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1985

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Christmas 1985



Guairc 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 Guairc would not exist.

Cover Photo: Crib in Gort Church.

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OUT AND ABOUT

THRIFT SHOP

At Queens's Street, Gort there's a clothes sale every Friday and Saturday from 2 to 4.30 p.m. Good quality clothes can be bought for a fraction of cost price. Voluntary help always in attendance. All in aid of Social Services. Well worth a visit.

GORT YOUTH CLUB

Following the Summer recess, Gort Youth Club is back in action. The A.G.M. was held on Friday the 13th of September and the following officers and committee were elected:

Chairpersons: Sinéad Duffy
Marie Cooke
Secretaries: Anne-Marie Sheehan
Fiona O'Driscoll
Marion O'Donnell
Treasurers: Áine Clabby
Donald O'Connor
P.R.O.s Andrew Solan
John Reddy

On Friday, October the 25th, a very successful disco was held and it had a very large attendance. The Youth Club meets every Friday night and has activities and videos on offer. We are very anxious to make maximum contact with the youth of our area and would also welcome any assistance or advice that our elders might give.

GORT SUMMER CAMP

Gort held its first ever Summer Camp during the first two weeks of July last. Close on 450 children, ranging in age from 4-16 from all parts of South Galway and parts of Clare, attended the various activities which included swimming, basketball, BMX, judo, archery, athletics, etc., etc. On the Thursday of each week there was a talent and fancy dress competition at which each child had an opportunity of displaying his or her talents and on the Friday of each week an optional trip took place to Leisureland Sports



Gort Juveniles pictured after their sponsored walk.

Complex in Galway. All in all everybody had a most enjoyable time. The organisers would like to thank Fr. Carney for the use of the College and the Brothers of Charity for the use of the swimming pool. Looking forward to meeting you all again next year. D.V.

COMHALTAS CEOLTÓIRÍ ÉIREANN

The local Comhaltas Branch are still involved in running Irish nights, they were run at weekly intervals throughout the summer months and proved to be a great source of entertainment for tourists in South Galway. The All-Ireland finals of Ceol an Gheimhridh, the Comhaltas Winter Competitions, are being held in Gort on March 22nd, 1986.

The Classic Ballroom recently purchased by comhaltas is at present being renovated.

THREATENING NOTICE — 1860 (from a local newspaper)

The following rockite notice has been served on Mr. Marshall, a gentleman who resides in the

neighbourhood of Gort. It is headed "Gort District Ribbon Lodge" alongside the figure of a coffin and it reads: "Marshall, prepare your coffin, you are ordered to be shot before Whitsuntide for hardshipping the poor people for ateing (sic) a bit of grass on your farm at Kilkeedy". The notice was signed by Thomas Cutthroate and Stephen Bellyripper.

GORT G.A.A. CLUB

The Annual General meeting of the Gort G.A.A. Club was held on the 29th of November, '84. The following officers were elected:

President: Joe Pete Hehir
Chairman: Pearse Piggott
Vice-Chairman: Brian Brennan
Secretary: Declan Spelman
Asst. Secretary: John Commins Jnr.
Treasurer: Michael Cahill
Asst. Treasurer: Johnny Commins
General Committee:

Jerry Sheehan, Pat Quinn, Brendan Murphy, Don coen, Jerry Finn.

The following team selectors were elected:

Senior Team: Michael Cahill (Captain), Paddy Quinn, Johnny Commins, Paddy Fahy, John Commins, and Patsy Kerins were also co-opted later in the year.

OUT AND ABOUT

Junior Team Selectors: Michael Linnane, Joe Pete Hehir, Tom Nolan.

Under 21 Team Selectors: Sean Cooke, Joe Regan.

A special meeting was held to elect a sub-committee to look after the underage section of the club.

Officers elected:

Chairman: Matt Murphy
Secretary: Norman Rotchford
Treasurer: Enda Maloney
Minor Team Managers: Brian Brennan
Under 16 Team Manager: Norman Rochford;
Under 14 Team manager: Paddy Cooke;
Under 12 Joint Team Managers: Matt Murphy and Frank Connors.



This is the County Championship winning team. Missing from photograph are Catherine Tarpey, Noleen Keane, Joan Kavanagh, and Martina Kelly. Front row, left to right: Patricia Connors, Bridget Linnane, Mary Sullivan, Marie Cooke, Ann Murray, Bernie Linnane, Alice Hansberry, Mary Connolly, Mary Kilkelly, Mary Jordan-Kelly. Back row, left to right: Caroline Linnane, Dora Hennelly, Patricia Jordan, Margaret Linnane, Carmel Burke, Kathleen Staunton, Pauline Staunton, Suzanne Burke, Patsy Burke and Geraldine Kilkelly.

A great effort was put into the coaching of all underage players, and this was reflected by the fact that both the under 12 and under 14 teams reached the finals in their respective competitions, but were narrowly defeated. The under 16 and minor teams respectively were beaten in the quarter finals of the championship.

The Junior team qualified for the quarter final, and were narrowly defeated by a Ballinasloe team, who went on to win the championship. The senior team qualified for the County Semi-Final by defeating St. Thomas's, however, a lack of scoring power was to be their downfall against a credible Killimordaly team, in the semi-final.

We would like to thank all the people who supported the clubs

finances throughout the year. We look forward to greater achievement at all levels in the year ahead.

DECLAN SPELMAN
(Club Secretary)

GORT CAMOGIE, 1985

Looking back on the performance of the Gort Camogie Club during this year of 1985, one can say with justification that it was a very successful year. Reflections this time

last year were not that satisfactory but it was on the basis of that experience that foundations were built for 1985.

While the under-age teams may not have been rewarded with the efforts they made, nevertheless, Ann Linnane, Anne Murray and Patricia Connors have laid the foundations for coming years, with their dedication and regular supervision in the training of the bright young stars of tomorrow.

The minor team almost made the semi-final stages in the Championship and retain an interest in the league. The Under 18 team remain at the quarter-final stage in the

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OUT AND ABOUT



Street League finalists two years running. Galway Road (above) and Tubber Road (below).

OUT AND ABOUT

championship which will not be completed until the new year.

The Junior team reached all the heights asked of them. They won the County and Connacht Championships in fine style and only recently completed the "Triple Crown" with a merited win in the County league final over arch rivals, St. Thomas's.

The team has earned itself promotion to the Senior ranks and on reflection, well merited.

Anne Murray in goal has demonstrated that she is one of the best in Connacht. Bridget Linnane and her sister Bernie have an exceptional understanding in defence, the centre of which Dora Hennelly conquers the pressing demands. Fourteen year old Caroline Linnane has proved that she can match the best when clearing her defensive lines.

In the centre of the field Patricia Jordan, Carmel Burke and her fourteen year old sister Suzanne can sway the balance against any opposition.

Three under 18 players, Patricia Connors, the exceptionally skilfull sisters Mary and Geraldine Kilkelly

and Mary Sullivan have proved their scoring exploits with a combined scoring total this year of in the region of 50 goals and 70 points in all championship and league matches. Mary Kilkelly is an opportunist in free-taking and recording major scores from acute angles. The talented reserve of Patsy Burke, Marie Cooke, Mary Jordan-Kelly, Pauline Staunton and her sister Kathleen, Alice Hansberry, Mary Connolly, Joan Kavanagh and Martina Kelly along with Margaret Linnane and Catherine Tarpey will demonstrate the keenness of competition for positions on the field of play.

Club Chairman, Peadar Burke; Secretary, Bernie Linnane; Treasurer, Mary Sullivan; P.R.O, Jerry Sheehan; Junior Selectors, Frank Connors; Michael Linnane and Jerry Sheehan; Trainers, Michael Linnane and Jerry Sheehan.

ATHLETICS

By a Special Correspondent

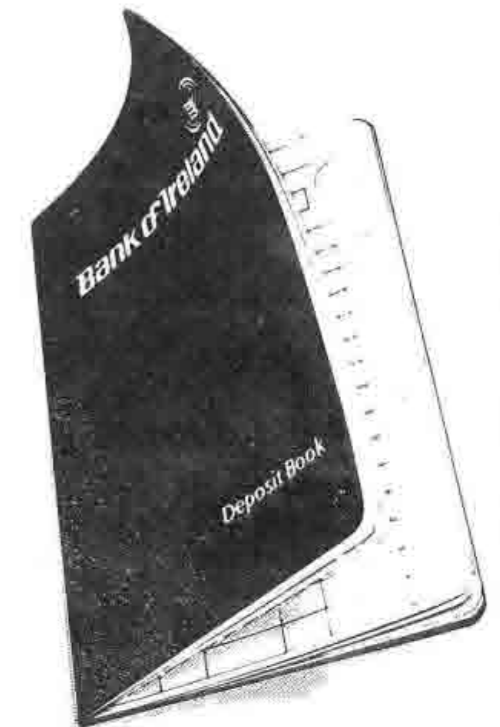
This year the South Galway Athletic Club celebrated the 10th anniversary of its foundation. On any anniversary

one is inclined to look back and make comparisons. One in particular is inclined to compare the aims of the founder members and how successful they have been in implementing these aims. All the people concerned in the administration of the South Galway Club can feel justly proud that they have not departed one iota from these aims. The aims of course are to provide a healthy outdoor pastime for the youth of the area and where youngsters show exceptional talent in any event to help them as far as possible to cultivate that talent.

Has amateur sport in its true sense reached a cross-roads? With professionalism and commercialism now so much part of all sport little room seems left for the one who takes part for the sake of sport only. No longer is sport at the lower or grass roots level the spectator attraction it was. The advent of T.V. may have affected it, when we can now get a world star in any sport in our homes at the press of a button. Very few stars make it to the top and command these enormous fees we hear about. Without detracting in any way from

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Manager, Gort: Dudley Solan
Assistant Manager: Paraic Giblin
Officer: David McConn

OUT AND ABOUT



Proud medal winners in special Olympics pictured with Friends of Orchard House.

ago set up a world record for 30 miles in Belgium. He was not as far as I am aware given even a civic reception in his own native Galway. The same man who had only a few years earlier in true amateur spirit returned the surplus money to the Galway County Board from the fund to send him to the Mexico Olympics. In the intervening years we had sports bodies and athletes denying the fact that athletes were given or receiving rewards. We had even the World Olympic Council modifying its rules to accommodate those professionals. Then brave and brash out into the open Eamon Coughlan, Ray Flynn, Steve Scott, Sebastian Coe, Steve Cram, John Walker and many other world class athletes are now very wealthy people from their sports and its spin offs.

their athletic ability in their own fields of sport they also appear able to talk their way to the top. Cassius Clay as he was then known seemed to have introduced this to boxing a quarter of a century ago. While in the same sport in latter days Barry McGuigan appears able to combine both quite well. In his own distinct style of combining words with action John McEnroe has reached the pinnacle.

FINANCIAL OPPORTUNITIES

Compare the achievements of our top athletic stars and their rewards. Almost 30 years ago in Melbourne before the advent of T.V. in this

country Ronnie Delaney made everyone with Irish Blood in their veins feel proud as he sprinted away from the world's top athletes to win the Gold Medal in the 1500 metres — the last athletic Gold Medal we won in the Olympics. While Ronnie got a tremendous reception on his return to Dublin and with Derek Ibbotson attracted 25,000 people to a showdown at Landsdowne Road on a grass track, I believe the takings from that meeting went to the athletic organisation and later to the building of Santry Stadium. Mick Molloy who for years was our top marathon runner represented Ireland at the 1968 Mexico Olympics and about 10 years

SUCCESS AT NATIONAL LEVEL

It is refreshing then at times like this that our club gained its first track medal at National level when Irial Conroy won it in the Under 11 boys hurdles. While we had won a few medals at the same level in field events this was a big breakthrough in track events. It was an outstanding performance from a youngster with pure natural ability plus the necessary temperament and determination. His contribution was particularly welcome on this our anniversary year and it keeps our sport in its proper perspective.

OUT AND ABOUT

Club Officers for the coming year are:

- Chairperson: Mossy Clabby
- V/Chairperson: Jimmy Hickey
- Secretary: Dan Casey
- Treasurer: Padraic Flanagan
- P.R.O.: Peter Walsh
- Committee: Fred Broderick
Greg Lunden
Gerry Burke
Olly Roche
Peadar Burke
Peter Conroy

Foot Note: The way records of all kinds seem to keep tumbling, its hard to believe that the Irish Long Jump Record is now 84 years old. Set up by Peter O'Connor in 1901 at 24'11½". Will it be broken? My belief is that it will not reach 90 years and a promising member of the South Galway Club will be the one to do it!

Courts and handball alley are now complete. Maple floors are now being fitted in the complex with the exception of the main hall and recreation areas. At the present rate of progress, part of the Complex will be operational very shortly for example, squash courts, handball alley, billiards room and boxing.

In order to continue with the present rate of progress, the provision of finance is a very urgent problem, last year's draw and fund raising events were an outstanding success, thanks to our generous sponsors and to you who contributed to our draw.

- List of Sponsors for Current Draw:**
- Lisk Ireland Ltd., Gort;
 - Allied Irish Bank, Gort;
 - Topform Ltd.;
 - Josie McInerney & Co., M.I.A.V.I.;
 - McDeigue Sculptors;
 - Greaney Glass;
 - Moran's, The Weir, Kilcolgan;
 - Gort Livestock Mart;
 - Michael Killeen;
 - Fitzgerald Construction, Clarenbridge;
 - Piggott's Travel;
 - Sean Duffy;
 - Bank of Ireland, Gort;
 - Cannon Concrete Products Ltd.;



Officially named The Canon George Quinn Park

GORT COMMUNITY COUNCIL

THE Centre is at an advanced stage of construction with the blockwork complete except for the stage and boundary wall. Outside doors and windows are fitted. The plumbing and heating installation contract has been awarded to Mr. Seamus Glynn, he hopes to have this completed in four weeks time. The electrical installation contract has been awarded to Mr. Christopher Fennessy. He and his staff are making good progress with this work. They hope to be finished very soon. The contracts for the plastering of the Squash

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OUT AND ABOUT

Gort Credit Union;
Gort Chamber of Commerce;
Fallon's Supermarket;
Gort Garages Ltd.;
Gerry Finn, Gort Shopping Centre;
The Green Briar Inn;
O'Grady Bar & Lounge;
Don Coen Man's Shop;
Oliver Walsh & Co.;
Craft Shop, Ennis Road;
Glynn's Hotel;
Martin Tannian Machinery Specialist;
Adrian Quinn, Labane;
Robert Marcus, Loughcutra;
Reilly's, Fruit & Vegetables;
I. H. & G. Engineering;
Cleary's Filling Station.

The total amount of money collected to date is £233,000 approx., of this we received £30,000 as a Capital Grant and £43,000 from the Youth Employment Scheme. The balance £160,000 was collected by the Committee. Our Sponsored Run gave us a profit of £9,461 and our weekly draw last year brought in a profit of £18,140. Mr. Sean Duffy, local butcher, very kindly donated a Friesian Bullock for the recent raffle which netted us a profit of £4,000. We say thank you, Seán. The amount of money paid out to date is £225,000.

During the year we sent Mrs. Teresa Moloney and Deputy Frank Fahey to the United States of America on a fund raising mission. A function was organised in New York on 27th September and also one in Boston the following week. The organisers are nearly all people from South Galway

area (list of names available from the Secretary). Three members of the Committee travelled to both cities where their sales abilities, regarding ticket sales was confirmed, and to attend the functions, which were a tremendous success. This was due to the dedication and effort put in by our friends in New York and Boston. Initially, they had projected a figure of 20,000 dollars in total, however, this has been far exceeded and to date 30,000 dollars approx., has been received. Gort Community Council gratefully acknowledge the generosity of Royal Tara (Fine Bone China) and Clarenbridge Crystal for providing the valuable prizes for the Fund Raising Promotion in the United States, as mentioned above. A sincere thank you to our many friends in the States for their generosity.

The Council also gratefully acknowledge the generosity of the Gort & District Show Committee for their generous contribution, to Rose and Niall Finnegan, local butcher, who donated all proceedings from their demonstration stand at the show. To Gort I.C.A. Guild who gave all proceeds from "Guess the name of Doli" and "Guess weight of cake" competitions. We really appreciate their efforts. This is what Community Spirit is all about.

A deputation from the Council met the Minister of State, in the Department of Labour, Mr. George Bermingham, seeking further State Assistance. After prolonged debating he saw fit to allocate a further £37,000 to this project.



Brid Piggott and Fr. Jimmy Walsh prior to Gort group's departure for Lourdes last August.

OUT AND ABOUT

Right now, family and individual membership is being invited. The rates have been worked out at a very nominal fee, thereby, making it possible for all to avail of the facilities provided. Associate membership will also be available for a small charge. When complete the following facilities will be available: Squash Courts, Handball Alley, Boxing Arena, Meeting Rooms, Sauna, Kitchen, Bar and Lounge, Auditorium with Stage, Shop, Volleyball, and Reception Area.

If there is any information required, do not hesitate to contact the Secretary: Teresa Moloney, Tel. 31258, Chairman: Michael Breathnach, Tel: 31074; Treasurer: David McConn; Tel: 31071 or any other member of the Committee.

RETIREMENT

Ask not what the State can do for you, but what you can help to do for the present generation and the generation yet unborn.

BASKETBALL REVIVAL

Billy Keane, a prominent member of Gort Basketball teams in the recent past is endeavouring to revive this skilful game in the town. He holds

coaching sessions at the Boys' School on Saturdays at 12 noon. Boys and girls are welcome.

Congratulations to Derek Kenny, son of Patrick and Mena Kenny of Ballyhugh who got a call to the cadets recently.

HISTORIC FLIGHT

Among those who flew out from Knock Airport on the inaugural flight to Rome in October, were Mr. and Mrs. Micheál Breathnach, Ennis Road, Gort. Highlight of the trip was a private audience with the Pope in the Vatican.

Johnny Spelman, Galways Road, Gort, retired from the E.S.B. on June 21st, 1985, after giving a service of 38 years with the Board. A most enjoyable dinner and social was held in the Meadow Court Hotel, Loughrea, in honour of Johnny and his colleague Jimmy Daly, of Loughrea who also retired on the same date. This was the idea of the joint function being held.

Johnny was presented with a radio cassette, a set of Clarenbridge Crystal, and a wallet of notes. Jimmy was presented with a television set and a wallet of notes. Both of their wives were presented with bouquets of flowers and a piece of Aynsley each. The organising committee, Bertie Rodgers, Brendan Dolan and Vincent Prendergast, Loughrea, spared no effort in making the functions a great success, which were attended by over 200 people.

ANGLING NEWS

Kilbeacanty and District Angling Club finished the season with a three-film-show in McCarthy's Lounge, Kilbeacanty on October 25th. The films "Pollution in Irish Rivers", "The Life of a Salmon", and "Trout Fishing in the Lakes and Rivers of Ireland", were shown by Mr. Kevin Linnane of the Central Fisheries Board. All in all it was a very entertaining and educational evening, which brought home to all present the value of the wonderful amenities we have in this country for the sport of fishing, and

P. J. HAWKINS

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OUT AND ABOUT

equally how easily we could lose it all by careless pollution of our rivers.

On the work front during the year the club members upgraded the Beagh River for about one mile down from the lake, and with an eye to the future have placed seven thousand brown trout fingerlings in the river.

BOXING CLUB

The Boxing Club are back in training at Our Lady's College, while they await completion of the Community Centre. Most of last year's boys are back at work, and there are at least six boys in training, who are capable of taking Connacht titles. During last year the club promoted a "Buy a Brick" campaign in aid of the Community Centre, which netted the centre £1,000 — not bad going for a small outfit! In the ring last season the boys accounted for eleven county and seven Connacht titles — as we said already "not bad!"

GORT AND DISTRICT MUSICAL SOCIETY

Gort and District Musical Society are rehearsing "Ould King Cole". This is their fifth production. Chairman Pat O'Donnell, wishes to thank all those who attended the buffet dance in Sullivans Hotel.

'OULD KING COLE'

Producer Colman Keane
 Asst. Producer Marian Diviney
 Musical Director Mary Keeley
 Assistant Musical
 Director Áine Doherty
 Choreographer Unknown
 (as of going to print)

CAST
 Ould King Cole Jim Hennigan
 Princess Viola Celone Mullins
 Essie Catherine Donohue
 Bessie Maeve Looke
 Tessie Sinéad Duffy
 Diesel T. McNevin
 Blister Billy Kilroy
 Melancholy Gerry Murray
 Windbag Paddy Moloney
 Lady Anne Eitne McCarthy
 Robin Niall Finnegan
 Fairy Queen Ann Gallagher
 Demon King Dan Casey
 Mexican Barman D. McGrath

Man in Moon Gerry Cunningham
 Keyholia Kitty Gillane

COMMITTEE
 Committee P. O'Donnell
 Treasurer Mrs. A. Regan
 Secretary Celine Mullins
 P.R.O. D. McGrath
 Rest B. Costello;
 Annette Cooke; J. Hennigan; D. Casey;
 Mrs. Bina Brennan; Ann Gallagher;
 Marian Diviney; R. Glynn; K.
 Cunningham; C. Keane, U.C.; E.
 Brennan; C. Donohue; G. Murphy.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP FOR CHRISTY



To mark his wonderful achievement in the British Open, Gort Golf Club made Christy O'Connor Jnr. a Life Member. Picture shows Christy speaking at the special function held in the Club House. Also in the photo are Mrs. Ann O'Connor and P. J. Brennan, Captain, Gort Golf Club.

THE 114TH OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP 1985

COMPETITOR CHRISTY O'CONNOR JNR. Thursday 18 July at 10.50 a.m. Game No. 20

Hole	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Out
Yards	445	376	214	470	422	156	529	415	387	3414
Par	4	4	3	4	4	3	5	4	4	35
Score	5	3	4	3	3	2	4	3	3	30

Signature of Marker Deirdre Keane

	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	In	Total
	399	216	362	443	508	467	165	425	458	3443	6857
	4	3	4	4	5	4	3	4	4	35	70
	3	3	3	5	5	5	3	3	4	34	64

Signature of Competitor P. O'Connor

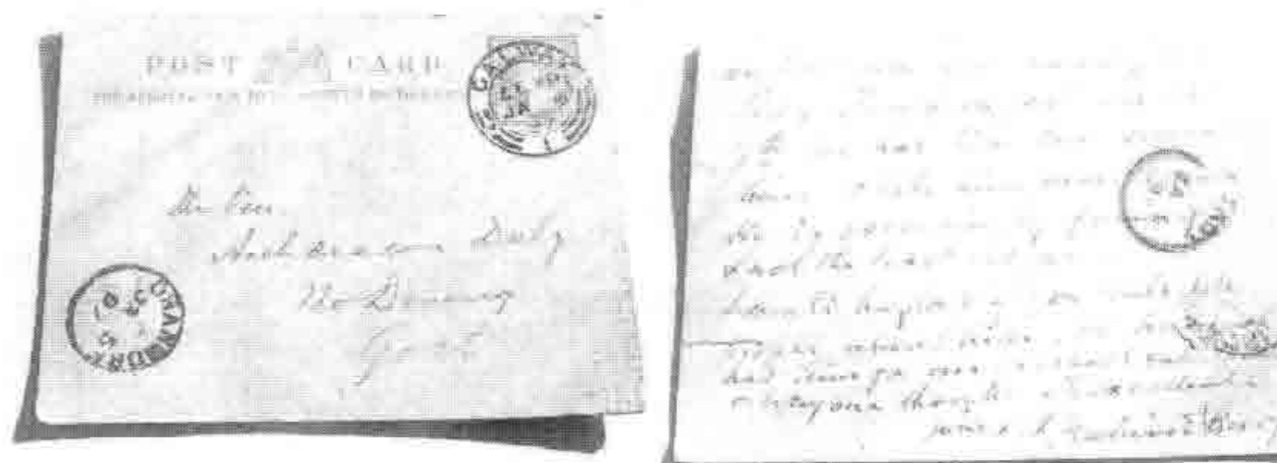
Christy's Score Card in the British Open

PICTURE PARADE



County Finalists, Gort Under-12 team with trainers Matt Murphy and Frank Connors. Front row, left to right: Michael Naughton, Irial Conroy, Francis Connors, Dermot Murphy and Niall Linnane. Back row, left to right: Oliver Roche, Martin McGrath, Pádraig Linnane, Jarlath Kerans, David Fahy and Noel Kerans.

Post card to Archdeacon Daly announcing Percy French's coming to Gort



ST. COLMAN'S CHURCH, GORT

THIS Church in its original form was erected by the Right Rev. Michael Duffy, P.P., V.G., of Gort in the year 1825, and was dedicated in 1828 by the Most Rev. Dr. French, bishop of the Diocese.

The site was given by the local Landlord, Lord Gort. It was at first a Curciform Structure. It is difficult to form an idea of its character now, owing to the many structural extensions and decorative improvements that have taken place over the years.

A Mr. Payne is mentioned as Fr. Duffy's Architect. The present Sanctuary and Sacristy were added to it in 1876 by the then parish priest, Father Shannon V.G. Further additions, extension of Nave, erection of Baptistry and Tower, the tasteful laying out of the grounds in front of the Church and their enclosure by the erection of a very substantial wall and ornamental gates, were carried out by Right Rev. Monsignor Fahy; P.P., V.G., D.D., Gort, in the 1880's/90's.

August 15, 1883: Very Rev. J. Fahy contracted with Thomas Fitzgerald of Ballinderreen for the erecting of cut stone windows in the gable walls of transepts for £45 to the plans of M. A. Hennessy, C.E.

July 26, 1894: Very Rev. D. Fahy, V.G., P.P. contracted with William Kilroy builder, Gort for the completion of the tower (belfry stage and spire for £1,050 according to plans of William Hague, 50 Dawson Street, Dublin. The belfry stage went 62.9 ft. to the base of cross. The total height is now 120 feet.

St. Colman's Church in 1934 was a dark low ceilinged building, consisting of narrow Nave, Transepts and Sanctuary, with a beautiful Gothic cutstone front, tower and spire. It was too small for its congregation, inadequately lighted and ventilated. The site though good in many respects was so confined that the problem of increasing the accommodation without spoiling the front presented many difficulties.

After careful consideration and consultation with the Ven. Archdeacon Cassidy it was decided that the only feasible solution was to reconstruct the Church, exclusive of the front, the tower and spire, in two sections.

RECONSTRUCTION FIRST PHASE

The work embodied in Section No. 1 consisted of taking off the roofs, taking down the side walls of Nave, and building new clerestory walls carried on cluster columns and arches, over which a roof was constructed; two new Aisles which come out practically to the boundaries of the site were also built. This reconstruction enabled the Architects to properly ventilate and light the Nave adequately from twelve lancet windows in Clerestory walls, and the Aisles from eighteen lancet windows formed in groups of three in the side walls, so that the building is now beautifully lighted from thirty lancet windows filled in with artistic lead lights. This work also entailed the raising of the front gable a few feet in cutstone.

By PEADAR Ó CONAIRE

The cluster columns with their enriched caps and moulded bases carrying the clerestory walls of Nave on beautifully moulded Gothic arches surmounted by open pitch pine roof with panelled ceiling gave character and grace to the building and the reconstruction carried out provided about 350 additional seats which were urgently needed.

The floors were renewed the passages and porches being finished in very artistic tiling and the portion under seats in timber.

Amongst other works carried out included the new Baptistry off entrance porch with its artistic wrought iron gates. The octagon end to this building gives a very pleasing effect as it is all executed in cutstone to

match the front. An ornamental pitch pinescreen, panelled and cusped and glazed with artistically designed lead lights, cutting off Nave from Porch, was also erected, with swing doors to prevent draught in the Nave, and a Mortuary was provided at the end of the North Aisle.

All the foregoing work was executed by Mr. Owen Larkin, in such a careful manner that Mass and all other Services were carried on in the Church without interruption.

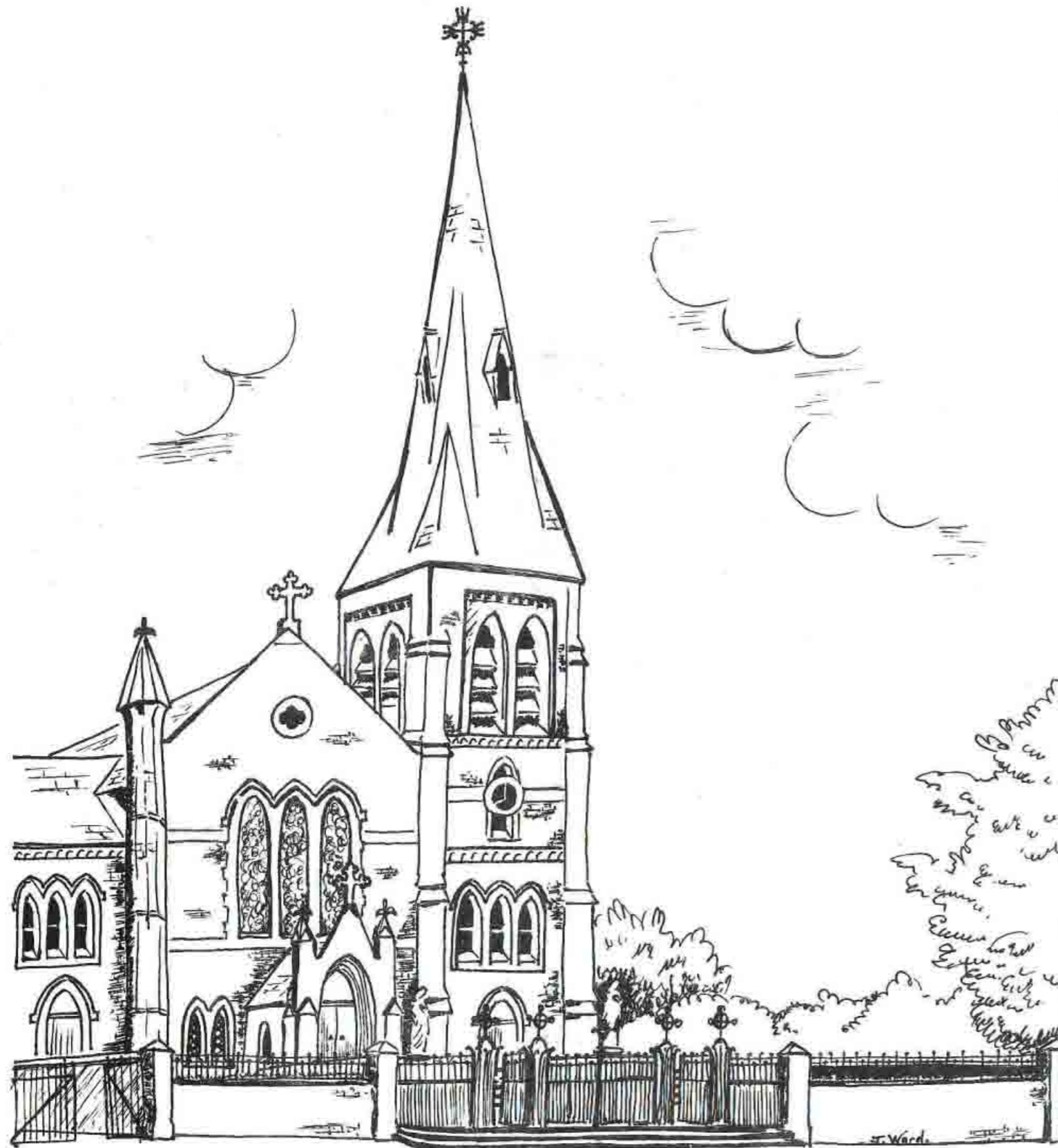
The beautiful stained glass windows which were presented to the Church and fixed in the old Nave were carefully stored for re-use in the Second Phase of the work, as it was felt that they would be seen to better advantage in the Sanctuary, Side Chapels and Transepts, which would be greatly embellished by their vivid colouring and beautiful figure work.

The Contract for the building was carried out by Mr. Owen Larkin, of Ballinasloe, assisted by his Foreman, Mr. Murphy. The copper roofs of Aisles were the work of Messrs. P. P. Kernan & Son, Blessington Street, Dublin. The tiling of floors was executed by Messrs. J. J. O'Hara & Co. Lincoln Place, Dublin. The steelwork and gates into Baptistry by Messrs J. & C. McLoughlin Ltd., Pearse Street, Dublin. The lead glazing to windows and screen doors by Messrs. A. W. Lyons & Son, Dublin. Total cost was £9,000.

The newly reconstructed church was blessed and rededicated by Rev. Dr. Michael Braine, Bishop of Galway on Sunday, June 12, 1938.

RECONSTRUCTION SECOND PHASE 1956-'59

The work consisted in taking down the transepts, sanctuary and sacristy and reconstructing and transepts with a repeat of one bay of nave and aisles, nave ending in apse with old high altar. The new space accommodates 300 people with four recessed confessionals. At rear priests and boys



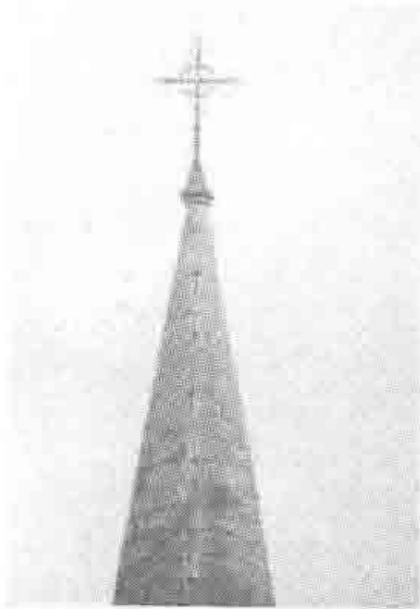
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ST. COLMAN'S CHURCH, GORT



A close-up of Gort Church spire.

sacristies were built. Roof, high pitched, in blue bangor. Aisles and sacristies in copper.

Second Contract: Farmer Bros. Dublin signed contract 23rd October, 1956 began work 19th November, 1956. W. H. Byrne (Simon Leonard) architects. Paid to contractor £38,000 Total cost £41,740. The extension was blessed by Very Rev. D. Michael Browne, Sunday, 28th June, 1959 Rt. Rev. Michael Fallon was P.P. in Gort at the time.

PAINTING AND REWIRING

In 1985 Canon Christy Walsh, P.P. decided to have the Church painted and rewired. Ramberg Painters and Decorators of Henry Street, Galway were contracted to paint the walls and ceilings and to treat the main columns, the Stations of the Cross and the seats. Total cost of the work was £11,669.90.

Mr. Christopher Fennessy of Gort was contracted to carry out the rewiring. Total cost of this work including extra spots and stairway and gallery rewiring, was £5,526.75. The interior of St. Colman's Church is really beautiful now, with a bright colour scheme and soft, cushioned "kneelers", expertly finished by Frank Carty and his assistants.

Note: My sincere thanks to Fr. Pat Connaughton, C.C. and Canon C. Walsh, P.P. for their generous assistance.



MY MEMORIES OF GORT

By JOE PETE HEHIR

HURLING

I was first introduced to hurling in Gort National School. Our teachers, Mr. Heenan and Mr. Keating, were two great hurling men. Money was not there at the time and we couldn't afford even a penny ball. We had to make our own ball and sometimes that was made from an old cocoa or jam box. That was belted around the yard, and it was one way of proving you would make a good hurler was to stop it with your hurley from hitting you on the face. They were awful bad times in these years and we made our own hurleys from bits of old ash. We would also go to the good matches in those years and we would be praying to God that some fellow would break a hurley. We would be delighted having a hurley coming home in two halves. Our next job would be to strap it together.

MY FIRST MEDAL

I was full forward on the Gort Minor hurling team that won the South Board in 1938. I still treasure the medal from that game. I was selected on the Gort Senior team on the same day as Josie Gallagher against Kilbeacanty in Barry's field. I think that would be 1940 around the start of the war. During

those years it was tough; not a bob to be got anywhere. Strange as it may seem Gort won a County Junior football title in those years. They had the assistance of the army men stationed in Lough Cutra. They had to go senior the following year and met Wolfe Tone's, Galway in the first round, I cycled to Galway with fourpence in my pocket. The admission to the match was sixpence. I waited until there was a big crowd going in and slipped in with them. I still had my fourpence and bought six or seven large biscuits. Gort were whitewashed that day. Seven-a-side hurling was very popular during the war years and while we took the game seriously while we were playing it, we also had some great crack. I remember a sports and a seven-a-side in Derrybrien. We took part in a 100 yards sprint. There was a great parish loyalty then and a Gort colleague and I figured out that a Kivara man would win it, but as the Kinvara man was breaking through to win, I heeled him. he went sprawling and my Gort colleague went on to win. That evening we were entertained in Egan's of Derrybrien. It was the first time I had seen or tasted white bread after the black bread of the war years. Hurlers or athletes were entertained very little in those years.

Travel was difficult in those years also, we either cycled or walked to

MY MEMORIES OF GORT

most games. I suppose you could say 'walked' as the bicycle usually got punctured or the tyre burst. Sometimes side cars were used and I remember on one occasion I rode our own horse bareback to Traught to play Kinvara. I had my boots tied to the horses mane. While there was no love lost on the field of play we were always on friendly terms with the opposition and those rivals from Kilbeacanty, Ardahan, Ballinderreen, Kinvara or wherever are some of my best friends. Often we would wait on the side line in those days if some of these players were playing in the first game and borrow their boots, socks or even togs and we would never be refused.

A MEMORABLE GAME

A game that will always stick out in my mind is a game against Liam Mellowes, Galway played in Craughwell. The pitch was awful narrow with a hill in the middle. I was playing full forward and Josie Gallagher on the half forward line. The narrow pitch caused a lot of sideline balls. Anyone who remembers Josie hurling knows what sideline ball within his half of the field meant. Josie sent over about nine side line cuts and almost as many more from play but at the other end Liam Mellowes scored a number of goals and were leading by one point at the final whistle. Leaving the field a dejected Josie said "If ye got anything atall up there we would have won". I said "how the hell could we get anything, when you pucked them all over the bar, if you dropped just one of them to us it was all over".



Joe Pete Hehir

Emigration hit Gort badly both before and after the war and during these periods what looked like promising teams were quickly torn apart by it. But the dark days of the war had their own bright spots. The pitch and toss and the card games. Every street in the town had its own characters and the crack was good. You could spend the night around the town without a penny in your pocket. On Sundays the pitch and toss lasted all day from after Mass until darkness. In the pitching I was always fairly close but the trouble was that when I was sent for a loaf of bread or other message I often left the price of it at the pitch and toss school and was reluctant to go home without trying to make some other provisions. Of course the pubs in these days were completely out for young people, you had no business there without money.

I was also interested in Greyhounds but kept them more for a pastime than for racing. I did win some races with them but no major prize. Like other sport I enjoyed the company and the crack of those involved and I made some very good friends through that sport also.



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Carnival Queen, Gort, c. 30 years ago. Back row, left to right: Vera Cahill, Michael Broughan, Annie O'Loughlin. Front row, left to right: Maura Barry, M. O'Reilly, Attracta Burke, Vera Conroy and M. Burke.



Gort Juvenile Hurling team, c. 55 years ago. Front row, left to right: Johnny Gallagher, Joe Moloney, Brendan Moloney. Second row, left to right: Joe Keane, Mattie Macklin, Johnny Gillane, Michael Halvey. Back row, left to right: Tom Shaughnessy, Jack Burke, Jimmy Griffin, Algie O'Connor, Micko Spelman, Jack Spelman, Joe Griffin, Wally O'Connor, Tom Finnegan.



Gort Pantomime "Robinson Crusoe" of late '50's. Back row, left to right: Toddie Byrne, G. Heenan, Mary Connihan, Mark Scully, John Cahill, Mrs. Considine, Josie Gallagher, Kieran Moylan, Martin Dolan, Mary Carolan, Pat McCarthy, Ann Fitzgerald, Micko Mulkere, Michael Russell, John Lally, --- Corbett. Front row, left to right: Johnny Spelman, Danny ---, Seamus Clandillon, Bridie Fennessy, Ita Coen, --- Clandillon, Seán Glynn, Carmel Ryan, Pdraic Cahill, Carmel Russell, Flan Considine, Maureen Burke.

Down Memory Lane



Eddie Treston, R.I.P. and Toddie Lahiffe with the Connacht Junior Rugby Cup in 1937.



The forgotten water pump at Kinincha



Gort County Ploughing Championship 1962. Members of Committee with trophies. Front row, left to right: Miss Howley, Grammagh, Ardahan, Michael Roughan, Gort. Back row, left to right: Jack McGann, Gort, Matt Nestor, Gort, R.I.P., Jim Egan, Athenry, Joe Higgins, Athenry, Mark Scully, Gort, R.I.P.



Junior pupils at Convent School, Gort, early '20's. Front row, left to right: Jack Finnigan, Mattie Macklin, Jack Connaire, Jerry Quinn, Tom Finnigan, Máiréad Finnigan, Kathleen Fahy, Bridie Finnigan, Pauline Fahy, Nina Kennedy. Second row, left to right: Bridgie Farrell, Molly Fahy, Eileen Gallagher, Lily Halvey, Annie Connolly, Aggie Halvey, Annie Malvey, Annie Moroney, M. Treacy. Third row, left to right: B. Treacy, Kitty Kilroy, Joe Halvey, Jimmy Joe Grady, Jack Kilroy, Paddy Heaney, Sheila Fahy, Lucy Kennedy, Mary Teresa Finnigan. Back row, left to right: Eva Kennedy, Nicky Brady, Miko Macklin, Frank Quinn, Micko Fitzgerald, Colie Brennan, Tom Moroney, Gerald Grace.



Pupils of Boys N.S. in early '20's. Front row, left to right: Michael Carty, Mickie Joe Kenny, Christy Kelly, Tommy Treacy, Mickie Hoarty, Mattie Markham, Johnnie Markham, John Joe Hoarty. Second row, left to right: Mattie Brennan, Dick Treston, Garnie Griffin, Paddy Burke, Paddy Quinn, Peter Brady, Jack Burke, Dan Hoarty, Jimmy Counihan. Third row, left to right: Joe Hardiman, Larry Broderick, John Joe Hoarty, Paddy Lally, Dan Hanrahan, Anthony Meade, Paddy Icklam, Mattie Joe Burke, Tommie Griffin, Thomas Connolly. Back row, left to right: Eddie Kennedy, Marcus Treacy, Michael Barrett, Larry Quinn, Mickey Howard, Paddy Forde, Mattie Cahill, Mattie Carty, Jack Hynes.



Pictured at a reception in Glynn's Hotel for legendary golfer Christy O'Connor Sr., some years ago were (left to right): Gerry Cahill, Christy O'Connor, Frank Glynn, Eddie Treston and Rynal Coen.

MICHAEL COTTER REFLECTS

IN every town in Ireland our local friendly Postman is an institution in all our lives and becomes an integral part of our daily living. Michael Cotter for many years being postman for Gort town area will be sadly missed by all the people on his route. He, in his quiet manner carried out his duties with the utmost efficiency tinged with courtesy and humour. He always passed a friendly word then delivering the daily "Bills" and almost made it a pleasure to receive them. We all wish Ann and Michael Cotter a fulfilled and well deserved retirement.

I was born in Galway City in 1923. Came to Gort in 1945 to Considine's who ran the Post Office. The wages at that time were £7 per week. I was given the numeral 60. At first Gort was a big change from Galway as the pace of life was much quieter. My first run was to Tubber Sub-Office which was done on a bicycle. At that time the road was tarred only about a mile from the town, from there on it was very bad with a lot of pot holes. I had to bring the Mail from Gort to Tubber, the load was about 50 lbs. weight, supplying two Post Men in Tubber Post Office and a Post Woman. In those times this was very rare as it is only now that women are being appointed as Post Persons. She was a Mrs. Frank Cummins of Boston. In bad weather there was flooding on the roads, two particular spots I recall were Lough Bunny and Creehaun, Rockforrest.

In 1955 I married Ann McLoughlin from Galway and settled in Church Street, in a house owned by Tim Quinn who had a pub in Bridge Street. We lived there for 19 years until 1975



Michael and Ann on the occasion of presentations made to Michael on his retirement.

when we moved to Crow Street. In Gort my predecessors were Jack Scanlan and Michael Quinn with whom I had many an interesting conversation. Other Post men who come to mind were Pat Cooke, Mattie Brennan, John Halvey and Michael Lally.

At that time the Town hall was the venue for most people meeting each other and many a happy evening I spent there playing a game of cards or the odd game of billiards. I did not

(talking to EVELYN ROCHE)

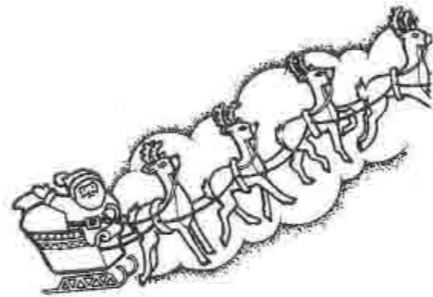
partake in sports as cycling so much in the day gave me enough exercise.

In 1960 the Post Office changed next door to Piggott's. In 1969 I was driving a van on a double run for about six months. In that same year I changed to the Gort-Killina run in which I covered about 32 miles a day. In June 1976 I started to do the town and Kilbeacanty which was a split duty comprising two attendances, one morning and one evening. This run I continued until my retirement.

In the old days we worked a six day week and in my opinion the greatest change was to the five day week.

I had two children. Maurice died while still a young man. My surviving son Ronan is presently teaching in High School in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe.

I worked for 46 years and I am enjoying my retirement. I feel it is an extended holiday.



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MY TRAVELS IN INDONESIA

AFTER spending one year tripping around Australia, my desire for travel had been aroused. In between travel times I had managed to save some money. So I was now in a financial position to take it easy for a while. There was no doubt in my mind, as to where I wanted to go, as I had heard many stories about Bali, and all of Indonesia from travellers in Oz.

By CHRISTINA NEILAN

A traveller is very different from a tourist, for one thing a traveller stays on the trail for months, staying in cheap accommodation, eating in the same places as the locals. Some travellers adopt local dress — baggy trousers, a faded t-shirt and sandals. One is open to all suggestions, has many, many stories to tell and all the time in the world to tell them. There's only one constraint in a traveller's life and that's money. But one never really worries about it too much, in fact, you get a kick living such a frugal life-style.

As the time came for me to leave Australia, I was very excited about my trip, from what I heard, Indonesia offered a kaleidoscope of cheap food, adventurous travel and every sort of attraction from tropical paradise to the untouched wilderness of Sumatra from the historical remains in Yogyakarta to the unbelievable squalor and deprivation of Jakarta.

BALI

My first stop was Bali, and as the plane nosed down in Denpasar Airport I could see the white sand and crystal blue water and feel blood rushing to my toes. Coming through customs was quite funny as the custom control officer scrutinized my little green book and he looked at me as if I was an alien and said "you're Irish. I have never met anyone from Ireland before". Little did I realize that for a whole two months I was not to set eyes on an Irish person. Outside the door of the airport people milled about looking for people to go and



Besahib, Bali

stay in their losmer (guest house), they had all kinds of transport available to take you there from motorbike to the good old horse and cart. As we drove away from the airport I got that beautiful sweet scent of flowers and incense that was to remain with me for my whole time there, and ever now just one whiff of it could bring me back to three romantic days in Bali.

Bali is renowned for its beautiful white beaches, crystal blue water and romantic sunsets. In contrast its got remains of volcanic craters, beautiful waterfalls, unusual traditional villages, etc. Going to Bali is like going back in time, perhaps back to the land of milk and honey.

The Balinese people are among one of the most unique races of people, they are forever cheerful and strikingly beautiful. They have very smooth dark skin, big dancing eyes and beautiful white teeth. They never get tired greeting tourists and pestering one with such curious question as where do you come from? What's your name? Where are you going? Even the simplest of questions

can be profound sometimes. Tourism is big industry there, it effects the livelihood of everyone from old to young. It's common to see little kids selling post cards on the street. Even as you pass a stall they come out to greet you. Next thing you know you are making a bargain for something you don't even want to buy, but it's impossible to get away. They could sell oil to the Arabs! Bargaining is a real Balinese custom, you learn never to pay the first price asked, almost half is nearer to reality. They love to bargain and they could spend hours bargaining over a few pence.

The most popular bargains to pick up, apart from the shortlived cheap clothes are paintings and wood carvings. Ubud is the cultural centre, it is a calm, peaceful place in the hills. Some forty years ago, famous European artists settled there and began to teach the locals how to paint. Hans Snell the German artist and Blanco the famous Spanish artist are among the few that still reside there, they are held in high esteem by the locals.

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BRIDGE STREET, GORT

MY TRAVELS IN INDONESIA

In and around Ubud there are many woodcarving workshops where you can go and see the tradesmen at work. They get a great buzz showing off to tourists. Their work is of a high quality and original, even for a bottle of duty free whiskey you could buy a nice carving.

Ubud is also a good place to see traditional dances, although they are mostly performed for tourists, but with a little good luck it's possible to see more authentic ones at a temple festival. The dances are most exciting, very graceful and mindful. The dancers wear bright costumes and make-up. The story behind the dance is usually taken from the Ramayana (a Hindu epic comparable to Ulysses) and other legends from Asia.

RELIGION

Religion plays a very important part in the daily life of the people from birth to death. Bali is unique in that



Minangahaban store house for rice, Sumatra.

most religions are tolerated, Hindu, Muslim and Christianity are the most popular. Temples are proof of how important religion is in their daily life. Each village has a few temples, one to honour the village founders, another dedicated to the spirits of the dead and another for official functions. They also build temples for the spirits of agriculture, lakes and mountains. In most rice paddies and gardens there are small subah temples and every morning the owners bring flowers, food and incense as offerings to the gods. Sometimes they drape these little temples in bright colours.

Funerals are usually a joyful occasion, crowds of people turn out for the ceremony. The body is usually wrapped in bright colours so different from our morbid custom. Cremation is the release of the soul, so that it can go to the afterlife, and, hence is a cause for celebration. Their belief in spirits is so rooted that to prevent the spirit of the dead person finding its way back to the house, on the way to the cremation site (as they don't have definite crematoriums) they shake, spin and bounce the coffin so as to confuse the spirit of the deceased. As funerals are so expensive, bodies are often buried until the people can afford to have a cremation.

One phenomenon in the countryside in Bali is the rice fields, everywhere you see these neatly terraced rice paddies. Apart from tourism most people are involved in rice production. It was a common sight to see men ploughing with oxen, knee deep in water, or women bent over sowing slits of rice. In a good year they can harvest a few crops, a bad year can spell disaster for many families — it all depends on the weather.

Many families supplement their income, by selling chickens. As it seems a national custom, there were always chickens on the road, and its many a time I saw a near accident, caused by crazy drivers and silly chicks.



A long way from home — Mt. Isa

As I did a lot of travelling around, riding the bemos became a hobby of mine. Indonesian bemos must be every bit as famous as the great trains in America and more fun I think, well all over Indonesia the transport system is a little bit crazy and haphazard, the rules of the road amount to basically "the survival of the fittest or quickest". Bemos (trucks with seats in the back, and no windows or doors) are the most common form of transport. As they are privately run ventures, the price varies everytime, so it's always best to settle the price before getting in. The bemos were always so overcrowded, not alone with people, but with chickens, fruit, rice, etc., always a great way to get to know people. After 5 or 6 hours cramped in these conditions, it didn't really matter that you had no feeling in your legs. A step up from the bemo was the colt, a small mini bus with the prestigious name of Mitsunidhi. This was a little more comfortable, especially when it was raining. There was never any schedule for departure, you just had to wait around until one was full. Sometimes hours, a really good test for your patience.

FRINGES

LADIES 'n' GENTS HAIR STUDIO
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(Proprietress: BREDA NALLY)

MY TRAVELS IN INDONESIA

A great novelty at first was the becah or rickshaw bicycle. I couldn't wait to get on one. The great thrill came one night in Yogyakarta. A friend and I had arrived at the bus station pretty late, so as the station was miles out of town we had to take a ride in to town. As it was raining it didn't help things, but it was so frightening I couldn't bare to look. For example at an intersection the driver would sweep across the road regardless of the hooting and tooting coming from all sides. Then there were all the potholes. I thought a few times the wheel was going to fall off — definitely a ride to remember.

In Lombok the transport was a bit familiar — horse and cart, but they were so cute, ponies decorated with rosettes and flowers and carts corresponding to the beauty, brightly painted with ribbons tied on.

FOOD

Before going to Indonesia, I had been warned — don't drink the water, never eat the skin of fruit, etc., etc., the list was endless. It was all in vain, I didn't suffer from the common complaint "Bali belly", and I found the food to be among the most exotic I have ever tasted.

Rice is the staple food, so of course rice was served with every meal. Nasi Goreng is the national dish, it's fried rice with an egg and tiny chopped pieces of veg, really nice. Another favourite is nasi campur, it's rice with whatever is available — really good. One dish I did not like was gado — gado, which is salad with home made prawn crackers and peanut sauce — ugh I hate peanut sauce. When I arrived first I had the misfortune to order this on a few occasions by mistake. Another popular food, I cannot leave out is satay, tiny pieces of chicken served in a really spicy peanut dip. These were sold in little mobile stalls in every street.

In Sumatra, Padang food is really popular, but it's so spicy, it's hot enough to burn your fingers. About 13 or 14 bowls are placed in front of you, with all types of fish, meat, eggs, etc., and you pay for what you eat — it can be expensive.

My favourite food apart from the fruit and the fruit juice were the fabulous pancakes. Every kind of tropical fruit was available from melons, tangerines, pineapples, rambutans, grapes and so many more I cannot name, and the good thing was you could buy them for a song. The fruit juices were so good — banana, pineapple, melon, orange and mango

— banana was my favourite. They were so lovely and thick — umm. Well Indonesia is also famous for its pancakes, words alone cannot describe how good they tasted. They differed from place to place, but basically they were filled with banana, chopped peanuts and topped with chocolate sauce — a must in any trip to Indonesia. The most famous town for them is Pangadran in Java.

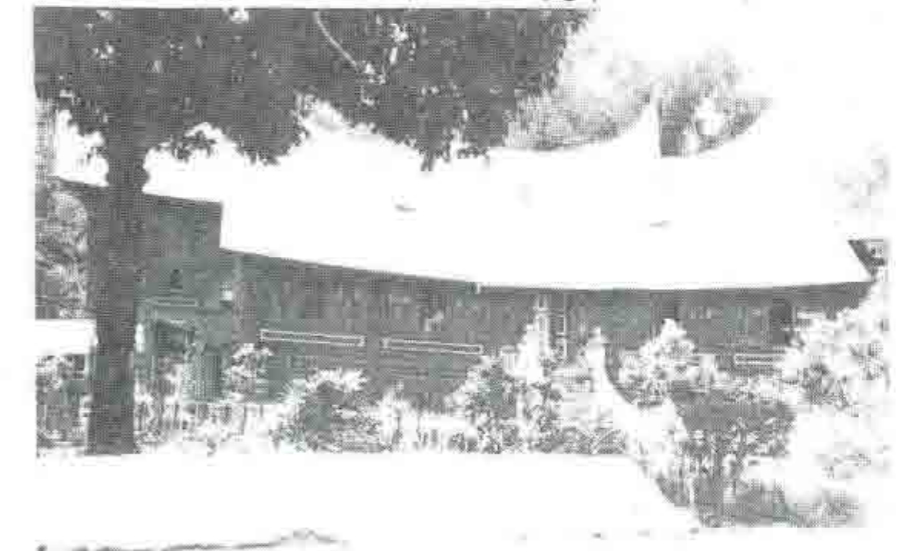
Every meal was served with tea, it had a herbal flavour, and I got used to it quite rapidly. As for the coffee. Sumatra coffee must be one of the finest in the world. It's got such a rich flavour. Unfortunately they didn't have any percolators, so you ended up with the coffee powder collecting in the bottom of the cup. The local brew, could be recommended, the more you drank the nicer it tasted, it was called "Brew", it's made from rice, it's difficult to describe the taste, one could not exactly call it a flowery bouquet, although it did have a flowery effect. It tasted like brandy, it could easily be passed off for an Irish coffee. When added to coffee to sum up I remember this drink was quite versatile and always worked wonders. If you didn't want to drink brew, there was a good beer "Bintany", it was Heinekin supervised. There was no need to be homesick, because I could buy Guinness, but only in cans, and believe me it didn't enhance the taste or the good name of Guinness. I seen a Guinness factory in Malaysia.

PEOPLE, PEOPLE, PEOPLE

Everywhere you go in Indonesia, there's one common feature, crowds

of people. When you consider it's the fifth most populated country in the world, I suppose it's not surprising. It's almost impossible to get away from prying eyes.

I remember on one occasion climbing this high mountain with some friends, and to our amazement there was a young boy there selling soft drinks. One of the funniest incidents of all, although at the time it was not so funny. I was in Lombok only two weeks after arriving in Indonesia, the first two weeks I spent in Bali, and as it's a very popular place, the people didn't take so much interest in tourists. But Lombok was a little off the beaten track, maybe only about 600 tourists would go there every year. We decided to hire motorbikes as the island was quite small and this would be an ideal way of seeing the countryside. On our first day out of the town we were cruising along, enjoying the fabulous countryside when we got a puncture, just outside a little village. Well within seconds the whole village had collected around us. Without ever asking the repair man had been sent for. He came followed by his assistant, the repair man had a very serious face anticipating the importance of the whole business. He would probably be a local hero afterwards. He worked diligently and got the taks over in 40 minutes, but it must have been the longest 40 minutes in my lifetime, as the people — men, women and children mulled about us hardly giving us room to breathe. It was terrifying to see all these eyes fixed on us for so long. If things were not bad enough, a crazy guy stole the key to one of the



Queens Palace, Sumatra

MY TRAVELS IN INDONESIA

bikes in the meantime. When we discovered this, all the people immediately suspected him. Some people ran to his house but he sat playing with the key and laughed at them. They were afraid of him to do anything. At this stage a policeman came along, and we thought our worries were over. The policeman was of no help at all. He took Martin down to the station, asked him his name and address, his occupation, after he took these details down in his note book, he asked him for cigarettes. When Martin didn't have any he asked him for money to buy some. At this stage, my friend had all he could take, so he returned. With a little luck, Claus, a German guy who was with us, had a little knowledge of motor bikes, he was able to rig the wires to start the bike without the key. Finally, we roared out of the village, I was never so glad to be leaving a place.



"Chill" Sumatra

CHRISTMAS IN SUMATRA

Everyday brought some adventure. Some good, some bad, but life was never dull, and time never stood still. After Rombrok, I travelled back to Bali, then on to Java. Just a few days before Christmas I found myself in Jakarta wondering where I was going to spend Christmas. I only knew I didn't want to spend in Hahartar, as it must be one of the poorest cities in the world. The squalor and deprivation is immeasurable and it's got a reputation among travellers as being one of the sure places to get ripped off.

I decided to take the boat to Sumatra, the journey took 36 hours. During the trip I met some travellers, as we were all heading in the general direction, we decided, let's all go together. Hence the Christmas contingent was formed. It include three New Zealanders, three English and a German, and myself. We were all single travellers. We decided to head for Bukittingi, a cool easy going, mountain town in the centre of Sumatra. It was a spectacular drive from Padang where the boat landed. We climbed a steep narrow mountain road and we passed many Minangkaban or traditional houses. Bukittingi was a really picturesque town, commanding a really good view of the surrounding countryside. Bukittingi is a Muslim town, even though it was December 24th, the sun was shining brightly, not a Christmas tree in sight or a Christmas carol to be heard. I thought how sad Santa Claus never came to such a beautiful place.

After settling in to our hotel, we

decided to check out the town for a nice restaurant. We found a nice homely place, that was offering a special menu — not turkey, but chicken. We were joined by a party of Germans, who were really getting into the beer for the night. This was my most memorable Christmas ever, even though there was no church, no mass, I felt such a strong feeling and presence of Christmas. I realized Christmas is not expensive food, presents and material goods, but love and sharing with your fellow brother, and I felt if Joseph and Mary had come to that restaurant that night, they would not have been turned away.

On Christmas day, we decided to mark the occasion by making a trip to Banjol, 56 Km away from Bukittingi, there was a little globe on the roadside marking the place where the equator is supposed to pass through Sumatra.

But Christmas was a flurry of activity. Everyone was busy trying to phone home or bring a present for themselves. Eventually we got the show on the road, as we took a local bus there. We were not to realise it was going to take five hours to get 56 Km. When we arrived it was 6 p.m. So we jumped over this line a few times, so as to be able to say we crossed the equator dozens of times — all in the one day. In the meantime, the locals had come to watch these eight lunatics jumping around the road. Admittedly we must have looked silly. Afterwards we enquired about the next bus to Bukittingi, and they told us not until the next day. Well we had to decide what to do, as night had fallen and we

didn't feel like spending the night stranded in the middle of nowhere. With very few alternatives we started to walk, one situation did not dampen our spirits. We sang along the way. Finally, a truck stopped and offered us all a lift, we were delighted. We all piled in the back, ignoring as best we could the pungent odour. Under the vivid stars, our voices echoed across the desolate hills. When we arrived back in buckittingi, we were all very tired and hungry. I think my dinner consisted of tomatoe soup and fried rice. I don't know if I ever got around to finishing it, I was so tired.

We spent a few more days around Buckittingi and went on to Lake Toba for New Year. Here we meet lots of travellers and we had a real western party — lots of food, drink and disco music, in a very picturesque Indonesian setting.

A few days after I left Sumatra and Indonesia and headed for Malaysia and Thailand. We were all very sad, when the time came for goodbye. We exchanged addresses, and expressed hope that we would meet again one day. Most of them I will probably never see again, but it's nice to know there are a lot of nice people in this world. No matter where you go or what you see, the people you meet, really make life worth living. Of course you want to hold on to these people forever keep in touch. But it's impossible, because people like this life are transient, and you can only enjoy life for the here and now, as tomorrow is a long way off.

BUTLER AT TULLIRA

By JIMMY COLLINS

IT all started on an evening in November 1962; I came home from work and was met by my late mother, who told me to put on my good suit and shine my shoes, as I was going to Tullira Castle to be interviewed for the job of butler — certainly her idea and not mine! In any case that's what happened, and I ended up being the successful candidate of fifteen, who had applied for the job of chauffeur/butler to the Rt. Hon. Lord and Lady Hemphill at Tullira Castle.

I started right away and found the going extremely rough, the hours were irregular, the place immense, and the job completely different to anything I had known before; so after one week I gave in my notice! Lady Hemphill prevailed on me to give it another try — for at least a second week — and I did. Gradually I started to get used to the job and the routine, and even to like it. I'd say it took me about two years to be in command of both myself and the job. Finally after about five years I was in full charge of the castle, and was accountable for everything to do with it from the smallest teaspoon to the wines in the cellar. James had arrived!

Staffwise the set-up was that there was the head-cook, the under-cook, the cook's assistant, and a general manservant, all of whom operated in the kitchen area. Upstairs there were three permanent girls and two daily helps, and outside there was the gardener. The butler was deemed to be in overall charge.

DAILY ROUTINE

The daily routine ran something like as follows: arise six a.m. and dress in

one's uniform — blue suit, white shirt, bow tie, and black shoes — white gloves were worn when serving in the diningroom. The first job of the morning was the early breakfasts and that was between 6 and 7 a.m. Her ladyship was an early riser and was regularly out with her horses and ponies at 8 a.m. At 8 a.m. I'd drive to



Jimmy Collins

Ardrahan for the post and the papers in his Lordship's Bentley. I enjoyed that. Then I had to supervise the cleaning of the Library, the sittingrooms and diningrooms for her Ladyship's daily inspection. At 8.30 a.m. each morning her Ladyship instructed the cook on the menus for lunch and dinner. I had the responsibility for seeing that their Lordships cars were checked for oil, water and petrol and in perfect order for the day's work. I also acted as valet to his Lordship — in fact after a time I knew exactly what to lay out for him for any occasion, and indeed he often

complimented me on my choice of tie!

Much of the afternoon was taken up in preparing for dinner. The diningroom was lit by candlelight — in fact the only electrical fitting was a plug for the vacuum-cleaner! Decanting the port was an important job, also selecting the wines from the cellar, and of course ensuring that it was kept stocked-up. Keeping the silver cleaned was a major occupation and as the table settings were all solid silver it took a lot of time. Then there were jobs like keeping his Lordship's guns cleaned, keeping bulbs replaced and the whole electrical system under review. I also acted as a general secretary to his Lordship, taking phone calls and recording messages in the Diary, arranging business appointments, and entertaining any callers who came when their Lordships were away.

Dinner was normally at 9 p.m. and when there were house guests it could go on until 1 a.m. — all in all a very long day!

Still even though the hours were long it had many side-benefits; I ended up in hotels that otherwise I'd only have seen: I was at the opening of Galway Cathedral; I was in and out of Dutyfree shops; I could go on the best stands at race-meetings, and needless to mention the meals were always A1.

FAMOUS PEOPLE

Then, of course, there were all the famous people I met at Tullira: Major Hubert Tyrrell, who for years was the

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BUTLER AT TULLIRA

starter at Galway Races, was positively one of the most pleasant.

Paul Newman: the film-star was a very down to earth guy, who bought a Connemara-pony from her Ladyship, and had a great affection for Irish Wolfhounds.

President Childers: I met on two occasions, he was a very friendly man who would chat about all the ordinary things — he was very fond of his pipe!

John Huston: smoked terrible cigars, and always seemed to be wrapped up in his own thoughts.

Audrey Hepburn: the film star I remember as a beautiful lady on a beautiful Summer day — Likewise Deborah Kerr.

John Wayne: said "good on you kid", cigar clenched between his teeth, as I handed him his drink.

Diana Connolly-Carew, of equestrian fame was a regular caller.

Glenn Ford: the film star, was a very friendly and witty man.

Anita Leslie, the authoress, and her husband **Commander King** were probably the nicest people who called.

Then there were ambassadors of several nations whose names I can't remember, and of course there was David Hemmings and Prunella Ransome, who starred in the film Alfred the Great, which was made in the area.

MEMORIES

There are so many memories that there is no way I could set them all down here, like the day, his Lordship

gave me £20 to put on a "dead cert" and I put on £5 of my own, and he's still running! Then there was the night of a storm around Christmas and his Lordship's boat "Silly dolly" was in danger at Renvyle — we both went down and got on board, but we had forgotten the keys; the storm was now much worse and the boat was drifting out to sea. Fortunately another boat came to our rescue, for as I could not swim, I'd not be writing this now.

All in all it was a good fifteen years of which I do not regret a single minute. Now and again on Sunday his Lordship gave me his Mercedes to drive to Mass at Shanaglish; my mother used to be as proud as punch of me on those occasions and that for me is possibly the best memory.

MEMORIES OF OTHER DAYS

BORN beside Military Barracks, one's earliest memories are of bugles and brass buttons. At the beginning of the Great War, the King's own Scottish Borderers left for France; end of Tan War the 17th Lancers, over 100 men and horses, evacuated—together with R.I.C. and "Black and Tans". The new Free State Soldiers took over the old Workhouse as "Irregulars" had burned the Barracks; two of them were murdered at the Railway Bridge.

There was local excitement during 1916 Rebellion, with local Volunteers at Moyode and our Dublin cousins in the G.P.O. That's the year I saw last Newtown Races.

Sinn Fein Elections 1918 roused a lot of people; I sat on De Valera's knee on a platform at the Pump in the Square. Then 1920-21 was dominated by Black and Tans, Auxiliaries, R.I.C. and Soldiers in the background. I saw Pat and Harry Loughnane sitting alone in a "Crosley" tender inside barrack gate; armed police guarding Fr. John Considine C.C. — like Yeats had condemned murder of Mrs. Quinn, Corker. At Ballyturin, Captain Blake, British Intelligence officer, commanding Black and Tans/R.I.C., was killed together with his wife; Captain Cornwallis, a gentle soldier, and young Lieutenant; Mrs. Robert Gregory escaped Blake's successor, Inspector Casey, wore two Webleys on an expensive belly; Curfew in Summer was very frustrating. Raids, looting (including Keane's), burning were regular events (Coen's and Fahy's each side were set on fire). I wore Fianna Eireann uniform at Coole Parade.

Our class moved from the Convent (Sr. Gertrude) to national School (Peter Brady, Michael Tuohy) after First Holy Communion. There was no artificial light, no water or indoor toilet, no central heating and in Summer, for most, no boots. We had no Irish Books — lots of merriment and games — rounders, tip-cats, hurling, spinning tops, etc. and swimming in "Sandies", "Small Hopes" and "The Doctors". Golf was too time-consuming after that. All local teachers attended Irish classes in the Convent during week-ends.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

After Civil War, I was shipped to St. Mary's, Galway; Henderson's hackney car suttered so many punctures, one tyre was stuffed with hay. Conditions in Mary's were spartan but we made lifelong friends. A switch to Cistercian College, Roscrea on advise of New Zealander Fr. Gerry Hawkins C.F., introduced me, inter alia, to Rugby Football, about same time as Johnnie Baggot founded Gort Rugby Club; he was a Gort man, who won first International for Ireland — dropping a goal against Scotland. Years later, two other Gort men, Gerry and Kevin Quinn, won caps on an Irish XV. My early team mates included Ned Gilmartin, Robbie Lahiffe, Jack Burke, Jack Marlboro, Eddie Treston, Jim Ross, Gerry Heenan, Mattie Coen, Joe hanrahan, Michael Whelan and Thomas Sheedy.

Georgie Daly kept the pot boiling. We won Junior Connacht Cup. Hurling was always an interest —



Gerard Keane

Bernie Gibbs the sweetest ever. There was an active Tennis Club off Slipper Street. St. Colman's hall provided billiards, cards, annual dances, public meetings, concerts, badminton, amateur plays and professionals — like Anew McMaster, Richard Carrickford, Pipers. I do recall Billy Grant's "Moving Pictures" in the Courthouse, powered by a steam

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HURLING IN GORT

(A letter received by Oliver Roche (Jnr.) from Wally O'Connor now living in England).

Dear Oliver,

In my early years all the kids in Gort played hurling. There was a lot of Inter-Street matches, some organised, some totally disorganised but nevertheless all played with vim and vigour. The trophies for these matches were bought (six multi-coloured pen knives at 6d each) as a result of a collection from the shops in the streets. We played many matches in the field behind the Church, also in Lally's, Spelman's, Coen's and Ralph Keane's field, invariably being chased before the game was finished, only to go on to another field to complete the game. So much for that side of things.

At the age of ten I won my first medal, Gort won the South Galway Juvenile Championship, played in Coen's field in Gallagher's Lane (I don't know what they call it now), against Peterswell, which ended in a draw. The replay was at the Sports Ground in Galway, a match we won rather easily. That team was rather unique, in as much that four sets of

brothers played, and won that Championship. They were Miko and Jack Spelman, Joe and Jimmy Griffin, Brendan and Joe Moloney and my brother Algie and myself. Other members of that team were Thomas Howard, Johnnie Gillane, Joe Keane, Michael Halvey, Johnnie Gallagher, Thomas Rosengrave, Georgie French and Gerry Quinn. The team was run and trained by my uncle Pat Cooke and Johnnie Lane, who was a tailor with Stephen Daffy in George's Street and who did tremendous work for underage hurling in Gort, alas a lot of above have since died. R.I.P.

MATCHES THAT STAND OUT IN MY MIND

Apart from the match already mentioned, I think my first Senior Match at the age of sixteen against Ballindereen in Hardiman's field (Loughrea Road) is something I will always remember. We won that match and went on to play Castlegar in the Final only to be well beaten (I went in as a Sub to replace J. Hardiman).

I was privileged to play with some great hurlers in that team, to mention but a few, Mattie Brennan, Jack Keely,

Colie Cooney, Jack Hardiman and Paddy Icklam.

My next match was the winning of the Junior All-Ireland in 1939 (with Galway).

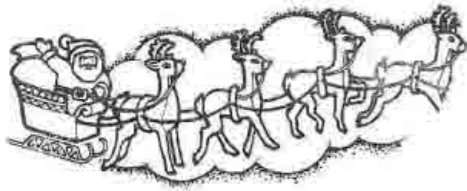
My last but by no means least was winning the South Galway Senior Championship in Barry's field in 1942. A team captained by Mattie Brennan R.I.P., which included Josie and Stephen Gallagher, J. Keane, T. Howard, B. Moloney, J. Gillane, T. Staunton, J. Cooney, M. Aherne, P. Icklam, J. Hehir and J. McNeill.

In my time we played in four different pitches, Hardiman's and Carty's (Ennis Road), Barry's (Ballyhugh) and Lahiffe's beside the present pitch.

Gort won the Junior County Football Championship in 1937, a team again captained by Mattie Brennan, I was very proud to be a member of that team, which included, J. Keane, G. Griffin, T. Finnigan and P. Icklam.

I think Joe Pete Hehir has given great support to Gort over the years, he stuck with them, win, lose or draw.

Your sincerely,
WALLY O'CONNOR.



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Correct posture is important in children and adults. Walking is the action forward of the body by changing the body weight from one foot to the other. Every step a person takes the foot put forward must take the entire body weight (whatever it maybe!) before the other foot moves forward. Too many people take the task of walking for granted. Each foot should be cared for in order to be able to walk without aches and pains. The only time the body weight is shared is when standing.

Foot care should begin at a very early age and continue throughout ones life. A lot of people are inclined to put off having their feet cared for

properly. "Hurting should not be part of your every day life". Feet are best kept clean and the toe nails short. Diabetics are advised to attend a chiropodist regularly because of the risk of infection and circulation problems.

Whatever problems arise in the feet it is advised to have them treated in time before it's too late. Your chiropodist will advise you on all matters. So keep your feet healthy.

By OLIVE KILROY

Corns and callouses caused by illfitted foot wear can be so painful they interfere with your balance and walking. In the case of some old people who already have arch problems and bunions which have been neglected down through the years, the pain of callouses on their feet forbid them to carry out their daily walking routine. They gradually slow down and some refuse to walk at all. There are too many old people bedridden at home or in hospitals because they "think" they cannot walk.



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MILESTONES

BIRTHS

Congratulations to the following on the birth of their new family members.

Brendan Anthony Quinn to Patrick and Kathleen, Knockauncoura, Gort.
Loraine Maureen McMahon to Gerard and Ann McMahon, Garryland.

*Aaran Joseph Naughton to Michael and Sile Naughton, Roo. (31st March).

*Nicholas Joseph Naughton to Gerard and Carmel Naughton, Ballybay, Co. Monaghan.

*Alan Jordan Naughton to Francis and Anne Naughton, Baltinglass, Co. Wicklow.

*Baptised together in Gort Church on April 13th.

Peter Thomas Casey to John and Marianne Casey, Ballincollig, Co. Cork.

Aoife Maria Veronica Finnegan to Niall and Rose Finnegan, Glenbrack Road.

Mark Andrew Coen to Robert and Mary Coen, Tubber.

Thelma Patrick Ryder to Patrick and Kathleen Ryder, Glenbrack.

Seán Gearóid Ó Griallais to Pádraig and Máire Griallais, Rindifin.

Déirdre Martina Murphy to Martin and Anne Murphy, Ballybane.

Martin Pío Nestor to Jerome and Teresa Nestor, Church Street.

Stephen Patrick Shaughnessy to Patrick and Bríd, Rinrush.

Aileen Forde to Agustine and Margaret.

Richard Andrew Piggott to Murry and Teresa.

Michael Peter Hayes to Patrick and Bernadette, Castletown.

Declan Edward Cummins to Eamonn and Joesphine, Corker.

Christopher Patrick Flaherty to Chris and Josephine Flaherty, Garryland.

Gregory Glynn to Gerard and Marie, Gort.

Paul Christopher Noone to Séamus and Cynthia, The Square.

Tadhg Noel Linnane to Sylvie and Margaret.

Paul John Hawkins to P. J. and Margaret, Georges Street.

Nora Elizabeth Monaghan to John and Nora, Ballyhugh.

Carol Ann Brady to Patrick and Ann, Garrybeg.

Gerry James Killeen to Ronnie and Ann, Ballyhue.

Elaine Maria McDonagh to Brendan and Helen, Glenbrack.

Ashling Mary Counihan to Colman and Imelda, Crowe Street.

James Patrick Molloy to Colman and Rita, Glenbrack.

DEATHS

Since our last issue of "Guaire" we have been sadly bereaved. To the families, relations, friends and neighbours of the following we extend our sincerest sympathy. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a n-anamnacha.

Jack Gillane, Rinrush.

Michael Costelloe, Ballyhugh.

Michael Forde, Rindifin.

Larry Broderick, Georges Street.

Maureen Mullins, Georges Street.

Julia Carr, tierneevan.

Margaret Tanian, Risatunne.

Nicholas Brady, Bridge Street.

Patrick Baldwin, Ballyaneen.

Nora Cahill, Coole.

Catherine Gillane, Church Street.

Séamus Conway, Loughrea Road.

Mark Scully, Church Street.

Cis Burke, Bridge Street.

Jimmy O'Connor, Georges Street.

Kathleen Cahill, Lavally.

Peter Lally, Castletown.

Mary Glynn, Ennis road.

Bridie Sheedy, Mcnamara, Georges Street.

Eilish McAllum, Ballyaneen.

Fr. P. Carr, Ballymalfaig.

Patrick Keane, Crannagh.

Michael Glynn, Circular Road.

Eddie Treston, Crowe Street.

MARRIAGES

Brigid Cummins, Kilmacduagh to John Atkins, Sixmilebridge.

Margaret Burke, Georges Street to Patrick Brady, Inchaboy.

Irene Gill, Kiltartan to Pascal Greaney, Ardahan.

Mary Kealy, Circular Road to Colm Sherry, Clarenbridge.

John Dally (The Square) to Christina Allen, Oranmore (in England).

Cyril Daniels to Catherine Cummins.

Brendan Dervan to Eileen O'Shaughnessy.

Bernard Cummins to Pauline Piggott.

Vincent McNeven to Mary Ann Rock.

Patrick Flanagan to Geraldine Monaghan.

Gerard O'Brien to Mary McMahon.

Michael Brady to Carmel Linnane.

Eamonn Murphy to Pauline Carr.

Patrick J. Downley to Rita Anne Kelly.

POET'S CORNER

MOTIVATION

By MARK SCULLY

*I must rush on,
I cannot stay,
I glimpsed a glance of old age in decay,
And shuddered, Oh my God, with what dismay,
No, this will not, You can't allow, that this will happen me.*

*I must rush on:
So much to do,
Too much too,
But fleeting hours are speeding, as a shaft
Let loose with force, that slices through the draught,
The draught, the zephyr of my life, that keeps
impelling me.*

*I must slow down,
So I am told,
Before I'm old,
So well, they say, but cannot stay, the hand of reaching
grasping time, whose sand,
With sweeping swirl, engulfs and grasps,
Pass what is left of me.*

*So I will die—
Oh, that is true,
I know and rue,
That darkest moment on the breeze of death,
But grant me, God, before You braze my breath,
That I have done or still can do,
What you ordained of me.*

Note: "Motivation" is taken from "Conceived in Connaught" a collection of Mark's poetry published in 1975. His son, Gregory, hopes to get the booklet reprinted in the near future.

THE ADAPTABLE SYLVIE

By PEADAR Ó FATHAIGH

*The adaptable Sylvie, live wire of the squad,
May balance the budget this year Please God,
We've had many great hurlers in Guaire's domain,
But Linnane or his equal may not come again.
He has hurled in forwards, midfield and at back.
And throughout his career, we've had many a crack.
Against Limerick, Kilkenny, Tipperary and Clare,
Offaly and Laois, his courage is rare.
Then Wexford and Cork have many great men,
But against them our Sylvie like a star shone again.
He knows Páirc Uí Choimh on the banks of the Lee,
And the big Semple Stadium not too far from Tralee.
Croke Park is the centre for many a clash,
And the old Limerick grounds has tested the ash.
Ennis in Clare is getting near home.
And its now nearly time for to finish this poem.
So try once more Galway in the year '86.
Let Erin remember we have still got some tricks.
But remember all trainers from Innistigue to Ahane:
To tighten the loopholes from Sylvie Linnane.*

AHIKITA AND MICHIKO

By SEÁN LEAHY

*The day was bright and breezy,
Not a cloud disturbed the fun.
We were waiting for the royalty,
From the land of the rising sun.
And when at last they reached the town,
A crowd was there awaiting,
To stretch the hand of friendship,
And join the celebrating.*

*Then the clapping and the cheering,
Was heard for miles around.
As the Prince and his Princess,
Knelt down and kissed the ground.
Come let us go to Sullivans,
Said the Prince with a sullen grin.
I want a pint or two of stout,
And I'm sure yourself a gin.*

*They drank three pints of porter,
Shook hands with all they met.
Went out to hear the music,
The Princess danced a set.
Then she played the Bodhran gaily,
Till her fingers were all sore.
The Prince looked on in wonder,
Then did handstands on the floor.*

*The Prince said he was Irish,
The Princess said the same.
Their great Grandfather came from Gort,
Somewhere down Gallaghers lane,
His name was Jimmy something,
He made beef and shepherd pies,
You would know him if you saw him,
He had rather slanty eyes.*

*Now everyone was happy,
The pints were coming fast,
We were all related somehow,
From the first one to the last.
There were cousins, aunts and nephews,
All related through the War,
And the nearest of the relatives,
Were drinking at the bar.*

*Then we all went down for dinner,
It was there we made the poop,
It was hard to use our chopsticks,
On the rich tomato soup.
But when the meal was over,
And all the plates lay bare,
There was rice, and old chop suey,
Scattered almost everywhere.*

*The day drew into evening,
And evening into night,
O what a lovely gathering,
O what a pretty sight.
That closing hour it soon came round,
It was time for all to go.
We parted with our Eastern friends,
Ahikita and Michiko*

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Mary Casey has now completed yet another two courses. One in the art of hair cutting and styling, and one in the art of hair colouring.

Cut and blow dry £5.50; Bodywaves from £13.95; Colour £8.50; Highlights £10.50

Above prices do not apply to Hilary - No appointment necessary.

Seasons Greetings

POETS CORNER

"THE PENNYWHISTLE" DOSSER
(A tribute to a friend in West Kerry)

By W. M. QUINN

The harsh winds from the West of Clare,
Across the broad Atlantic,
Whip unrelenting snow—half sleet,
Lashing unmercifully
Against my pallid face.
And ill-clad frame, shivering
As I plod each frigid step
Yearning a place,
To lie at rest—with heat—
A hay-shed would be great—
But bleak horizons of cold
Mountains silhouette,
The ill starred night
With little hope—
No Christmas candle lights my way
And on I trudge in mental disarray
Craving a Bed . . .
A place to rest my wearied head.

I'm just a dosser and vision home,
The turf fire now long past—alas,
So, underneath a bush I lie—
(To Hell with poet's great dream
of a Heavenly starry sky).
I crouch and wake up to a dawn,
And crave what millionaires all scorn—
A mug of "Porter" or a hearty meal
Of eggs and bacon.
Or crusted bread and tay,
As I go along my "Hopeful" way,
I wish I had a doss last night—
But then I'd miss the "Great Delight"
Of hope for grander things to come—
A "Down" bed in a Great Posh Castle.



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I journey on my frigid road
And play my "Penny Whistle"—
And wonder where my head will rest
Tonight—a castle or a bush to be?
(Often in the pubs they "Stand" to me)
And yet, I journey on—a "Dosser"—
Where will be my Home tonight—
Expectation is my Great Delight.

My life is "Hard" some people say
Yet I wouldn't swop it in any way—
I love the Scenes and meeting people—
My mind is loftier
Than the High most Steeple—
So I will journey on
Playing my whistle in a carefree way
As I look forward to—
A Happier Day.

EUSEBIO PEDROSA v OUR BARRY

By PETER FAHY

On the 8th of June at eventide in the year of '85,
A multitude had gathered by a ring.
When all of us, the Irish thought it great to be alive,
Since we had not died of something in the Spring.

Pedrosa came from Panama and a mighty man was he,
For 19 times he saved his world crown,
But for all his skill and energy for everyone to see,
It took the man from Clones to put him down.

Now McGuigan is our hero and a world champ is he
Twas his daddy sang the tune called "Danny Boy",
And his little boy called Blain is a lovely lad to see.
Throughout the 15 rounds he did not cry.

Tenacious and unyielding, Eusebio hard did try.
And the first three rounds were his without a doubt.
But in the seventh round, a left and right did fly.
When he hit the deck we all began to shout.

So from that moment onwards Finbarr showed his skill.
Side stepping and attacking like a man.
Whether from New Zealand or a place called Ballinakill.
Find his equal in the world if you can.

Then three cheers for young McGuigan,
And success to him again.
May he be young in heart forever more.
Now it's nearly time for me to lay aside my pen.
God prosper and protect the Shamrock shore.

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