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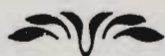
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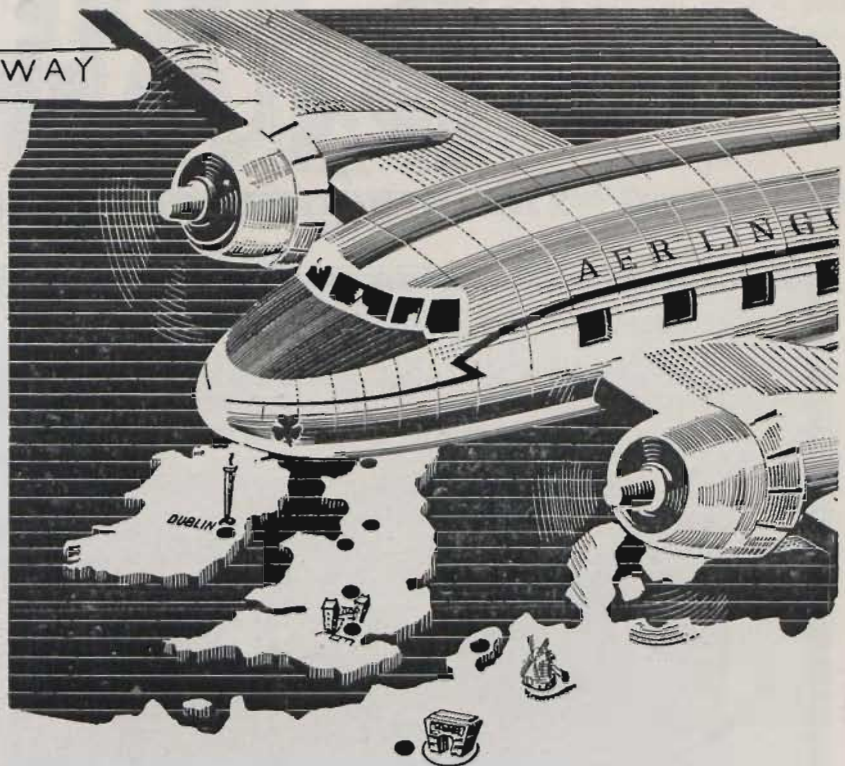
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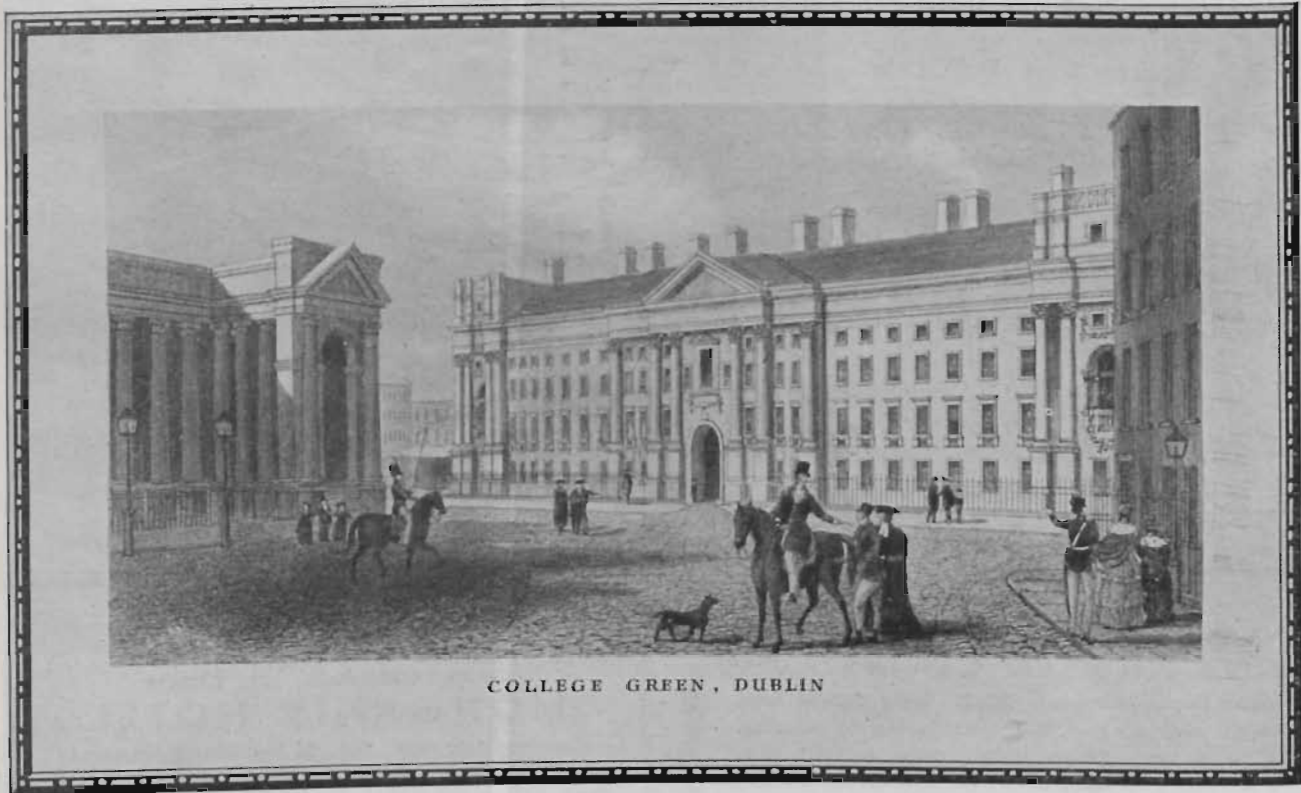
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When this picture of College Green, Dublin, was engraved, early in the 19th Century, Guinness's stout was already an established favourite. The building in the centre is the front of Trinity College in whose library are the Book of Kells and the ancient O'Neill harp  on which the Guinness trade mark is based. From College Green you can set off on a No. 21 bus to see Guinness's historic Brewery at St. James's Gate. The Brewery when it was first leased by Arthur Guinness in 1759, covered four acres. By 1914 it had grown to 60 acres and is now perhaps the most famous Brewery in the world.

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Clonmel's New Museum

“ If a town or a district was to know and understand itself accurately and properly it must familiarise itself with its past and from a study of successes and failures plan wisely in the present,” said General Mulcahy, Minister for Education, declaring open in Clonmel, County Tipperary, a civic museum on the occasion of the tercentenary celebrations of Cromwell's seige of the town.

Clonmel Corporation has purchased for use as a municipal theatre, the former Regina Cinema. Claimed to be the first of its kind in Ireland, the new municipal theatre, along with the town museum and picture gallery, give added distinction to one of the most progressive and scenic county towns in Ireland.

To Increase Off-Season Travel

The newly-established Reservations Section of the Irish Tourist Board is in a position to make advance bookings of suitable accommodation. Under the scheme travel agents will receive a comprehensive service of guidance and information. Outside the peak months of the tourist season up to 80 per cent. of suitable accommodation could be secured for transfer to participating agents. Linked with this is a plan to promote specialised traffic in connection with sporting facilities, including shooting and fishing. Board representatives will visit the U.S. to investigate the market for all-in hunting holidays in Ireland.

Belfast-Cork Enterprise

The Belfast-Cork through rail service by the “ Enterprise ” train, from October 2nd, is timed: Belfast, dep. 10.30 a.m., Dublin, arr. 12.45 p.m. Cork arr. 5.15 p.m. Return “ Enterprise ”: Cork, dep. 1.15 p.m., Dublin arr. 5.30, Belfast arr. 7.45 p.m.

Co. Dublin Castle's Great Find

Discovered last year at Malahide Castle, near Dublin, among documents of Lord Malahide, great-great-grandson of James Boswell, manuscripts and letters of Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Voltaire, Rousseau and many other famous personalities, along with an eye-witness account of the escape of Bonnie Prince Charlie after the battle of Culloden, 500 items in all, are due for publication in U.S.A. and Britain.

Mild December in Dublin

Only four out of sixteen capitals and leading cities of Europe have an average higher December temperature than Dublin's, according to a climate analysis by the European Travel Commission's New York News Bureau.

Dun Laoghaire Hotel Training Enterprise

The training course for hotel and catering staffs—the first of its kind in Ireland, at the Technical Institute, Dun Laoghaire, has had twenty-five students (13 girls and 12 boys) selected by the advisory committee to undergo the full-time day course, which continues until next May. Students who have satisfactorily completed the course will then be offered paid employment in the principal borough hotels.

Turf Versus Trees

The Forestry Adviser to F.A.O., Mr. Roy Cameron, after a visit to Ireland, told Mr. Blowick, Minister for Lands, that the climate is ideal for forestry except on exposed western slopes. Lack of timber, he thought, is due chiefly to the fact that there is a native fuel, turf (peat), which required less attention than did the production of fuel from timber.

Cover Picture

HUNSMEN AND HOUNDS AT RATHMOLYON, CO. MEATH.

IRISH TOURIST ASSOCIATION

Annual General Meeting and Luncheon

THE Twenty-sixth Annual General Meeting of the members of the Association will be held in the Gresham Hotel, Dublin, on Thursday, 26th October, commencing at 10 a.m.

The Meeting will be followed by the Annual Luncheon at 1.45 p.m., also in the Gresham Hotel. As usual, seats may be reserved in advance. Seats will be assigned strictly in rotation. Accommodation being limited, members should please note that the issue of tickets for their friends must be restricted.

To avoid disappointment members are earnestly requested to forward Booking Form as early as possible with appropriate remittance.

Please bring your current Membership Card.

Co. Wicklow Has Tallest Chimney in Ireland

By Frank Jeffares

ONE recent summer evening I sat at a cottage window having tea. On the ledge at my elbow two daring chaffinches pecked crumbs and then flew back to their nest somewhere beyond the rose garden. Down below was the valley roadway, and rising up from it and all around were the hills, hills folded one upon the other until they grew faint in the distance.

To the Dubliner who knows his landmarks, the tall chimney on the opposite hill would have immediately identified the village on which I looked as Ballycorus. To the visitor this probably means nothing, so let me start all over again and recommend, for any fine evening you fancy, taking the Route 63 bus from College Street. Give the conductor 8d. and half an hour later you will be tipped into the heart of the country. Carrickmines, they call it. Quiet, tree-lined roads, with fine houses set in dignified surroundings, and only the occasional toot of a motor car to remind you of the city you left 30 minutes ago. The road crosses the railway bridge just around the corner, and over this bridge a left-hand turn leads up a boreen and ends on the golf course.

Katty Gollaher

This is wild country now, wild and as free as the ocean. True, the golfers have their own green strip but they are very accommodating. Crossing the fairway leads uphill, and from the crest you look upon Ballycorus village. The path to the village is easily found around the fields, but there is no hurry. Sit down and look at the tall chimney on the hill opposite. They call the hill Carrickgollagan, but few Dubliners would recognise it by any name other than "Katty Gollaher." Katty Gollaher is roughly 990 ft. above sea level, and the chimney is another 80 feet. If you consider its flue as part of the chimney, then this must be the longest and tallest chimney in Ireland, maybe in the world. It runs from Ballycorus village, 1 mile uphill, and ends in the chimney stack proper. The flue is about 4 feet square, built of stone with an arched brick roof. It runs alongside the roadway from the village, and at intervals there are man-sized openings through which workers used to remove the deposited lead sulphate.

The Old Mining Days

This chimney flue, described quite properly as a "unique structure", cost about £10,000 to build. That was roughly 130 years ago, when a lead mining company was established in Ballycorus, and the chimney had to be built to carry away poisonous fumes uphill before they were released. Where did the ore for the smelting works come from. I asked a man on the hill. You're standing on the mines

now, he said, right under your feet. And they got other ore from company mines at Glendalough. Lead ingots, refined silver (a quantity of native silver was found hereabouts in the early days) litharge, red lead and shot—all these products came from the Ballycorus works, and the mining company's metal name-plate may still be seen on the yard door in the village. When the mines gave out, Ballycorus reclaimed its own and time covered the flue and the mined land with hedge and grass and gorse. Except for the chimney and some exposed parts of the flue, there is not much evidence of the mining industry left to mar the rolling country.

Easy Climb to Fine Viewpoint

Katty Gollaher is an easy climb, and from it may be seen the coast to the east, Howth, Killiney, and Lambay Island in the distance. Inland to the west is a small but conspicuous hill called Barnaslingan, which forms the eastern shoulder of the well-known Scalp—a rocky cutting on the main Enniskerry road.

Lead mining is no more in Ballycorus, and to-day it is a quiet little village surrounded by hills and alive with odd corners and half-hidden lanes and boreens, grand country for those who like the unplanned afternoon rather than a conducted tour according to schedule. The 20th century, however, is catching up with Ballycorus, and in the mine works yard there is now a film company, with its studio, laboratory and processing rooms, from which have come some good Irish newsreel films. Down in the village again you will find a cottage where the tea is a banquet set on a hillside. And you may be as lucky as I was, and carry away from Ballycorus the song of a thrush set high on a tall tree, singing a full-throated praise of a little village in the middle of nowhere.



THE "FAIRIES" UNDER SUSPICION AGAIN

Mr. J. Butler, Drumshanbo, while engaged working at hay, saw a cock of hay in an adjoining field being swept clean off the ground, carried through the air over his head and dropped in the vicinity of Lough Allen, almost a mile away. Several road workers also witnessed the phenomena. A similar thing occurred with hay belonging to Mr. S. Ward of Drumkeelan, on the same day. Three cocks of hay in a meadow were removed as if by human agency and dropped in an adjoining field. Local "experts" attribute the phenomena to what they described as a "whirl-blast", which strikes in a particular place. Others are inclined to think that it is the work of the fairies.

—From the "Leitrim Leader."

THE JAUNTING CAR

By Sam Hughes

MOULDERING in many Irish farms or cobwebby sheds in the rear of hackney establishments, stands that warm favourite of the old-time traveller—the jaunting car. Perhaps in the years of its dotage, it recalls its proud youth when, brisk and jingling, it rolled along the highways conveying parties to fairs, weddings and wakes, or on important missions far removed from its present undignified use as a tyre-rack or hen roost; like so many old and valued things, it had a distinguished pedigree.

In the early years of the nineteenth century, an enterprising Italian named Bianconi founded a posting establishment in Clonmel; he designed the long-car or "Bayankinny", as the name was usually pronounced after violent tongues had been laid on it. From the union of this and the old "noddy" or jingle, the outside or jaunting car was evolved to meet the needs of those for whom the other types were unsuitable. Yet it would be hard to imagine a conveyance so ill-adapted to the climate. As he surveyed his creation, Bianconi must have been thinking of tours along the sunlit shores of the Bay of Naples but, nonetheless, the side-car became in time as indigenous a product of the Emerald Isle as the Round Tower or the Shillelagh.

All the Family Aboard

It went under with the coming of the internal combustion engine and a generation has grown up to whom it is a period piece as remote as the chariot or sedan-chair. But the petrol shortage during the recent war, together with the Americans' love of one of the most celebrated stockpieces of the "Oul sod" caused a temporary resurrection and carloads of wise-cracking, cigar-smoking G.I.'s were to be seen careering along the roads. It was once the cachet of prosperity. The Lord Mayor of London never issued forth in more pomp and state than that family which set out for church on a Sunday morning in their jaunting car. Along the brambly side roads, the party swayed; there were no nylons in those days; the girls just kicked aside the blackberry bushes which got enmeshed in their homespuns and the junior member reclined contentedly in the rumble seat or "well", while the parents sat on either side of the driver's seat, exchanging courtesies with their neighbours as they passed.



AT KILLARNEY

The Wedding Drive

Resplendent, with ribbons flying, it carried the newly-wedded to their home, the jarvey boisterously flicking his whip, all beribboned, in the still morning air or, on occasions of sorrow, travelling in decorous step with a tiny coffin fastened to one seat and, on the opposite, the bereaved parent with a protecting hand stretched across to steady it. At times, also, it served as a Black Maria with the jarvey sitting complacently on his seat awaiting the command to start from two stalwart members of the old Constabulary breathlessly struggling to hold a vagrant on the scaffold-like footboard.

Perhaps it was the rhythmic cadence of the jaunting car which gave rise to the great number of songs extolling its worth:

"Over the highroads and down by the lowroads,
We will drive to Castlebar.
On the road you're no stranger
And sure there's no danger;
We'll hop like a bird, in me oul' Jaunting Car."

Horse-drawn transport must have made people lyrical; now, although we whisk through the land in a fraction of the time taken by the old jaunting cars and we bask in cushioned ease compared with the damp frayed palliasses on seats of the old jaunting cars, no muse is evoked.

The modern transport driver is a reserved, careful chap with none of the rollicking volubility of the jarvey, who embodied all the cavalier traits of the old coaching crews and who was never regarded as a mere functionary whose sole mission in life is to transport you from place to place.

His proximity to his fare, and their common exposure to the vagaries of the weather, conduced to a far greater fellow-feeling, and if the purpose was a festive one, frequently the jarvey became incorporated into the party and his more highly developed social propensities enabled him to become its leading spirit.

The inland Leix (former Queen's County) escaped direct Norman influence after the great invasion. With few high surface features it has many historic centres and pleasant towns in picturesque settings.



Top (left) : Round Tower, Timahoe, notable for Romanesque Ornamentation.

Below : The Cathole River, near Mountmellick.

Top (right) : Vista near Stradbally.

Below : Clonoony Castle.

Transforming an Old Galway Castle

By JAMES SIRRANE

MOST people have often wondered what it was like to live in a Norman castle. But few will come as near to realising this as Mrs. Anita King—a cousin of Mr. Winston Churchill and daughter of Sir Shane Leslie—who has bought and restored Oranmore Castle, a 12th century fortress which a few years ago was crumbling to ruin. When I went to call at the castle I met Colonel Peter Wilson who supervised the reconstruction. He was on his way to the castle well when I met him, and as we walked he gave me a "running" commentary. Built by the Norman de Burgos beside what was once a ford between a treacherous marsh and the sea, it bestrode the road to Galway and was a valuable strategical outpost for the defence of the city. In later days the castle was one of the few spared by the Cromwellians who made it their headquarters. In the 17th century the Blakes—the local "go-getters" of the period—used it as their principal stronghold in a gigantic smuggling venture. Their aim was to capture the trade of the neighbouring Galway merchants. Wines and brandies from the Continent were run into the castle, and as they were shipped in without paying duty, the Blakes soon had a monopoly of the trade which the Galway merchants had previously enjoyed. These aristocratic smugglers owed their success to specially constructed boats of shallow draught which were able to negotiate the dangerous winding inner channels whilst the Revenue cutters watched them impotently out in the roadstead.

Road-Making Co-operative

A short avenue, which before Colonel Wilson's arrival did not exist, now leads up to the castle. Hitherto the sea at high tide completely encircled it and flooded the ground floor. An invitation to the villagers, all and sundry, to dump their rubbish in front of the castle was welcomed, and after a short while all the Colonel had to do was to cover the rubbish with gravel and the avenue was made! Entering the castle by its iron-bound oaken door, just inside we found a low doorway passing under which I was warned by my host to bend my head. Here in what was formerly the keep was a smart modern cloakroom. There was a china washbasin under the loophole from which some mailed sentinel had watched, centuries ago. Leaving this we went down a passage and emerged into the living room. This was lighted by modern windows, but the walls were as bare as when they were built by de Burgo. The whitewashed windows, however, gave a bright and cosy appearance to the room. Walls nine feet thick facing the sea and seven on the other side, shut out the winter cold effectively.

Staircase in the Wall

We went up the winding stone staircase which, built into the huge wall, was devoid of linoleum or carpets. After this austerity the modern kitchen with its plastered walls, red-tiled floor and electric cooker was a pleasant surprise. Although they were not plastered like the kitchen, the bedrooms were very cosy, lighted as they were by white-washed windows against which the sea hurls itself in a storm. Most of these had snug little alcoves and embrasures and the loopholes from which the defenders had formerly shot at attackers were fitted with panes of glass. The top storey was a single big room which had accommodated ten sleepers when the Colonel's sons had brought over their English friends for the Galway Races. There were several openings in the walls which led to the roof and to other apartments. As only one of these was fitted with doors the wind which was blowing in from the Atlantic created a draught which was the first suggestion I had met of anything repugnant to modern ideas of comfort. In keeping with the character of the place was a suit of chain mail which stood in a corner of the room, but this was not a relic of Norman days, but a product of China with a device to protect the face made from beautifully carved ebony.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan's Bed

Another interesting curio in the room was an ancient Tudor-Style canopied bed which was once the property of the dramatist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and is now owned by his distinguished descendant, Mrs. Claire Sheridan. As the stairs of the castle were too narrow, this bed had to be hoisted up to this, the topmost storey, and brought in through a window. The ceiling of this room (which is the roof of the castle) is the only modern structural feature of the entire renovation. Made of yellow concrete and "barrel-shaped" it has three circular skylights made of unbreakable glass. The difficulty of raising scaffolding to this height and the cost of material, made the building of this roof the only really expensive part of the whole reconstruction. Going on to the roof I saw the tanks which supply the castle with rain water for the baths. Colonel Wilson told me that he had shot many wild duck from the roof as they flighted over in the early morning. As I looked down I thought of the thrill of seeing a mallard drop in mid-air down into the sea from a height of two hundred feet.

Leaving the castle I had a look round the tiny garden. Here were beds of nasturtiums, pansies and bluebells sheltered by tiny stone walls from the Atlantic blast. Even the castle's flock of ducks had their iron shelters in the garden as well as a snug home in the castle wall.

CALL BACK THE TRAVELLER—86

A Game Saved The Tailor's Life

IN the year 1810, a manufacturing goldsmith of great respectability lived in Crow-street, Dublin. He was fond of pedestrian excursions, and his hours of relaxation were frequently devoted to a ramble along the low road to Lucan, which is certainly not inferior, in picturesque scenery, to any other of the many beautiful localities in the vicinity of Dublin; but on one night he came home greatly disgusted with the promenade, and avowing a determination never again to set foot on that nasty road. A man, armed with a pistol, had held him up and relieved him of a valuable watch. Suspicion fell on a tailor named Flood, a notorious Dubliner who combined with crime a remarkable skill in racket playing. Arrested on this and several other charges, he was convicted and, according to the stern justice of that time, sentenced to be hanged. The English Governor General (Lord Lieutenant) of Ireland just then was an unorthodox aristocrat with a taste for cock-fighting, boxing and other pastimes of the day, including, especially, racket-playing, of which he played a good game often at the Court in John's Lane where Flood was a star player.

The Thousand Guineas Wager

At the time of Flood's detection, the Lord Lieutenant was making a tour through the south of Ireland, and after an interval of about six weeks, he returned to Dublin to receive some English visitors of distinguished position and convivial propensities. Amongst them was Lord Sydney Osborne, brother of the Duke of Leeds. This nobleman prided himself upon his skill at rackets, and, on the day of his arrival, stated at the viceregal table that he was open to play any man in the world for a thousand guineas. His host immediately took up the wager, and undertook to find a successful competitor for his noble guest. It was stipulated that the match should be played within three weeks, at the Kildare-street Club Racket-court. On the following morning the Lord Lieutenant proceeded to John's-lane, and apprised the marker of the racket-court that he wished to find a little fellow, whom he described as "the most expert player that he had ever seen there."

"My lord," replied the marker, "I think your Excellency means Flood."

"Yes—yes; I now recollect the name; I want him particularly, for I have wagered a large sum on his playing a match with an English gentleman; and if he wins, I shall reward him most amply."

"Murder! murder!" exclaimed the marker, "your grace must lose; Flood can't play your match, he is to be hung on Saturday."

Lord Lieutenant's Dilemma

His Excellency departed greatly disconcerted; he felt that he had been too hasty in his wager. His

thousand guineas appeared to be hopelessly gone, and he could not bear to think how Lord Sydney would chuckle at a walk over. He dined that day in Stephen's Green, with his very intimate friend, Sir Hercules L——, to whom, after the first cooper of claret had disappeared, he communicated his unpleasant predicament. To his great surprise, Sir Hercules did not appear to think that there was any great difficulty in the matter, and even intimated his willingness to back Flood for a hundred or two. "There is no danger," observed the convivial baronet, "of a change of ministry; you will be Lord Lieutenant for some years, so the sooner you give Flood a pardon, and set him to practice for the match, the better chance for your wager."

"Could there be a memorial got up in his favour?" suggested his Excellency.

"No, that would not do", replied Sir Hercules. "Just send over a pardon to-morrow; let Flood come to me, I shall procure liberty for the fellow to practise at the Shelbourne barracks, and he can also get into the court at the Kildare-street Club at early hours."

Over to London

It was soon known that Flood was saved; the motive was left to public ingenuity to discover, and, consequently, every reason, except the true one, was assigned. Full of gratitude for his escape from the gallows, he promised to win, and he redeemed his promise. His noble antagonist was an excellent player, but in hand, eye and agility, the tailor was vastly superior. The nobleman became agitated and lost his temper, which was speedily followed by his money. His aristocratic feelings were not, however, outraged by even a suspicion of the fact that he was defeated by a little tailor, who, if the law had been permitted to take its course, would have "shuffled off his mortal coil" in front of Newgate prison, and who had been liberated from the condemned cell for the purpose of liberating a thousand guineas from the pocket of a duke's brother.

His Excellency gave Flood fifty pounds and some good advice, suggesting a removal from Dublin, and even from Ireland; but Flood was, for some time, unwilling to depart. He remained amongst those who could only know him as "the unchanged one", in a city where character could never be retrieved. His trade, however, was useless; he could obtain no employment. So, at last, he quitted Dublin for London, where he was afterwards, for many years, the marker of a racket court at Tottenham Court-road, having judiciously and wittily changed his name to Waters.

ACHILL ISLAND'S OTHER WORLD

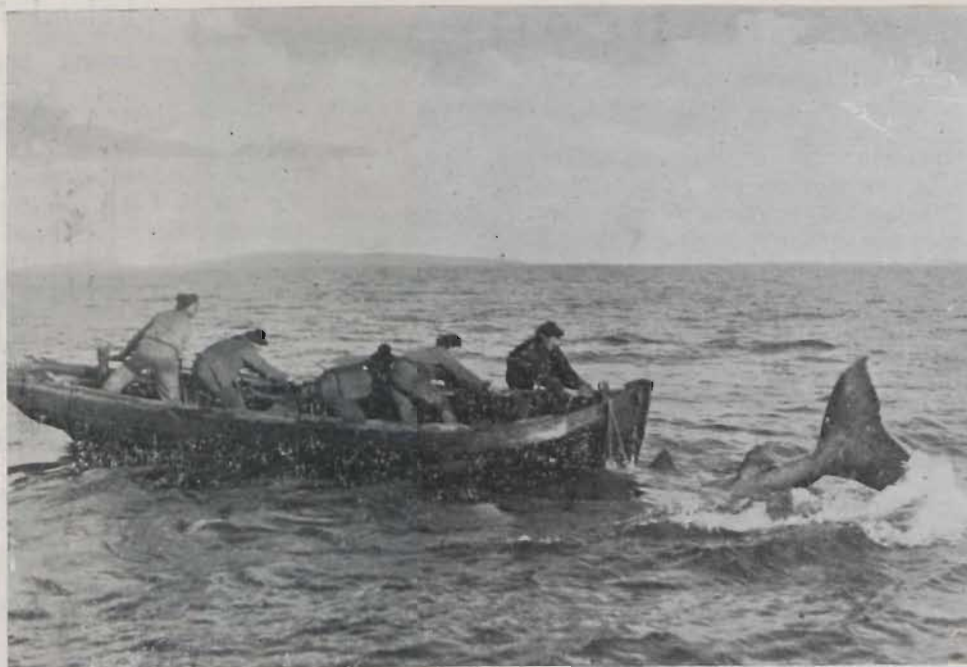
By

A. E. J. WENT, D.Sc.

ACHILL is known as Ireland's largest island and as a holiday centre for those who wish to be far from the madding crowd. It can be much more! Many interesting things can be seen on this outpost in the Atlantic. Around the island the seas teem with fish. Porbeagle sharks, tope, coalfish, pollack, conger, bream and turbot all abound, but the biggest of all is the basking shark or sun-fish, as they are called locally. These giant creatures may reach lengths up to 35 feet and weights up to several tons. Despite their huge bulk their food consists of countless millions of tiny creatures to which the scientist gives the collective name of plankton. Indeed, the stomach contents of these sharks is like a rich tomato soup. Plankton contains many kinds of creatures, some which spend the whole of their life drifting at the mercy of the current, and others such as the larvae or young of crabs, sea-worms, shellfish, etc., which spend their youth in this environment.

Light From the Shark's Liver

The most notable feature of the basking shark is its large oily liver, and on account of this he was a valuable creature in days gone by when oil for lamps could not be procured as readily as to-day. Along the west coast of Ireland a century or more ago the basking shark was subjected to an intensive fishery. The advent of paraffin oil, however, put an end to that fishery and until 1947 this fish was no longer exploited. In the past four years, however, fishing for the basking shark has been resumed at Achill, this time with nets instead of harpoons. At Keem Bay, in the extreme west of the island, sharks are captured from March to July in large numbers, sometimes up to one hundred a week. Over one half of the weight of the liver is oil which can be extracted simply by passing steam through the chopped up mass of the liver. The carcass, at first thrown away, is now used as a source of fish-meal.



SHARK FISHING IN "MAN OF ARAN."

Sea-Urchins and Goose Barnacles

Achill furnishes the naturalist with many other interesting creatures. In the rock pools near Porteen Harbour, a mile from Keel, thousands of purple sea-urchins live and reproduce their kind. These creatures belong to a very big group of living organisms which are seldom found on our beaches. That they should be on the sea-shore at all is surprising enough in itself, but the large numbers present in these pools is even more amazing. Sometime one comes across the bottom of a pool literally covered with these dark purple spiny creatures.

Not all the interesting creatures here remain with us the whole year round. Driftwood frequently comes ashore and much of it is covered with the ship's or goose-barnacle. Now the barnacle is closely related to the crustacean shellfish, the shrimps, crabs, lobsters and its early life is spent in the plankton. It settles on any drifting object, boat, etc., and in the days of sailing vessels drastically reduced the speed of ships. Periodic scraping of the keels or careening, had to be done to maintain the ship at maximum efficiency. Last June when walking on the island of Achill I saw a large gate-post covered with ships' barnacles. The post, recently erected, had obviously been removed from the sea only a short time before, because the barnacles were still living.

Millinery Afloat

The ship's barnacle is a hardy creature and can withstand being roughly treated. Many other creatures are not so fortunate. After a particularly heavy storm in June I was walking along the beach at Keel and there I saw stranded thousands of the beautiful creatures which the scientists call *Vellela*. These at first sight have the appearance of a modern

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SEANČAS

BRÍGÍD: Tá veireadó le laecheanta saoire na bliana seo, a Cáitlín, agus an gcreitídeá mé ad brón atá orm aet a malairt.

CÁITLÍN: Is aic liom san, a Brígid. Connus a tárta sur mar sin atá an scéal?

BRÍGÍD: Inneósaró mé san tuic. Tá mé com bréan den aimsir so mb'fearr liom sioc agus sneadca, gála agus scuirn ná an aimsir atá agaimh ó tósac an tsamhraid. U'ainisceis an blian i to luét laecheanta saoire.

BRÍGÍD: Admhuigim so raib sé so dona, aet ní tóis liom so raib sé níos measa annso ná bí sé in áiteanna eile. Maidir liom féin níor éuir an aimsir istead morán orm. Tugas roim leabra liom nuair bíos a toul ar saoire, agus fuair mé áro seans ar iad to léam.

CÁITLÍN: An seana-leabra nó leabra nua tug tú leat?

BRÍGÍD: Tugas an sean agus an nua liom, agus fuair mé amac sur i b'pocail a céite is fearr iad. Úaineas ana-sásam ar an leabairin san le Tomás De Dial. "An Cabas," a tugcar air, agus so deimhin ní misde an ainm sin to tabart air, mar cabas ceart is ead é maidir le labairt na Saetse.

CÁITLÍN: Agus mo úearmáid, a Brígid, ead é an éall atá leis an b'pocail sin "Cabas"?

BRÍGÍD: An mar sin acaoi? Nár ó'airis tú riem an pocail sin "Cabas"?

CÁITLÍN: Ní éimhin liom sur airis mé. Aet dar n'óis is mó rud airisimio agus ná cuimhigimio air. Pé scéal é má airis mé é ní ró-soitéir dom an bris atá leis anois.

CÁITLÍN: Ó 'se, eadair Dé éugaimh, síl mé sur pocail é sin a bí ag sac doinne.

BRÍGÍD: Má síl, máise, is tóis liom so b'puit breall ort, mar casad so leór daoine liom-sa le tóiréannaige nár tug an pocail.

CÁITLÍN: Má sead, ná bíod an scéal amlaio aca feasta. Bí ada, nó sruc, gairto uon tis sa mbaile agaimh, agus sa samrad nuair ná bíod mórán uisce sa sruc, bíod line de cloca móra treasna an tsruc, agus is orra san síulaimis nuair bíod oraimh toul treasna na h-abann. Da mór an eadair uimh na cloca, mar meiread iad caifimis ar mb'rósa to baint uimh, ná pluépaí sinn. An eadair to tugaó na cloca uimh éun toul treasna na h-abann, tugann Cabas Tomás de Dial uimh éun Saetis slan ar sinnsear to labairt.

BRÍGÍD: Tá buairte ag an scéal sin a Cáitlín. Nac deas an ainm ar leabar é?

CÁITLÍN: Is deas, aet ní veise é ná an leabar féin. Tá Tomás ar uimh des na cáinteoirí is fearr atá agaimh. Tá greann agus gilead a baint leis féin agus le na éuro cáinte, mar is eol to doinne bí riem ag éistead leis in Rinn ó gCuanac. Tá an greann agus an tairneam céatna le feiscit in sac don leatanae den leabar. Curo to Tomás féin is ead sac don line de.

BRÍGÍD: Is fada liom so b'pugró mé cóip de so b'picead an é an tuairm ceatna beid agam-sa nuair a beid sé léigte agam.

CÁITLÍN: Táim lán tsasca suró é, a Brígid.

OSCAR.

Ireland in Pictures

[Introducing Ireland. Irish Tourist Association. 7/6.]

In 36 beautiful full page photogravure pictures (9½ inches x 8) and 80 other fine reproductions, over a hundred of them from photographs by Mr. T. Hayde, I.T.A. staff photographer, Ireland and scenes of life in it appear at their vividest and best in this book. Admirably chosen and grouped in sections (The Scenery, The People, The Legacy of the Past, Towns and Cities, the Countryside, Industrial Ireland), the book will be the finest souvenir and reminder of life and landscape here.

Good News for Bad Channel Sailors

Stabilisers that will reduce the rough sea roll of a Dun Laoghaire mail boat to no more than two or three degrees will it is expected, be fitted on the "Cambria" or the "Hibernia" before the commencement of next year's holiday season.

Dollars off a Tree

A visitor to Kiltyclogher district of Co. Leitrim, 83-year-old Robert Netherecott, a native of County Fermanagh, is paying a first visit to Ireland in 60 years. He worked as a stone mason in Dorchester, New York, for over 50 years. He was guest of honour at a send off supper in Dorchester, at which the central feature was a tree hung, with 83 dollars—one for each year of his age, the gift of local Gaels.
—"Leitrim Leader."

New Records by Aer Lingus

More passengers travelled on every Aer Lingus service since June than in any former summer. Already in the new Starflight night service ending September 30, nearly 9,000 have flown. Since April 4,300 have used the Dublin-Paris service, and from the same date 7,450 have flown on the Isle of Man route. Autumn flights to Paris will be thrice weekly.

Achill Island's Other World

(Continued from page 11).

lady's hat. The "hat" is, in fact, a float under which there are numerous small bud-like creatures. When living it has a beautiful blue colouration which persists to some extent even after death. Unable to move itself, Vellela drifts with the current and the "sail" of the float helps it along. What a thousand pities such graceful creatures from warmer tropical and semi-tropical seas must find their end on the shores of Achill. But such is the fate of Vellela each year. They are not alone in this, for many other creatures, including many forms of jellyfish, find a similar unfortunate end. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that the naturalist can find on Achill much to interest him.

Canoeing the Boyle River

By J DILLON



LOUGH GILL

CONNECTING Lough Gara on the borders of counties Roscommon and Sligo, with Lough Key and the Shannon is the Boyle river. Viewed from a map, it seemed to be the answer to a canoeist's prayer. What a treat it seemed to promise us—first a few days on the waters of Lough Gara: then a seven-mile passage through Boyle down to Lough Key of the wooded islets: a short portage overland to visit Lough Arrow in Co. Sligo: then through Loughs Oakport and Drumharlow to the broad Shannon near Carrick. It didn't work out that way at all. High on any list of fifty things a good canoeist should not do to his folding boat is the "cruise" from Lough Gara to Lough Key. Or, to be more precise, the three-mile unnavigable stretch near Boyle town. From Gara, 223 feet above sea-level, the Boyle drops over eighty feet to Lough Key in seven miles. It was clear to us that the drop was going to be steep and the water fast. Rivers like that gladden the hearts of the E.S.B. engineers, but they don't suit canoe-tourists. "We'll chance it", we said, hope springing eternal. It might be canoeable, most of the way. To make matters worse, our week's holiday was preceded by several weeks of drought, and rivers became shallower.

On to Lough Gara for Boyle

We bussed to the outskirts of Ballaghaderreen and launched our boat in the Long Cut. Navigation at first required care owing to the shallowness and the rocky bottom and, in fact, at the Ford marked on the O.S. map (incidentally, there is now a bridge there) we had to line down with the painter. A few barbed wire fences strung across the stream also demanded alertness. However, for the last two miles or so, the Lough is a good-sized river, probably capable of floating a canal barge.

Lough Gara presents no navigational difficulties to the canoeist. The Boyle river leaves the lake at Cuppanagh on the N.E. corner. For about three miles it is a wide currentless river, expanding here and there into lakelets. At the place marked

"Tinacarra" on the 1-inch map, however, it becomes narrower, very shallow and fast. The ditch-crawler who is careful of his boat would do well to unbuild here, and trolley his craft up the bohereen to the Boyle-Gorteen road, a few hundred yards away on the north bank. He could then wheel his craft to where the river becomes navigable about a mile below Boyle. Alternatively, the canoeist who is not so careful of his boat can go down another half mile to where the river shallows to a depth of less than three inches. Just here on the south bank there is bohereen leading to the Boyle-Cuppanagh Bridge road, about two hundred yards away, and the canoeist can portage from here to the limit of navigation below Boyle.

We Chose the Hard Way

We did neither: we decided to go by water, hoping all the time that conditions would improve around the next bend. They never did, for although occasional short stretches of a hundred yards or so were canoeable, most of the time we were either wading in a few inches of water, towing the canoe, or else waist-deep in a hidden hole, with the canoe straining at the painter and almost dragging us off our feet. In that three-mile unnavigable stretch, there are countless shallows and rapids, several cascades, and two weirs over which the boat must be lifted. The townspeople of Boyle were much interested in our slow progress, and very doubtful of our ultimate success. There were tales of another man who tried to bring a folding boat down, and had the bottom ripped out of it. Also of soldiers drowned in the Quarry Hole and in the Rail Hole (or is it Real Hole?) whose bodies were never recovered. More dangerous still to the morale was the constant assurance as we crossed an obstacle, that we had now a clear run down to the

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Mountain Passes in Donegal

(Above) : The Barnesmore Gap, on the road from Donegal to Ballybofey, gives fine views of Donegal Bay.



(Middle) : The Glengesh Pass on the road from Glencolumcille to Ardara has gradients of 1 in 7, and under.



(Below) : The Gap of Mamore on the way from Dunaff Head to Dunree Head, is one of the steepest in Britain and Ireland.



Short Story

UPLAND PLOUGHMAN

By
GERALD V. KUSS

IT was spring and the wind blew from the southwest. It blew with long, sweeping gusts across the corduroy of ploughed fields, rustled through the still sticky, half-opened leaves of the horse-chestnut on the nape of the upland, and then came panting up the hillside to fan the sweating face of the man who stood there breathing heavily after his arduous climb.

His face was that of a youth, even though it bore here and there the unmistakable lines of suffering and pain; lines which may oftentimes be confused with the wrinkles of age, as perhaps they are. For what is age but the accumulation of experiences, physical and mental.

Thus it was upon the face of a "young-old" man that the capricious winds of spring played that day.

But the man was dead to the signs and portents of approaching spring so lavishly displayed about him. What matter to him that the bream spawned down below in the lakelet; or that swift and swallow were soon to build in the eaves of the old mill! How now could he hope to prostrate himself on the green river bank and tickle the trout with his left hand! He would overbalance and drown should he attempt such an operation. Why, only a few minutes back he had fallen no less than eight times while climbing the gentle gradient to the top of this hill!

Soon the waving grasses would fall to the whirring blades, he thought; and the evening air would be heavy with the wholesome smell of drying sward. That would torment him, too . . . for how could he hope to fork and pitch the hay with one hand?

As if to mock his thoughts the wind renewed its strength, scurried up the hillside. It wrenched loose the empty sleeve of his jacket and flapped it mockingly in front of his face. The man contorted his body and snatched wildly at the flapping sleeve. His efforts to retrieve it would have been comical were it not for the tragedy behind their purpose; for several times he almost overbalanced, so violently did he clutch at the coat-sleeve.

His thoughts now grew more bitter as his mood changed. The loss of an arm is as nothing to the loss of a leg, they had said. "They", in this case, being those who possessed all their limbs intact and could, therefore, afford to moralise upon the afflictions of others. How could *they* arrive at such a conclusion without having *themselves* suffered the loss of both comparative limbs?

Granted, it does not prevent you walking, even if your gait in the beginning is erratic and unbalanced, and you suffer excruciating agonies from the fingers you no longer own. You remember the last time you saw those fingers, disappearing down the feed-chute of a threshing mill. You wonder where they are now, and why they still seem to be part of your body.

Neither can the loss of an arm prevent you from singing. But who wants to sing, if singing be an

outlet for exuberant spirits? How can one sing, dance, fork hay, tickle trout, and do all the things which have hitherto given one pleasure, when the very sight of perfection—a thrush perched upon a topmost branch in the throes of its morning song; corn bowing its top heavy ears to the touch of the breeze; youthful couples twirling in a dance—only serves to remind one of one's own imperfection?

People! How he hated them, with their pitying stares, their silent, misdirected sympathy! That made it all the more difficult to bear with. His eyes swept the half-ploughed field whose brown furrows ran up the hillside towards where he stood; and it was only then he realised that his feet were planted on a headland and he faced the ears of a team of plough-horses struggling patiently up the hillside before him.

When the heads of the horses hove into view his immediate impulse was to move away. Yet his curiosity to discover who followed in the wake of the plough held him there, his ears striving to catch the voice of the ploughman urging his team uphill. Now the brawny muscled chests of the horses came into focus, and he could hear their heavy breathing as they surged forward against the steeply rising ground. A faint hissing sound reached him on the breeze as the steel plough glided through the soft earth, and presently a sharp clang rang out as the steel slid over a loose stone.

Unconsciously he was marvelling at the skill of the still invisible ploughman who held his team so rigidly on its upland course. Wavering neither an inch to the right nor left the team pressed upwards, pausing now and again for a restful blow as the guiding hands on the plough-handles directed.

Never had he witnessed such faultless ploughing, so perfect a combination of man and beasts. Team and man were now within view and the feet of the latter walked in a furrow of mathematical precision, which, like a gully of water, seemed to drop sheer down the hillside.

Now the ploughman's song reached him, a lusty song chanted in rhythm to the straining horses. The melody seemed to embody all the youth, power and vigour of the singer, as though his whole being thrilled to the strength of his arms and the keenness of his eyes—the factors which kept the heavy plough on its faultless uphill course, biting evenly into the upland soil and turning the dried earth into brown-capped wavelets.

So it seemed to the watcher on the peak of the hill, and as the toiling horses breasted where he stood his envious eyes searched the plough-handles for a glimpse of the hands in which from time immemorial have rested the survival and prosperity of nations.

But no flesh and blood hands guided that plough. Instead, two steel hooks, bound with sackcloth, held the armless ploughman yoked to the reins of his team and to the handles of the hissing plough.

IRISH EVENTS OCT. 1ST TO NOV. 11TH

DURING THE MONTH :

Industrial Exhibition. Permanent display of Irish manufactured goods, 3 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

Scientific Exhibition. At the National Library, Dublin. Exhibits, which consist of books, original papers and manuscripts and which cover medicine, physics, technology, etc., show the contribution of Irish scientists to world knowledge during the past 300 years.

Camogieocht. Dublin League and Championship games.

Hockey. League games.

Coursing. Season opens.

Association Football. City Cup and Shield games.

Rugby Football. Season opens.

Winter Recital Season, Leinster Hall, Royal Hibernian Hotel, Oct. 5, 9, 19, 23, at 8 p.m.

- 1 Handball. Junior and Senior All-Ireland Finals, Dublin.
- 1 Gaelic Football. Dr. McKenna Cup Final. Lurgan, Co. Armagh.
- 1-8 Bridge Congress. Third Annual Congress, Dun Laoghaire, Co. Dublin.
- 5 Racing. Limerick; Dundalk, Co. Louth.
- 7 Racing. Leopardstown, Co. Dublin.
- 7 Yachting. Cobh Sailing Club, Cobh, Co. Cork.
- 7 Motoring. Leinster Motor Club, Cup Trial; Ulster Mid-Antrim Shane Trial.
- 7-8 Golf. Midland Scratch Cup, Carlow.
- 8 Trotting Races. Raheny, Dublin.
- 10 Memorial Concert. Father Mathew Memorial Concert and Lectures, Fr. Mathew Hall, Dublin.
- 11 Racing. Down Royal, Co. Down.
- 11 Racing. Ulster Cambridgeshire, The Maze, Lisburn.
- 12 Racing. Powerstown Park, Clonmel, Co. Tipperary.
- 14 Racing. Phoenix Park, Dublin.
- 14 Yachting. Cobh Sailing Club, Cobh, Co. Cork.
- 14-22 Feile. Feile an Oireachtais, Ath Cliath.
- 15 Pattern. St. Michael's, Oughterard, Co. Galway; St. Cuan's, Ahascragh, Co. Galway.
- 16-1st Nov. Art Exhibition. Oireachtas Art Exhibition, Municipal Gallery, Dublin.
- 18 Racing. Mullingar, Co. Westmeath.
- 18-19 Coursing. Connacht Cup, Loughrea, Co. Galway.
- 19 Racing. Gowran Park, Kilkenny.
- 19-20 Show. R.U.S. Autumn Show and Sales, Balmoral, Belfast.
- 20 Symphony Concert. Bach Bi-centenary Commemoration, Metropolitan Hall, Dublin.
- 21 Racing. October Handicap and Irish Plate, Curragh, Co. Kildare.
- 21 Motor Races. I.M.R.C. Inter Club Trial, Dublin Mountains; Ulster President's Cup Trial.
- 21 Yachting. Cobh Sailing Club, Cobh, Co. Cork.
- 21 Rugby. Challenge Match: Ulster v. Lancashire, Belfast.
- 22 Trotting Races. Raheny, Dublin.
- 23-28 International Snooker Exhibition. Walter Donaldson v. Fred Davis, O'Connell Hall, Commercial Club, O'Connell Street, Dublin.
- 25 Racing. Downpatrick, Co. Down.
- 26 Racing. Limerick Junction, Co. Tipperary.
- 26 Horse Show Fair. Clonbur, Co. Galway.

27 Motoring. Dublin University M.C. & L.C. Club, Night Trial.

28 Racing. Naas, Co. Kildare.

28 Rugby Football. Interprovincial: Munster v. Connacht, Cork.

28 Motor Races. Barr Trophy Trial, Belfast; Leinster "October" Trial.

29 Pattern. St. Colman's, Kiltartan, Gort, Co. Galway.

29 Gaelic Football. Cairns Cup semi-final, Meath v. Dublin, Drogheda.

NOVEMBER

- 1 Racing. Naas, Co. Kildare.
- 1-2 Coursing. Limerick Cup, Rathkeale, Co. Limerick.
- 2 Racing. Powerstown Park, Clonmel, Co. Tipperary.
- 3 Motor Racing. M.G. Car Club, Night Trial, Dublin.
- 4 Racing. Irish Cesarewitch, Curragh, Co. Kildare.
- 4 Motor Races. Shaw Cup Trial, Knock, Co. Antrim.
- 5 Trotting Races. Raheny, Dublin.
- 6-7 Coursing. Tipperary Cup, Clonmel and Kilsheelan, Co. Tipperary.
- 9 Rugby. Interprovincial, Connacht v. Leinster, Galway.
- 9 Racing. Thurles, Co. Tipperary.
- 10-11 Wrestling. Irish Amateur Championships (Open), National Stadium, Dublin.



"Journeys into Muskerry"

THE country lying north and west of Cork city as far as the line of the Munster Blackwater, north, and the Kerry border region, west, is very pleasantly traversed and illustrated in this intimate little book. "When you're a boy", says the author, "the world is an immeasurably big place and a small part of it can provide many things to think about and much to make you stand and stare." In that happy spirit of recollected young exploration, with sufficient detail for the purpose, he takes the reader along with him to follow the Lee to its source, to ramble over the Boggera mountains, up the Bride river, around the Kerry border and up and off the Mallow road, with a loitering look at Cork city on the way.

The account of the journey along the banks of the Lee is the right kind of introduction to the story of a river, half of whose beauty is unrevealed unless one leaves the beaten tracks. The account of the Boggera mountains is equally interesting: "They are so near Cork city that people don't think of them as mountains at all. But there are fourteen tops over the 1,000 ft. contour, with the highest peak, Musheramore, 2,118 ft."

Altogether this piece of easy-going, regional exploration is a valuable addition to the travel literature of the Cork-Kerry country covered.

[*Journeys into Muskerry*: by J. C. Coleman, Dundalgan Press, 6/-.]

I.U.O.T.O. General Assembly Dublin, 1950

The increasingly important status of Ireland in international tourism is emphasised by the fact that Dublin will next month be the venue for the Fifth International Conference of National Travel Organisations and the Sixteenth General Assembly of the International Union of Official Travel Organisations. The conference will be held at St. Patrick's Hall, Dublin Castle, from October 17th to 20th, and it is expected that nearly 100 delegates from tourist and travel organisations in most of the 39 member-countries will attend.

The International Union of Official Travel Organisations, founded at the Hague in 1925, was re-organised on a world basis in 1947. It groups together the official (or officially recognised) travel organisations of the member-countries, and aims at promoting tourist travel and removing obstacles which may impede its development. It enjoys consultative status to the United Nations Organization, and in this connection the Union has been working with the Transport and Communications Commission at Lake Success, and also with the Economic Commissions for Europe, Asia and the Far East.

The Irish Tourist Board, as the host organisation, is undertaking all the necessary arrangements for the General Assembly, which is being held in this country for the first time.

Among the social arrangements are :

Tuesday, 17th : Reception by Minister for Industry and Commerce.

Wednesday, 18th : Dinner given by Aer Lingus at Collinstown Airport.

Thursday, 19th : Dinner given by the Irish Tourist Board.

Saturday, 21st : One-day trip to Killarney. Delegates will be given a sight-seeing tour on jaunting cars. Lunch and dinner on train.

The decision to hold the General Assembly here was taken at the August meeting of the Union's Executive Committee held at Dublin, which, on the

invitation of the Irish Tourist Board, was followed by a tour of the members during which they were welcomed at Cork by the Lord Mayor and leading citizens; at Killarney by Mr. Donal O'Caill, a Director of the I.T.A., and local authorities, and at many other centres in Cork and Kerry.

Bus Trip Variety

Like many people, I have a decided preference for trains when it comes to long distance travelling, but recently, by way of a change, I came down by bus from Dublin. I rather enjoyed the trip. The tumult of delight with which a sheep dog greeted an old farmer alighting from the 'bus near Killeock was wonderful to behold. When we stopped at Kinnegad, a bare-headed, middle-aged, sporting looking English gent dashed out, cine-camera in hand, to "shoot" a drove of asses being shepherded down the village street by a brawny tinker. Further on an engaged or newly-married couple, oblivious to all else, knelt on the floor of the bus to receive the blessing of a newly-ordained young priest before leaving. Another pleasant impression was the courtesy and good humour of the conductor, an urbane-mannered little Dublin man. His invariable injunction to juvenile passengers leaving the 'bus near their homes after their school day toil was : "Be sure and look up and down before crossing the road."

—From "Offaly Independent."

Open Air Art Display for Holiday Makers

136 masterpieces of sculpture from 11 countries have been on open air display in the Parc Middelheim, Antwerp, throughout the summer. Said to have been the first exhibition of its kind ever, it attracted thousands of visitors. Floodlighting and special musical entertainments were night attractions.

Ireland Window in Paris

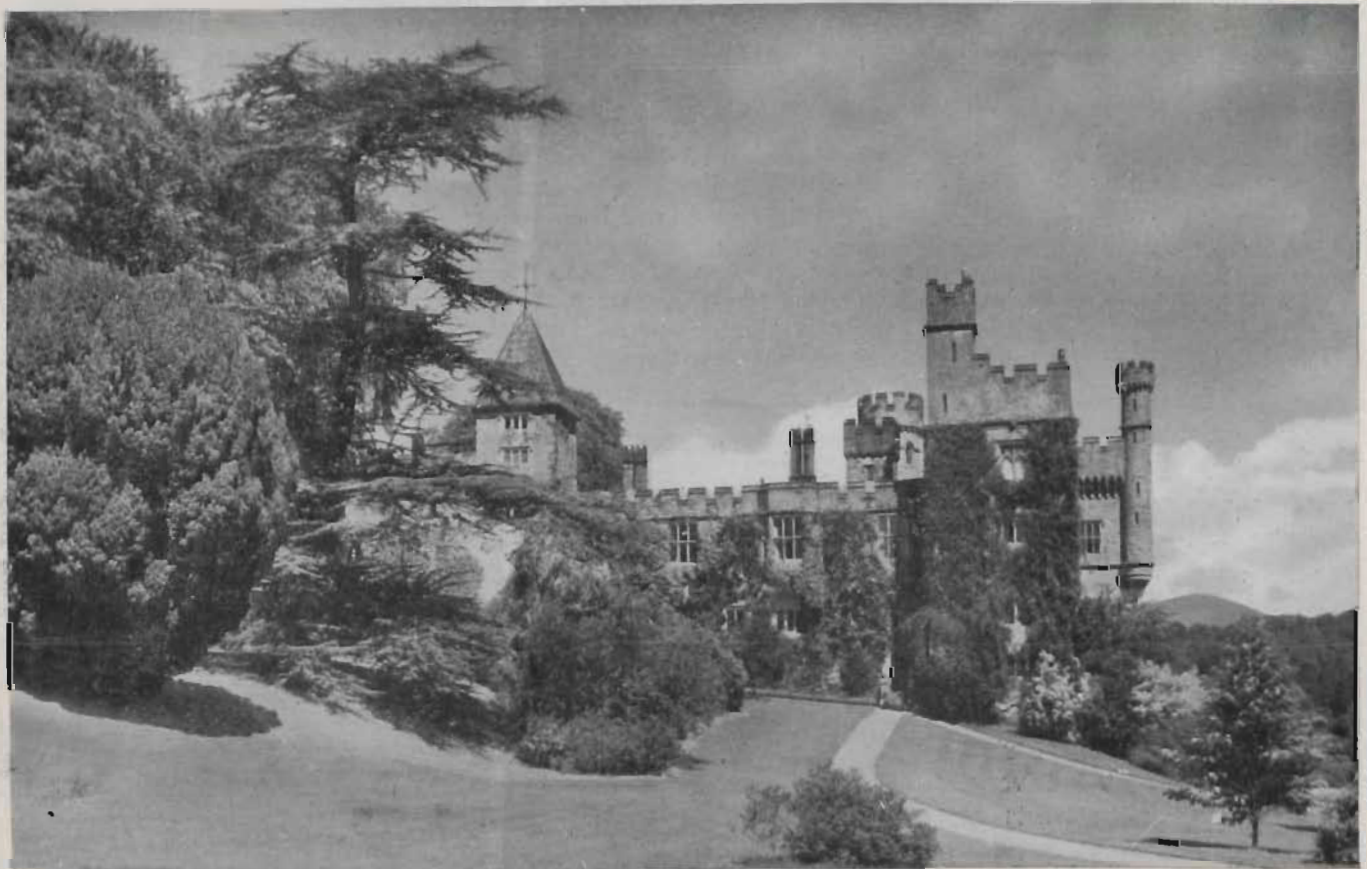
"I consider the Irish Tourist Association display in our window the best we have yet had from an outside firm", says the Aer Lingus District Manager at Paris. "It is very good, indeed, and attracts a lot of attention."



IN COUNTY WATERFORD



Mount Melleray



Lismore Castle

You Don't Need a Car for This Holiday!

By J. L. Senior



THE LEE AT BLACKROCK CASTLE

"YOU need a car if you're going to Ireland." How often does one hear that remark in England. It's true, of course, but only up to a point, and I hope to show in this article how two people covered nearly 2,000 miles without the aid of a car. A certain amount of planning is, I believe, essential to a successful holiday—(I'm planning ours all winter and get a tremendous thrill in anticipating it.)

This time our holiday really began when early in June we left Liverpool bound for Cork on the s.s. "Kenmare." This is a beautiful sail of 250 miles which takes about 20 to 24 hours. Leaving Liverpool at mid-day we sailed steadily due west for some six hours when we rounded Anglesey and the Skerries with its picturesque lighthouse. We now pursued a more southerly course, and just before dusk we could see Cardigan Bay to port and the Wicklow mountains to starboard. In the hours of darkness we passed through St. George's Channel. At sunrise (5 o'clock in June) we were up on deck so as not to miss the lovely Cork coast-line. Soon we rounded Roche's Point and passed between the twin forts on either side of the entrance to the spacious Cork harbour. We anchored off Cobh awaiting the tide, and completed our voyage with a 15 miles' sail up the Lee to Cork. Journeying by rail we reached Killarney, where a jaunting-car conveyed us to our hotel.

Each Precious Day

At Killarney we made the most of each precious day, exploring to the full by 'bus, boat, bicycle, jaunting-car, taxi—by every available means in fact. One day was spent touring the Dingle Peninsula—the best trip of all we thought. Another day was devoted to the Ring of Kerry, a trip which, like the Dingle Peninsula outing, affords some

wonderful coastal vistas. The Kenmare River (really a sea lough) is a magnificent stretch of water from Parknasilla to Kenmare. The 'bus can be utilized another day to spend a few hours in Glengariff. Another day had, of course, to be devoted to the celebrated Gap of Dunloe and lakes. All too soon our holiday at Killarney finished, but we were happy in the knowledge that a week at Galway was yet to come. We found it convenient to journey to Galway by 'bus via Tralee, Tarbert, Foynes and Limerick. A glance at the map shows the interesting nature of this route, for between Tarbert and Limerick are fine views of the "noble Shannon." At eventide we reached our romantic destination—Galway Bay.

Corrib with its Swans and Salmon

In Galway, where the river Corrib with its swans and salmon meets the sea, we were pleased to discover that the C.I.E. runs a number of excellently conducted tours, in particular the one around Co. Clare. Thus we saw the famous Cliffs of Moher rising sheer from the sea to a height of 700 feet, Lisdoonvarna, the celebrated spa, and enjoyed the thrilling descent of Corkscrew Hill. These and many other places were made most interesting by our competent C.I.E. guide. Another day we took the 'bus to Carraroe and explored this fascinating area of South Connemara with its islands jutting out into the sea. It is a district of innumerable white stone walls dotted with white crofters' cottages and has to be seen to be believed. Our next trip was to Joyce's country and on to Killary Fiord, Kylemore Abbey and Clifden under the shadow of the Twelve Pins. All too soon our holiday drew to a close and we journeyed eastwards to Dublin and then aboard the luxurious "Leinster" back to Liverpool and home.

CANOEING THE BOYLE RIVER

(Continued from page 13).

lake when, around the very next bend, there was a bigger obstacle! The last obstacle is, in fact, a very shallow stretch right at the bridge above Lough Key. From here the Boyle is navigable to barges down to Carrick and on to the sea, two hundred miles away.

Lough Key and the Lower Boyle

Lough Key calls for no description here. Able pens have praised it in glowing terms. For our money, it was as beautiful as its description. The lower Boyle leaves Lough Key at roughly the centre of the eastern shore—navigation markers indicate its position. At Knockvear there is a lock to be negotiated at a cost of 2/3. Alternatively, the canoe can be lifted across the weir. It being a novel experience to us, we locked through. From Knockvear to Cootehall the Boyle River, on a summer day, is what the ditch-crawler dreams about, with leafy trees growing right to the water's

edge, and trout and gillaroo, pike and perch waiting to be spun for. Fishing, of course, is free. Two small lakes, Oakport and Drumharlow, are traversed, and then the lordly Shannon is met, just above Carrick, which for us meant journey's end and the homeward train.

Our week's cruise had brought us many contrasting scenes. From the Lung Cut, at first too narrow to use a double paddie in, to the "spacious Shannon"; from the desolate bogs of western Roscommon to the woods of Lough Key and Cootehall; from the shadow of the Curlew mountains to the edge of the Central Plain: past a ruined monastery and a ruined electric power station; past weirs and waterfalls and locks. The only constant factor was the Irishness of it all

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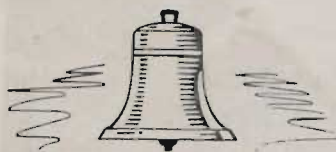
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The 'Lutine' Treasure

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