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## Irish Travel, Vol 27 (1951-52)

Irish Travel Association

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OCTOBER, 1951

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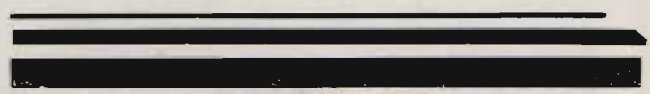
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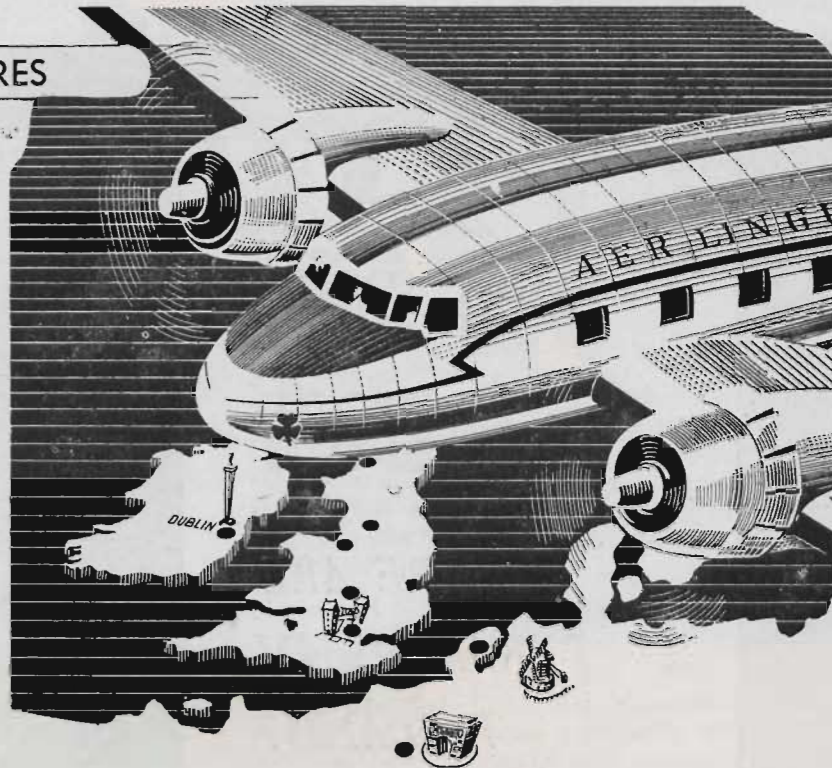
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\* Good for travel any day of the week, valid for 17 days.



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every stage of the fascinating process that turns barley, hops and yeast into a drink that is famous all over the world.

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### Shandon Bells' Enforced Silence

Shandon Bells and the clock chimes in the famous steeple will not ring out for a little while now until worn out pins and straps in the hangers are reinforced.

### Waterford Cut Glass Again

At Johnstown, Waterford, a new factory will revive the famous cut glass industry internationally known more than a hundred years ago. European technicians and a large local staff will be engaged.

### Cork Trout Angler Wins Deep Sea Cup

Thirty-six anglers took part in the Cork Harbour Deep Sea fishing competition between Roches Point and Fountainstown. Mr. George Walker, the trout angler, won first prize. The sport was handicapped by a heavy swell which restricted activities to the inner harbour.

### " A Sense of Freedom "

Mr. John Cyril Maude, K.C., M.P., Recorder of Plymouth, interviewed by an " Irish Press " representative after a five weeks' holiday in Co. Cork, said: " My father, Cyril Maude, the actor, was proud of his Irish nationality as I am. All my family feel themselves at home in Ireland. We feel a sense of freedom there."

### Dublin Theatre Transfers

Three Dublin theatres have recently been in the news. The Abbey, burned out, has been revived at the Queens, hitherto a vaudeville house, and the former variety and opera house, the Olympia theatre, has been taken over by the Hsley-MacCabe legitimate players. Some variety will still occasionally be put on there.

### Great Dublin Dramatist Remembered

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, statesman and playwright, born in Dublin in 1751, is the subject of a 200th anniversary display of playbills, engravings and other contemporary souvenirs of his period, at the National Museum, Dublin.

### Technical Assistance by E.C.A.

The assistant administrator for Production, Mr. W. H. Joyce, speaking recently at the Washington, U.S. headquarters, said: " We have more technical assistance missions coming out of Ireland at present than from some countries three or four times Ireland's size."

### National University Residential Development

The National University Governing Body has acquired at Stillorgan, Dublin, a 60 acres estate near the 60 acres athletic grounds of the University College, with a view to development of a new residential University area.

### Important Bronze Age Discoveries

A bulldozer turned up three graves of the Bronze Age, circa 1200 B.C., during excavations in a sand-pit at Ballyanahan, Kildorrery, Co. Cork.

At Fourknocks, just over the Meath border of Co. Dublin, other Bronze Age discoveries just made have been described as the most important yet in Irish archaeological research.

### Gift of a Castle

When a local chieftain, during the reign of the English Queen Elizabeth, had built a great part of his castle at Kanturk, Co. Cork, jealous foreign settlers in the neighbourhood influenced the executive authorities at Dublin to stop the unfinished work. The English National Trust, who held it in its latest phase, presented it publicly last month, along with a gift of £500 towards repairs, to the Irish National Trust.

### Cover Picture

COVER PICTURE SHOWS A GOTHIC PULPIT IN ST. WERBURGH'S CHURCH, DUBLIN. FIRST ERRECTED IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL, DUBLIN CASTLE, IT WAS LATER TRANSFERRED TO ST. JOHN'S, FISHAMBLE ST., AND FINALLY INSTALLED AT ST. WERBURGH'S IN 1877. BECAUSE OF THE BEAUTY OF ITS CARVING AND DESIGN IT HAS BEEN SOMETIMES ATTRIBUTED TO GRINLING GIBBONS. IT IS THE WORK OF STEWART.



# To IRELAND For The WINTER

by Shaun McCann

"ONE of the disadvantages of working in a travel agency is that it is impossible to take one's holidays in the summer," said my friend to me the other day.

"Oh," I said, "I wouldn't think it is such a great disadvantage at all. I mean it must be great to get away from all this Egyptian heat even in the winter."

"Yes," he answered me, "but if you had been taking your holidays in the winter for the past fifteen years, even you would get fed up. Everywhere is the same. I've been to Switzerland four times, Italy, Cyprus, and Lebanon once or twice, but they never seem to change, and where else can one spend one's holidays in the winter?"

"Why not try Ireland?" I suggested.

"Ireland!" he gasped. "To Ireland in the winter?"

He looked at me as though I was the carrier of some contagious disease, and started to edge away from me.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Heavens above man, what is there in Ireland in the winter for anyone?"

"You would be surprised," I told him. "Look here, you're a sporting man who wants a change and I'm telling you where you can get it. You say that you're fed up with winter holidays, but why not take a winter holiday this year that will give you a complete change?"

"Yes, but I repeat, what can one do in Ireland?"

"For one who loves sport so much," I told him, "you surprise me. In Ireland during the winter you can have a feast of sport. For the fowler, the fisherman, the horseman, the dogman and every other sporting person this is a haven. I tell you that one day in Ireland's winter with a gun and a dog, or a line and patience can give a greater thrill than all the ski-ing in any country. Snipe are always plentiful, plenty of both types, native and migratory. Pheasants are not too scarce. You can see the whole country, so widely spaced and easy to reach are all the areas where these birds inhabit. Then there are partridge and grouse and woodcock, and not forgetting wild duck. Honestly, Ireland can be a duck hunter's paradise. You can shoot them anywhere, on the bogs or on the lakes."

I saw my friend's eyes show something of the light of excitement and I knew that I was on the path of conviction.

"You can work your holiday so as to get the end of the fowling season to coincide with the opening



DRAG HUNT AT KENMARE

of the fishing season. Then your trout and salmon are ready. For this sport I recommend Connemara or you can take your choice of the Donegal, Mayo or the Lough Mask or many other districts. Trout and pike to make the heart of the most fastidious fisherman thrill can be your reward. Salmon can be yours here also, and all this is practically free—except for a small-costing Government licence."

"Then you can enjoy a day's coursing, which is one of the most thrilling sports imaginable, and maybe you will be lucky to be about when the Irish Cup, Ireland's equivalent to the Waterloo Cup, is to be decided at Clounanna, not far from Limerick city. Then the cream of Irish greyhounds will meet to decide the champion of the land. And when I say the cream of Irish greyhounds, I might as well say the cream of the world's greyhounds, for ever since the greyhound came into the realm of sport the Irish breed has been supreme. The same can be said for Irish horses, even more famous than the greyhound, and no matter in what sphere you want to see the horse operate you won't have far to travel. Irish racecourses are amongst the stiffest in the world and the horses and riders are the toughest.

We sat silent for a moment. I was thinking of what I would give for such a holiday, even though I had such a one a year ago. When I called on my friend three weeks later, "I've decided to go to Ireland," he said, "you convinced me!"

I felt glad—and I envied him.

## Full Publication After 900 Years

Nine hundred years ago the monks of Innisfallen Monastery, Killarney, compiled laboriously great volumes of Annals of their country's history. Now for the first time edited in full from M.S.S. in the Bodleian Library, the Annals have been published by the Dublin Institute for Higher Studies in a 30/- edition.

# Scotswoman got Her Wishes at Glendalough

By Elizabeth Orr Boyd

BEFORE going from Scotland to Ireland on holiday I had read how in the heart of the Wicklow mountains lie two beautiful little lakes enclosed on three sides by mountains and woods and bearing on their banks the ruins of a one-time city, not a city as we understand it, but a monastic settlement of considerable size dating from the 6th century and founded by St. Kevin. Thither came many famous people, Maria Edgeworth, Sir Walter Scott, Thackeray. Sir Walter Scott stood rapt in front of the ruins, in contrast to Thackeray who wrote rather off-takingly and certainly inaccurately about them in his Sketch Book.

When the time came I thought Glendalough very lovely and the ruins impressive. Trees soften the wide mouth of the glen and give way to the two small stretches of gleaming silver lying at the foot of steep green mountains. The ruins, in varying degrees of preservation, lie scattered over several miles of the valley. We went first of all to see the Round Tower, 110 ft. high, a slim pencil-like building dating from the 9th century, which served somewhat the same purpose as our brochs in the north of Scotland. St. Kevin's Kitchen is not far off, an ancient little building stored with treasures of crosses, querns, exquisitely carved fragments of stone. A woman was in attendance. We bought a guide-book and postcards from her, and she told us as we left how to wish at St. Kevin's Cross and at



THE OLDEST CHURCH

the Deerstone. I hadn't the courage to tell her that we were thoroughly disillusioned about wishing, and dutifully I went outside and embraced St. Kevin's Cross and wished for a cake, it being the fellow-holiday-maker's birthday. The potential recipient of the cake tried next, but the tips of her fingers wouldn't meet at the back of the cross, not even with some manipulation from me. I could have made them meet by brute force, but it would have been a pity to have spoiled her birthday.

## The Magic Basin

Next we had to go and wish on the Deerstone. To do this we had to pass St. Kevin's Kitchen again, and I seized the opportunity to call in and ask somewhat belatedly why, what looks like part of a church is called a kitchen. I learned that it was merely a popular name, and bestowed because for a time the saint had lived in the oratory. We then departed to fulfil our obligations by the Deerstone, crossed a footbridge over a stream and came to the large stone on which we were to sit, dipping our fingers into a water-filled rock basin in another stone three times and wishing three times.

I sat and racked my brains.

"Have you no wishes?" asked the fellow-holiday-maker wonderingly.

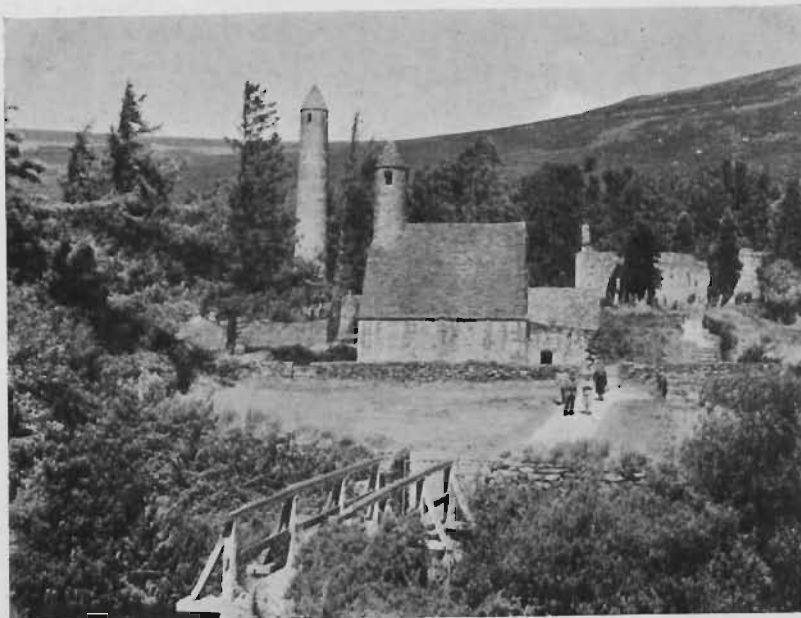
"Not one," I said, a woman of no ambition.

"Well, you'd better dip your fingers in three times anyway, for the woman's at the door watching you."

I wished three modest little wishes. Curiously enough I got them. I got the birthday cake, too, in a little shop in Aughrim. And I was sorry then that I hadn't wished for a really permanent permanent wave, the power to fly like a bird, a perpetual good temper, and a private nylon mine.

We examined the various buildings and relics in their green setting. I had an odd feeling as I wandered about among the ruins and gravestones backed by such exquisite surroundings,

Continued on page 260



ST. KEVIN'S KITCHEN AND ROUND TOWER

# Harvest Days



# Adventure at the Old Head of Kinsale

ON a delightful day in summer, now many years ago, a large party assembled at the Old Head of Kinsale. Committing themselves to the bosom of the deep in such boats as the place afforded, they dined on board in an immense cavern, while the clear green water, thirty feet deep, revealed every object on the sand below. Champagne bottles and demijohns of punch hung suspended from the rowlocks, and such favourite songs as "Here in cool grot", and "Row, brothers, row", were given with an unction which surrounding circumstances seemed to justify. The level brine slept in the sunshine, and the silent heaving of its breast against the polished rocks seemed like the gentle expiration of a marine monster. At last, a few clouds obscured the warm rays of the sun, and one or two of the most prudent members of the party thought it was time to make their way homewards.

## Rowing "Underground"

Two or three miles out at sea the white mares' tails clearly showed that a wind had sprung up, but everything seemed to presage that a light boat might force its way with safety under the Old Head through a natural tunnel about 300 yards in length. It seemed better to Sullivan, the old boatman, to trust his particular craft to the bowels of the earth, instead of facing the long pull round the headland. Meanwhile the other boats went round the head, preferring a heavy pull to the short and refreshing cut which Sullivan and his companions had taken. The wind, no longer coming off the land, had drawn round to the east, and blew right into the mouth of the tunnel through which the Sullivan boat was steering. This raised a new fear and, after a brief consultation, it was decided to return by the same way, and to land on the other side of the Head, making their way home as best they might. The rapid set of the tide into the tunnel, however, made it doubtful whether the low parts of the passage might not already be closed up. By this time they had reached the first of these *mauvais pas*, and by lying down in the boat and pushing it along with their hands against the rocks above, they succeeded in winning their way to the other side. They were now between the two narrows, and if unable to pass the lower one their fate was sealed. There was an awful sense of suffocation,



KINSALE

induced by the feeling that they were buried alive under a mountain.

## Swamp the Boat!

In utter desperation they approached the last obstacle. The boat could not be brought within several yards of the strait, and with each returning sea seemed to cling longer and longer to the rocky roof. At this crisis a lucky thought struck the younger boatman as he hoarsely shouted, "Swamp the boat." Leaning heavily on the gunwale, the men suffered water to enter till the boat was half full. It was a close shave—indeed, all but a failure. More than once the whole party were nearly submerged for some seconds. At last the boat emerged from the perilous gorge into the open sea, finding the water perfectly calm on the lee-side, although the rising gale flying over the headland told what must have been her fate among the breakers on the weather side. To bale the boat out with their hats took the men of the party but a few minutes, and the ladies were landed on a rock to get rid of the water which streamed from their dripping clothes.

## Return to Kinsale

Leaving the boat in charge of young Sullivan, the rest of the party ascended a zig-zag path to the top of the Head, hoping to procure a change of clothes at the lighthouse. It was hard work to get the ladies up, for the path, precipitous in all parts, was dangerous in some. The chill east wind encountered on the summit blew through their wet clothes, but the excitement and relief of their escape gave rise to that hilarity that keeps the heart up in such a crisis. The lighthouse keeper cheered them up further with a hot glass of "the cratur", and a messenger soon brought from the nearest family in the neighbourhood, a jaunting car in which they proceeded to Kinsale, looking, indeed, ridiculous, but at any rate safe and sound after their almost submarine and subterranean excursion.

—Condensed from "PADDIANA." (1847).

# “Tourist Trade an Economic Cornerstone”

—MR. SEAN LEMASS

REPLYING to a toast proposed by Mr. A. L. Downes, Chairman and Managing Director of the Imperial Hotel, Cork, on the occasion of the opening of the hotel extension, Mr. Sean Lemass, Minister for Industry and Commerce, said: “The tourist trade brought to this country every year a nett revenue varying between £25 and £30 million. It has been built up to that dimension with comparatively little organised help, chiefly through the enterprise of commercial undertakings directly interested in it.”

It was mainly through private commercial enterprise that its future expansion would be secured, but State and local authority organisations could help also. In deciding how best State help could be utilised, he did not think they would go far wrong if they relied on the advice of those who were directly involved, in a commercial way, in the various branches of the industry and, for himself he could say that he would be very glad to receive their advice at all times.

“But we recognise also that there is a great deal which we can and must learn from others and we are very thankful for the arrangements made by the U.S. Government which have enabled us to tap the great experience of the American hotel and tourist trades to add to our own limited knowledge.”

The first part of the job was to get their own people, workers, farmers, traders and others to realise the extent to which the nation's economy and standard of living depended on the revenues the tourist industry brought in. It was big business now, and our welfare depended on it, but it could be made much bigger business.

No amount of organisation or planning, or even of expenditure, would get the full results which were possible unless, however, the people as a whole support the efforts made with understanding and sympathy.

## Quick Returns

Agricultural output responded very slowly even to the strongest stimulus. While industrial expansion was proceeding, large-scale projects required a substantial investment of capital and the acquisition of technical skill which could not be very rapidly achieved.

“In the tourist trade we had not merely a cornerstone of our present economy but an opportunity of trade expansion which offered a prospect of a quicker return than many others. To-day it ranked second only to agriculture as the nation's most important industry. It was an export trade—the sale of holiday facilities to visitors from abroad—more important than any other we now possessed.

If all our export trade in livestock were to cease, the value of our total exports would decline less than if the tourist business stopped.”

## A Nation's Effort

The Government was planning to invest substantial sums in the expansion of the tourist industry, but it wanted to make certain that it would get an adequate return. The precise amounts and the method of its utilisation were matters for the Dail, but the result would depend very largely on the public acceptance of the need for and the importance of the tourist business, and the expression of that acceptance in the form of general committees and public authorities to do, on their own initiative, the multitude of little things which would help to foster it.

## Fishing and Duck Shooting in Lough Gowna District

GOWNA (Co. Cavan): (described as Loch Gowna for postal purposes).  
Population: 100. Electric light, Telephone, P.O. (9 a.m.—8 p.m.)

ADJACENT TOWNS: Arva 4 m. (McGirr's Bus); Granard 7 m. (C.I.E. and “Pioneer”); Cavan 12 m. (C.I.E., G.N.R., McGirr's Bus and Erne Bus Services); Longford 18 m. (C.I.E., “Pioneer” and McGirr's);  
Dublin 70 m. Belfast 70 m. Bundoran 78 m.

IN recent years the claim of L. Gowna, at the head of the river Erne, as Ireland's best coarse fishing centre, is being recognised. Since 1945 increasing numbers of cross Channel anglers have been spending their holidays there and the main attraction of this newly-established tourist centre is the excellent coarse fishing in the district. The tributaries to Lough Gowna (particularly R. Sollaghan 1½ m. and R. Dingins 4 m.) provide fair trout up to 16 ozs., while some large specimens (record 12 lbs.) of trout are occasionally taken in L. Gowna, mostly by trolling. In L. Gowna, pike, perch, rudd and bream are in plentiful supply, and official weights recorded include: pike (38 lbs.), perch 16¼ ozs. (1951), rudd 6½ lbs. (1951), bream 8¾, 5, and 2 and 4 lbs. (all in 1951).

Fishing in rivers and lakes for all types of fish is free and catches remain the property of the angler. The local association will be pleased to supply all information on angling (free of charge) on application to: Hon. Secretary, L.G.A.A., c/o Breffni House, Loch Gowna, Co. Cavan.

Enquiries re boats for hire and accommodation should be addressed to: Bernard O'Reilly, Hon. Sec., G.T.D.A., Loch Gowna, Co. Cavan.

Duck are in plentiful supply and best areas for shooting are within easy distance of the village.

# DUBLIN'S LILLIPUT

By **MALACHY HYNES**

WITHIN recent years a certain public park, hitherto largely unknown save to locals, has become increasingly thronged, chiefly because of the attraction of the extraordinary class of Irishry who have made it their rendezvous. Already, some of the more deeply probing explorers from foreign lands have discovered it with pleasurable amazement and returned home with the following two items of news :

(1) That the vast majority of outlanders visiting the Irish home-landers return home without knowing a thing about one of the most important aspects of the native genius—not the over-publicised type of genius usually associated with all that Celtic Twilight make-believe, but the genius that works the dawn of the new technology-minded Republic.

(2) That Ballsbridge, Dublin, has something to offer visitors who have absolutely no time, use or *gradh* for horses.

The place I refer to is Herbert Park, Ballsbridge.

Here is the laboratory of the Irish Society of Model and Experimental Engineers, oldest group of its kind in the world, excepting its London counterpart; here you will find the most unique of any cross-section of the race: clergymen, bankers, journalists, housewives, salesmen, truck-drivers, shop-assistants and plain, ordinary labourers, banded together in the democracy of a common urge to express with their brainy hands in their spare-time fashioning of prime-movers and scientific gadgets the little-known Irish flair for intricate inventiveness. And, of the eighty-four members and their innumerable disciples throughout the Republic, only one is, actually, an engineer, and not one has attended technical classes anywhere. They just wanted to do all these complex scientific things themselves, by themselves—to see their own wheels go round in their own home-constructed engines, motors, etc.—so they taught themselves the diverse sciences, crafts and trades that go into them. Their material is junk saved from scrap-heaps.

## Fire Fighter-Founder

Every one of them an individualist, though in the bread and butter part of their lives they allow someone to boss them, they have only one real boss, a small, shy, dogmatic, hard-hatted little man, well over seventy and as typical of an old Dubliner as ever you did see—Mr. John Kelly. Now retired from his job as chief of Guinness' private Fire Brigade, Mr. Kelly was one of the founders of the society, in 1901, and, though he never had any technical school or university training in engineering, he is regarded as one of the authorities in Ireland on steam engines. His models are a delight

to connoisseurs. On Saturday afternoons at Herbert Park you're bound to meet him. That is easy: listen to the massed shrilling of children's happy cries, track that down and you'll find the youngsters and what is enrapturing them—a tiny locomotive *chuff-chuffing* very realistically, very importantly, on a miniature railway, about fifty yards long. In the middle of all the excitement you'll spot a hard hat, and there is Mr. Kelly.

## Fuel—Egg-cupful of Coal

Behind the locomotive, which is about eighteen inches long, is coupled a truck that has a flat wooden top, and, astride of that, ride relays of children, youths, and (if they've influence with Mr. Kelly), their parents, no matter how heavy they are. For this miniature engine, *The City of Devon*, small as it is, can pull three hefty grown-ups or batches of kiddies, three in a row. A comprehensive example of the ingenious handiness of the Society, this little locomotive, which runs for a long time on one eggcup of coal at a steam pressure of 120 lbs. to the square inch, was built in seven years spare-time by Mr. Edwin Tramp, who retired a few months ago from the Civil Service at the Custom House, after twenty-eight years' service.

Though he lost one of his eyes and had one of his hands badly smashed in a World War I naval engagement, his workmanship is perfect. Almost all his life he has been making working models of all sorts of prime movers, worked by steam, petrol and electricity and if you get Mr. Kelly (who is a sort of station master at the Herbert Park miniature railway), to show you to the little house where Society members park their locomotives and ships, you will see a fine steam paddle-boat which he also built from bits and pieces of junk in many years of spare-time experimenting.

## Dublin Corporation Approves

Some years ago, Dublin Corporation, realising what a splendid "drawing card" the Society's model ships were to the Park, gave the Society a little piece of it whereon to build a hut for their boats and gear. Members erected it themselves—they can turn their gifted hands to anything. Then the Corporation, spotting the thronged success of the Society's annual exhibitions in the Mansion House, gave them another piece of the park for their miniature railway. And if they take a tip from me, they'll give them a much bigger piece and build a much longer railway for them; for, already, though it is not publicised, this particular feature is fast becoming an important tourist attraction.

Most tourists express surprise that we Irish have

that sort of genius within us, the majority never having known that it was an Irishman who invented such scientific appliances as the (Holland) submarine, the Parson steam turbine, the (Fulton) first trans-atlantic steamship, and the innumerable inventions of the wizard, Lord Kelvin, and his brother, James Thompson, to name a few.

### The Children Co-operate

Apart from the real treat the youngsters get from the model engineers at Herbert Park, riding the engines of the various members—almost all of them have taken a crack at building locomotives at some time or other in their life-long hobby—they also derive a very useful slant on the scientific things to come in this more-and-more scientifically-motivated young nation. The model-makers take infinite pains to explain everything to those knowledge-hungry, budding minds, so that already several lads of about twelve are fit to drive C.L.E.'s queen engine, the *Maeve*. But all this is only half of Herbert Park's open-air scientific laboratory, the dry-land part of it. Across the road which bisects the park, where the pond is, the Society's marine section, vies for attraction. Admiral of the Herbert Park navy is Mr. James Carroll, a bank manager, who has been developing his miniature engineering hobby since the age of ten. Mr. J. A. Minns (also a bank manager) is another star member of the Society, as is Mr. Dermot Murphy, formerly of the National. Power-driven ships are banker Carroll's specialty, and all his family have a hand in the building. Typical of model engineering progeny, the children have inherited the parents' especial talent, so the hobby has spread considerably since its inception and has sprouted branches such as the Dublin Model Aeroplane group, which helped to spread the gospel of air-mindedness when Aer Lingus was in the fledgeling age.

### A Most Useful Ingenuity

As pretty and as stimulating a sight as one could see is that afforded by Herbert Park's large, artistically-designed pond when the fleet takes the water. Hitherto, it was good for nothing but ducks, and they are the only beings around Dublin who don't praise the model engineers. Here you see windjammers that evoke memories of Ireland's age-old skill at ship-building, fleet modern yachts as beauteous in their lines as the hookers still built by bawneened shipwrights in remote Connemara ports, and power craft propelled by steam, electricity and petrol that show as convincingly as anything that we Irish have within us, if only we have the opportunity of expressing it, an ingenuity that can be turned to the most useful purposes.

At the opening dance of the Winter Session of the Royal Hotel, Bray, a large company included the Minister for Health, Dr. J. Ryan, T.D., and the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Senator A. Clarkin.

## SEANČAS

**Briúio:** Cím go bhfuil fonn ar an Rialtas feabhas mór do éir ar saé don a baineann le cuartóiread.

**Caitlín:** Cá bpeaca tú é sin?

**Briúio:** Nár léig tú an cáint do veim an t-Aire, Seán Lemass i gCorcaig?

**Caitlín:** Míor léig mé. Cao dúirt sé?

**Briúio:** Dúirt sé go raib socair as an Rialtas roimé máit airgíó do caiteam ar an obair. Sur tuigeadó anois surb é an tionseal is mo le ráó in Éirinn é, acé amáin, tionseal na talmaíreacá, agus surb é an truaig Muire é nár tuig muintir na h-Éireann san, mar nac féir mórán dul éin éin do deanam, mara h-éireann saé doinne a éiró péin éin cabrú leis an obair.

**Caitlín:** Molam! Sin cáint a raib práinn léi. Tá súil asam go mberó an gníom éom máit leis an seaint. Má bíonn beiró a coinne sur sairó go mberó a malairt de éróc ar tígéib ósta na h-Éireann.

**Briúio:** Veim sé tagart doib san leis. Dúirt sé nac leór feabhas do éir ar na tígéib ósta maidir le slameacé agus preastail, acé nár mór a éir in iúil des na cuartóirí go raib na céadta fáilte rompa.

**Caitlín:** Ar labair doinne eite?

**Briúio:** Labair cataoirleac an Dúiró. Dúirt sé go raib an Dúro sásta go seairé breis mór do éir leis na tígéib ósta acé asam, má's máit linn slí do deanam do na tuille luét cuarta; agus sur máit a b'fíú san a deanam mar sur tógadár carn mór airgíó sa tír-se saé don blian.

**Caitlín:** B'fíor do. Nil don máit a veit a tabairt cuiread do cuartóirí teacé annso ar saoire mar bhfuil slí asam doib ins na tígéib ósta. Is deacair san do éir i dtuiscint do luét na dtígéib ósta. Ríteann sé leo, ná díolpáó na cuartóirí go deo as tígéib móra do tógaint, toise a giorracé a bíonn an saosún. Caitim a ráó go mb'féir go bhfuil éiró ven éacé acá annsan.

**Briúio:** A bpeaca tú go bhfuil do sean-dúine muintearó, Seán Ó Uriaín, éar n-ais ar an mDúro arís?

**Caitlín:** Connaic mé, agus is fáda ná feaca mé don seéal ar na páipéirí is mó a éir acéas orm. Is mó eolas acé as Seán ar an obair sin ná as doinne eite in Éirinn.

**Briúio:** Má tá, is máit mar a tárla, mar beró caoi aise feasta a éiró eoluis do éir as obair.

OSCAR.

### SCOTSWOMAN GOT HER WISHES AT GLENDALOUGH

(Continued from page 255)

nothing psychic, no vision of the past, but a feeling that this still was holy ground, however long a time had passed since St. Kevin, born about 498, founded a monastery which grew until it was a large settlement. For 600 years it lasted, though it suffered many depredations by Danes, English, Irish, and by fire. We lingered long by the ruins, fascinated and at times awed by the wonderful appeal of the beauty and history of the famous place.

# ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST NOTABLE DISTRICTS

by Vincent Griffin

FROM Drogheda, north-west to Monasterboice, a religious foundation, originally of about 500 A.D., is a distance of six miles. The later ruins consist of two churches, a Round Tower, and three high crosses, the finest survivals of their kind. The older of the churches probably dates from the ninth century; the second church is smaller, and of the 13th century. The Round Tower, 51 feet in circumference, and now 110 feet high, is broken at the top. It has a remarkable doorway, 6 feet above the ground. Antiquaries date this tower from the ninth century.

Five miles from Monasterboice is Mellifont, St. Malachy's 12th century foundation, famed for its picturesque ruins of the first Cistercian monastery founded in Ireland. Only traces of the cloisters remain. But some portions of the Abbey buildings still stand, the best preserved being the Lavabo (an octagonal structure where the monks washed their hands on their way to the refectory) and the Chapter House, a building 30 feet long and 19 feet wide, having two storeys and a groined roof. It was at Mellifont, at the Gatehouse, that Devorgilla, wife of O'Rourke of Breffni, and lover of McMurrough of Wexford, ended her days, in repentance for a life that had brought war and disruption to Ireland in the Anglo-Norman invasion and after.

## Oldbridge and Slane

From Mellifont we proceed southwards through King William's Glen to Oldbridge, near the junction of the rivers Mattoek and Boyne. Here is the scene of the Battle of the Boyne fought on the 1st July, 1690, between James, the dethroned King of Eng-



MELLIFONT



CROSS AT MONASTERBOICE

land, and William of Orange, his son-in-law, who was chosen to take his place as King. From Oldbridge the route goes westwards to Slane. At Slane is the hill where St. Patrick, defying the pagan custom, set alight his Paschal fire, and was summoned to the presence of the High King to show cause why he committed an act almost of High Treason. Thus began the conflict between Christianity (represented by St. Patrick) and paganism (represented by the Druids), which ended in triumph for St. Patrick and Christianity.

Eight miles from Slane is Navan, a prosperous modern town. The site of Aonach Tailteann—Ireland's original "Olympic" Festival—is but two miles distant. Beupare and Bective—two beauty spots on the Boyne—are respectively five and six miles away; and Kells is but ten miles north-west. Between Navan and Slane the Castle of Dunmore, the Round Tower at Donoughmore and the notable ruined castle at Athlumney, are to be seen.

## Tara of the Kings

From Navan, the road leads south-east for seven miles to Tara. Once the capital of all Ireland which witnessed the gatherings of kings and princes at the triennial Parliament and Festival, Tara is now but a grassy slope about 500 feet high, strewn with scattered mounds and pillars—all that remains of a once imposing royal household and military encampment for more than a thousand years until it was abandoned in 565 A.D. Rath-na-Riogh, the most important of all the raths, contains two smaller ones—the Teac Cormaic (Cormac's House), on the summit of which is a statue of St. Patrick, and the Foradh, with the Lia Fail—the

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## A 'New' Connemara

The transformation of some of the rocky half-wildernesses of Connemara has been begun. Bulldozers are at work crushing the stone outcrops and shattering the boulders in the Government-sponsored drive to make new land in the barren places. Pictures on this page show some of the type of country that is to be improved. It is a long-term process, but it has been undertaken with confidence and energy



# ROUND IRELAND BY MOTOR CYCLE

By **EAMONN McHUGH**

A FIFTEEN Hundred mile tour by motor-cycle of the coastal roads of Ireland in the variable weather of late August might not be everybody's idea of a model holiday. There were discomforts, of course, but they are easily forgotten in the crowded and varied experiences of that long journey. It was a holiday of extremes—we lay in the blazing sunshine on F'intra strand near Killybegs, and sheltered from the driving rain beneath a dripping fuchsia hedge on the Ring of Kerry; we saw the black, smooth tarmac of the midland roads whirring past at more than seventy miles an hour and crawled at a snail's pace over the pot-holed, boulder-strewn pathways of the Dingle Peninsula; we mingled with the happy crowds of holiday-makers at Ballybunion, Salthill and Bundoran, and we stood beside the humble grave of W. B. Yeats in the little graveyard near Drumcliffe. We traversed such a wealth of magnificent scenery that many of the mental pictures are already blurred, but the highlights of the holiday are still as clearly defined as when I looked at them.

## The Spanish Sailors at Castletownbere

Castletownbere, on that Sunday morning, would delight the heart of a painter. Spanish vessels were anchored at the pier and the whole tourist population of the town had come down to look at the strangers. When the boats were made fast the sailors, olive-skinned, dark-eyed men, trooped to the galley, their enamel plates in their hands. Then they squatted on the deck on the piled up nets and ate their meal and drank purple wine from a leather wine bottle which was passed from hand to hand.

The sea and mountain scenery of Glengarriff and the Ring of Kerry are a fitting prelude to the wild and awe-inspiring splendour of the Dingle Peninsula. We sat on the cliffs that tower above the Atlantic near the little village of Dunquin. Although the day was calm the sea beneath us was being churned white by the fury of the breakers. The western seaboard of the Great Blasket was veiled in spray from the continual fury of the waves. In the midst of the turmoil below us there were patches of calm water, forever changing in colour from light green to indigo. Into one of these quiet pockets a seal swam leisurely, apparently indifferent to the rushing currents around him. He surveyed the scene for a few moments, a look of mild interest in his great bulbous eyes, then dived unhurriedly into the depths.

## "The Loveliest Road"

It is foolhardy to speak in superlatives about any Irish scene, but undoubtedly the loveliest road we travelled was that which runs from the old-world village of Cong, along the shores of Lough Corrib, to the Mouth of the vast Maam Valley. We saw this road under ideal conditions. The sun had

already gone down behind the Maam Turk mountains and its reflected light was pouring a hundred shades of blue over the landscape. From moment to moment these colours changed before our eyes. Away in the east where the waters of Lough Corrib seemed to touch the sky, dark rain clouds were piling up. We waited here too long. As we passed through the little village of Cornamona the shower overtook us. But it was soft, refreshing rain that caused no discomfort. Dark clouds went speeding before us as we headed into the Maam Valley.

## Achill's Deserted Village

And the following evening, as twilight fell, we came on the most desolate scene of the journey—Achill's deserted village. There was something terrifying about the silence around these crumbling stone cabins huddled together on the slopes of Slievemore. From far away you seemed to hear the laughter of the children who once played around these walls, and to see the fires that once burned on these ruined hearths. Where did the people go? Is the local legend of a community wiped out by the Famine true? Or were these cabins merely the summer abodes of shepherds from the mainland? Whatever its history, this abandoned village, seen at twilight, has the eerie atmosphere of a haunted place.

## The Gayest Scene

But there was more gaiety than sadness on the road and the gayest scene we met was the little town of Omeath on the Carlingford Peninsula. Motor-boats with pennants flying chugged around the lough stalls laden down with merchandise, ranging from cigarettes and Carlingford oysters to nylons and imitation jewellery, lined the pier; the most decorative side-cars in all Ireland plied for hire, waiting to take the visitors on a tour of the peninsula—to Calvary, along the coast to Carlingford, or to the Long Woman's Grave up on the hills. The scene had all the noise and colour of the country patterns of fifty years ago.

Our travels were nearly over now. When we mounted the motor-bikes and climbed into the hills behind Omeath we were on the road home. Dublin, sixty miles away, seemed just around the corner.

## Earlier Liffey Salmon Season Proposed

A proposal by the Dublin Board of Fishery Conservators to begin the open season for salmon fishing on January 1, instead of February 1 as at present, is being considered by the Government Department of Agriculture (Fisheries Branch). Dublin Trout Anglers' Association have proposed a new March 1 to Sept. 30 fishing season for brown trout.

# IRISH EVENTS OCTOBER 1—NOVEMBER 7

## OCTOBER

### DURING THE MONTH :

- Hurling and Gaelic Football.  
 Association Football.  
 Hockey. Ladies' and Men's.  
 Rugby Football. 1951-52 season.  
 Hunting : 1951-52 season opens.  
 Drama. Gaiety Theatre, Dublin.
- 1 Show. Agricultural and Livestock Show, Balinasloe, Co. Galway.
  - 2-4 Racing. Listowel, Co. Kerry.
  - 6 Racing. Irish Cambridgeshire, Curragh, Co. Kildare.  
 Motor Racing. Leinster Vigzol Cup Trial.
  - 7 Pilgrimage. Rosary Crusade Pilgrimage to Knock Shrine, Co. Mayo.  
 Cycling. Mitchell Memorial Cup, Naas, Co. Kildare.
  - 7-8 Golf. Midland Scratch Cup, Carlow.
  - 10 Racing. Dundalk, Co. Louth.  
 Motor Racing. Irish Motor Racing Club, Car Trials, Wicklow Mountains.
  - 11 Racing. Green Park, Limerick.  
 Coursing. Doolin, Lisdoonvarna, Co. Clare.
  - 13 Motor Cycle Racing. Nicholson Scramble, The Slade, Crooksling, Co. Dublin.  
 Racing. Leopardstown, Co. Dublin.
  - 14 Cycling. Leinster 25 Miles' T.T. Championship; Round Tower Hill Climb.
  - 15 Racing. Wexford.
  - 17 Racing. Down Royal, Co. Down.
  - 17-19 Show. Royal Ulster Agricultural Society's Autumn Livestock Show and Sale, Balmoral Showgrounds, Belfast.
  - 18 Racing. Powerstown Park, Clonmel, Co. Tipperary.
  - 20 Racing. The Irish Plate; October Handicap, Curragh, Co. Kildare.  
 Motor Racing. Irish Motor Racing Club—Ulster Automobile Club Inter Club Trial; Car Trials, Dublin Mountains.
  - 20-28 Feile. Feile an Oireachtais, Ath Cliath.
  - 21 Taispeantas Ealaion. Taispeantas Ealaion an Oireachtais, Danlann na Cathrach, Cearnog Parnell, Ath Cliath.  
 Cycling. Walker Cup Race, Bohermeen, An Uaimh, Co. Meath.
  - 24 Racing. Downpatrick, Co. Down.
  - 25 Irish Tourist Association Luncheon and Annual General Meeting, Dublin.  
 Racing. Limerick Junction, Co. Tipperary.
  - 26 Motor Racing. Dublin University Night Trial.
  - 27 Racing. Metropolitan, Baldoyle, Dublin.  
 Rugby Football. Lourdes Rugby Football Club (France's No. 1 side) v. Old Belvedere (Cup-Holders) at Landsdown Road, Dublin.
  - 28 Rugby Football. Lourdes Rugby Club v. Garryowen at Limerick.  
 Motor Racing. Munster Trial.
  - 31 Hallowe'en.  
 Greyhound Racing. 1951 Track Season closes.

## NOVEMBER

### DURING THE MONTH :

- Association Football.  
 Hockey. Ladies' and Men's.  
 Rugby Football.  
 Hunting.  
 Coursing. 1951-52 season.  
 Chess. Senior Championship, Cork.  
 Musical Comedy. Gaiety Theatre, Dublin.
- 1 Racing. Naas, Co. Kildare.
  - 2 Motor Racing. M.G. Night Trial.
  - 2-3 Feile. Inbaile an Comhaltais, i nArd Macha.
  - 3 Feile. Lá Fhéile Maolmaadhóg. Ard Macha.  
 Racing. Irish Cesarewitch, Curragh, Co. Kildare.  
 Motor Cycle Racing. Moran Cup Trial, Co. Dublin.
  - 7 Racing. Mullingar, Co. Westmeath.

## ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST NOTABLE DISTRICTS

(Continued from page 261)

Stone of Destiny—upon which for many years the monarchs of Ireland were crowned. Nearby two parallel lines of earth mark the site of the Banquet Hall of King Cormac, and north-west of the hill are the Sloping Graves—remains of early burial mounds—and Rath Grainne, the rath of Grainne, daughter of Cormac, faithless betrothed of Fionn and lover of Diarmuid of the Bright Face.

### Royal Burials at Newgrange

From Tara the road goes north-east to Newgrange—the most important of all the ancient sepulchral chambers of the Irish chieftains. The series of great tombs hereabouts take their name from the principal tumulus, Brugh Na Boinne—that at Newgrange. Two other tumuli, Knowth (to the west) and Dowth (to the east), are within easy walk. Each is a great cairn of stones, with an edge of massive boulders, many of them decorated with primitive carvings. At Newgrange, it is believed, the pagan Kings of Tara were interred, for many centuries B.C. and until St. Patrick's coming in the 5th century. Dowth, further east, is somewhat similar to Newgrange, but the decorations on the stones are less complex and less skilful. The chamber here is entered by a passage 27 feet long. In this cemetery two bee-hive cells with a connecting passage date from the Christian period. There are many other striking points of historic and scenic interest en route, and by the time we reach Drogheda, five miles on, at the end of our circuit we will have covered one of the most rewarding and storied small regions in the world.

Two  
Renowned  
Old  
Galway  
Abbeys



Kilconnell Abbey

**KILCONNELL ABBEY**, 7 miles from Ballinasloe, was founded in 1400 for Franciscans and in 1460 restored and enlarged. At the dissolution it was granted to Charles Calthorpe, an English settler. Of a high order of Gothic architecture, its best features are the slender Tower and the charming little cloisters, 48 ft. square and perfectly preserved, whose arcades are more Spanish than

Irish in style. The defeated General St. Ruth, his head blown off by a Williamite cannon-ball in the battle of Aughrim, two miles away, is said to be buried here. One of the monuments in the church interior is a tablet to the memory of the Trimbestone family, "whoe, being transplanted into Conaght with others by orders of the vsyrper (usurper) Cromwell, dyled at Moinivae, 1667."



Ross Abbey

**ROSS ABBEY**, near Headford, Co. Galway, was founded for Franciscans in 1351. Although the abbey was granted to the Earl of Clanricarde in 1538, during the suppression, the friars did not finally abandon their settlement until 1753. It was only in 1812 that the roof fell in, and the abbey, approached by a causeway, remains the best preserved monastic ruin in Ireland. Uncommon features for so late a date are the round-headed arches in the south aisle and transepts. On the north side are the cloisters, small but almost perfectly preserved.

The domestic arrangements were most up-to-date, and the kitchen amenities include a stone tank connected by a pipe to the river which enabled fish to be kept alive up to the last moment before cooking, and a service-hatch to the refectory.

## Lough Gill



Many lovely roads lead to Lough Gill, 5 miles long and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles wide, in a setting of hills tree-covered on three sides. Two and a half miles from Sligo, along the very picturesque river, it is in the centre of a district noted for its scenic, archaeological, literary and historic associations.

## Irish Air Services to Britain and Western Europe

**SPEAKING** at a dinner given by Aer Rianta to members of the Scottish Aviation Council in Dublin as guests of Aer Lingus, Mr. Sean Lemass, Minister for Industry and Commerce, said that fifteen years ago the Irish Government decided to underwrite the creation of a national air transport organisation because it realised that technical developments in aviation were offering the people a great chance to overcome major disadvantages arising from Ireland's geographical locale. The growth in air travel, Aer Lingus exceptional safety record and the fact that it was now one of the few airlines in Europe operating at a profit justified the decision.

### Ireland-America Service

Another period of expansion and some experimentation would result from the Government's decision that every possibility of developing new services to centres in Britain and in Western Europe, which careful investigation and estimation appeared to justify, should be followed up. The Government had at one time the ambition of operating an Irish air service across the Atlantic. If it had materialised he believed it would now be operating with considerable profit to this country. Present circumstances might make it less easy to accomplish, but he hoped that investigations now about to be made would reveal practicable and economic methods of undertaking it.

### Dublin-Scotland Development

Amongst the new services being considered was one to Edinburgh from Dublin. Aer Lingus had been encouraged to extend its operations to Scotland by the growth of its Glasgow service, which began in 1947. There were now eighty flights per week on this route. During the peak month of July Saturday flight schedules on the Glasgow service were heavier than on any other, not excluding the London services. In one week in July 2,184 passengers were carried on the Glasgow run, and on a date in August the 100,000th passenger to Glasgow. The winter schedules this year contemplated a further expansion of these services, including an all-cargo one.

## I.T.A. Directors' Meeting at Salthill, Galway

**ON** the occasion of the September meeting of the Council of Directors, Irish Tourist Association, held in the Eglinton Hotel, Salthill, Galway, the Mayor of Galway (Ald. Michael O'Flaherty), in welcoming the Directors, said it was only right that such an important body should choose a place like Salthill as a venue. The Mayor referred to the valuable services rendered by the Association's President (Mr. Sweeney) and Mrs. Emerson (Eglinton Hotel) in developing the tourist industry in the West. In this connection he recalled a statement made to him by the late Mr. Tom Kenny (a former President of the I.T.A. and Editor of the "Connacht Tribune") to the effect that the developing of Salthill as a tourist resort would be the making of Galway. The Mayor also instanced his talk with an American visitor who told him that he had never dreamt of coming to Ireland until he heard the song "Galway Bay", and of the surprise and pleasure he had experienced when he saw Galway and Salthill. Concluding, the Mayor said the I.T.A. had done very good work and he hoped it would continue to do so.

The President (Mr. E. A. Sweeney, Oughterard), on behalf of the Directors, thanked the Mayor for his kindly welcome and references to the Association's work for the development of tourism in Ireland. At the conclusion of the meeting the Directors were entertained to luncheon at the Warwick Hotel by Mr. Jack Keogh, proprietor, and to afternoon tea by Mr. E. A. Sweeney.

### BUNDORAN, THE SWIMMING POOL



### New Tourist Publicity Board

The Minister for Industry and Commerce has appointed six members to the new Tourist Publicity Board which will be responsible for the direction of tourist publicity, both internal and external. The Board will take over all functions in relation to publicity which have hitherto been undertaken by the Irish Tourist Board and the Irish Tourist Association. Both bodies are represented on the new Board by three members each.

The members appointed by the Minister are: Messrs. R. Beamish of the Cork brewing firm; T. Condon, Meath Co. Council, past president, I.T.A.; J. M. Glynn, Galway, director, I.T.A.; A. P. McClafferty, Manager, Royal Marine Hotel, Dun Laoghaire; F. A. Moran, proprietor, Moran's Hotel, Dublin; and J. P. O'Brien, former chairman I.T.B. Mr. J. P. O'Brien is chairman of the new Board.

### I.T.A. Annual General Meeting and Lunch

The 27th Annual General Meeting of the Irish Tourist Association will be held at the Gresham Hotel, Dublin, October 25th, at 10 a.m. Lunch at 1.45 p.m.

Members intending to be present are advised to make their hotel reservations as early as possible.

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