

Appendix 1 – Phone Details:

RENT A PHONE (IRELAND) **Sea View House, Doolin, Co. Clare, Ireland.**

Greeting from Rentaphone Ireland.

Your phone will be sent for the attention of Paul William Alton to collect at the Greencaps left luggage facility at Terminal 1 Dublin Airport.

Arriving into Terminal 1.

The Greencaps left luggage facility at Terminal 1 Dublin Airport is about 100 yards from the car hire desks. Go straight through the double doors beside the Budget car hire desk, enter the next building and the greencaps desk is on the left. It is open seven days a week from 06:00am to 23:00pm

Arriving into Terminal 2.

>From the Arrivals Hall in Terminal 2 take the covered walkway to Departures in Terminal 1. You will see it to the left after you pass through customs in Terminal 2. Make your way to the arrivals level downstairs in Terminal 1. From Terminal 1 arrivals go straight through the double doors beside the Budget car hire desk, enter the next building and the Greencaps desk is on the left.

There is a fee of 3.75euro which must be paid to Greencaps when you collect your phone. You will also need to produce some form of identification to collect the phone eg, passport or driving licence.

YOUR PHONE:

Your phone will be in a Brown A4 Padded Envelope. Please open this envelope carefully as there is a large padded envelope inside which you will need to use to return the phone. Inside the padded envelope you will find your cell phone, a charger and our cell phone user guide.

YOUR PHONE NUMBER:

The number of your phone is

The number to dial from the US or Canada is **011 353 876251529**

There is **5 Euro** call credit loaded on your phone. We have enabled the international call plan option on your phone. This includes a special access number for making low cost international calls from Northern Ireland and the UK. The access number is printed on our cell phone user guide.

PER MINUTE CALL COSTS WHILE IN IRELAND

- Incoming calls from anywhere while in Ireland: **Free**
- Calls to voicemail: **15 cent**
- Calls to Irish landlines and Cell Phones: **29.00 cent**
- Send Text Message: **13.00 cent**
- Most International calls including US or Canadian cell phones and landlines: **15.00 cent**
- Calls to Directory Enquiries 11850:94.00 cent connection fee plus 94.00 cent/ minute

PER MINUTE CALL COSTS WHILE IN NORTHERN IRELAND AND THE UK

The follow rates are only available when you are on a Vodafone Network This is the default network and the phone should switch to it automatically. The network name will be displayed on the phone. If you are picking up a different network there is information supplied with the phone on how to switch to vodafone. If you are not on the Vodafone you will have to pay to receive calls and all calls will be very expensive.

- Incoming calls from Ireland and the UK: **Free**
- Calls to voicemail: **15 cent**
- Calls to Irish landlines and Cell Phones: **29.00 cent**
- Send Text Message to Ireland or the Uk: **15.00 cent**

- Calls to Europe: **52.00 cent**
- Receiving calls from Europe: **29.00 cent**
- Calls to the US and Canada using our international access number: **15.00 cent**
- Calls to other International numbers including the US and Canada: **139.00 cent**
- Receiving calls from other International numbers including the US and Canada: **139.00 cent**
- Sending Text Messages to International numbers: **29.00 cent**
- Receiving Text Messages : **Free**

ADDING EXTRA MINUTES TO YOUR PHONE:

VODAFONE Call Credit vouchers are available in most shops, petrol stations and post offices. To use them key in 1741 and press the green button. Listen to the options available. Key in 2 in Ireland or key in 3 if in Northern Ireland and the UK. You will then be prompted to enter the code printed on the voucher. Be sure to purchase Vodafone Call Credit Vouchers, other vouchers will not work.

It may be possible for you to add call credit using a credit card, however certain US card credit cards will not work. There must be at least 15 cent credit on the phone to use the Visa or Mastercard facility. Dial 1850 208787 press the green button and follow the instructions. This option will not work in Northern Ireland.

RETURNING THE PHONE:

Place the phone and charger in the pre-paid padded envelope that it arrived in. Seal the prepaid envelope. If you have a 12v Car Charger, then you can post the phone back to us from any post box, including the post boxes at Shannon and Dublin Airports.

Shannon Airport: The post box is near the car hire desks.

Dublin Airport:

Terminal 1: There is a self-service Post Office available in the Departures Hall next to Check-In Area 8.

There is a post box beside the Greencaps left Luggage Office across from the car hire desks in arrivals.

Terminal 2: There is a self-service Post Office available on the Departures floor landside before the security check.

If you have a Mains wall charger then you can post the phone back from a Post Office or a self service Post Office at Dublin Airport. Most Post Offices open until 1:00pm on Saturday. Self Service Post Offices are open 24/7. All Post Offices are closed on Sundays. There are no Post Offices at Shannon airport. Please arrange for the cell phone to be posted back prior to arriving at the airport. The Mains Wall Charger will not fit into the post boxes at the airports.

We do not recommend leaving the phone at a hotel desk as they can get mislaid. If you must leave the phone at a hotel desk, please ensure you get the name of the person you leave the phone with. Please do not leave the phone at a car rental desk, or at a Vodafone outlet.

If you experience any problems, please call us on 087 6834563.

Thank you for renting from us and have a great trip.

Niall Hughes
 Rent A Phone Ireland
 Email: bookings@rentaphone-ireland.com
 Web: www.rentaphone-ireland.com
 Tel (Us) 011 353 87 6834563
 Tel (Ir) 0876834563

Appendix 2 – “Dublin in a Day” Ideas:

From <http://www.ireland-fun-facts.com/dublin-tour.html>

By Julee Glaub

I lived in Dublin for nearly six years and still enjoy the capital’s energy when I go back to visit. It’s a city where the new and old worlds blend tastefully, and with a population of just one million, a place where you often bump into folks you know. If I had just one day to see Dublin, I’d take in the city’s street life by strolling some of the best neighborhoods.

I’d start by grabbing a copy of *In Dublin* (which lists the week’s events) at one of the local magazine stands, and then head straight for **Bewley’s Cafe** on Grafton Street for breakfast. Bewley’s is a Dublin classic that came back to life just this past June after closing for a time. Although the classic Irish breakfast has been replaced with muffins and more healthy foods like Granola, it’s still a great place to enjoy some tea and old-time atmosphere.

I’d then recommend an outstanding **two-hour walking tour of the city conducted by history graduates of Trinity College**. It leaves from the Trinity College front gate at 11 am and 3pm in summer, with just one tour at 11 am in the cooler months (www.historicalinsights.ie/tour.html). The tour, which costs just 10 Euro, covers major features of Ireland’s history, including the amazing Book of Kells in the college library. This illustrated manuscript, created by monks around 800 AD, is probably the most famous Irish work of art. Outside, the tour also exposes you to a great mix of old and new architecture around the city. (My favorite sights are always the brightly colored Georgian doors).

After this workout, I’d make my way back to the top of Grafton Street for afternoon tea at the **Shelbourne Hotel**. They do a lovely afternoon tea with scones, jam, and cream in a very old and beautiful landmark building. The Shelbourne is a wonderfully relaxing spot to recharge while reading a favorite Irish author or just chatting.

Feeling restored after lunch, I’d ramble down **Grafton Street**, now a bricked pedestrian mall, and have a look at all the new shops. Looking is recommended more than buying here, as prices are no bargains.

For a taste of Dublin’s most energetic, outdoor food market, I’d head north over the river on O’Connell Street, take a quick left on Henry Street and do some shopping on **Moore Street**. This is a real market for locals, with hawkers inviting you to come and get a great deal from them.

To end the day on a more refined note, I’d make my way to **The National Gallery of Ireland** on Merrion Square (Phone: 353 1 661 5133). To get there, head back to Trinity College, turn left and go one long block on Nassau Street. Admission is free. An hour or two isn’t enough to see this great museum, but you can at least make your way to see my favorite painting, “The Prodigal Son” by Murillo. The Gallery Shop is a lovely place for easily transportable gifts, and there’s a gorgeous restaurant.

Around dinner time, I’d head for the **Temple Bar** area, an incredibly popular neighborhood of restaurants, pubs and music venues west of Trinity College. The main street is called simply, Temple Bar. Nowadays, people fly over from the continent just to hang out here. Any time, day or night, the street is filled with people. It’s an atmosphere very similar to New Orleans. (The last time I walked through, I passed a restaurant where people were up dancing on the bar. If you like a tamer atmosphere, you might want to come in the daylight hours). There’s an almost unlimited number of restaurants where you can have dinner.

I’d look to close out the day with a play at 8:00 -- whatever caught my eye in *In Dublin* that morning. I lean towards the older theaters in Dublin, with their red velvet curtains and wood carvings that take you back in time (*The Gaiety* is a favorite). They’re small, perhaps a bit crowded, venues that create a sense of community among theater-goers. I’ve had conversations and even been offered sweets by “new friends” in nearby seats.

For a finale, I’d head over to **Hugh’s Pub** on the quays just beyond the Haypenny Bridge for a traditional music session. Then, I’d sleep easy, knowing that in just one day, I’d had a good taste of Dublin.

From <http://goireland.about.com/od/dublinandleinster/tp/top10dublin.htm>

1. Trinity College and Library

Founded in 1592 by Queen Elizabeth I on the grounds of an Augustinian priory that was a victim of the dissolution. Trinity College even today dominates the city landscape and the oldest buildings (the brick-built "Rubrics") date from 1700. Most of the impressive buildings were built during the renovation phase of 1759. Trinity College Library is home to more than a million books and priceless manuscripts, the most famous being the "Book of Kells" - long queues may form in summer.

2. O'Connell Street and the General Post Office

O'Connell Street is Dublin's main traffic artery and the widest urban street in Europe - which you will not believe at busy times. The center is dominated by statues and monuments, the houses on the left and right are mainly large and impressive. Pride of place goes to the General Post Office (GPO), scene of the 1916 rebellion and faithfully rebuilt after being shelled by artillery and a warship. A bronze statue of Cuchullain remembers the fallen heroes.

3. National Museums

Two museums should be high on the list of priorities for any visitor. The National Museum of Archaeology and History in Kildare Street (Dublin 2) is dedicated to prehistoric and medieval Ireland. Do not miss the excellent new exhibition "Kingship & Sacrifice". The National Museum of Decorative Arts and History in Collins Barracks (Benburb Street, Dublin 7) houses an eclectic collection including the uniform Michael Collins was shot in and an exhibition on the Easter Rising.

4. St Patrick's Cathedral

Ireland's largest church and the National Cathedral - this special status was conferred on a church where no bishop actually has his throne! Founded in 1191 by Archbishop Comyn the building was substantially renovated between 1844 and 1869 with moneys granted and raised by Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness. Visitors will thus find a neo-gothic cathedral with some older parts. Here you will also see the graves of Dean Swift (of "Gulliver" fame) and his beloved Stella.

5. Temple Bar

Originally earmarked for the wrecker's ball and redevelopment as a bus and rail terminal the area south of the Liffey was saved and reinvented as a "bohemian quarter". On good days you will meet street artists and enjoy international cuisine and bustling pubs. On bad days the area will be overrun by parties on "stag" or "hen nights". Temple Bar can be very much of a mixed bag and has been commercially developed to the max - the "bohemian" aspect being facade to a large degree.

6. National Gallery

Situated at Merrion Square West and right in the center of Dublin. Ireland's National Gallery is a "must see" for anyone interested in Irish and European art. Opened in 1864 it has around 500 major works of art on display - among them Hogarth, Gainsborough, Poussin, Monet, Degas, El Greco, Velasquez, Goya, Picasso, Titian, Caravaggio, Brueghel, Vermeer and Rubens. Especially strong on Irish artists and Irish portraits the National Gallery has recently been expanded by the "Millennium Wing".

7. Kilmainham Gaol

Kilmainham Jail or Gaol (Inchicore Road, Dublin 8) is one of Europe's most notorious prisons and has been preserved in working order. Eternally cold and bare cells bear mute witness to the harsh prison life faced by inmates. In Irish history Kilmainham Gaol comes only second to the GPO - here the leaders of the 1916 were executed. Today's tours tend to highlight this aspect more than anything else, making the prison more a republican shrine and not a piece of Irish general social history.

8. Dublin Castle

Not a forbidding fortress and definitely not a fairy-tale image - Dublin Castle is the "Irish Stew" of castles, everything thrown in in bits and pieces. The original Viking fortress was expanded, renovated, torn down and rebuilt over the centuries. Today a massive tower and the Royal Chapel look medieval while all administrative buildings are in more modern styles. The defensive character is gone but the beautiful gardens and impressive state rooms make more than up for it.

9. Phoenix Park

The world's largest enclosed municipal park can keep you busy for days - from the magnificent residences of the Irish President and the Ambassador of the United States to the quaint cricket and polo fields, from Ashtown Castle to the Garda Headquarters and from the herds of deer roaming free to the animals in Dublin Zoo. Do not miss the Phoenix Statue and the Papal Cross nearby. Martial history is emphasized by the massive Wellington Monument and the much-raided Magazine Fort on Thomas Hill.

10. Guinness Storehouse

Dublin without Guinness is like Milwaukee without ... you get the the point (or pint)! Nowhere is Guinness more the center of attention as in the Guinness Storehouse. Based at historic St James's Gate (Dublin 8) this is part of the original brewery. The exhibitions include the brewing process, the Guinness transportation system and a pipeline much maligned by thirsty but thrifty Dubliners. Highlight of the tour is a "free" pint in the stunning Gravity-Bar, high above Dublin's rooftops.

http://www.tripadvisor.com/GoListDetail-i230-A_Perfect_Day_in_Dublin.html

1. Wake up at The Morrison
[Morrison Hotel, Dublin, County Dublin](#) Avg price: \$229
Designed by John Rocha, the Morrison is super stylish. Restaurant Halo specializes in tiny but beautiful plates. The bars are crowded with an enthusiastic young set.
2. Saunter along the Liffey Boardwalk
[River Liffey, Dublin, County Dublin](#)
Stroll along the new boardwalk from the Ha'penny Bridge to O'Connell Street. It's a fine way to watch bustling Dublin come to life in the morning - but not be mown down by the action.
3. Admire the Book of Kells
[The Book of Kells, Dublin, County Dublin](#)
Kept in Trinity College's Long Library, the ancient Book of Kells is opened at a different page each day.
4. Shop Grafton Street
[Grafton Street, Dublin, County Dublin](#)
Dublin's upscale shopping street follows a curve from the statue of Molly Malone to St Stephen's Green.
5. Lunch at Avoca
<http://www.avoca.ie/pages.php?pageid=4>
The sixth floor of this craft palace, serves sumptuous lunches to a mixed crowd of ladies who lunch, in from the suburbs, and hipsters drawn by the delicious salads and desserts.
6. See the museums of Merrion Square
[National Gallery of Ireland @ Merrion Square, Dublin, County Dublin](#)
Merrion Square offers a choice, including the National gallery, Oscar Wilde's childhood home and the Natural History Museum.
7. Have a coffee in Bewley's
<http://www.cafebardeli.ie/grafton/index.php>
Dublin's legendary 'clattery café' is a must for a coffee and a sticky bun.
8. Dinner at The Chameleon
<http://www.chameleonrestaurant.com/>
Lounge amid the cushions in the Opium Room, in this Indonesian delight just off Temple Bar's main drag.
9. A pint o' the black stuff at the famous Stag's Head
[Stag's Head, Dublin, County Dublin](#)
Nothing's changed in decades at traditional Irish pub, John Keogh's.
10. Have a cocktail or hip German beer at The Market Bar
www.marketbar.ie
Mix with the city's fashionable 20 and 30-somethings at this former abbatoir turned Dublin's most civilized social scene.

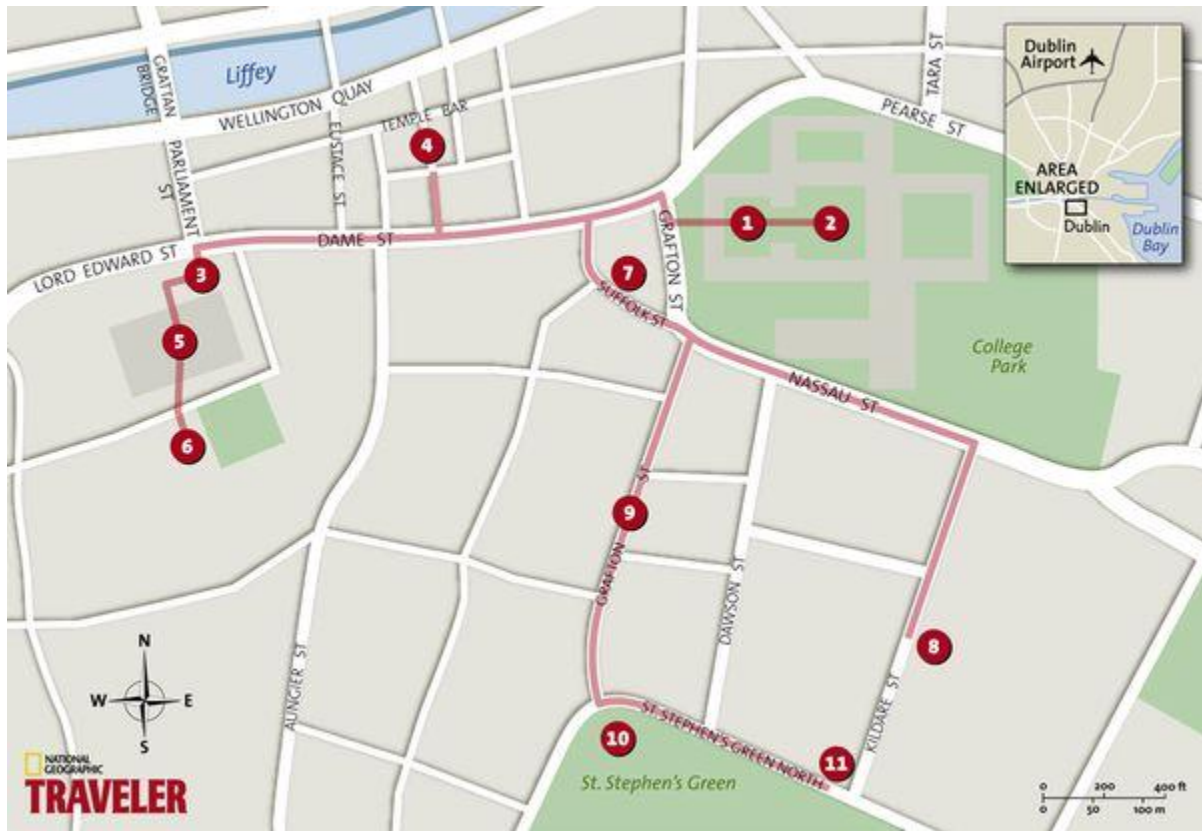
From <http://www.myguideireland.com/dublin-in-a-day>

Dublin is a relatively small and accessible city, small enough and safe enough to get around on foot, while the Luas tram system provides excellent transport links throughout the city.

Start the day with a guided tour of [Trinity College](#), Ireland's most prestigious academic establishment and home to one of the country's oldest and most prominent cultural artefacts; the [Book of Kells](#). Once you've had the chance to gaze at the pages of this medieval manuscript, you can marvel at the stunning collection of oriental art at the [Chester Beatty Library](#) before heading to Grafton Street and George's Street Arcade, Dublin's exclusive shopping districts to peruse the latest fashions.

After recharging your batteries at one of the many tea shops and cafes around Grafton Street, hop on the Luas to the [Guinness Storehouse](#). Here you'll discover all there is to know about the black stuff, you can tour the brewery, before sampling a pint in the Gravity Bar with amazing panoramic views of the city, perfect for watching the sun set over Dublin. Now you've whetted your appetite head down to [Temple Bar](#) and soak in the atmosphere of traditional Irish music and a few more pints or cross the River Liffey and head to Parnell Square to dine in style at the Chapter One Restaurant beneath the Dublin Writer's Museum.

Dublin is a great city to visit all year round, but the Fair City really comes to life during Christmas and of course for [St Patrick's Day](#). While one of the most famous days in Dublin is [Bloomsday](#), recounting through street theatre and readings, the day in Dublin described in James Joyce's masterpiece; Ulysses.



If you only spend one day in the city before striking out for the countryside, you'll want to see as much as possible in a limited time. Luckily, Dublin is a compact place, and you can hit the high points in a fairly limited period of time. This isn't an exhaustive tour, but it's a good start.

Start with a wander around the ivy-covered stone buildings of **(1) Trinity College** (College Green, www.tcd.ie), and pop in to see the **(2) Old Library's** vast rows of antiquarian books. There's usually an excellent display on some element of Irish history or literature on offer too.

Head on down Dame Street to the **(3) City Hall** (Dame Street)—you can wander its domed lobby for free—try standing in the middle and looking straight up to really appreciate the artwork here.

If you'd like a wander of its ancient streets, this is a good place to stray into **(4) Temple Bar**, as it's just off on the riverside of Dame Street, wedged between Trinity College and the Old City. This is Dublin's party hub, filled with lively bars, discos, and pubs. There are also a few good shops, art galleries, recording studios, and theaters. This is largely the stomping ground of young tourists looking for lots of alcohol, and it's easy to feel over the hill here if you're over 25.

(5) Dublin Castle's (Palace Street, off Dame Street) is right next door, and you can wander through the courtyard at will. While you're on the grounds, be sure to visit the outstanding **(6) Chester Beatty Library** (Clock Tower Building, Dublin Castle; www.cbl.ie), which has an extensive collection of gorgeous illuminated manuscripts.

Grab some lunch at the **(7) Avoca Café** (11-13 Suffolk Street; www.avoca.ie), and do a bit of shopping for colorful, light-as-a-feather wool blankets at the Avoca store downstairs. Head next for the **(8) National Museum of Ireland-Archaeology and History** a few blocks away to take in the glitter of ancient Irish gold. Cross back to Nassau Street, along there you'll pass attractive shops and coffee shops should you need a break, and eventually you'll come to the hustle and bustle of **(9) Grafton Street**.

You can wander the chain shops and good bookstores, and take in the buskers and mimes on your way down to **(10) St. Stephen's Green**. Here you can explore the statue of Irish rebel Wolfe Tone before stopping for a cup of tea in the grand lobby of the **(11) Shelbourne Hotel** (27 St. Stephen's Green), or a warming whiskey in the Horseshoe Bar. You can eavesdrop on the political gossip while you're there.

Appendix 3 – Joanne Payne’s Journal

IRELAND JOURNAL

Fall 2003

The flight on Aer Lingus from LAX to Dublin was fairly bumpy, but otherwise very nice. We were very surprised and thrilled to see Kellie waiting for us as we came out of customs. She is a lovely young woman and it was a great welcome to Ireland. She visited with us for about a half-hour while we made arrangements to get the rental car, then she returned to work. She gave us a detailed map book of the roads in Ireland, which has been very handy. We must remember to leave it with her so that Hal and Maureen can use it during their visit here in December.

Our rental car is an Alfa Romeo 174, an intermediate-sized car with manual transmission and no air-conditioning. (*The temperature was 2 °C when we arrived, so we don’t need air-conditioning for cooling. I wanted it as a de-humidifier during the anticipated rain showers.*) It’s a little smaller than compact cars in the U.S., which is comfortable enough, and nice on the narrow roads.

Kellie recommended we drive around Dublin on the ring road (which we should have done), but the Hertz people said we should instead drive through the heart of Dublin on a motorway. It turns out the road is under construction and I got in a wrong lane of traffic cones which took us off the desired route, consequently we spent a lot of time on narrow city streets in factory/wharf areas before finally getting out of town more-or-less where we were headed. It did give us an opportunity to see many white swans on the canals. After getting back on the main road, we went through the Wicklow Mountains, which are called the garden of Ireland. We stopped for a while to see the Powerscourt Gardens, where we walked through the Italian gardens and the Japanese gardens, and it was well worth the time spent. We were surprised to see four tall Washingtonia palms in the gardens on our first afternoon in Ireland. We also got some valuable ideas about how to plant pots on our patio underneath the pergola. A hailstorm (or sleetstorm, with what I call popcorn hail) came up suddenly while we were walking through the gardens. It wasn’t really uncomfortable because we didn’t get wet, and it was neat seeing the green grass covered with white flecks.

On the way down to Kilkenny for our first night’s lodging, we saw several magpies, castle turrets, and colorful doors and colorful rowhouse fronts. The roads were very narrow, and I made Joanne quite nervous many times by cutting too close to the edge of the road. The hedgerows are often stone walls that are covered with weeds or vines, and they brushed against the side of the car on her side far too often for our comfort. Yet I was concerned about the close encounters with vehicles whizzing by on my side also.

Although the fall colors aren’t as brilliant as in New England in the fall, the trees are changing and there are many shades of yellow and gold as we drive through the countryside. Sometimes when we drive underneath trees, there is a startling burst of falling leaves.

As planned, we got to our B&B in Kilkenny right at sunset. We had dinner at the Club House Hotel, which was right across the street. Much to our surprise, they had no Harp’s beer. Only Heineken (Dutch), Carlsberg (Dane), and Bud (USA). Joanne ordered hamburger, and it came with no bun (or any bread), but fries and potato salad. I had pasta carbonara, and it also came with fries and potato salad (three starches). It was delicious, but very rich with a cheese cream sauce. Some would call it a heart attack on a plate.

The next morning, we visited the Kilkenny Castle, which is just across another side street from our B&B. This castle evolved from a twelfth-century fort and it is still used for formal occasions, such as Irish troop reviews on the castle grounds before they went off to peace-keeping duty in 2002.

From Kilkenny, we went to Saint Patrick’s Rock in Cashel (Cash’-ul). For one thing, it’s in County Tipperary (which wasn’t a long way for us at all). Saint Patrick baptized the first of several kings in about 450 AD on this high outcropping of limestone. A large Celtic-cross cemetery that has many tombstones surrounds the twelfth-century chapel and tower, and there is an impressive overlook over the Plain of Tipperary (purported to be Ireland’s richest and most prosperous soil).

We drove down to the south coast from Cashel, to Cobh (pronounced with the ‘o’ as in cove, and a silent ‘h’). At least half of the emigrants from Ireland (three-million from Cobh) in the nineteenth century had Cobh (it was called Queenstown at the time) as their last Irish soil. We went through an impressive heritage museum that vividly told the story of the emigration, as well as a review of the Titanic and the Lusitania disasters. (Cobh was the last port for the Titanic, and the Lusitania was sunk right off the coast.)

We spent the night in the picture-book Old Presbytery B&B in the quaint, picturesque village (population 2,000) of Kinsale on the coast. Being in a seaport, we both had local salmon for dinner, along with soda bread. Brown soda bread was served at each of our three meals that day.

Joanne has tried, in vain, every evening and every morning to reach Billy Steepe (Billy’s wife is Joanne’s fourth-cousin), near Limerick.

On Thursday evening, we went to the mediaeval banquet at the 500-year-old Dunguaire (Dun-gwair-oo) Castle. It reminded us both of the madrigal banquets at UCI each year, without the pageantry we’d been treated to at UCI. But this one is in a real castle that’s really old. We were greeted with glasses of mead, and ample wine was provided throughout the dinner. Many employees and performers of prior years attended this particular banquet because it was the last banquet of the year, which is their tradition. We spent much of the evening in the

company of a local couple about our age. They live just down the road, within sight of the castle, and he recently retired as the local veterinary surgeon. They've attended the banquet annually for many years. He had a stroke some time ago and can hardly get about anymore. (Without Don's assistance on the winding tower staircase he would never have made it, up or down.)

On Friday, we drove down through The Burren (locally pronounced 'burrn') to the Cliffs of Moher. The atmosphere reminded us both of La Buffadora, because of the vendors and musicians who worked the crowd of visitors. It was a gorgeous day, so we weren't uncomfortable walking along the paths on top of the cliffs. It would have been more photogenic in the afternoon sun, but it was magnificent to see it first-hand. I was somewhat disappointed to not see any puffins, which are often there, but the visit was nonetheless splendid.

We drove down the coast and stopped for lunch in a pub (Vaughn's Bar, that Kellie had recommended) on the way to the ferry. The ferry ride across the Shannon is about twenty minutes long. There are peat-fueled power plants on each side of the Shannon at that location. Water flows each way in the river, due to the rise and fall of the tide, and dolphins are sometimes seen in the water.

We spent the next two nights at Dingle, a small village of about 1,500 residents, in a luxurious B&B on the west edge of town. This B&B has a great view of Dingle bay, and the boats in the bay are stranded on the bottom at low tide. They have an eight-foot tide there normally. On Saturday, we took a leisurely ride around the Dingle Peninsula. According to National Geographic, Dingle is the most beautiful place on earth. A visitor center at the tip of the peninsula (at the closest point in Europe to America) was very impressive, especially in providing a vivid, memorable sense of the harsh life some of the Irish in the region have endured. That evening we enjoyed an excellent seafood dinner in a restaurant that Jim and Susan had suggested.

On Sunday, we drove over to Kilmallock, Glendasheen, Ardpatrick, and Ballyorgan to see if we could find the grave site of Joanne's Great-great-grandfather, Daniel, who died in 1845 just before the rest of his family moved to Canada. Joanne had telephoned in vain at least once each day to try to contact Billy Steepe, but was unable to reach him. Thanks to a map that Billy had sent to Frank Alton, and that was hand-annotated by Frank, and the research by Kim's friend, Carolyn, we were able to locate the Kilflynn Church (Church of Ireland) just outside Ballyorgan, which we understand is where Daniel is buried. We could see quite a few tombstones around the church, but the building appeared to be abandoned (though not in ruins), and the gate was padlocked. A tall stone wall surrounded the churchyard, so we were unable to gain entry, even illegally. A large sign was posted on the locked gate, with Billy's phone number as the contact to gain entry.

Although we were disappointed to not be able to contact Billy Steepe, and to not get inside the churchyard, our displeasure was tempered by the knowledge that the tombstone is likely to have been illegible anyway. We did spend some time in a nearby cemetery (Abbey Cemetery), and it was clear that tombstones over about fifty years old were in such bad shape that they could not be read, and in many instances were falling apart.

When we first arrived in Kilmallock and got out of the car, we heard the 'clap-clap-clap' of hooves on the pavement. Sure enough, a trotting horse pulling a man in a surrey pulled into view from a side street. This was a memorable quaint scene in a picturesque, old-fashioned village.

Except for our 4 PM arrival at the B&B where we stayed after attending the medieval banquet, we have arrived each evening at our destination just at sundown. Inasmuch as we're staying along the coast, each night we have seafood for dinner. In Galway we had plaice and chips, and beer-battered cod and chips, with Harp beer (from bottles). We were surprised to see how many college-age people with backpacks or were otherwise footloose were on the streets in the downtown area. It was the middle of a three-day bank holiday, however, and Galway is a university town, so that may be the reason.

On Monday, we drove through the Connemara area, which is quite harsh and primitive, yet beautiful. As we drove west into the countryside, we noticed dozens of horse trailers on the road with us. In the small quaint town of Clifden on the coast, there were additional hundreds of empty horse trailers parked near a large shed. It turned out that this was the day for horse-trading in this part of Ireland. We had a lovely lunch in Clifden and a stroll along the main street, which was unoccupied, except for local residents.

Sheep are generally unfenced in the Connemara area, and they are often right alongside the road. There seems to be even more peat bogs here than in the south part of Ireland. We stopped to investigate one bog closely, and it was very interesting. Perhaps most interesting to Joanne was the up-close view of the loose sheep (and the sheep pellets we had to avoid). We were amused to find the sheep in this part of the country resemble the ones caricatured in

The Wallace & Grommit films, with black faces and skinny black legs.

We spent Monday night in Westport, staying at a very elegant hotel, The Old Railway Inn, which was recommended by Wendy's friend, Dana. Our bedroom, the Fitzgerald Suite, is large (about 18' by 20'), with a great view of the canal, bridge, and downtown area. Joanne had lamb chops and I had crab legs for dinner at a restaurant called Urchins. Afterwards, we went to a very nice pub (J. J. O'Malley's) and Joanne had Bailey's on ice while I sipped Irish coffee. There are many, many foot-loose college-age people on the streets here as well. We don't know why they're here at this time of year. Breakfast was in a posh sunroom, which is referred to locally as a conservatory.

It drizzled all day Tuesday during our drive up to North Ireland. However, the road was a good road, and we didn't expect to see much except for the countryside, so it didn't really detract from our pleasure. We feel very fortunate that the skies have been clear and bright when we were at places where clear skies were important. It has rained or sprinkled a little bit every day we've been here, yet there have been no heavy downpours that affected our ability to enjoy the sights. Kellie told on a phone call that we had escaped Dublin just before a record-breaking storm hit the area.

Even though this is autumn, the fields are still green with grass, so it's no wonder there are plenty of sheep and cattle grazing in the many pastures that are clearly outlined with hedgerows. I'm sure it's even more beautiful in the springtime, but even now we can see why Ireland claims to have forty shades of green. Fuchsia grows wild here, and many of the hedges are of well-trimmed fuchsia bushes. It's not uncommon to drive for miles with the roadside defined on either side by eight to ten-foot high fuchsia bushes. There are also a surprising number of farm tractors. We seem to be behind a slow-moving tractor at least a dozen times each day in the countryside, and they are often seen on town streets.

There was absolutely no indication of a border as we entered Northern Ireland. Because we were closely following the map, we knew about when we'd crossed it. What verified that we had crossed the border were the roadside signs that had been giving prices in euros started being in pounds sterling. In Ireland, the speed limits are marked in MPH, whereas the distances are given in kilometers. Occasionally, the distances are given in both Km and miles, but usually in kilometers only. In Northern Ireland, the distances are in miles. This caused me to do some miscalculating on estimated times-of-arrival until we figured out that the distance units had changed.

We're spending Tuesday night in Portrush, which has lots of two and three-story homes abutting each other, as in San Francisco. Our hotel, the Peninsula Hotel, is quite new, comfortable, and centrally located with a very nice pub bar, lounge, and bistro downstairs.

On Wednesday, we drove to see the Bushmill distillery and took the tour. They are very proud of having a single-malt whiskey that is distilled three times (whereas Scotch is only distilled twice and bourbon only once). Joanne was chosen to join a select group for a whiskey-tasting session after the tour. This group got to taste (more than just a taste, by-the-way) eight different whiskeys to compare them. The rest of us adults got a very large shot of our choice of Irish whiskey. After the tasting test, the tasters got their choice of Irish whiskey also. Joanne got a diploma showing that she is a certified whiskey taster. (None of the tasters could be designated drivers, of course.)

After we left Bushmill's, we drove inland for a while before we realized we were not going along the coast. We headed back into town, and drove along the coast until we realized we were going back towards Portrush. It's hard to discount the influence of the visit to Bushmill's on our getting lost twice so soon after visiting their distillery.

After finally getting going in the right direction, we went to the Giant's Causeway. This is an impressive display of hexagonal-shaped stone pillars that rise from the earth along that particular part of the Antrim coast. The path of this peculiar stone formation seems to disappear into the sea. The coast of Scotland is just off the coast of Ireland at this point, and legend has it that a giant was building the causeway to Scotland and this is the residue from that construction. The weather had turned blustery and rainy during the night, so we couldn't see Scotland. However, it seemed particularly fitting that we got to see this rugged coast when the North Irish Sea was so turbulent. Waves were high and crashing into the rocky shoreline with white violence.

We drove down to Belfast through beautiful Antrim vales. The rain was quite heavy pretty much all day, but we could usually see the nearby countryside just fine.

Belfast is a very busy city, with a densely-populated downtown area. The cars and trucks competed for space with pedestrians who seemed to cross the roadways without regard to crosswalks. Moreover, cars and trucks often seem to double-park any place without anybody who's inconvenienced getting upset. When we finally located a hotel, they told us that there was no hotel carpark and we'd have to leave our car on the street where we'd have to pay £1/hour metered parking. We couldn't see getting out every hour or so to feed a meter (after first driving around trying to find an empty space), so we left town and found a very nice old hotel in Bambridge, a few miles south of Belfast. There is a bar downstairs, a lounge, and a restaurant, and our car is convenient in the private, locked carpark located behind the hotel (albeit, a dirt lot). Joanne's fillet mignon and my breaded cod were delicious. We both are very impressed with how decorative the salads have been presented during our stay in Ireland, and these salads were especially nice. We shared a special cheesecake dessert with our Bailey's and Irish coffee. Our dinner and beverages were served to us in what appears to be sort of an old-person's lounge, along with another elderly local couple who were quietly having their dinner, drinks, and dessert in a corner of the lounge. I think it must have been a lounge for ladies in the olden days when ladies were not welcome in the bars.

The price of gasoline in Ireland has been between eighty and ninety cents (euros) per litre, which works out to between \$4.50 and \$5 per gallon. In Northern Ireland, it's been between .659 and .719 pounds per litre, which is about \$6 to \$6.50 per gallon. Fortunately, the smaller cars are not only easier to maneuver on the narrow roadways, but they're also much more economical to operate.

Although we are very careful to remind me to drive on the left side of the road, we really haven't had a lot of trouble driving since the first wild afternoon. It is common to hear complaints about poor signage and roundabouts in Ireland, yet we really haven't found it very difficult. Many of their signs seem strange to us. Rather than "Do not pass" they will say "Do not overtake." It took us a while to decipher warnings of "Beware Loose Chippings" as warnings for loose gravel. Somehow "WARNING – TRAFFIC CALMING – 400 M" means that traffic lanes will narrow in 400 meters. More narrow lanes certainly don't seem more calm to me. The most striking thing about the signs are that they are all in both English and Irish. The movement to keep the Irish language alive is very evident.

Neither Joanne nor I have had any problem with being cold and wet; even though it's been cold, or cold and wet, outdoors all the time we've been here (at least in comparison to the Southern California weather we left). Whereas I wasn't wearing an undershirt at home, I always put one on first thing in the morning here. I also wear wool long johns and a turtleneck shirt. Over that I wear a wool shirt and corduroy pants. When we anticipate exposure to blustery weather, I wear a wool pullover sweater on top of that before I put on a heavy wind and water-proof coat and lined leather gloves. I bought a plaid Irish flat cap (like the ones my Granddaddy Cannaday wore) at the first opportunity after our arrival here, and I always wear it whenever I'm outdoors or in the car. Joanne also layers clothing like that, and it seems to work well. Every place we've stayed in has had heating by steam radiators, which we never seem to be able to control. Except for one night when we were too cold and one night when we were too warm, the room temperature has nonetheless been just fine.

Thursday, we drove down to the Boyne valley area where there are lots of prehistoric monuments. There are several hills where tombs and other elaborate structures were constructed up to 4,000 years BC (before Stonehenge and 500 years before the pyramids). In particular, we visited a place called Bru Na Boinne (sometimes referred to as Newgrange, although Newgrange is the name of a village in the opposite direction from where the signs point to Bru Na Boinne). After viewing a video of the archeological interests at the site, we took a tour bus to one of the tombs and listened to several lectures from our guide on the significance of the site. It was raining pretty steadily all day long, so some of the lectures were done outside in the rain before we were escorted inside the dome-shaped tomb. Although it was cold and wet, Joanne and I both considered it a trivial discomfort and were impressed to know that six millennia ago people could not only endure the hardship of this weather, but they could construct such durable sites here also.

We spent the night in an old hotel in downtown Drogheda. After dark, but before we went to dinner, we heard carnival or circus music coming from the street below. Looking out our third floor window, we were thrilled to see a parade of hundreds of children in Halloween costume walking down the street below. There was a police escort in front and behind. If it hadn't been raining, we were told that there would have been many more children in the parade.

Friday morning we turned the car in at the airport and took a bus downtown to our B&B, the Townhouse. Kellie called mid-afternoon, and we made arrangements to meet in the lobby at 10 AM. We are located only a couple of blocks from many interesting places, and one of them is the Abbey Theatre. The premiere performance of Thomas Kilroy's newest play, *The Shape of Metal* is ending this weekend, so we felt fortunate to be able to see the play Friday evening, enjoy Bailey's and Irish coffee in the lounge at the Abbey, then walk home only a short distance afterwards.

Even though we're on the third floor again, we can hear touristy-type Irish music quite clearly at night. It doesn't usually bother me, but Joanne is a much lighter sleeper and it tends to keep her awake (yet she doesn't complain). Fireworks have been going off all evening long (due to Halloween exuberance), seemingly from all parts of the city. It's after eleven now, with no signs of letting up (neither the fireworks nor the Irish music).

The news reports no longer include segments on the fires in Southern California, so we take that as a sign that the weather has changed for the better and that the fires have subsided. The local news have shown dramatic displays of the Aurora Borealis the last few days from parts of Ireland that have clear skies to the north. Unfortunately, it's been raining where we've been and I may miss my only opportunity to see this amazing event that is peculiar to polar regions.

Kellie and her boyfriend, Stephen, met us at 10 AM and took us for a tour of this section of Dublin, which is probably the most interesting part of the city. We first went to an area across the Liffey River called Temple Bar where we visited an outdoor market that is open only on Saturdays. It was lively and interesting, and Kellie and Stephen had pastry while Joanne and I looked around at the stalls (we had already had an ample Irish breakfast). Next we went to Trinity College, where they pointed out sights (like the Long Room, which is the stunning old college library, and the Book of Kells). Later, we went to the National Gallery, and then to a very long lunch at a pub where Stephen and I downed several pints. Then, we went to the National Museum where we looked at very interesting exhibits until closing time.

After making plans to get together on Sunday for a Dart trip to Howth, they took us back to the B&B in a very much appreciated taxi ride. At the B&B we had a brief rest and e-mail check, then we went to dinner. After dinner, Joanne had her Bailey's on ice, and I had Bailey's coffee for a change. We decided to offer that drink as an option next Saint Patrick's Day. There were no fireworks heard this evening, Halloween being over, yet the Irish music from a pub nearby was ever-present, but not too loud for us. A couple of drunk Irishmen got into a shouting match in the alley below our window (behind the pub where the music was coming from). I feared it would develop into a real fight, but after a bit of vigorous shoving and a few blows, I was relieved to see that they went separate ways.

After our ample Irish breakfast, we went for a walk along the river. It's a bright, sunny day, with occasional clouds overhead, and many people are out in the streets. Being Sunday, many stores are closed, yet there is enough activity for quite a few to be open nonetheless. One van was parked alongside a street by the river and selling produce and other goods to a sizeable crowd of people who had gathered. We think that's called a car boot sale in Ireland. A policeman (called garda in Ireland) on foot was keeping a close eye on the operation, yet he wasn't interfering. After lunch (and a couple of pints) in a pub that is now familiar to us, we returned to the B&B before we got too tired to do the afternoon sightseeing with Kellie and Stephen.

Kellie and Stephen escorted us to a seaport town called Howth (rhymes with south) at the north end of the Dart, a local commuter train. We walked around the small, well-protected harbor and out to the end of a large breakwater. There are a couple of towers on nearby hills that were built by the Normans as lookouts for invading forces. James Joyce lived in one of these towers for a while, and it figures in the opening passages of his *Ulysses*. Joanne and I were surprised to see what Stephen identified as gray crows. They are like common crows, except that they have beautiful gray coats, or vests. There were lots of fellow Sunday afternoon strollers out enjoying the clear but brisk afternoon, and a couple of buskers trying to catch our attention.

We stopped in a cozy pub underneath the Dart station for a round of drinks (Stephen introduced me to Hot Whiskey). After our drinks, we ordered dinner, which was delicious, as usual. After our Dart trip back into town, we stopped for a while in what Joanne and I have begun to call 'our pub' for Bailey's on ice, Irish coffee, and Bailey's coffee. Kellie and Stephen went back to the B&B with us, where we said our goodbyes. They certainly warmly entertained us during our stay in Dublin, and it was a real treat for us that they spent so much time showing us around and visiting with us. Stephen is also an architect, and he is a very personable young man. We can understand why they seem to be so fond of each other.

Both of us have enjoyed our visit to this beautiful island, and we've been pleased to have met so many hospitable people. When we'd ask at a pub for directions, they wouldn't just point in the general direction and give brief verbal instructions, someone would consistently come out onto the sidewalk to be sure the directions were clear. Only once did we get wrong directions.

We are certainly more well-informed on Ireland's history and culture now. We've gained valuable insight into the reasons why so many people left Ireland in troubled times and didn't want to return, yet we also have a better understanding why they nonetheless so consistently have a strong allegiance to Ireland and appreciation for their heritage.