstone, Harcourt St. and Lansdowne Rd.

Opened in 1850 the now closed Broadstone crept once into the headlines. Six years after the opening ceremony a man named Spollin murdered the unfortunate chief cashier, Mr. B. G. Little, one fine November day.

In 1859 Harcourt Street station was built. The only thing that has been said of it was spoken by Percy French. He said: "There are two sides to everything except Harcourt Street station."

In 1871 Lansdowne Road station was constructed at the expense of the Trustees of the Herbert Estate. The station at Salthill was built in 1862 in response to deputations from local residents. The land on which it was built was donated by two unknowns in return for season tickets for life. How is that for democracy and civic spirit in those days?

Raheny station came into the news when a Fenian wrote:

"The peeler, black and greeny,
Who in sunshine, wind and rain,
Perambulates the station at Raheny..."

This song was a satire on the habit of the R.I.C. who were always at the station to meet the train, a nonsensical practice which died with the dis-establishment of the force.

The Wind and the Rain.

Before the Easter Week war in 1916, all railway footbridges were hooded over to protect travellers from wind and rain. During the Independence War, however, an incident occurred which caused the British Government to order their removal, and they have never since been restored. That incident happened one evening at Salthill station when two men hid up there, held up the mail train, and carried away the mails.

That is the story of Dublin railway stations, nothing very exciting, nothing very strange. Despite their drabness, however, some of our most poignant and beautiful memories are associated with the railroads and their ports of call, for in spite of its materialistic aspect and very practical nature, there is an inexplicable excitement in a railway station, an adventure in a ride along the great iron way.

new loose covers

Now is the time to get busy on the practical side of those much discussed "post war plans" of yours. Astute hoteliers are already casting an optimistic eye into the future. For a start, you could not do better than to invest in new loose covers, for instance, if you are beginning to feel just a little tired of your present ones after over five years emergency! Arnotts Hotel Service will make them in heavy quality repp for average 3-piece suite in these new shades: rust, blue, green and orange, £15/4/6. (Loose cushions extra).

When planning refurbishing expenditure, why not ask Mr. Chambers—our Hotel Organiser—to call? His 30 years experience is at your service without obligation.
MORE POWER TO BALLYSHANNON

By HARRY BRAINE

As usual, I journeyed to Ballyshannon to repeat a very fine fishing holiday there last year. Within one hour of my arrival I was casting my lines over the waters of the River Erne which flowed at the back of my hotel. Nine hours hard fishing resulted in one undersized trout which was returned as being too small to put on any pan. A 12-hour spell on Sunday gave also a negative result, and I began to believe that every inhabitant of the Erne had been netted or poached out of the river. A good night's rest would leave me ready for the assault on the following day, and I retired to sleep the sleep of the weary. A few minutes after I had gone to sleep—at least so it appeared—I almost fell out of the bed with the deafening crash that assailed my ears. A hasty glance at my watch showed it to be 5 a.m. Looking out I saw a huge derrick swinging a grab, and tearing out the bed of the river at the well-known eel weir. No wonder I had not caught any fish!

An early walk around the town and along the river banks disclosed active preliminary work for the electrification of the Lower Erne. At about 8 a.m. the full barrage started, and the roar of compressors mingled with the reverberations of the pneumatic drills piercing the bedrock from the Assaroe falls upstream to the Kathleen falls. The old eel weir was in process of demolition to give a clear runway for the tail race, and a start had been made at the Assaroe falls on the concrete wall which will eventually narrow down the river for the turbines to give an unrestricted flow of water.

Work in Progress.

On the Ballyshannon-Melvin road, alongside the railroad, a huge transformer station has been erected, enclosed in its cage of meshed wire. Electricians were busy at work connecting up the transformer and circuit-breaker wiring, and the tall steel masts bearing their spidery-looking high-tension cables faded into the distance and mingled into the background of the Donegal hills. In the town 6-ton rolls of underground cable were being hauled from the railway station to the temporary E.S.B. stores, and deep cable trenches were being cut out and cables run to the various working points on the river. No doubt electric current will be passed into these cables from the Shannon to provide motive power for the concrete mixers and other machines which will be necessary at a later date, and on completion of the project the generated current will be fed back along these cables into the main Shannon wiring.

Salmon Don't Care.

With amazement I saw many fine fresh run salmon rising within a few yards of the noisy pneumatic drills operated from cat-walks in the centre of the river; they did not seem to be affected by the concussion and, in fact, seemed to accumulate around these noisy spots to their grief, as many rod salmon fishers did well with their rods. What effect the ultimate scheme will have on this well-known salmon fishing centre is not yet known, but no doubt the E.S.B. will make provision for salmon passes—as in Limerick—and safeguard a valuable asset to the country.

IRISH TOURIST ASSOCIATION

Twenty-First Annual Meeting

At the monthly meeting of the Council of Directors of the Irish Tourist Association arrangements were approved for the holding of the Annual General Meeting of the members on Thursday, October 25th, to be followed by the Annual Luncheon in the Gresham Hotel. The functions this year will have a particular interest for the members, as the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the Association is being celebrated.

Senator G. Sweetman was unanimously nominated for the Presidency in succession to Mr. D. E. O'Boyle who retires on completion of his year of office, and Vice-Presidents nominated are Messrs. Barry M. Egan, Cork; J. W. Mongan, T.D., Galway, and D. E. O'Boyle, Co. Donegal.

Legal formalities in connection with the acquisition of Bureau accommodation in London having been completed, it was announced that the office at 19 Regent Street, S.W. 1, would be opened on October 1.

In connection with eight scholarships offered by the Association to pupils taking the Special Course of Hotel Cookery at St. Mary's College, Dublin, it was reported that the qualifying entrance examinations had already been held and that, in addition to the scholarships awarded by the Irish Tourist Association, a number of scholarships were also being provided by Vocational authorities throughout the country. The course of training begins early in October and continues to the end of May when the girls will be available for employment, having apart from this special course, already had the benefit of training in domestic economy at their local Vocational School. It was noted that all the girls who took the Hotel Cookery course at St. Mary's last year secured immediate employment in hotels and guest houses in various parts of the country.

Votes of sympathy were passed with the relatives of the late Ald. R. Gorish, Mayor of Wexford; Mr. E. Corbett, Galway, both Directors of the Association, and of the late Miss N. Cowl, Senior Bureau Assistant at the Association's Dublin Office.
IRELAND’S VARIETY OF COLOURS

THE fresh shades of our vegetation have earned for Ireland the alias “Emerald Isle” and, because this name fits so well, it is frequently forgotten that there is quite a variety of colours in our country. Several places indeed have incorporated colours in their titles.

Have you ever heard of PINK CAVE? If you feel like inspecting the place for yourself, take a ticket to Clare. In Dublin we have WHITEHALL and WHITE CHURCH; while WHITE STRAND is in Kerry. WHITE ISLAND is in Fermanagh and WHITE MOUNTAIN in Antrim. Because we invariably associate—or contrast—black with white, let’s take a trip to those spots which are not so black as they’re named! Believe it or not, there is a BLACK in Waterford. Dublin has a BLACK ROCK and a BLACK PITS. BLACKSTAIRS MOUNTAIN is in Wexford and BLACKPOOL in Cork.

Throughout Ireland there are five districts named RED ISLAND and in Antrim you’ll discover a RED BAY. Those who prefer AUBURN to red are advised to travel to Dublin and Fermanagh; and, of course, there’s “Sweet Auburn,” unmapped but real poet’s country. By the way, there’s a FAWN in Leitrim and a GREEN in Tipperary—not to mention a GREEN ISLAND in Antrim. Other colours worth listing are GREYSTONES in Wicklow, GREY ABBEY in Down and Silverfort in Tipperary. Most people like blue and it surprised me to see so little of it on the map of Ireland! Cork has a BLUEPOOL. There are localities called BLUEBELL in Killaloe and Dublin—and soon Dublin may have a BLUE LAGOON.

Did you know that we have a GOLDEN in Westmeath and another in Tipperary? Look for GOLDEN BRIDGE in Limerick and Mayo. In the catalogue of colours, yellow is a cousin to gold—so we’ll take it next. Roscommon has a YELLOW ISLAND, Meath has a YELLOW STEEPLE and I imagine everybody is aware that Dublin has a YELLOW HOUSE! AMBER HILL is in Cork and—another shade of yellow—SULPHUR BROOKE is in Wicklow. Have you forgotten the colour of lemons? Anyhow, LEMON ROCK is in Kerry. Other colourful localities are PURPLE MOUNTAIN in Kerry and VIOLET BANK in Wicklow.

Finally, because we have discovered almost every hue, I must mention that DIAMOND ROCKS are in Killarney. Rightly named, you might say, in that jewel of a place.

Moira Henry.

Pleasure Steamers on the Shannon

A brief reference to former passenger services on the Shannon in our September issue is amplified by a note on “Shannon Development” in the Leitrim Observer, to which Mr. P. F. Moran, Carrick-on-Shannon, kindly has drawn our attention: “The development of passenger steamer services on the Shannon has been urged in several quarters of late. One hundred years ago Killaloe was headquarters for two steamship companies, rivals for the then passenger traffic on the Shannon. Half a century later the Shannon Development Company was formed. It built the Lakeside Hotel, and put on some splendid steamboats between Killaloe and Athlone. The Company was subsidised by the Government of the day and by the counties bordering the Shannon. At one time a popular trip was to leave Kingsbridge at 9.15 a.m. for Banagher, travel by steamer to Killaloe, and return to Dublin that night, for the modest sum of 10/-.

When there was a regular service between Carrick-on-Shannon and Rooskey, Sunday excursions on The Shannon Queen and the Fairy Queen were popular.”
HISTORIC ATHLONE
—THE KEY TO CONNACHT

STRANGELY neglected by tourists, Athlone, one of Ireland's most historic towns, stands where the Shannon, having renewed its strength in Lough Ree, first reveals itself as the mightiest river in Ireland, in its majestic sweep southward to the sea.

As you approach from the east, by the main road, the first sight of Athlone comes when the town is still four miles off, when, after cresting a slight rise, you see ahead, instead of just another undulation of the central plain, a graceful slope, rich with woods and harvest fields, leading the eye to where the Shannon flashes silver, and to where the presence of Athlone is proclaimed by grey tapering steeples, a dome, and twin gleaming towers.

You will find Athlone's streets narrow, but clean, as those of a modernized medieval town should be, and, dominating Main Street on the Leinster side, is the square, sturdy tower of old St. Mary’s, which has defied fire, cannon balls and mid-Victorian restorers.

The calm autumn evenings are perhaps best of all, when the lake reflects the dome of the sky, dappled with little clouds in unbroken procession from horizon to horizon. The dip and dip, dip and drip of oarblades makes on the smooth waters an endless receding pattern of circle and line, and around stern and stem the currents make secret laugh. Far up the lake the evening breeze ruffles the liquid mirror of the islands, but rounding the reed-beds your craft makes the estuary, and before the calm breaks you set your course for the tall towers that rise above historic Athlone.

CYCLIST INVASION NEXT YEAR?

The Bicycle (3d. weekly, 8-10 Temple-Ave., London, E.C. 4) featured Ireland in its issue of Sept. 5th. In his leading article the Editor of The Bicycle writes:

Ireland, Eire, Erin, or, as the romanticists have it, Dark Rosaleen, whatever name occasion chooses, those 32 counties hold for cyclists from Great Britain a charm that is hard to define in print. Now that travelling facilities, little by little, are growing easier, we predict that the number of cycling adventurers from Britain will increase by hundreds of thousands. The four provinces, each with its definite attraction, will reveal beauty of remarkable depth to all who cross the Irish Sea. What of the material things? Irish Hotels, like the native cooking, in the past have come in for much well-deserved censure. That aggravating state of affairs now seems happily to be on the point of banishment. In an official hotels' Guide now available to visitors, prices are set out clearly: these cannot be exceeded, as to do so constitutes an offence. Any establishment now calling itself a hotel must be registered with the Irish Tourist Board. Hotels are inspected at irregular intervals and must keep to the standard of fitness laid down.

No British visitor has anything to "fear" when he visits Ireland. Seldom does the cycling tourist, happiest of all travellers, depart without the thought: "Nowhere have I met a more kindly people anxious to be of service to the stranger within their gates, and never have I roamed in a land so rich in natural beauty."
(1) O'Connell Street from Nelson's Pillar.

(2) In Lusk.

(3) Clondalkin.

(7) Customs House.

(8) "Dutch" Dublin on
(1) Over Killiney Bay.
(2) The Four Courts.
(3) Dun Laoghaire.

Canal.
NIGHT FISHING FOR SEA TROUT IN THE ILEN

Night fishing is not everyone's "meat" and anglers at Skibbereen are sharply divided as to its merits. I am one of its adherents since I was introduced to this form of fishing by an old friend some years ago. On a fine moonlit or starlit night nothing gives me greater pleasure than to pit my wits against those of the sea trout.

The venue on the Ilen is within easy reach of Skibbereen and most of the fishing enthusiasts of the town are willing to initiate the novice into the "cult." Normally one uses an ordinary trout rod with three white maggots mounted on a cast. Some skill is required to impale the maggot on the hook, but most anglers find little difficulty in managing successfully after a few attempts. Where can one obtain the white maggots? A rabbit hung up in the trees will provide an abundant supply of fat maggots, but many of the local anglers have regular supplies of big ones sent to them from a slaughter house in Cork city.

Good Results.

Until one becomes acclimatised to the river it is better to have an experienced local angler for company. One casts carefully, allowing the maggots to drift slowly downstream. When the hook is taken one must not strike too quickly. As soon as one has untangled the maggot mounted on a cast, some kill is sent to them from a slaughter house in Cork city.

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Parking Sites for Caravan Holidays

By TOM PALMER

Of all types of travelling holidays perhaps there is none so interesting or enjoyable as caravanning. Even before the war there was a noticeable increase in the number of caravans to be seen on Irish roads during the summer months. Most of these vanished during the war years. Their owners, however, were longing for the time when they could be on the road once again and spend pleasant days travelling from beauty spot to seaside resort. This growing interest in caravanning is not, of course, confined to Ireland. England has thousands of caravan-owners who, it is expected, will visit our shores in ever-mounting numbers during the years to come.

Local Councils Consulted.

Planning for the future is already under way. During recent months public authorities all over Ireland have been considering a circularised request to cater for caravan holiday-makers who are likely to visit their districts. This appeal has been especially directed to those bodies concerned with town and country planning, particularly in areas which include seaside centres and attractive holiday haunts, and many enterprising and far-seeing local councils have already made arrangements to investigate the possibility of complying with the caravanners' demands. In Bundoran, for instance, the Urban Council was quick to see the need for caravan sites and asked Donegal's County Manager, Mr. Sean D. MacLochlainn, to have their Town Planning consultant consider the proposal.

American Caravan Towns.

The idea of providing caravan sites originated in America, where the caravan holiday itself was born. Such a huge number of people in the U.S. took their trailers on the roads and travelled to places of national interest that it became necessary to make parking provisions for them. From that sprung up the caravan towns of America, which are people by a floating population. These miniature towns have all the amenities of the real thing. Apart from the water and sanitary accommodation now sought in Ireland, they also have electricity, club rooms where the passing travellers can meet, garages and even shops. It is not visualised that in a small country such as ours caravan sites would grow to such a size. Here the sites desired at the moment are small, sufficient to give ample accommodation to three or four caravans at a time.

COUNT McCORMACK

The death of Count John McCormack breaks one of Ireland's international links, though his voice, in a hundred lovely gramophone recordings, will bring a picture of Ireland before crowds of listeners for long years ahead. The famous artist is not always recognised as a propagandist for his country but, in effect, his work often makes foreign millions aware of it in a subtle and very advantageous way. So Count McCormack, the singer, served his country well.
Clouds Decorate the Scene

(above) Louth Coast.
(middle) Killary Harbour.
(below) Lough Ennel, Westmeath.
MIDNIGHT MASS BY TORCHLIGHT

HE who stood at midnight upon a little mount that rose behind the chapel might see between five and six thousand torches, all blazing together and forming a level mass of red, dusky light, burning against the dark horizon. These torches were so close to each other that their light seemed to blend, as if they had constituted one wide surface of flame; and nothing could be more preternatural-looking than the strikingly devotional countenances of those who were assembled at their midnight worship, when observed beneath this canopy of fire. The Mass was celebrated under the open sky, upon a table covered with the sacrificial linen and other apparatus for the ceremony. The priest stood, robed in white, with two large torches on each side of the Book, reciting the prayers in a low, rapid voice, the hands raised, whilst the congregation were hushed and bent forward in the reverential silence of devotion, their faces touched by the strong blaze of the torches into an expression of deep solemnity. The scenery about the place was wild and striking; and the stars, scattered thinly over the heavens, twinkled with a faint religious light that blended well with the solemnity of this extraordinary worship, and rendered the rugged nature of the abrupt cliffs and precipices, together with the still outline of the stern mountains, sufficiently visible to add to the wildness and singularity of the ceremony. In fact there was an unearthly character about it; and the spectre-like appearance of the white-robed priest, as he

"Muttered his prayer to the evening air"

would almost impress a man with the belief that it was a meeting of the dead, and that the priest was repeating, like the Grey Friar, his

"Mass of the days that were gone."

On the ceremony being concluded, the scene, however, was instantly changed: the lights were waved and scattered promiscuously among each other, giving an idea of confusion and hurry that was strongly contrasted with the death-like stillness that prevailed a few minutes before. The same number of lights might therefore be seen streaming in different ways over the parish; the married men holding the torches, and leading their wives; bachelors escorting their sweethearts, and not unfrequently extinguishing their flambeaux, that the dependence of the females upon their care and protection might more lovingly call forth their gallantry.

The Midnight Mass, by William Carleton (Circa 1840).

THE FAMOUS TOWN of TRIM in 1850

On the ground of antiquity, the town of Trim appears to furnish the tourist with much matter for observation—the castles of that place, called King John's, and the yellow steeple, as also the ancient church with its ivy-mantled tower, supposed to have been founded by St. Lynam, the nephew of St. Patrick, are alone sufficient to give an air of antiquity to that place. Besides these, there are also the following public buildings in Trim—the county jail, the courthouse, a very neat Roman Catholic chapel with a Gothic front, lately erected, and a charter house for females, under the direction of the Incorporated Society—of these, the chapel, though not the largest, is by much the neatest edifice; the courthouse and the Charter-school, if we except the elevated position of the latter, a little beyond the town, had nothing in their exterior appearance to attract attention; but the jail, which stands in the centre of the town, and with its appendages occupies a considerable area on one of the banks of the river, was the most remarkable public building in the place. "Ma'am," said I to a respectable-looking woman who stood at a shop-door nearly opposite, "your jail is calculated to give the stranger a very unfavourable impression of the character of your county. It must contain an immense number of dangerous people, since you have been obliged to provide so large a house for their reception." This observation, well calculated to produce a smile on the countenance of the lady, proceeded in part from a misconception of the subject.

Leave-when-you-please Jail.

The various appendages of this jail compose a very large concern, but the prisons for the felons and the debtors, with their respective courtyards being surrounded by immense walls, which assume the appearance of a square edifice of immense extent, led me to suppose that the whole was one undivided building. On inquiry, however, I found that this prison, on which £80,000 is said to have been expended, is extremely ill-constructed, and that no one stays there but such as have neither talent nor determination to enlarge themselves. Various felons who felt the inconvenience of their confinement walked through the roof and penetrated the country beyond their prison in pursuit, as I heard, of better quarters—so that considering its inadequacy to the design of a public prison, which should unite security with health, and the several elopements we have noticed, I do not much wonder that a gentleman, when speaking to me of the incompleteness of that edifice, should say: "Nobody stays in that prison but those who stay there from inclination."

The Irish Tourist, by A. Atkinson, Gent., (1815).
Your feet meet him probably when you step out of your bath. He's a quiet fellow; very silent, and consequently gets walked on. But he takes it all lying down, because he's cut out for his job, which is in fact to be trodden on constantly, and take it with a grin, without ever letting it wear him out. Mat is a member of the ODEACORK branch of a world-renowned Cork family. You meet us every day in the form of bath mats, table mats, shoe insoles, toilet seats, cigarette tips, washers for toothpaste caps, and, of course, the beautiful ODEACORK tiling for walls and floors.

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With last month's issue Irish Travel began its twenty-first year of publication during which, in addition to its news features of travel and associated activities, it has carried a very large number of contributions by distinguished writers and visitors, as well as articles, etc. by experts in the hotel, transport, catering and allied industries.

In connection with the twenty-first Annual General Meeting of the Irish Tourist Association to be held at the Gresham Hotel, Dublin, on October 25th, the November issue of Irish Travel will publish as a special feature a summary of the progress and development of the work of the Irish Tourist Association since its foundation at Cork, in 1924, along with a survey of the outstanding points. A number of pertinent extracts from earlier issues will be included in this and appropriate illustrations will add to the interest of the feature. Readers who wish to secure a copy are advised to order in advance.

OCTOBER EVENTS.

Racing—4, Powerstown Park, Clonmel; 6, Curragh; 11, Dundalk; 13, Leopardstown; 18, Limerick; 20, Curragh; 27, Phoenix Park.

Other Events—1, Agricultural and Horse Show, Ballinasloe; 4, Pattern, Annascaul, Co. Kerry; 8-28, Oireachtas Exhibition, National College of Art, Dublin; 14, Irish Dachshund Show, Dublin; 20-27, Oireachtas, Dublin; 24-25, Coursing (Connacht Cup), Loughrea.

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MEATH and LOUTH

Where the central plain of Ireland spreads eastwards to the Irish Sea, Counties Louth and Meath lie in rich limestone country. Here, as nowhere else, "the shadows of the past draw nigh" and mingle with the realities of the present; for here the megalith builders raised their monuments, and soldiers guarded the Gap of the North. Later monasteries, churches and schools flourished, until, with the decline of Ireland's Golden Age, what was once the nation's most important region became what it is to-day, a peaceful, interesting and beautiful part of rural Ireland.

COUNTY MEATH.

A REGION of heroes and heroic deeds, of Royal Courts and Banquet Halls, of the proud Fianna and their chivalrous exploits, of soldiers, athletes, poets and harpists—such was the colourful Meath of olden days. To-day, this county, which still bears the proud name of Royal Meath, is a peaceful, prosperous part of rural Ireland with its great acres of grassland, its fields of golden grain, its dark Boyne water, flowing softly between pastures and woodlands and its towns humming with the busy life of an agricultural population. Many traces of Meath's bygone glory still remain. There are Tara, with the site of its Royal Palace; Dowth and Newgrange, with their tumuli, Kells with its Cross and Round Tower; and the Hill of Slane, scene of St. Patrick's courageous defiance of the nation's pagan masters.

Today, Meath is an interesting and pleasant holiday-land. It has a special attraction for the sportsman, for here is some of the finest hunting country in the world; and the Boyne, apart from its placid beauty, is one of Ireland's most famous salmon rivers. Navan, the administrative capital of Co. Meath, is a prosperous town and is an excellent centre for the sightseer. There are many interesting objects within a radius of three or four miles, notably the Round Tower at Donaghmore, which is an excellent specimen of this well-known form of Irish architecture. Gobstown, about two miles east of Donaghmore, is the centre of a Gaeltacht colony and is equipped with an Irish College. About a mile south of Navan is the historic Athluinney Castle.

Trim, on the upper reaches of the Boyne, has many antiquities. There are two old Gateways—the Sheepgate and the Westgate—the Yellow Steeple (supposed to have been an Anglo-Norman watch-tower) King John's Castle; the Parish Church and Talbot's Castle—the latter building later became a school where the Duke of Wellington received his early education. Near Trim is Beecive Abbey, founded by the Cistercians about 1150 A.D. Trim, with its Slane Castle, with its extensive demesne is the seat of the Marquis of Conyngham, and in this village also was born Francis Ledwidge, the poet, whose promising career came to an early end with his death in the first Great War.

Slane is one of the prettiest villages in Ireland and has many associations with the nation's history. The Hill nearby was the scene of St. Patrick's historic gesture in kindling the Paschal Fire on the eve of Easter 433 A.D., thus proclaiming Christianity throughout the land. On the Hill are the ruins of a monastery to which in olden days came students from all parts of Europe. Slane Castle, with its extensive demesne is the seat of the Marquis of Conyngham, and in this village also was born Francis Ledwidge, the poet, whose promising career came to an early end with his death in the first Great War.

The Hill of Tara, six miles from Navan (3 miles off the Dublin-Navan road) is the focus of interest for sightseers in Co. Meath. Tara was in ancient times the capital of Ireland where stood the Royal Palace of the High-Kings. Tara was then the centre of all activities connected with Politics, Religion and Art. It was the venue of all meetings of national importance, including the "Feis of Tara," which was in reality the Parliament of the Nation, a convention of monarchs, barons and learned men, summoned to make and revise laws governing the lives of the people. Tara's glory and splendour lasted until 563 A.D., after which it began to decline and Dublin took its place as the nation's chief city. Now only the sites of its famous buildings may be traced. On the crest of the Hill stands the reputed Lia Fail (or Stone of Destiny) on which the ancient Kings of Ireland were crowned. Despite its almost complete disappearance, Tara is still, for the student of antiquity, one of the world's most interesting sites.

Beauparc, about six miles east of Navan, is the most beautiful spot on the Boyne. Just across the river from here, within a few miles of each other, are Newgrange, Dowth and Knowth, with their tumuli or ancient burial-places. Only the bare shells of these enormous mausoleums now remain, but they have taught much concerning the life of the Irish people, centuries before our era. Stones found there are carved with very beautiful ornaments and designs.

Cumannus Mor or Kells, ten miles west of Navan, was the site of the religious establishment of St. Columba. The Round Tower, St. Columba's House, and the High Crosses are still to be seen. The "Book of Kells," the world's most beautifully
illuminated volume, was produced here and is now kept in Trinity College, Dublin.

Oldcastle is near the Loughcrew Hills. On Slieve-na-Caillighe, their highest peak, there are about thirty cairns or ancient burial mounds. Excavations in some of these cairns yielded inscribed stones, implements and pottery of late Neolithic Age. The view from the summit of this hill is the most extensive in Ireland. Loughcrew is the birthplace of Blessed Oliver Plunkett, who suffered martyrdom at Tyburn in 1684.

Laytown and Bettystown, twin seaside resorts, are on the short strip of coastline which is Meath's only outlet to the sea. Besides safe and pleasant bathing there are facilities for Golf (on a fine 18-hole course). Tennis (on courts attached to the hotels) and Dancing. A further advantage of these resorts is their proximity to Dublin as well as to the historic and beautiful regions of Louth and Meath.

COUNTY LOUTH

There is a scintillating freshness about Louth's summer panoramas that gives to this small holiday region an irresistible charm. It is the smallest of Ireland's counties, yet one of the most pleasing. Quiet pastoral scenes and secluded seaside villages constitute its greatest appeal. From many vantage points along its coast may be seen, to the North, the smooth-topped Cooley Mountains, and the hazy outlines of the Mountains of Mourne while, far to the south, the magical summits of the Wicklow Hills are glimpsed on the horizon.

Louth also has played its part in the making of the nation's history. In the days of the Red Branch Knights, the district of Cooley, in North Louth, was the scene of the "Cattle Raid of Cooley" --- "Tambo Cuailgne" --- one of the most exciting and interesting of the old epics of Gaelic literature. Reminding us of the high standard of Irish civilization in early Christian times, there are Monasterboice, with its beautiful Celtic Crosses, and Mellifont, with the ruins of its renowned Cistercian Monastery. At Drogheda, the enshrined head of the Tyburn Martyr, Blessed Oliver Plunkett, recalls his heroic sanctity and self-denial, which brightened the darkest days of Ireland's history.

Dundalk, the capital of Co. Louth, is an important railway and industrial centre, containing the repair works of the Great Northern Railway. Among other industries centred here are cigarette-manufacture, brewing, bacon-curing and linen-making. The Pro-Cathedral of St. Patrick is after the style of King's College, Cambridge. Amongst other churches are those of the Dominicans and Redemptorists and the more ancient Church of St. Nicholas. Agnes Galt, a sister of Robert Burns, Scotland's national poet, lies buried in the graveyard adjoining the latter church. About three miles north of Dundalk is the Hill of Faughart, the reputed birthplace of St. Brigid and the place where Edward Bruce was slain in battle in 1318. Slieve Gullion Mountain is another prominent feature of this district, and a further object of interest is the 12 ft. high dolmen at Ballymascanlon.

Drogheda, situated at the mouth of the Boyne, figured prominently in every period of Irish history. Several parliaments were held here, including the one which passed the notorious Poyning's Law in 1694. Still standing is St. Lawrence's Gate, one of the ten which gave access to the town. St. Mary's D'Urs and the Magdalen Steeple are respectively the remains of Augustinian and Dominican Friaries.

The head of Blessed Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, who suffered martyrdom at Tyburn in 1684, is preserved in St. Peter's Church, West St., erected to his memory. Besides its historical interest, Drogheda is a thriving industrial town and is a good centre for exploring the Boyne Valley.

Monasterboice (6 miles north-west of Drogheda) has some of the most important ruins in Western Europe. Founded towards the end of the fifth century, Monasterboice was renowned as a seat of learning. The beautifully carved Crosses and the remarkable Round Tower excite the wonder of every visitor. The Crosses are considered to be the finest specimens of their kind in Ireland.

Mellifont Abbey, two miles from Monasterboice, was the first house of a foreign Order built in Ireland. Founded by Cistercians, the ruins are situated on the River Mattock, a tributary of the Boyne. The most interesting remnants are those of the Gate House, Church and Baptistery. Near Mellifont is King William's Glen, the scene of the Battle of the Boyne.

In 1639, the Cistercians acquired the property now known as Orieti Temple, at Collon, about four miles north of Mellifont. This new House of the Order now bears the name of New Mellifont.

Blackrock (three miles south-east of Dundalk) is the leading seaside resort in Co. Louth. It has a fine situation. There are seaside carnivals with the usual attractions, as well as facilities for dancing, tennis, golf (on an 18-hole course), boating and fishing.

Omeath, Carlingford and Greenore are smaller seaside resorts, situated on Carlingford Lough and having fine views of the Mourne Mountains. Greenore has a splendid 18-hole golf course.

Annagasson and Clogher Head are pleasant holiday places. Baltray, situated on the Boyne estuary, three miles from Drogheda, is famous for its fine golf course (18-hole).

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Published by the Proprietors, IRISH TOURIST ASSOCIATION, 15 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin, and printed by THE JUVERNA PRESS, LTD, 12 Upper Liffey Street, Dublin.

Other Offices of the Association:— BELFAST: 17 Queen's Arcade, CORK: 45 Patrick Street.

PRINTED IN DUBLIN.