

GUAIRE



March 1980

7th Issue

Price 40p



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- HISTORY OF GORT MART
- COOLE HOUSE
- SPORT
- OUT AND ABOUT
- WHEN LINT WAS LINT



guaire

March Issue

Editorial Board: Fr. Enda Glynn, Peadar Ó Conaire, Josephine Ward, Nicholas Cafferky, Michael Finnegan, John McLoughlin, Chris O'Shaughnessy, Irene Gill, Michael Cooley, Elizabeth Joyce and Fiona Murray.

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Guaire is an independent magazine about Gort parish.



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Cover picture: Most Rev. Dr. Browne, former Bishop of Galway, laid to rest.

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Without this help Guaire would not exist.

We wish to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of:

- £5 Mrs. Emer Heavey (nee O'Connor, George's St.)
- £10 Mrs. Bridie Long
- £5 Mrs. Alice Foye (nee O'Connor, George's St.)

We regret owing to printing costs the rise in the price of Guaire. We hope to keep it at 40p for 1980.

Mattie Collins, elected First Mayor of Gort, 1980



Gort's First Mayor - Mattie Collins and his lovely wife Baby.

Mayoral Anthem.
(Air McNamara's Band)

*Now his name is Mattie Collins
The First Citizen of our town;
For on New Year's Eve in '79
He won the Mayoral Crown.*

*There were seven contestants in the fray
All worthy of the Honour;
But Mattie by the popular vote
Received the Mayoral Banner.*

A jolly man; a helpful man.

*A native of our town is he -
And no better combination
Than him and his wife Baby.*

*So give a cheer for many a year
To our First Grand Mayor of Gort
Who's hand grows long from giving
To every size and sort.*

*The bells go clang and the cymbels bang
As Mattie will blaze his way
To bring renown to Gort's Fair Town -
Hip-Hip - and loud Hurrah...
Hip-Hip we all do say.*

THE ELECTION

Date Line 31/12/1979

Tallymen sweated over piles of voters cards in an Ante-Room at Sullivan's Hotel.

The air was electric with a hushed expectancy. Only the occasional short nervous cough pervaded. One was conscious of the

deep breathing of the watchful candidates, blobs of sweat rivulating down their pent-up faces. Cards were allotted their respective slots.

The Presiding Officer mounted his rostrum ... and announced ...

Collins is the winner by a sizeable majority - pandonium broke out. The disconsolate defeated drebbed away - as "The Blue Smoke" went up - and along the Corridors the whispers grew to a crescendo - "We have a Mayor" - and soon, without, in the spacious square the multitudes chanted in unison ... "We have a Mayor" - "Viva la Collinso" screamed a batch of Italian tourists.

The weaving excited crowds called out, "Show us our first great Mayor of Gort" and took up the chorus:-

"For he's a Jolly Good Fellow and so say all of us."

Motor horns honked and even the lazy Church Clock rang out a joyous twelve strokes - it was midnight and a bright New Year - and the election was sealed with a cry more voracious than for our new Taoiseach Charles J. Haughey. Collins?

Collins the true son of Gort - the inimitable irrepressible Mattie, whose trail leaves a passage of giving and loving - of rollicking tales and bon-homie down the years - with lifts and laughter to many a stranded traveller, as he steered Coens lorry from the chattering sea washed stones of Doolin to Dublin's fair city.

It was but fitting that a life of unremitting generosity and unstinted service should be so grandly climaxed.

To Mattie; to his equally generous and lovable wife Baby, son, Stephen and daughter Rita, we can only say - Congrats, good luck, good health and God bless you.

by our Election Correspondent

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GOLF

Our Golfing Correspondents

Mens A.G.M.

The A.G.M. which was staged on the last Monday in January showed that the rule of the Popular Party is to continue. Its nominees captured almost all the key posts in the new Cabinet.

In the absence of an inspiring Ayatollah the A.G.M. was both orderly and dignified. Tributes were paid to the outgoing Captain, President, retiring Treasurer and to the organisers of the Weekly Draw who considerably reduced the outstanding financial debt on the Club.

The only setback for the Popular Party was its failure to nail down the prestigious post of Handicapping Supremo. On a vote Paddy Moloney, a moderate with no particular affiliations, won this contest. For 1980 Paddy will do the work it took five to perform with considerable difficulty in 1979.

A notable absentee from the new Committee is Micheál Breathnach. He did not go forward for re-election. A prominent Club member for many years most of his work was performed behind the scenes. His repair work on the machines essential to the running of the course was a vital service and one which may have gone unnoticed.

Tributes were also paid at the meeting to Johnny Kelly for his work in the Bar. The annual subscription fee remains at £40. The entrance fee to the Club is



Men's Captain for 1980 Paddy Jordan.



Lady Captain for 1980 - Mrs. Marie Fennessy.

£100 and green fees £1.50 per day.

The installation of a permanent heating system in the Clubhouse will be a priority for the new Committee. It is hoped also to buy a Coffee Perculator to supplement the Sandwich Toaster.

The New Cabinet

Captain: Paddy Jordan.

President: Pat Bourke.

Secretary: Val Burke.

Treasurer: Bob Forde.

Committee: Gerry Cahill, Sean Devlin (also Assistant Secretary),

Noel Mullins, Val Hoarty, Tomas O'Quigley, Gerry Cooney, Michael Grady, Michael Cunningham and Christy Fennessy.

Handicapping Suprem

Handicapping Supremo: Paddy Moloney.

Team Selectors: Pat Bourke, Paddy Jordan, Noel Mullins, Paddy Moloney and John Moylan.

Ladies A.G.M.

The highlights of the Ladies A.G.M., which took place on February 4th, were the return to active service of Mrs. Sadie McInerney and a definite swing to Church St., in the new Cabinet. The cabinet reads:

Captain: Mrs. Marie Fennessy, Church St.

Secretary: Mrs. Sadie McInerney, Church St.

Treasurer: Mrs. Evelyn Roche, Bridge St.

P.R.O.: Mrs. Birdie McGovern, Ennis Road.

Committee: Rita Lundon, Crowe St.; Mrs. Greta Roche, Church St.; Mrs. Brid Piggott, Crowe St.; Mrs. Sheila Duffy, Glenbrack; Miss Nuala Spelman, Crow St. and Mrs. Birdie McGovern, Ennis Road.

No momentous decisions are reported from the meeting. Financially the Ladies section are solvent. Tributes were paid to outgoing Captain Deirdre Marlborough and outgoing Secretary Bernie Cummins for their tremendous work throughout the year. A special effort is underway to attract new members which would bring new life to the ladies section. A good year for this group is forecast.

"THE LIDLESS EYE THAT LOVES THE SUN"

Anthony Brennan

In his poem "Upon a house shaken by land Agitation", W.B. Yeats, used the preceding lines to convey the image of an eagle, staring at the sun, to portray the high standards of artistic productivity, attained by Lady Gregory and her associates in Coole.

Their achievement is all the more noteworthy, when one considers that the landlord class as a whole in the district were a very violent and destructive group. Many unbelievable stories are told of the exploits of Lady Gregory's family - the Pierces from Roxborough.

Despite her achievements, Lady Gregory to an extent is still equated, locally, with the class who won their leisure off the backs of the poor. This attitude can often blind us to the legacy she has left us.

ARTS GROUP

This look to the past is by way of introduction to a new society, recently started, "The Gort Arts Group" Now no one expects that this group will attain the "eagle heights" of the Coole tradition. It has barely got off the ground.

The original idea for the arts Group in Gort was initiated by Miss



Two officers of the New Arts Group in Gort Deirdre Marlborough and Mrs. Kitty North.

Helen Bygreves, Arts officer of Galway.

At the opening meeting a representative group from town and outlining districts put forward various suggestions - interests ranged from the Visual Arts to Musical classes. The following Committee was elected: Chairman, Gerard Keane; Treasurer: Deirdre Marlborough; P.R.O.: Killy North; Secretary: Anthony Brennan.

From the wide range of topics discussed, it is evident that the Arts Group are not elitist. All suggestions will be welcomed.

Indeed, the Group, are anxious to co-operate with existing societies in the town such as the Comhaltas and Drama. It is hoped to identify areas of common ground where societies can use their resources to aid one another and benefit the community as a whole.

Nor do we discriminate against age. The groups first formal event was a Puppet Show. Already, classes in Visual Arts, both painting and Graphic are underway and many of our Senior citizens are availing of the opportunity. Mrs. Crampton is supervising Painting classes and Mr. North is sharing the

"work of a life time" in Graphic Arts.

Some senior citizens who may think they have gone past this sort of activity, may do well to remember the utterance of the Japanese painter Hokussi.

"From the age of six I had a mania for drawing the form of things. By the time I was fifty I had published an infinity of designs; but all I have produced before the age of seventy is not worth taking into account. At seventy-three I have learned a little about the real structure of nature, of animals, plants, birds, fish and insects. In consequence when I am eighty, I shall have made more progress: at ninety I shall penetrate the mystery of things; at a hundred I shall certainly have reached a marvelous state; and when I am a hundred and ten, everything I do, be it but a dot or a line, will be alive". Written at the age of seventy five, by Hokussi, the old man mad about drawing.

It is proposed to bring a number of quality artists to Gort in the future. The Arts Group are looking to you the public for support.

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GORT MART – ITS BIRTH AND GROWTH



Looking back over the years, it appears only a short period of time since street fairs were held in the town of Gort. In those days farmers usually got out of bed at 2 or 3 a.m. on the morning of the fair, depending on the distance they had to travel with stock. During the winter months the cattle and sheep had to be assembled in the dark and if the night was wet the work was much more difficult. The farmer living near the town was fortunate as he did not have far to travel. Practically all stock were walked

from up to a distance of four or five miles and sometimes much further.

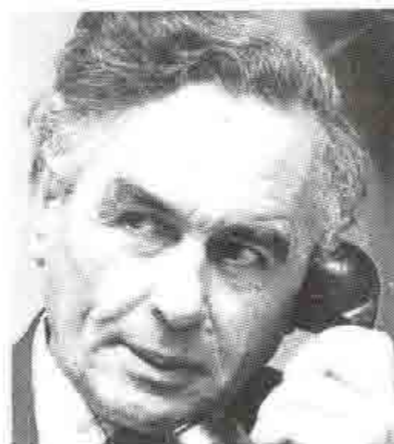
The old type storm lantern was a common sight with farmers going to the fair, in those days. Very often cattle on the way to the fair and in the dark would break through a fence and into a field of sodden wet clay and perhaps drains also, adding to the hardship and misery of the occasion. On arrival at the fair, the cattle had to be held in a group either in the middle of the street or on the sidewalk. Then

a hard look around to see if there were any buyers in sight. Very often two or three hours would pass before there was much activity in regard to buying, again depending on the type of trade at the time. Advantage was usually taken of a wet day by the buyers to allow the farmer to get wet through and, when cold and wet would be prepared to sell at much less than value. Sheep sales were easier to manage as farmers usually took along their own wooden pens to hold them in.

After the cattle were sold the farmer was left holding the stock for a further hour or two before being told to take them to the Railway Station or to a lorry for loading. Here again there was much hardship as all cattle for loading appeared to be moving at the same time and everybody trying to be first. After the cattle were loaded the buyer made arrangements to



Early Thursday morning in Gort Mart.



Manager of Gort Mart – Martin O'Donnell.

meet all of his customers outside the Bank at a given time when the farmer was paid in cash for his animals and was expected to be generous with the money back for luck. After this he had time for a very welcome meal and perhaps a few drinks with a friend before facing the journey back home.

THE START

When the move to establish Livestock Auction Marts in the county, started in 1959-60 there was much opposition from cattle dealers and traders in the towns where fairs were held. A public meeting was held in Gort in early 1960 to consider public support for a Mart in the town. The support expressed was sufficient to have a Mart Organising Committee formed for the purpose of collecting Share Capital. The Gort venture was part of a plan for a number of Co-operative Marts for the West of Ireland. The overall Committee, known as West of Ireland Co-operative Marts Committee had worked out an agreement with the Banks that where a selected centre was able to collect £4,000 in share-capital the Banks would put up the necessary finances required for the purchase of a site, building the Mart and working capital. It took over one year to collect the required £4,000 in each of the Mart centres and Gort was no exception. The opposition mounted against the campaign coming from vested interests and from Tangles living in the area, was a major henderence to the organisers.

The Gort Mart opened for business in 1962 and in a short space of time the street fairs died out in spite of the efforts of Tangles and others to keep them going. Today there are weekly sales in the Mart to replace the old monthly fairs on the streets. The town of Gort looks beautiful now, every house painted and shining, the streets nice and clean. No more worries over muck from the street



Three office assistants in Gort Mart – Tony Carly, Mrs. Patricia Loughnane and Paula Finn.

fairs being splashed up windows, walls and doors and in hallways of dwelling houses and no smells or hordes of flies.

DEVELOPMENTS

The Mart had five difficult years after opening for business due to the pressures I have already mentioned and the high bill in bank interest that had to be met each year. However, once it started showing a profit in 1962 and the volume of business started to increase, the opposition died away. Every year there are new additions to the Mart to provide better facilities and easier handling of livestock. Only recently the Mart Committee purchased extra property for further expansion, when required. The Mart turnover has now reached the £6,000,000,

mark and with the amount of money in circulation in the Gort area, everybody should benefit. The Society is now actively involved in land drainage and reclamation in the area, and are also helping to purchase heavy machinery for this purpose. The end result of this should be more fertile land from rocks and flooded areas, more livestock, more people and of course more money in circulation. Launched largely as a result of an act of faith by a small number of dedicated farmers in the area, the Gort Mart has proved itself. Today it stands as a symbol of the growing stature of the farmer in the area and his confidence in himself and his industry.

"There are the few who make things happen. The majority who watch things happen and, the thousands who have no idea of what has happened".

TO-DAY'S FARMER

by our Agricultural Correspondent

Is life more pleasant for the Irish farmer of to-day than it was for his counterpart back the years?

A difficult question to answer. It is surely more prosperous. It is almost a cliché now to say that

entry into the European Economic Community brought about a dramatic resurgence in the fortunes of the Irish farmer.

But this resurgence was preceded by many long years of hard toil with a meagre financial return.

In the bad old tariff days of the 1930's Mrs. Katie Fahy, Ballyaneen, remembers her husband Tommy selling 21 cattle for a fiver each. 40 years later her grandson David received £582 for a young bullock at Gort Show Mart.

E.E.C. entry made a great difference to Irish farming. For many years the price of Irish live-stock was well below the average price in other E.E.C. countries. The lifting of the tariff wall meant a great uplift to the Irish farmer as did the guaranteed intervention price in the years when there was a surplus of cattle on the E.E.C. market. The Irish farmer made great strides forward in the mid 1970's.

MART

In the Irish countryside the Mart brought about a great change in the farmer's life. The old fair was a tough struggle. It started the night before as the farmer set out from home in the light hours with his stock.

It was a long haul through the following day keeping the cattle together, making sure that none strayed and trying at the same time to strike the best possible bargain with a prospective buyer. The Mart is more streamlined.

There is no need to get up in the unseen hours, no need to stay standing all day and you are reasonably sure of getting the right price for your stock as they are weighed and priced accordingly. In the old fair as far as weight was concerned reliance was placed on a good guess.

Of course modernisation has brought its problems. T.B. and brucellosis tests now have to take place 30 days before a farmer brings his stock to the Mart. But in the long run this restriction safeguards the farmer.

TAXATION

Taxation of the farmer is a question that generates much hot air to-day. Since E.E.C. entry farming income has improved. But farmers are quick to point out that prior to 1972 income of the small farmer was well below that of the average industrial worker.

There is a genuine fear that taxation could reduce farming output. When a farmer has a fairly good year his tendency is to effect some improvements on his farm, to put money back into the farm — a new shed or new machinery — which will help his output. Taxation could put a halt to this.

Farmers already contribute handsomely to the central exchequer — levies on beef, disease, milk and of course rates on land. There is a substantial tax on every piece of machinery purchased by the farmer so there is no question of the farmer not playing his part in the redistribution of wealth.

The controversy over the proposed Super Levy has brought

Ireland's relationship with the E.E.C. once more into the limelight. Up to now the relationship has been good but unless this problem is satisfactorily resolved for the Irish daily farmer, it could turn sour. There is a milk surplus in Europe but this is scarcely the fault of the Irish dairy farmer as the Irish milk quota is very small.

HAPPY WAY OF LIFE

On a community basis the increasing prosperity of Irish farmers has helped business life enormously. It is accepted that a good year for farming means a good year for business. As a result the Irish farmer enjoys a more prestigious place in to-day's community than his counterpart back the years.

The Irish farmers time is his own. He values his independence. He can take a few hours off when he likes and do his work at a more convenient time. To-day he plays golf, drives a good car and, like his town friends, has the coloured T.V. However unless he is very big he cannot yet go on holidays — no trip to the Canary Islands, Tenerife or other sun-splashed countries.

He must stay at home in his farm and keep things ticking over day after day. Is he just as happy?

BADMINTON

Pat Craddock

Badminton is a game which has been increasing in popularity all over County Galway for the past number of years. This is especially noticeable in Gort where more people both youngsters and adults are enjoying the game. Great strides have been made in the standards of the game and a lot of credit must go to Christy McNevin and Mary Carey for the work they have done.

There is a great difficulty in bringing the standards to the highest level, however. The Town Hall court which is the Club premises has a ceiling which is much too low and the court is also too short and narrow — I think it's a pity the people of Gort wouldn't get together and build a proper sports complex which would be a great asset to the town.

Gort Badminton Club entered 3 teams in the County Galway leagues for 1979/80 Division 2, 3 and 5. All 3 teams are still in the running for honours — but the teams haven't really trained as hard as they might.

Player for Div. 2, 3 and 5 teams:
Division 2: Patricia Monaghan, Geraldine Monaghan, Mary Dolan, Agnes Connaire, Martina Walsh, Lar Connaire, Pat Craddock, John Nolan, Christy McNevin, Ronnie Killeen, Paraic Cummins.

Div. 3: Patricia McNevin, Dolores Oakley, Gene Leahy, Pauline Monaghan, Jamie Finnegan, Mary Carey, James Walsh, R. Killeen, P. Cummins, Mike Mullins, Michael Reddy.

Div. 5: Mrs. Monaghan, Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. Teresa Fahy, Kitty Gillane, Mrs. P. Fahy, Paraic Flanagan, Ger Linnane, Christy Monaghan, Dermott Duffy, Matt Murphy, Damian McGrath.

SCHOOLS BADMINTON

This year all 3 Post Primary Schools in Gort have entered teams in the Connacht Colleges Badminton Competition. **St. Joseph's Convent** have 2 teams — a Senior and Junior Girls and they qualified for the Connacht Semi-final in Senior Girls — their most exciting game being a draw with Vocational School. **Vocational School** also have 2 teams a Senior Girls and Junior Boys and both have done very well qualifying for the Connacht Semi-final — Voc. School are very grateful to the Town Hall Club and Fr. Carney in Our Lady's College for allowing us to play and practise in their halls. **Our Lady's College** entered 2 Senior Boys teams and 2 Junior Boys teams and have also done pretty well. It is wonderfully encouraging to see the school teams doing well.

In the Community Games — Gort did very well in reaching the County final where they were defeated by a strong Taylors Hill team from Galway City.

The Club runs several internal Club competitions. There was a competition for National Schools and after a very exciting series Billy Glynn and Tom Molloy beat Tomás O'Driscoll and Mamie Platt.



The Senior Girls Badminton team, Convent of Mercy: Betty Liddy, Stephanie Healy, Martina Walsh and Teresa Burke.

Senior Club Competition Results

Doubles

Winner: Christy McNevin and Paraic Cummins.
 Runner-Up: Martina Walsh and Pat Burke.

Mens Singles

Winner: Pat Craddock.
 Runner-Up: C. McNevin.

Ladies Singles

Winner: Martina Walsh.
 Runner-Up: Geraldine Monaghan.

There are competitions for the current season taking place at present in Mens and Ladies Doubles and Singles.

The Club also does its share for the Harvest Festival — organising competitions with many clubs from the local area, Galway city and some from Clare taking part — all helping to promote the image of Gort and the Harvest Festival.

Badminton is a game which some love to play! With racket, the shuttle to and fro it will sway. Beginners may miss, better players may slam. But after its over, into the tearoom we cram. For competitions by rule all must wear white, and oft times the games last till way after midnight. The Town Hall is old and the Badminton Court is too small. Though for adults and youngsters it's great to have a ball.

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When Lint was Lint

(Continued Part 4)

"Hello- Hell-o-o there Mrs. — she doesn't see me — and she's lookin'. Hell-Hello Mrs. McNamara she's comin at lasth — hundred thousand welcomes well indeed indeed and I thinkin'..."

"Well Mrs. O'Brien I heart someone callin' and I looked and looked but faith who is she says I to myself and 'tis your own self is in it — turn round — well talk of — red slacks."

"Red slacks indeed and you know where — Phyllis again."

"And how is she and George?"

"George? That's a pasth tense — she finished up with George though I thought him a lovely man — but he was a decaver — no more an accountant than I am meself and I can't keep accountant of the days that's in 'ed."

"Anyway forget about George wise birds has short memories — she's with a grand fella now, a Manager in Cleary's at leasth she tells me so — but we have to be seein' to be believers like the wan who put his finger in our Great Seaviour — Our Holy Lord. Come in to Paddy Kerinse's and our ould sate and, but tell me this where is your ould pal Mrs. Moroney, is she wid you."

"Mrs. Moroney, if we'll ever see light or sight of her again. She's over with her daughter Bridgie in Bermingham — that's in England. I had a letter

from her lasth week oh! doin fine — there's a black man and his family next to us says she and no finer people and all them talks about the black man and white men but faith.

"WELCOME LADIES"

"Come in."

"Welcome Ladies".

"And you kindly Mr. Kerins."

"The usual?"

"No Mr. Kerins no more Gin for me since I had a wan over the many in Sam Doyles — two hot Paddies; as I said..."

"But pon me oath the slacks is lovely on you, you losth the big fat bottom".

"Losth you may think but this camafledged. If you should see what I have underneath — stretch — Phyllis a gin — stretch briefs that 'ed mould the most unshapially back-side in man or woman you never see the likes — so don't as the man said two days afther the weddin' take all you see for granted."

"And how is Phyllis? God knows she's the only

wan bring life to Bradley's Lounge when she come."

"Phyllis as I said is ridin' high — a new mini — what the hell do I call them — a new Minor Mini or something like that oh! she's drivin herself now and she'll be down again in a week or two I'm sorr to say —"

"But you like to see 'er?"

"But not to hear 'er Mrs. Moroney — all new fangled ideas —"

"But that's with the times Mrs. O'Brien".

"Times and changes but do you know what I have to put up with. Next time



down Mamma with Henry, that's the Supervisoviar. I'll have meself believe — I'll put you in sthyle to make even Father Jennings eyes pop up when you goes up the Isle at Peterswell Church".

MINI SKIRT

"What in Christ's name are you up to now I demanded fair and straight

and she there in the kitchen before me. 'I'm bringin down' says she, oh Lord Christ save us — of all the things in this Earth — a mini skirt for you to wear — imagine me in a mini with me knobby knees".

"But if 'tis minis 'tis minis and we had no motivation in the changin".

"Phyllis says I wanchd in the Chapel of Labane or at the Coole — say that again — the bleddy Coole Lakes of Lady Gregory was enough. Never again says I, your blasthed see-thrus and them goose

pimples — and the kidney infection, I'll stick to me own ould long Johns for between oursels..."

"Not interruptin' oursels but how many taxed me to 'ed but why did you tell the whole world about 'ed for 'twas on the Guaire Book."

"I tould no wan but your own self and Mrs. Moroney and she's gone and..."

"But faix twas high

gossip in Killenena where the word out of your mouth isint sacred — a woman says to me outside the Chapel 'I see Mrs. O'Brien ties the ends of her knickers with black lacers' — I dident tell 'er, or didn't laugh ayther."

"Mr. Kerins did you tell-talk about what me and Mrs. Moroney and Mrs. McNamara here beside me was sayin when..."

"Not atall Mrs. O'Brien. In here to serve customers not to carry tales because..."

"But then who carried the Big News — the Guaire you said. Tell me Mr. Kerins was Father Glynn in here?"

"Not to my knowin Mrs. O'Brien Father Mc Glynn, maybe but as for Father..."

"But then may I ax you was Quinn in here that day — you know the buck I'm talkin' about. He used to have a kind a' of a paper — the Moon or The Star, God knows I forget it but 'twas a scandal mongin sort of a..."

"Quinn — oh that fella. Quinn wasent in here for oh! let me see — twelve months or more if I'm tellin you rightly. He's barred from here..."

"And what for may I ax?"

"To be thruthful to you Mrs. O'Brien for makin' a pass at me own missus. Wan day..."

"'Tis like his likes — for he's too damn well off as the wan says when the big Persesses was active in Roxborough Demesne — the longer the Check Book the shorter the Hem — fill

two more Mr. Kerins and to hell with Charlie Haughey's Budgeter — he's a no fag, no whiskey man now and he thinks we should all be the same — fill them up. I musth have a — to be polite — a look at powder room."

"Certainly Mrs. O'Brien out there and turn to your left and thro' the Lounge".

"Yes Sir — a pint of beer and a pint of — oh God almighty what happened to Mrs. O'Brien shouting 'Get out get out', 'Gie me the twig' and she wasent — are you alright Mrs. O — what's up?"

"Oh Mother of Christh Mr. Ker... wasent he there fornicstent me — Quinn the so and so — an open book and pencil be his side — come out of here Mrs. McNamara for

..."

"I dident know Mrs. O'Brien as sure as God he was barred..."

"Come on Mrs. McNamara come outa here to Rosies where we can thin way".

"I'll be off wid ya Mrs. O'Brien".

"Tell to our heart's content for I meant to tell you about the Yanks that was home to..."

[See next issue for an account of the Yanks home coming to Derrybrien and the Rakes of Drink from Macks and Joe Egan's and now...]

W.M. Quinn
(Copyright)

Passing of a Grand Artist

Michael O'Regan of Rindifen, Gort, was an amazing Natural Artist — one of the most lovable men it has been my pleasure to meet — whose disdain for wealth was the true attribute of men of real genius.

From a rugged chunk of sycamore he could, with only a penknife and small chisell create a life like image of Ankle the racehorse — once when that most lovable of priests, Fr. Christy Walsh was C.C. here (now President of St. Enda's College, Galway), Michael carved a basketball player in action that excited my untutored viewing — as prize for the blitz.

Michael would not accept payment (today it would no doubt be worth hundreds), but the benevolent Fr. Christy insisted and the reluctant Michael accepted, to be shared unstintingle amongst us in Joe Keane's Bar.

Such is the fibre of which really great men are made. Michael approached the "Golden Gate"



without a stain, with a talent that I envy, and a philosophy — the envy of lesser men.

Michael Regan with on left a Brood Mare and on right a Racehorse — the epitome of artistic perfection (1975).

W.M. Quinn

Welcome to Guaire Land

Welcome to this Land –
This Land of Guaire the Hospitable
Of Colmáin Naoimthe –
And the Tall Round Tower
And the Seven Holy Churches –
Of Yeats and Lady Gregory
And her Seven Woods of Coole
With Graceful gliding swans –
Children of Lir and Heritage –
And the rumbling Blackwater river
Meandering in hide and seek
To old Kinvara Quay –
This is an ancient Treasured Land
Of Literary and Historic fame –
Welcome stranger – welcome all –
We hope you'll come again.

W.M. Quinn
(Copyright)

KININCHA

Where'er you roam or call your home
There's one fair place and one alone
That's beauty's queen and poet's dream – Kinincha
Its placid scenes, its flooded fields,
Its many undulating greens,
Its streams, its lulls, its delts, its smells
Add up to Heaven's reflex –
Kinincha.

From far off Rome the Pope did phone
And said in angry Polish tone
You can keep your, Galway, Park,
Athlone
I only want to see – Kinincha

Its lonely roads, its trim abodes
May not appear in Milton's odes
But Shakespeare's last words were –
So tis said – Kinincha.

We're only here to have some fun
At least that's the reason I have come
So fill your lungs, and shout – in
unison –
Kinincha.

Pat Cunningham

This was the winning entry in the
Poetry Competition at last years
Gort Autumn Festival.

THE LOCAL INN

In Church Street fair, there is a bar
named as the Local Inn.
Some come to drink, more to think,
But all will spend their tin.

Sean
Leahy

I want a pint, said Jimmy Giant,
I know I have too many.
O fill it out, and close your mouth,
Says that dashing man called Vinney.

If you are sick, there is a trick,
That makes the head to cock.
A cure is there, behind that hair,
In a man thats known as Dok.

Now Matt O'Dowd, is in the crowd,
with recitations new.
He tells the tale, that makes you
pale,
of dangerous Dan McGrue.

I would like to boast, of Michael
Roche,
his Remy, is his sup.
If you want some juice, there is no
excuse,
he is there to fill you up.

When Clancy plays, the crowd they
sway,

When your star wanes low in the sky
of life
And your days change garment to
smurky night
When humour succumbs in a sea of
strife
And in all the dark not a single light,
You need a friend.
When the weave of fate casts a fatal
spell
And a loved one falls beneath its
curse
When tears make rivers of flooding
swell
And the hood of life is at its worst
You need a friend.
When life is a desert of empty time
and your days are atoms of dying
dreams;
When your life is volcanoed in every
line
and the pain of sorrow so sharply
screams,
You need a friend.



To tunes of days gone by,
And many a one, their mothers son,
Felt tears come to their eyes.

I have a pain, from all the strain,
Says Fiona near the bar.
Shut up your mouth, and fill it out,
I want another jar.

Its twelve o'clock, I hear the knock,
O Quinn again they say.
Then let him in, says all within,
It is his first today.

Over all the crowd, there comes a
clowd,
Its Pat in all his glory.
Drink up your pint, vacate the joint,
Its the end of my sad story.

Sean Leahy

TO FRIENDS

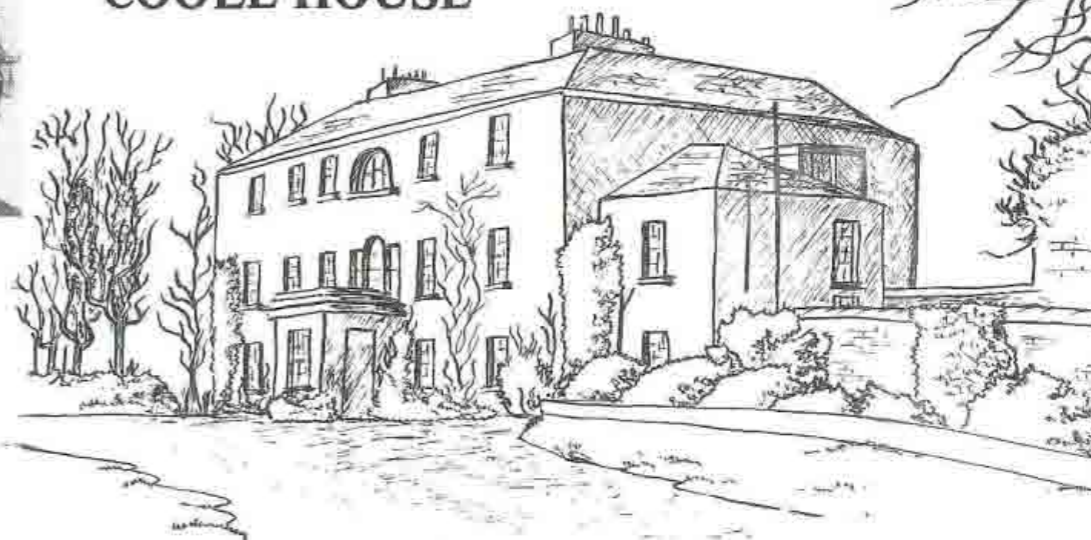
When life's champagne turns to bitter
gall
And deep depression slides by your
side;
When the glamour of life takes a
ghastly fall
with worries and sorrow your
constant bride
You need a friend.
When anguish whips with thorns
your soul
and memories hone the blade of loss
When saddened oils of the past unroll
and all, side the Apocalyptic horse,
You need a friend.
Discover the one that knows your lot
And right or wrong, with a Christian
love
Their hand is proffered for payment
not
But solely because of a creed from
above
That, is a friend.

Mark A. Scully

COOLE HOUSE



Irene Gill



Coole House was visited by such
well known people as George
Bernard Shaw, George Moore, Sean
O'Casey, An Craibhin Aoibhinn to
mention but a few. The estate was
purchased in 1768 by Richard
Gregory, 600 acres were bought at
first and much more was added
later.

Coole House was built by
Robert Gregory whose youngest
son Sir William married Augusta
Pearce in 1880 on his return from
Ceylon. Although he died a few
years later, Lady Gregory
continued to live in the house for
the next fifty years.

The House was approached by a
wide drive through undulating
parkland with a Gothic arch of
limes and ilexes. The house itself
was in fact very typically Irish in
style – built of local stone and with
a slate roof it was a three storeyed
cube of six bays on the East side
with a central therme window
above a square porch. On the West

side Victorian bow windows of the
drawing room and dining room
looked down to the lake. The house
commanded a most beautiful view
– the sun setting over the Burren,
the blue shadowed Connemara hills.

LIBRARY

The most important room at
Coole was of course the library
which contained old, beloved and
very rare books. In his will Sir
William Gregory is reputed to have
stated that Lady Gregory could
have any six books of her own
choice, but he later changed this
when he saw her great love of
books and she was left the whole
library.

The whole house was decorated
with marble statues, old pictures,
prints, engravings, lithographs and
portraits of family and friends who
came to Coole. The art collection at
Coole was mostly contemporary
art, ranging from Canova to Esptein
and almost all the rooms were lined

with pictures. In fact a portrait of
Robert Gregory, who built the
house overlooked the library.

SALE OF HOUSE

In 1921 excessively high land
rates forced Lady Gregory to sell
most of the land leaving only 300
acres. In 1927 the remainder
including the house was sold to the
Ministry of Lands and Agriculture
but Lady Gregory continued to live
there until her death for an annual
rent of £100.

In 1941 after a few years of
lying idle the house was sold by the
Land Commission to a local
building contractor who pulled it
down for stone value. Today
nothing of historic value except the
foundations remain.

*"The floor is gone, the windows
gone,
And where there should be roof
there's sky".*

Yeats

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Tempus Fugit

If it has ever been your sorry fate to suffer from some small but nagging ailment or had a child who has, then you will know of the torture about which I will speak.

For you will inevitably lose your patience with the nagging darts of pain and the discomfort to which you have become prone and in such a weak moment you will solicit the aid of your general practitioner who must dispatch you forthwith to . . . wait for it . . . the clinic.

You will not realise the implications. One in your position never does. You are there the night prior to your visit, nursing say your fallen arches, and thinking of the bliss that will be yours in a matter of hours, and the fact that you will be able to discard your slippers with the pom-pom on top and walk in fashionable footwear without wearing the heels to the sole within a month.

The following day you depart your home in high spirits. Relief you think will be yours at last.

You will leave in plenty of time. Your appointment is at ten o'clock, and you arrive at 9.45. You assume a position on one of the comfortable chairs in the waiting room and you wait . . . and wait . . .

The scenery is quite attractive and interesting. The odd plant wilting and depleted; the out-of-order drink machine; the homey waft of antiseptic. The tea bar will also attract your attention with the painfully fresh jam doughnuts and the aroma of fresh tea. But you wonder why it could possibly be there, I mean whom among the patients would need it. They wouldn't be there long enough. Would they? So you reassure yourself by saying that the brisk custom the tea bar, is constituted mainly of defeated med. students who are down for a quick cuppa and you wait . . . wait . . . wait . . .

ENTER NURSE

Finally after about a half an

hour a nurse comes out and says "Any patients for the orthopaedic clinic". You charge at her card in hand. She will look you up and down and accepting it will cast you a disdainful "n'kew". She will



Gerurdine Killeen

exercise the same process with some few other souls and will retreat from where she came in that typical business-like fashion.

You then return to waiting; your patience ebbing constantly. Then some poor woman with an army of little ones will come and sit by you. Her mites will buzz about both mother and you and she will proceed to inform you that she is in with little Johnny to the E.N.T.

Her children will go one forever in pursuit of "sweeties and "bunse" and "chocky". When this inundated human who would drag pity from a turnip asks you to mind the keep while she goes in with little Johnny you are unable to refuse.

So you sit there in the middle of the charged atoms endeavouring to keep order and wondering why in the name of all that is Holy and Divine does a woman who came in

hours after you gets going before you and you remark at the lack of justice in the world.

She will finally come out with little Johnny and give you a "Salmonella Add" description of the doctor and what he told her. She will bid you a most pitying goodbye and leave you hope that you "Get going quick".

You are, after the wait and the kids in a gasping state for a cuppa and you procure for yourself a cup of tea and a bun. You sugar it generously as you are about to take the first sip the self-same nurse will come out and call your name. The fright causes you to spill half your tea, you down all the converge on the door, praising all the deities known.

The doctor will ask you to doff your shoes and stockings. "Stand up straight and walk towards the door" You obey his every word "fallen arches". He shouts as though he had discovered the ailment for the first time. He scribbles a few words on a card, tells you to don once more, your shoes and socks and ejects you with a "Next".

The Nurse will follow you, giving you the card and telling you that you are to be measured for corrective fittings for your shoes and that you must wait.

The shock of the later sends you back to your seat dolefully you find the remainder of your spill tea and that someone has departed with your bun.

Now at the point of tears, you replenish the tea, forget the bun and reseat yourself pitying yourself lovingly.

If you are waiting for a seat home you will now, no doubt be in the process of explaining to the driver of the homeward bound vehicle that you are not finished yet and ask him meekly to wait.

As the minutes pass you become more impatient than ever before. You even become tense as you

Gerurdine Killeen

must repeatedly ignore the head poking about the corner in wistful hope that you are now finished.

Finally you are fitted and are released being told: "You will have them in a few weeks". You have

THE STAR. GORT. SATURDAY, 3rd FEBRUARY, 1951

We are always suspicious of a man with stiff starched cuffs, peeping suggestively out a good half inch beyond his coat sleeves.

That man is either the spouse of an ex Domestic Economy Instructress or a "daisy" else he's a bachelor.

Ordinary husbands or even romantically inclined males rarely bother or can afford to maintain the impeccable standard that peeping stiff starched cuffs demand.

They prefer to tuck them up securely with a safety pin and make the higher region - between the chin and the chest - their number one concern.

So many honest-to-goodness soap and water women put cleanliness and pliability before stilness and show, that we suspect the average wearer of above mentioned, or his wife, to be patrons of the local laundry -

waited until 2.30 in the waiting room for 2 mins. with the doctor and 4 mins. with the fitter. You leave, your feet aching worse than ever before in your life and hunger pangs stinging you terribly.

which is a blot on the resourcefulness and ability of the female.

A husband is his wife's shop window.

When half moons peep up from his heels, it adds insult to injury and clearly and publicly brands her, as truly a "daisy" not worthy the name of woman - a wielder of the tin opener, a friend of the frying pan, and maybe a connoisseur of the stuff that calls for corkscrews.

The art of making and mending, or darning and ironing is sadly in the wane.

Modern inventions pamper our womenfolk and tends to make

When you finally fit the lifts, you find that you must wear them here, simply months and that you may not for a long long time discard the pom-pom slippers. Woe is you.

them artificial.

"Camouflage if possible; buy before sew," is the motto of many of them.

Women, you owe a debt of duty to your man - to mould him in the right directions and release him to public view, if not expensively and fashionably dressed, at least spick and span, proud in the knowledge that people who gaze in the "shop window" will see a reflection of an economic, resourceful, clean and worthy housewife.

On such foundations, happy homes and contented nations are built.

Best wishes to Guaire from

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Chemical Dept.

For all your chemist requirements, jewellery.

Phone: Gort 2

out and about

Death

There were two very sad deaths in Tiernevan side of Gort parish since our last issue. Christy Grealish and Brendan Linnane both married men in their 30's with young families were called to their rewards. We hope and pray that the Lord will comfort both families in their tragic loss. We believe that those who suffer much in this life will be richly compensated in the next. May Christy and Brendan rest happily in their eternal home.

Parties

The post Christmas season saw two functions organised for senior citizens in the parish. One was the Annual Christmas Party organised by the Gort Social Services grouping in the Convent of Mercy which was a great success. The other was a party for people living alone and was organised by Gort I.C.A. in the I.C.A. hall.

Bridge

The Bridge Club visited Kinvara and Ennistymon recently and were regally entertained by the host clubs. Gort returned the compliment and all functions were most enjoyable. Winners of the Sullivan Cup were Joe Muldoon and Michael Cunningham, 2nd Mrs. Pauline Glynn and Fr. Enda Glynn, 3rd Jack and Nuala Murphy. A mini Congress was run off in mid-February. Pairs from Athenry, Kinvara, Ennistymon and Gort competed. The winners were: 1st Nancy Connole and Bridie Young, 2nd Joe Muldoon and Michael Cunningham, 3rd Brendan and Carmel Burke, 4th Paddy Kavanagh and Shaun McMahon.

Jobs

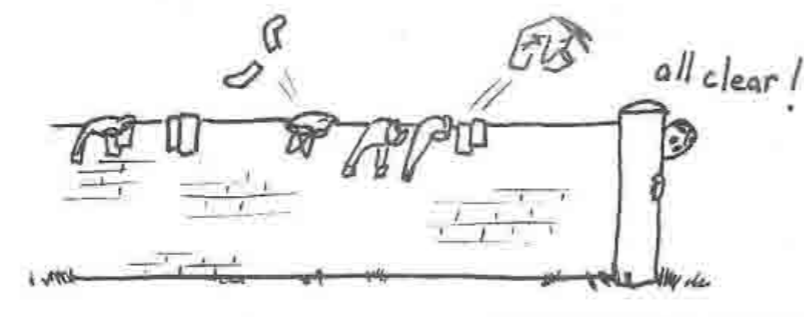
Louise Joyce and Frank Shaw have both joined the staff of the Bank of Ireland and are working in Pembroke and Baggot St. branches respectively. We wish them success as they start out on their first jobs.

G.A.A.

Work on the Dressing Rooms in St. Colman's Park is progressing and the G.A.A. report that they expect to have them opened next summer. Should anyone from Gort at home or across the water wish to support this project they can do so by sending a contribution direct to Frank Lally, The Square, Gort.

New School

Many young fathers and mothers will be pleased to hear that action is at last going ahead on a new Boys National School. The site for the school is between Ballyhugh and the Sportsfield.



Karate

Karate classes have commenced on Tuesday and Thursday nights in Our Lady's College under the direction of a Galway trainer. Fr. Carney very kindly made the premises available and there is a regular attendance of over 60.

Golf

Golfer of the Year in Gort Golf Club for 1979 was Sean Devlin. The award is based on the most consistent performances in the important competitions played in Gort G.C. over the year.



Dinner Dances

Post Christmas is the high season for dinner dances and Gort has been pretty rampant with them. Among the better known dinner dances were The Lee Staff Dance, The Mayoral Ball (Rugby), The Golf Captain's Dinner, Ballyanin Group Water Scheme, Mentally Handicapped Buffet, Physically Handicapped Dinner, and of course the Gort G.A.A. Dinner planned for February 1st but postponed as a mark of respect to Gerry P. Fahy after his injury. All who know Gerry P. and the Fahy family are delighted that he is making a very satisfactory recovery.

Elocution

Elocution classes for children of national school age are being conducted every Friday evening in the I.C.A. Hall by Mrs. Peggy O'Reilly. The classes are well supported and of great benefit to the children.

Ballybrit

Six young people from the Gort Youth group who were in Ballybrit for the visit of Pope John Paul attended a special ceremony in Galway recently to commemorate the visit. A special Oak Tree was planted by Bishop Eamonn Casey in a field opposite the Poor Clare Convent in Nun's Island to symbolise the light of faith which Pope John Paul brought to the youth of Ireland.

Youth representative from every parish in the diocese attended. Gort's representatives were Maria Long, Antoinette Fennessy, Johanna Burke, Rose Connors, Patrick Flaherty and Catherine Cummins.

To mark the occasion Bishop Casey presented an Oak Tree to

Marriage

Guire would like to congratulate John Finnegan and Violet Hamilton on their recent marriage.

Violet and John Finnegan



every parish - this will be planted at a special ceremony in Gort at a later date.

Unislim

A Unislim class for about 25 figure conscious ladies is held in Sullivan's every Monday night. The lbs are disappearing fast and furious. The class is conducted by Mrs. Teresa Brennan, a Unislim trainee and the course fee is £3.25 and 75p per night.

Disco's

Disco's are a topic that generate a good deal of hot air, sometimes in unexpected quarters. Since Gort Youth Club re-opened in September three disco's have been run under its auspices - one at Halloween, one at Christmas and the third on this St. Patrick's weekend - all of course were supervised. In addition the Club ran a bus for a Christmas disco in Kinvara who have been one of Gort's best supporters.

From time to time other youth groups and political parties run disco's. Participation by young people in these disco's is solely a matter between young people and

their parents. This is an area where each family must make its own decision - there is where the buck stops.



THE GREATER TREES OF COOLE

by Val Tynan, N.C., Gort

With the stir of unfolding buds, of woodlands growing golden with hazle catkins let us regard the majestic trees of Coole Park.

Deep in the avenue our cars amble reverently under the towering canopy of the Holly or Evergreen Oak. These regal of trees are slow starters in life hardly attaining ten feet in the first decade, then spurting 35 ft. in 30 years. In the following 70 years just doubling their height but spreading hugely. Having passed these sovereign of trees we have the freedom of the seven woods. Down the incline towards the core we are flanked by common beech and laurel, the former shedding its crispy orange winter attire drowsily. Beeches most common guise is in town gardens as a hedge, an attribute given scope in Coole's more recent life.

MULBERRY TREE

Once out of our cars we must discriminate, else engulfed by the legions of varied tree trunks. Towards the site of the house and worthy of note is the little Laburnum tree of recent introduction to here. A member of the bean family, so pretty so poisonous, profuse with yellow racemes in May highlighting the glossy green bark. And opposite in seclusion by the kitchens wall, the Black Mulberry tree, with its prop giving it an appearance of ommece antiquity. An easy though rather slow tree to grow. What other tree can give a garden a greater sense of established pride! The leaves broad and handsome are a muted shiny green on their upper side. The berries, green in summer turning deep red in late July and black before falling are neglected as fruits combining the extremes of mushiness and pippiness.

On the west side of the site towards the walk to the lake see the

elegant London Plane with its creamy flaking bark. Strown on the grass we may see a few of its leaves, they are very similar to those of the Maple but are five lobed. The London Plane is a very vigorous tree and stands steadfast in industrialised areas, given a good bit of soil it will grow two or three feet per year. A rare tree the Plane is a hybrid, seedlings are seldom seen as the seed is infertile. Partially hidden on our left is the Lime tree so demanding of our attention in high summer with its fragrant cream flowers filling the air with humming of bees drawn for its abundant nectar.

The blossoms if gathered and laid to dry for a day or so help make an interesting beverage; Linden Tea. Now however we see its unclad form, the smooth dark shiny red buds, the mahogany bark. Lime is the tallest broadleaved tree in Ireland. As we stroll on towards the horse pump passing the leaning Monterey Cypress, at a quick glance these resemble a rather bushy Cedar of Lebanon. This cypress is a very fast grower and is often used as a shelter belt in exposed regions, though Leyland Cypress is now preferred being anchor fast. The foliage of the Monterey Cypress when crushed gives the aroma of lemons. Just short of the horse pump we veer right having the now ghostlike Silver Birch standing in the ice cold water.

As we rise this gentle hill everywhere we see the Cherry Laurel, the common one that thrives in the darkest shade. At the hills crest we take the arrowed pathway and towards the car park. Hereabout are many young Ash trees with their pale grey bark. Botanically the ash belongs to the Olive family, their fruits could scarcely be less alike. Perhaps you can see the fruits those that have escaped the Bullfinches.

We are now close to the back lawn of earlier days now covered



Val Tynan

with myriads of Norway Spruce. We have no identification problems with the Horse Chestnut, these are red flowering, they are hybrid and somewhat smaller than the common form. The chestnut is the biggest of all ornamentally flowering trees.

AUTOGRAPH TREE

Along we go on the nature trail to the northern gate of the walled garden. To the left outside is the Portugal Laurel, a smart looking round topped tree, carrying its healthy green year round. Within the garden all eyes fall on the "Autograph Tree", a beauty in its own right even without any autographs. The tree is a Copper Beech. Today we cannot marvel at the deep red almost black leaves, but come summer.

In former times Copper Beeches were rumoured to be the mark of Mother Natures disapproval at some violation - the blood refusing to repose in the earth. The bark is easily seen now in full light as being a slightly roughened silvery grey.

Wearily trekking to our cars we must see this fallen tree inside the red gate. It is the Catalpa, usually the last tree to leaf late in summer. Then the softly furry heart shaped leaves some 10 inches across give the tree a tropical appearance. Catalpa's other name of the Indian Bean Tree only strengthens this impression. The Catalpa is a sun

loving tree tolerant of most soils. Growth is rapid but the tree is short lived, decay may set in before the tree is 100 years old.

Again in the car park can we see

the common Yew? All Yew trees are poisonous. Among trees they are symbolic of death. In September the female of the tree is very alluring with its fleshy red seed

coats. As we drive out the avenue the sharp eye discerns the Monkey Puzzle standing sentinel and bidding us farewell!



A Kiltartan School photo dating back to the 1920's. Bottom Row: Joe Dooley R.I.P., Vincent O'Loughlin R.I.P., Paddy Donoghue, Alfie Quinn, Tommy Lally R.I.P., Dr. Vincent Noone, Peter Diviney. 2nd Row: Tessie Quinn R.I.P., Eve Quinn R.I.P., Bridie Reilly, Brigid Moran, Martin Hehir, John Quinn, Michael Lally R.I.P., Colie Quinn and Paddy Purcell. 3rd Row: Thomas Hynes, John Hynes, Paddy Reilly, Nora Lally, Mart Kate Killeen, Kathleen Hehir, Margaret Quinn, Nance Cahill, Bridie Quinn and Biddy Cahill. 4th Row: James Treston N.T., Michael Mulkerre, Jack Diviney R.I.P., Colie Moran, Lally Quinn, J.J. Noone, Joe Quinn, Bob Noone, Micko Killeen, Nora Diviney and Peg Cahill. 5th Row: John Joe Purcell, Andrew Quinn, Babs Corley, George Dooley, Mary Ann Hehir, Una McLoughlin, Kathleen Diviney, Lizzy Quinn and Kitty Quinn.

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WHAT A NAME!

Peadar Ó Conaire

While most Irish place names are Gaelic, many are pre-Celtic. English names are also numerous throughout the country. Many of these however are translations or corruptions of Gaelic names. Other "English" names are of Scandinavian origin, for example, Waterford (Norse-Vethrafjörth), Howth (Norse-höfuth i.e. "head").

It is more than a century now since the Ordnance Survey "stabilized" the official English spelling of Gaelic place names. The Survey had sad repercussions i.e. meanings of place names became obscure; pronunciations distorted. Place names carrying a depth of meaning became almost meaningless, for example Ballinasloe (a sloe from Ballina?). Only when one looks at the Gaelic version of the name i.e. Béal Átha na Slua, Béal Átha Béal = Ford + slua (host) does one grasp the significance of this most beautiful place name.

Indeed modern planners, local authorities etc pay little more attention to the depth of meaning contained in Gaelic place names than did those who conducted the Ordnance Survey in the last century. Was there not an attempt to delete "Inse Guaire" from the Irish name of "Gort" some years ago? It is rather strange that the conductors of the Ordnance Survey did not corrupt the name "Gort Inse Guaire". "Gortinchagorey" would seem an obvious if grossly bastardised, Anglo-Irish name for the town.

There are many interesting place names in the Gort area. They can classify under the following headings:

- A. Mountains and elevated places.
 - B. Glens and plains.
 - C. Rivers and marshes.
 - D. Nature: woods etc.
 - E. Location and shape.
 - F. Man and use of the land.
- A. Cregg - Creag (crag, rock).
 - Knockaunawadda - Cnoc (hill). Diminutive Cnocán + Mada. The

little hill of the dog.

Knockroe - Cnoc + Rua (Red Hill). Lahardaun - Leath (half) + Ardán (high place).

Rineen - Rinn (point, extremity, promontory). Diminutive Rineen. i.e. small promontory.

B. Ballybaun - Baile (place, homestead, town etc.) + Bán (untilled land, a plain).

Glenbrack - Gleann (Glen valley) + Breac (speckled, combination of colours etc.)

Pollatagaill - Poll (hole) + Seagal (rye).

C. Annagh - Eanach (moor, swamp, bog etc.)

Ballyaineen - Baile (homestead etc.) + Diminutive of Eanach.

Fiddaun - Feadán (pipe, streamlet).

D. Derreen - Diminutive of Doire (an oak wood).

Derrykeel - Doire + caol i.e. narrow oak wood.

Gortnacullia - Gort + coill i.e. field of the wood (grove).

E. Coole - Cúil (corner, recess).

Drummin - Droim (back, surface) Diminutive Droimín.

Drumminacloghaun - Droimín + Clochán (paved road, causeway).

Tonranny - Tóin (bottom, end, low-lying ground) + Raithneach (fern). i.e. low-lying land of the fern.

Kininchá - Ceann (head, point) + Inis (island). i.e. point of the island.

F. Attifineen - Áit + Tí + Finín. The site of the house of Finín - Saint. Fionn (fairhaired) Diminutive Finín.

Ballyburin - Baile + Boirean (rocky). i.e. Rocky farmstead, etc.

Ballynakill - Baile + Cill (church). i.e. homestead of the church etc.

Ballyboy - Baile + Bui (yellow).

Boleyphaudeen - Buaile (mountain habitation for Summer dairying) + Páidín. Diminutive of Pádraig i.e. Small Patrick's (pateen's) booley.

Cahermore - Cathair (stone enclosure fortress) + Mór. Often applied to a monastic settlement.



Caherbrien - Cathair + Brian. i.e. Brian's fortress.

Carrownavohanaun - Ceathrú (part, district, quarter) + na + Fothanáin (thistles). i.e. Distric of the thistles.

Carrowgarra - Ceathrú + Garbh (rough, uneven). i.e. The uneven part.

Cloon - Cluain (meadow, pastureland) c.f. Clontarf - bull's meadow.

Cloondine - Cluain + Doimhin (deep). i.e. deep meadow.

Cloonteen - Cluaintín. Diminutive of Cluain. i.e. little meadow.

Gortskeagh - Gort + Sceach (bush) i.e. bushy field.

Gortacarnaun - Gort + Carnán (heap, mound). Diminutive of Cairn.

Gortnaclashagh - Gort + Clais (stream).

Lavally - Leath + Baile i. Half of a townland.

Tamhnagh - Tamhnach (a cultivated spot in a wasteland).

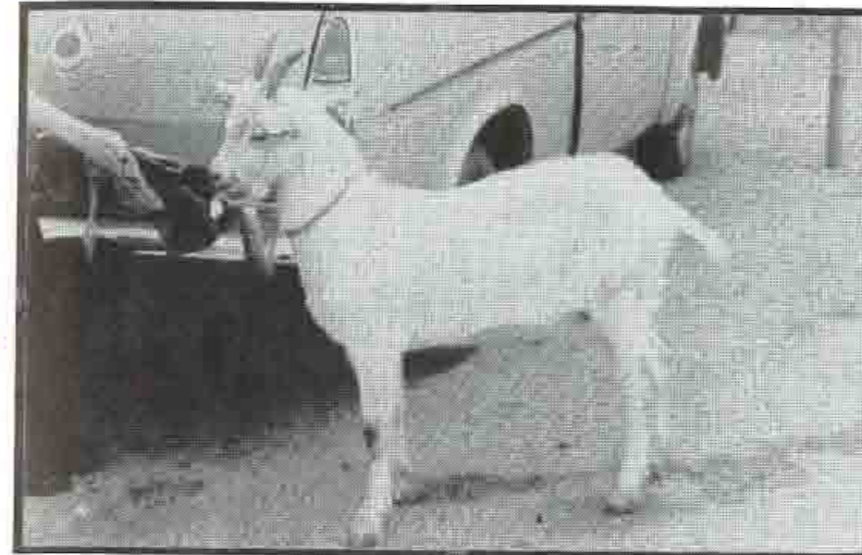
Lismoyle - Lios (rampart around a dwelling-house) + Maol (bare).

Tirnievan - Tír (territory) + Naomhín. Diminutive of Naomh. Land of the small Saint.

Tiraloughan - Tír + Lochán (pool).

Note: My sincere thanks to Mrs. Sadie McInerney who supplied me with a list of local place-names.

THE LONELY WHITE GOAT



The lonely white goat eating cabbage at Gort Market.

Pictured at The Square, Gort, Co. Galway is a Yearling He Goat, bewildered by his unorthodox surroundings.

He was the only old-time animal on offer at Gort's Saturday Vegetable Market two weeks ago.

Vendor was Michael Slattery of Gilroe, Tubber - a Wicklow man, who with his German wife Barbara, indulges in a diversity of occupations, in the once derelict old thatched house they bought and refurbished. He grows unusual vegetables, house paints and rears goats.

Demand was slow. Eventually "Snowy" the goat was knocked down at £12 (and return the hide) for Michael has now taken up the craft of Bodhrán making.

35 LBS.

The purchaser, Mr. McElligot of

Galway Road, Gort, said afterwards that he was delighted with his purchase - skinned and cleaned it weighted 35 lbs. - and the stewed or roasted flesh was delicious.

Like the Ass and Baskets, Goats today are little more than a Postcard memory. Once thousands of goats roamed wild on the mountains of Carron in Co. Clare, and all along the west coast from Cork to Donegal, and were a source of income and provided milk to the small holders.

In the early 40's, their kids sold at up to 7/6, and provided an Easter Dinner on a par with the Christmas Goose.

GORT SLAUGHTER HOUSE

During the Second World War years of 1939-45, meat starved Britain offered a ready market for Goat flesh. A Dublin dealer, the

well loved Oscar Woolfson, set up a slaughter house at Church Street, Gort, employing two butchers, Tommy Hynes and Andy Jordan and each day, waggon loads of goats, bought at up to 30/- each, left Gort Railway Station, for London. Some old goats weighed up to 12 stones. Even long horned, shaggy haired puck goats were accepted. Now, Killorglan, Co. Kerry Festival Committee looked to Co. Wicklow for a Puck to crown their Annual Festival - a sad reflection on the dwindling goat herds - that once in mighty independence and freedom whipped up their bearded heads in scorn and swift-footed, disappeared over the craggy hills, in disdain at mans intrusion.

RURAL LIFE DEVALUED

The ass, the horse, the free range hens and cocks have almost gone.

Rural life is less happy and less tranquil today.

The child-like bleat of the kid goat is no more - the brag of the ass is never heard - the cackle of the homely hen no longer bring psalm to the "Mechanical Housewife" - fleches of bacon no longer adorn the walls above the smokey open fires - and the polished fire-side hobs are replaced by oil-fired impersonal ranges.

Oh! for succulent kid at 7/6; slibers of salted smoke-cured bacon from over the fire-place - hens that gave eggs and hen soup with plenty of grand flesh for a nourishing dinner with carrots, parsnips and mounds of flowery spuds - and a heavenly chat at the placid open turf fire.

W.M. Quinn

Nothing beats a log fire

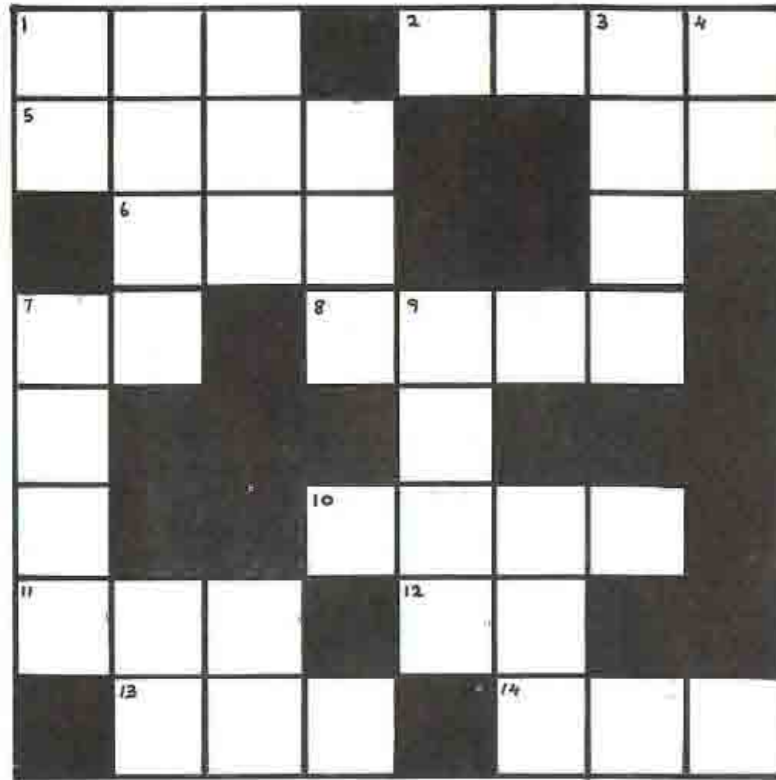


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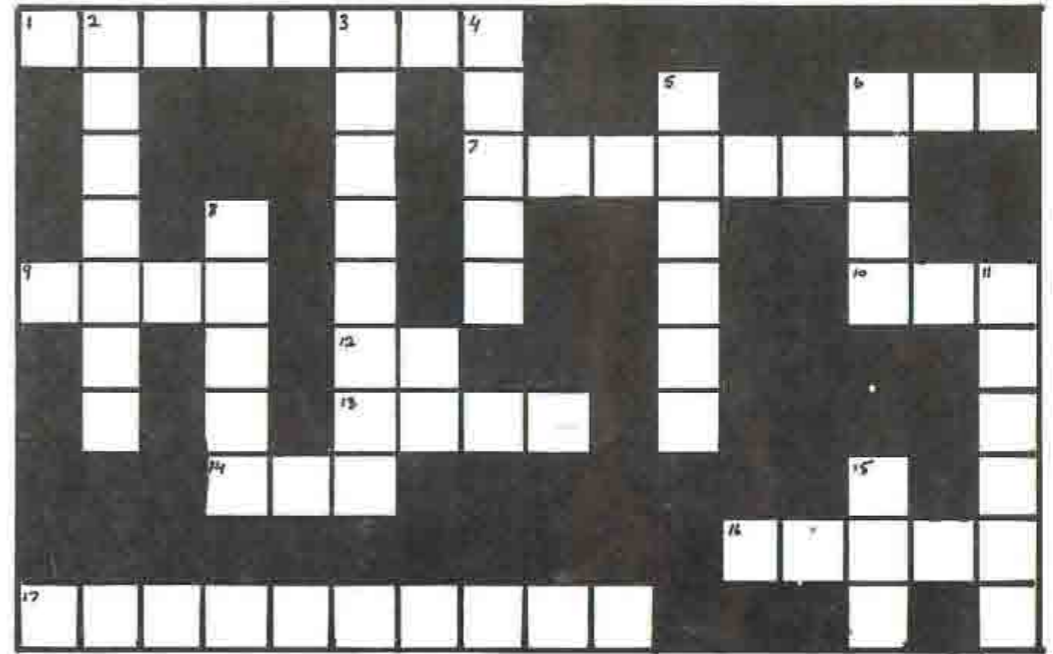
CROSSWORD



- Across
- $6^2 \times 5$.
 - Number of thousandths in 2.313.
 - Number of grams in 8.150 kg.
 - Find the interest on £400 for 3 years as 15% per annum.
 - 4^3 .
 - 3.15 p.m. as written in 24-hour clock time.
 - Number of mm. in 1.1 metres.
 - Number of degrees in $3\frac{1}{2}$ right angles.
 - 3^3 .
 - 1.5×1.5 .
 - $3^3 \times 5$.

- Down
- Number of grams in 1.105 kg.
 - $\frac{1}{3}$ of a right angle.
 - 3 times 2111.
 - $3 \times 2000 - 582$.

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- CLUES ACROSS
- Very strong animal of Africa.
 - Insect that stings you.
 - Long necked animal.
 - Very fast animal of Ireland.
 - Irish male animal with horns.
 - ... Goat.
 - Related to a monkey.
 - Type of monkey.
 - Large species of deer.
 - Horned farm animal.

- CLUES DOWN
- Large spotted animal.
 - Deer-like animal.
 - Fast animal of Africa.
 - Sea animal of North Pole.
 - Grizzly...
 - Striped animal.
 - A climbing animal.
 - Enemy of domestic birds.



QUIZ



- What was St. Paul's name before his conversion?
- Irish poet Thomas Moore was born in the year 1799. He died in what year?
- How did the mocking bird get its name?
- What is the name of the Australian National Anthem?
- What is a Chordophone?
- In which of the United States of America would you find the Yosemite National Park?
- According to Greek mythology one man was saved when Hercules took pylos. Who was he?
- Turdus Merula is a very common Irish bird. Give its English name.

- What is the land area of the world in square miles (approx.)?
- In what Irish county is Mine Head?
- In what country is the Nelson River?
- Who wrote the book *An Béal Bocht*?

The first correct answer of the Quiz and two Crosswords receives £5. Entries confined to children under 16 on January 1st. Address entries to:

Fr. Enda Glynn,
Guairé Quiz,
The Presbytery, Gort.

RIDDLES by John Neilan

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| Q. What is the longest night?
A. A fortnight. | Q. Why did the boy scout feel dizzy?
A. Because he had done too many good turns. | Q. What did the carpet say to the floor?
A. Don't move I've got you covered. |
| Q. Why did the sick cashier steal money from the till?
A. He thought the change would do him good. | Q. Who said two heads are better than one?
A. The barber. | Q. What would you call a burning jacket?
A. A blazer. |
| Q. What happened to the Kerry woodworm?
A. It was found dead in a brick. | Q. Why did Robinson Crusoe take the weekend off?
A. Because he had all his work done by Friday. | |
| Q. What goes round the wood but never goes into the wood?
A. The bark of a tree. | Q. What has four legs and tail and goes tick-tick-tick?
A. A watchdog. | |

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GORT YOUTH CLUB

Darina Fahy

Gort Youth Club got off to an early start in the '80's with the showing of a film at Our Lady's College. The company who were to supply the film failed to produce the goods but thanks to the generosity of Fr. Treacy of St. Flannan's College, Ennis, the comedy "Are you being Served" was shown instead.

The visit of Kinvara Youth Club in January was a big success. Over 36 Kinvara members took part in the activities, such as soccer, table tennis and badminton. Mrs. Enda Daly helped the visitors to make shortcake while the big responsibility lay on Micheal's Sullivan's shoulders who kept tally on the Kinvara members. The night was completed by the inevitable Disco.

SOCCER

The soccer leagues were a big

success. The teams involved in the final were Kieran Reddy, Paul Fennessy, Chris Crowley, Declan Spellman, Bernadette Fennessy and Mary Roche against Andrew Forde, Brian Kilroy, Gerry Broderick, Patrick Flaherty, Eitna Lally and Patricia Kelly. The beautiful trophies were sponsored by Johnny Sullivan to the winning teams captained by Kieran Reddy and Andrew Forde.

DEBATES

The debates too are coming to a close with the semi-final stages being played off. The teams involved are George's St. - Ann Gallagher, Gerardine Moloney, Mary Moloney. Church St. - Jarlath McInerney, Bernadette Fennessy, Noreen Corcoran. Suburbs - Fiona Murray, David Murray, Brid Fallon and finally Galway Rd. - Mary Murphy, Edel Cunningham, Brendan Spelman.

The concert which took place in March was a great success. "Across the Lawn" was presented by the youth club's dramatic society who were helped by Pat Walsh. "This is Your Life" presented by K. Glynn was a big highlight of the evening. There were also singing groups, dancing, ballads and gymnastics.

Preparations are on at the moment for a visit of the Gort Youth Club to Kinvara and Ardahan. Also, there are attempts to organise a regional executive in the south Galway area. Our representatives are Mrs. Evelyn Roche and her son Joe.

We thank all those who have helped the Youth Club this year all the members involved for participating in the activities.

KILTARTAN YOUTH CLUB

Imelda Nolan

The Youth Club is in full swing and their activities to date have been highlighted by the final of the debating competition which was held in late January. Within the Club ten teams took part and all competitors showed great enthusiasm. The motion for the final debate was "Television is ruining community co-operation". The winning team, who were for the motion, were Pascal Greaney (capt.), Paul Cafferky, Thomas Linnane and Mary Linnane. They defeated Francis Burke (capt.), Kevin Egan, Peter Melville and Margaret Neilan.

Both teams were presented with nice trophies. The Youth Club wish to thank the adjudicators throughout the competition and especially Mr. Seamus O'Malley

who judged the final.

On New Year's Eve members of the club played music and sang carols in the town and collected a sum of £78 and they would like to thank those who contributed.

Soon many members of the Club will be presented with their First Aid certificates. The course lasted 15 weeks and the members have benefited greatly from it. Thanks is due to Mr. Tom Casey who arranged for the lectures given by Mr. Lynsky.

The members are happy to announce that they have an Insurance Policy which covers them in all their activities within the Club and outside anywhere in Ireland.

A table-tennis competition has got underway and it should supply keen competition.



Imelda Nolan

Your Stars

AQUARIUS

(January 21st to February 19th)
You are in for a shock soon. Beware of dogs and stoats and tax inspectors.

PISCES

(February 20th to March 20th)
Romance is high on four stars for the next while. A tall, dark and handsome person is coming your way. Have you got your telly licence.

ARIES

(March 21st to April 20th)
Your stars have a bad outlook for the next few weeks. Colour is celeophane.

TAURUS

(April 21st to May 21st)
If you have travel planned for the future you are free to do so. With the price of drink so high now, there is no fear of you worrying about giving up the drink.

GEMINI

(May 22nd to June 21st)
People may seem to be a bit unusual towards you for a while and its your fault. Try to wash now and again.

CANCER

(June 22nd to July 22nd)
You better watch out for low flying birds as your stars say you will have something drop from Heaven to you.

LEO

(July 23rd to August 23rd)
Have no apprehension about the weather. It will suit you fine. This month wet weather is best for doing nothing.

VIRGO

(August 24th to September 23rd)
You may be discouraged this month but don't worry, have a glass of Andrews and everything will run smoothly.

LIBRA

(September 24th to October 23rd)
Your work may be more difficult this month and you may find it hard to apply yourself. But don't worry, after the last budget you will make as much by dassing anyway.

SCORPIO

(October 24th to November 22nd)
The moon is in the seventh house and there are 60 rewards in a . In other words you would be better off in bed.

SAGITTARIUS

(November 23rd to December 22nd)
Politics seems high in your stars this month. It is likely that your Councillor will fail, yet again, to have your rubbish picked up.

CAPRICORN

(December 23rd to January 20th)
Keep an eye on the weighing scales in the next few weeks. Thieves would take anything they are dogs.

SAINT BRIGID'S DAY

by Brenda Daly,
Age 12

Saint Brigid's day which falls each year on February 1st is a day which is special to all Irish people - the reason being that St. Brigid is known as "Mary of Ireland", Muire na nGael.

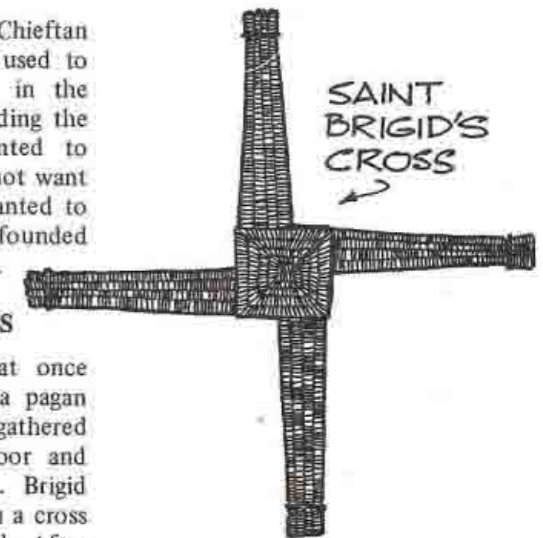
The name Brigid is associated with Kildare - the Church of the Oak because St. Brigid built her first convent under the shade of an oak tree there.

Saint Brigid was born in Foughart in County Louth. She was very prayerful, hard working and generous to the poor. Her father Dulach was away a lot

because he was a pagan Chieftan and Brocessa her mother used to teach Brigid prayers out in the fields when they were tending the flocks. Many people wanted to marry Brigid but she did not want to marry anybody. She wanted to become a nun. Later she founded her first Convent in Kildare.

ST. BRIGID'S CROSS

An old story tells that once when Brigid was visiting a pagan Chief who was dying she gathered some rushes from the floor and wove them into a cross. Brigid explained to him it was on a cross of wood Our Saviour died. After



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hearing the story of Christ from Brigid the chief asked to be baptized.

"Crosóg Bhríde" is a familiar sight on R.T.E. Many Irish people still have the lovely custom of making this cross which is placed in dwellings and outhouses annually on the eve of St. Brigid's Feast. St. Brigid is always depicted with a cross.

The Irish people at home and abroad have prayed to her for many hundreds of years and asked her blessing on themselves, their families and their work. In county Tipperary the people link Brigid with the Virgin Mary. "Brid agus Muire dhuit", they say. Another prayer Irish people said before

going out on a journey was "St. Brigid help us on our journey". The farmers used to say this prayer over their cattle as they drove them out to pasture. "May St. Brigid the milkmaid with the gentle white hands and the golden brown hair be around you in the fields this day."

Here is an old Irish prayer to Saint Brigid:

From all sin and all harm,
from all danger and woe,
Guard me, Mary of Ireland,
Wherever I go.
O Brigid, be with me
Until the roads end.
O help me to pass
through the gate as God's friend.

JOKES *Imelda Kelly*

Did you hear I was engaged to an Irish lad?

Oh, really?
No, O'Reilly.

The farmer was showing the city man how to milk cows. When he came back the farmer asked him, "Well how did you get on?"

"Ok" he said "but there's one thing".

"What's that?"

"I think you should have given me a bucket".

The little girl ran into the shop. "I want a rat trap. I've to catch a bus".

"There you are" the shopkeeper said. "But I don't think you'll catch it with this".

THE F.C.A.

John Murray

During the "Emergency" of 1939 - 1945 a very big number of young men in the area joined the force which was then known as the L.D.F. During that period the Gort unit also boasted of a popular pipe and drum band.

In 1946 the force was reorganised and became known as the F.C.A. and the local unit was known as the Gort Battalion. This covered an area of all South Galway.

In 1959 there was a further reorganisation and Gort Battalion became known as the 7th Heavy Mortar Battery.



Members of the 7th Battery, Gort from left: Lieutenant Maurice Cotter, Sergeant Gerry Mannion, Gnr. Joe Lane, Gnr. Sean Fahy and Cpl. Mel Conway.

ARTILLERY UNIT

This was a major change because they were now an artillery unit. This was quite a challenge to the new Gunners as artillery is the most technically demanding of all the roles given to the F.C.A. but they rose to the occasion and soon had this new skills whittled down to a fine art.

During this period the unit was commanded by Comdt. Martin Dolan who was a school teacher living in Ardahan. He was succeeded by the late Comdt. Paddy Fahy of Kilbeacanty who was in turn succeeded by Comdt. John Murray. Over the past few years the unit has developed a reputation in army artillery circles for engaging in practiced artillery support without being bogged down in academic gunnery. The chief exponent of this principle is Comdt. J. Hall O.C. of the 5th Regiment to which the 7th Bty. belongs and he has found faithful disciples amongst the gunners of the 7th Bty.

The Gort unit has a spirit of team work that is quite unique.

This spirit is obvious from the Bty. Comdr. Comdt. John Murray who also function as an extremely efficient O.P. Offr. to Capt. Toddie Byrne who looks after welfare, to 2 Pt. Dermot O'Connor and B.S. Colie Molloy who locate mortar positions and supervise firing, to 2 Pt Maurice Cotter who looks after the technical data needed to fire the mortars, down in fact to the Gunners who man the mortars, the idea that all must pull their own weight is foremost in everyone's mind.

SUCCESS

It was this spirit which won for the 7th Bty. the Mick Quinn Perpetual Trophy in the Glen of Imall in August '79 and also the coveted title "Premier Bty." The 7th Bty. expects a great deal from its members but gives an equal amount in return. Ask any member about the "Glen" and the enthusiasm and the feeling of the job well done will be immediately obvious.

The people of South Galway are indeed fortunate to have a unit such as the 7th Bty. in the locality promoting as it does, self discipline, fitness, and the ideal of doing any task well simply for its own sake. Can you think of a better way for a young man to spend his spare time.

Recruits are accepted into the force between October and March each year. At the present time training is carried out at the F.C.A. Hut in Gort on Thursday nights and in Renmore Bks., Galway on 2 Sundays each month where recruits are taught the basic skills which includes training on the 303 rifle which they will fire on Oranmore range at the end of March. They are also trained in foot drill and arms drill and will later on be trained on firing the 120 mm. mortar and will be taking part in a night exercise later this year.

Training is also given in first aid, map reading and radio operating so whatever your interests are you will find that the F.C.A. has something to offer you.



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GORT I.C.A.

by our I.C.A. correspondent



Three I.C.A. stalwarts, Mrs. Padraic Giblin, Mrs. Mick Cahill and Mrs. Eddie Feeney.

Officers for 1980 are:

President: Mrs. Ann Cahill.

Vice-President: Mrs. Breathnach.

Hon. Secretary: Mrs. Chris O'Shaughnessy.

Hon. Treasurer: Mrs. Nora Hill.

P.R.O.: Mrs. Birdie McGovern.

An Grianán Representative: Mrs. Rose Reddy.

Produce Promoter: Mrs. Ann Loughnane.

Arts Promoter: Mrs. Maria Devlin.

Crafts: Mrs. Maureen McGann.

Youth Representative: Mrs. Joan Jordan.

Craft classes are in full swing at the moment in the I.C.A. Hall every Monday night - beautiful cushions adorn many households, the result of the Monday night Craft Class.

A very successful Whist Drive was also organised in February. Winners were Jimmy Hickey and Paddy Piggott in the Mens section and Gretta French and Bridie Nolan in the Ladies Section. A beautiful

tweed picture of Thoor Ballylee was donated for the occasion by Mrs. North.

Gort Guild is one of the oldest guilds in Co. Galway and a special birthday party to mark the occasion will be held in March. Gort will also house a National Federation meeting in March.

New members are very welcome. Contact any officer.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Our Home Affairs Correspondent

1. For coffee and cocoa stains, stretch the affected part over a basin, dampen with water, sprinkle with borax, then pour hot water through the fabric. Leave to soak for an hour, then launder as usual.

2. To keep your electric iron bright and smooth rub it while still warm after use with a little olive oil.

3. When crocheting a garment don't start from bottom and

work up. Start from the shoulders and work down. It takes a little thought, but is basically very simple and enables one to open the joining stitches and rip off a line or two if the garment stretches from washing or hanging.

4. This tip is specially useful for children's dresses which through continuous washing tend to stretch and it is very economical to be able to rip off a bottom row. I have tried this with a coat-dress and it proved very successful.

5. Get twice the amount of juice from a lemon by soaking it in boiling water for a few minutes.

6. Pop a tomatoe into boiling water for a few minutes and the skin will come off without any trouble.

7. Never throw away orange or lemon peel. Remove the pith, chop finely and store in a screw-top jar with an equal amount of honey or granulated sugar. When the honey candies, a teaspoonful of peel will give a rich flavour to cakes, biscuits and puddings.

8. Add a pinch of ginger when stewing gooseberries and rhubarb. It reduces the bitterness.

9. Pour burnt soup or stew into a clean saucepan and add a teaspoonful of curry powder dissolved in a little water. Cook gently for a few minutes and the burnt flavour will disappear.

10. When boiling potatoes, if you find that you've thrown in too much salt, a pinch of sugar or a little milk will help reduce the salty taste.

11. A little salt sprinkled into your frying pan will prevent the fat from spluttering.

12. To brighten up discoloured brown shoes, rub with the inside of a banana skin. Leave for an hour, then polish as usual.

Cookery

CARRAGEEN SOUFFLE

Ingredients:

1 pt. milk
½ oz. carrageen
1 oz. sugar
legg (separated)
¼ pt. cream
1 tbslp. sherry

Chopped pistachie nuts, whipped and sweetened cream.

Prepare a souffle mould by tying a band of doubled paper around outside of the mould. The paper should come about 2" above the top of the mould. Steep the carrageen for 10-15 minutes picking off any discoloured parts. Put it with milk into a saucepan and cook until it coats the back of the wooden spoon. Beat up the yolk of egg and strain the carrageen on to it. Whisk well until it begins to set. Add sugar and sherry and mix well. Fold in half-whipped cream and the stiffly mixed white of egg. Pour into the souffle mould or into separated glasses. Leave until set and remove paper. Decorate with cream and sprinkle chopped pistachie nuts over.

KERRY APPLE CAKE

Ingredients:

8 oz. flour
3 large apples
2 oz. moist sugar
1 tsp. baking powder
3 oz. margarine
1 egg

Sieve the baking powder and flour together. Rub in the fat. Add the sugar. Then add the beaten egg and the minced apples to the mixture. If it is too dry add a little milk, but on no account have it too wet. Before baking sprinkle a little sugar on top. Bake for 30 minutes.

MUSHROOM MEAT LOAF

Preparation Time - 10 minutes.

Cooking Time - 1½ hours.

Special Remarks: This meal can be all cooked in the over at the same time. Serves 6.

Ingredients:

½ lb. mushrooms (chopped) (optional)
1 egg slightly beaten
1½ tsp. Worcester Sauce
Salt and Pepper
½ teasp. dry mustard
1 large onion grated
6 ozs. breadcrumbs
Stock to mix ½ pt. (this may be made by using a beef cube)



1 lb. minced steak (shin beef)
4 oz. sausage meat
1 tablespoon Tomato Paste or Ketchup
and 1 tablespoon cooking oil to glaze

To Garnish: Grilled mushrooms and tomatoes and parsley.

Method:

- Mix all the ingredients together.
- Add enough stock, and beaten egg to make to a smooth consistency.
- Press the mixture into a greased loaf tin or shape it into a loaf shape and bake it on a roasting tin.
- Cover with aluminium foil and bake in a moderate oven over 350° F or Gas Mark 4 for 1 hour. Mix the tomato paste or ketchup and cooking oil and brush over the meat loaf. Bake for a further 15 minutes to glaze. Garnish with grilled mushrooms and tomatoes.

GERMAN CHOCOLATE PIE

Ingredients

2 egg whites
1 tsp. salt or ¼ tsp. cream of tartar
1 cup sugar
1 cup finely chopped nuts
½ tsp. vanilla

This is a meringue crust pie. Mix together egg whites salt and sugar. Fold in chopped nuts and vanilla. Put in lightly greased pan ½" over the top of pan to allow for shrinkage. Bake at 300° for 50-55 mins. Then cool.

Chocolate Centre:

1 bar German Chocolate
3 tbslps. water
1 tsp. vanilla
1 cup thick whipped cream

Melt the chocolate bar together with water, cool, then add vanilla and whipped cream. Put this in pie crust and chill for two hours in refrigerator.



The St. Colman's Vocational School Junior Canogie Team that lost the Connacht final by a point to Convent of Mercy, Roscommon. Back row from left: Pauline Kerins, Anne Woods, Caroline Lally, Geraldine Keane, Eileen Cunningham, Anne Marie Brennan, Margaret Neilan, Bridie O'Brien, Mary Kennedy. Front row: Sarah Fahy, Catriona Higgins, Christine Glynn, Geraldine Bindon, Mary Geoghegan, Maura Connors and Carmel Cunningham.



The Junior Boys Badminton team, St. Colman's Vocational School. Back Row from left: Shane O'Shaughnessy, John Burke and James Walsh. Front Row from left: Brendan Gleeson, Norman Rochford and Gerard Mahon.

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Freddie Smith – This is Your Life

A wonderful tribute was paid to Freddie Smith by Gort Youth Club on Friday, 7th March at its first concert of 1980. Two months of preparation bore fruit on the night as friends of Freddie's came from near and far to pay their tribute to a wonderful gentleman.

Freddie was present at the Concert to accept a donation from Gort Youth Club to the Mentally Handicapped Association and as he was leaving the front of the stage, Kevin Glynn stepped out from behind the curtains and said: "Just a minute Freddie; to-day on the occasion of your 59th birthday, it gives me great pleasure on behalf of Gort Youth Club to present you with 'This is Your Life'".

Kevin read Freddie's life story from a beautiful album, decorated by lovely photographs and introduced the guests after the family was introduced. First was Colm Ó hIarnáin who travelled from the Aran Islands for the occasion. He recalled the generosity of Freddie's father who spent many years in Cill Rónáin and the circumstances of his death after rescuing two local fishermen.

Next guest was Cannon Michael Spelman who married Freddie and Kathleen and who recalled meeting Freddie when first appointed to Renmore Barracks in July 1946. From the army came Commandant O'Carroll who journeyed specially from Dublin and John Murray from the 7th Bty., Gort. Both recalled the efficiency, good humour and great personality of Freddie.

Freddie is masseur to the

Galway football team for many years including Galway's famous three in a row team in the 1960's – Enda Colleran and Joe McLoughlin recalled their happy association with Freddie, how even in dark moments he was always cheerful and how he has given wonderful service to everyone privileged to wear the Maroon and White. Sean Devlin thanked him for his work with the local Gort club.

Tom Staunton recalled Freddie's long years with Gort Mentally Handicapped Group and John Conneely, Sean Mongan and Pat O'Donnell thanked Freddie and Mrs. Smith for their happy years spent there as tenants. It was a home from home for them.

Kieran Moylan recalled the Pantomimes which Freddie was involved in and as a tribute played and sang "The Town I loved so well". Michael Gallagher mentioned Freddie's new interests – the sauna

and rub in the Corrib Great Southern where Freddie now works. Gerard Keane commented on Freddie's organising of the Corpus Christi procession and Mrs. Waters mentioned how her day would not be complete without a visit for the papers from Freddie.

Mrs. Enda Daly presented Freddie with a beautiful birthday cake and Kevin Glynn presented the Album. It was a night to remember.

Special thanks are due to every guest who put themselves out to be present. This is deeply appreciated by the Smith family and by Gort Youth Club. One other person deserves special mention – Margie Smith. The show would not have gone on without her help.

The Committee who organised the venture was: Ann Gallagher, Kevin Glynn, Margie Smith and Fr. Glynn. Help was also given by Tim O'Driscoll and Pat O'Donnell.

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