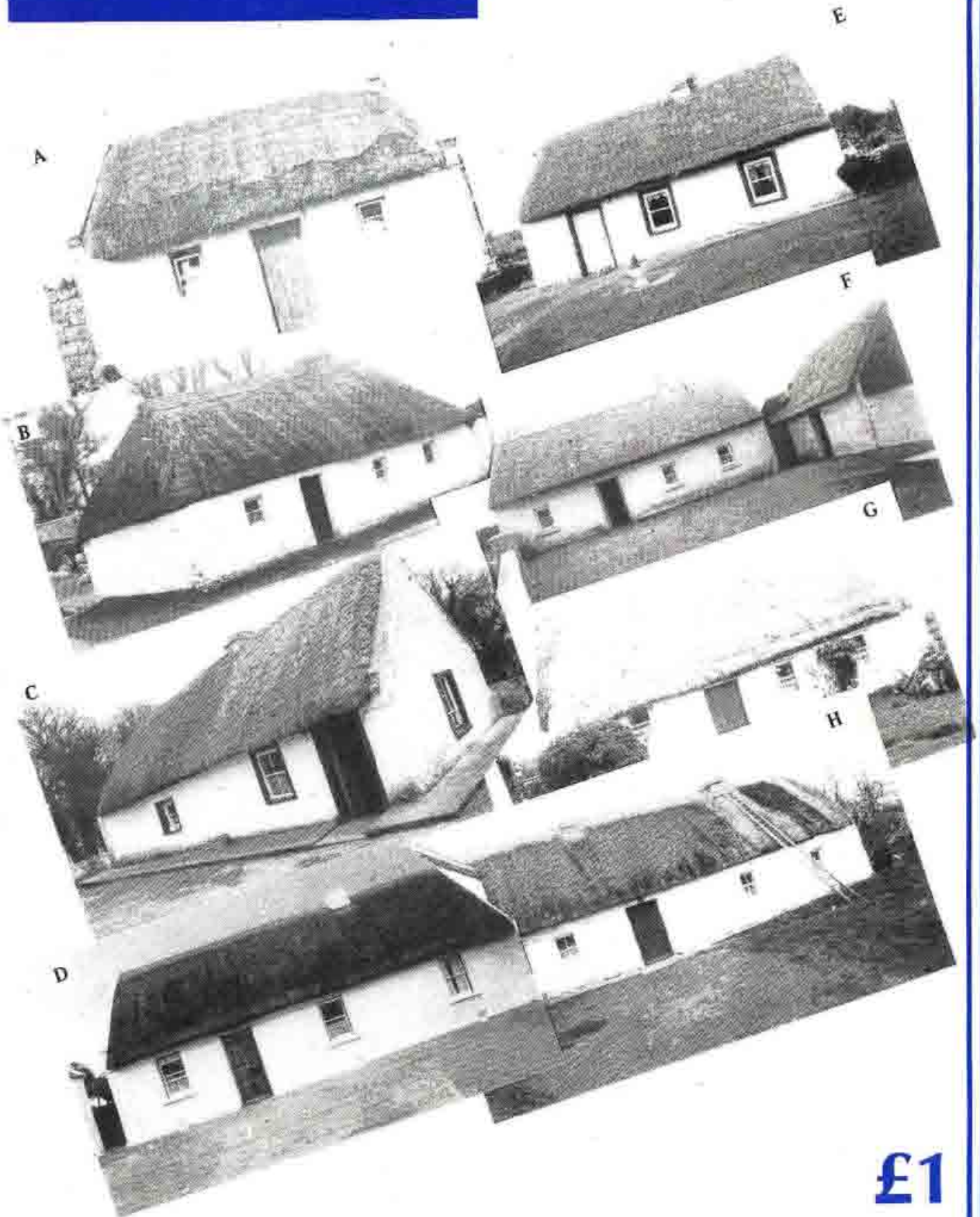


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SUMMER 1985



Guairé is a community-based magazine and depends on community support and involvement.

Letters and comments will be greatly appreciated. We thank all our advertisers for their support. Without this help Guairé would not exist.

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Evelyn Roche, Chris O'Shaughnessy,
Michael Bermingham, Seán Leahy,
Michael O'Dwyer, Jimmy Hennigan.

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OUT AND ABOUT

EDITORS NOTE

Since the last issue of Guaire two regular contributors have sadly passed away; Séamus Conway whose crosswords were so well received by our readers and Mark Scully whose poetry was always highly praised. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a n-anamnacha.

On January 25, Minister of State, John Donnellan opened Gort's new Boys' School. The building was blessed by Dr. Eamonn Casey, Bishop of Galway.

Mr. Michael O'Halloran, Lord Mayor of Dublin visited Kilbeacanty recently, where his mother (a Sinnott) was born, he was in Galway in connection with the winning of Cloughwell with Killimagh.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Gort,
May 12, 1985.

Sir,
In "The White Sheeted Fort" by James Patrick Hynes there is a quotation from a letter patent, date, 3rd December 1533, to Sir Dermot O'Shaughnessy from Henry VIII in which the name "Gortinchegory" appears.

How old is the place name Gort Inse Guaire? Does it go back to Guaire himself?

This old name can be saved. Would the Chamber of Commerce and An Taisce give the lead in a protect against "An Gort".

Signed,
"Gort Inse Guaire",
(name with the Editor).

Gort Youth Club



The Youth Club float at the St. Patrick's Day Parade watched by members of the Gort Boxing Club.

Gort Youth Club has had a very active year so far. Its wide achievements have highlighted the strength and power behind the young people of Gort in this the International Year of Youth.

The Youth Club activities began with various competitions ranging from basketball, volleyball and table tennis to chess, draughts and cards. The conclusion of these competitions was celebrated by a youth club disco which was shared in responsibility by Kinvara Youth Club. Treasure hunts, videos, visits to other clubs and various activities followed.

The Christmas period was an extremely busy time for the youth club. A twenty four hour fast was organised to help raise money for the famine in Ethiopia. On the eve of the fast a prayer service was held in the Church. With the help of Fr. Jimmy Walshe the whole Church was lit with candles. The atmosphere was beautiful and for the first time two female servers assisted the priest in his ceremony. The night was hard for the twelve young people who kept night vigil in two caravans outside the Church. The fast ended successfully when, to the club's delight, they had

raised one and a half thousand pounds.

The Youth Club also dipped into their own personal funds to come up with a hundred pounds donation to the local Social Services to help fund their Christmas party.

After Christmas the National Federation games began. They were held in Gort in February and Gort Youth Club were successful in winning the Under-16 and Under-19 girls table tennis. The Under-16 girls basket ball team also won their match on the following Saturday fortnight in Galway. The girls Under-19 Irish Debating team also got through the first round. Many heats followed and at the semi-finals in Loughrea the only team who could go on for the All-Ireland finals in Mosney were the Under-19 Irish Debating team.

The three girls on the team were Leona Spelman, Mary Murray and Attracta O'Regan. They spent a weekend in Mosney where they competed against Donegal and North Tipperary. They got straight through against North Tipperary and despite the age and size of their three male opponents, they won the debate and

OUT AND ABOUT



Aggie Jennings and her dog at the St. Patrick's Day Parade. Master Donovan was the owner of the donkey.

received their medals and All-Ireland title certs from Mr. Charles Haughey.

St. Patrick's Day was the most important day for Gort Youth Club. They organised the first ever "St. Pat's" parade in Gort. The Loughrea town band headed the parade followed by the Youth Club banner accompanied by its members. The Youth Club also had a float which depicted the problem of unemployment. They received first place for their float. They were highly privileged by the company of Mr. Frank Fahy, members of the Gort Community Council and Fr. Des Forde (Youth Officer). After the parade there was a children's disco and that was followed by videos for the older members. The day was a fantastic success and showed the positive side of our young people's personalities.

Our activities did not stop here. A few weeks later we had a youth club disco and we are at present organising a visit to the Spring Show with our neighbour clubs and we are organising a weekend holiday with the Kinvara Youth Club.

We hope to put some of the National Federation's workshops into action, for example, "Working with Women", drama, visiting and many more and hopefully we shall successfully make this special year a memorable print in our young people's minds.

As chairperson of Gort Youth Club I would like to take this opportunity to thank Fr. M. Canney, Fr. Jimmy Walshe, Sr. M. Francis, Colman Keane, Mr. Leahy and the many other adults who have helped us this year. Mr. J. Hickey, Mrs. P. Murhy and my own parents have helped the club a lot also.

For those of you who are not involved in our Youth Club, we meet every Friday at 8.30 p.m. and everyone is welcome to visit us and join in our many activities. We would also appreciate the help of any adults. Their support is always welcome.

Attracta O'Regan
Chairperson G.Y.C.)

National Dairy Council Milk Run

The Milk Run on April 21st was not as spectacular as in former years due to the clash of dates of South Galway Sports held in Gort on the same date. Nevertheless the Gort Primary School (Girls) turned out and Mr. G. Nolan of Rineen, member of the Gort Boxing Club took off on his own and ran ten miles and was sponsored for £300. Mr. M. Roughan (Jnr.) kept him company most of the way.

Country Markets Ltd., Gort

The above market is going from strength to strength selling home baked cakes, brown and white soda bread, jams, marmalade, crafts, cut flowers and pot plants each Friday for one hour 10.30 to 11.30. We hear so much these days about. Buy Irish, this is the golden opportunity to buy Irish

and better still made in Gort. The ladies involved in this market are highly qualified in the respective field and a visit to the market is well worth while.

Gort Bridge Club

The above club has just concluded its 1984-85 season. It was a very successful year and the President thanked all the members for their co-operation.

The President's (John Moylan) Prize was played on the last week of the season.

1st: J. Muldoon; 2nd: Mrs. P. Fitzgibbon; 3rd: D. Piggott; 4th: Mrs. G. Kilroy.

The incoming committee: President: P. Piggott; Secretary: Mrs. J. Griffin; Honorary Treasurer: Mrs. C. O'Shaughnessy; Tournament Director: Mr. J. Muldoon; Committee: J. Moylan; M. Cunningham; Mrs. Eithne Bermingham.

Gor Apostolic Work Society

The above Society has just completed its seventeenth year in operation in Gort. The President is appealing for new members to carry on the very important work for the mission fields. It is very rewarding work and each year when the year's work is displayed to the public, the members get a great sense of satisfaction and feel they must continue on.

I.C.A. 75th Anniversary

Mary Reilly, President Gort Branch, I.C.A. planted a copper beech tree, assisted by Cepta Quinn, Treasurer and Eileen Forde, Secretary, in Canon Quinn Memorial Park to commemorate the 75th Anniversary of

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OUT AND ABOUT



Gort I.C.A. plant a tree in Canon Quinn Park.

Vice- Bernie Costello
 Chairpersons: Colman Keane
 Secretary: Celine Mullins
 Asst. Secretary: Renée Brennan
 Finance
 Chairperson: Bridget O'Regan
 P.R.O.: Damian McGrath
 Committee:
 Annette Cooke, Katherine O'Donoghue, Eileen Brennan, Gerry Murray, Kevin G.Glynn, Jimmy Hannigan, Gerry Cunningham, Marian Diviney, Dan Casey, Ann Gallagher.

Living in Harmony

Access Community Television helped the trainees of Orchard Centre to make a T.V. Programme about themselves, their lives, their training, their work and their social life.

On Tuesday, 2nd October, 1984 the making of the programme began by filming some of the trainees working in the sewing section and then there was a shot of an instructor and some trainees delivering industrial sub-contract work to Lisk. Some of the trainees also work outside the Centre. In the Social Service Centre they filmed Ann Marie Conroy and Josephine Horkan. They showed Ann Marie serving dinner to old people and she explained how she worked six days a week in the Social Service Centre. Josephine explained that she worked in the Thrift Shop selling second-hand clothes two afternoons a week. Fallons Supermarket was the location for the next shot where Mary Jordan worked.

As well as learning vocational skills the trainees also learn social skills. One class showed how they were learning to fill in forms in a literacy class. Rita Joyce posting letters and James Neylon doing the bank lodgement were also shown. Coole Park was the setting for Mrs. Kitty North, local artist and volunteer, to help Christine Helebert put the final touches to a painting of trees.

Kilcornan Swimming Pool was

held next October to limber up. We need your support.

The other highlight of the season was of course, our pantomime "Aladdin" by Dick Heany, presented last February. All the experience gained in previous productions was brought to fruition in this year's performance which proved to be a highly professional, colourful and entertaining show. "Aladdin" had lots of music, comedy, songs and dances, drama and of course, romance.

The Society was fortunate in having Gerry Slevin as Producer this year. This was a "first" for Gerry, who has starred himself in many musicals, showing his talents also in producing. We were fortunate again in having the talents of Mary Kealy as Musical Director and Lily Slevin as Choreographer.

In the cast and chorus, new faces blended with familiar ones, in giving a great performance. It is with this blend that the Society is looking forward to an even better and brighter season in '85-'86. The following committee was elected for 1985/'86:

Chairperson: Pat O'Donnell

the founding of the I.C.A., on Wednesday, 24th April.

To celebrate National Youth Year Gort Guild members are arranging to have classes in knitting, crochet, painting, rug making, cane work for teenagers during summer holidays. New members always welcome.

New Boys School

On January 25, 1985 the new Boys School was officially opened. The traditional cutting of the tape was done by Minister of State, John Donnellan and the building was blessed by Dr. Eamonn Casey, Bishop of Galway.

Gort and District Musical Society

Gort and District Musical Society closed the curtain on their '84-'85 season at their Annual General Meeting on March 21st. Looking back on last year two events stand out. One was the annual fundraising dance last October. The gamble in getting Gerry Macken's Big Band to play for us was a great success. You certainly lent your "legs" to support us, and it was a most enjoyable night. A similar dance will

OUT AND ABOUT

where Pat Smith was interviewed about winning his Special Olympic medals for swimming.

But life is more than training and work and the trainees also spoke about their social life. Pat Neylon was shown taking out books from the Library and discussing his interest in soccer and Elvis Presley with Ciana Campbell. Michael McGuane and Billy Moylan showed how they work-out at the Boxing Club. Mary Gardiner and others demonstrated their love of disco-dancing. Coole Park was where we saw Martin Duggan jogging. Proudly showing their holiday snapshots, the trainees talked about their very enjoyable holiday in France where they visited Lourdes and Gordes.

Education and working on peoples attitudes is also important for Orchard Centre. There was a shot of Fr. Brendan Kelly talking to a class about the trainees. Pat Neylon, a trainee in Orchard Centre, was interviewed about what he thought of people calling people mentally handicapped. Pat explained that for him a mentally handicapped person was someone who couldn't work and go out and

about and that he could do both and did not consider himself mentally handicapped. He went on to say that people shouldn't use the word mentally handicapped as it was hurtful.

The trainees enjoyed the great reaction to the programme and perhaps one trainee — Philomena Linnane summed it all up by saying? "It was great to speak for ourselves".

Terry Barrett.



Kathleen Donovan proudly holds her trophy, won at a Feis Ceoil in Woodford, Co. Galway.

GORT AND DISTRICT GARDENING CLUB AND SHOW SOCIETY

By MICHAEL BERMINGHAM

The meeting to form the Gardening Club, was held in the Vocational School on May 22, 1980 with an attendance of 52 which included our Guest speaker Mr. Dick O'Gorman, B.Agr.Sc., the local ACOT advisor. After listening to a most interesting lecture on "The preparation and growing of main vegetables", everybody present agreed with the proposal of forming the "Gort and District Gardening Club" — appoint a committee, meet on the first Wednesday of every month and invite membership.

Now, that we are five years established we should be in a position to say whether, or not it was a worthwhile exercise. Its success can always be measured by the continued support of the Community, harmony, co-operation within the club and the Educational Programme, Researched, Planned, and implemented. As the

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OUT AND ABOUT

name suggests the aims and objects are, to learn the skills and to appreciate well kept ornamental and Vegetable Gardens a good lawn, and an attractive display of flowers and shrubs.

The programme arranged by Dick O'Gorman and the committee includes talks on:

1. Preparation for Early and Main Crop Vegetables;
2. Control pests, weeds and diseases — fertilizers;
3. Shrubs — Selection, propagation and care;
4. Roses — Pruning and attention;
5. Lawns and ornamental gardens;
6. Greenhouse and cold frame gardening.
7. Window boxes and indoor plants; Garden visits and excursions;
8. Annual Horticultural Home
9. Produce and Garden Show;
10. Flower arranging and Christmas decorations;
11. Fruit gardening;
12. Seed growing.

Our Annual Show which is held on the last Saturday of August is the biggest and most important event of the whole organisation, which as we know calls the support of all sections of the Community.

For the valuable support, guidance and encouragement we have enjoyed for the past years we thank our many friends and experts in the many branches of Horticulture and Gardening, but in a special way we thank Dick O'Gorman for his continued advice, planning and being at all times willing to give the benefit of his professional knowledge and experience — The support of ACOT staff for judging the Gardens Competitions and Garden Produce is much appreciated.

We are singularly fortunate to have the goodwill of the Co. Galway Vocational Educational Committee, the Headmaster Michael Breathnach in having the facilities of St. Colman's Vocational School for Lectures, meetings and the Annual

Horticultural, Home Produce and Crafts Show.

While we are not in a position to rectify the problem of Fruit and Vegetables Annual Imports, which should (but does not) give rise to serious concern, I refer to information released by the Agricultural Institute:

Total Fruit and Vegetable imports amount to £94 million in 1981, £18 million was fresh Vegetables including £5 million worth of potatoes. £16 million worth of frozen and otherwise processed vegetables including £9 million for potatoes.

About £15 million worth of Apples and other Fruits which are imported, can be grown in this country.

Tomatoes	£5.5 million imported
Carrots	£2.0 million
Onions	£2.8 million were imported in 1981
Cauliflowers	£0.4 million also imported

We have to admit that the above information released in August 1982 makes rather sad reading (Does it matter?) Should we add "Eat Irish" to the "Buy Irish and Sell Irish" campaign.

Canon Hayes the founder of Muintir na Tire said: — "It is much better to light a candle than to curse the dark" so, somewhere and by somebody a Candle should be lit.

In conclusion, we are continually inviting new members as we consider that for an Annual Subscription of £3 it is good value.

Gort G.A.A. Club

Friday, February 15 was the date of a most successful reunion of former players, organised by Gort G.A.A. Club. The occasion, held in Springs Nite Club, was to honour the players of the minor teams which won three County titles in a row: 1957, '58, '59 and the the 1958 Co. title winning junior team. Over 350 gathered to hear Club President Joe Pete hehir,

welcome the former players, some of whom had travelled from Dublin, Cork, Wexford, Roscommon, Cavan and other distant parts to be present. Speaking in his usual inimitable fashion, Joe Pete had the gathering rolling in the aisles, as he regaled them with tales of heroic deeds on the playing fields of the fifties. Club Vice-Chairman Brian Brennan, Secretary Declan Spelman and Treasurer Michael Cahill introduced the former players all of whom were presented with a commemoration plaque. Seán Devlin, replying on behalf of the former players thanked the club for organising the reunion, saying that it was great to meet so many former players, many of whom he had not met since his playing days. A most enjoyable social function followed, during which past and present players, renewed old friendships and many games were replayed over again.

Officers elected at the AGM of the GAA Club were:

President:	Joe Pete Hehir
Chairman:	Pearse Piggott Jnr.
Vice-Chairman:	Brian Brennan
Secretary:	Declan Spelman
Asst. Secretary:	John John Commins
Treasurer:	Michael Cahill
Asst. Treasurer:	Johnny Cummins
Senior Team Selectors:	Michael Cahill, Paddy Quinn, Johnny Cummins.

Junior Team Selectors:
Michael Linnane, Joe Pete Hehir.

Under-21 Team Selectors:
Seán Cooke, Joe Regan.

A special sub-committee was also set up to look after under age teams as follows:

Minor Team:	Brian Brennan Terry Carty
Under-16 Team:	Norman Rochford
Under-14 Team:	Paddy Cooke
Under-12 Team:	Matt Murphy

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OUT AND ABOUT

Gone is the Mill

Born 1803, Died 1985. Cause of death: Neglect.

In February, 1985 one of our oldest buildings died. For years it ailed, people say it was neglected, and if it had been looked after properly it would have remained a glorious monument for our future generations. More people said, who wants monuments?, or who cares if it lives or dies. Then of course we are not God, and are not here to judge. But before we kill should we not try and cure, or was it too late, did anyone try? I knew someone or some people tried to kill it by setting fire to it, while others who had it in their power to help, forgot to try. One way or the other it has gone, pulled down by mechanical monsters, beaten into the ground, flattened, levelled and made into a car park.

It was in the last twenty years, when the mill started to deteriorate that was the time to act. When the patient became ill, no doctor was called, and when it came to her last months, it was too late. But Hark another old friend is ailing, and in dire need of help. Let us get together and save our Town Hall, before it too ends up as a car park. It now calls in a feeble voice, please give me help, I have seen a lot and would like to see more, I want to live on. may the Lord have mercy on the soul of our dear departed mill.

—Sean Leahy

Art Classes

Mrs. Josephine Ward will hold art classes in Our Lady's College, Gort, commencing on Monday, July 15. The classes will cater for 6-12 year olds and continue daily from 10.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

GORT GOLF CLUB

Club Officers for 1985:

President:	Florence McCarthy
Captain:	P. J. Brennan
Vice-Captain:	Paddy Grealish
Secretary:	Brendan Dolan
Treasurer:	Pat Cradock

Club Committee:
Noel Mullins, Pat Casey, Gerry Cahill, Thomas O'Quigley, Paddy Jordan, Ml. Cunningham, Christy Fennessy, John Forde.

A lot of work is being done on the course at present including building of new tee boxes for ladies and gents,



The mill wheels from Hynes' Mill as they stand today in Canon Quinn Park.

planting of several new trees, improving the railway crossing, elevating of the 7th Green, cleaning and levelling of the rough at the left of 6th and right of 4th fairways. It is hoped to have this work completed by mid-summer.

The Club is very grateful to the Department of Labour for enabling this work on the course to be undertaken. Employment is also being given to six young men from the locality. The scheme is directed by Michael Bermingham and Paddy Grealish for the Club.

The interior of the Club House is being modernised. The bar has been restructured and it is hoped to improve the entrance layout, seating and general décor of the premises thus making it a more pleasant place for members to socialise. A Club draw has been organised from May to October to finance the project.

The Major Competition of the year:

Gents Captain's Prize will be held on 21st and 28th of July.

President's Prize will be held on 18th August.

Ladies Captain's Prize will be held on 14th July.

Gort Golf Club — Ladies Section:

Lady Captain:	Evelyn Roche
Vice Captain:	Bridget Piggott
Hon. Sec. Captain:	Bernie Commins
Treas. Captain:	Sheila Duffy
Handicap Sec.:	Sadie McInerney

Committee:
Above officers and Mary noone, Maria Fennessy, Dairin Coen, Claire Coen, Eithne Bermingham, Katty Nestor, Birdie McGovern (P.R.O.).

ATHLETICS: GORT - SOUTH GALWAY 1975 — 1985

The revival of athletics in Gort and the South Galway area began just ten years ago. A committee of parents, clergy and the local Convent of Mercy Sisters were all very actively involved in getting it off the ground. They started with the children most of whom were under 12 years of age. They held competitions, equally divided between boys and girls. They again divided the events equally between track and field events.

Before the start of the athletic season the committee held trials at St. Colman's Park on St. Patrick's Day. These trials are held annually since and have now become known as the South Galway Championships. The date has since changed to the third Sunday in April and it is now one of the biggest track and field athletic meetings in Connacht.

Athletics are not new to Gort and earlier records show that some of the finest athletes in the world were natives of the Gort area. They took part in famous athletic meetings in Gort around the turn of the Century, World records were broken there during that time and right up to the end of World War 2, athletic meetings were held annually in almost every parish in the country. These were often held in conjunction with some fundraising activity and not under rules of any association.

Competition in those days included the 56 lbs. for distance and over the bar. This event is now almost regarded as antiquated. Tug-O-War was also an event at these meetings. It was usually

OUT AND ABOUT



Peter Walsh at South Galway Athletics Championships.

the last event of the evenings and "War" seemed an appropriate word for the event. Each townland produced its own share of strong men and it was relatively easy to get a team together. It was, however, the spectators who introduced the "War" in this event not the contestants. Having spent most of the day sampling in the local they emerged from there with force and vigour to urge on their local heroes. But apart from urging on their own; they usually threw uncomplimentary remarks about the opposition and the townland or parish from where they came. Many of the events were abandoned because of this. In those days we had very few under age events, usually a 100 yards

sprint for boys under 14 and no other event. While events for girls were out of the question. In regard to this we now have a completely changed scene with equal events for girls and boys.

In a very short time after the formation of the Club the athletes from South Galway had made their mark at county, provincial and national level. They are continuing to do this and who knows, but some day one of these young athletes will take home the most coveted prize of all in the athletics world — an Olympic medal.

However, this is not the aim of the people who run the Club. It is to provide a healthy outdoor activity for the children of the area. Each and every one of these people worked closely and efficiently together. It is this dedication and spirit that has kept the club going from strength to strength and made it what it is today.

GORT RUGBY CLUB

The 1984/85 season was a long and competitive one for Gort Rugby Club, and at the end we won no silver. We played in the Connacht Junior "B" League with many fine wins, the Junior "A" Cup for the first time in many years and were knocked out in the second round by Loughrea. We reached the quarter final of the Ard na Cregg Cup and after leading most of the game were finally beaten by two opportunist tries in the last few minutes by Connacht in Clifden. A very strong Scariff side beat us in the second round of the Lakelands Cup.

Brian Kilroy, one of our most outstanding young players won a medal with Corinthians in the under 20's league. Our annual poker classic held in Spelmans' was a great success and some of our funds will have to be used in repairs to the modernised dressingrooms in the Town Park.

Our A.G.M. will be held in August and notices will be in local papers. We are looking forward to the '85/'86 season, hopefully with more success.

Training of under-age players from local schools will begin in September. Our captain next year will be Richard McDowell (Chemist).

Gort and District Show

The Gort and District Show has gained in popularity from year to year with 1984 realising 690 entries in home produce, garden, flowers, handcrafts, children's and post primary sections. The judges in all sections praised the quality of work on display. Other items included in the show are: dog show, trade stands, competitions and exhibitions. The 1985 show will be held in either the vocational school or the new community centre on Saturday, August 31, with the usual attractions plus some new ideas to be advertised at a later date.

The Society held its A.G.M. on Thursday, May 9. The following officers have been elected for the coming year:

President:	Michael Bermingham
Chairman:	Pádraic Giblin
Vice-Chairman:	Brendan Murphy
Treasurer:	Pat Casey
Organising Secretary:	Mary Carey
Consultant:	Dick O'Gorman, B.Agr.

Tribute was paid to Michael Bermingham who had chaired the Society for the past three years for all his efforts on behalf of the Society.

TIDY TOWNS SUCCESS

The Chamber of Commerce and the Tidy Town's Committee would like to thank all the Townspeople for their efforts last Summer and throughout the year for their work and good will. Gort once again ranked second as the tidiest Town in County Galway.

In fact, Gort received three Awards:
1. A Certificate of merit in the Tidy Town's Competition.

OUT AND ABOUT

2. A money award from the County Council.
3. A further Certificate of Merit in the Cleaner Community Campaign as the best Overall Town within the Region.

This year, the Chamber have prepared a programme of work and are at present negotiating with the Department of Labour. This will provide a community work grant for the Town for the completion of the proposed work.

The Chamber and Tidy Town's Committee would appeal to all the townspeople to ensure that we maintain the high standard of previous years. Unfortunately litter is still a very serious problem. The Galway County Council have provided litter bins all over the town of Gort and we would ask the Townspeople to use these litter bins and to refrain from tossing paper bags or sweet papers on the street and pathways. It should be remembered that the image of our town reflects on us Gortonians and a good image means good business.

GORT COMMUNITY COUNCIL

The Gort Community Council are pleased to announce that the sports and leisure complex is well under way. The Council has organised an Open Day on Sunday 28th April, 1985 and invited all to inspect the construction of the building and a formal report was made by the Chairman detailing future progress and the proposed date of completion.

All in all, this has been a very successful year for the Gort Community Centre. The building commenced with an official opening by George Bermingham, Minister of State. The Government, through the offices of the Ministry for Sport, approved a Grant of £50,000 thereby providing much needed funds for the construction and completion of the Centre.

The Council have initiated their most adventurous and hopefully, their most profitable fund-raising scheme. It is anticipated, that member of the Council will visit the United States and in particular the Cities of Boston and New York, they will in conjunction with the Galwaymen's Association

appeal to Irish Immigrants in America to contribute generously. The Community Council also organised a Walk to Dublin this year coinciding with the opening of the Dáil. Local West Galway T.D.'s in particular Fintan Coogan and Francis Fahey participated in the walk and a delegation from the Committee met with the Minister for the Environment to urge the allocation of a Grant.

The Council are happy with the progress they have made during the past year and would like to thank all contributors to the weekly draw, sponsors for the Dublin Walk and all other members of the community who have offered their services and contributed to the building fund in a most generous and unstinting fashion.

The Council, trusts that this will be the last year it will be necessary to call upon the local people to contribute to the weekly draw. We all hope that early next year or late this year, we will see the completion of the Centre and the fruit of the endeavours of the people of Gort.

The A.G.M. of Gort Community Council was held in Sullivans Hotel,

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OUT AND ABOUT

Gort on 30/4/1985. Officers elected for the year '85/'86 are:

Chairman: Michael Breathnach
Vice-Chairman: Michael O'Grady
Secretary: Teresa Molony
Ass. Secretary: Noreen Biesty
Joint Trustees: David McConn
 Eamon Fahy
P.R.O.: Mary Emer Larkin

OVER 50 YEARS MARRIED



Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kelleher of Gleenbrack, Gort who are married over fifty years going strong at the Senior Citizens Christmas Party.



John Spelman buying his lettuce from Brendan Mullaire.



Gort and the French connection. From the above Post Card it would appear that French played in Gort on January 7th, 1897. We are indebted to Dr. Marlborough and his family for the use of the Post Card.

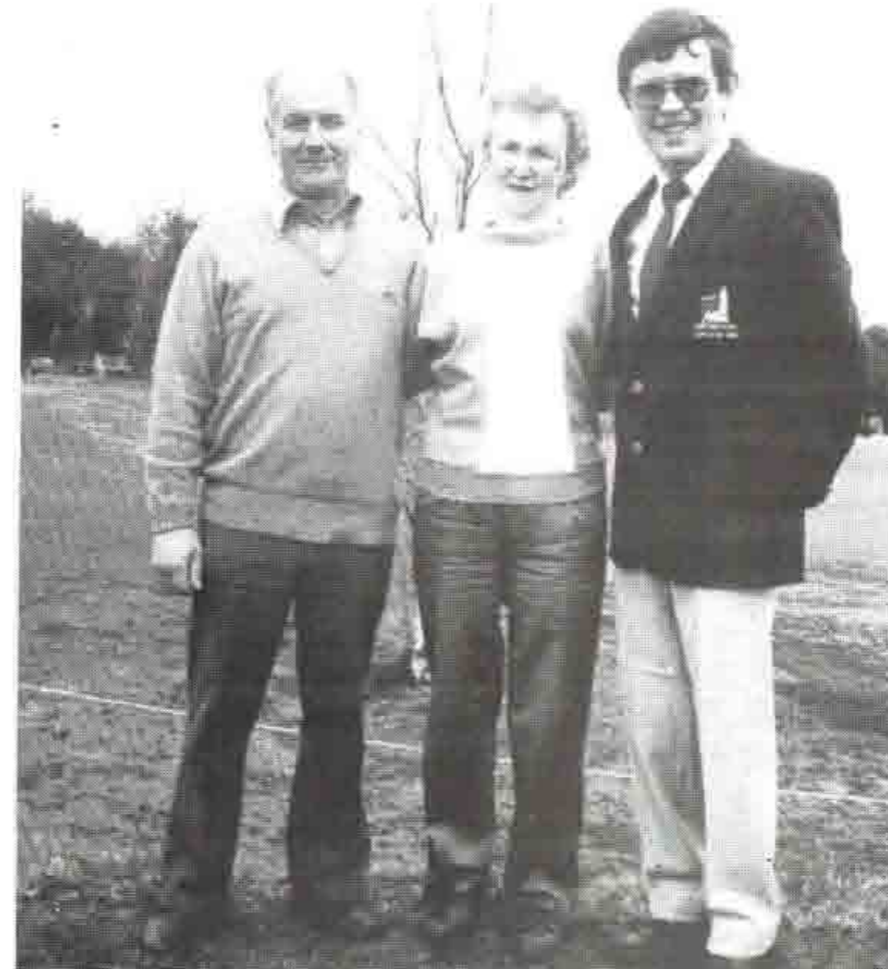
PICTURE PARADE



Dr. Casey is met on arrival by Cannon C. Walsh, P.P. and pupils on the occasion of the Boys School Opening.



Dr. Casey receives the gifts at Mass in the school hall on the occasion of the opening.



Pictured at the Drive in at Gort Golf Club, Florence McCarthy (President), Evelyn Roche (Lady Captain), and P. J. Brennan, Captain.



Left to right: Mary Murray, Leona Spelman, Attracta O'Regan, winners of All-Ireland Youth Clubs Irish Debate.

BURGER HUT RESTAURANT/TAKE AWAY

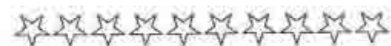
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'Johno' Mc Allen, over ninety and still dancing sets, being interviewed by Sean Leahy at the Senior Citizen Christmas Party.



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The Scanlan Family:

After 25 years the Scanlan Family came together for the first time for Christmas. Joe came from Australia, Noreen from U.S.A. to be with mother Annie and her sister Philomena.



Toddy Connaire—in full flight.

KILROYS
THE SQUARE, GORT

An Deoch Is Fearr
Sláinte



Waiting for the Bishop and the Minister to arrive to perform the opening ceremony of the Boys National School.



Gort and District Musical Society pictured on stage at the final night of their very popular production.

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WHY NOT TRY

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YOU WONT BE SORRY

We broke the World non-stop Debating Record

Until last March, the Law Society of University College Dublin were the holders of the world record for non stop debating. The record stood at 108 hours 27 minutes. Like I say, that was up to last March, because the Literary and Debating Society of U.C.G. went through the record at twenty seven minutes past midnight on Tuesday, March 12 and kept going until the following night at 9.20, when the president of the college officially endorsed the time, clocking up a new record of 157 hours 27 minutes.

157 hours 27 minutes adds up to seven days and six nights. It's a long time, and the Lit. and Deb., the 200 plus formal speakers, the countless recording secretaries, and the innumerable rotations of chairpersons kept the show on the road throughout.

The Idea

The whole thing started from an idea that one of the Lit. and Deb. committee had early in the year. Brendan Grehan, of the faculty of law, had suggested it, as a quite tentative option, but soon the entire committee was behind the idea and the long list of plans were drawn up. The date of commencement was decided upon, and designated to be the 7th of March. Then came the meetings with the buildings officer to find accommodation for proceedings, and the organisation of a location for the night sessions, and the authorisation for same. Prior to this of course, the people of the Guinness Book of World Records were contacted and an official entry was submitted that our endeavours be considered. (There was also stipulations made by the G.B.W.R. people as to how the debate should be run if it were to qualify, e.g., that "non-stop" meant exactly that, and that there could be no break in proceedings etc.)

In conjunction with these preparations there were collected lists of those who would speak and a rota was made up. Past members of the society were contacted and invited to take part. Politicians and people of note were also invited. Lecturers and professors from the different faculties were invited to make their contributions and the different societies in the college were mobilised for the cause as well. Sponsorship was also sought, and it was decided that we would collect during the course of the debate (in a milk can, as it turned out), and a charity or cause had to be found to

whom the funds would be turned over. It was decided that one of the "le Céile" projects in Galway city would be the recipient.) The G.B.W.R. people had made the stipulation that the security office of college would have to underwrite the times for us at regular intervals and endorse their validity, and this too had to be

By GERALDINE KILLEEN

organised. Also to be considered was the issue of holding the interest of an audience in college over the several days, so it was planned that there would be themes for the Friday, Saturday, and Sunday as well as Monday. There was a Faculty day for contributions mainly from faculty members, a politicians day, a languages day, and a day for maiden speakers. The ploy worked, as there was no time during the course of the debate that there wasn't an attendance in "the house".

The Motion

But a principal plan was the getting of a motion and not any old motion would do, because it had to be possible to speak on it for the intended length.

"That Ireland is Green" was the eventual offering and there was never a dull moment in the proceedings from the point of view of that choice! But, indeed, everything and anything that one could imagine would be in order or necessary for such an endeavour had to be catered for, right down to getting a green gavel for the chairman!

All the weeks of planning came together on Thursday, March 7th when the debate was formally opened, with the mayor, Mrs. Bridie O'Flaherty in attendance. The debate began at the stroke of noon, by the motion being formally proposed and opposed and thereafter, continued as per the prepared list of speakers.

That list of speakers was to include Seán "Dublin Bay" Loftus, Séamus Brennan and university lecturer and speaker against apartheid, Kadar Asmaal, as well as Radio 2's D.J., Jerry Ryan. Also included in the list were a host of foreign students who helped the society tot up a total of 20 different languages on languages day. Everything from Malasian to Africans was represented. Very many new speakers turned out, and had they not, it is highly likely that there would not have been a new record, as their numbers swelled the ranks of

speakers to such a considerable degree more than was hoped for. Indeed, many lost sheep of the society returned to her aid during the debate and overall, I would claim the list of speakers to be one of the most varied seen at any formal debate in this country ever, because of the many nationalities and different walks of life that chose to get involved.

Long, long nights

But the most memorable part of the debate for me must be the night sessions and how they began and ended. The nights were to be spent in the old college building, so at about 11.30 each night, while speaking and chairing and minute taking continued, the new block where we spent the day was vacated by a procession of "the house". Led by the Tricolour and the Banner of the society, with the speaker chairman and secretary in toe. It was an hilarious sight to see, as sometimes as many as 200 people escorted those who had night admittance to the archway into the quadrangle where pedantic leavetakings "till the morrow" were the order of the night for the speaker. Then to the Aula where the Hilarity proceeded. Do not misunderstand, there was more than the fair share of laughter during the day, but between midnight and 8 a.m., when security dictated that the group had to be small, in order to keep morale as high as possible, and to keep the drowsy from nodding off, there were such unbelievable jests, jibes, jokes, and heckles as make the minute books a priceless read.

And the great thing about it all is that it all ran to the tune of whether or not Ireland is green. Coming back from the Aula at 8 a.m. was a scream also. Someone would invariably propose the fiftieth motion of no confidence in the chair of the night so that the chairman's aptitude would be the item of discussion for the journey back. It was easier to jibe a comrade than to debate formally in transit at such an early hour. As one person said "It's very hard to lose your train of thought in a slag". At any rate, the well timed disenchantment with the chair would see the nocturnal crew safely into the light of the day and to occupation of the library forecourt.

The day time shift was made up of an hour to an hour and a half outside the library, a site that became famous in the debate as a sight where feminists got their word in as it seemed that nearly every morning the women

We broke the World non-stop Debating Record (cont.)

ended up knocking the men who had spent the previous hours knocking women. It was all very lively and kept out the morning cold.

After the library shift, the debate moved into the concourse of the main block, and thereafter, in the evening, into the Kirwan lecture theatre. All during every one of these moves the debate continued by the rules in spite of all adversity.

One of the major factors in the longevity of the debate, aside from the gimmicks and pranks that were incorporated, was the "Point of . . ." Whether it was a point of order or a point of information. These interjections made a fifteen minute speech last an hour and, thought not always orderly, they kept the audience as well. Indeed there was a point of order offered one night that lasted some three hours in its sorting out.

And all the time this was going on, the milk can sat before the podium and the staff and students contributed generously, chairmen and recording secretaries came and went and the clock ticked magically onwards.

Barrier Broken

When the papers and R.T.E. took up

our story, the sense of achievement on the part of everyone involved started to well. When the 108 hour 27 minute barrier was broken and the hardest part over, everyone was elated, and at nine o'clock on the evening of March 13, when Dr. Ó hEocha took the podium to make his speech before endorsing the time, everyone was absolutely ecstatic!

By 9.20 that night the motion had been put to a vote and practically the entire assembly abstained, so no decision could be made. Fr. Gerry Ryan O.S.A. had spoken the thanks of "le Céile" for the funds (which totalled almost £1,000). The president of the college was signing the minute book, and the chairman and Auditor of the Lit. and Deb. Micheál Ó Sé called for the singing of our national Anthem. I could never describe the emotion and elation everyone felt as we stood facing the flag and sang.

Nor could I explain the sense of fraternity at the end of it all, the sense of unified achievement. Some people would be very critical of the worth of the record attempt, contending that that is not what our parents sent us to college for. To that I say, apart from raising almost £1,000 for a cause that

helps in community self help and internal development, which needed that precise sum to pilot a new facility), we conquered the negative competitiveness one finds so readily in a third level institute, turned it, and it's energies to pulling together as one, to doing something of our own volition, mustering every conceivable organisational talent, directing it to constructive ends, doing something even though nobody told us and we knew we didn't have to, organising something positive because we wanted to, and succeeding in our aims. I see it as good being done. Everyone closely involved will never forget it for the friendships forged and the self conquest the night shifts and the co-ordination entailed.

And whatever else, everyone who participated helped to create, and is part of a new world record. And a world record, is a great thing to achieve, especially when so much teamwork went into it, and so much general good came out.



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DOWN MEMORY LANE



Taking part in a Fancy Dress Parade in Gort (1951 or '52) were, left to right, Paddy Curley, Jack Neilan and Pádraig Neilan. (The car belonged to Jack Healey, Crannagh).



The Ballyhugh Blues, Gort's only rock band formed in 1961. Members of the group were: Ethna Manto, lead singer, Kieran Manto, Guitar; Jay Porter, Drummer; Mikie Wallace, Bass; Dodo Scanlan, Guitar. They played regularly in the old cinema in Gort and as far away as Salthill and Tubber.



Mother Gabriel



Turf Market in The Square, Gort. This photograph appeared in the Cork Weekly Examiner, December 28, 1907.



L.D.F. march in procession 4/4/43. Included: Bob Forde, Robert Lahitte, Paddy Mullins, etc. Children (left to right): Tom O'Flaherty, Miko Carr, John Joe Baker, and Miko Baker.



Staff party held in Classic Ballroom, July 1956. This was for two of Glynn's Hotel staff, M. Kennedy and Tess Naughton who were going to U.S.A. It was the first staff party held in Gort. Back row (left to right): Bridie Lally, Mary Carr, Christina Burke, Mary Coughlan, Lelia O'Shea, Danny McNamara, Mae McBarron. Front row: Moira Corry, Cissy Hynes, Mike O'Shaughnessy, Maureen Kehir, Madge Kennedy, Tess Naughton, Seán Collins, Maire Hynes, Annie Gilligan.



Queen Street, c. 50 years ago.

Dr. John Marlborough looks back

In this interview with
PEADAR Ó CONAIRE

Tell me about your youth?

I was born in Rathorpe, Tubber. I went to three national schools, Boston, Tubber and Lough Cutra. I had to cycle to Lough Cutra which was five miles away. After leaving national school I became a boarder in St. Flannan's College in Ennis. The President at the time was Canon O'Dea, and it was he who advised me to do medicine after my Leaving Certificate. I entered the College of Surgeons where I qualified as a doctor in 1923. After qualifying I went to practise with Dr. Geraghty (a relation of mine) in Loughrea. When Dr. Geraghty retired I applied for the post but failed to secure it by one vote.

I went to England and got a job in Wisbeach Hospital, Cambridge. Incidentally while I was over there I got to know Frank Fahy, who was in the Civil Service in London at the time. Frank, who wrote the song "The Old Plaid Shawl", was a poet and patriot. He was a relation of mine.

I came back to Gort in 1928 and started my own private practice in Lally's Hotel where I remained for two years. Dr. Fallon was dispensary doctor here at the time. I got married in 1930, to Emily Coen, built this house, and went to live in it.

Did you have to work hard as a young doctor?

Yes. I worked very long hours tending to my patients and trying to establish myself in my newly formed practice. A full night's sleep was certainly a luxury, and to make matters worse my wife was afraid to stay on her own at night-time. As well as ordinary calls maternity calls were very common as most births took place at home.

T.B. was rampant at the time; indeed it practically wiped out some families. I'll never forget one night that I was coming home late and I noticed the Convent on fire. I immediately went and knocked on the

doors. No answer. So I drove around the town blowing the horn, trying to get the attention of the sleeping townspeople. A good portion of the building was destroyed in the blaze.

Another night I was so tired driving along a country road that I never saw a donkey lying in the middle of the road. I drove over the unfortunate animal!

Did you consider specialising?

Yes, in surgery, but somehow I got stuck into my practice in Gort and didn't get around to it as it were. As a young doctor I considered emigrating to England where there would be openings in the army or navy but family considerations stopped me from actually going.



Dr. John Marlborough

What did you do for relaxation?

For one thing I always left my job at the door! It is an open secret that I was

very keen on golf. I remember Charlie Foley putting a notice on my door when I was in Lally's Hotel. It read: "He can be found any time on the golf course". Charlie did it for a laugh of course, but it would be true to say that a lot of my spare time was spent on the golf course. I used to play a lot with Dan Sexton who was a good golfer himself.

I enjoyed shooting and fishing as well. I spent many a fine evening fishing with Ned Gilmartin and George Ross in Kilbeacanty and Loughrea. Hurling, a game of sheer skill and speed, always appealed to me. I played hurling for U.C.D. and I made a few appearances for Clare as well.

I had a great love for athletics as well, especially in my college days. For relaxation at home I read poetry. I have always enjoyed the works of Wordsworth, Shelley and Goldsmith.

Did you find your work rewarding?

Yes, immensely rewarding and challenging. I can honestly say it gave me a great deal of happiness.

What was Gort like when you came here first?

It was a good market town. There used to be very large fairs held in the town and generally speaking businesses of all sorts were prosperous.

Any characters you can remember?

Indeed there were many characters in Gort down through the years. There were a few that stand out vividly in my mind, Cyril Carter the dentist was one. He lived in Lily Lahiffe's house (The Old College in Bridge Street). Georgie Daly, son of Archdeacon Daly was another. I remember at his funeral people, including myself went inside the railings of the Protestant Church although they weren't supposed to do so. Other fine characters that spring to mind were Dan Sexton, George Ross, Ned Gilmartin and Batty Fahy.

Finally any unfulfilled dreams?

I wouldn't divulge them if I had!

The Promised Land

By MARY HAWKES

All shackles of my "permanent pensionable position" shaken off; school marm skirt and court shoes exchanged for faded jeans and Jesus sandals; back laden with rucksack and head filled with dreams, I stood somewhat bewildered at Tel Aviv Airport. Security checks were thorough, armed soldiers very much in evidence, and the prevailing air of unsmiling suspicion was very difficult to reconcile with the Biblical images of the "Holy Land".

Overnight stay in a youth hostel, a visit to the kibbutz placement agency and I was on my way to Kibbutz Geva, a two hour bus ride from Tel Aviv. Trudging apprehensively up the olive-lined avenue, I wondered what my year long adventure held in store. The Kibbutz, living testimony to the zeal of committed Zionists seem an unlikely destination for an Irish schoolmarm. But, to me, the volunteer system which permits young people from all over the world to work on the kibbutz in exchange for their keep and a little pocket money, seemed the ideal way of visiting Israel and other Middle East countries, and also of experiencing this unique system of communal living.

And so, I was shown to the volunteer quarters — a series of one-roomed chalets each accommodating three people. My room mates, Barbara, a South African Jewess who later settled on Geva — and Moira, an English Protestant who has since married a kibbutznik, (kibbutz member) eyed me with some curiosity. I was the first Irish volunteer in Geva's 58 year history! A briefing revealed that this was a well established and wealthy kibbutz



Bedouin and friends in the Sinai Desert.

with 700 members. The volunteer force fluctuated from 30-60, the majority hailing from Scandinavia, Germany, South Africa and England. We were required to work a six hour day, six days a week in return for food, keep, pocket money — and clothing. Visions of a new wardrobe were quickly dispelled when Aurella, the seamstress, a buxom beaming "Yeddisch-Mamme", eyed my proportions and smilingly presented me with bellbottomed jeans which sailed inelegantly at half mast above the regulation hob-nailed boots. An oversize and well patched shirt, topped off with a green army jacket, completed the ensemble. (Thankfully, these were replaced by shorts, T-shirt and bare feet for the Summer months). My spirits sank to the depths of those same boots when I learned that work began at 6 a.m. and my first

assignment was the Peeling Room.

On a kibbutz, all members eat together in a very large dining room. Now 700 people eat an enormous quantity of vegetables. Six hours of peeling these left me wondering if perhaps teaching wasn't such a bad job after all!

Thankfully, my peeling days were numbered. The kibbutz has a strict policy of testing out volunteers and awarding "promotion" on merit. So, I "progressed" to the factory "Baccara", which manufactures solenoid valves and is the financial mainstay of Geva.

The advent of Spring saw all volunteers in the grapefruit grooves. Agriculture is very intensive on kibbutzim and Geva derived its income from dairying, sheep farming (fleeceless Salvador Dali type sheep with enormous udders were milked three times daily!) fish pond, chicken rearing, and cultivation of avocados, almonds and acres of grapefruit. With large hessian sacks around our necks, we shinned up trees and carefully plucked the unblemished fruit. These sacks were then emptied into large wooden crates which were pushed to the end of the row along movable railway lines. The pungent aroma of the rain-washed fruit in the early morning, the beauty of the Jordan Valley viewed from the top of tree, made this work an absolute pleasure.

Luck was on my side when I got the most coveted volunteer position of swimming pool attendant. Geva boasts an Olympic size pool set in beautiful gardens. So three glorious months were spent cleaning the pool, tending the shrubs and watching my tan deepen to mahogany.

But kibbutz life was not all work.



Aurella, displaying her new Spring Range of work clothes!

HAVE AN IRISH MANUFACTURED PERM OR BODY WAVE
BY ALENA

AT

COUNIHAN'S, GORT

TELEPHONE 31076

The Promised Land (cont.)



"Hey ho, hey ho, it's off to work we go" — commuting to work Geva style.

Independence is encouraged from an early age. Kibbutz children live apart from their parents in "children's houses" and spend the afternoons and the Sabbath (Saturday) together. Contributing one's services for the common good is apparent in all areas of the kibbutz from little children growing flowers and vegetables to old folk sewing or doing whatever they can. Israel is a developing country with a crippling inflation rate due to the massive expenditure on defence, so survival is not easy. Members of Kibbutz Geva enjoy a living standard comparable to that comfortable middle-class citizens. Since all profits are ploughed back into the kibbutz, members have the immediate incentive of improved living conditions.

Doubtless, the kibbutz movement benefits greatly from the free labour force provided by volunteers but for me, those hours of work were repaid a hundred fold. Weekends spent in Jerusalem — that most incredible Mecca of varying religions and cultures; a kibbutz outing to the War torn Golan Heights; attending midnight Mass in Nazareth on Christmas Eve; shooting the rapids in a car tube down the Jordan River; watching the sun rise over the Dead Sea from the summit of Mount Massada; sleeping out under the desert sky during a week long camel trek in the Sinai — these are my indelible memories of Israel — memories which afford welcome respite from the court shoe, school skirt days of everyday living.

Volunteers and kibbutzniks mingled in the evening over a game of scrabble or chess in the "meadow" or club. Films and concerts were brought frequently; and strange combinations of race and religion fused when struck by Cupid's ever-ardent arrow at the Friday night disco!

Volunteers remaining on the kibbutz for some months were "adopted" by a kibbutz family. The afternoon visits to their apartments for a drink afforded a great opportunity of getting an insight into the mentality and aspirations of the kibbutznik. Middle aged members remembered

fleeing from Europe as children — a few older folk still bore numbers tattooed on their arms as living memory of Nazi persecution. Perhaps this explained the determination, with which these formidable survivors toiled endlessly to cultivate their Biblical land of milk and honey; perhaps this fuelled the zeal of the young soldiers through three years of the most rigorous military service! Sadly, it was perhaps this which has made them so ruthless in their treatment of the Arabs who live in Israel. The modern Israeli is detached, determined and ruthless.

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Letter from Zimbabwe

c/o Eveline High School,
P.O. Box 577, Bulawavo,
Matabeleland, Zimbabwe.
Wednesday, 17th April.

Greetings Peter,

I'm just about ready to rattle off a few lines.

I think first off I should make my job situation understood — I'm working as an employee of the Zim. Ministry of Education. I have zero missionary/charitable connections. The Zim Government are one of the recipients of AID, in the form of professionally trained personnel, provided by our Government. The Agency which interviewed and trained me for teaching in Aim is A.P.S.O. — a state funded organisation. A.P.S.O. took care of my initial air-fare, a settling in allowance and have all Irish teachers, recruited through their efforts, insured. We have an A.P.S.O. rep. here in Zimbabwe to handle any hassles should there be any and to study and report back to A.P.S.O. on how the teaching programme and other aid programmes are functioning.

Well I hope that's enough background material. Now for my actual work. Eveline is a girls secondary school located in Bulawavo City. It was originally an all-white school but since Independence all schools are now multi racial. 90% of our girls are black, 8% coloured and 2% white. Changed days! There are about 1,100 students in the school — we took in 300 form 1s this year! Pupils study for Cambridge "O" and "A" levels.

The "O" level course is a four years one and "A" level is a two years course. Subjects are taught through English and the standard of English in the majority of cases is very good. The "O" level examination is a lot stiffer than our Inter-Cert. and given that most students take a minimum of six subjects it is a tough screening test for suitable "A" level candidates. At "A" level a student usually takes two or three subjects. Specialisation is faced at a very early stage in one's career. The "A" level syllabus would be the equivalent of a 1st year university course in that particular subject. "A" level students are expected to research and familiarise themselves with their subject to a far greater degree than our Leaving Certificate students at home. There again however, the student usually spends at least as much of the school day

studying in the library as actually taking class.

The school day starts at 7.30 a.m. and supposedly finishes at 1 p.m. However, most "A" level students take extra afternoon classes and a full range of extra curriculum activities take place during afternoons. Athletics, swimming, tennis, basketball, netball and hockey are all catered for at Eveline. The facilities are excellent — we've got our own swimming pool,



Ronan Cotter

courts and pitches. The schools built by the Rhodesians lack very little indeed. We've also got a variety of clubs, the newest of which I'm delighted to say is an Economics Club. This country was made for afternoon activities — climate wise it really is perfect.

Discipline wise its extraordinarily good. Uniforms are worn in every secondary school and in most primary schools. The term "naughty" is strong enough to embarrass most students. The discipline situation is at a stage where if a student is found smoking or drinking he/she is notorious! Seriously, a giddy student is cause for complaint among staff — I'm not complaining.

Thursday 18th:

Independence Day (5th Anniversary). Well back again — think I'll give school a break and move onto

more general topics. It's now five years after Independence and this year is a General Election year. At present Mr. Mugabe's Z.A.N.U. party holds power. The main opposition party is Z.A.P.U. — led by Mr. Nkomo. The parties are inherently tribalistic, i.e. Z.A.N.U. for the most part is representation for the Shona while Z.A.P.U. is representation for the Matabele. Bulawavo is in Matabeleland so guess who's most popular? Elections have been postponed from April until June to organise a proper register of voters. To date there has been some violence but hopefully we've seen the last of it. There has always been a "dissident" problem since Independence and this problem fuels mistrust and tribalism. Z.A.N.U. maintain that the dissidents have Z.A.P.U. support while Z.A.P.U. maintain dissidents are just armed bandits with no political/tribal association. The media is a propaganda tool for Z.A.N.U. — the ruling party. I'm not going to comment further on the political situation! Ian Smith is still involved in politics and there is talk of the minority parties forming an alliance to contest the election — I await with interest.

Wide Streets

Bulawavo is the second city of Zimbabwe. A beautiful city, very well planned. I suppose the most notable feature is the wideness of the streets — e.g. Selborne Ave. (on which Eveline is located) has parking on each side of the Avenue and double parking in the middle and two traffic lanes on each side! All heavy industry is located well outside of the city and given the excellent road system there is never any real traffic congestion.

We've got all the trappings of city life — department stores, restaurants, cinemas, theatre — the range of goods is not as good as at home and this is mainly due to the foreign exchange restrictions. After three years of terrible drought and the ensuing damage to the economy, there is a shortage of foreign currency. You cannot imagine the joy and relief that the rains brought with them. It just transformed the country.

Flying in in January '84, I was struck by the sight of the red earth — January '85 I was met with a more familiar sight — a patchwork of green. Zimbabwe has the potential to be a food exporter and given the prospect of reasonable

Letter from Zimbabwe (cont.)

rains for the next few years the economy is on the up. The E.E.C. have recently agreed to allow some Zim beef imports — what happened the beef mountain?

The two main cities Harare and Bulawavо dominate life for most Zimbabweans. There is very little decentralisation so if one wants to sort out "things official" a trip to Harare is arranged. This centralization has made its own problems — usually Government offices are besieged with queues of people. Queueing is a national pastime and accepted without the suggestion of annoyance or inconvenience. The women bring their knitting. Quite difficult to handle such delays but I'm getting the hang of it at last — I never venture out without a book.

We haven't got any national dress in Zimbabwe which is something that disappointed me. I expected the long colourful dresses and scarf on top. Zimbabwe grows some of the best cotton in the world but most is exported. Polyester and other such synthetics are the most popular — though definitely not the most comfortable. The native languages are

alive and well. Very difficult to pick up because they have the "clicks" and "clacks" of most central and southern African countries. I've got some students greeting me as Gaeilge and I respond in Medebele — only fair if they get a laugh out of my efforts that I'm similarly rewarded. The Zimbabweans have a tremendous facility for languages. A lot of students would speak four or five — who's educating who?

The music played on local radio is quite varied. There are three radio stations which cater for (1) classical/easy listening, (2) local (pop rather than traditional) and (3) international pop music. We tend to get the music quite a while after its popular in the U.K. and at home. The Christmas famine relief hit came on the radio in March.

T.V. is a little different and takes getting used to. A common occurrence is to have the credits and intro music for a programme and then break for commercials before it actually starts. Dallas, Dynasty, Falcon Crest, etc. are as popular here as at home — no escape!

Hill Street Blues has just started a

run so there's hope for the nation after all! For the most part programmes are imported from the States and the U.K. — very little local produce.

Finally, I'll fill you in on one super custom. Most children are given names which have very real meaning. A friend of mine filled me in on his family's names.

Child number one — Sandiso — extension to the family; child number two — Sabelo — a gift; child number three — Silindiwe — we are well looked after; child number four — Sanele — we have enough!

Names such as Beauty, Memory, Bright, Intelligent, Boy, Patience, Mercy abound. A friend of mine teaches a boy called Furniture! It beats John, Paul, George or Ringo?

Peter I'll wrap up. Hopefully I've supplied you with something suitable. If there's anything else that you'd like to know and that I'm able to inform you on I'd be delighted to do so. In a week's time I go to Vic Falls for some holidays — looking forward to it.

Hope this finds you and yours well and in good form.

Best wishes always,
Ronan Cotter.

The Three Kiltartans

Even the most modest of geographers should be able to pick up a map of Ireland, locate County Galway in its western reaches and then spot Gort resting quietly in its Clare-wards place. But Gort and its district — the old Barony of Kiltartan — do not really lie on any single map; the traveller who thinks he can find the place so easily is being led astray, as the olden folks of the district were led astray by their neighbours, the Sidhe. In actual fact, there are three Kiltartans and each one is marked on a different map.

The first and most accessible Kiltartan is the pattern of towns and countryside I drove into as a stranger about fifteen years ago. Tourists and travellers galore visit it by car or busload. Ireland is brimming with beautiful places: Killarney, the Cliffs of Moher, Ben Bulbin, rocky Donegal, Glendalough . . . Like all those places, this first Kiltartan is marked on the Ordnance Survey map, and like them, it has its physical attractions: lake and woodland and picturesque ruins and rolling slopes and the incomparable Burren resting there in its backyard. Better still, though, this Kiltartan is alive with

people who over the years have become my cherished friends. I remember well driving with my students down George's St. in Gort for what must have been the first time and hopping out to ask one of the "natives" for some directions. The

By LOUIS A. MUINZER

man I buttonholed may have been a stranger that day, but with the years he has ripened into my old friend Gerry Keane! For this Kiltartan is an amiable place and a wandering Yank like me soon begins to feel at home. Coming back over the years for the Kiltartan Summer School, I have come to know the people of the countryside, the shops of Gort and the paths of the landscape as few foreigners are able to know them. That Kiltartan is the "Ireland" I know best, and much that I've learned about the quality and character of Irish life, I have learned unobtrusively and without trying in the give-and-take of visits there. I would love to name some of my other Kiltartan friends who, like Gerry Keane, have given me "an Irish education", but I fear that I should

leave out some and that would never do: Gerry, the first of that landscape of friends, must stand for them all.

The second Kiltartan doesn't lie on the map of Ireland, but on the map of world literature. Indeed, few rural places in Europe can rival Kiltartan as a literary landscape, for it has yielded a harvest of creative work that ranges from the lore of the people (as preserved and edited by Lady Gregory) to important Yeats poems like "An Irish Airman Foresees His Death" and "Coole Park and Ballylee, 1931", with Lady Gregory's Cloon (alias Gort) comedies somewhere in between. Such Kiltartan writing is known and loved today in distant places, but it has a special life in the places that produced it — places that have changed with the years but which retain their magic even now. The Seven Woods of Coole are still there for the reader's imagination to walk among, with the wild swans swimming yet on the lake Yeats loved. And there where Raftery and Mary Hynes once walked, the old grey tower of Ballylee remains: a place that is itself a poem because a wizard imagined it to be one . . . There and in many another

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The Three Kiltartans (cont.)

Kiltartan spot, literature is both an art and a place I visit, year after year.

Many a kind soul has helped me to know that landscape where words are roads, but there are two kind guides who now accompany me only in my loving memory: Mrs. Mary Hanley — scholar, champion of Ballylee and cherished friend — and Canon George Quinn, whose energy fired and was fired by an indomitable imagination. Mary and Canon George were both larger than life and make the likes of me seem but a pigmy shuffling through a barony of giants. Like Willie Yeats and Augusta Gregory, they remain living presences in a living place . . . one of Modern Literature's most precious landscapes.

The third Kiltartan is to be found neither on the map of the island nor on that of our literature: it lies on the map of the inner man, of what better and wiser men than I have called the Soul. How many of us, I wonder, spend much time in that Kiltartan? We can't reach it by bus or car, or find our

way there in a conventional "literary" seminar: we must open ourselves to it and explore its miracles within ourselves. In that Kiltartan, we may follow in the footsteps and in the words of a man named Yeats, who came there discouraged and weary, and who found there the sources of strength and vision. That strength and vision is there for all of us to share, if we but bring our discouragement and our weariness to the places of his poetry. For in the Seven Woods, on the shores of Coole Lake, on the battlements of Ballylee, Yeats awaits our coming; he is there not merely to give us poetry lessons, to increase our insight into literature, but to give us lessons in the spirit, to give us insight into our own hearts and into the Heart about us. "The Wild Swans at Coole", "Meditations in Time of Civil War", "Blood and the Moon" . . . miracles waiting to happen to us all, there in the places of their mysterious birth.

For me, much of the authority of

Yeats' Kiltartan writing lies in its harmony with the vision of Kiltartan people themselves. Yeats may have lacked the "common touch", but he shared much of the common vision; in Lady Gregory's records of Kiltartan folklore there is an openness of the imagination, a responsiveness to the secrets of experience, that helps bind Yeats' poetry to the spirit of its countryside. Here, surely, a great poet nurtured his soul in a place where the spirit can grow like the great trees of Coole.

And it is to nurture my own soul that I come to these moving places, year after year. I come less to teach than to learn and to look into myself, to search there for strength and joy and beauty. I have travelled far, and for me there is no place like it, the third and deepest of the three Kiltartans . . . Sad to think how many people pass through the other two and are too busy or indifferent or too "scholarly" to visit the heart of the place . . . and their own hearts, too.

Fly Fishing for Beginners

There are many types of fly fishing rods, i.e. bamboo, fibreglass, etc.; the latter being the most popular. Size should be about 9 to 10 feet. For starting it's best to buy a cheap one. The reel can be any size, to hold 30 yards of plastic coated line. A cast of leader nylon line can be used about 4 to 5 feet in length, breaking strain from 4 lbs. upwards; this can be longer to hold droppers which means fishing with 3 flies, one at the bottom of the cast and two more 18" apart on 3" to 4" lengths of nylon line but it's best to start with one fly.

There are hundreds of different types of wet and dry flies, so it's best to stick with the most popular ones, Coachman, Hare's Ear, Black Gnat, Greenwells, Glory, March Brown, Stone Fly, White Moth, Orange Grouse or February Red.

Fly's can be kept in a small tin box and hooked on a piece of foam or aeroboard. A net is very important. A lot of good fish are lost by anglers trying to lift them out of the water with

their rods; always use the net. There is a great variety of fishing bags, rods and reels available but what is handy is a plastic carrier bag. This can be carried in the pocket of a coat or jacket and when fish is caught the bag can be hung on one's belt.

Before you go to the river it's a good idea to practise casting, this can be

By TOMMY MINOGUE

done on the lawn with a small piece of cloth tied on the end of the cast to represent a fly.

Pull out a length of line about 20 feet, tie the cast on the end of the line, make the first attempt with your back to the wind. Leave the line on the ground, pick up the rod and hold it in front of you pointing upwards. You are now ready to start. Always look behind you for obstacles before starting casting. It takes some time to get used to the feel of the rod so practice as much as you can. Simple overhead casting is all you need at first. When you arrive at the river pick a stretch where it is wide and fast flowing. If you watch carefully you should see where the trout are feeding. Judge the amount of line you need, start casting. If the current is flowing left, cast to your right at an

agle. This should take the fly to the fish. Always keep your eye on the fly. If you see the fish take the fly, strike, but not too hard, as it often happens that the fly is yanked from the fish's mouth. Experience will tell you unless you have patience playing a fish, you will most likely lose it.



It is good to move up and down the river. If trout are not feeding in one spot, they could be feeding in another part of the river. Some rivers have club rule as regards size of trout taken from the river. It's usually the case that fish under 9 inches in length must be put back, so comply with the rules. There is a lot more that could be written about fly fishing but trial and error is best. So good luck and tight lines.

Rome Diary

21st Departure from Dublin Airport. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nolan, Corker House, Mrs. Molly McLoughlin, Kiltartan, Mrs. Mary Downey, Carrabane, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cahill, Deerpark, and Mr. and Mrs. Rynal Coen, Gort, arrived at the huge Finicino airport in beautiful weather. Only one case lost but it was soon found. It took an hour to travel the twenty miles to our hotel in the town centre, the Hotel San Remo. After a short rest, there was a tour of Rome by night including the massive St. Peter's Basilica. Then dinner in the noted Scoglio di Frisio restaurant on the Via Merulana. All found the food and wine excellent. And the orchestra played "Galway Bay". Frascati wine was the favourite wine and the Peroni beer in the Marconi bar on the way home was pronounced excellent.

22nd:

Two young people from Offaly, who are staying in our hotel, are being married this morning in the Cathedral of St. John Lateran by Monsignor John Hanly, rector of the Pontifical Irish College. Our tour begins this morning in the nearby Basilica of St. Mary Major. A wonderful building with exquisite side chapels. In one of these is the tomb of Pope Saint Pius V who died in the sixteenth century and whose body never corrupted. The ceiling of this church glistens with pure gold, the first gold to come from America and presented to Pope Alexander VI by Christopher Columbus. Next to the Scala Santa (the Holy Stairs) said to be the stairs of Pontius Pilate's house, on which Jesus walked at his trial and brought here from Jerusalem. Along with hundreds of others, we climbed the stairs on our knees. Then across to St. John Lateran's where I was ordained in 1958. We attended the wedding of the Offaly couple and gave them a round of applause when the ceremony was over.

Before lunch we inspected the Coliseum. The whole evening was spent in St. Peter's Basilica, on the roof, in the dome and in the Crypt

where the recent Popes are buried. That night we celebrated forty years of happy marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Lambert of Kilbeacanty. Once again they cut the cake as the restaurant orchestra serenaded them.

23rd — Tuesday:

Morning shopping in the many stalls in the Piazza Vittorio. Good value in leather goods. Mrs. Downey almost had her bag snatched. An afternoon in the wonderful Villa d'Este with its thousand fountains in Tivoli about twenty miles outside Rome. When Adrian Crowe, the only child in our party, fell, we met with exceptional kindness from doctors, teenagers and a taximan when we took the child to "casualty" for two stitches.

24th — Wednesday:

Papal audience in St. Peter's Square. Thanks to Monsignor Hanly we had excellent seats but a few feet from His

April 21 — 28, 1985

By FR. MARTIN COEN

Holiness. Tom Nolan held up high our placard with "Galway" written on it. When the Pope saw it, he smiled broadly and gave us a big wave. In his talk he mentioned our group by name. A bonus item was the international "Up With the People" singing group. They gave a half hour concert of song and dance on the steps of St. Peter's. Mrs. McLoughlin and Mrs. Downey came home safely on a crushed public bus. Our guest for dinner was Seán Kilcoyne (62) of Renmore a retired post office engineer, now studying in Rome for the priesthood for Galway diocese.

25th — Thursday:

Visit to St. Paul's outside the Walls, the fourth big Roman Basilica. After coming out, we sat in the sunshine with an ice cream or beer. Then to a shortened tour of the Vatican galleries ending with the Sistine Chapel. It is far

too vast for more than a cursory tour. In the afternoon, we visited the Olympic area, the Stadium of 100,000 seats and the swimming pool.

At five o'clock we drove to the Pontifical Irish College for reception by Mons. Hanly, the rector and Fr. Brady, vice-rector. There was welcome tea, enough to eat, and many drinks for those who wanted them. The rector then told the visitors about the college and took them on a tour of the college. There we met Michael O'Flaherty, the only Galway student there. From Galway City, he is a qualified solicitor and he has three years to go till ordination. He is a grand-nephew of the late Mrs. Molly Pigott, Gort. We ended the visit by attending the students' Mass at which there was wonderful music. The Cahills, Nolans and Coens adjourned to Morandi's for supper. Some had exquisite lasagna while Mrs. Bridey Nolan was very pleased with her "Pizza Capriciosa".

26th — Friday:

All day out the country. First a two and a half hour bus drive through farming country on an excellent highway to the world famous monastery of Monte Cassino on the top of a mountain. Hardly a wall or fence was seen. There was intensive cultivation and little stock. The farms seemed reasonably prosperous. The monastery which was blown to pieces in the last War because it was a German fortification, has been completely rebuilt. We had Mass at the tomb of Saint Benedict and his sister Saint Scholastica. There was a wonderful view of the countryside from the great height. Then we drove west to the sea at Nettuno and saw the incorrupt body of Saint Maria Goretti in her parish of Nettuno. Many washed their feet in the tepid Mediterranean. Then on to Anzio where we saw some of the thousands of graves of American soldiers killed when they landed there in 1944.

A last night party was held in my honour as I was going home early to



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Rome Diary (cont.)

meet the Lord Mayor of Dublin in Craughwell on Sunday. There was a sing-song and the orchestra played Irish numbers for our group. When the orchestra finished, Mary Shaughnessy seised the piano and Mrs. Downey borrowed a violin. eSoon we had some rousing Irish numbers and before long under the lead of Mick Cahill and Tom Nolan, a half-set was under way. Not having enough room, tables were pushed aside much to the

amazement of the owners and customers. On the way home some dropped at a beer house for a drink. Some went further afield to an Irish pub, "The Fiddlers's Elbow" for Guinness. The night ended with a sing-song in the hotel into the early hours of the morning.

27th — Saturday:

Under the leadership of Tom Nolan and Michael O'Flaherty, the group

went to mass and visited the catacombs of St. Calixtus. The miles of underground tunnels from early Christian days were most interesting. Rynal and Dáirín Coen left to continue their holiday in Florence and Venice. Tom Nolan saw me off to the air terminal. The evening was given over to last minute shopping.

28th — Sunday:

A pleasant flight home after a pleasant but tiring week.

The Haunted House

"Come here Mary until you see the view from here", said John. Mary walked over to the big bay window with the steel frames and looked out. "There's a fine view from here surely", said Mary, "You can see the traffic on the main road to Kilrush from the hilltop here". "What do you think of the house Mary", said John. "It's a fine big spacious house with plenty of room from improvements", said Mary, and she gave a chuckle of laughter and cast a side look at John. John and Mary had just got married and he had transferred to the local national school where he taught. He was glad that a friend had told him of this house.

One evening as John came home to the house following a parent teacher meeting at 9.30 p.m. he found his new bride in a bit of a state. "I thought you would never get home", said Mary. "What is the matter Mary", said John. "What's wrong?" "I don't know rightly", said Mary. "I heard some very strange sounds in the house while you were out". The livingroom was separated from a bedroom by a timber partition and this Mary said had never ceased rattling. "I felt a strange presence in the house", said Mary. "It was as if there was somebody other than myself present in the house". "The feeling was very weird". John looked at Mary trying to weigh up his new bride, wondering if his wife was imagining things, or if she was the same person that he married or if he had missed something about her when they were going out together. "It's nothing", said John, "just your imagination. Don't worry about it. Maybe it's Paddy Tuohy playing tricks on you". "No indeed it's not Paddy Tuohy", said Mary. "I know Paddy Tuohy is odd and that but he would not do that to me". Paddy Tuohy lived on his own next door to John and Mary and he had been taken in a few times

by the local Gardai under suspicion of arson, but he was never convicted of anything. He moved around mostly by night and the local people were somewhat afraid of him. "Paddy Tuohy is alright", said Mary, "He brings me water from the well every day and I find him very helpful and not at all odd". "I'm sure it is just your imagination Mary", said John, "We'll just watch television for the night and forget about it".

By MICHAEL O'DWYER

A week or two passed and one evening Mary and John were out visiting a neighbour. It was just getting dark as Mary and John came to the front door of their bungalow. Mary put the key in the front door and fell back startled, knocking the milk bottles from the doorstep. "Oh God", she exclaimed. "What's the matter? What's wrong with you Mary?", said John. "Did you see the little man sitting inside the door?" said Mary. "Indeed then I did not see any little man", said John. "I saw a little man sitting in the hallway inside the door with two little beady eyes in him and he peering out at me", said Mary. John just roared laughing. "A little man indeed", said he. "I must say Mary but you have a mighty imagination". "I don't like this house at all", said Mary. "There is somebody other than ourselves living in this house". "Is it next weekend your mother and father are coming down for a visit?", said John. "That's right", said Mary. "We won't mention any thing about the strange happenings in the house to them". "Of course not", agreed John. "We better get the bed aired and get in some drink", said Mary. Mary's parents arrived as planned at the week-end and following a good

night's entertainment, went to bed in the spare room. "I put on the electric blanket for you", said Mary to her mother and father. "Good night now and sleep well". The following morning John noticed an odd look, a stare, in his father-in-law's eyes. "Did you sleep well Dad?", said Mary. "I did", he replied. "Were you up during the night Mary", asked her father. "No indeed", said Mary, "I was not". "I went to the bathroom shortly before going to bed and I wasn't out of the bedroom until this morning after that. Why do you ask, Dad?" "I could have sworn that I heard you going up and down the hallway last night with high heeled shoes", said her father. "I heard it several times during the night. As a matter of fact it woke me up from my sleep. The noise of the shoes in the hall and the banging of doors was something terrible".

"Your mother, heard it too and to tell the truth I'd get this house blessed if I had to live in it".

A month or more passed without incident of any kind. One night or rather early one morning (it was about 2 a.m.) John was awakened by Mary with "Do you hear that, do you hear the noise in the far room?" "I do indeed hear noise", said John. The noise was like that of somebody walking around on the bare floor boards of the room. "There's somebody in the house", said John. "Now do you believe me about this house?", said Mary. John eased himself out of the bed trying to make as little noise as possible and in so doing making a lot of squeaking noises. He grabbed a hurley stick from the wardrobe, "Mary", he said, "will you go down the hall towards the room and I'll go out the window to the room and we'll have the person trapped". "I will not", said Mary, the

The Haunted House (cont.)

eyes popping out of her head with fright, and she grabbed his arm for dear life. John could feel the fear rising in himself at this stage. With Mary he went down the hallway towards the noisy room letting a roar from him as he went. The skin was crawling on the top of his head. he was afraid to enter the room and did not enter it. As he ran down the hall, he heard the floor boards under make noise like that of chains being dragged along but he could see nothing. At the same time a gush of wind passed by him but still he saw nothing. John and Mary then left the house going around to the open window of this noisy room and shining a torch in the window. There was nothing to see in the room. They came back into the house, and went down and examined the room. There wasn't a mark on the floor although it was wet outside. "It must have been a cat", said John trying to allay Mary's fears. "Not likely", said Mary, "If it was a cat the floor boards would be wet with paw marks and as you can see it is as dry as dust". They made a thorough search of the house and surrounds but could find nothing. "I'm going for the priest today", said John next morning, "I'm not putting up with it any longer".

"Will you come Mary", "Of course I'll come", said Mary. They found the

priest Fr. Lane reading his prayer book in the passage of his house, walking up and down. Following an exchange of greetings he brought them into the house. Having heard their story, Fr. Lane thought for a few moments, "I'll go out to the house tomorrow evening at 9 p.m. Is that the time you said you felt the most presence, Mary", asked Fr. Lane. "That's correct", said Mary. The following evening as arranged Fr. Lane arrived with his vestments, prayer book and holy water. Some neighbours had gathered near the house because word had travelled, as it does in all small places, that something was going on at the house. Fr. Lane dressed in his vestments, sprinkled holy water and started to say the necessary prayers. Immediately he did so there was a terrible crying throughout the house like somebody in great pain. The crying enveloped the whole house but was especially loud from the room that the strange noises had come from. John and Mary were frightened out of their wits but felt that they must now go through with it. As soon as each room was blessed the light was seitched off in each room but was mysteriously switched on again. This was accompanied by the wailing and crying. A good crowd had now

gathered outside the house and tales of tall dark men over eight feet in height who were seen near the house, were told and retold. The holy pictures fell from the walls of the house during the blessing. A green foam like substance came through the floor boards of the noisy room. Fr. Lane advised Mary not to touch it as he said it would fade away as soon as the noisy spirit left the house. Fr. Lane remained praying all the time calling on the spirit to depart the house and leave its occupants in peace. The howling and wailing would get louder, reach a peak and again subside. This was accompanied by the galloping of horses hoofs about the house. Suddenly there was an almighty roar and the house fell silent. Fr. Lane, Mary and John got up off their knees. Fr. Lane took off his vestments and closed his prayer book. He looked exhausted. "You'll be alright now", he said quietly, "The spirit has left".

All the tales were told again about this house with the neighbours adding little bits here and there.

John and Mary reared several children in that house and lived there for many more years. Nothing further was seen in the haunted house.

Key To Pictures On Front Cover



A — Tom McMunn, formerly occupied by Thomas Diviney who worked for Lady Gregory at Coole.

B — Paddy Moran, Coole.

C — Miko Flaherty's, Garryland, Gort.

D — Pat Heleberts, Kilmacduagh.

E — Mrs. Delia Rock, Garryland, Gort.

F — Mrs. Mary Lynch, Ballybuck, Gort. (Actually Kinvara Parish).

G — Miss McCooks, Gortnakella, Gort.

H — Seán Carr's, Seehan, Gort.

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POET'S CORNER

ALONG LIFE'S PATHWAY

Leave sad tales behind,
Forget the bitter word,
Light your life with wooly clouds,
Let sadness ne'er be heard.

For life is sadness interspersed
With brief and hastening joy ...
Unhappy when you're born ...
Unhappy when a boy.

Along the path of "doing" school ...
A way of many thorns ...
A youth has many joyous nights
But many tear filled morns.

A young man tastes some thrilling
cups,
Yet some with tint of gall;
The married man seeks placitude,
Discovers that's not "all".

The man of fifty feels
He's missed a lot of fun.
The stooped man in his eighties
Feels he got a shabby "run".

Along the path of life there's strewn
The oft recurring stumbles;
T'would be a funny life indeed
Without its share of grumbles.

Though some may reach the gilded
crown,
And some but begger be;
Though rich or poor or up or down
We're all a woeful "we".

W. M. QUINN Gort, Co. Galway

A TRIBUTE TO TOMMY MINOGUE

We all heard of Peter, no fisherman greater,
Who sailed with the highest above.
But we give a cheer, for this fisherman here,
The man that we honestly love.

When he started out, fishing for trout,
He was really short in the teeth.
He caught nothing then, just a rusty old tin,
And a pair of broken old boots.

But as time it went by, and he got so coy,
His fishing skill grew with the years.
He started to make, the bait that they take,
A worm half drowned in a beer.

Where Tommy is found, the fish gather round,
To watch his great strokes with his rod.
He left a few perch, right there in the lake,
As his favourite stroke was a cod.

All eels in the river, still wriggle and shiver,
when Tommy rows up in his boat.
Then he casts out his gear, the eels go all queer,
And swallow right up to the float.

Now Dodd, he will swear, and that is so queer
When Tommy comes down for his fish.
The mackerel there, dance a jig in the Square,
And the whiting strips off in the dish.

A cod winked his eye, at a haddock nearby,
and asked her across for a jar.
Sure Tommy goes too, for a pint or a few,
And ends in the old Wonderbar.

When passing the chipper, up jumped a kipper,
and shouted to Tommy for line.
But he was so full of Wonderbar bull,
eight harps, and a wee bit of thyme.

He may tell you a tale, that will make you go pale,
of the fish that he hooked near the sea.
People drop, and some die, you may ask me why,
Its the big ones he says got away.

But thanks be to God, he still has his rod,
that makes him the best of our time.
With all our good wishes, some hugs and some kisses,
we wish him a pile on his line.

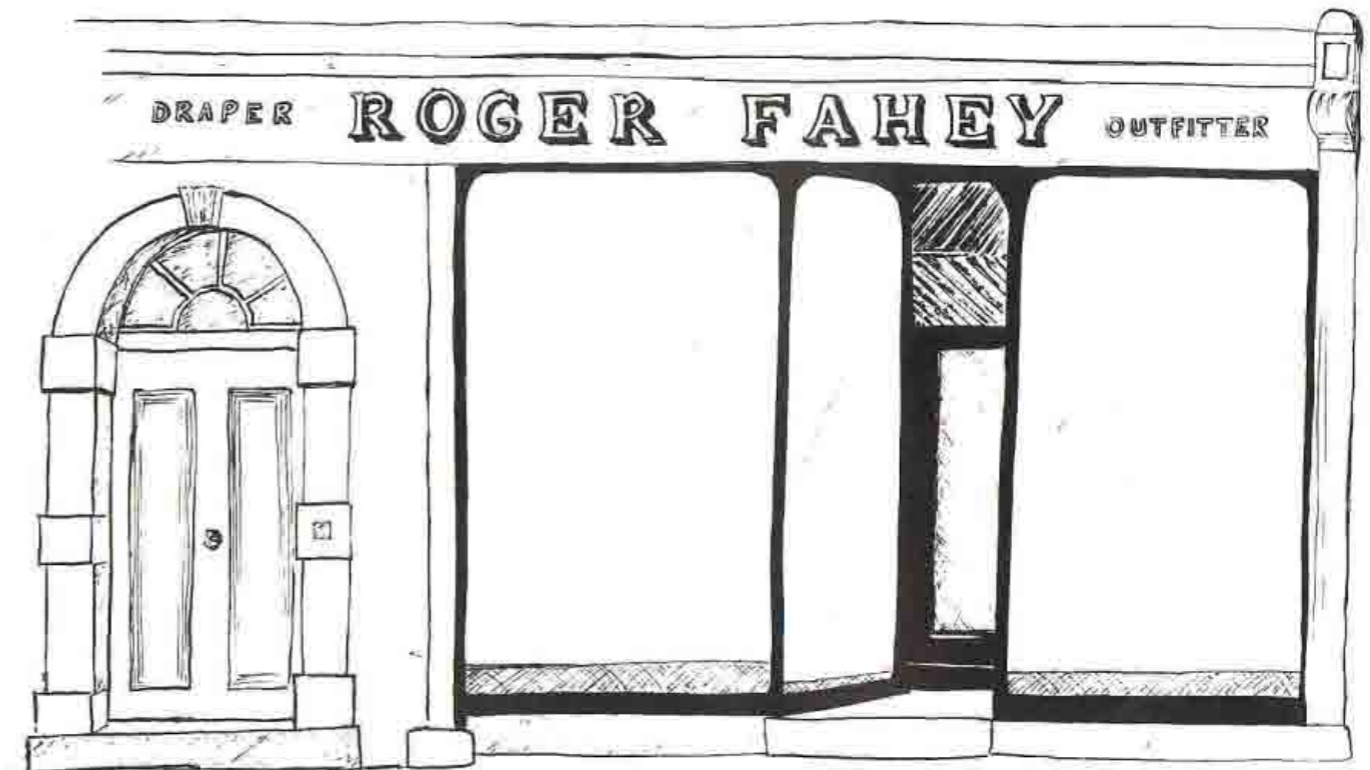
Sean Leahy

PARTING

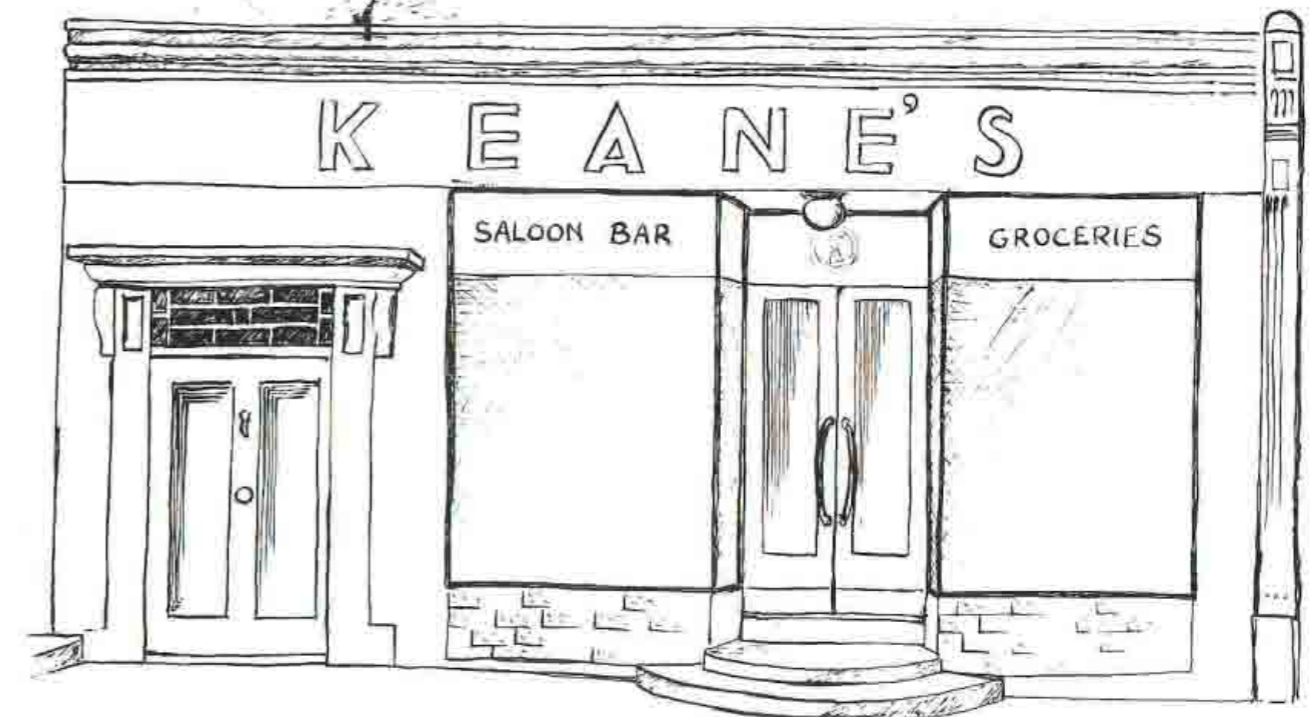
The painful parting
That we call death
Is but the end
Of agony and pain.
The loved one's family
And friends
Suffer now
A pain no one can mend.
The death
Of parents, wives or lovers
It is ture,
Is hard to bear.
We are full of sorrow
But it is here
That we must remember
That death,
Tho' full of pain
For us who are deprived
Is just dthe great beginning
Of new life
For those we loved
And will love
All our lives,
For we too
Shall one day die
And then we'll leave
Our friends,
Oh! the agony of death!
The pain,
The woe,
The sorrow deep
For those who weep.
Faith has taught us
That they are happy now
Tho' it's only sorrow
That we see,
"Do not ask
For whom the bells tolls,
It tolls for thee".

Fr. Fintan Nelly, Gort

SHOP FRONTS



Roger Fahey — Has been in the family since 1955. Previously owned by B. Fahey & Co. Ltd. since 1910. Before that belonged to John Keane.



Keanes — Established late 1700's by Dennis Keane. One of the leading merchants in 1812, catering for Lough Cutra, Coole, Tullira, Castledaly, Ballyturin, (Baggots), Cloone House and Raheen (Lady O'Donnell). Traded right through the Famine.

CHILDREN'S PAGE by JOSEPHINE WARD

WORD FINDER

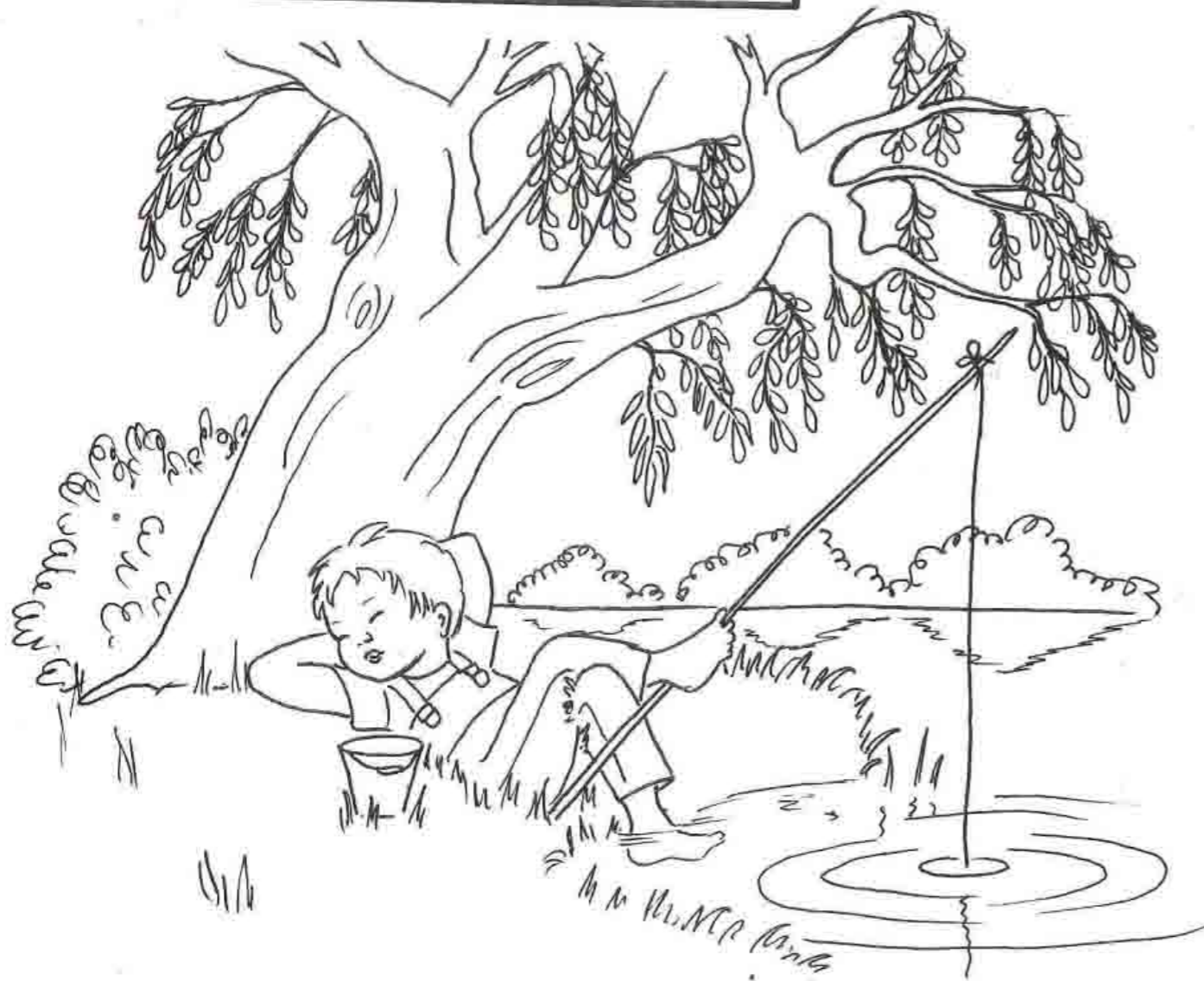
Find the following words in the large square. They read in many directions.

O	S	P	O	P	Y	P	Q	Z	T	V
G	H	E	U	X	V	T	U	A	Q	D
A	S	S	K	J	Y	E	C	C	O	D
U	I	I	E	H	O	E	A	G	C	C
Q	F	O	I	I	A	N	K	J	M	S
I	P	T	M	D	A	M	W	N	G	V
J	N	R	I	R	P	M	S	E	O	Z
K	S	O	Y	B	P	Z	R	T	C	D
B	S	T	C	J	B	K	I	E	O	
I	R	L	N	E	I	A	J	N	X	R
Y	N	O	P	L	V	W	R	X	R	X

- PETS**
- Canary
 - Cat
 - Dog
 - Fish
 - Gerbil
 - Donkey or Ass
 - Hamster
 - Mice
 - Pony
 - Rabbit
 - Tortoise
 - Ass



Colour this Picture



25 Years On



Cort Junior Hurling Team at 25 Years Ago.

Back Row (left to right): C. Randles, G. McLullagh, J. McInerney, F. Considine, L. Glynn, S. Devlin, P. Cahill, J. Cunniffee, G. Cahill, J. P. Hehir. Front Row (left to right): P. Kelly, K. Burke, J. Gallagher, E. O'Shaughnessy, J. Standford, P. Fahy, T. Diskin, C. Piggott.



Cort Minors of 25 years ago, gathered at Springs Night Club, where they had a fabulous re-union. Back Row (left to right): H. Courtney, J. Devlin, L. Forde, T. Diskin, T. Forde, T. Cunniffe, P. Quinn, J. Hayes, M. McLevin, F. Cooney, P. Mulleney, L. Gillane, P. Cooke. Front Row (left to right): G. Loughnane, M. Kelly, F. Kelly, T. Quinn, M. Diskin, N. Mullins, C. Glynn, G. Burke, J. Stankford.

George's Street in Times Past

Compiled by Paddy Reynolds and Vincent Moloney, and confirmed by Coleman Brennan.

Starting from the water bridge upwards by the left.

- **Lahiffes Wood** — presently Gort Mart.
- **Dr. J. J. Marlborough.**
- **The Bridewell** — local jail — now Gort Shopping Centre.
- **Road up to station** — Station master — Mr. Killeen.
- **Also to Mill** — Home of the Hynes families.

On Main Street again:

- **John M. Burke** — Bar/Grocery.
- **Jack Hardiman.**
- **Miss E. Tierney** — Bakery/Flour — now J. J. Noone's.
- **Stephen Daffy** — Tailor — now Ml. Roughan's.
- **Wm. Fitzgerald** — Bar, Grocery, Butcher — now Tom Mullins.
- **The Gibbs Family** — of whom Bernie Gibbs played on first Galway team to win an All-Ireland Hurling title.
- **George Reynolds.**
- **Tommy Curran** and sisters.
- **The Morrissey Family** — of whom Jimmy won All-Ireland honours as above.
- **Pat Riordan's Shop** — now Devlins.
- **Mary Ann Piggott's Stores** — in former times a lane-way ran through them and was called King Street.
- **Patrick Burke.**
- **Martin Burke.**
- **Christopher Kerans** — Pub/Grocery.

Loughrea Road:

- **On left** — Kerans and Reynolds stores and Matt O'Connors original Motor Garage.
- **Opposite side:** John Joe Broderick, Cahill's Bakery, Burke Family (2 houses), Ml. Hallinan, Wm. Keane, Publican, at corner.

Main Street again:

- **John Carly**

- **M. Gallagher**
- **Mick Ward**
- **Burkes Forge**
- **The Sandpit**
- **Anne Hehir**
- **Miss M. A. Piggott's house** — occupied at that time by Mr. Harkin, a pension officer.
- **John Brennan** (2 houses).
- **Johnny Burke**
- **Delia Lally**
- **Lizzie Tonery**
- **Jim Cahill's workshop** — who advertised "coffins made to measure".
- **Joseph Kelly**
- **George St. George Daly**
- **Mr. Beirne (Forester)**
- **John Nelly (workhouse master)** — father of Rev. Fr. Fintan Nelly, S.M.A.

From the Ennis Road downwards was as follows:

- **Helena (Cis) Harte and Jim Cahill, Publicans.**
- **Mary Anne and Ml. O'Halloran.**
- **The Pound.**
- **The Ruane Family**
- **The Stack Family**
- **Pat Glynn, Publican**
- **Michael Joe Flanagan**
- **Mrs. Curtin**
- **The Courtney Family**

Courtney's Lane

- **Paddy Williams, Reynold's House.**
- **John Hardiman**
- **Patrick Henderson**
- **John Gormley** — Sanitary Officer
- **The McNamara Family** — Bakery
- **Jack Berry** — Trainer of All-Ireland Hurling Winning team.
- **The Roseingrave Family** — birthplace of Tomás Roseingrave.

GEORGE'S STREET

- **Thomas Burke and Family** — Farriers.
- **Pat Kempsey**
- **Miss Mary Ann Piggott** — Pub/Grocery
- **The Lambert Family**
- **Kate Rock** — Publican

- **Mrs. Mary J. Deeley**
- **Miss Hanrahan** — Shop
- **Con Hannigan** — secondhand shop — now Scully's Vet.
- **Kilroys** — stonemasons
- **James O'Connor** — General Merchant and Auctioneers.
- **Patrick O'Connor**, formerly R.I.C. Barracks.
- **C. I. O'Flynn**, Solicitor.

NOTES ON GEORGES STREET IN TIMES PAST

1. Miss Mary Burke, herself now a senior citizen, says that in the latter part of the 1800s there lived a Keating family in King Street, off Georges Street; a male of that family emigrated to Australia, and, in time, a daughter of his married a "Dignan" who became Australian High Commissioner. Mary says that Mr. and Mrs. "Dignan" called on her father in the '30s looking for their roots!
2. Hendersons of Georges Street had a pigeon loft which, in its time, housed many beautifully coloured birds.
3. Vincent Moloney claims that the citizens of Georges Street were noted as bird-fanciers (feathered variety he stressed). Most of the houses kept caged birds — gold finches and canaries — in fact the Gibbs family kept a blackbird! Vinnie also remembers that, in the 'thirties, many of the Georges Street families had grazing rights in the Town Park and at the back of the Workhouse, on which they kept cows. He claims that when the cows heard the Convent Angelus Bell they would start to wander home for milking, which, in many cases, necessitated bringing the cows in through the front doors of the houses as there were no rear entrances to some of them!

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Georges Street, Gort

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GORT AND DISTRICT SHOW

ST. COLMANS VOCATIONAL SCHOOL, GORT OR COMMUNITY CENTRE, GORT

ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 31st, 1985

ENTRIES FOR SHOW CLASSES (EXCEPT DOGS) CLOSE ON SATURDAY, AUGUST 24th, 1985

Schedule of classes, rules and entry forms from The Secretary/Organiser Mary Carey.

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MARY CASEY IS NOW QUALIFIED AND HAS COMPLETED A CUTTING COURSE AT SHOLARS, SCHOOL OF HAIR DESIGN.

APPOINTMENTS TAKEN BUT NOT NECESSARY

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