1933

Irish Travel, Vol. 09 (1933-34)

Irish Tourist Association

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Travel to IRELAND

BANK OF IRELAND,
ESTABLISHED 1783.

HEAD OFFICE, COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN.
& BRANCHES AT BANG, 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.

FACILITIES FOR TRAVELLERS.

HEAD OFFICE, COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN.
& 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.

Donegal Handwoven Tweeds and Handknitted Stockings, Jumpers, etc., also fine Handmade Lingerie and Handembroidered Goods, always in stock.

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.

Travel to IRELAND

FISHGUARD to CORK—Direct
Leave Paddington *5-55 p.m. Tues., Thurs. and Sat.

LIVERPOOL to DUBLIN
Leave Euston *6-5 p.m. Nightly (Sundays excepted).

LIVERPOOL to BELFAST
Leave Euston *6-5 p.m. Nightly (Sundays excepted).

ARDROSSAN to BELFAST
Royal Mail Route. Leave Glasgow (Central) 10-30 p.m. Nightly (Saturdays and Sundays excepted).

GLASGOW to BELFAST—DIRECT
Leave Glasgow 9-0 p.m. (Saturdays 10-45 p.m.) Nightly (Sundays excepted).

GLASGOW & GREENOCK to DUBLIN
Four or more Sailings Every Week.

GLASGOW & GREENOCK to DERRY
Four or more Sailings Every Week.
* Restaurant Boat Express.

Travel in COMFORT
**Good Irish Food!**

IMPRESSIONS count for much on a holiday, and one of the chief impressions will be formed from experience of the holiday food. Good home-grown fresh hygienic food cannot fail to make a good impression on our tourists. Here is a splendid example in the menu of an hotel proprietor in County Clare, who, in furnishing the choicest local products, is leading the way in giving his guests an interest and a complete confidence in their holiday fare:

**SUPPER MENU.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Soup</th>
<th>Sweets</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Consommé Jardinière</td>
<td>Old Ground Trifles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cold Buffet—</td>
<td>Meringues and Cream</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turkeys from Toonagh</td>
<td>Cream from Cushmahonna</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Matterson's Limerick Ham</td>
<td>Jellies and Fruit Salad</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bantry Roast Beef</td>
<td>Charlotte Rouge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vegetable—</td>
<td>Quilty Carrageen Moss Jelly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mixed Clare Grown Vegetable Salads</td>
<td>Bread—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Homan's Rolls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Fruit.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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- A Directory of Hotels 17
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Hotel Gardens.

Among the many factors that testify, within recent years, to the steady progress of hotel service in Ireland, the development of the hotel garden is outstanding. There is scarce a tourist hotel in the popular holiday centres—which does not boast of well-cared grounds, while hotel proprietors are now taking a keen interest in making their gardens not merely a means of supplementing the culinary needs of the household, but also a fit setting for the surroundings in which the visitor comes to spend his much needed holiday. What more acceptable to a visitor comes to spend his much needed holiday than a fit setting for the surroundings in which the hotel is located, attractively planned and comfortably furnished. Even the most energetic of the holiday-makers will like an evening or a night “off” in his programme of strenuous activities. What more acceptable than a really lovely garden where he may, still out of doors, recreate quietly, or at least less actively? Further, when a showery morning or evening decrees an enforced stay within doors, how pleasant it can he to be between showers, to stroll out (while waiting for lunch or dinner) into a garden refreshed and more lovely than before, since the cool showers have revitalised its dusty shrubs and drooping flowers!

Good Planning.

The idea that a large amount of open space is necessary for a successful garden is quite a mistaken one. True, we could name many Irish hostels whose gardens wander for acres through stretches of different settings, each one as lovely as the last, and all combining to make a perfect frame for the hotel buildings, and be a delight to its guests. But large space, though helpful in making the garden interesting, is not essential. Good planning is of much more importance in the hotel garden. For thus a small space may be made, by means of arches and hedges, winding paths, shrubbery and rock gardens to give the effect of spaciousness and privacy. Further, there is no need to shut off, marked “Private,” the fruit or kitchen sections. Visitors will be glad to see growing in the grounds the vegetables and fruit that they know are for table use. It will give them a greater relish of and confidence in their holiday fare. And what of bee-hives which take up so small a space and prove so profitable? These can be ranged out in their own corner—to look picturesque and interesting... “Nine bean rows—and a hive for the honey bee.”

Ireland on the World Screen.

NEW TRAVELOGUES FILMED.

Within the last two months, several foreign companies have gathered, in Ireland, successful material for new Travelogue Films. The exceptionally fine weather during this year’s extraordinarily good summer, combined with the very active co-operation of the Irish Tourist Association, and, of course, the excellent scenery and settings in our country, enabled the different companies to complete their tours with the minimum of delay and the maximum of satisfaction.

In August, Mr. Herbert, of the Fox Movietone News, secured the material for the new Fox Travelogue of Ireland. Two copies of this film will be available for use in the Irish Free State—one to be circulated through the Fox Film organisation and the other to be presented to the Irish Tourist Association in recognition of their assistance to Mr. Herbert during his work in Ireland.

Early in September, Mr. Fitzpatrick, of Fitzpatrick Films, spent several days in Ireland, while working on his second travel film. The first one, which he made some two years ago, has since been circulating through the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Corporation, which controls no fewer than 6,000 theatres in the world. In this recent film, Mr. Fitzpatrick covered an area from Dublin, via Athlone, to Galway, through Connemara to Sligo and Donegal, returning via Leitrim, Roscommon and Longford.

Representatives of the Dutch Shipping Co.—Laagland Van Hengel Co.—also toured Ireland, during two weeks, and with the aid of the Great Southern Railways and the Irish Tourist Association gathered material for a new film on Ireland. Similarly, another important Shipping Company—the Hamburg-American Line—sent their camera men to Ireland on September 5th to film scenes over a large area. The new film thus made will be shown in Germany and other countries before next season.
## Irish Hunts, Masters, Secretaries, Fees, etc.

### FOXHOUNDS

<table>
<thead>
<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 Where Hunters can be billeted</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bree (15)</td>
<td>Emniscorthy</td>
<td>Tues. Fri.</td>
<td>L. Sweetman, Ballymacad</td>
<td>Mr. J. Marmagh, Emniscorthy, Co. Meath</td>
<td>£10 min. 5s. cap.</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>Ballymacad.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kildare (50)</td>
<td>Dublin, Naas, Maynooth, Killeen</td>
<td>Tues. Thurs. Sat.</td>
<td>J. J. de Stempel, Est. Kildare, Co. Kildare</td>
<td>Capt. A. W. Hisgen, H. N., The Hunt, Kilbeggan, Naas</td>
<td>£10 a horse, 2s. 6d. cap. to subscribers, 10s. non-subscribers who can only hunt 3 days after which must subscribe £15 one horse and so on as to the number of days. 5s. cap.</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>J. H. Kellie, Est., 39 Mespil Road, Dublin (and stables in Meath). James McClintock, Esq., Portlaw, Co. Waterford; Tom Butler, Esq., Killeen.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Louth (25)</td>
<td>Dundalk, Drogheda</td>
<td>Wed. Sat.</td>
<td>Capt. R. A. B. Figgate, Est.</td>
<td>Mrs. A. H. Connell and Mrs. F. C. Potter, Knockmark, Drumcol</td>
<td>£15 per day week hunted throughout season, and £3 per day per week (£5 per two days) £100 fund, Field money £25, Cap £1 from non-subscribers</td>
<td>—</td>
<td>Capt. Barrett and Mr. Meice, Clones, Mr. P. Duffy, Dunboyne, and others.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mount Unisace (30)</td>
<td>Youghal, Tallow, Midleton, Cork, Macroom</td>
<td>Twice weekly Wed. Sat.</td>
<td>W. H. Doyle, Esq.</td>
<td>W. Webb, Esq., Mount Unisace, Kilkenny</td>
<td>£10. 2s. 6d. cap.</td>
<td>Optional</td>
<td>—</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ormond (25)</td>
<td>Ballymore, Cloghderdon</td>
<td>Tues.</td>
<td>G. F. Webb, Esq., and H. M. Read, Est.</td>
<td>H. Davis Kennedy, Est. Ballyscullion House, Shinnafetr</td>
<td>Cap 2s. 6d. sub. optional from £2 2s. 6d</td>
<td>£10s. per day.</td>
<td>Moyne, Darrow.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### List of Irish Hunts, Masters, Secretaries, Fees, etc. (continued).

#### FOXHOUNDS (CONTINUED).

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of Hunt and Couplings 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>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Tipperary (40)</td>
<td>Fethard, Cahir, Cashel, Cahill.</td>
<td>Mon. Wed. or Thur. Sat.</td>
<td>Mrs. A. P. Ellis</td>
<td>S. R. Armitage, Neath, Thurs.</td>
<td>£15 1s. per day to qualify as subscriber. 2s. 6d. cap.</td>
<td>From Jan 1 to end of season, £30. No fixed scale, but arrangements can be made through Hon. Secretary. No day off.</td>
<td>Fethard</td>
<td>Apply to Hon. Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>United Hunt Club (40).</td>
<td>Fermoy, Cork, Midleton.</td>
<td>Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat.</td>
<td>Major A. H. Watt, M. C.</td>
<td>J. D. Sneely, Esq., Carrigavarrav, Co. Cork.</td>
<td>£10 to qualify for membership of the Hunt. 2s. 6d. cap.</td>
<td>£1 per day to qualify for season, £10. No fixed scale, but arrangements can be made through Hon. Secretary. No day off.</td>
<td>Carrigavarrav</td>
<td>Apply to Hon. Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Westmeath (35)</td>
<td>Moate, Athlone, Brough.</td>
<td>Mon. Wed. Fri. Tues.</td>
<td>Major M. L. Larkin, M. C., D.S.O., Horetown, House, Co. Wexford.</td>
<td>T. A. Codd, Esq., Roscommon Castle, New Ross.</td>
<td>£6 6s. minimum, 2s. 6d. cap.</td>
<td>£1 per day to qualify for season, £10. No fixed scale, but arrangements can be made through Hon. Secretary. No day off.</td>
<td>Horetown</td>
<td>Apply to Hon. Sec.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Westmeath, Sth. (20)</td>
<td>Wexford, New Ross.</td>
<td>Mon. Wed. Fri.</td>
<td>Major M. L. Larkin, M. C., D.S.O., Horetown, House, Co. Wexford.</td>
<td>T. A. Codd, Esq., Roscommon Castle, New Ross.</td>
<td>£6 6s. minimum, 2s. 6d. cap.</td>
<td>£1 per day to qualify for season, £10. No fixed scale, but arrangements can be made through Hon. Secretary. No day off.</td>
<td>Horetown</td>
<td>Apply to Hon. Sec.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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#### HARRIERS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of Hunt and Couplings 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>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Castletown (15)</td>
<td>Bruce, Charleville.</td>
<td>Tues. Thur.</td>
<td>M. Barry, Esq.</td>
<td>T. Riordan, Esq.</td>
<td>£5 5s. 5s. cap</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clare Hounds</td>
<td>Enake, Newmarket-on-Fergus.</td>
<td>Tues. Fri.</td>
<td>Capt. B. A. Browne.</td>
<td>P. F. O'Neill, Esq., Boyle, Co. Donegal.</td>
<td>£3 3s. 3s. cap</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Connemara (12)</td>
<td>Connemara, Cahil, Cahill.</td>
<td>Tues. Fri.</td>
<td>M. McCarthy, Esq., Cortheal, Connemara.</td>
<td>W. Kennedy, Esq., Derrygragh, Cahil, Connemara.</td>
<td>£2 2s. Cap 2s. 6d.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Down, North (22)</td>
<td>Belfast, Bangor, Newtownards.</td>
<td>Wed. Sat.</td>
<td>David Mann, Esq., J. P.</td>
<td>E. J. Greiner, Esq., The Breeze, Holywood, Co. Down.</td>
<td>£10 10s.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Name of Hunt and Couples of Hounds</td>
<td>Convenient Towns</td>
<td>Hunting Days</td>
<td>Masters</td>
<td>Secretaries</td>
<td>Subscription and Cap Charges</td>
<td>Special Fee for Temporary Visitors</td>
<td>Kennels</td>
<td>Where Hunters can be hired</td>
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<tr>
<td>Down, East (20)</td>
<td>Downpatrick</td>
<td>Mon. Thur.</td>
<td>Capt. Forde</td>
<td>T. M. Tate, Esq., Sallytoran, Ardglass</td>
<td>£10 ls. 2s. Field money</td>
<td>10s. per day</td>
<td>Seaforde, Co. Down</td>
<td>Downpatrick.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dundalk (16)</td>
<td>Dundalk, Dundonn</td>
<td>Tues. Fri.</td>
<td>Capt. G. Lough, Delta, House, Castlehill, Co. Down</td>
<td>R. J. Byrne, Esq., Rossmakey, Dundalk</td>
<td>£2 2s. 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>5s. per day</td>
<td>Delta House, Castlehill</td>
<td>Dundalk.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fermanagh (17)</td>
<td>Ramiskilla</td>
<td>Wed. Sat.</td>
<td>A Committee</td>
<td>Miss M. Attridge, Silver Hill Lodge, Ramiskilla</td>
<td>£3 3s.</td>
<td>... 2s. 6d. per day</td>
<td>Talbot House, Ballyshannon</td>
<td>At Ramiskilla.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iveagh (20)</td>
<td>Banbridge</td>
<td>Wed. Sat.</td>
<td>D. W. Smith, Esq., D. L.</td>
<td>Miss Ferguson, Iveagh House, Ballybridge</td>
<td>£10 10s. 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>10s. cap</td>
<td>Kilbride, Ballybridge Co. Down</td>
<td>W. Magee, Esq., Montpelier Hill, Dublin.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kildare South (25)</td>
<td>Naas, Lucan, Maynooth, Dunboyne</td>
<td>Mon. Fri.</td>
<td>Mrs. A. H. Connolly, Leixlip, Killiney</td>
<td>J. W. Shaw, Esq., Clonmel,</td>
<td>£10 10s. 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>£1 per day</td>
<td>St. Catherine's Park, Leighlin, Co. Kildare</td>
<td>J. B. McBride, Esq., Dundonald, Co. Down.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Killinagh (20)</td>
<td>Cruinian, Lisburn, Antrim</td>
<td>Mon. Thur.</td>
<td>A. Willis, Esq.</td>
<td>G. D. Coates, Esq., Andersonstown, Belfast</td>
<td>£10 10s. 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>Derrykeoghane, Co. Down</td>
<td>J. B. McBride, Esq., Dundonald, Co. Down.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Limerick (18)</td>
<td>Limerick</td>
<td>Thurs. &amp; occasional by-days</td>
<td>Capt. E. L. Shaw, and A. Mc-Donagh, Esq.</td>
<td>Capt. E. L. Shaw, 23 Mulgrave St., Limerick</td>
<td>Sub., minimum £1, 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>See above.</td>
<td>Limerick.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Longford Co. (15)</td>
<td>Longford, Edge-worthstown, Granard, Ballynacronym</td>
<td>Mon. Thur.</td>
<td>Capt. N. W. Mayne</td>
<td>Dr. M. Connee, Keatons Terrace, Longford</td>
<td>£2 2s. 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>Cap only</td>
<td>Drumfort, Longford</td>
<td>Apply Master or Hon. Sec. Longford.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mayo, North (13)</td>
<td>Ballina, Killala, Crognan, Enniscrone</td>
<td>Wed. Sat.</td>
<td>J. F. Rowlette, Esq., Netley Park, Crossmolina</td>
<td>Dr. M. McNulty, Ballina</td>
<td>Sub., £3 3s. 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>£2 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>See above.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mount Loftus (25)</td>
<td>Balmalawton, Growan, Kilkeeny</td>
<td>Wed. Sun.</td>
<td>Major-General Sweeney and Capt. M. Price</td>
<td>Miss P. Loftus</td>
<td>£3 3s. 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>£3 3s. 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>See above.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Naas (20)</td>
<td>Naas, Newbridge, Kildare, Kilkullen, etc.</td>
<td>Wed. Sat.</td>
<td>Major-General R. Barry, Curragh Camp</td>
<td>Miss B. Ramsey, Curragh Camp</td>
<td>£2 5s. 5s. cap</td>
<td>Cap fees only</td>
<td>Curragh Camp, Kildare</td>
<td>See above.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nenagh (14)</td>
<td>Nenagh, Borrisokane</td>
<td>Mon, Thur.</td>
<td>Major-General F. W. R. Roe, C.B., C.M.G.</td>
<td>Col. Bayley, Bayley Farm, Newry</td>
<td>£5 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>Cap fees only</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>See above.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neuy (18)</td>
<td>Neuy and Banbridge</td>
<td>Mon. Fri.</td>
<td>W. Weather, Esq., Water St., Neuy</td>
<td>W. Weather, Esq., Water St., Neuy</td>
<td>£5 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>£5 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>None</td>
<td>See above.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O'Hara's (Major) (23)</td>
<td>Collooney, Ballymole</td>
<td>Tues. Fri.</td>
<td>Major-Gen. O'Hara, Esq., Cooperstown, Riverstown, Co. Sligo</td>
<td>A. C. O'Hara, Esq., Cooperstown, Riverstown, Co. Sligo</td>
<td>£1 1s.</td>
<td>£5 2s. 6d. per day</td>
<td>Ballyvedock, Castletownroche</td>
<td>T. H. Kellett, Esq., 28 Meagh Road, Dublin.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Skennakilla</td>
<td>Castletownroche</td>
<td>Sun. Wed.</td>
<td>D. J. O'Sullivan, Esq.</td>
<td>W. J. Griffin, Esq.</td>
<td>£2 ls.</td>
<td>£2 ls. 6d. per day</td>
<td>Springvale, Rathkilmahan</td>
<td>T. H. Kellett, Esq., 28 Meagh Road, Dublin.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Co. Dublin (16)</td>
<td>Dublin</td>
<td>Wed. Sat.</td>
<td>C. M. Gore, Esq.</td>
<td>D. Kellett, Esq., 19 St. Geo. George's St., Dublin</td>
<td>£5 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>£5 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>Ballyvedock, Castletownroche</td>
<td>T. H. Kellett, Esq., 28 Meagh Road, Dublin.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strabane (18)</td>
<td>Strabane, Castlereagh</td>
<td>Wed. Sat.</td>
<td>W. B. Smyth, Esq., Strathboy, Strabane</td>
<td>James Hill, Esq., Hazelwood, Strabane</td>
<td>£2 2s. 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>£2 2s. 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>By arrangement</td>
<td>Carriokee, Strabane.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tymon and Armagh (10)</td>
<td>Armagh</td>
<td>Wed. Sat.</td>
<td>Miss E. O'Malley, Miss Joyce O'Reilly, Tymon, Co Armagh</td>
<td>Miss Joyce O'Reilly, Mount Irelan, Tymon, Co Armagh</td>
<td>£2 2s. 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>£2 2s. 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>By arrangement</td>
<td>See above.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Westmeath (10)</td>
<td>Mullingar, Ballynasaggery</td>
<td>Tues. Fri.</td>
<td>H. Tynan, Esq.</td>
<td>D. Leavy, Esq., Soho House, Mullingar</td>
<td>£2 2s. 2s. 6d. cap</td>
<td>No special fee</td>
<td>Grange, Ballynasaggery</td>
<td>Ballyingar.</td>
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**List of Irish Hunts, Masters, Secretaries, Fees, etc. (continued).**

### STAGHOUNDS.

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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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### BEAGLES.

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<th>Name of Hunt and Couples of Hounds</th>
<th>Convenient Towns</th>
<th>Hunting Days</th>
<th>Masters</th>
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<th>Subscription and Cap Charges</th>
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<th>Kennels</th>
<th>Where Hunters can be hired</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Dr. Boyd's (8)</strong></td>
<td>Hillsborough. ...</td>
<td>Sat.</td>
<td>Dr. W. S. Boyd</td>
<td>The Master, Roden House, Hillsborough, Co. Down</td>
<td>None. Private Pack</td>
<td>None ...</td>
<td>Roden House, Hillsborough.</td>
<td>Kilmardinish, Co. Cork.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Mrs. Hornby's (10)</strong></td>
<td>Macroom. ...</td>
<td>Two 6 week</td>
<td>Mrs. A. Hornby</td>
<td>A. H. L. Hornby, Esq., Nettleville, Kilmardinish, Co. Cork.</td>
<td>None ...</td>
<td>None ...</td>
<td>Kilmardinish, Co. Cork.</td>
<td>Ballykeel House, Holywood, Co. Down.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

For further information on Hunting apply to the Irish Tourist Association.
Many of the medical visitors to the Dublin Meeting who wanted to see more of Ireland before returning home took advantage of the organised motor coach tour which started on July 30th and ended on August 5th. For the following account we are indebted to a colleague who made the journey in Coach A.

Sunday, July 30th.—Leaving Dublin by the south, we struck through County Wicklow, the sun breaking through in time to allow us a brief view of Glendalough at its best, a wonderful introduction to the beauty of the south. A short run took us to the Vale of Avoca and lunch. Proceeding south by Gorey into Wexford, we took tea at Enniscorthy. And so to Waterford and Tramore, the end of the first day’s run.

Monday, July 31st.—Along near the coast by Dungarvan, Youghal and Castlemartin, to lunch at Cork. We were much impressed by Cork as a fine city with every sign of active prosperity, and longed for more time to explore. Soon after resuming our way we came to Blarney, and stopped to visit the famous castle, standing in sad dignity in its beautiful surroundings. The weather was very hot, and only the more energetic members of the party climbed the tower and kissed the Blarney stone in the approved fashion. Back to our coaches over the railway line without haste (the next train being due in twenty-four hours’ time) we made for Macroom, and through the shady Pass of Keimaneigh to the coast. In evening sunshine we sighted Bantry Bay, and more and more beautiful became the views as we made for Glengarriff. When at last we dropped down through a long green tunnel of trees to the sea level and pulled up suddenly on the road between our hotel and the sea, the beauty of the spot left us breathless with admiration. We were lucky enough to have a full moon over the bay later in the evening, and all agreed that for that one experience a whole week’s tour was justified.

Tuesday, August 1st.—Early in the morning, in a cloudless sky, the German liner “Columbus” anchored in Bantry Bay and disembarked some sixteen hundred tourists, most of whom went inland to Killarney and elsewhere, leaving some three hundred to admire Glengarriff. Most of us during the morning made trips on the water and visited the island of Inaculín, to see the wonderful Italian gardens laid out in a tropical setting by its owner. After lunch, and with universal regret, we turned our back on this enchanted place, and set off on our sixty-mile run in Killarney. Due north to Kenmare, and so down beside the wide reaches of the Kenmare River to Parknasilla for tea. Here we had much of the charm of Glengarriff on a larger scale and without the close proximity of mountains. After tea, into Kerry, where its neat little black cattle were at once in evidence. Running up a long valley with mountains on either side, where the hazardous passage of road-mending machinery gave an interlude of excitement, we climbed gradually up to Windy Gap, where we had another vision of superb scenery. Rounding a corner high up in the mountains the car came to a stop, and the full panorama of the Lakes of Killarney spread out below us in the sunshine. On our left, the Macgillicuddy’s Reeks, brooding solemnly over their endless guard; on the right, mass after mass of mountains breaking the scene in harmonious balance. At Killarney we were to
Readers'

On this page we reproduce several interesting scenes chosen from the entries in our final Holiday Snapshot Competition.

A small but very lovely strand near Bannakish, Waterford.
(H. Long, Dungarvan).

Entrance to Robert's Core, Cork.
(Mrs. Darwell, Cork).

"Whistling him to heel," at Smerwick
(Dingle).
(T. S. O'Brien, Ath Cliath).

Reflections—at Kenmare River.
(Miss D. Keays, Richmond, Surrey).

A "cooler" in the Rocky Valley, Co. Wicklow.
(B. Ellis, Bray).

Readers whose entries appear on this page are entitled to a copyright fee of five shillings.

Photos.
IRELAND'S RIVER VALLEYS

By Y. E. S.

Remarkably rich in river scenery, Ireland has also the distinction of possessing in the larger island of Great Britain. By way of contrast, there is the Erne, a river of but four miles in length that drains the forty mile stretch of water in Upper and Lower Lough Erne, and the River Corrib at Galway, a two-mile course that drains Lough Corrib's twenty miles of inland water.

These river valleys are rich also in the romance of history. Once highway of water-borne traffic, the larger of our rivers gave passage to the Viking fleets upon their inland raids. Great and small, Ireland's river banks became in the earliest Christian times the site of countless monastic settlements, and the ruined relics of that era of culture and learning are found to-day in the splendid setting of river and woodland and well watered pasture.

The River of the Capital.

The Liffey claims Ireland's ancient capital for its own, and is remarkable for the fact that, while rising among the Wicklow Hills but twenty miles from its mouth, it first flows inland and follows a wide sweep of seventy miles before it reaches the sea at Dublin Bay. Wild and beautiful is its moorland birthplace among the heather, but, past the famous falls at Poulapoosa, it is soon winding through the fertile plain of Kildare. At Leixlip it babbles a reminiscence of Swift, for here lived his Vanessa; at Lucan it murmurs a memory of Sarsfield, defender of Limerick, for here was the home he lost in exile; and, as it flows through the heart of the capital to lose itself in the splendid panorama of Dublin Bay, it mirrors an age-old story in its gentle waters.

The Rivers of the South.

The three-fold system of the Barrow, the Nore and the Suir, that enter the sea in one estuary below Waterford, abounds in romance and in scenic charm. The Barrow, rising in the Slieve Bloom chain, makes its way through Athy and Carlow, skites the Blackstairs Mountains and Mount Leinster amid noble woods and rich meadowlands, and becomes a river of splendid proportions below New Ross. The Nore, rising also in the Slieve Bloom, traverses the historic city of Kilkenny, with its ancient Cathedral, its Round Tower, and its imposing Castle seated high above the river bank, and joins the Barrow just above New Ross. The Suir, rising in the Silvermine Mountains, flows through Thurles, passes Clonmel, the Meadow of Honeys, with wide vistas of the mountain ranges of Galtee, Knockmealdown and Comeragh, to join the common estuary below Waterford, every mile of its course revealing some new enchantment.

The Blackwater has its rising in Kerry, and, reaching Fermoy through Mallow, enters a region of beauty that has earned it the name of "The Irish Rhine." Here is Lismore with its great Castle finely placed on a rock platform washed by the gleaming river, a site once occupied by a very ancient fort; Cappaquin, backed by the mountain slopes where the monks of Mount Melloray have turned a moorland waste into a rich pasture in a century of till; and, where the river enters the Atlantic, the ancient town of Youghal, the home for many years of Sir Walter Raleigh.

The Great River of the West.

The Shannon has its humble birth in the mountains of West Cavan and gives little promise of its later majesty until it emerges from Lough Allen. Having filled Lough Rea it waters Athlone, the town that stands in the centre of Ireland, and circles the noble ruins of Clonmacnoise, the great monastic university founded in the sixth century by St. Ciaran, friend of that Diarmuid who was the last of the Kings to reign at Tara. So through Lough Derg, one of the loveliest of lakes, to Killaloe, with its time old Cathedral and still more ancient stone-roofed church, the mighty stream winds by the site of King Brian's palace at Kincora, under the fifteenth century bridge at O'Brien's Bridge, to Limerick, having passed through the stages of its harnessing for electrical power production between Killaloe and Ardraheen. At Limerick it washes the walls of the great Castle built in the reign of King John, flows under Sarsfield Bridge, the last to span its stream, and expands into
The estuary, nearly sixty miles in length, that is the final stage of its journey to the Atlantic.

The River of Royal Meath.

Richest of all Ireland's river valleys in historic landmarks, and not least in its claim to scenic beauty, is the valley of the Boyne, chief of the rivers of Royal Meath, the verdant province of the High Kings. At Trim, St. Patrick founded a church twenty years before he built at Armagh, having rowed up the Boyne to this very ancient town. Here parliaments have sat, here was minted the coin of the Irish realm, and here the Duke of Wellington spent much of his boyhood. Of its abbeys the chief relic is the Yellow Steeple, a tower of 125 feet that belonged to the Abbey of St. Mary, and is all that escaped of the three monastic establishments when the town was sacked by Cromwell. Trim Castle, overlooking a splendid sweep of the river, is one of the most imposing fortresses of the Norman period in Ireland, its great keep being as notable for its grace as for its grandeur. From the Castle walls the view of the winding river in its setting of greenwood and woodland is enchanting, and the fine ruins of the Augustinian Abbey of Newtown Trim are a feature upon its banks a short mile away.

A further few miles down stream stands Beehive Abbey in a bend of the river, a picturesque relic of the Cistercian Order, founded in 1146, and displaying, especially in the battlemented tower, a blend of military architecture with the ecclesiastical. From Beehive the river takes a wide sweep eastward in the direction of Tara, and within a couple of miles of its banks stands the unimposing, but curiously commanding, hill that was the seat of the High Kings and of an all-Ireland government for a period, according to our annals, of 2,590 years. Abandoned in 565 A.D., the only stone now standing of ancient Tara is the Lia Fáil, on which the High Kings took the coronation vows.

Footprints of Four Thousand Years.

At Navan, the ancient moot, or assembly mound, may be seen, a link with remote ages, while, within a couple of miles, the Round Tower of Donoughmore stands on a height overlooking the river and the Castle of Drumnac upon its banks. Through a land of enchantment the river flows to Slane, between the noble woods and sloping lawns of Slane Castle and Beauparc. The storied Hill of Slane, where St. Patrick lit the paschal fire in the year 433, rises above the little town, crowned with the crumbling ruins of its Abbey, and by the riverside, tree shaded, stands the secluded hermitage of St. Erc, first Bishop of Slane, and St. Patrick's contemporary and friend. Mellifont Abbey, the first home of the Cistercians in Ireland, with its fine lavabo, and Monasterboice, a sixth century seat of learning, with its superb crosses and its Round Tower, are a few miles northward within the verdant confines of the river valley.

A little below Slane the Boyne makes a wide sweep in a semi-circle southwards, enclosing an area of rising ground in which stand the most astounding monuments of antiquity in Ireland, if not in Europe. These are the tombs of the Kings who reigned at Tara two thousand years or more before the Christian era. One may, enter those at Newgrange and at Dowth and marvel at the daring skill of these early builders who placed the mighty boulders of which even the roofs are formed; one may gaze with wonder at the curious carvings upon the great stones, cut with no stouter tool than a sharpened flint; or, one may pause

(Continued on page 11.)
Waterford’s Welcome.
The Annual Conference of Municipal Authorities.
(With acknowledgments to Alderman T. D. Connolly, P.C.)

This year’s Conference of the Association of Municipal Authorities in Ireland was held, with outstanding success, in Waterford City, on the 12th, 13th and 14th of September. The representative attendance (the Mayors of every Borough Council in the Free State were present), the excellent papers and discussions, and the attractive programme of social events combined to result in one of the most interesting Conferences held in the history of the Association. The suitability of Waterford as a venue for National Conferences was proved beyond question.

Until latter years, it was customary for the Association to meet in the same centre each year. The policy of changing the venue has proved satisfactory and popular. The experiences of the delegates who met in Kilkenny, Clonmel, Cork, Galway and Sligo were of a very pleasant character, while the social trips to local scenic spots enabled public representatives to “See Ireland.” Such outings as those by steamer along the Lee to “Roche’s Point,” by motor along Lough Gill’s shore, and through the picturesque historic Vale of the Boyne were rivalled in enjoyment and popularity by this year’s excursion to Dunmore, via Cheekpoint and Passage. The delegates found, after stiff climbing, a vantage point in the highest spur of East Waterford, where lovely views of the Harbour at Dunmore, and of the winding waters of the Suir, may be had.

The co-operation between local bodies in Waterford to make the Conference a complete success, deserves special mention, as such co-operation and goodwill amongst civic bodies counts for much in the matter of national and civic progress.

The Port of Waterford.

Cuttings from a Holiday Diary.

THE DOWNINGS,” CO. DONEGAL.

The fifth day of our tour found us heading for Rosapenna, along the coast road bordering Mulroy Bay. Shortly after leaving Milford, we got a fleeting but lasting view of the bay as we negotiated a rolloping road consisting of twists and turns enough to test the capabilities of an experienced driver. This view gives one an immediately favourable impression, and I felt that my stay in the Rosapenna district was going to be a happy one.

On the suggestion of our leader we proceeded on to “The Downings.” I confess I had never heard of this place as a holiday resort; therefore I was inclined to look somewhat askance at our decision.

Fears, however, proved groundless on this splendid holiday. Our few days were spent on the Rosapenna Golf Links, with brief spells for bathing. A motor run over the Atlantic tour is to be strongly recommended, especially for those who would flight shy of a seven-mile walk over stony roads. This tour brings one into close touch with typical Donegal coast scenery and conditions of everyday life. Irish is spoken everywhere; indeed, young and old are thoroughly bilingual, and if you are patient enough to overcome the natural shyness of these simple folk, you are sure to be attracted by their natural charm. The views along here change with every turn of the road, and as the road is many feet above sea level, give one the impression that they represent a series of snapshots taken, as it were, from an airman’s camera.

For one who appreciates good scenery, quiet, golf, bathing and peace and plenty, I can confidently recommend “The Downings.”

Jos. J. B.

THE CAMPING CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

COMING EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

The Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland will repeat its successful 1933 Exhibition as a non-profit making concern from April 16—21, 1934, at the Imperial Institute, Kensington. The Mount Everest Expedition has promised the loan of actual kit used on the climb, the Federation of Rambling Clubs will have a stand, showing their literatures, as will the Youth Hostel Association.
A Holiday in Achill

By P. L. BANIM.

I HAVE just returned from a holiday à deux at Achill. I found there a cosmopolitan collection of visitors. Cross-channel towns, cities in the United States of America and on the Continent, and the home counties supplied this admixture; and, from what I learn, this out-of-the-way island on the western seaboard of Ireland is becoming increasingly popular.

Achill is the largest island off the coast of Ireland. It may be reached from the principal cities by train or bus. The railway line which runs through the popular resort Mallaranny ends at Achill Sound, and if one goes by train one must penetrate the island by horse-car or motor.

It is a veritable paradise for painters. There may be seen effects of light and shade which confuse the eye, so great is their diversity. The colours on the mountains and the sea outdo the rainbow. Those on the former range over blue, green, amber, pink and many other shades. The sea, at times, rivals the Mediterranean in the intensity of its blue; while, near the water’s edge, a delicate shade of green and a translucency are observed, enticing the bather to enter the delightful waters.

The question which arises to the mind when considering Achill for a holiday is: “What is to be done there?” The answer is easy. There are walking, driving, fishing, bathing, and mountain-climbing, to fill in the time; while in the evening exchanges of views on current topics and the happenings of the day, around an open hearth, in an artistic kitchen, provide that restful relaxation so delightful after a strenuous spell in the open.

There are many places in Achill where visitors are accommodated—Keel, Dugort, Dooagh, and Valley, to mention a few. The accommodation in the two hotels where I stayed at different times was excellent—the food wholesome and appetisingly served. Abundance of chicken, duck, salmon, lobster, ham, and mountain mutton entice the most jaded appetite. The bedrooms are neat, clean and lightsome; and the sanitation up to date. I mention these points in

(Continued on page 14)
Ireland's
River Valleys

(Continued from page 11).

to ask why Egypt should lure the eager antiquarian across a continent while Brughna-Boinne has monuments comparable to the Pyramids.

So the Boyne winds its placid way to the Irish Sea below Drogheda, passing the scene of the battle of 1690 that seems but a page from yesterday to those who have glimpsed the ages entwined in this enchanted valley. What other river, be it Thames or Tiber, bears such a freight of human story upon such a gentle stream amid such sylvan loveliness to the sea of time's shallow memories and deep forgetfulness?

A Holiday in Achill.

(Continued from page 11).

detail, as it is the common impression that when one visits a remote place like Achill one must "rough it" and take "pot luck." This is not so; and visitors will be agreeably surprised to find in the hotels a "home from home," with all the advantages of home life without the necessity of making provision by ordering and cooking for the requirements of the day.

Happy Days.

Days may be delightfully spent at Keel, with its fine long strand and splendid situation; at Keem—some five miles away, with its dainty little bay; at Dooga, where Gaelic is in common use; at Doogha, where the pretty seaside village is an important centre of the knitting industry; at Dugort, where there is a magnificent strand which is compared to Biarritz for its gold fineness; and at Valley, where golf is available.

While at Kim, one may climb Croaghan and Moyteogue, from which magnificent views of land and sea are gained. At Dugort, the seal caves are well worth a visit.

Other excursions well worth while while at the top of Slievemore, the highest mountain on the island (2,201 feet); to the Cromlech, some 300 feet from the base of the mountain; to the watch-tower of Grannuaile on its left, and to the graveyard and deserted village between the Cromlech and watch-tower. At Keel, are Minaun's Cathedral Cliffs, sheer over the sea from a height of 800 feet.

I quote from Harris Stone's "Connemara":--"Achill Head is the portion of the island which penetrates farthest westward into the ocean, and it, in conjunction with its neighbour, Saddle Head, consists of sheer frowning precipices approximately two thousand feet in height, and chaotically disarranged boulders of gigantic proportions round which the Atlantic rollers fume and smoke. In Norway only have I seen cliffs to approach these Achill cliffs for grandeur. The feeling of vastness imparted is doubtless enhanced by the broad open Atlantic in front whose billows roar on buffeting the rocks below."

The prevailing wind in Achill is sou'-westerly, and is therefore soft and balmy, "making Achill a very desirable holiday resort for tired brain-workers, amiable persons and those wearied with city life." (Harris Stone's "Connemara")

A feature which strikes one in Achill is the almost total absence of trees. The island must have been well wooded at one time, however, as there are considerable areas under bog. It would enhance the landscape considerably if plantations were started here and there.

For fishermen, Achill provides good sport. The fish are not, however, of great size, and one does not see in the hotels specimens of large ones caught in the vicinity. Apropos of this, I heard in the West a story regarding a very large trout which was displayed in a hotel at a well-known fishing resort. A bibulous gentleman, who evidently had had "one over the eight," entered the hotel one day and seeing the fish, remarked, "The man who caught that was a hero of a liar!" The principal lake fishing centres are Keel and Valley. The sea fishing is excellent.

The glorious colourings of Achill, its delightful walks, exhilarating climbs, hospitable and kindly people, and many other amenities, attract one irresistibly, and one always leaves Achill with a hope to return. If one is fortunate in being accommodated at the hotel where we stayed, with its fine pictures, artistic rooms and excellent food, one knows that on the return one will be assured of a Céad Mile Failte.
A Killarney Memory
By SEÁMUS FORTH.

"By Killarney's lakes and fells
Memory ever fondly strays."
—O’ROURKE (FALCONER).

In this essay—especially interesting to those who forget Killarney’s past greatness in the loneliness of her present settings—the writer describes how, as he sat in Muckross Abbey, he saw, in a waking dream, grey habits steal along the shores of Muckross Lake, and heard cathedral chimes from Aghadoe across melodious waters.

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It was the last day of my holiday in Killarney. For more than a week, favoured with glorious weather, I had visited all the beauty spots—and what a variety. The mountains—Carranthal, Tomies, Stoompa; the lakes, dotted over with islands of various shapes and an even greater variety of names. Walks through ever-changing scenery, lake side, woodland, semi-tropical flowers and waving fields of corn. I had climbed Mangerton and had been favoured with the rare view of the River Shannon. I had visited Torc Waterfall, in its wonderful woodland setting, and then walked to Loc Guittane, framed in far different surroundings of wild scenery of rugged mountains, sparsely clad at the base and bleak and boulder-strewn towards the summit; and naturally I had performed the Gap of Dunloe tour on a jaunting ear, pony, and down the three lakes by boat. Now the last evening of my holiday had come, and feeling I had walked and toured enough, I went again to the spot I had first visited on the day of my arrival—Muckross Abbey. Having strolled through the beautiful park—now national property—I entered the celebrated ruin.

Inside all was peace—the last of the day’s tourists had gone and I was alone. Although less than a few hundred yards from the main road from Kenmare to Killarney, I might have been a hundred miles away. The noise and bustle of the world was left outside—here all was calm and peaceful; and, sitting here, my mind almost unconsciously began to form pictures of the places I had visited, and then to calculate the distance separating each place. Killarney, Ross Castle, Aghadoe and Muckross. How far to walk—how near they seemed to be in the mind’s eye; and, then, I know not how, my mind began to weave a chain linking them all together, both in time and space to form a story. And this is how the story ran.

I was sitting close to the tomb of Egan O Rahilly (a famous Gaelic poet who died early in the 18th century), at the right-hand corner of the nave near the Tower, and I began to think of another poet of the Gael, and patriot, too, Piaras Ferriter, Chieftain, Orator and Bard, who represents everything that is holy and heroic in our history and the brilliance of whose poetry glows like a flame in the gloom of Ireland’s penal night, and I saw again that scene in Ross Castle. It is the morning of the 13th October, 1653, and from the dungeon of the Castle—the ancient stronghold of the O’Donoghues, captured the previous year from the Irish Confederates by the Cromwellian Commander, Ludlow—are led forth Ferriter, his brother-in-law, Father Thaddeus Morianity, Prior of the Dominican Convent, Tralee; Bishop Boetius Egan, and Cornelius O’Connor, Chieftain of Carrigfoyle. It is but a short distance to the place of execution. You can still see the very spot on which the gibbet stood and even to this very day their place of martyrdom retains its name—Martyr’s Hill.

Then my mind travelled to the Franciscan Church facing Martyr’s Hill. The convent was founded in 1804, and in the central garth of its cloisters is a yew tree, originally nourished in the fork of the ancient tree in Muckross now almost 600 years old. When Donal MacCarthy Mor, Prince of Desmond, founded in 1340, for the Franciscan Friars, the Monastery of Oir-bealach (the Esbor Pass), at Carrig-Cool (the Rock of Music), the Franciscans, in accordance with the custom of their Order, planted a yew tree in the cloister garth. Suppressed during the Reformation in 1542, Muckross Abbey was renovated and restored in the early years of the 17th century, and finally suppressed and destroyed in 1652, but the yew tree still stands and the Franciscans in happier times are again in Killarney, carrying on the traditions of their great founder, as their predecessors did in Muckross centuries ago.

Scarceley had this picture faded when a new one began to take shape. It is the year 1604, and willing hands are restoring the Friary of Innislágh (Muckross). The work completed, they now cross to the fair island of Innisfallen, whose woody knoll slopes gently upwards from the lake shore. For there is work to do here also. The Abbey of Innisfallen must too be restored. And then I thought of the monks who hundreds of years before that date had worked and toiled there, and I pictured the greatest one of all—Maelachtain O’Carroll—compiler of the Annals of Innisfallen, and also the teacher of Brian from Kinora, the victor of Clontarf. And then passing back (Continued on page 16.)
A Delegate's View of an Irish Tour.

(Continued from page 8).

stay two nights, and devote Wednesday as pleased us best in the enjoyment of Killarney. Some of us arranged for a whole-day excursion; others were content with a less strenuous programme, but by land and water and every variety of transport all spent a most enjoyable day.

(The description continues northwards through Limerick and Connemara to Donegal and Antrim, completing the ring of Ireland at Dublin, again).

So ended a most delightful and successful tour of Ireland of some thousand miles in beautiful weather; and our party broke up with regret to go its different ways.

To attempt any summary of the impressions of the tour would be impossible, but the observer who penned these notes collected a few. Ragwort and hay cocks, white sheep, whitewash and concrete, peat bogs and ruined castles, greens and blues, black cattle and granite boulders, beauty and solitude. The pleasant sorting of these and other harmonious memories will occupy many a future hour of happy meditation.

(From the British Medical Journal Supplement, 25/3/33).

The Second American Archeological Expedition in Ireland

(Directed and Financed by Harvard University).

D R. O'NEILL HENCKEN, Director, and his assistants—Mr. H. Movius and Mr. Goddard—may well be satisfied with the excellent achievements to their credit as a result of the Second Harvard Archeological Expedition to Ireland. They have returned to America, taking with them nothing but our sincere appreciation and thanks, and leaving behind in our National Museum a treasure trove of Irish antiquities—brave testimony to their triumphant campaign.

Perhaps the most valuable of their excavations has been that of the crannog or lake dwelling at Ballinderry, near Moate, Co. Westmeath. Guided by the discovery (some four years ago) of a splendiferous Viking sword with silver plated hilt and two inscriptions, in the centre of a bog at Ballinderry, the Harvard Expedition carried out excavations which disclosed the dwelling place of a ninth century Irish family. The bog at that time of Danish invasion was a lake, in the midst of which a large wooden house was erected. A number of ornaments and household utensils (some very unique and beautiful, all very interesting), and even traces of food, were here excavated.

over the centuries, I saw St. Finian, the disciple of St. Brendan, the Voyager, leaving his monastery of Kintitty amid the dreary and cheerless slopes of Slieve Bloom to journey back to his native Kerry. I saw the King of Lough Lein, Killarney, giving Finian the "Queen of Irish Islands" on which to establish the Monastery of Innisfallen. Again I saw him on the other side of Lake Lein in the "Field of the Yews" founding the infant Church of Aghadoe, later to be the last resting place of that same Maelsuthain O'Carroll, King of the Eoganacht, Chief Sage of Ireland and compiler of the Annals of Innisfallen.

It is a century and a half later, and a successor of O'Carroll's is writing the annals. I peer over his shoulder and this is what he writes: "The great church of Aghadoe was finished by Úaiffe Mor Cuinmensionach son of Aongus Ó'Dunne, A.D. 1150," and I picture the medieval circular keep adjoining the Abbey, not in ruin as it is to-day, but as it was in all its glory when it was the residence of the Bishop of Aghadoe. The picture slowly faded away, but what a memory it left—memories of religion and history and poetry and romance—called up by the mental visions of ruined churches. I had heard again the tinkling of bells from the ruined cloisters, had seen the grey Franciscan habit stealing along the shores of Muckross, and the Cathedral chimes of Aghadoe were borne over the waters to my ears. Now they are all gone—no lectures within the silent roofless walls, no midnight vigils of the grey friars in Muckross, no bishop's throne in Aghadoe, but the mingled melodies of whispering leaves and singing birds and murmuring waters fill the ear and invite the listener to contemplation and repose just as they did of old.

With a prayer for those sleeping their last sleep, I passed through the graveyard slowly, retraced my steps. In a short time I reached the main road, and was once more in the busy work-a-day world of the 20th century. The vision was gone, but not altogether, for there was left a fragrant and precious memory.

Much of this treasure is believed to be hundreds of years older than the house itself.

Among other notable finds must be mentioned the second century canoe, hollowed from a tree trunk, and found, also, near Moate, while some seven miles distant, on the summit of Knockast Hill, Coolatoor, was discovered the burial place of a community far earlier in time than the inhabitants of Ballinderry's crannog.

The full importance of these discoveries will not be realised until Dr. Hencken has published his reports and comments on this excellent expedition. The results he has reaped will prove of inestimable value to scholars in reconstructing the early life of our people. Meanwhile, the rare treasure presented by Harvard's Archeologists to our Museum is available for local and foreign students of Irish antiquities.
IRISH TRAVEL.

DUBLIN CITY (contd.)

GREAT SOUTHERN; B. 48; Day 15/-; week 105/6.

PARK HOUSE; B. 17; Day 10/6; week 75/6.

HAN tutY'S. Glentworth St.; B. 20; Day 12/6; week 63/6.

HENRY'S; B. 11; Day 9/6; week 60/6.

BICKERTON'S; B. 17; Day 8/6; week 63/6.

KENMORE (Killarney); B. 19; Day 10/6; week 63/6.

ROYAL EXCHANGE; B. 64; Day 10/-; week 84/6.

ROYAL ARMS, College Square; B. 41; Day 7/6; week 54/6.

METROPOLE; B. 18; Day 9/-; week 84/6.

LARNE (Antrim); B. 7; Day 12/6 to 18/6; week 63/6.

CLERK; B. 18; Day 8/6; week 72/6.

GREAT SOUTH; B. 27; per Day 14/6; week 105/6.

ROYAL, Eye Square; B. 46; Day 12/6; week 78/6.

ST. ROSE's; B. 12; Day 10/-; week 63/6.

MACMURRAYS, O'Connell St.; B. 17; Day 8/6; week 63/6.

JIMMY'S (Glengarrif); B. 15; Day 10/6; week 91/6.

BAY VIEW (Ginners'); B. 18; Day 10/6; week 84/6.

GLENARROW (Galena); B. 16; Day 15/6; week 75/6.

CALLEY'S; B. 12; Day 10/-; week 84/6.

BARTLETT'S (Limerick); B. 13; Day 9/6; week 63/6.

AMERICAN, Eyre Square; B. 10; Day 10/6; week 72/6.

BAY VIEW (Ginners'); B. 14; Day 12/-; week 73/6.

GLENMALLOW (Arklow); B. 11; Day 9/6; week 50/6.

VENICE (Cork); B. 10; Day 9/6; week 70/6.

KILMORE (Kerry); B. 10; Day 10/-; week 70/6.

L. & R. Hotel: 4; Day 8/6; week 54/6.

H. 40; Day 15/-; week 94/6.

L. 20; Day 12/6; week 63/6.

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L. 20; Day 12/6; week 63/6.
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