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and
Peaceful New Year
to all our Readers

To: _____

From: _____





EDITORIAL — 22nd ISSUE

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

Editing: Pius Murray, Mossy Clabby, Colm Ward
Design: Josephine Ward, Dick Burke
Photography: Mossy Clabby
Typists: Margaret Linnane, Patty Cahill
Editorial Board: Nicholas Cafferky, Fr. Martin Coen, Evelyn Roche, Sean Leahy, Johnny Spellman, Paddy Cooke, Tony Platt, Nóirín Ní Chorcoráin, Anne Gallagher, Monica McGrath, Ingrid McGrath.

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

Another issue of Guaire has been produced. However, it is becoming increasingly difficult to bring out each new issue. It will be necessary to increase the involvement of the community in the magazine, if it is to continue to appear in future.

When you see the notice in the Parish Newsletter, announcing the next Guaire meeting, please come along. Everybody is welcome! You will have an opportunity to air your constructive criticisms of the magazine or put forward new ideas and suggestions for future issues.

We urge you — write the article you have been thinking about; interview an interesting person in your locality; sort through your photographs, old and new; write a poem or a short story.

If writing is not your forte, come and help out with all the tasks that have to be done, in putting together each issue of Guaire.

We wish all our readers a Joyful Christmas and a Happy New Year.

C O N T E N T S

Editorial	2	1986 — John Commins	25
That Special Link	3	Outstanding Gort Residence	26
Out and About	4-15	Gort Credit Union	27
No Regrets	16	Life in Tokyo	28-29
Gort Through the Ages	17	Sr. Catherine	30
Memory Lane	18-19	The Ghost Who Solved a Mystery	31
Festival of Irish Music	20-21	Children's Page and Crossword	32-33
Fr. Michael Carney	22	O'Hara-Burkes	34
All-Ireland Hurling Final of 1886	23	Poetry Page	35
Ballroom of Romance	24	Milestones	36



THAT SPECIAL LINK

By SEAN LEAHY

LIVING in Ireland, we seem to take for granted, the beauty that surrounds us. Beautiful scenery, lively conversation, historical buildings, even the bad weather. Suppose on the other hand, we had great weather, earthquakes, tropical diseases, hurricanes, volcano eruptions, etc., etc., which country would you prefer?

I know we all love to go overseas for our holidays, to places where you are shunted from one good spot to the next, beaches where the locals tend on you, as if you were the King of Siam, food served to perfection, sunshine, night clubs, etc. They never show you the backstreets, the beggars, places where people barely make a paltry living, where slavery still exists, along with misfortunes, and filth. You, the tourist are their bread and butter, well, bread anyway.

If ever you were away from home, in one of those far-away countries, (I mean away for years), how you would yearn for news of home, news of your County, or news of Ireland, it's then and only then you would appreciate your land.

I remember once in Singapore, we had just come back, after a three month tour of duty in the Malayan jungle, protecting the Dutch and English plantation owners and tin mine millionaires from the terrorists. I



The Link . . . Gort Railway Station, departure point for many of our emigrants.

was in a Singapore hospital, which was routine, to be de-loused, de-leached and built up again for another spell in that hell house. My mail had been delivered to me from the Straits of Malacca. I had fifteen letters from Ireland and England and one copy (three months old) of "The Clare Champion". How eagerly I read through those letters, over and over again, then that glorious feeling of unwrapping that newspaper. Page after page I read, letting every word of every sentence sink in, and having read it, I read it all over, again. How

glad I was, how happy I felt, how pride swelled up inside me!

That "Clare Champion" was my one link with home, and all that I felt and longed for. When I was discharged, and was enjoying myself for two weeks in Singapore, I still carried my newspaper. Just think how happy you could make someone abroad by sending them a copy of "Guaire", wrapped up in the "Connacht Tribune". They may be overseas for different reasons than I was, but they are still our emigrants, and are lonely, especially at Christmas time.

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OUT AND ABOUT

EXCITEMENT! (OVER) DRAW AT BANK OF IRELAND

Supporters of the Galway team hurled all the way to the Bank of Ireland for the free draw for Hogan Stand tickets on the Friday afternoon preceding the All-Ireland final. Eight hundred customers had entered their names and Pearse Piggott drew the winners — 1st. Seamus Burke, son of Patrick Burke, Peterswell who won two tickets and 2nd Bobby O'Connor, Dooras, Kinvara (One ticket).



Pearse Piggott discusses tactics with Paddy Fahy — or is it all a fly in my eye?



Peter Walshe in his new role as hotelier oversees the 'Bank Party'.

The manager's office was turned into a "refreshment" room for the afternoon and customers negotiated a glass of wine rather than a loan.

The main office was crowded for the draw and a sales representative thought it was a run on the bank whereas it was only a run for Croke Park.

Glynns Hotel supplied the savouries and Anne Clabby and bank staff, Anne Burke, Cathleen Connole, Maura Holland, Maura Leonard and Mary Nolan performed the miracle of the loaves and fishes while Eamon Lynch wondered what the solid institution of banking was coming to.

John McNamara, the bank's assistant general manager and his wife, Mary attended the draw and presented the tickets.

GORT CAMOGIE CLUB

After the success of the 1985 season, Gort Camogie looked forward eagerly to the challenges of 1986, especially as they had been promoted to the senior ranks. However, the transition from junior to senior level proved very testing indeed.

Pre-season senior friendly matches resulted in a draw with Ballyboden - St. Enda's (Dublin) and defeat by St. Paul's (Kilkenny).

In the County Senior League, Gort were beaten by Kiltulla and Glenamaddy. The latter also defeated Gort in the first round of the County Championship.

In the underage competitions, the Under-13 and Under-14 teams were defeated. However, the Under-18 and minor teams are still in contention in their respective championships.

Gort stars on the Galway County minor team, which won the county's first ever All-Ireland Championship at that level were Suzanne Burke, Patricia Connors, Caroline Linnane,



Meanwhile the show must go on — Gerry Ryan under the watchful eye of Daniel O'Connell.

Gina Cahill and Susan Murray. Frank Connors was a team selector.

Anne Murray, Carmel Burke, Bridget Linnane, Geraldine Kilkelly, Mary Kilkelly and Mary Sullivan represented Galway at junior level. Michael Linnane was a county selector. Anne Murray and Carmel Burke were also on the county senior panel.

Although Gort Camogie have gone on a "trophy strike" this season, to date, it has been a successful year in the development of the club and in the fostering of the game locally.

OUT AND ABOUT



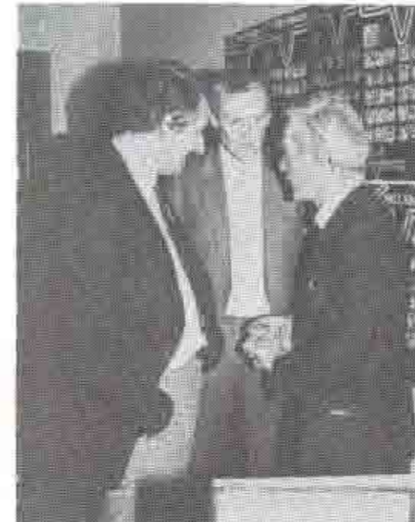
Anne Burke, John McNamara, Pearse Piggott — drawing the winning ticket. Also in picture David McConnell and Gerry Burke.

GORT STREET FOOTBALL LEAGUE

On Sunday, November 9th, in the Boys' School pitch, the Street League football final was played. Although the rain held off, the windy conditions made it very much a game of two halves, in which the boys from Galway Road beat Crowe Street convincingly with a final score of 5-3 to 0-2.

The dominant force in the match was, without doubt, Irial Conroy, who scored a total of 4-2 for the Galway Road side, with Ivor Casey scoring the remaining goal and Tonra Spelman the point.

The biggest crowd of spectators yet at a Street League final, including many past pupils, braved the windy conditions to cheer on their



Joe Pete Hehir . . . No doubt negotiating a substantial loan with John McNamara (left) and David McConnell (the mediator).

respective sides. The Gort branch of the Bank of Ireland sponsored the perpetual cup, plaques and a treat for the players at a local shop. Mr. Pádraig Giblin, Assistant Manager, presented the cup to the winning team.

The players made a special presentation of an inscribed Connemara plaque to Mr. Frank Lally, who retired as League referee following the match, having been involved in that capacity for the past 16 years.

ATHLETICS

The past year was once again a very busy and also a very successful year for South Galway Athletic Club. The South Galway Sports were held in April and were a tremendous success with all of the schools bringing home their share of the spoils. There was a very big attendance and the teachers ensured that there were high entries from their schools, indeed they must be thanked for their efforts down through the years. Thanks must also go to the sponsors from the town and from outside who have helped to ensure the continued success of this sports.

The County Track and Field Championships were held in Galway over two days and the athletes from the club brought home the lion's share of the medals in both individual and relay events. The Connacht stages of the Championships were held in Lanesboro and Manorhamilton. South Galway had a big contingent at both

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OUT AND ABOUT

venues with the majority of those competing bringing home medals and for those who did not win they enjoyed the days outing. The following had fine individual performances, Colette Burke, Shirley O'Connor, Aideen Hickey, Caroline Linnane, Marie Cooke, Irial Conroy, Eamon Grimes, Oliver Roche, Richard London, Anthony Coppinger, Colin Casey, David Linnane, Jason Kenny, David Casey, Tony Glynn, Mark Donnelly, Christina Kelly, Noel Kerins, Sean Og Duffy and Gerard Burke. Between individual and relay events the club brought home a total of 25 gold, 32 silver and 18 bronze medals from this stage of the competition.

The All-Ireland finals were held in Santry, Belfield and Tullamore. Richard London confirmed his consistency throughout the Championships by putting in a great performance when winning the silver medal in the 200m hurdles. He also narrowly missed winning bronze by the smallest of margins in the long jump and triple jump events. Other athletes who were unlucky not to win bronze medals were Irial Conroy in the hurdles and Jason Kenny in the triple jump. David Casey put up an extremely good show in that difficult competition, the Pentathlon. After competing in five events, i.e. hurdles, long jump, shot, high jump and 800m he finished in second place and took the silver medal. Eamon Grimes put up a great performance in the 80m and finished 7th in the final. Colin Casey kept the flag flying when he won the silver medal in the long jump event at the National Community Games held in Mosney. The under-12 girls relay were competing there also and Concepta Burke, Marie Fahy, Colette Burke and Siobhán Gillane put up a great show in getting as far as the semi-finals and were very unlucky not to have got into the final stage.

Gregory London did not let it away with his brother Richard when he won gold in the discus event at the "B"

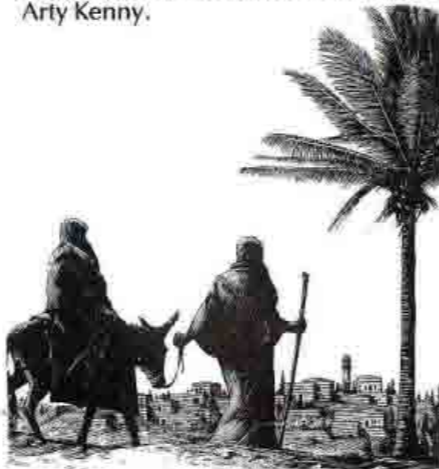


Gort Under-12 Relay Team: Concepta Burke, Colette Burke, Marie Fahy, Siobhán Gillane at Mosney.

Championships held at Santry. Niall Linnane and Peter Linnane teamed up with two athletes from Portumna and won silver medals in the Under-11 relay at the same competition. May they all go on to greater things next year.

A coaching course in athletics was held recently at Claregalway. it was attended by Greg London, Peter Conroy and Dan Casey. The course concentrated on sprints, hurdles, long jump, triple jump and high jump. Hopefully, the athletes from the club will reap the benefits of this course over the next few years. The following officers were elected for the coming year. Chairman, James Hickey; Secretary, Dan Casey; Treasurer, Greg London; Vice-Chairman, Fred Broderick; Assistant Secretaries, Peter

Conroy, Evelyn Roche and Mossy Clabby. Delegates to County Board, Gerry Burke, Greg London, Marie Grimes, Peter Conroy, Dan Casey and Arty Kenny.



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OUT AND ABOUT

GORT STREET LEAGUE 1986



Winners, Galway Road. Back row, (left to right): Gerard Giblin, Charles O'Connor, Bernard Williams, Ivor Casey, Donal Faherty, Tonra Spelman. Front row (left to right): Mark Molloy, Luke Kelly, Richard Molloy, Irial Conroy (Captain), Ronald Giblin, John O'Donnell, Dara Williams.



Runners-up, Crowe Street. Back row (left to right): Tony Sheehan, Brian Coen, Seán Fahey, Peter Fahey, Joseph Rock, Gerry Donovan. Front row (left to right): Michael Moran, Seamus Daly, Gregory London, Ian Wallace, Douglas Sadleir.

OUT AND ABOUT

GORT BRIDGE CLUB

The '86/'87 season is well underway and players are again trying to get the rust out of their game after the summer rest. The long nights and the coming of winter time are conducive to bridge playing, and all late starters, who tried to make the most of the Indian Summer, are now back playing again. The usual prizes will be on offer — the different cups, the team of four and pairs competitions, etc. and finally the President's Prize.

During the winter the club hopes to travel to, as well as entertain, clubs from as far away as Ennistymon! A very entertaining time will be had by all!



Birds-eye view of the Gort and District Show at the Community Centre.

GORT AND DISTRICT SHOW SOCIETY

The Show Society held its 6th Annual Show, in the Community Centre, on the last Saturday in August. The setting for this year's Show was perfect, with all the Class Exhibits displayed in the Main Hall of the Centre. There was, once again, an excellent entry in the various Classes in Home Produce, Garden Produce, Flowers and Handcrafts. A very encouraging aspect of the Show, over the years, has been the number and quality of exhibits in the confined Children's and Post Primary sections. This was very evident again this year

and bodes well for the future of the Show.

The Dog Show again attracted a very big entry and attendance. This year the Show Society decided to add a Cat Show, to the day's programme. This competition was very successful and will be a part of future Shows.

However, the Show is not confined to competitive classes; indeed the Society encourages local art, craft and trade. It was very encouraging to have displays of Stained Glass Art, Spray Painting, Warm Window Systems, Sale of Shrubs and Flowers and an Exhibition by Gort Arts Group. Other attractions included Weight Judging of a Bullock, Puppet Theatre and Children's Quiz.

The Show was officially opened by Fr. Jimmy Walsh who also launched a book of "Poetry, Songs and Recitations" by Peadar O'Fathaigh, Crowe Street, Gort. Gort I.C.A. guild provided catering for the day.

The Show Society always welcomes new members with new ideas for future Shows. All interested are invited to attend the A.G.M. to be held in the New Year.

The officers for 1986 are:

Chairman: Padraic Giblin
Vice-Chairman: Brendan Murphy
Organising Sec: Mary Carey
Consultant: Dick O'Gorman
Treasurer: Ann Walsh

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OUT AND ABOUT

GORT I.C.A.

The Guild got back into action in September, after the Summer holidays. A number of members are busy preparing for Brannraí Tests in Macramé, Knitting, Dressmaking, Herbs, Fruit and Flower Growing and also for Demonstration Bars in Herbs and Macramé.

Mrs. Concepta Quinn spent a week at An Grianan, having won the Co. Federation Pork & Bacon Competition.

News Item:

After years of unsuccessful attempts, water is now installed in the I.C.A. Hall, Bolands Lane.

New members are always welcome. Work nights are held every Wednesday, when the various crafts are taught. The Guild holds its monthly meeting on the second Wednesday of each month.



Miss Fraoch Smith with her prizewinning cat at the Cat Show.

GORT AND DISTRICT GARDENING CLUB

The following are the results of the Vegetable and Ornamental Garden Competitions organised by the Gardening Club:

Vegetable Gardens:

1st, (Senator Byrne Trophy): Miss Holland, Parochial House, Labane; 2nd, Mossy Clabby, Ennis Road, Gort; 3rd, Pauline Gavin, Blackwater, Gort.

Ornamental Gardens:

1st (Bank of Ireland Trophy): Mrs. P. Walsh, Cois Cuain, Kinvara; 2nd, Anna Costello, Tubber Road, Gort; 3rd, John Costelloe, Kiltiernan, Kilcolgan.

The Gardens were judged in August and the prizes were presented at Gort Show.

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OUT AND ABOUT

GORT G.A.A.

A long drawn out hurling season brought little success to our parish this year. Our senior team bitterly disappointed everybody by losing to Athenry in the quarter-final of a wide-open Championship, the juniors were also defeated at the quarter-final stage. The under-twenty one team bit the dust at the semi final stage.

At juvenile level the club's under fourteen and under-sixteen teams are preparing for county championship semi-finals, and hopefully will have the finals under their belts when this gets to print! Tierneevan school won the County National Schools hurling final, and so Matt Murphy's great work in coaching school teams down through the years was rewarded.

The club was well represented at county level with Sylvie Linnane, John Commins, and Pearse Piggott playing on this year's Galway senior team in the All-Ireland final. Gerry Linnane and Michael Helebert have been drafted into the senior panel for the National Hurling League campaign.

John Commins, Michael Flaherty and Michael Helebert starred on the county under twenty one team, which won the All-Ireland Final, while Billy Glynn was a substitute. Billy has since emigrated to the U.S. of A. and is a huge loss to the club.

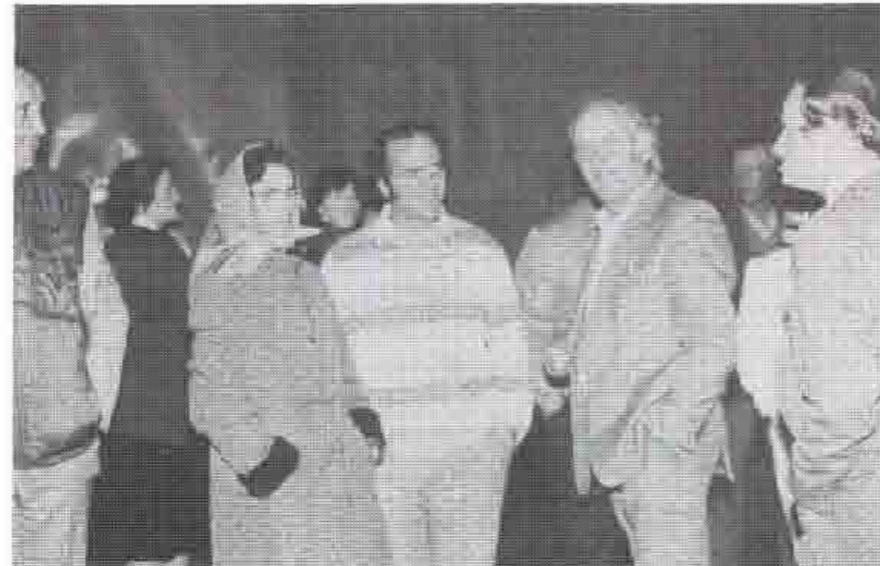
Sylvie's well deserved all-star award was a great honour for the club; a celebration dance held in Sullivan's Hotel was enjoyed by everybody present.

The club held a very successful Sale of Work and Bazaar recently to raise funds, and sincere thanks are extended to all the people of the parish who contributed towards its success.

With a wealth of talented hurlers the club looks forward to greater success in 1987.



Joe Pete Hehir, Billy and Patty Keane, and Brian Brennan at the G.A.A. Presentation to Billy and Patty on the occasion of their departure for Dublin.



Bernie and Johnny Commins chatting with Cyril Farrell at the homecoming of the victorious Under-21 All-Ireland Hurling team. On extreme left is former Peterswell man Bernie O'Connor.

DECLAN SPELMAN,
Secretary.

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OUT AND ABOUT

GORT RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

Gort Rugby Football Club, an integral part of Gort's sporting life, is a club steeped in a tradition of dedication down through the years.

Reformed in 1970, the long nights of training bore fruit when the club captured the Junior A Plate this year for the first time. Gort last won a trophy in 1937, when the prestigious Connacht Junior Cup found its way to South Galway. Mr. Toddie Lahiffe of Peterswell was captain of that team, and it was fitting that he presented the medals to this year's team at the victory dance in Springs Nite Club.

At this year's A.G.M. the following officers were elected:

President:	Michael Kelly
Secretary:	Jimmy Hannigan
Treasurer:	Leonard O'Quigley
Captain:	Seán O'Grady
Vice-Captain:	Michael Mullins
Connacht	
Branch Rep.:	Rynal Coen
P.R.O.:	Seán Mullins
Committee:	Richard Joyce
	Greg Lundon
	Brian Kilroy
	John Kilroy
	Dermot Duffy
	Gabriel Piggott
	Michael Slattery
	Denis Bloomer

Training is on every Tuesday and Thursday night at 8 p.m. — new members welcome.



Back row, left to right: Val Burke, John Cahill, Billy Keane, Pat Bourke, Patty Keane, Nora Brennan, Brian Brennan, Michael Brennan. Front row, left to right: Maise Gallagher, Joe Cahill, Mary Cahill, Teresa Bourke, Renee Brennan, Joe Pete Hehir, Liz Burke at Billy Keane's farewell party.



Congratulations to Sr. Anthony and Fr. Brendan Kelly on their recent promotion, in their respective schools, St. Joseph's Convent Secondary School and Our Lady's College.

Rath Dé oraibh beirt.

Best wishes to Jack Murphy and his wife Nuala on their move from Gort to Taylor's Hill, Galway. We look forward to seeing them return regularly to Gort to see their many friends.



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OUT AND ABOUT

KILBEACANTY AND DISTRICT ANGLING CLUB 1986 SEASON

The Club got off to a promising start on the night of the 20th of February, 1986 at their Annual General Meeting, when the following Committee Members were elected:

President: Josie Gallagher
Vice-President: Donal McCarthy
Chairman: Tommie Minogue
Vice-Chairman: John Quinn
Treasurer: Michael John Cahill
Asst. Treasurer: James Curley
Secretary: James Regan
Asst. Secretary: John Moran
P.R.O.: Mossy Clabby
Committee: Paddy Donohue
 Georgie Fahy Jr.
Junior Committee Members: Michael Fahey
 Niall Gillane



Competition Day, Loughrea. Front row: J. Regan, T. Minogue, M. Moran, M. Fahy. Back row: J. Quinn, A. Minogue, J. Moran, N. Mullins, Tom O'Donnell, J. Curley, M. Cahill, M. Cahill and C. Molloy.

As the year unfolded, the Club had many competitions, but the most exciting was the "Fly By Night". This competition featured many anglers but the angler that deserves the highest recognition would be our leading junior competitor, Declan Donohue. Not alone did he catch the most fish but he displayed angling skills that would put some senior members to shame!

Club members participated in an inter-club competition on Loughrea Lake and were successful in winning same. This competition was sponsored by Tommy O'Donnell, The Square, Gort — Thank you Tommy!

During the season, the Club have been involved in a research project with the aim to protect and develop the brown trout habitat in the Russane river. The future of this project depends entirely on the honesty of all members in recording the size and weight of all fish caught during the season. Of course, this project presents a problem to some anglers —

if you know what I mean, i.e. the fisherman's story about the one that got away each time the story is told — and, like all Clubs, we have one or two of these members!

At the beginning of the fishing season, the Club became involved in the development of the Russane Road, and as a result of the combined efforts of the land owners, the fishing club and public representatives the road is now surface dressed and a pleasure to drive along, making the river more accessible. This, of course, brought with it further problems for the Club in the form of poachers which has led the Club to appoint members to protect the waters and their contents against such people, a very difficult task. However, with the assistance of the Gardaí and the Trout Anglers Federation of Ireland the burden has been eased and the poachers "hooked".

The Club has had a lot of success during the season but, unfortunately, has also suffered a big loss in the death of our Vice President, Donal McCarthy R.I.P. In his presence at meetings and functions, he brought with him a stabilising effect in a very reassuring way. His membership card was No. 1, a figure he will always hold in the existence of the Kilbeacanty and District Angling Club — Farewell Donal.

As you read this article, our new season is fast approaching. Our Club would like to thank the landowners, sponsors, the McCarthy Family, Kilbeacanty and all others, who helped in any way towards the improvement of our angling club.

Our members wish all readers a Happy Christmas.

JAMES REGAN,
Secretary.

OUT AND ABOUT

KILTARTAN N.S. CAMOGIE CHAMPIONS

Kiltartan N.S. won the South Galway Primary Schools Camogie Championship recently. On their way to the final Kiltartan defeated Kiltiernan N.S., Ballyglass N.S. and Tiernievan N.S. The final was contested with Ballindereen N.S., on Monday, October 27th at Ballindereen. In a close and exciting match, the Kiltartan girls emerged victorious by 3-4 to 2-3.



Kneeling (left to right): Rena Egan, Marie Fahy (Captain), Claire Melville. Standing (left to right): Sinéad Regan, Michelle Mullaney, Claire Diskin, Ann O'Connor, Collette Burke and Emma Cummins.



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OUT AND ABOUT



Found in an attic in Gort: On left, ornated ceramic pipe bowl, on right pipe with own case made for Dublin Exhibition of 1907, standing on early 19th century diary.

The following are interesting entries in the diary. (Author of diary unknown). 1816—Friday, May 10th: Anchored at St. Helena at 9 a.m. found there the Northumberland 74 and many Indiamen. Tuesday, May 14th: Breakfasted at Mr. Doveton's E.A. came on shore — presented to Bonaparte (Napoleon).

GORT AND DISTRICT GUN CLUB

The officers for '86-'87:

President: Terry Carthy
Chairman: John Lally
Secretary: Francis Burke
Treasurer: Oliver Roche

The club had a very successful shooting season in '85-'86. Numbers of pheasant and duck this year are down on previous years, but the club hopes to do a restocking programme in February '87. The Chairman would like to stress the importance of Insurance for members. Farmers can get the names of the 29 members insured by the club, from the officers above. The club would like to take this opportunity to thank the farmers of the area for their co-operation, and look forward to its continuance during the coming years.



OUT AND ABOUT

GORT CHURCH ORGAN RESTORATION

The following was an item of news in the "Galway Vindicator" on May 13th, 1886.

"List of donations towards organ fund in Gort:

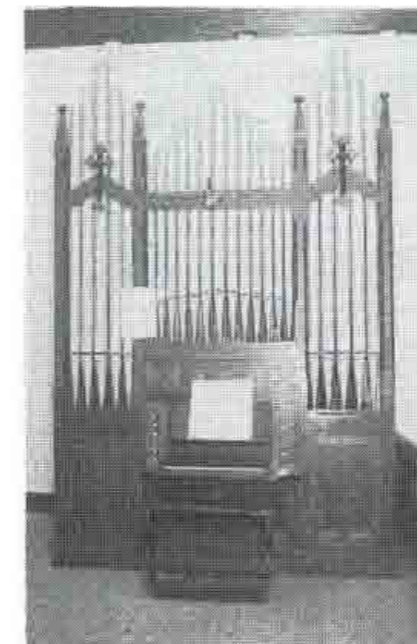
P.P. Dr. Fahey £5
 Bishop McCormack £2
 Mrs. Glynn £3
 Lady Gregory £1

1986 marks the centenary of the installation of a Telford organ in St. Colman's Church, Gort. The organ, once a fine instrument, has fallen into disrepair, alas!

The Gort Male Choir have set about redressing the situation, and to this end have organised a "Race Night and Tote", on Friday, December 12th at Sullivans Hotel — a gala night is assured. This will prove to be a successful and memorable occasion if it receives the full support of our community.

Historical Note:

The late Count John McCormack



The Telford organ in St. Colman's Church, Gort.

sang in Gort Church some 50 years ago, and at that time the organ was undergoing repairs, so he sang unaccompanied.

GORT & DISTRICT MUSICAL SOCIETY

Rehearsals are well under way for this year's pantomime "Robinson Caruso". We are indeed fortunate to have once again secured the talents of Gerry and Lily Slevin from Ennis who will act as producer and choreographer respectively. Aine O'Doherty makes her debut as musical director. "Robinson Caruso" is a lively and colourful show — watch out for the grass skirts! The pantomime will be held as usual in February. Exact dates will be published in local newspapers later. The following are members of this year's cast:

Whiz Kid Christopher Piggott
 Witch Queen Imelda Counihan
 Ma Fiddler Colie Keane
 Lisa Helen Maloney
 Giovanni Caruso Jimmy Hannigan
 Robinson Caruso Celine Mullins
 Nuts Tom Reilly
 Bolts Tom McNevin
 Man Friday Kieran Reddy
 Maggie the Thatcher Catherine Quinn
 King Disco Niall Finnegan

The Society would like to take this opportunity to wish Eithne and Florence McCarthy all the best in their new venture.

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NO REGRETS

By BRENDAN MURPHY

I HAVE always been amused by the attitude of many people towards their lives, how they feel cheated by fate or circumstances, and how they would change it all if they could only live their lives again! Now that's one way that I'm certainly different, for if I could live mine again I'd lay foot on every footstep I've ever made and I'd certainly not change one iota of it. No, I have no regrets, I have enjoyed a wonderful working life and now that retirement has come along, I'm expecting that it will be just as good.

Driving home from Derrybrien Wood, on my last day at work, I thought back to my first days at work in the winter of 1939/40 for a timber merchant in Monivea, Co. Galway. I had been trying to get into the Department and as I was having no success I took what was available — work in the woods for the mighty wage of thirty five shillings and four pence a week or just less than £1.75 in present day figures! It was rough, tough work. When I started there were sixty four men employed, but as the war progressed men were laid off and you were kept on only on your ability to "slave"! By this process our numbers were whittled down to twenty two, and so we toiled from dawn 'til dusk. Our overseer had a lot in common with Simon Legree — I'll never forget the 14th August 1940. It was a blazing hot summer day and I was forced to work so hard that when there was no more sweat left to come the blood came through my skin! It was definitely the hardest day I ever worked and the thought of it still frightens me!

The challenge to get into the Forestry Department stayed with me and I kept applying until finally I was

accepted in 1949. From that until 1956 I worked my way in Monivea and was what was then called "leading worker". The challenge to get on in the job had now taken over and in 1956 I was sent to Banteer, Co. Cork as Assistant Forester. I worked in Banteer, Duhallow, Rathduff and Beeing — a queer name, but the people were great, and I still have many friends and contacts throughout Cork! One thing about it was that it was a huge area and on Friday I had to cover 70/80 miles on my bicycle to deliver the men's wages! I didn't get a car until 1958!

I always remember when I started first I was required to carry tapes, pencils, ready reckoners and notebooks, all vital tools of the trade. Anyway, I figured if I stuffed them in my pockets my clothes wouldn't last too long, so I had a bag made for them which I kept slung over my shoulder as I cycled from place to place. One day I met one of my Inspectors, whose first question was, "Murphy, what the hell are you doing with the bag on your back?" To which I replied, that 'like the camel I drew from the bag when I needed it. All in all I spent twelve great years in Cork and I'd go back again in the morning.

I got married in 1957 to my wife Maisie — you could say we were childhood sweethearts and next door neighbours. We have one daughter and four boys and I make no apology for calling them collectively — wife and children — the treasures of my life. A treasure, I might add, that has now been enriched since two of my sons have married and we have one grandchild.

I came back to Gort in 1968 and since then I worked in Coole, Castledaly, and finally Derrybrien Wood. The

latter I saw grow from 3,000 to approximately 8,500 acres. Since I came to Gort Damien McGrath has been my constant assistant and now he succeeds me — I take this opportunity to say thanks to him, and to wish him every success in the future.



The G.A.A. was without doubt the second love of my life and I have been associated with it either as a player or an administrator all my working life. I played in two County Junior Hurling finals in Cork, both on the losing side, and I won a North Galway Junior Hurling Championship medal in the early 1950s. Round about 1970 the Regional Co. Boards were abolished and separate Co. Boards for Hurling and Football were established. I became Assistant County Hurling Treasurer to Mark Heneghan at that time, and succeeded him in 1980, a post I still hold. I have also been the Gort delegate to the Co. Board since 1970. For me the highlight of my G.A.A. career was without doubt the winning of the 1980 All-Ireland, and Joe Connolly's great victory speech. I think that Féile na nGael in Galway 1980/81 did a lot to revive hurling in the County.

I have always been pretty forthright and spoken out in conscience as I saw things, I know it didn't make for popularity but if I'm to apologise for that then I don't think it would make much sense! However, I will say that if in doing so I hurt anyone, there was no evil intent!

As I said at the start I have no regrets about my life, only joy at having lived to the full, and I hope to do the same for my retirement. I think we live in a great country and in stirring times and I feel that if in the workplace we all, everyday, gave a little bit extra for our country, without constantly looking for extra reward we could make Ireland the best little country in the world, and the gloom and doom would soon fade away.



Presentation to Mr. M. B. Murphy at McCarthy's, Kilbeacanty, to mark his retirement. Left to right: Brendan Murphy, Mattie Kennedy, P. J. Murray, Mrs. Maisie Murphy, Ann McNamara, Michael Mullins, Christy Dalton, Tom Healy, Anthony Hughes.

GORT THROUGH THE AGES

GORT INSE GUAIRE was the site of the old military barracks. After the celebrated Seanchan Torpest had been elected to the position of chief poet of Ireland, he visited the hospitable King Guaire of Connacht at his palace in Gort.

1207: Murtagh Muimhneach, son of Turlough Mór O'Brien, plundered 15 towns and villages, including "Gortinsguaire".

1543: King Henry VIII granted Sir Dermot O'Sheghyn (O'Shaughnessy) knight, captain of his nation, in consideration of his submission, and pursuant to the king's letter, "all the manors, lordships, towns and townlands of Gortinchegory". Sir Dermot had married Lady Mór O'Brien. The Lord Deputy encamped at Gort in 1559 and was entertained by Sir Dermot.

1651: The Castle of Gort was attacked by Ludlow and the Cromwellians. It was owned at the time by Sir Roger "Shaghnus". He was soon afterwards obliged to fly from the country and share the fate of the Stuart king abroad. His property was declared confiscated. After the Restoration of Charles II in 1660, Sir Roger regained his property. He died in 1673.

1697: The O'Shaughnessy estates were declared confiscated by the Williamites. They were conferred on Thomas Prendergast, during the lifetime of William, son of Roger O'Shaughnessy.

William O'Shaughnessy died in exile in 1744, aged 70. Then a suit at law was instituted for the recovery of the property. This was between the sons of William O'Shaughnessy and Sir Thomas Prendergast, son of the first Sir Thomas. The O'Shaughnessys lost the case. Prendergast died without issue in 1760. His estates passed to his nephew, John Prendergast Smyth, who became Baron of Kiltartan in 1810. He was succeeded by his nephew, Right Hon. Charles Vereker, who was made Viscount Gort in 1816. He resided at Bridge House, which is now the Convent of Mercy. Lough Cutra Castle was completed about this time.

Beaufort:

1787: Protestant Dean, whose writings are kept in Trinity College: Gort is well situated, has two or three good houses and one large habitation of Mr. Prendergast-Smyth, the lord of the soil, who let the barracks go to ruin. The Government used to pay Smyth £60 a year for the barracks — they have offered to continue it if he would lay out £500 in repairs or to pay £30 and lay out the money themselves — both

which offers he rejected — ergo the barracks will fall and his own town lose benefit. A large inn with a fine ballroom going on poorly; the Smyth plantations at Ryndifin and other large trees about Gort with the breadth of the street would contribute to its beauty if it were well built".

SR. M. de LURDES FAHY

1793: "The Gort Chase meet at Hynes' Hotel on Monday 4th February next. The hounds and a bagged fox to be at the Four Roads at 10 o'clock and dinner on the battle at five". So reads a press notice in January 1793.

1817: Trotter: Gort is approached by a fine avenue of trees. It is a neat modern town containing nothing remarkable. As we were anxious to make a long walk this day, we hurried on, disappointing the curious gaze of several in this country town who, as is customary in Ireland having little business to occupy them are devoured with curiosity to know that of others".



1824: Dutton: Hely Dutton did agricultural surveys for R.D.S. "Gort has a considerable share of inland trade; it possesses an excellent weekly market and several fairs; there are extensive barracks. The appearance of the town, naturally very cheerful, has been lately much improved by the erection of a beautiful church (Protestant) by Mr. Paine, which is a proof among many others of this gentleman's architectural taste. Lord Gort's residence in this town, accompanied by a very picturesque reach of the river, gives a very favourable impression, on entering it from Loughrea and with the spaciousness of the streets and the new houses that have been lately erected, has changed its former gloomy and neglected appearance into cheerfulness and a promise of increasing trade. I do not know any part of this country that will so amply repay the picturesque traveller as a day's stay at Gort, where there is a good inn".

1824: Pigott: Who compiled Street Directory of Towns of Ireland. "A small, improving post and market town. It consists of three principal streets concentrating in the Square where the Market is held; it is remarkably clean; the streets are spacious and the houses well built. The place is the

property of Lord Gort and promises to become a town of considerable business. The Protestant Church is a handsome edifice with a steeple; there is also a neat, slated Roman Catholic Chapel. There is a good barrack for a detachment of horse, a court house, where the sessions are held and a manor court for the recovery of small debts. It has a good market on Saturday and four fairs in the year: 17th March, 10th May, 11th August and 7th November. The population is about 1,800. The Post Master is Mr. Michael Tuohy. The Dublin mail is despatched at 32 minutes past three to Ennis and returns at 5 minutes past eight in the morning. The mail is sent to Burrin on Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays and returns on the same days".

1837: Lewis: Who completed the Topographical Directory of Ireland. "3627 inhabitants; 563 houses. A very large flour mill built in 1806 and enlarged in 1836, the property of J. Mangan, Esq., in which 7,000 barrels of flour are made annually. A new street will be opened from Bridge Street to the Church (Protestant). The R.C. Chapel was built in 1825. It cost £1,300. An Infirmary, which has been recently built, contains two wards and a surgery".

1842: Thackeray: From his Irish Sketch Book. "Gort is a regularly-built little place, with a square and a street; but it looked as if it wondered how the deuce it got into the midst of such desolate country and seemed to bore itself there considerably. It had nothing to do and no society".



1845: Asenath Nicholson: "Reached Gort at 10 o'clock Saturday. Here I went from street to street and almost from door to door, to find a roll of bread and a cup of cocoa. There seemed to be nothing to eat and twice when I asked for bread, the answer was, 'The people of Gort don't eat, ma'am, we have no bread'. At last, I found a few small loaves, took a penny's worth and left the town to walk to Oranmore, a distance of 14 miles".

This brings us as far as The Great Famine.

DOWN MEMORY LANE



Tiernevan School Team 1968. Back row, left to right: G. P. Flaherty, Gerry Lally, Pat Rock, Mr. Peter Conroy. Front row, left to right: Pat Finnegan, John Waters, Patrick Kilkenny, Bernard Cummins.



1954 Irish Cup. Winning greyhound: Crafty Champion owned by Martin Divilly. Included in photo are: Mr. and Mrs. Martin Divilly, Seán Cooke, Paddy Martin, Mick Cahill, Mick Finnegan, Christy and Harry Griffin, Ned Walsh, Jack Burke, John Spelman, Nicky Brady, Mick Hannon, Paddy Burke, Garnie Griffin, Mrs. Shinnors, Petie Howard, Jimmy Rock, Berry Coen, Jack Hayes, Johnnie Kelly, M. Minogue, Mossy Devlin, John Murphy, Junie Finnegan, Brendan Long, Tom Neilan, Joseph Burke, Tom Diskin, Toddie Lahiffe, Peadar Jordan, Ginger Murphy, Tony Murphy, Fergus Carolan, Mick Bermingham.



Gort Junior Hurling Team, Co. Champions 1962/63. Back row, left to right: Freddie Smith (Trainer), Gerry Burke, Pat Quinn, Tom Fahy, Gerry Cahill, Liam O'Connor, Paddy Fahy, Ronnie Burke, Seán Devlin, Joe Sinford. Front row, left to right: Hugh McGovern, Patrick Baldwin, John "Clohessy" Forde, Laurence Forde, Johnny Commins, Mossy Devlin, Páraic Cahill, Seán Brennan, Joe Cahill, Paddy Cooke. In front: Michael Gallagher (Team mascot).



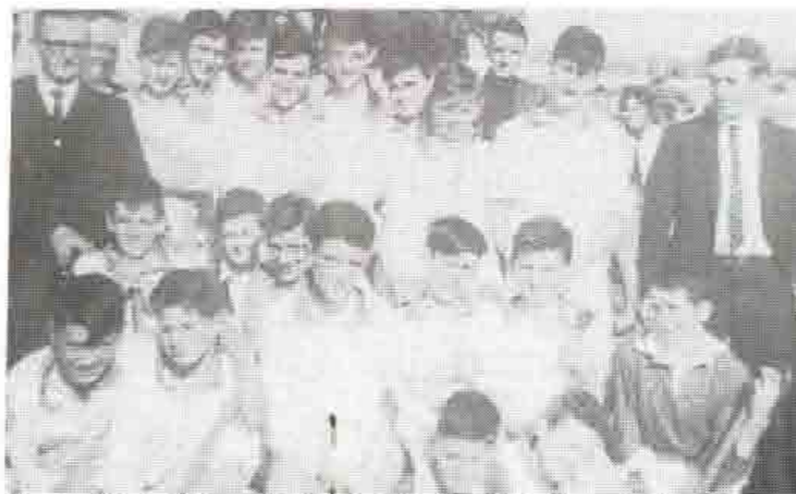
Souvenir of the good old days



W. B. Yeats' children, Ann and Michael, at Thoor Ballylee, with their housekeeper in 1924. The photograph was taken by Thomas Hynes, Killinna, Gort. (W. M. Quinn).



Galway Co. Minor Basketball Team who defeated Sligo in the Connacht Final, at Renmore and defeated Antrim in the All-Ireland Semi-final in Belfast, pictured here outside St. Paul's College, Belfast in March, 1968. They subsequently lost the All-Ireland to Dublin at Renmore. The team consisted of Gort boys with the exception of Gerry Gannon (Salthill). Back row, left to right: Canon C. Walsh, P.P., Paudie Walsh, Gerry Gannon, Michael Gallagher, Gerry Hannon, Michael Gillespie, Joseph Cox. Kneeling, left to right: John Glynn, Billy Keane, Brian Brennan, Ronnie Killeen. Tom Muldoon (Coach) took the photograph.



The Gort Under-16 team which defeated Ballinakill, at Athenry in the 1967 County Final. Back row, left to right: Freddie Smith, Brendan Downey, Ollie Forde, Eric Counihan, Pat Burke, Brian Brennan, Martin Downey, Gerry Donohue, Micheál Cahill, Gerry Flaherty, Seán Devlin (Trainer). Front row, left to right: Tony Diskin, Gerry Fahy, Pat Cahill, Billy Keane, Joe Regan, Paudie Walsh (Captain), Ronnie Killeen, John Diskin, Patrick Counihan, Michael Gallagher, Michael Naughton. Prominent at rear, the late Colm Walsh.



Musical Society Rehearsal. Back row, left to right: Teresa Corbett, John Lally, Carmel Russell, Danny McNamara, Maureen Considine, Flan Considine. Middle row, left to right: Bridie Fennessy, Seán Glynn, Carmel Ryan, Ita Coen. Front row, left to right: Johnny Spelman, Toddie Byrne, Ann Fitzgerald, Martin Dolan (R.I.P.), Pat Corbett, Mary Carolan (R.I.P.), P. G. Heenan (R.I.P.), Mai Counihan, Kieran Moylan, Miko Mulcair, Josie Gallagher, Mick Cahill. At piano: Ciss Considine (R.I.P.). Pointing: Paud Carroll.



FESTIVAL OF IRISH MUSIC

AFTER the wonderful success of last year's "Joe Cooley/Kieran Collins Traditional, Music Weekend" it was decided to hold the Second Annual Festival over the October Bank Holiday weekend. An estimated 7,000 musicians and music lovers converged on the town over the five-day period.

The Festival got off to a rousing start on the Friday night when the official opening was performed in O'Gradys by Ciaran Mac Mathúna. This was followed by a concert of champion musicians including Frankie Gavin, Paul Brock, Dolores Keane, Tommy Peoples and Joe Skelton (Nephew of the late Kieran Collins) to name but a few.

From early Saturday morning demonstrations and workshops were held in many of the local lounge bars. On Saturday afternoon a Music Forum on "The life and music of Joe Cooley and Kieran Collins" was recorded by R.T.E. for their weekly programme "The Humours of Donnybrook". The highlight of the weekend was the gala Festival Concert in Sullivans Hotel featuring De Danann, Mary Black, Dolores Keane and Mary Bergin.

Sunday began with a special Memorial Mass in St. Colman's Church. Music was again provided by De Danann and Friends. Céilís were held in both O'Gradys and Glynn's Hotel on Sunday night. Music continued in many of the bars on Monday and was still going strong on Tuesday.

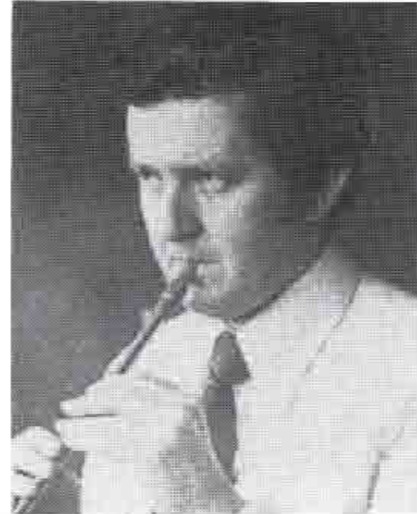
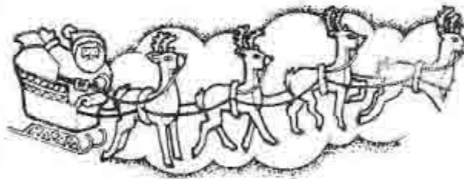
One of the main organisers of the Festival is Gortman Frank Cooney who now resides in Dublin. Frank was ably assisted by Paddy Jordan, who helped



Tony McMahon and the late Joe Cooley

make sure everything went off smoothly and on schedule.

It is not often that the town has to cater for such a large influx of visitors and business in Gort received a welcome boost, as indeed did all the guest houses. What a pleasure it was to hear such wonderful music played with such feeling and enthusiasm by both locals and visitors. It was indeed an honour for Gort to play host to this wonderful Festival and long may it continue!



The late Kieran Collins

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FESTIVAL OF IRISH MUSIC

SKYLARK

(To the memory of Kieran Collins, died November 1983)

By DESMOND EGAN
well known Kildare poet

*So Kieran old pal your fingering of the most plaintive music
Has been interrupted for keeps the whistle has slid to the
floor in this senseless exposing silence
And no one else can ever coax from it your tunes.*

*You have walked out the door
The leather jacket, the black western hair
taken for granted with that
precise diffident point of view the shy half
laugh just gone only this time
you will never slip back join us in a corner
and produce when the mood ripens from your
breast pocket a couple of penny whistles no
never play again play play
head to one side out of the way of the life
dancing round the lounge*

*in notes from The Burren edge the
spirit notes we cannot fully follow . . .
the music beneath the music
tragic hopeful our race moving again in a way
in your spirals knotty interlacing loops and
purls of feeling
a skylark over the Irish bogs one
unknowable last time.*

*And now old friend we are left with the pause
to clap when it's too late to call after you
the thanks that never got said to stand in
respect at the true music of what has become
your life
Sweet as a spring well.*

*Put away the whistle I don't want to hear
in death forever my brother I'm saying goodbye.*

TRIBUTE TO JOE COOLEY

By SEAN LEAHY

*At Kiltomas graveyard I did rest, as weary were my bones,
With ancient graves around me, and slanting old
headstones,
I saw a kneeling figure beside a new filled grave,
And as I bade good day to him, this story to me gave.*

*I kneel beside a grave today, of a man that we all loved,
A man of music, wit, and life, but the angels took above,
They wanted him in heaven, to play for God on high,
That's why I kneel beside this grave, forgive me if I cry.
O kind and just Joe Cooley, we loved you as the best,
Our hearts were left an open sore, when they laid you
down to rest,
No more will your sweet music, your reels or sets as well,
be played as you could play them, in the village of
Peterswell.*

*As a sportsman you were honoured, as a player you had
fame,
But for music so traditional, you really made your name,
We will have those to follow, who will play a lot like you,
Joe Cooley was but one man, there never can be two.
We miss the sound of music now, in the valley all around,
The trees bow down in homage, and the fox has gone
aground,
We miss you Joe since you have gone, a lot more than we
can tell,
But glad that you were part of us, and loved old Peterswell.*

*I got up from my seat of stone, and started on my way,
I looked back once and shed a tear, at that pile of heaped up
clay,
And as Kiltomas left me, I could hear and almost feel,
The sound of distant music, playing sadly Cooley's Reel.*

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FR. MICHAEL CARNEY

By BREANDÁN Ó CEALLAIGH

FR. MICHAEL CARNEY left Gort recently at the beginning of his thirteenth year in Our Lady's College, and took up his appointment as first Parish Priest of the new Parish of the Sacred Heart, Séamus Quirke Road, Galway. Fr. Carney is a native of Co. Mayo, born in the town of Kiltimagh in 1928, the ninth and youngest child of Michael Carney and Catherine O'Connell. His family own a general drapery business in the town.

In 1941, he went to boarding school in St. Mary's College, Galway. Kiltimagh is in the Diocese of Achonry and in those years, there was quite a tradition of boys from that town going to secondary school in St. Mary's College. (Mr. Dudley Solan, the present Manager of the Bank of Ireland here in Gort, is another Kiltimagh man who followed in that tradition some years after Fr. Carney) Fr. Carney was in St. Mary's in hungry times — the War years, but he has no complaints about what were for him happy days.

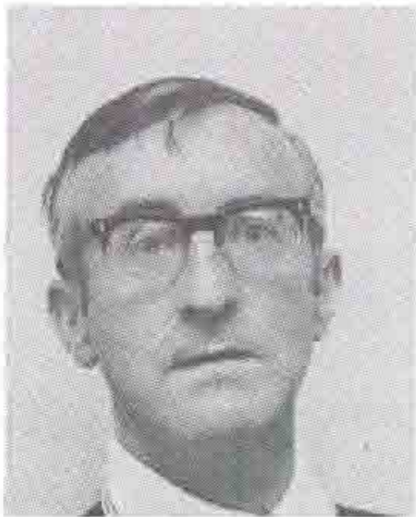
After Leaving Cert. in 1946, Fr. Michael went on to Maynooth College to study for the priesthood for the Galway Diocese, and spent the next seven years in that famous Seminary. He was accompanied there from St. Mary's by Fr. Tom Kyne, the present Parish Priest of Spiddal. Being a Mayoman, Fr. Carney's first sport was football, but in St. Mary's, and later in Maynooth, as part of the process of becoming a true Galwayman, no doubt — he took up hurling with great enthusiasm, and became quite an effective and speedy half-forward in the game, which has remained his first love. He was at that time also a very capable sprinter, helping the relay teams in St. Mary's and beating all-comers in Maynooth.

After Ordination in 1953, Fr. Carney was appointed to St. Mary's College. He remained there on the teaching staff until 1957, when he was appointed to assist Fr. Christy Burke, who had founded Our Lady's College the previous year. Here he remained for over 29 years, the first twenty as Fr. Burke's assistant and great friend, and the last nine years as Second President of the College. Twenty nine years is exactly half Fr. Carney's lifetime so far. It is a long period to give in dedicated and constant service.

As a teacher, Fr. Carney turned his hand to many different subjects, especially in the early years. History

and Geography however were his main subjects, and it is especially as a Geography teacher that he is remembered — in later years at any rate. In the Leaving Cert. in Our Lady's College everybody takes Geography and ninety per cent take it at honours level, because under Fr. Carney's guidance, it became the safest of subjects for students who wanted a good result.

However, it is for the extra-curricular activities, the long hours spent with students outside the classroom that many will remember Fr. Carney most fondly. In the early years when numbers were small and it was hard to even field a team at all, Fr. Carney nurtured the game of hurling in Our Lady's. Day after day, year after year, his evenings were given over to hurling training and then to ferrying home the players in his car to the various parishes of South Galway and North Clare. He was not alone in his effort, for all the teachers and priests were involved, but he was the one who led in the building up of the great hurling tradition of the college, a tradition which only in later years bore the fruit of victory in many Connacht Championships.



Fr. Michael Carney, Our Lady's College, 1957-1986.

One past pupil from the 'sixties describes Fr. Carney as having "a consuming interest in the lads". It is a fine and well deserved compliment. To Fr. Michael, educating the young involved much more than the merely academic and classroom work. He will be forever associated with the Christmas Play in the college, and the five year cycle of comedies that he set

in motion almost from the start of his days in Gort. Fr. Carney is no showman. He is quiet and retiring by nature. Yet without the annual event of the Christmas play people in the town who had no connection with the college, would hardly have come to know of him at all! This brings me to the comment of another past pupil: "I remember him as a very quiet presence, very much a background man; quiet but effective; a doer not a talker", I think this is a description Fr. Carney himself would approve of!

In the latter years as President of the College, Fr. Carney had to adopt a more front line role, and those of us who worked along with him learned to appreciate very much his low-key and supportive style of leadership. He is a man who has a great capacity to withdraw in order to allow and encourage others to let their light shine. He was and is above all else a man for whom prayer and the things of God are the first priority. In school, his first concern was for the weak, the unsure, the student in trouble. We miss him Our Lady's College. His departure marks the end of an era. In a very real sense he was the last of the "founding fathers" of the College. He saw the College grow from a very small beginning in 1957 to its present position of 260 pupils and fifteen teaching staff — the highest numbers ever. Much of the credit for this growth must go to his single-minded dedication over almost thirty years.

On the morning of Thursday, September 25 last at 12 noon, a little over one hour after he had announced very simply to the staff that he was leaving Fr. Carney slipped quietly away from Our Lady's College. A couple of weeks later, everybody knew he was now the first Parish Priest of the new Sacred Heart Parish in Galway. It is a very big change, and a big challenge — but Fr. Carney has taken it up with a certain excitement which even he could not always hide. A new chapter has begun for him. The debt of gratitude owed to him by Our Lady's College and all who have been associated with it is not easily expressed in words. We remember his dedication, his friendship, his sure and quiet presence, but most of all we remember his deep faith in God and man, a faith expressed in action more than word. Because of this faith, we trust and know he will be happy and successful in his new work.

Our grateful prayers go with him. Ad Multos Annos.

ALL-IRELAND HURLING FINAL OF 1886

By FR. MARTIN COEN

THIS year we celebrate the centenary of the part played by Gort in the All-Ireland hurling competition of 1886. The finalists were South Galway and North Tipperary.

The Galway representatives were captained by Ned Treston, the Gort saddler. The final was played in February 1886 in the Phoenix Park. When the two teams met in the Clarence Hotel, Dublin, on the morning of the match, a dispute arose over the size of the sliotar as the Tipp ball was larger than the Galway ball. As the discussion continued, Ned

Treston left the group and went to a saddler's shop, and made a ball acceptable in size to the South Galway team.

On his return to the hotel, the sides agreed to play the Tipperary ball for one half and the Galway one for the second half. On their way to the park, they were stopped and questioned by the police who thought they were part of some political agitation. The teams were 21 aside and there were four goalposts — as today in Australian football. Ned Treston's brother was included in the Galway team.

The Galway team wore corduroy knee-breeches. The jersey was blue and white. Ned who died in October

1949 was the last survivor of the team. On their return to Gort they were met by the local brass band. Only some of them arrived, the rest got lost by taking the wrong train home. Tipperary won the match but the Galway team received fine All-Ireland medals.

The Galway team opposing North Tipperary were: M. Markham, P. Farrell, J. Keehan, E. Treston, R. Grealish, E. Healy, R. Rock, M. Lyskey, J. Fitzgerald, M. Quinn, P. Nestor, M. O'Connor, J. Treston, F. Helebert, T. Kearns, M. Linnane, J. Sexton, F. Healy, M. Halloran, T. Morgan and E. Gourahan.

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BALLROOM OF ROMANCE

By SEAN LEAHY

BALLROOMS of Romance they called them, ballroom me hat, romance me Aunt Fanny. Every town had one, where, on Sunday or Church Holiday nights, people gathered from miles around, to pound the boards, let off as much steam as possible, and maybe in the process of doing so get the walk home from a favourite of the opposite sex.

Take any hall, be it Clare, Mayo, Sligo, or Galway, they all had one thing in common, they were a gathering place for the young, the not so young, the happy, and last, but not least the lonely: young girls painted to the eyebrows, jewelled to the ears, and just enough money to gain admittance: young lads just left school, some of them not old enough to be there, sporting their best gear, white shirt, red tie, not the most modern shoes, and two-piece suit. Those lads looked forward to this night's outing all the week and they would talk about this dance till the next night's diversion. The not so young were made up of working people, farmers, people home from England, or further afield, engaged couples, courting couples, confirmed bachelors, and those that could really thread the light fantastic, and let everybody see that they could do just that.

The happy were those that came there specially to enjoy themselves, get a date, dance, and really have a good time, and if the gods were going for them, the last dance and a walk home.

The hall also sported some sorrowful people, housewives who got away from the drudgery of housework, to spend a few hours in the company of others like themselves, listen to the music, or join in "The Siege of Ennis", or "The Walls of Limerick". It was not uncommon to see two women dancing together, as happy as if it was Brendan Bowyer they were holding. They came there to capture some of their youth, and travel down that path

of nostalgia. All the ladies sat at both sides of the hall, while the men crowded together at the back, waiting for some dance that was either popular, or one with which their legs could keep time.

When the next dance was announced from the stage, there was a stampede from the back to both sides of the hall, where the ladies waited patiently to be dragged out by the arm, without as much as "Would you like to dance Miss?" This I suppose at that time was taken for granted. When the majority were dancing, you were always left with the stragglers, both male and female. You would see the lads going from woman to woman asking "You dance?", "Come on, will you try this one", etc. The replies were "I'm waiting for my boyfriend", "Sorry sore leg" or "I'm too hot". The poor male got redder and redder, eventually lost courage and returned to the sanctuary of the lightless back of the hall. Some men could not take no for an answer, and when refused got a bit hot-headed and often resorted to insults, such as "Did you bring your knitting?" or "Is your mother here too love?".

It often got overheated, and the young or not so young man was ejected at the front door by the back of his new suit. I think that, if a woman had no excuse to refuse, she also should have been asked to leave but most times she had a good reason. Sometimes, the man who asked her to dance was not a dancer, he might have been drunk (as usually a lot of men never came in till they were full to the neck with "Dutch courage") or he was of a low character.

The girls always watched the right trouser leg of the man, and if it were crinkled up, forget it, he came by bicycle, with his right trouser leg inside his stocking to protect his Sunday best from the chainwheel. Other fellows came in swinging a bunch of keys, hoping the ladies might think there was a car outside,

but the nearest thing to a car he had was the hair oil plastered over his combed down hair.

Now the highlight of the ballroom was the "Bottle of Orange". If a young lady accepted this orange from her partner after dancing, he was sure he had a claim on her, and he usually ended up with her sitting on his knee between dances. Ah! That proverbial bottle of orange, how it worked wonders! In those days there was no close dancing, and a man was employed to ramble around the hall making sure this order was obeyed, no jiving either (it came in later), no fights, though nearly every night one erupted, and ended with both parties being ejected, or the bouncer giving them a good hiding and then ejecting them.

The band often travelled a hundred miles or more, and played from 9.30 to 3 a.m. or so, and if they were a good attraction were often asked back again and again. At the front of the stage where the band played, a number of unattached girls sat and sang along with the band and usually got themselves a date with a member of the band. Each hall boasted a photographer taking shots, ladies sitting on fellows' knees, arms around the girls, three or four fellows around the one girl and so on while the photographer snapped here and there, he usually ended up having the whole collection left to himself, as nobody wanted them when it was time to pay him.

What I have stated, not alone applied to Ireland, but Britain as well. I have seen it in the '50's at the "Bamba", "Shamrock", and "Buffalo" dance halls in London. I may have to correct myself before I finish, as I started saying Ballroom of Romance my Aunt Fanny. Were they romantic times? Surely they were good innocent times! As I look around me today, I say "Thanks be to God I knew them".

1986 — JOHN COMMINS

1986 COULD not have started better for any young man of twenty than it did for me. There I was in my new job with C. R. Bard Ltd. in Galway, living at home with my family in Gort and on the panel of the Galway Senior Hurling Team as reserve goalkeeper; what more could anyone want?

I was really looking forward to the year's campaign for several reasons, not least of which was I really felt the panel was capable of going places and then there was the delight at only twenty of being part of the outfit. Here I was rubbing shoulders with fellows, who only eighteen months before, as a schoolboy, I'd been looking up to!

The League Campaign came and went; and it is now history that we disappointed ourselves and our supporters by losing to Kilkenny in the final. Despite the disappointment the League gave us confidence to prepare for the Championship, and so the training went on in the hope of the big breakthrough. Out of the blue I was playing in goals in a few challenge matches and suddenly I felt I had the hope of making the team as goalkeeper. I hardly dared to hope, but then came the quarter final against Kerry and I was delighted both for myself and my family to be chosen as team goalie — 1986 was certainly some year!

We came through the test against Kerry, and I was pleased enough at my performance, but the big one was yet to come against our old rivals the mighty Kilkenny. I'll long remember Sunday, 10th August in Thurles, (who could ever forget) and even though I was not put under any real pressure, I was thrilled to get through the game with a clean sheet. Now there was only Cork but that was another story.

The training for the 'Final' was tough, but enjoyable, as we were all young and all of one mind that this was our big chance. Whereas some of our supporters and the media seemed to think that a Galway win was a foregone conclusion, this was not true of the team. We all knew that in a Final there is no such thing as a bad Cork team, and so it proved on the day. I was disappointed with our team's performance as with few exceptions we never played to our full potential and we certainly did not get the breaks we got against Kilkenny. Cork's early goals put us under terrible pressure, though at half-time I still thought we could win. However, the scores didn't come and those that did were immediately cancelled by Cork. Scoring the goal from the 21 was certainly no consolation for me.

On the following Wednesday evening we on the under-21 panel



Anthony Cunningham, Peterswell, captain of the victorious Galway Under-21 Hurling team holding the All-Ireland trophy.

were back in training for the Final against Wexford in Thurles on Sunday, 14th September, so there wasn't much time for self-pity. Fortunately on the day everything went well and Anthony Cunningham lifted the Under-21 trophy for our County. My goal from the 21 was certainly sweeter on this occasion, and combined with the great homecoming made up in some way for the disappointment of the previous Sunday.

Since then we have our first League win under our belts, and are now in the Oireachtas Final, so on balance I have to say that all in all 1986 has been at the least a very exciting year for me.



Gort's Under-21 stars (left to right): Michael Helebert, Michael Flaherty, Billy Glynn, John Commins.

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One of Gort's finest examples of architectural excellence is the home of popular Doctor John Marlborough at Bridge Street. Fronted by Devon red brick stone, with its treble windows and ornate balcony, this residence was built in 1929 by Michael Rafferty of Coole — who was also responsible for the Gort sewerage scheme. It was originally alongside a faery-like woodlet of shrubbery, willow trees, and moss-green rockery, until the bulldozer demolished this tranquil haven to make way for the Farmers Mart.

Dr. Jack was a specialist in "child ailments" and bears the unique distinction of never sending a bill for his untiring service. His surgical ability was unequalled — even by more costly practitioners in Dublin and elsewhere.

His services down the years have earned the gratitude and thanks of patients, penurious or paying, and the prayers and good wishes of many a mother.

On behalf of his countless and grateful patients — W. M. Quinn.



GORT CREDIT UNION — 21 YEARS

By BERNIE COMMINS

1986 MARKS the coming of age of Gort Credit Union since its establishment in 1965. The Credit Union was the brainchild of local businessman Mr. Desmond Coen. Mr. Coen heard of the Credit Union movement while on a business trip, and being quite impressed put the idea of a Credit Union for Gort to some of his acquaintances. This resulted in an "ad-hoc" group who contacted a Mr. John Sullivan of Bultrine, Wexford, for more information. Mr. Sullivan very kindly came to Gort, at his own expense, and explained what a Credit Union was all about and how it worked.

About a week after Mr. Sullivan's visit, another public meeting was called and from this it was decided to form a Credit Union in Gort. Gort Credit Union became a reality on 26/7/65 in the premises of Mr. Joseph McInerney at Church Street. Its hours of opening were Sunday from 12 noon to 1 p.m. Sometime later, to meet members needs, collections were also taken at Tomás O'Quigley's Barber Shop.

As the movement grew the Board of Directors decided that the Credit Union should have its own premises.

Plans were drawn up, and sites investigated, and eventually the site at Station Road was purchased on 2/5/69. On 19/5/69 the hard task of cleaning and preparing the site began — all labour was voluntary. Actual building started on 24/4/70, and the official



opening of the office took place on the third of January, 1971. Surely a magnificent achievement by all those involved in such a short time, and at the expense of their leisure time!

The building itself has offices, meeting rooms and toilets on the ground floor, while upstairs there is a fine self-contained flat. Many groups have been well served over the years by the use of these fine facilities.

The motto of the Credit Union is to "Save regularly and Borrow wisely", and since its foundation in Gort it has grown in leaps and bounds. Its doors are open from 7 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. every Friday night to welcome members old and new, the latter being doubly welcome!

This writer would like to pay tribute to everyone whom helped to set up the Credit Union movement in Gort and to all the voluntary workers down through the years. It is probably best not to name individuals because in that way no one is excluded! During this 21st year a Special Mass will be offered for members and voluntary workers both living and deceased. The Credit Union has come of age in Gort; it is for and about people, why not join now!

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LIFE IN TOKYO

By CHRISTINA NEILAN

THERE was a sudden gush of wind then the house started to shake, I gripped onto the bed, my immediate thoughts escape me but I'm sure they weren't pleasant. At length the house stopped rattling and everything went quiet, except my heart. I had just experienced my first earthquake in Tokyo.

Tokyo's a moving city in more ways than one. Tokyo is a 24 hour city, it never goes to sleep. Sparkling with neon and illuminous lights blinding to the eye, all the inescapable advertising boards. Tokyo is far too crowded, hoards of people pass through the tubes each day. If you can imagine all the people in Ireland in Croke Park on an All-Ireland Day it would give you an idea what it's like travelling at rush hour.

The train is the most common form of transport, they run on the dot, one could tell the time from the trains, no need for a Cassio or Seiko. Riding on the trains is an experience never to be forgotten. People are hired to push the passengers on. I've often found myself in a suspended position and then hurled on the platform a few stops past mine. No insurance policy could cover such a liability. Apart from the over-crowding, it's quite amusing travelling on the trains. It's a sight to see rows upon rows of passengers asleep. I've tried nodding off, but I always miss my stop, however, the Japanese can wake up and hop off the train just on time.

There are many customs in Japan that I find very alien to my culture, however, after living here for over a year and a half, I have become quite accustomed to the way of life and take everything much for granted.

Bowing is a sign of respect and humility, they bow when they meet friends, when they are saying goodbye, even when they are speaking on the phone. On occasion I've found myself wondering if I should do it, actually it can be quite embarrassing when you find yourself putting your hand to shake hands and they bow; then you know there is a cross-culture mix up — there are many. As I said it's a sign of humility for example when Nakasone was elected Prime Minister, he got down on his knees and bowed touching the floor with his head, this was to show he is a servant of his electorate.

One feature of Japanese society that's not to be forgotten is the "sento", a large stone bath about the size of a swimming pool. It was traditionally the common meeting



Christina Neilan with some of her Japanese students.

ground. There is a ritual to be observed before getting in. First you have to wash sitting on a little stool and only when you have all the soap washed off, can you enter the bath. This rule is to be adhered to at all costs if not it can send everyone fleeing from the bath. But you have to proceed with caution as the bath is usually hot enough to boil a lobster. However impolite, it's still accepted for foreigners to turn on the cold tap and make it bearable for a few minutes at least. Sentos are divided into men's and women's but not too long ago they were mixed.

Another form of relaxation is the "Onsen" or Hot Spring.

Many are outdoors and can be enjoyed even in the snow. Many Japanese romanticise about sitting in a hot spring drinking hot sake surrounded by snow. This is a memorable experience, and is the only way of getting rid of all the tension and stress that sets in after living in Tokyo for a while.

The most common form of relaxation for the hard working person is like most societies a glass of beer at the end of the day. Japan has got really good beer, Kirin and Sapporo are the most popular. One doesn't ask for a certain type, just for a beer. Draught beer isn't common at all. It's no wonder because they only half fill the glass, the rest is all head. Typical drinks in Japan are Shochu and Sake. The Japanese are very proud of Sake and take it as a personal insult if you don't drink it. On many occasions I have been offered a glass of it in a pub and find it difficult to get out of

drinking it, especially as I don't like mixing it with beer. Shochu is more common among foreigners than Sake. It's rather like Vodka and very potent. As for whiskey, I never drink it. I'm rather partial to Scotch and Jameson but when it comes to the Japanese brew I think they have still to master the art. One has to be really careful with Japanese alcohol as it is said that it contains a lot of chemicals and it's filtered through asbestos.

Speaking of chemicals, a lot of chemicals are used in food production and preparation, in order to get that perfect shape and colour. Apples are a number one example — I've never seen ones with such extraordinary colours and rounded shape. Of course they look pleasing to the eye, but upsetting to the stomach. Housing is a real problem especially for foreigners as they are so small compared to our standards. Of course you can get a big apartment if you are willing to pay the earth. Traditional Japanese houses are made of wood, not very safe during an earthquake, however they have a lot of character. The floors are made of tatami, it's straw woven intricately, it's very warm in winter, unfortunately in summer it can be a home to many little bugs. Of course you can't walk on it with your shoes, so it's common to see a pile of shoes inside the door.

Discovering how to use a Japanese toilet is an art in itself. Again there is a ritual to be followed. First of all you have to knock on the door and wait for a reply, it's like entering a secret place. If there wasn't a reply you proceeded to enter and you're confronted with a

LIFE IN TOKYO CONTINUED

men's urinal, the proper toilet is behind a wooden panel, with a cunningly concealed latch evident enough to anyone experienced in the art of discovering secret passages in ancient homesteads. The real toilet is a hole in the ground over which you must squat. In the city all toilets have flush but it's not impossible to find a toilet without a flush in the countryside.

As regards culture, Japan abounds in it, there are all kinds of theatres, traditional dance, puppetry, tea ceremony. Apart from the traditional there are modern versions of traditional aspects of life in old Japan. There is a lot of hidden talent in Tokyo. It appears that it is quite difficult to make it to stardom, as only a few do, and they are venerated by the rest. This means there are a lot on the fringes. It's good for the general public as it means they get to see very skilled performances for a "song".

The social scene is rather hectic. There is so much to choose from in this city. As I said before Tokyo doesn't go to sleep, not only in the hot spots but even in the local suburban areas. There are all kinds of entertainment from the flush discos to the old kacoko bars, where you can be a star for the night.

In general it is quite difficult to get to know the Japanese, as it's so difficult to figure out what they are thinking. Many books have been written on the Japanese mind but most of them have been updated by their authors, as after a time, they find their opinions and impressions have changed.

In my experience I find them to be friendly, likeable and very interesting people. They are a race apart, who

definitely want to be accepted in the world.



The Yakushi-ji West Pagoda, one of Nishioka's greatest works.

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SR. M. CATHERINE

SR. M. CATHERINE has had very long associations with Gort. She holds the unique record of being closely associated with the Community for three generations. The Secondary School was only one year old when, in 1942, she came from Killaloe as a boarder to begin her scholastic career. After completing her Leaving Certificate examination, she returned to the Mercy Sisters and began her long training for Religious Life as a postulant, in 1946. She was no stranger to what this entailed as her grandaunt Sr. Patrick Hogan (dec. 1932) and her Aunt Sr. Finbar Keane (dec. 1978) were Sisters in the Community.

Sr. Finbar was in fact Principal of the Secondary School at that time. Previous to this, local girls were obliged to go to Kinvara, if they wished to avail of the Leaving Certificate Course. This was a matter of great regret both to parents and Sisters alike. Consequently, the arrival of the Secondary School was a welcome development. This school was the forerunner of St. Joseph's where Sr. Catherine was student, teacher and Principal for so many years. She saw it develop from modest beginnings in the Primary School to the fine establishment it is today.

Having qualified as a Science teacher, Sr. Catherine began her teaching career in 1953. Thirty-three years is a long time, and she saw many changes in education, during her time as a teacher, here in Gort. The present Secondary School was opened in 1966. The building was blessed and officially opened in May 1968, the enrolment now having reached 200. Free Travel and Free Education were also introduced around this time. Previous to this all pupils cycled to school, some of them long distances, and paid an annual fee of £10 — £12 depending on family size and circumstances.

The educational syllabus has changed dramatically over the years. Today, students have a wide range of subjects from which to choose. Up to 1971 Sr. Catherine taught her subjects (Science and Maths) through the medium of Irish. 1971 also saw the end

of Saturday school. Yes, dear reader, there was actually a time when students had to attend classes up to 1 p.m. on Saturdays! Sr. Catherine then Principal was one the main advocates of this decision.

Sr. Catherine was of course known and respected as a great disciplinarian, by both parents and students, with particular emphasis on the latter. This writer, as a past pupil, can attest to same. Yes, indeed, she was a formidable personage when confronted with any misdemeanour and many is the tongue lashing we received during our schooldays. Nothing ever escaped her keen observation; if you were late for class you were sure to meet here in the hall; feigned illness was immediately detected; if you were at a dance over the weekend, that fact was plainly visible on your face. Standing at the top of the class she could pinpoint at a glance any culprit who was not wearing her regulation red shoes... who could ever forget the many incidents pertaining to same!!

Behind this rather formidable facade lurked a genuine interest and concern for all her pupils. "No slacking in this class, if you please..." was her rally call in class and nothing short of your best was ever allowed. Pupils' best interests were always foremost in her mind but of course while parents appreciated that fact, we were too young and silly (most of the time) to realise it then. But, dear Sr. Catherine we certainly do now!

Many is the little group, including this scribe, that she took after school for extra tuition with no thought of time or expense, and many is the past-pupil who owes her job today to the recommendation and efforts of Sr. Catherine. She enjoyed a very good rapport with all her students and if anyone had a problem in school they knew they could turn to her for help. She was always on hand to provide a lunch in the event of any girl forgetting her sandwiches, and would be quite annoyed with the unhappy wretch who did not immediately bring such a

calamity to her notice. To go without a proper lunch while attending a full day at school was unthinkable!!

In hindsight I wonder where she found the time for everything, she was one of these people who is always busy. No matter how early one arrived to school in the morning she was always there, and of course school never ended at 4 p.m. for Sr. Catherine. There was nothing she would not tackle, and she was always in demand for minor technical difficulties regarding the various school equipment. The school itself was a source of great pride, and she always made sure every effort was made to keep it immaculate.

A lot of families have passed through the very capable hands of Sr. Catherine, and parents and students alike owe her a debt of gratitude, which cannot ever be repaid. She will always be held in high esteem by all. Today her past-pupils are to be found all over the world and in all walks of life. She is synonymous with our schooldays and will always be thought of with fondness and respect and yes, I must confess, a generous helping of nostalgia too!

Ní bheidh a leithéid ann arís.



Sr. Catherine in a characteristic pose.

THE GHOST WHO SOLVED A MYSTERY

AMONG the most lawless parts of Connacht and Munster in the 1850's, South Galway and North Clare stood out above the rest. Robberies, shootings and maimings of animals made the American Wild West a tame place in comparison. Secret Societies, like the Terry Alts and the Whiteboys, gave cover to thugs of all kinds. The carrying of money was highly dangerous, yet at times, fairs and markets had to be attended.

Around this time, a man named Hynes from the village of Killina, near Kinvara had to visit Corofin, Co. Clare on some business. His business was concerned with selling something, as when he left Corofin, late in the evening, he was carrying a sum of money.

He never arrived home, and after a day or so this was reported to the police. A long search followed but no trace of the missing man was found. Eventually, the search was ended. It was thought that he might have gone abroad, as in those days it was done simply, you just paid your passage. But his people at home feared a worse fate!

About three or four weeks after his disappearance, a man from the area of

Ballyportry Castle was coming home from visiting a neighbour's house. He was a regular visitor to that house, as the neighbour did not live far away. On this night he happened to look behind, and it being a fairly bright moonlit night, he noticed a figure walking behind him. As times were anything but quiet or safe, he hurried on home. This occurred on four or five nights after that. At the same hour; as he returned home along that particular stretch of road, he saw a person coming behind him.

One night, having decided there wasn't any danger involved, he stopped on the road and waited. But as the figure came near, it suddenly disappeared. The same thing happened again soon after. On three or four occasions, as he waited for the following person to come closer, it always vanished, in more or less the same place. There was no opening, stile or gate at this spot, as a search in daylight later showed. A thick hedge and wall bordered each side of the road, and it was very difficult to penetrate. The area inside the boundaries of the road was covered in dense bushes and strewn with rocks.

At length it began to dawn on the

man that the figure he saw was not a living person, and he reported his story to the local priest, who advised him to tell the police. A detailed search was made of the area where the figure disappeared, and about a half mile off the road, in a wild and rocky spot, the body of the man named Hynes was discovered.

He had been murdered and robbed. The perpetrators to the dastardly deed had carried his body from the roadway and covered it with rocks. The corpse was brought home and after funeral rites, was laid to rest in Killina old graveyard.

The figure on the Corofin road was not seen again!



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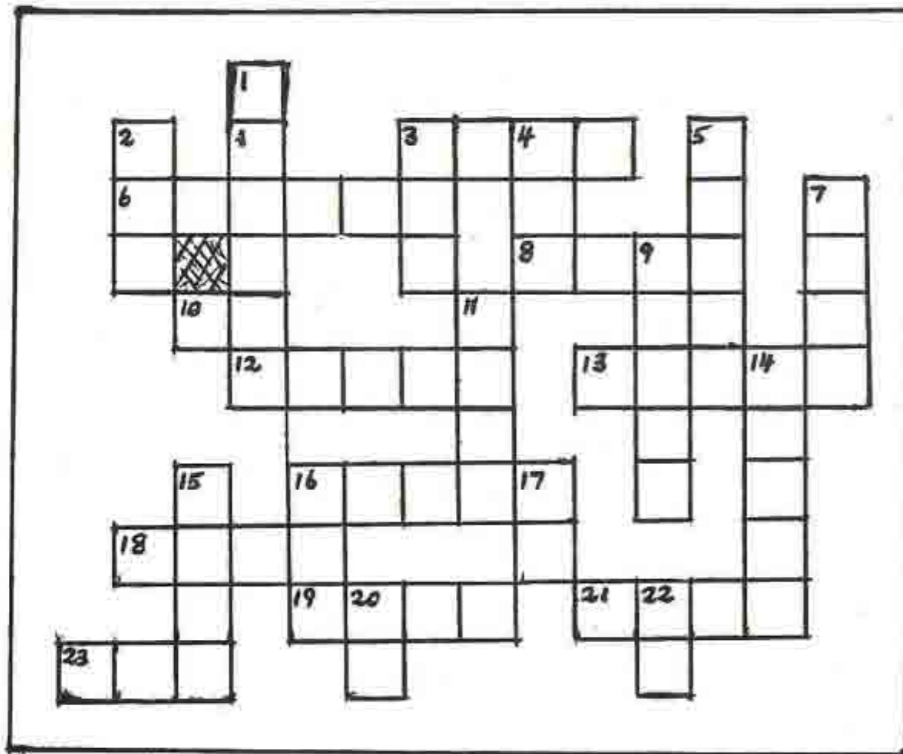
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CHILDREN'S PAGE



CHILDREN'S CROSSWORD OPPOSITES

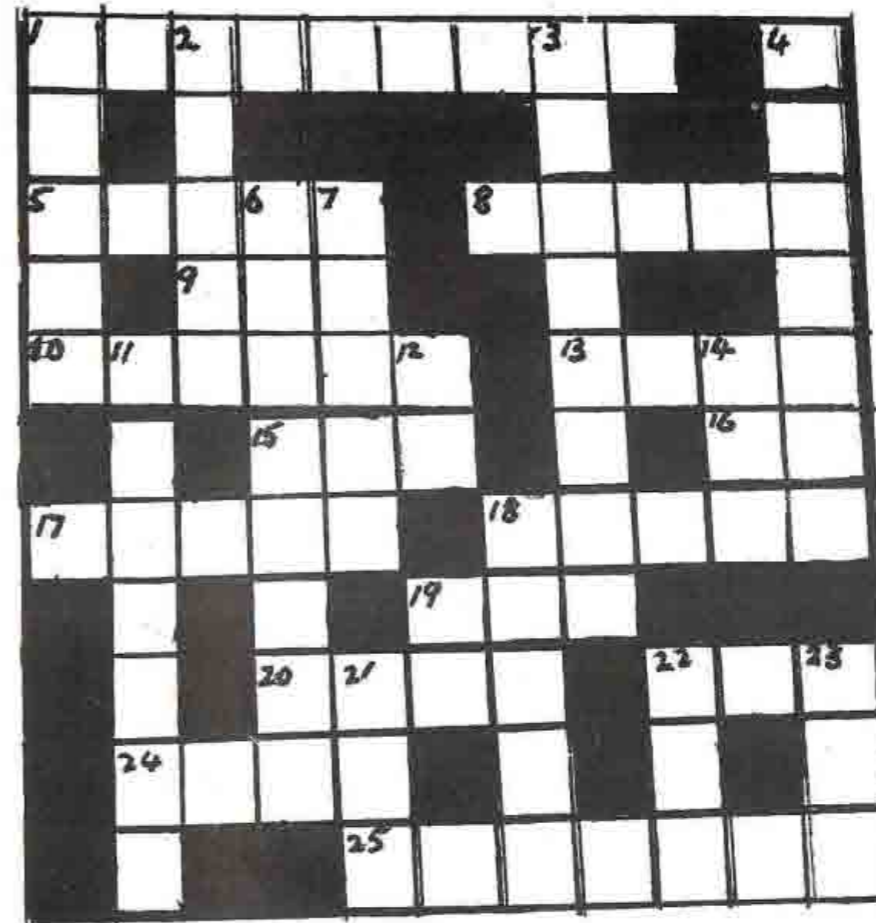
Clues Across:

- 3. East (4)
- 6. Big (6)
- 8. Up (4)
- 10. You (2)
- 12. Smooth (5)
- 13. Great (5)
- 16. Old (5)
- 8. Female (4)
- 19. Hard (4)
- 21. Low (4)
- 23. Wet (3)

Clues Down:

- 1. Father (6)
- 2. Young (3)
- 3. Dry (3)
- 4. Happy (3)
- 5. Lose (3)
- 7. Cow (4)
- 9. Man (5)
- 11. Thick (4)
- 14. Cry (5)
- 15. Few (4)
- 16. No (3)
- 17. Stop (2)
- 20. Off (2)
- 22. Out (2)

CROSSWORD



CLUES

Across:

- 1. Day of the week
- 5. Circles
- 8. Little
- 9. Sense
- 10. Cover for the eye
- 13. Precious metal
- 15. No matter which
- 16. Short for east
- 17. The cream
- 18. Errant
- 19. Bashful
- 20. Musical unit
- 22. Eggs
- 24. At what time
- 25. Utter

Down:

- 1. Not better
- 2. Solid
- 3. All powerful
- 4. Rest
- 6. Jelly
- 7. River
- 11. Colours
- 12. Short day
- 14. Meadow
- 18. Bed Linen
- 19 Short Street
- 21. Single
- 22. Mineral
- 23. Hatchet

A FISHY STORY

The head of a fish is 9". The tail is as long as the head plus half the body. The body is as long as the head and tail together. What is the length of the fish?

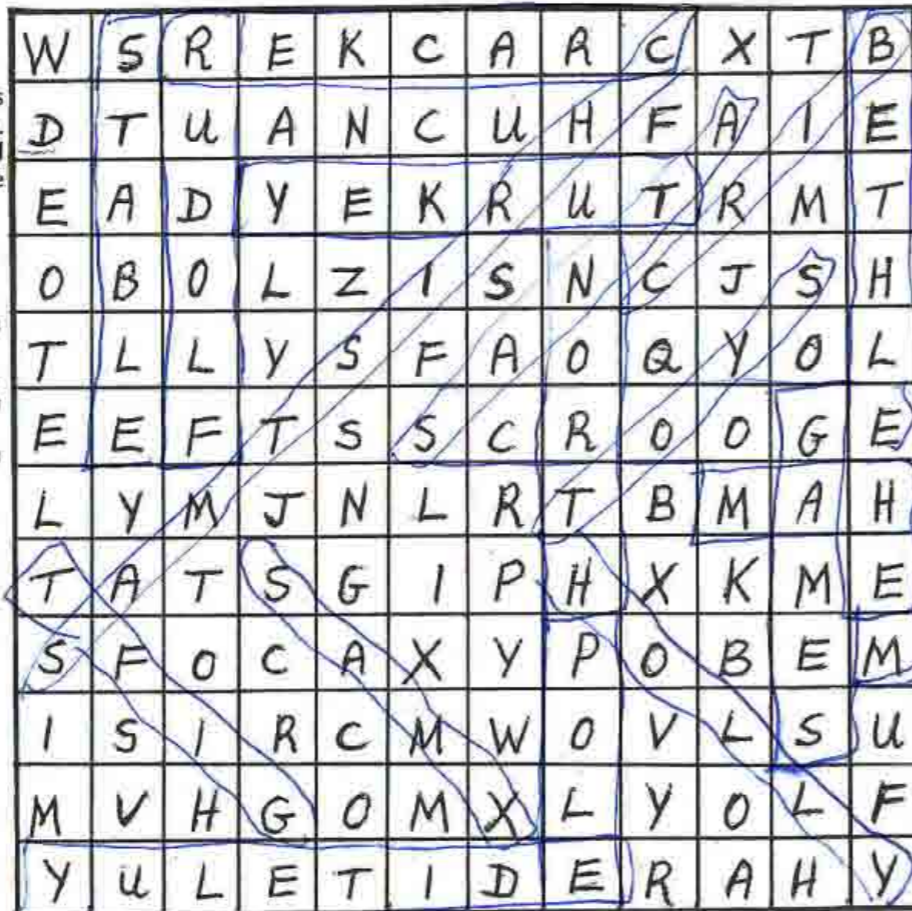
RIDDLE IN RHYME

My first is in GYM and also in JOG.
My second is in WOOD and also in BOG.
My third is in STIR and also in REST.
My fourth is in NORTH and also in WEST.
The whole is a town, have you guessed?

WORD PUZZLE

Find the following list of seasonal words in the word square. They read in many directions.

- | | |
|--------------|------------|
| Rudolf ✓ | Yuletide ✓ |
| Santa ✓ | Turkey ✓ |
| Christmas ✓ | Ham ✓ |
| Scrooge ✓ | XMas ✓ |
| Bethlehem ✓ | Toys ✓ |
| Holly ✓ | Games ✓ |
| Mistletoe ✓ | Gift ✓ |
| Crackers ✓ | Stable ✓ |
| North Pole ✓ | Crib ✓ |



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THE O'HARA-BURKES

By TOM HANNON

MUCH has been written about Coole and the famous families of that locality. But one of the families from that area, not so well known nowadays, is the O'Haras or the O'Hara-Burkes of Raheen House. The O'Haras had quite a lot of property in Co. Galway by 1815, and were connected to the Gregorys earlier, both having a Shawe ancestor in the 18th century. The O'Haras were "Big Shots".

Lady Gregory's husband, Sir William was a son of Bess O'Hara. Bess was only 16 years old when she married Robert Gregory in 1815. She got a fortune of £4,000, a huge sum in those days. She was a lovely girl and was lively and outspoken. After her marriage she settled in Coole. The fact that her mother-in-law and sister-in-law were jealous of her, shows that the old saying, that "more than one woman in the kitchen spells trouble", applied to rich as well as poor!

It was round this time that the romantic episode of "Jack the Sailor" took place. Richard Gregory, brother of Robert, had stolen a London schoolgirl and brought her to Coole. As he was afraid of the family objecting he hid her with one of the foremen's family in Coole, disguised as a boy, and named her Jack the Sailor, to the great amusement of the locals. When his father died, Richard married her, but she only lived two years. He then married her maid, but she also died soon after.

Bess O'Hara was a member of a big family. Two of her brothers were heroes of the Peninsular War. Another went to Italy where he spent the rest of his life. Another O'Hara was captain of a ship, which sailed to India and faraway places.

Bess gave birth to William H. Gregory in 1816, the year of the Battle of Waterloo. Two later children died while still young. She made sure that her son was well educated, as often in those days, the sons of landlords didn't worry too much about the three Rs — one 18th century M.P. for Galway

couldn't read or write. When her son went to school in Harrow, Bess and her husband stayed in England to be near him, and later spent some time in Paris. The O'Haras also had a house in Dublin.

Bess met Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator, who was later to be friendly with her son. The O'Haras were Protestant, yet Bess was a champion of Catholic rights. But she felt that O'Connell was demanding too much in his pursuit of Catholic Emancipation and that eventually he and his friends would dominate the Protestants.

When Bess' son, Sir William Gregory, assumed control of Coole, a lot of his money had been gambled and lost on horse-racing. It was said that he lost £5,000 in one day at the races.

Dishonest employees were also a severe drain on the finances of Coole. One overseer swindled £6,000. He was replaced by a cousin of the O'Haras, named Maxwell. He got the sack too when he gave a lavish party at Coole, without asking leave of Bess. She then persuaded her son to give the job of overseer to a local man who was very religious — but a bigger rogue she couldn't have found. He had fooled her. It was said that this man had persuaded two local brothers to make a will in his favour and then killed them. He eventually was sacked, and spent the rest of his days preaching honesty, virtue, etc. at fairs and markets!

In 1857, when the Gregory properties were put up for sale, Bess, who had money of her own, helped her son by buying for £12,000 his life interest in part of the estate (c. 5,000 acres). Sir William made up, in later life, for his misspent youth! He was appointed Governor of Ceylon for a time. Bess always helped him and in the end her faith in him was justified.

In 1856, Sir William put himself forward as a candidate for election as M.P. for Galway. The Trench family, one of Galway's most powerful Protestant families said that a Protestant landlord hadn't a chance of

succeeding. However, Bess sought the help of Lord Clancarty and with the support of Bishop Fallon of Kilmacduagh, Bess' son became M.P., and proved to be one of a few who treated Protestants and Catholics fairly.

Probably one of the most famous O'Haras, was Robert O'Hara-Burke. Robert was born in St. Cleran's, Craughwell. He went to Australia and joined the police who patrolled the goldfields.

His famous crossing, with two others through unexplored lands in Northern Australia is now history. They missed, by a few hours a party sent from the opposite direction to meet them, and as a result O'Hara and one of his companions died of exhaustion. The other man survived. O'Hara-Burke could also have survived if he had kept friendly with the natives. But anytime the Aborigines came near, during the long journey, he shot at them!

A town in Australia is called after Robert O'Hara-Burke. Some time ago R.T.E. showed a film of his epic journey. A feature film of his adventures is now showing in Dublin.

It is reported that a descendent of the O'Haras is a regular visitor to Gort.



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POETRY PAGE

BURREN — A TOURIST PARADISE

By COLMAN MOYLAN
Loughrea

*I salute you Burren, could I get another
Quaint rock formation and caves are there
Rare flowers of beauty amidst your heather
Artistic adornment is everywhere.*

*The pastured land supplements the rockies
Mystical sunsets, the artist's joy
The scenic view once held by Guaire
Enhanced by distance do please the eye.*

*Corcomruagh, the monks of fond reflection.
The ocean laps your very shore.
Kilmaduagh takes up the horizon.
Rare cloud formation, not saying more.*

*King Puck with legions breaks up the sky line,
With distance, happy, takes up his stare
He searches the tourist with deep suspicion,
A 'take home' memory from Burren Clare.*

*Inspired in coming, oh good St. Colman
With prayer and penance threw in your lot,
You left eternal, the truth of message.
In one dear life-time sanctified that spot.*

*The birds at horn without much care,
Harmonise in chorus, their songs of praise,
Celebrating what is the Creator's making—
Divine love dewing the ring of Clare.*

AVE MARIA OF MEDJUGORJE

By the Late MARK SCULLY

*How dark the world by the hand of a man,
And our hope grows less from hour to hour,
As millions starve to death in the van
Of nations craving for might and power,
In a world where God has become a coin.
And love is in the sign of a thoughtless fool,
We pray to you, for our thoughts to join,
And lead us back to his rightful rule.
We pray to you at Medjugorje,
We pray to you Ave Maria.*

EVERLASTING

By Frank Lally

*A stroller stood beside the old stone seat and grieved,
On seeing there a name long since engraved
By hands seeking place in other times
Beyond their span, when they had rung their chimes.
The seat still stands, forgotten hands are in the clay.
"Futile!", the stroller sadly goes his way
Yet centuries will wear to sand a stone,
But for each soul there's an eternal throne.*

THE CAT IN THE CAGE

By SEAN LEAHY

*We have all been to Dogshows, and like what we see.
All puffed up, and combed out, as clean as can be.
But lately in Gort, have the people gone bats?
They are showing not only, their dogs, but their cats.*

*Now the show it was held at the top of the town,
The people they gathered from miles all around.
Sure the weather was lovely, a nice summer's day,
They had all come to see the cats on display.*

*There were cats of all shapes, all sizes and breeds,
Some came in birdcages, and more on a lead.
A few came in tractors, and one cat called Maxi,
Arrived there in style, and went home in a taxi.*

*A cat whose leg was tied up with a twine,
He was owned by a man from near Derrybrien.
Who swore that the cat could dance and could smile,
But he injured himself, last night on the tiles.*

*A Tom came from Tubber, brushed up and all neat,
Red ribbons adorned his neck and his feet.
He'd been washed in the sink, and dried in the spinner,
And everyone there thought that he was the winner.*

*Then a full bred from Gort, by the name of Snowball,
Got out of his cage and climbed up the wall.
Then he ran from the building and up the main street,
He never came home 'til the end of the week.*

*The judge got some scratches, some spits, and some bites.
As he tried to separate two Toms in a fight,
My God said a steward, and a curse he did utter,
That black Tom is running away with the butter.*

*The judge announced the winner at last,
A cat with a coat as shiny as glass.
Who looked at the others, and howled with rage,
As he swung too and fro in his little birdcage.*

THE DUCKS

By W. M. QUINN

*Who longs for rain, when hay all lies
Upon the rilling rows,
Who longs for rain, when harvest crops
Are deluged high 'n low,
When rivers spread o'er once dry land,
Who longs for rain, when clay like mud
Just clings to farm hands . . .
Enough, enough the farmer wails,
There's wet in every place,
He prays the thoughtless weatherman
For just some days of grace.
The chatter of the falling rain
Is torment to his ears
The flooded fields are near to bring him
To the verge of torrent tears —
The haggard swelled with constant rain
Has puddles here and there . . .
And then Quack! Quack!
He hears the ducks
Wag heads as if in prayer.*

MILESTONES

BIRTHS

Congratulations to the following on the birth of their new family members:
Keith Francis O'Reilly to Francis and Teresa, The Square.

Caitriona Killeen to John Killeen and Síle Breathnach, Limerick.

Sarah Catherine Linnane to Michael and Sally, Garryland.

Elizabeth Mary Noone to Donal and Eva, Queen Street.

John Samuel O'Donnell to Samuel and Kitty, Tubber Road.

Gerard Michael Hawkins to P. J. and Mary, George's Street.

Pamela Mary Finnegan to Francis and Elizabeth, Kilmacduagh.

Conor Gerard Counihan to John and Mary, Crowe Street.

John Cummins to Bernard and Paula, Kilmacduagh.

Brendan Martin and Kevin Gerard Ward to Colm and Josephine, Circular Road.

Carol Teresa McCarthy to Howard and Helena, Crowe Street.

Sarah Mary Teresa Kenny to Michael and Mary, Crowe Street.

Siobhán Marie Hennelly to Michael and Martina, George's Street.

Enda Patrick Regan to Patrick and Bridget, Lisatunna.

Peter Alexander Joyce to Richard and Elizabeth, Circular Road.

Teresa Elizabeth Baldwin to Patrick and Monica, Ballyaneen.

Kelvin Martin Downey to P. J. and Rita, Ennis Road.

Aoife Marie O'Donohue to Martin and Mary, Crannagh.

Sean Gerard Cahill to Joe and Mary, Coole.

James Festus O'Connor to Dermot and Margaret, George's Street.

Cian Colmáin Mac Curtáin to Seán and Bernadette, Glenbrack.

Sarah Marie Hallinan to Gerard and Mary, Kinincha.

Brian Gerard Coen to Don and Mary, Bridge Street.

MARRIAGES

Heartiest congratulations and best wishes to the happy couples who were married in the parish since the last issue of "Guaire".

Timothy Kerin, Bellharbour to Mary Geraldine Loughrey, Glenbrack Road.

Thomas Donovan, Ennis to Margaret Rita Donovan, Crowe Street.

Laurence Dolan, Ballyshannon to Mary Josephine Wallace, Crowe Street.

Liam Farrelly, Longford to Mary Josephine Piggott, The Square.

Seamus Carroll, Tubber to Patricia Monaghan, Ballyhugh.

Bartley Hynes, Clarinbridge to Teresa Loughrey, Glenbrack Road.

Timothy Stares, London to Tracey Brennan, Coole.

DEATHS

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

Joe Courtney, George's Street.
John Counihan, Ballylennon.
Patrick Hehir, Coole.

Michael Deeley, Crowe Street.
Catherine Flaherty, Garrabeg.
Michael Daffy, St. Colman's Terrace.

Margaret Burke, Church Street.
Patrick Burke, Glenbrack.
Ellie Carty, George's Street.

Mamie Hynes, Church Street.
Lena O'Connor, George's Street.
Sister Malachy Dowling, Convent of Mercy.

Garnet Griffin, Barrack Street.
Thomas Noone, Kiltartan.
Joseph Cusack, Glenbrack.

Birdie McGovern, Ennis Road.

PUPILS ON 6th CLASS ROLL IN PARISH SCHOOLS 1950

GORT B.N.S.

Sean Cooke
Joseph Murray
Colman Burke
Ignatius Burke
Colm Spelman
Thomas Minogue
George Dwyer (R.I.P.)

Where they are now

Ballyconnell, Kilbeacanty
Sligo
U.S.A.
U.S.A.
Galway
Gort

KILTARTAN N.S.

Jerome Mullaney
Pádraic Cahill
Alan Marlborough
Mary McAllen
Brigid Neilan
Brigid Shaughnessy
Tom McAllen

London
Clare
Dublin
Mrs. Sean Nolan, Ballyaneen

CONVENT N.S.

Mrs. Crawford, Lisdoonvarna
Mrs. Rose, England
Mrs. Mulryan, Galway
Mrs. Hall, Tubber Road
Married in England
Married in Manchester
Nazareth Sister, London
Nazareth Sister, London
Mrs. Balfe, Waterford
Mrs. Collins, Galway
Mrs. Nalty, Galway
Married, Co. Tipperary
Mrs. McTigue, Dublin

Carmel Gillespie
Brigid Crehan
Marie Glynn
Anne Staunton
Nora Sweeney
Anne O'Grady
Philomena O'Dea
Ann O'Dea
Áine Grogan
Mary Fahy
Lily Hallinan
Patricia Kerin
Pauline Nelly



Two members of the 6th class of 1950, Tom and Mary McAllen of Ballyaneen, with their mother (R.I.P.) and young sister Eileen.



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