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# Guaire

*Spring 1992*

### Editorial:

Another year has slipped by since the last issue of Guaire appeared on the shelves.

This issue will, I hope, contain something to please all our readers. There is a bit of nostalgia, local history, current affairs at home and abroad, poetry and creative writing.

There are contributions from no fewer than eleven new writers! There are more photographs than in previous issues. A special thanks to those who sent me old photos.

I had difficulty choosing eight poems from the large number submitted. There are many budding W.B.Y.'s out there! Long may this trend continue.

My sincere thanks to a hard-working, dedicated committee who gave so much of their time and energy. To our advertisers I would like to say "Go raibh Míle maith agaibh". Without your continued support Guaire would cease to exist.

Go mbeirimid beo ar an am seo arís.

Peadar Ó Conaire

### Cover picture

*Kiltarnan Church, one  
hundred years old this year.*

*Drawing by :  
Josephine Ward.*

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

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# From Gort to Brussels

## by Tomás Roseingrave.

When the Editor asked me to write an article for the *Guairé* I said to him: "What do you want me to write about?" and he said "Well we heard what you had to say in your reminiscences on Gort in Donncha O'Dulaing's programme on RTE recently, so why don't you go further afield and tell us in *Guairé* what you do in Brussels and what is the work of the Economic and Social Committee of which you are a member". Like a good Editor, and after I had agreed, he set me a date line leaving me no dul as.

Some days before Christmas 1972 I got a telephone call from the Secretary to the Government telling me that the Cabinet at its meeting that day wished to nominate me to the Economic and Social Committee of the European Communities. I was then National Director of Muintir Na Tíre, and Ireland on January 1st 1973, with the U.K. and Denmark was about to become a Member State of the EEC, joining the already six members of the community. (Greece,

responsibility in the Committee to give our Opinion on the proposals.

The Economic and Social Committee is therefore a Consultative Body to the Council and the Commission and its members come from the heads or chief executives of the main sectoral interest bodies of the EC - Employers, Trade Unions, Farmers and Professions. It is staffed by a Secretariat of 540 drawn from the Member States.

I had the honour to be elected President of the Committee for the period 1980-'82 - the only Irishman to be elected to the Presidency of a European Community Body. The duties of the Office involved much travel and took me to many countries - all the Member States in addition to several official visits to Heads of Government and Senior Officials in the USA, Japan and other countries in Asia as well as North Africa.

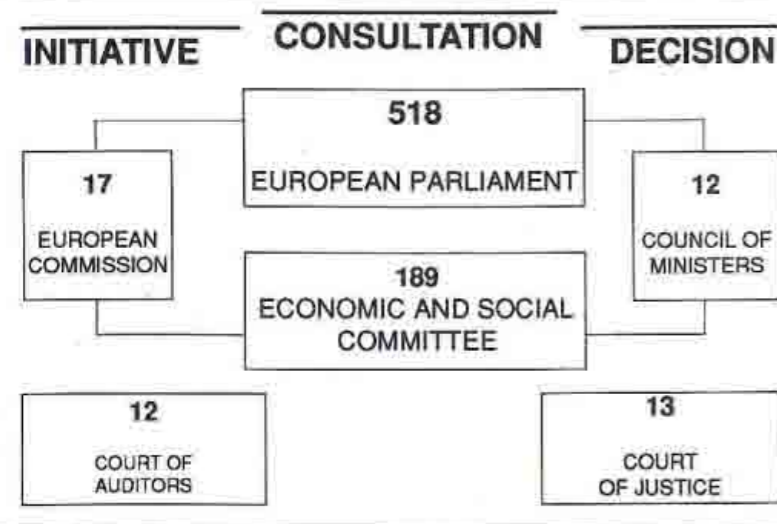
I spend one or two days in Brussels each week. The frequency of this kind of jet travel can easily become accepted as commonplace an hour and a half to Brussels flight time. I sometimes try to get a point of comparison to travel - when I was growing up in Gort and when my mother would take us into Galway - we would be preparing for a month for the exciting journey of 20 miles to go by bus at the cost of half-a-crown.

My particular interests in the Economic and Social Committee are the Environment, Research, Social Affairs and Foreign Affairs. The latter brings me into contact as a member of a sub-committee with representatives of the ACP countries (African, Caribbean and Pacific). When I listen to these people I am brought back to my earlier days as National Director of Muintir Na

Tíre because of the emphasis which they lay on the need to involve people in their own development. They stress too that the World Financial Agencies such as the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund have failed to



Tomás presiding at a meeting of the ESC with visiting Government Ministers from Holland.



Spain and Portugal became members subsequently and now Austria, Turkey, Malta, Cyprus and Sweden are awaiting admission).

The diagram attached will help to put the role of the Economic and Social Committee correctly within the institutional framework of the decision-making process of the EC - how proposals for directives and regulations are made by the Commission, how the European Parliament and the Economic and Social Committee have to be consulted about them and how the legislation is finally decided by the Council of Ministers which is the sole decision-making body within the E.C.

The Economic and Social Committee has now 189 members of which Ireland has 9 (the European Parliament has 518 of which Ireland has 15). Practically all the Commission proposals for directives before they go to the Council must be referred to both the European Parliament and the Economic and Social Committee - right across the board of legislation - Agriculture, Industry, Transport, Regional, Energy, Research, Finance and so on and it is our

understand their particular cultures and traditions and as a result have imposed on them policies and programmes entirely unsuited to their situations. The results of these programmes are so bad that one African Member recently said, and I took a note particularly of his statement, he said: "They found us in poverty and they left us in destitution". When I hear these statements I think of places I know in Ireland, especially like the town and the surrounding area of Gort and which, if given the appropriate resources, could do so much for their own development and not have to depend on a centralised system of administration in Dublin. Gort has a wonderful tradition and a reservoir of culture on which all development - Economic and Social must be built. On this point I draw much encouragement from a Japanese Economist, Morisimo, who said that no country can successfully develop economically or socially if it neglects its culture and traditions and fails to build on them.

Coming from a small country one can worry at times about the future of the small Member States, especially those on the periphery of the Community, like for example, the town and the hinterland of Gort. There is an important principle now accepted to give guidance to the whole future development of the European Community called 'Economic and social Cohesion'. This means that the under-developed areas of the EC must not be allowed to diverge more their living standards and social life from the highly developed areas of the centre - the core countries of Germany, Belgium, The Netherlands and so on. My own concern

relates not to these fine objectives of the Community but to nagging doubts that the major States will not produce the political will to implement economic and social Cohesion and that as a result the less developed areas, especially those in the Western areas of the country and in other peripheral regions of the EC will lapse more into deprivation after 1993.

I am especially interested in my work in Brussels in the proposals of the Commission dealing with the Care of the Elderly. Next year will be the Year of the Elderly and I have been given the responsibility of drawing up the Opinion of the Committee on the Commission's proposals. It is very interesting for me as a Gort man to do this particular work, especially as the Commission Official responsible for the proposal is an Ardahan man, Eamon McInerney. In a few days we will hold a meeting in Brussels and Eamon will sit across the table from me presenting the proposals on behalf of the Commission, while representatives from Germany, Britain, Belgium, France and Greece debate the proposals and help me to draw up my report. I like to think that it is an interesting example of co-operation between Gort and Ardahan at the European level - far removed from the days when teams from both Gort and Ardahan were far from co-operative in struggling in County Hurling Championships.

Perhaps I should end on this note of co-operation and the contribution which small countries - the small c's - can make to the development of the large C of the European Community.



Sept 1925 : Convent School Gort. Tomás Roseingrave is 3rd from left in the Back row.  
Back row. Fintan Nelly, Thomas Howard, Tomás Roseingrave, Tom Finnegan, Paddy Carthy, Wallie Connors, Johnny Gillane, Anthony Nilan, Joe Griffin, Michael Burke, Tom Shaughnessy. 2nd row. Birdie Rafferty, Mary Theresa Williams, Maisie Grady, Nuala Fahey (Murphy), Mai Hanberry (Mc Loughlin), Gracie Kennedy, Katie Collins, Bridget Reilly, Jamie Nilan, Rita Hoarty. 3rd row. Teasie Roseingrave, Vera Slattery, Mairéad Finegan, Boly Flanagan, Bridget Touhey, Kathleen Burke (George's St.), Gretta Markin, Nattie Halvey, Rena Spelman (Crowe St.), Bridget Williams.





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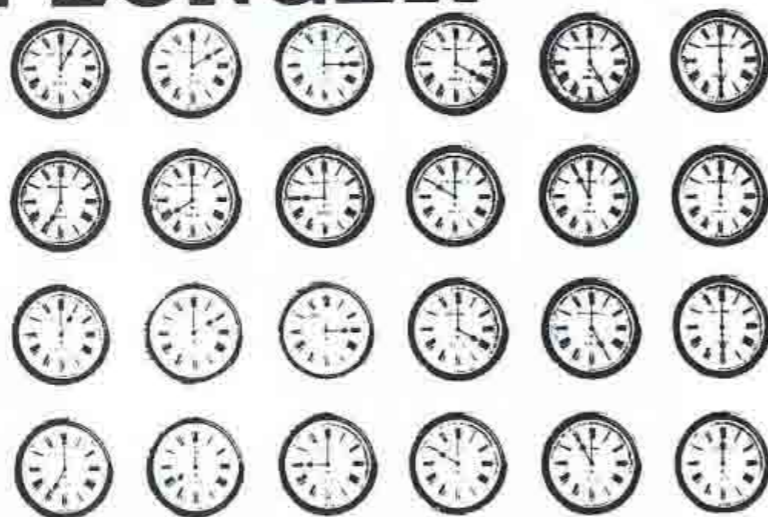
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**THE KEY.**

**Gort Golf Club - The Rockfield era.**  
by Sean Devlin



Sean Devlin

In the past 100 years or so the parish of Gort has witnessed the rise and decline of many sporting organisations. Such clubs as the Gaelic football club, the Rugby club, the Tennis club, the Badminton club and others were established and dismantled and in some cases re-born; but there are at least two clubs which have enjoyed an unbroken lease since their foundations. These are the Hurling club and the Golf club.

While the foundation of the hurling club can be traced back to the last century, that of the Golf club is much more recent, having been established in 1924. Although many reasons can be advanced for the success and continuity of both clubs the commitment and dedication of the people involved in their foundations have been an important factor. The G.A.A. in Gort was fortunate in having at its helm such stalwarts as Dan Burke, Ned Treston, John Gormally, Pat Cooke and Joe Stanford. Likewise the Gort Golf club can be thankful that it too had men of the calibre of Dan Sexton, John Spelman, Ned Treston, Tommy Burke, Jack Reilly, Jack Gilmartin, Ned Gilmartin, St. George Daley and many others.

Ladies too were involved at the beginning of the Golf Club and among the earliest members were Lena O'Sullivan, Bridie O'Sullivan, Bridie Treston, Rita Lally, Lily Blake, Mrs O'Grady, Mrs Mitchell and Miss Fitzpatrick.

If one person is to be singled out as being more responsible for the establishment of the club than any other, it is generally held that that person was Mr. James O'Sullivan. He resided in the Square and tradition speaks of the odd spectacle he presented to locals as he walloped the small ball with the unusual sticks some time before any clubs had been formally established.

We are told that Mr. O'Sullivan had received permission to practice Golf in Rockfield (site of the old Golf club) from the owner Joseph Rock in 1922-'23. Others became interested and when the summer of 1924 had arrived they

were ready to formally open their new course.

The Connacht Tribune's report on the first tournament held at the club on Sunday June 8th, 1924 goes thus: "Some time ago we had reason to complain of a dearth of healthy amusement in Gort. A pleasant change has resulted since then. A very energetic and wide membered golf club is now established and the first tournament last week was an interesting and delightful affair. The links, situated outside the town, is a 9 holed course of ideal dimensions and picturesqueness."

It is ironic that the above account should speak of "a delightful function", while elsewhere, in the same paper of June 14th 1924 a detailed account is given of the death of one of the most influential figures in the founding of the club. Dr. James Sandys had worked in Gort since about 1914. On the Friday preceding the Golf club's first official event, he had been enjoying a round of Golf at the links, in the company of Fr. John Considine C.C. He received a sick call, and while returning to town was suddenly taken ill. He was taken to Lally's Hotel, from there to Hospital in Galway, but died on the following Sunday, June 8th. Having established the course, work was begun on a club house and by July 1925 the Connacht Tribune reports that "the Golfing Societies in Gort, which now possesses a membership of 70 has now erected a pavillion on their popular links. The new structure is a much needed addition to the attractions which the links provide."

It is not certain who the officers of the club were in its earliest years, and indeed the club would be most thankful to anyone who could fill in the gaps for them. A letter from a Sister Colman in New Zealand, who resided in Gort in the 20's states that James O'Sullivan was elected it's first President. The Captains and other officers for 1924, and other early years are unfortunately unknown. The earliest Captain traced was Dan Sexton, father of Kevin Sexton, Kinvara. He was a National teacher in the parish and acted as club Captain in 1927.

As already stated it is uncertain who acted as Secretary in 1924-'25 but it is known that St. George Daley held the position from 1926 until his death in 1958. In August 1926 as Hon. Sec. of the club he wrote to the Tribune congratulating Dan Sexton and a Miss Mona Holmes on winning a mixed foursome competition. What made the win unusual was the fact that Miss Holmes was only 11 years of age, and in beating Paddy O'Sullivan and Miss O'Grady by 7/6 they played some remarkable golf, covering the eleven holes in only 45 shots.

1926 also saw the introduction of the Club Cup, a trophy presented for singles competition to the club by the members. In its early years the trophy was run as an 'open' competition and the first winner of the trophy was Ned



Gort, Connacht Junior Cup Winners 1973.  
L to R, Gerry Cahill, Vincent O'Shaughnessy, Frank Shaw, Noel Mullins, Paddy Jordan and Fr. Ned Crosby.



Roche with a 62 net, winning from a field that included such noted golfers as Dan Sexton, M. Kennedy (Galway) and Oswald Browne (Tuam). Dr. J.J. Marlborough was runner up.

As the years passed the club experienced its ups and downs, winning the County Trophy in 1928, surviving the war years when members were asked to bring a spoon of tea to the clubs functions, overcoming the problem presented by a rampaging ram, owned by a local farmer, winning the Connacht Shield in 1965 and the Connacht Junior Cup in 1973. And so down to 1975 when at a general meeting of the club in the club house on November 5th a decision was

taken to leave Rockfield and move to its present location at Laughtyshaughnessy. A decision which must have indeed saddened the few, very old members on that occasion. To the best of my knowledge Bridie McGovern was the only person present on that November night who could claim to be a member of the club in its inaugural year of 1924.

Let's hope that the club in its second 50 years will be peopled with as many colourful characters as it had in its original setting, that the members will contribute as much as they did in Rockfield, and that the game also will provide as much enjoyment and satisfaction to them as has been customary. If so the future of the club is indeed secure.



*Pictured at the old club house, Rockfield. Back row : Jimmy Griffin, Kevin Treston, Nicky Brady, Bill Conway, Charlie Foley, John Geaghan, Martin Glynn, St. George Daley, Paddy Murray. 3rd row : Patrick Fahy, M. O'Halloran, Lena Sullivan, Miko Fitzgerald, Bridie Treston, Rita Lally, Pauline Fahy, Rena Spelman, Paddy O'Shaughnessy, Ned Gilmartin, Ned Treston. 2nd row : Lily Keran, Josie Melville, Lily Broderick, Robbie Lahiffe. Front row : Eddie Treston, Henry Cloran, Kathleen Murphy, Peggy Lahiffe, Bibi McCarthy, Brud Slattery, Bill Brassil.*

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## Grow your own fruit

by Michael Keane (Hons Dip in Horticulture)

This is not as difficult as most people think. We have become so accustomed to buying fruit over the counter, that we forget the majority of these can be grown quite easily in our own gardens. I am referring to apples, pears, plums, blackcurrants, gooseberries, strawberries etc. Your own fruit is cheaper, cleaner, more nutritious and tastes better.

Apples have become very popular in recent years preferring a deep loamy well-drained soil. Fresh Farmyard Manure (F.Y.M.) should not be used when planting apple trees as it induces rank soft growth prone to diseases such as canker. Well rotted manure, leaf mould plus peat plus a fistful of 5-5-10 or 8-8-16 should be dug into the soil before planting.

The ideal site for fruit trees should be sheltered and facing south avoiding hollows or frost pockets. Suitable shelter can be provided by a screen of Leyland Cypress.

Fruit trees and bushes can be planted from October to April if they are bare-root or all year round if containerised.

Always plant the tree at the same level as it was growing in the nursery and firm the roots solidly. Larger trees are best



staked and tied with a rubber band to allow for expansion. All top fruits such as apples, plums etc. are grafted onto rootstocks. This allows certain characteristics such as vigour, size and disease resistance to be bred into the trees. There are dwarf and vigorous rootstocks. The type of rootstock will be determined by the space available. It is important to choose the best varieties that do well in this area. These include the following sweet varieties: Beauty of Bath, Golden Delicious, Latton's, Katy, Jonagold and Discovery. Good 'Cookers' include Bramley, Seedling, James Grieve and Grenadier.

For pollination purposes certain varieties should be planted together to ensure a good crop. Always buy from a reputable nursery man who will be able to

give you all the relevant advice as regards planting etc. The requirements for plums and pears are similar to apple trees but they require more shelter and cropping is not as regular.

Blackcurrants, Redcurrants, Gooseberries, Strawberries etc. are very easy to grow, are self pollinating and take up very little space. It is amazing the amount of fruit that can be produced in a small area, giving plenty of satisfaction and unique flavours.

Happy Gardening

## No sentiments - by Elva Conroy

My mind is awash with horror. The rain keeps pelting at my window and it echoes the memory of pointed silver killers that peppered around me and blew the wind and dead limbs into my face. My whole being is infected with a torture of the inner self and the sweat is tickling my eyebrows but I daren't move for fear of that kettle, its spout could well be the nozzle of an '86 pulveriser. Is it easier to die? Is it worse than having your insanity looping through the keyhole of the heart and exposing to you your soul, wherein lies the dread and fear and images of men, crumpled white as lilies.

For a brief moment, I may have slept, but now I am awake and breathing in the nightmare that consciousness presents to me at dawn. My nocturnal instincts allow me to see obscenities in the shadows. Geoghegan, poor wee fellow, crying like a baby. No sentiments allowed in wartime, we walked straight past the dying lad until we glanced back and saw he'd grown still, the still that comes to the peaceful whose duty has been done. I still thank the Lord he got out quickly. I am beginning to question the identity of the demonic overpowering figure I see to the left of the shadow theatre, he's walking alongside my short, stumpy self, practically walking on me ... within me ...

Is it a mark of lunacy to relive one's past so that it becomes your present? Or am I planning for a glorious future which is why I'm doing nothing now? Or maybe I'm just your everyday person who wakes up every morning with the first image being of mutilated corpses footstooling my movements. Oh, but to bathe my thoughts in a cool, refreshing bath of forgetfulness and enter the world of normality. Solitude is a room crowded with thinkings and the key to get out is coping.

The neon light tangos with my chandelier and the images

vividly rise or die and trooping in the camouflage I see myself, I am soldiering for my country, I didn't start the war, I was just trying to survive it. Marching to the death tune of silence with an inkling of monotony between each explosion and my featureless friend troops at my side, an unrecognisable silhouette against a red horizon.

I fill a hot water jar and the burnt out kettle sings and I hear the incessant roar of the tom-cats falling and climbing. (Perhaps I'll sue Russell Hobbs). I'm clenching tight to my chair as distorted contortions prey upon my physical being and the air seems to be green. I catch upon the corner of the mirror and repulsions gag my throat when I recall each moment of hell through those livid-eyes.

One solitary moon, a thousand constellations and a million dead men blanketed my surroundings. Imagination running wild, I see the gaping mouths, futile gas masks lie dormant on gnarled laps and the loose skin and bones that decorate the dystopia of the battlefield. I am alive and clawing along dirt tracks, groping through the enemy remains and guarding my most precious possession and the purpose of this desperate mission, my life. I am standing, barely together against the horizon, crunching useless fingers with my toes as I strive to join the regiment. Where is innocence in all this tribulation? Not here. Nothing is here only the descending heavens, a bloodbath, a movement and I. Forever, the image seems to portray this second being, a mimic of my every move, without the humour of a comedian. I see him now, falling on his knees, a Samaritan perhaps, I am headbound for that star and he is tending to the not yet dead and I am shivering thirty years later as I recognise him now.

No sentiments in the army, only emotions, and he is conscience.

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# My Days in Gort

by Mai McLoughlin (nee Hanberry, Church Street)

Like all youngsters, school played an important part in our lives. We were taught by Sr. Finbarr (RIP), Sr. Peter (RIP), Sr. Columba (RIP). My days spent in Church Street were unforgettable - such pleasure and enjoyment out of the simple happenings of each day. During the long summer evenings, my school friends (Theresa Rosengrave (Grant), Lilly Broderick, Bridgie Farrell (Madigan), Mona Sylver, Gretta Ffrench, Mairead Finnegan, Kitty Kilroy (RIP), Lil Hynes (RIP) - to mention but a few) and I rushed straight home - not to do our school work, needless to say - but in order to race over to Sandies, the river at the back of Mr. Heenan's house. To us, Sandies was like an outdoor swimming pool .. but not quite as well kept. We usually met and competed with the George's Street girls who made their way to the river by crossing the railway line and the convent lawn while, at the same time, trying to avoid being seen by the nuns.

My school days were wonderful. I had marvellous school friends. Our objective was to enjoy ourselves and I'm glad to say that even to this day when we meet that objective has not changed. Perhaps it was easier to enjoy ourselves then - you see, we were not quite as studious as the present day school-goer. Our studies were more often than not done on Mrs. Kilduff's window sill en route to school.

My main interest was Music, and I owe much to Sisters Jarlath (RIP) and Cecilia and to Mother Dymphna (RIP) who taught music in school.

I went to Galway to complete my Music studies. At that time, the 'Musical' was alive and well in Gort. Variety

concerts etc. were organised by our Musical Director, Mrs. Considine (RIP), a pianist of her time. She was also the organist in the church and I was referred to as her Assistant General. In her absence, I took over and was paid a very modest fee by the then Parish priest. Fr. George Quinn (RIP) then arrived as C.C. to the parish of St. Colman and it was during his reign that Gort Musical Society was established. Pantomimes began to flourish and as far as I can remember, our Gilbert & Sullivan was the first to be staged in the Town Hall. Broadway had nothing on us! Father George had a great interest in all aspects of theatre - i.e. Musicals, Light Opera, Pantomime and Drama. Some of the cast in these various productions included Tom Finnegan (RIP), Pakie (RIP), Tom Shaughnessy, Kieran Moylan (resident of Kinvara), Mick McQuaid (RIP), Gerard Heenan (RIP), Lilly Broderick, Bridie Keane (Hickey) and yours truly.

We also had a dance band at the time called "The Gloughamara Band". Some of the members of this band included the O'Shaughnessy brothers, Paddy Burke (RIP), Paddy Nolan (RIP), the Maloney brothers, Angela Coen and again, yours truly. We travelled to all the "Ballrooms of Romance" in our only mode of transport - O'Shaughnessy's van - played from 9.00 p.m. - 3.00 a.m. in Killanena, Labane, Tubber to mention but a few and the major venue was Johnson's Dance Hall in Kinvara, and then returned to Gort feeling like superstars having fulfilled our various engagements. We never thought to enquire about our Union rates ... our modest fee was always acceptable.

Both my parents, now deceased and buried in Kilmacduagh, were not natives of Gort. My mother was Elizabeth Morrissey from Loughrea, my father, John Hanbury from Kilkeedy, Co. Clare and my husband, Michael, is a native of Mountbellew. Together with my mother, the family left Gort in the early 60's to make a new life in Dublin. I felt very sad and apprehensive leaving the town I knew and loved so well and facing the challenge of city life. Thank God, Dublin has been good to us and I've made many friends here. Indeed, there are many natives of Gort who have settled here in Dublin and we meet at regular intervals to discuss ... Gort and all that goes with it.



Cast of Gort Pantomime in the early Forties. Mai Hanberry is seated in the front row, extreme right.

Back row : Kathy Piggott, Mary Roche, Chrissie Hughes, Marie Geoghegan, Irene Piggott, Mary Cusack, Noreen Lambert. Middle Row : Eddie Treston, Brian Corbett, Ignatius Piggott, Josie Gallagher, Jack Kilroy, Joe Griffin, Canon George Quinn, Joe Keane, Paddy Lally, Garnett Griffin, Tom Lambert. Front Row : Pete Brady, Tom Finnegan, Lillie Broderick, Johnnie Howard, Pakie Broderick, Lily Spelman, Tom O'Shaughnessy, Mai Hanberry.

I do look forward so much to my visits back to Gort and to my dear friends who welcome me with open arms. Life goes on and things change, but for me, Gort will always be special.



# Coole Park - A Major Change

by Claire Melville

Coole Park, the one time home of the Gregory family is currently undergoing a major change. In January 1989 Coole Park passed from the control of Coillte Teo. to the Office of Public Works who are now carrying out a £1 Million development project. Work is expected to be completed by Whit Sunday 1992. The main building programme is being carried out by Messrs McCarthy, contractors, Ennis. This scheme is being 100% funded by the European Regional Development Fund.

The most noticeable development is the widening of the road between the Horse Pump at the main Galway/Limerick road, and the famous ilex avenue. This road is now twice its original width and enables buses etc. to pass each other.

The stone buildings which are situated about one hundred yards from the site of the foundations of the demolished Coole House are being



Work in progress on the new Interpretive Centre last autumn.

transformed to an Interpretive Centre, Exhibition Halls and Tea-Rooms. The Interpretive Centre will have facilities for a film presentation of the beauty, landscape and features of the Reserve. Getting particular attention will be the birds, flora, fauna and trees, historical remains such as the cooking pot of the Fianna and the Limekiln, literary associations such as the works of W.B. Yeats and Lady Gregory and geographical features such as Turloughs and underground streams. The exhibition Hall will accommodate displays of artefacts

relevant to the Reserve and from time to time there will be appropriate exhibitions emanating from outside sources.

Coole Park has attracted an estimated 30,000 people per annum in recent years. It is anticipated that this figure will treble within three years. In order to facilitate the growing number of visitors, car parks and bus parks will be provided on a larger scale than at present. Sign-posting on the main road will also be vastly improved. While there will be no charge on entry to the Park, there will, however, be an entrance fee to the Interpretive Centre.

A whole new system of Nature Trails with ultra-modern sign-posting and plaques to highlight such features as the seven Woods of Coole Park is being devised. It is hoped that this will be a major attraction for many new visitors.

While control of Coole Park passed to the Office of Public Works a large number of trees

remain the property of Coillte Teo., who are currently removing some of these trees. Coillte Teo., will gradually remove all their commercial timbers such as Silver Fir, Spruce and Pine. It is the policy of the Office of Public Works to replace these trees with native species such as Oak, Ash and Birch.

An exciting departure will be the new illustration at the Autograph tree. The names of the fifteen people associated with the famous initials may be read there.

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## Chris O'Shaughnessy - An Appreciation



The death of Christina (Chris) O'Shaughnessy on July 24th 1991 left a void in our community. Chris (nee Keehan) was a native of Lough Cutra. She was pre-deceased by her brother Michael.

Chris was a most warm and charming person. She had a positive, outgoing personality which endeared her to people generally. She was a gifted conversationalist with a keen sense of humour and fun. An avid reader and an excellent bridge player, there was never a dull moment in Chris's day, even when indifferent health restricted her movements. A consummate traveller she revelled in taking trips to the Continent and America to visit family members and friends.

Chris was a committee member of Guaire for ten years. Her contributions at meetings were always constructive and well thought out. A tireless worker on behalf of the magazine, she left no stone unturned in her efforts to get material suitable for publishing. She will be sorely missed. A clear indication of Chris's undaunting spirit and zest for living is the fact that three days before she died she posted dozens of O'Shaughnessy Newsletters to clan members in places as far away as Australia and New Zealand.

On behalf of the Magazine Committee I wish to extend my sympathy to Tom, her husband, to her daughters Mary (Dublin), Christina (Vienna) and Ann (Aberdeen).

Ar dheis Dé go raibh a h-anam.

The Editor.

## Gort Show

The echoes of the first footsteps across the empty hall break the morning peace, the darkness broken by the sudden penetration of light. The doors begin to open and close, more footsteps, noises, nervous laughter, where does this or that go, as stewards leave their entries and begin to take their places the first rush of entries arrive.

From time to time a sudden panic, this is in the wrong place. Check the entry number. Where is the Secretary? Where is the Chairman? What will we do. One by one the problems disappear and the first signs of nerves fade away.

Jams, tart and tea cakes fill the plates. Eggs, butter, scones, what a sight. Plain cakes, fancy cakes, who would win. Cut flowers, pot flowers, baskets a hanging. Potatoes, carrots, apples and peas. Small ones, large ones, which will appeal? Arran knits, machine knits, soft toys, old to new. Items in wood and metal are few!

The children and students have their own sections, with six Queen cakes and goodies a lot, to how many flowers can you put in a pot. Cards, pictures, boiled eggs and shells. Cats, dogs, hens and budgies as well. By now the hall is filled with noise and outside the sheep begin filling their pens.

Crafts and Displays side by side, bouncing castles and bowling compete for a prize. Wellie and horseshoe throwing there to amuse. Music, announcements, fun fill the air. The fancy dress parade are finally there. The Queen in her splendour cuts the rope. The public move through, as usual a little late.

The Derby is on. Oh what a sight! Does anyone know how to face a donkey to get him to go. The tug of war is on, the pull a fight. Hold, Hold, Hold, with all of your might. And then as it began the sounds do fade with only the irons, tops and ropes to the store once more are hauled for another year. With the hall swept and lights switched off the doors locked

and shut, we depart to our homes to prepare for another day.

Were you there? Did you take part? No time to spare or maybe you forgot. Now you know don't say no and we'll see you all at the Gort Show.



Pictured at Gort show August 1991. From left Noel and John Curley, Lavally, winners in the Sheep section and Mr P.J. Glennon, judge.

Joseph Quinn  
Gort Show  
P.R.O.

## Gort Workhouse

Text of address given by Sr. Maura Crowe on the occasion of the commemoration of the opening of Gort Workhouse (December 11th, 1991)



Pictured on the occasion of the Commemoration of the opening of Gort Workhouse were L to R. Michael Breathnach, Patrick O'Connor, Gerard Keane, Sr. Maura Crowe, Vincent Moloney and Mrs Corry. They are holding a framed list of persons in receipt of relief in the Gort Union (including the Workhouse) in 1848.

One hundred and fifty years ago, on this very date, December 11th, (1841), Gort Union Workhouse opened its doors to the poor people of the area, who were suffering from hardships of famine and disease. On December 2nd, 1843, there were one hundred and twelve patients. In 1850, there were five hundred and twenty nine women and children, one hundred and twenty nine of them between five and nine years of age. In addition, they had with them twenty-four babies in arms. Conditions were bad at this time, and made even worse by overcrowding. This of course, was the scene throughout famine-stricken Ireland of the time.

Gort, too, was suffering its share. In 1857, the Sisters of Mercy came to Gort. The foundress of the Convent was Mother Aloysius Doyle, who, as a sister of Mercy had nursed the wounded during the Crimean War.

In that same year, 1857, December 1st, the Board of Guardians for Gort Workhouse were having one of their meetings. The Chairperson of the Board was John Martyn, Tullyra Castle. One of the items on the agenda for the meeting was a request from the Sisters of Mercy that they be admitted to visit the Workhouse. Thomas A. Joyce proposed that their request be granted and the Board adopted the following resolution "that the application of the Sisters of Mercy to be admitted into the Workhouse be thankfully acceded to, in order that they may instruct the inmates in their religion, and visit the sick".

In 1874, the Sisters were asked to take charge in the Workhouse, which, up to then, they visited on Sundays.

My next written source of information was an article published in the Connacht Tribune on January, 21st, 1922, and in the Sunday Independent by Sir Joseph Glynn.

Sir Joseph Glynn was a native of Gort, he lived where the A.I.B., Bank is now. He was a solicitor by profession; he was very active in the Saint Vincent de Paul Society. He was prompted to write this article when he received a letter from Sister Dominic Fox (matron of the hospital), which went as follows:

"You know of course that the Workhouse has been closed. Our Sisters are making ready to come to the Convent. Change everywhere and more to follow, I am sure."

Joseph Glynn goes on to say that Sr. Dominic's words brought him back to his earliest childhood days, and he resolved, there and then, that before all memory of the past had died away, he would recall the work done for the poor in one Irish Workhouse by the Sisters of Mercy amongst whom his earliest years were spent.

His memories of the Workhouse would go back to the 1880's (1882- perhaps), as far back as he could remember, (and in 1922 he could remember back for 40 years) the nuns were there.

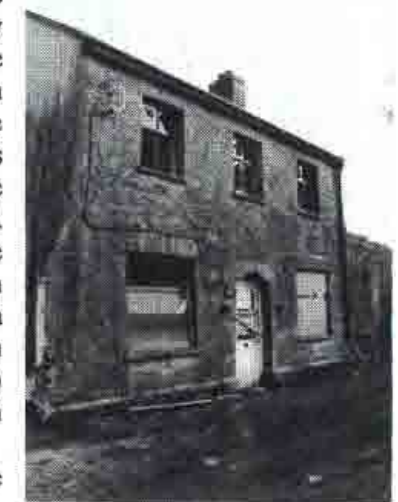
Sr. M. Zaviour was the matron. She had for her companions, Sister Gertrude Morrissey, Sr. de Sales, Sr. Magdalen, Sr. Bernard, Sr. Dominick, Sr. Ita, and Sr. Francis. He tells us that the workhouse was at the end of the town on rising ground. He looked upon it as a great treat to be allowed visit the nuns in the hospital.

The staff of the Workhouse have also been remembered by him and others. They were kind, cheerful, dutiful. You wouldn't get past the gateman, or the porter if they weren't satisfied as to your reason for wanting to visit the Workhouse.

Mr. & Mrs. Gallagher are remembered with affection. Pat Gormley, the Porter, Mr. Dulea, and Mr. Nelly successive Masters of the Workhouse, and all who worked there, are remembered for their care and understanding.

Joseph Glynn goes on to say that the Workhouse hospital (as he knew it) was as unlike the ordinary workhouse hospital of the time as was a modern Dublin hospital. From the very entrance (these are his words) could be seen the touch of a woman's hand. Having passed the entrance gate - met with the gateman (Michael), had a cheery good morning from the porter (Pat Gormley) and once past his domain one was safe.

A narrow path led to the



Workhouse Master's House.



main Workhouse block, and this was bordered with flower beds always in flower, according to season. The master's room came next, and at the time he was writing, Mr. Dulea was in office (one of the most Christian gentlemen I have ever met).

From the dining hall - a cold room with a flagged floor, used only for meals, we passed into a beautiful chapel where there were always a few old people saying their prayers. It was very clean, and very devotional and the Sisters had their own prie-dieux.

The Sisters Sitting room was upstairs (this was before their little Convent was built), and looked out on the men's garden. Joseph Glynn loved to sit at the window, looking across the garden to the Derrybrien Mountains, and talking to one of the nuns. Of course they visited the patients too, some of whom would be in the garden with its flowerbeds and borders and beautiful greenhouse. He liked to watch the men making fretwork frames and doing other jobs.

On the womens' side, there was a similar garden, but there aren't as many details available to me on it at the the moment.

The wards had waxed floors with a strip of carpet down the centre and a large fire in the Winter-time, around which those who were able to get up, sat, read or talked.

Around the walls were the Stations of the Cross, and Sr. Gertrude was very particular about prayer, the spiritual welfare of the patients. He found her a very kind woman but he was in awe of her, because she was so holy and always spoke about holy things. He preferred Sr. Bernard, whom he would persuade to bring him into the surgery and look at the leeches in jars of water.

The great event of the Workhouse hospital each year was the Christmas Party and Christmas Tree on St. Stephen's Day. It was held in the dining-hall. There were toys and packets of sweets for every child; tobacco and other gifts for the grown-ups and a plentiful supply of barm-bracks and tea for all. The matron (in his day) Sr.M. Zaviour was the soul of the party. The children clamoured around her for toys. She was tall and good humoured, and as he wrote he could see her smiling down on their little eager faces and trying to suit every taste. Boys and girls from the town helped to set up the Christmas tree and used step ladders, to take down the gifts, and then sat on the edge to enjoy the din created by the trumpets, drums and tambourines.

When all was over and the children had returned to the classroom, we went home with clothes full of candlegrease, sugar and jam - but it had been a great day. In Summer, all the little ones had a picnic in Coole Park as guests of Lady Gregory.

But there are other memories of these far off days;- the memory of deaths that took place in the hospital. A young man who had worked with the Glynn family, was dying in the Workhouse of consumption. One day he sent for Joseph and when he came to the hospital, he found that he wished to dispose of a few things that he had. His most precious possession was a silver horse-shoe tie-pin inlaid with Connemara marble. This he had folded up in cotton wool and gave Joseph for his older brother, who, at some time in the past had admired it. He then said that he was dying, but he was happy as the nuns had prepared him for death. He



Gort Workhouse. This building and yard are now used by Galway County Council.

died the next day. His death made a great impression on the then young boy.

Another case tells of a man who cut his throat with a razor. A frail young nun took the razor from him and held his bleeding throat until help came. At the enquiry, she was described by the doctor or the police constable as a "little brick". This "Little brick" was later to become Matron, and it was in her time that the workhouse closed and she and her sisters had to leave.

Another interesting story tells of a priest who was suffering from loss of memory, and wandered away from his house in Dublin. His Superior and Confreres sought for him everywhere, but, however, it came about they could not find him, and it turned out that he came as far as Gort. He was brought into the Workhouse hospital and when he was being anointed with the last rites, Sr. Francis, the Matron at the time, recognised that he was a priest. Newspapers of the time would have carried the story of the missing Jesuit Priest. Sr. Francis contacted the Jesuits, and sure enough, this old weary man was the priest who had gone missing. As a gesture of thanks, the Jesuits sent a priest of their order for the Summer Retreat, free of charge, to the Sisters in Gort over a number of years.

There was a good deal of humour about in those days too. Gerard Keane tells the story of Patsy, the porter, bringing the bread by ass and cart from Mc. Carthy's bakery (Billy Kilroy's shop at present). Patsy is stopped on the bridge, and asked why he hasn't his name on the cart. The policeman holds the ass by the winkers- Patsy shouts

"Let the ass go Sir"

"Let that ass go Sir"

"He's a Government ass like yourself."

Gerard Keane also tells me that as a young man/boy he visited the Crib in the Workhouse. People from the town always visited the Workhouse Crib in those days. Maybe I'll stop with this memory of coming to visit the Crib - what better place for us to remember the message of the Crib, a message from a Saviour, who was God, humble, poor, human, and perfect in love.

Our sincere thanks to the Committee who have organised this Commemoration Ceremony.

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# An Interview with Stephen Gallagher

What age were you when you started playing hurling?  
Was there hurling in the school?

Had you real hurleys and sliotars and where did you get them?

I started playing on the Streets at the age of six, between Keane's Corner and the Forge. Later on we played in a field on the Ennis Road, a council field rented out to Mary Anne Stack. Also there was a wall outside the Tech. where Josie Kelly's is now - we used to hit the ball against that wall, it would come back to us and we would meet it and hit it back again. There was a similar wall at Jimmy Connor's house and we used to congregate there with our hurleys in the evenings banging the ball against the wall. As we got older we hurled on the road from the Pound to the Loughrea Road - there were few cars on the Street at that time. Later we graduated to Hardiman's field on the Loughrea Road and Carty's field in Rindifin, Barry's field and finally Lahiffe's field in Ballyhugh. As for hurleys, we used to cut ash makings along by the river and bring them down to Cahill's Sawmills in Coole to get them finished off. That time there was a harness maker called Sonny Reidy, who had a shop where O'Grady's is now and he sold hurleys and hurling balls for a shilling or two. We used to collect pennies from the shop keepers to buy balls and hurleys.

Tell us something about the great challenge matches between George's Street and Crowe Street, when you were a youngster.

When I was in National School the teacher I had was Michael Keating, a Clare man. He was goal-keeper for Gort at the time (late 30's early 40's). We used to organise challenge matches with Crowe Street. Crowe Street had players like the McNeill's, Michael Jordan, Cyril Piggott, Naoise Piggott, Pudney Piggott, Tommie Hughes, the Niland Brothers, Frank Glynn, the McNevin's, Wally Connors and Morgan Connor - a good team. We had myself, Vinnie Moloney, Dessie Fitzgerald, Jack Connors, Tom



Stephen and his wife Kathleen pictured during a recent visit to Gort.

Lambert, Paddy Mullins, the Cahill's, the Flanagan's, Paraic Hehir and Josie. We always seemed to beat Crowe Street. We used to play in Kinnincha and in Hardiman's field. There was great rivalry and there were always fights but nobody got hurt, it was just to settle school arguments!!

Was Club hurling strong in Gort when you were growing up?

Is it true that club matches tended to be a bit rough in those days?

Club matches were tough. Kilbeacanty and Ardahan had good teams. The main rivalry was between Gort, Ardahan and Kilbeacanty. I remember Gort playing Kiltartan when I was a child. The match was played in the field opposite Cahill's Mills. We walked to it by the river and Mattie Brennan brought me home on the cross bar.

Gort had a very good team at the time, Paddy Iclan, Colie Cooney, Tom Staunton, Mattie Brennan, Gerry Heenan, Mick Keating, Joe Glynn, Jack Deeley, Stephen Carty, Tom Guilfoyle from Scariff and Tom Vaughan. They were petering out when we came on the scene.

Club games were tough. Club matches got very little coverage even in the Connacht Tribune. When I started hurling for the Club we had the McNeill's, Joe Keane, Wallie Connors, Algie Connors, the Moloney's, the Hehirs, Tom Roche, Joe Cooney, the Howards, Thomas and Petie.

The Railway Cup Victory of 1947 - how important was that win to Galway? It is said that Seanie Duggan's display that day was possibly the best ever seen in Croke Park - would you agree?

Who were the other stars that day? That was a good victory for Galway. We beat a very good Leinster team in the semi-final. We scored the winning goal in the last minute and we beat an excellent Munster team in the final. Paddy Gantley gave an awesome display of hurling that day. Sean Duggan was excellent. The whole team played well. It was a big



Josie Kelly, Christy Carty, Paddy Burke at the Forge

shock for Munster, who had Jack Lynch, Christy Ring, the Powers and John Keane. Nobody gave Galway a chance but that's always when Galway are at their most dangerous.

Galway had Oirechtas Cup victories over Wexford in '50 and '52, but the first major honour in twenty years came in the League Final of '51 played in New York. According to the newspaper reports of that match the Gallagher brothers gave star performances. What do you remember of that match that Galway won by 3 points?

I remember the League Final of '51. Of course I was playing for New York that day. A lot of our players were over forty! Galway had a good young team - men like Joe Salmon, Johnny Molloy, Tadgh Kelly, Josie and Mickey Burke. New York had a pretty good team too - Terry Leahy was out here at the time but we weren't good enough on the day.

What sort of preparation did you do in those days for the big matches?

Who trained you and where did you train? Basically you did your own training - running and so on. Of course you went over to the field and on Sunday, Christy Carty would pick us up and go off to Cork etc. There was no official trainer, or Manager. Jack Whelan and Fr. O'Dea were always with us and basically they dictated what we were to do.

I'll have to ask you this! How would you rate your legendary brother Josie as a hurler?

To be honest with you, he was good - very good. For a guy who never practised he was unbelievable, especially as an overhead striker of the ball. The same way with a side line ball or a free - he always put it where he wanted it. I think he would have made a terrific goal-keeper, he had such a fantastic eye for the ball. It made no difference to him how the ball came to him, he could hit it. He was as good a player as there was around at that time. If he had practised as other people did, nobody could touch him.

Who were the other great hurlers of your era?

Well at Club level, we had Wally Connors, Brendan Moloney, Joe Cooney, Tom Staunton, Tadgh Kelly, Josie and the Hehirs.

At County level, Paddy Gantley, John Killeen, Fr Connie Boyle, Josie & Vin Bastion, Jim Brophy, Dick Quinn, Tony Brennan were outstanding. It was man to man hurling in those days and pull, pull, pull. There was no such thing as this lifting we have to-day.

What did the All Ireland win of 1980 mean to you?

I always say that when you have a good bunch from South Galway playing on the Galway team, you'll have a good County team.



Mrs Keane, Joe Keane's Mother.

In my day it was difficult for South Galway players to get on the team and from what I read in the Connacht Tribune its still the case to-day. Of course they should have won all the All-Ireland's of the eighties. Well at least four more than what they won. Management, I think, has a lot to answer for!

How do you rate the present team?

The present County team has to be re-vamped completely. Cyril Farrell is probably a good trainer but I believe he is not a good Manager - he doesn't know when to make changes. I was disgusted with what I saw in their match against Tipperary a fortnight ago. I blame management for it.

Do you think that hurling has improved since your own time or otherwise?

Are the players as skilful as they used to be? Players are faster, yes, but not more skilful. In my time players were able to use their hurleys better - they didn't have to handle the ball. Nowadays it's all 'lifting'. You see them trying to lift the ball even in a crowd. It's a nice game to watch, I must say, but I would prefer the pull and the overhead strike. Lifting and running with it is looking for trouble.

What other interests had you besides hurling?

Growing up in Gort was a pleasure. We had nothing but we had everything. In the Summer time we had swimming at the Mill, Cowboys and Indians with campfires and all, Hide and Go-Seek, Catching Colls - the games were endless. Of course we played pranks as well. During the war years, Vinnie Moloney and myself used to go catching rabbits over in Caherbroder. There was a movie house in Gort with a movie on one night a week - first of all in Crowe Street and later in Barrack Street. It cost six pence to get in - which was a lot of money for youngsters.

There used to be a dance in the Town Hall every Sunday night. The Leo Gannon Band from Loughrea used to play the music.

What year did you leave Gort and where did you go to?

I left Gort in 1946. I was asked to go to Dublin by a greyhound trainer called Ginger Murphy and I also worked for Paddy Carney from Tubber who had pigeons. I played hurling for Erins Own.

We were beaten in the Dublin County Final that year. I emigrated to Canada on 25th January, 1948 - Dev was coming through Gort that day with bonfires lit. I came to New York in 1950 and I've been there since.

How long did you continue to play hurling in the U.S.A.?

After I left the Service in '53 I played for three more years. I got married then. I got into Golf. the courses are fabulous and I really enjoy it. The weather here is wonderful for Golf. Finally I want to say how much I enjoyed my childhood in Gort - the hurling in the Street, the Cowboys and Indians, going to the nut-wood in the Autumn. You couldn't buy the fun we had - spinning the tops up and down the Street, rolling the hoops, visiting the Forge (an education in itself). Sometimes when I'm lying in bed at night, I go through all the streets of Gort in my mind and recall the people who lived there. Gort is prosperous now, not like when I was growing up there. One way or the other I would have to say there is no place like it.

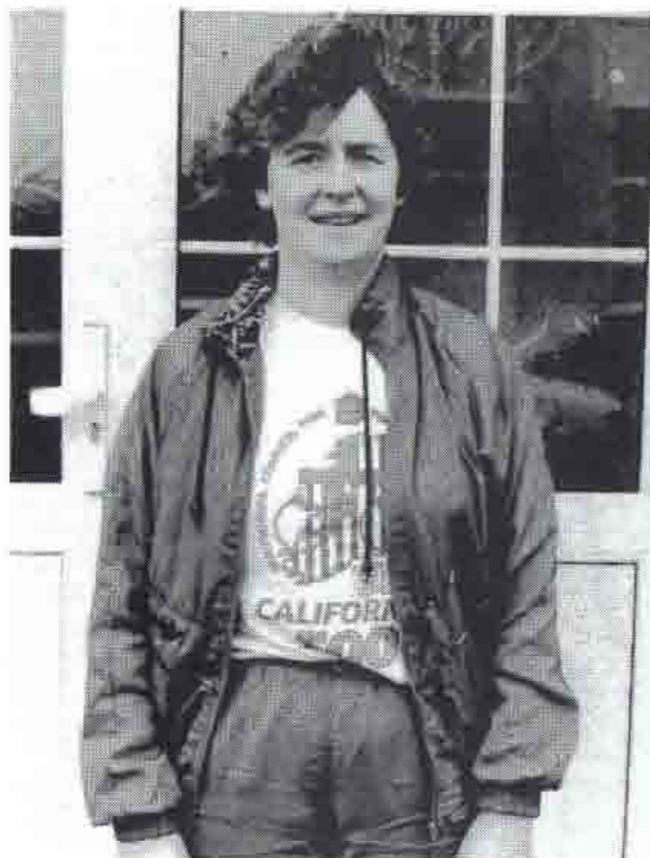


Christy Carty



# California 500

by Mary Coen



Mary Coen "California here I come!"

I purchased a new bicycle in May '91 and my first attempt at a charity cycle was from Galway to St. Colman's Cell, under a mountain on the beautiful Burren in County Clare, in aid of "Slanu" the Cancer Counselling service in Ballyloughane Road on the south side of Galway City. As an absolute amateur to cycling of any kind since I left the good Mercy Nuns in St. Joseph's in Gort in 1964 I was bitten by the cycling bug.

Following a conversation on night-duty about cycling for pleasure or charity, staff nurse Mary Hayes at U.C.H. Galway, who completed the MaraCycle Dublin-Belfast-Dublin (300 miles) over a weekend, gave me a leaflet entitled "California 500", saying, "Here is something that might interest you", that whetted my appetite for a cycle with a difference.

On reading that leaflet I was very surprised to learn that 1,000 people go blind in Ireland every year, that is an average of 3 per day. The cycle is in aid of The National Council for the Blind of Ireland (N.C.B.I.). This cycle is to take place from San Francisco to Los Angeles. The participants depart Dublin March 13th and return March 29th.

Now for Andrew Coen and I to go to California under normal circumstances, due to the number of dependent residents in our house, would not be attainable until we are eligible for the "Golden Years Holiday" for old age pensioners. After a family discussion I decided that in

volunteering to do the cycle I would be raising badly needed funds for the N.C.B.I. and having fun seeing the beautiful West Coast of America.

On August 26th, Andrew and I visited the Head Office of the N.C.B.I., P.V. Doyle House, Dublin where we were welcomed by Eamon Duffy, National Co-ordinator for the trip. Eamon, we soon realised, is a wizard with words and within one hour he had assured me that if Stephen Roche could make the team for the Tour-de-France I was on the team for California 500. He also convinced Andrew that all was lost unless he, Andrew, came as a driver (at his own expense). Eamon, secretly knowing that Andrew is a H driver, recognised that here was his driver for America. Forget your European drivers thought Andrew (one up on the Cassin lads) America here I come. The target was £2,500.00 by 14th February, 1992. I paid my £150.00 deposit thus committing myself for the job. Eamon also gave us some guidelines on methods of fundraising.

## Fundraising.

On Tuesday, 3rd September, I was generously given a "spot" on Clare F.M. with Ray Conway which gave me the opportunity to obtain the maximum publicity for the fundraising job ahead. This was very beneficial later when I was out selling raffle tickets. Then John Flatley of the Connacht Tribune and The Clare Champion, true to their excellent record in assisting the Gort and South Galway area with worthy news items, both published a photograph of Junior Minister Frank Fahey giving me a push on my fundraising way.

The official launch of California 500 took place at "Bad Bobs" night club in Dublin on 7th October in a blaze of glory with Nell McCafferty, journalist, broadcaster Richard Crowley and Ken Fogarty of R.T.E. All above are accompanying us on the trip to make a video and documentary of same.

Due to the enormous help I got from my family and friends from Ballinakill, Loughrea, all of South Galway, Ennis, Clarecastle, Ballinacally, Ballyvaughan, Rillanena, Thurles and London, 600 raffle tickets were sold for a draw. This was held at McCarthy's Lounge, Kilbeacanty on 23rd December with great music by P.J. Murrhy and the Bannermen.

The Junior Minister Frank Fahey welcomed Eamon Duffy from Dublin, Thomas Reilly, Development Officer, Gerry Kilmartin from Kinnegad and John Shaughnessy from Loughrea, both cyclists on the trip. A most enjoyable start was made to the Christmas festivities and with so many spot prizes to give away and especially the extra prize given by Frank Fahey, an evening dinner and overnight stay at the Burlington Hotel, Dublin, everyone went home happy. After the prizes and band were paid for I had a profit of £1,800.00. So the good work must continue if I was to make my dream a reality. The ultimatum was "No Target No Trip".

An offer of a premises and a band at a venue in Ennis had me "on my bike" like Supergran, targeting my ticket sales this time to friends I had known since 1988 - The One Mile Set-Dancing Club, Ennis. The help I got from Kieran Shanahan and friends, Pat Moroney and Liz made this night of set-dancing to the Bannerman a success, not forgetting Mary Howard and family for all their help. But if they can

set-dance in Clare we can also hold our own in Galway and for the final rally where else would we go only to Kilbeacanty again. Back to Florrie and Ann McCarthy with music by Shaskeen. There were set-dancers from Limerick, Ennis, County Clare, Galway City and County, from Dublin and even Stephen and Kathleen Gallagher came from New York. A new helper emerged at this function - Dan Fallon from Loughrea - who sold most of the tickets for the sixteen spotprizes I got so generously from all of the Galway City and South Galway area. The response I got in the town of Gort with my sponsorship cards was excellent. When all the money is counted I will have exceeded my target. What can I say only "Tá mé an bhuíoch do gach duine".

## Training

In conjunction with the fundraising I was also doing my training on the roads of South Galway and Clare to prepare myself for this "fun cycle". I'm sure it must be Eamon Duffy who named it "fun". With all of his 18 stone weight he never cycled in his life! But what must be done must be done and, as we have to complete 50 miles per day for 10 days, the Chief called and we were sent on 3 test cycles on Sunday, 2nd February, 1992 from Sutton Cross up to the top of Howth Head, a beaut to view but not to cycle. It really separated the men from the boys and needless to mention, as Brian Lenihan said, to the ladies "no problem". It is no wonder Gay Byrne wants to live up there, you have a view to eternity. Down with us again and away out by Malahide via Skerries, Balbriggan and back to Dublin where a welcome message and advice was given by Philip Kierans (our masseur) at The Marina Hotel, followed by a refreshing shower and beautiful dinner.

During the meal Eamon Duffy outlined the arrangements

and requirements for the trip and also showed a video of the route. It was an eye opener as the section of the Big Sur Mountain is pretty strenuous. Now Eamon Duffy is very organised thanks to his secretary Eleanor and he told us to get all our forms and photographs organised (a word I never heard of) and signed for our Visas to be processed on time (another phrase never heard of in our house) and get them up to him on Wednesday 18th February. On Monday everything was in order until I read the small print "please sign the 2 small photographs on the back". To my horror Andrew had not signed his and he ensconced in a warehouse in London and Mary in a panic in Gort. Four by Four was my only man in the shape of Frank McNamara Transport Manager at Cassin in Shannon. After a frantic phone call to him he duly informed me that Andrew would be in Dublin the following morning but if I wanted his signature I would have to travel to Portlaoise to meet him as he was not being allowed home!! Now if anyone should be locked up in Portlaoise it should have been me back in August, 1991 and none of this mess would ever have happened.

So at 9 a.m. on Tuesday, 17th February I set out with all appropriate papers and photographs for Portlaoise and two hours later after driving at 55 m.p.h. I walked into the Trucker Stop as my husband was having breakfast with two of his mates. I handed him the papers and photographs and said "If you are serious about this divorce you better sign here as I am finished following you around". He grinned and taking them he signed all. They were on their way to Dublin "on time", thanks to SwiftPost, I was on my way home to Galway a very relieved woman and Andrew was on his way to Cork to deliver his load of goods.

Well, California here we come, agus níl le rádh anois ach go n-éirí an bóthar linn.

# Gerard J. Burke

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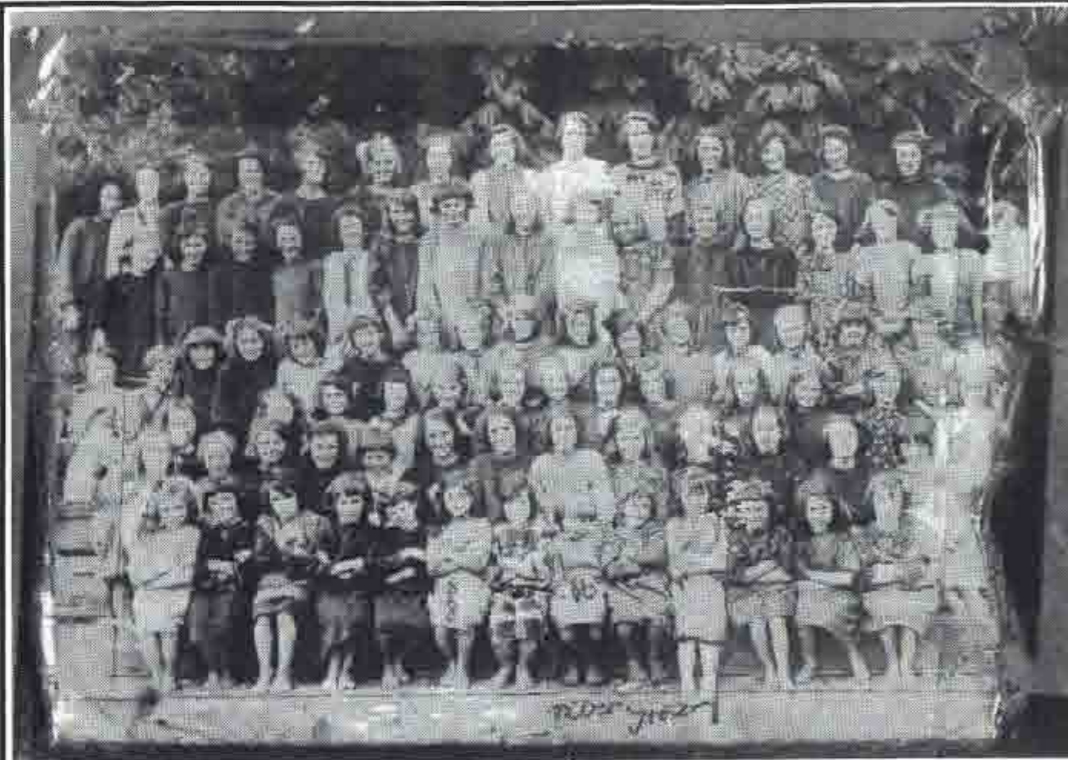
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● Pupils of the Girls National School in Lough Cutra, taken in 1925. Rows are in order, from back, left to right back row: 1 Ann Noone, 2 —, 3 Criss O'Neill, 4 —, 5 Ann Dolan, 6 Kathleen Kelly, 7 Rose Madden, 8 Lizzy Harte, 9 (?) Collins, 10 (?) Kelly, 11 —, 12 Annie Synnott, 13 —, 14 Mollie Noone; 2nd Row, from left (from back): 1 (?) Flanagan, 2 Annie Loughrey, 3 Brigid Blanche, 4 Maggie Noone, 5 Mary Fahey, 6 (?) Cooney, 7 (?) Collins, 8 Nellie Harte, 9 Brigid Whelan, 10 Mary Jane Brady, 11 —, 12 (?) Geoghan, 13 —, 14 —, 15 Tessie Perrill, 16 —; 3rd Row, from left (from back): 1, Mary Gillegan, 2 —, 3 —, 4 Bobby Loughrey, 5 —, 6 —, 7 —, 8 —, 9 —, 10 Delia O'Neill (R.I.P.), 11 Kathleen Simmott, 12 —, 13 —, 14 Eva Fogarty, 15 Mary Blanche, 16 —; 4th Row, from left (from back): 1 —, 2 —, 3 —, 4 Rose Dolan, 5 (?) Fitzpatrick, 6 Tilly Shaughnessy, 7 —, 8 —, 9 —, 10 —, 11 Agnes Harte, 12 Hanna Harte, 13 Brigid McMahon, 14 Nora Reilly; 5th Row, from left (from back): 1 —, 2 Mary Keane (?), 3 —, 4 —, 5 B. May Mahon, 6 Annie 'Mack', 7 Brigid 'Mack', 8 Helena Loughnane, 9 Mary Ann Reilly, 10 —, 11 'Nonie' Forde, 12 —, 13 —; 6th Row, from left (back row): 1 —, 2 —, 3 —, 4 (?) Keane, 5 Tess Keane, 6 Mary Geoghan, 7 —, 8 Kathleen Staunton, 9 —, 10 —, 11 —, 12 —, 13 —.

● Gort U-12 B Team, County Championship Winners 1991. Back Row (from left): Alan Loughrey, Ronan Hoarty, Justin McDermott, Seán Forde, Joe Egan, Michael Finn, Noel Walshe, Enda Linnane, Aiden Fahey, Thomas Fahey, Enda Stanford, Fergal O'Dea, Cathal O'Rourke, Christopher Fahey. Front Row: John Curley, Peter Howley, John Carr, John Killeen, Gordon Nolan, Andrew Dunne, Dermot O'Donohue, Ronnie Giblin, John Stanford, Pat Rodgers, Joe Fahey, Gerard Quinn, Aidan Giblin and Shane Murphy.



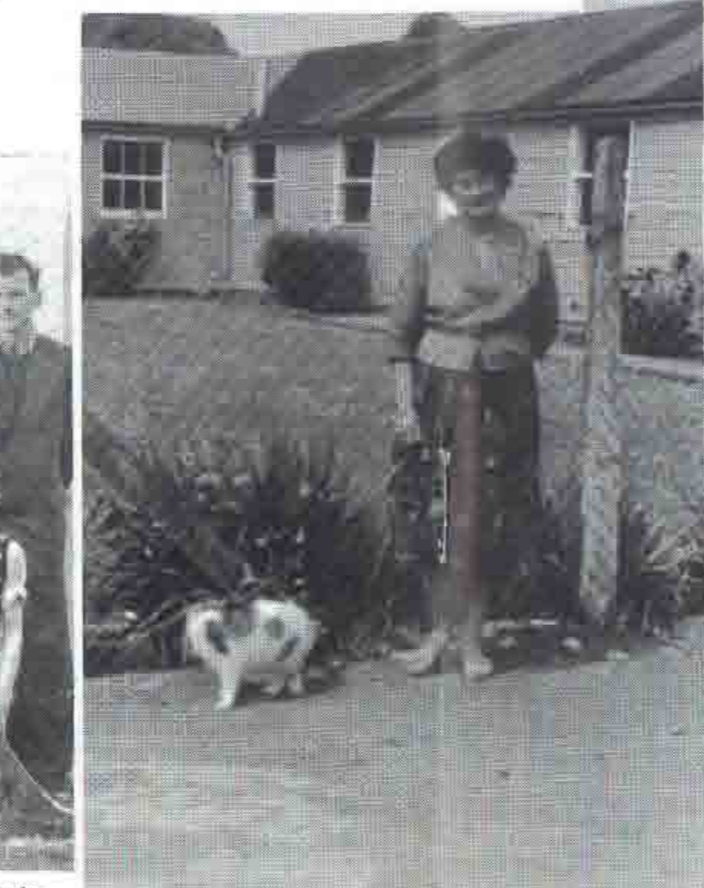
**PRESENTATION BY PAST PUPILS**  
● Three past pupils of Gort Boys' School presented a set of jerseys, shorts and socks to the school recently. Pictured at the presentation in Glynn's Hotel were (from left) Pearse Piggott, P. Conroy, Norman Rochford, P. Murray and Dermot Duffy.

**GORT, SOUTH GALWAY CHAMPIONSHIP WINNERS 1956**



● Back Row (from left): Joe Stanford, Vinnie McNevin, Christy Glynn, Brian Gilmartin, Paddy Cooke, Gerry Burke, Marty McGrath, Liam Gillane, Frank Lally. Front Row: Fr. Marty Kelly (R.I.P.), Mattie Sweeney, Colie Burke (R.I.P.), Paddy Quinn, Mossey Devlin, Gary Gillespie and Joe Cunniffe.

● Willie Quinn with the doll presented to his mother Ann Hawkins, Lisatuna in 1890.



● Mrs. Mary O'Shaughnessy, The Square, with her pet cat on a lead!

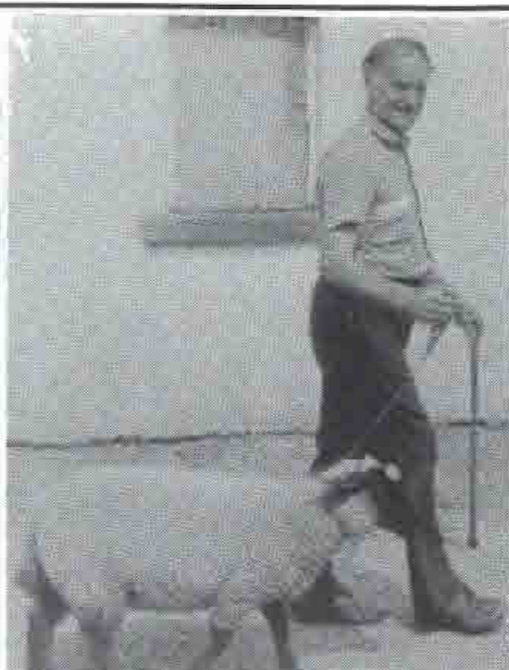


● Presentation by Jimmy Barry Murphy to Gort U-14 Team, Galway Co. Champions 1991. Back Row (from left): Michael Corbett, Seamus Walsh, Joe Flaherty, John Carr, Liam Forde, Enda Walsh, Martin Linnane, Seán Forde, Enda Linnane, Brian Coppinger, David Loughrey. Middle Row: James Fahey, Trevor Ryan, Cathal Moran, Shane Linnane, John Egan, Joe Egan, Garrett Nestor, Aidan Fahey. Front Row: Michael Finn, Thomas Fahey, Shane Cummins, Mark O'Connor, John Quinn and Colman Cooley.





● Val Hoarty and Junie Finnegan receiving the Structural Cup for Badminton from Committee members Seamus Killeen and Michael Roche, after they had defeated Fr. Frank Larkin and Tom Lambert in the final in the Town Hall, 1975.



● Tommy O'Shaughnessy, Crowe Street, Gort with his pet lamb on a lead.



● Gort team that defeated the Jess (Galway) in October 1970. Front (from left): Martin Halvey and Pearse Piggott. Second Row: John Waters, Michael Loughrey, Gerard Wallace, Eric Keane, Phonsie Mulcair and Joseph O'Connor. Back Row: Micheál Breathnach, Andy Murphy, Seán Mullins, Gerard (Pius) Flaherty, Gerard McInerney, Christy Monaghan (R.I.P.) and P. Conroy.



● Silver mounted hoof of 'Hard Times' (1896-1910), a horse owned by Lord Gough of Lough Cutra, and given to the late Martin Cahill of Lakefield, Gort, as a mark of appreciation for his service.



● Galway Co. League (U-15) Winners 1990-91. Front (from left): V. Kelly, H. Dolan (capt.), E. Conroy. Back: P. Flanagan, J. Rodgers, R. Costello, B. Murphy. Absent: Ivor Casey.



● Matt Murphy (winner), Men's Racquetball Competition, with Marie Gallagher, Manageress South Galway Community Centre, and John Howley (Runner-up).

# Sir William H. Gregory (1817 - 1892).

by Sr. de Lourdes Fahy.

Among the many famous anniversaries to be commemorated this year is that of Sir William Gregory of Coole Park who died on 6th March 1892. He was the great-grandson of Robert who purchased the Coole estates in 1768. Sir William's grandfather, William Gregory was Under-Secretary for Ireland 1812-1831. Sir William's father Robert Gregory lived at Coole the typical quiet life of an Irish sporting landlord. He married Elizabeth, daughter of his neighbour Robert O'Hara of Raheen, in 1815. Their only child, William, was born on 13th July 1817, in the Under-Secretary's Lodge, now the Papal Nunciature, in the Phoenix Park. 1841 was the first year he came to live in Coole Park.

He was supposed to be the cleverest boy at Harrow and sat next to the future novelist, Anthony Trollope. In 1837 he went to Christ Church, Oxford.

## His Political Career

William Gregory won a seat for Dublin as a Conservative M.P. in 1842 and retained his seat until 1847. He gained the esteem of such politically divergent men as Peel, Disraeli and O'Connell. His mother and the O'Haras were decidedly liberal in politics and enthusiastic advocates of Catholic Emancipation. He had a genuine admiration for "The Liberator" and he used often cross the floor of the House of Commons to talk to "old Dan" as he styled him. Sir William spoke in Parliament on behalf of the tenants in 1843. In 1846 he supported Robert Peel on the Repeal of the Corn Laws. He criticised British Government policy in Ireland during the Famine. He said that there was not a ton of Indian meal to be purchased in Galway though there were a thousand tons in the stores of the government in Galway.

Unfortunately, he is often remembered as "Quarter-Acre Gregory". During the Famine he proposed that a test be applied to ensure that no undeserving person got relief, that is the possessor of more than a quarter of an acre of land. This became law and is known as "the Gregory clause". It was done for humane reasons to ensure that the poorest would not die of starvation. His father caught famine fever and died in 1847. Shortly afterwards Sir William visited every holding on his estate.

In 1857 he was elected M.P. for Galway and shortly afterwards joined the Liberal party. The Bishop of Kilmacduagh and Kilfenora, Dr. Fallon, was one of his most ardent supporters. He even wrote his letters when Sir William was ill. His policy, that all stray children brought to the workhouse be brought up as Catholics, pleased the hierarchy.

Sir William was very interested in the Land Question. Even as far back as 1840 everyone of his tenants had a lease. He

approved of Gladstone's 1870 Land Act though he thought it was inadequate. He proposed the establishment of a Land Court and he was in favour of the tenants purchasing their holdings. He later declared, "It is curious enough that the Second Land Bill of Mr. Gladstone, in 1881, was founded entirely on the plan I suggested but with many mischievous additions. But, as usual every dealing with Ireland is too late".

In 1871 he was sworn in as a member of the Council of Ireland. At about this time he married a widow, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Clay M.P. In 1872 he was appointed Governor of Ceylon, now Sri Lanka. His wife died shortly afterwards and he made a visit to Coole

to see his mother in 1874. He spent more money on reproductive works than any other governor, doing much to stimulate the cultivation of coffee and tea and to improve the harbours of the island. A statue was later erected to his memory in Ceylon. The Prince of Wales - afterwards King Edward VII (1901-1910) visited Ceylon and Sir William was invested by the Prince with the Order of St. Michael and St. George. A photo, taken on 6th January, confirms this. Next day, 7th January his mother, aged 76, died in Ireland. Sir William retired from Ceylon the following year. Two years later he met Miss Augusta



A miniature of Sir William, c. 1850.

Persse of Roxborough while on holiday in the Riviera. They were married in St. Matthias's church, Dublin on the 4th March 1880. Their only child, Robert, the subject of Yeat's famous elegies, was born in 1881.

In his later years, Sir William did not take an active part in Irish politics. In general, he was opposed to Home Rule. He held that once the majority of tenants had become Landowners, Home Rule might safely be given, if, indeed, it was still desired. He was in London in December 1890, at the end of the Parnell divorce case. He remarked astutely: "Parnell suggests to me the idea of an avalanche, which at first carries everything before it and then melts away. The Catholic hierarchy that of a glacier, which slowly, imperceptibly almost, but irresistibly, forces its way, by its enormous bulk and weight, and its stealthy, continuous motion".

## Sir William and Coole

Sir William did not live much in Coole until after his father's death in 1847. He described his tenants to Daniel O'Connell as "the most lovable and loving people in the world". From various newspaper notes of the period it is obvious that there was great rapport between him and his tenants. On several occasions he gave a banquet to his tenants. In August 1880, exactly one month before the famous Boycott case in Mayo, he claimed that he was not



aware that a single capricious eviction had ever taken place on his estate. "Three fiddles and a piper were in attendance and dancing was kept up with great spirit till the morning". In Oct 1881 at the height of the Land War he stated: "I am quite safe at Coole, but all around me there prevails an absolute reign of terror".

Sir William reduced the rents in the 80s. His tenants were reluctant to join the Land League but much to his disappointment, they were coerced into doing so by outsiders.

#### Other interests

Sir William was always fond of racing. In 1841 he won £5000 by betting on "Coronation" who won the Derby. He was appointed trustee of the National Gallery by Disraeli. He bequeathed four pictures to the national Gallery - two Velasquezs, a Steen and a Salvade. The Dictionary of National Biography remarks that he was regarded as parliamentary expert on matters of art.

In 1860 he was appointed chairman of the Committee on the British Museum. The following year he had the satisfaction of throwing open the Botanic Gardens, Glasnevin, to the public on Sundays. He took the principal part in the purchase of the famous Tara Brooch which was found in a collapsed cliff in Bettystown, Co Meath.

In Kiltartan, however, he will be remembered as the person who leased the site for the old red brick schoolhouse at Kiltartan Cross, on 22nd August 1890. The school was

completed the year of his death, 1892. This historic building of cut limestone has a unique red brick portico influenced in style by the oriental architecture with which Sir William became familiar in Ceylon. As far as we know it is the only schoolhouse which is built according to this design. It is the last remnant of the Gregory connection and that is why our society - The Kiltartan Gregory Cultural Society is making every effort to restore it.

This man, whom Gladstone praised as "the most agreeable man I have ever known", died in London on 6th March, 1892. According to Lady Gregory, his last conscious words were: "We are all God's children, we must do our best to help one another". Among the first words of sympathy that reached Lady Gregory were messages from the children of Kiltartan N.S., the bishop and the priests of the diocese, the Sisters of Mercy Gort, the Board of Guardians of the Workhouse and the townspeople of Gort.

He was buried near Kiltartan on the 10th March. Though there was a snowstorm that morning, the coffin was carried from the first entrance gate by the tenants to the mausoleum. Prayers were recited by Archdeacon Daly. The Catholic bishop and local clergy were also present.

Last August, Gretta Cafferkey, Rena Mc Allen, Dr. Frank Noone and myself had the pleasure of meeting his granddaughters of "Me An Nu" fame, Anne de Winton and Catherine Kennedy. They are worthy descendants of Sir William and they are giving their generous and whole-hearted support to the restoration of Kiltartan School.

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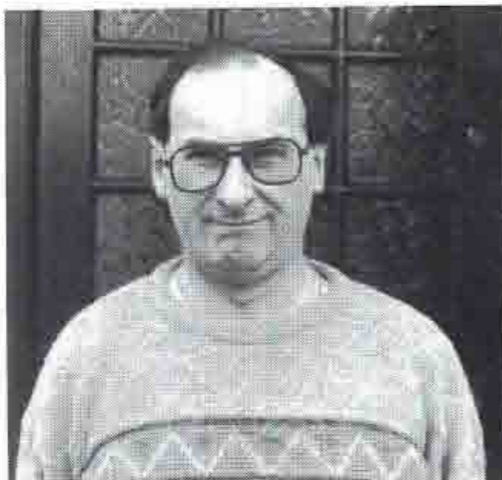


# The Silence of God

Rev. John P. Mahon

A new film, **Black Robe**, based on Brian Moore's novel, has just been released in Ireland. It raises some very pertinent questions regarding the role of a missionary today.

Brian Moore, who is probably Ireland's greatest living novelist, has adapted the screenplay from his own novel written in 1985, the year before Robert Bolt's **The Mission**, which dealt with the not dissimilar adventures of Catholic missionaries in 18th century South America. Brian Moore's film, set in 1635 in Canada, where the climate is colder, but the



Fr. John P. McMahon

problems remain the same. Father Laforgue, a French Jesuit missionary asks about the Algonquin Indians 'If we do not change them, how can they enter heaven?' Newly arrived from France, he is faced with the brutal cold of a Quebec winter as he sets out by canoe to bring Christianity to the 'savages'. When faced at the end of the film with the possibility of death, he tells his companions 'Show your mercy to the savages, people who will never look on your face in paradise.' At the end, he realises the madness of his mission 'What can we say to people who think dreams are the real world and this one an illusion?'

The Algonquin Indians name the priest **Black Robe**. They neither read nor write, and believe that Father Laforgue is commanded by the clock that they have watched strike the hour in the mission. They cannot comprehend the Western way of life - in their eyes, logic is upside down. Nevertheless, the Algonquin Indians seem reasonably friendly as they accompany Laforgue on his 1,500 mile trip to his mission. But the Iroquois, further upstream prove extremely nasty.

In the film, the scenery and photography are breath-taking as Laforgue makes his perilous journey upstream to confront the bloodthirsty Iroquois tribe. During the journey Moore introduces the two main themes of his film - admiration for the individual zeal of the missionary in preaching the faith, and secondly, the author's pessimism about the possibility of having or maintaining belief.

Brian Moore describes himself as an agnostic, who nevertheless has a deep admiration for the authentic Christian spirit, and says that he himself envies those who have certainty of belief. His agnosticism was influenced by his schooling in St. Malachy's College, Belfast, whose ethos he describes as very harsh, clerical and old-fashioned.

This kind of Catholic education in the 1930's in retrospect seems nightmarish. He was frequently caned for academic failure as well as misconduct. Belief can mean anything an individual holds dear, an ideal, an inspiration, a goal, but it can also mean religious belief, but his hostility to religion

and to Catholicism in particular has gradually disappeared and he now sees spiritual faith, not only as another form of belief but as the highest kind there is.

In **Black Robe**, Father Laforgue is no mystic, but he is zealous. His zeal takes the form of a desire for martyrdom. He is unafraid of facing the most horrible tortures and sufferings in order to serve his God. He has made solemn vows as a Jesuit, and finds those vows sorely tested as he watches his un-ordained French companion Daniel making love to the daughter of the Algonquin

chief. Yet it is Daniel, who because of this intimate connection, acquires a better understanding of the Indians and tells Laforgue 'They are true Christians - they live for each other and they have an afterlife of their own.' This deafness, which endures for much of the journey is symbolic of his capacity not just to hear but to understand anything of the Indians' language or of their culture and beliefs. He is, as a reviewer pointed out, 'dedicated to the idea of his own martyrdom'. He sees himself as a potential saint. He has a messianic compulsion: 'he had prayed in nightly vigils that he would be the chosen one... And now his prayers have been answered. Today he set out for that place where martyrdom was more than a pious hope. This is my hour. This is my beginning.'

Laforgue, though genuine and sincere, sees only two elements in his life and work; God and Father Laforgue doing God's will. The work itself plays a very minor part. He represents the Church; he both belongs to it and is of it. In **Black Robe**, the Church as an institution is well meaning but blind. The Indians are not so blind. Though they scoff at Christian beliefs, nevertheless they recognise that Christians have a coherent alternative set of values and beliefs.

Because of his inability to understand the Indian culture, Laforgue questions his own faith, and in doing so discovers the bigotry and intolerance that lies within himself. We know, and nowhere better than in Ireland, that all bigotry is ultimately based on fear. When the Indians plead at the end of the film to baptise all of the tribes during a catastrophic outbreak of illness, Laforgue goes through a crisis of faith. He goes outside feeling only the silence of God in the tabernacle. As he loses belief, he performs the rituals. The Indians hope uncomprehendingly. Then Laforgue discovers what has been missing from his mission all along:

*'And a prayer came to him, a true prayer at last.  
Spare them. Spare them, O Lord.  
Do you love us?  
Yes.'*

# As I remember it

by Fr Frank Quinn

Fr Frank Quinn recalls his youth and his first appointment to Auckland, New Zealand.

(The second part of his article will appear in the next issue.)



Fr. Frank Quinn (left) with Fr. Lavelle, Falls Road, Belfast.

When I was a small boy, I went for my summer holidays to the farm owned by my uncle, Peter Daley. It was a small district located between Killimor and Eyrecourt, and I loved going there - it was a very nice district and the inhabitants were grand people. The most of them were inter-related, because they were transferred from the village of Derrybrien by the Irish Land Commission in order to give them a piece of land better than they had in their native village. Most of them were poor and so they enjoyed the transfer from the heather and fern country to a new territory that was fertile, already fenced and provided with new homes and outbuildings. Each holding had a good water supply and was also given an everlasting piece of peat country where the annual supply of turf could be harvested and gathered into shelter sheds for winter heat and firing. They farmed well in their new environment and their homes became the central attraction for the people who lived around Portumna, Eyrecourt and Killimor. The river Shannon flowed nearby and some of the land that was dry during Summer was let to the new settlers, where they grazed more stock and gave their own small farms a chance to recuperate during the Spring and Summer and also gave them more space to grow crops etc. I visited every home in the area and entered into the life and sport of the district. I really loved the area, and my uncle was very, very good to me.

## My trip to Templemore

I have very happy memories of the occasion when he told me that we would be going to Templemore at the weekend. We would catch the horse and get the Jaunting Car ready and four of us would travel on the Sunday. We started early on Sunday morning, crossed the Shannon at Portumna,

turned right and passed through the territory on the Eastern side of the river, went through Cloughjordan and on to Templemore. This town was all decorated with flowers, flags, bunting, lighted candles - an altar was ready in the middle of the main street and fully decorated ready for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the mid-afternoon.

We passed through the town and on to the house where the Blessed Virgin was supposed to have appeared to a man named Walshe and gave him directions and messages for the people. We did not see Walshe. We were not told anything about him. When we went to the house, we entered one room and there were crutches, walking sticks, belts, spectacles, all left behind by people who had visited

the place, prayed to the Blessed Virgin and walked away cured of their sickness and ills. We went to another room - could be called the kitchen - and there we saw the water that was flowing from the spot where Our Lady stood. There was a container of water sitting on a table and everyone took some in a bottle and blessed themselves.

We then went to the site on the mountain where Our Lady stood and got a paper bag of sand, which we took away as a souvenir. I remember taking some sand home to my mother and she kept it, and put a pinch occasionally where she thought it would do good. The faith of the Irish mother was so pronounced that this sand was equal to the sand that was spread around the gates of heaven, when the people arrived for their eternal reward!

The Sunday at Templemore was drawing to a close, and we attended the Rosary and Benediction in the town on the way home. There seemed to be thousands of people there - all praying and singing. We were not far out of the town area when we overtook a donkey and cart stopped on the roadside. There were five people having something to eat. My uncle asked them where they lived and they said they were going home to Kinvara. He thought they were joking - but no, indeed. They had left Kinvara ten days before that and they expected to be home again in another five or six days. This is the faith that could move mountains and indeed as far as they were concerned, they had paid their respect to the Blessed Virgin and no one could tell them that she had not appeared there.

On we went and it did not seem very long until we were back in Cloughjordan. We saw four young men playing hand-ball in the alley and there seemed to be an air of disturbance around. Presently we were stopped on the road



by four men in uniform, each carrying a rifle, the trigger cocked at the ready, and the question asked - 'Who are you?', 'Where are you coming from?', 'Where are you going to?' A middle-aged priest appeared from a house near the road and an argument started about what I do not know. I remember the priest saying - "Please allow these good people to go their way". Then much to my amazement (I was very young - about 11 years) I was looking into the barrel of a rifle - I never did that before - I never did it since. They were members of the Black and Tans!! They wore Khaki trousers, black tunics, black berets and they were only in Ireland for about a week!! However to cut a long story short we were allowed to go and we got home about 8.30 p.m.

My Uncle did not talk very much. He asked me if I prayed at Templemore and I told him 'I did' - he came back with more questions :- 'And what did you pray for?' I told him, 'I asked Our Lady to make me a priest.' He was pleased with the answer. That was the end of my trip to Templemore.

Back to school for the next term. Michael Tuohy was the headmaster at Tieraneven School. He was a lovely man and took an interest in all the boys, I remember him asking me what I was going to be when I grew up. I told him that I would like to be a Priest, but I did not think I could make it. My father was poor and could not afford to pay for me. Later on during the week, Mr Tuohy asked me would I like to sit for a scholarship. I really did not know what that meant - so he explained it to me - and told me that I could sit for

the Edward Martyn Scholarship and if I got on alright, I could go to St. Mary's College. I got the Scholarship.

### All Hallows

My next important action was to enter All Hallows College, Dublin. I arrived there with thirty-eight others in September 1925. I did my studies and exams and was ordained on June 21st, 1931. At my entry into All Hallows, the Martyn Scholarship had ceased and I was worried lest my parents would not be able to keep payments up. At the end of my second year in Dublin, things changed very suddenly. Bishops were appearing on all sides looking for candidates for the Priesthood, and there appeared at All Hallows a Wexford man who was Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand. His name was Henry William Cleary. He interviewed many students and fourteen volunteered to go to New Zealand when we were ordained and work for this good Bishop who was in charge of the Diocese of Auckland. We spent six years in study at All Hallows College - Canon Law, Philosophy and four years of Theology. During that time we attended many lectures and meetings, taught Catechism at Artane under the supervision of the Christian Brothers, attended the Legion of Mary, listened to Frank Duff, Edel Quinn, visitors from overseas, the St Vincent de Paul society, Apostleship of the sea, studied under Frank Fahy of the Abbey Theatre, Vincent O'Brien for music and singing and many others including Father Denis O'Flynn, a very notable Irish scholar who did most of the correcting work for Rev. Patrick Dineen.

After ordination, there was a short holiday with our people and then most of the young priests left for overseas and began their life work in foreign lands. They could be found from Brazil to Alaska, across from Newfoundland to Honolulu, through the Pacific islands to New Zealand, across the Tasman sea to Australia, a vast continent, fourteen times the size of Germany proper, on to Africa, India, Japan, the Philippines. Was it any wonder that the Holy Father speaking to Ireland during the Congress in 1932 said - "You are like the presence of God everywhere doing good." I left my native land on September 5th 1931. My mother kissed me "Good Bye" and said with tears in her eyes - "Good luck and may God bless you". I thought of Pearse when he wrote to his mother just a few hours before the end. -

*"Lord thou art hard on mothers;  
we suffer in their coming and their going."*

I never saw my dear mother again - may God rest her - because she deserved a rest

### From Roo to Auckland.

My Father, as usual, was ready waiting for me. He was to drive me to catch the train at Gort and start my journey to New Zealand. We did not talk much on the way. The tears rolled down at the railway station and he seemed broken when I kissed him on the cheek. From then on I was on my own. I was to meet three classmates and take the boat to New Zealand. One was Fr Malachy Lynam from Mullingar; number two was Fr Jack O'Reilly from Cork; the third was Fr Michael McCormack from Ardrish, Kilfenora; and we were to meet two Postulants for the Sisters of Mercy and look after them en route. We travelled from Southampton on the "Rangitata" through the Panama Canal. It took us just on seven weeks to do the trip and when we arrived in Wellington N.Z. we were met and welcomed by a Monsignor Connolly who cared for us for two days and one night. When we arrived in Auckland (our destination) after a fourteen hour rail trip there was no-one to meet us, and I would not like to tell you what we thought of that reception!!

We went to meet the Bishop of Auckland the following day and received our first appointments. I was asked to act as assistant Priest at the Cathedral of St Patrick. The other priests there were Rev L.T. Burton, Adm; Fr P. McKeefy, Bishop's Secretary; Fr F. Bennett; Fr F. Buckley (retired); Fr S.G. Gardiner ordained a week before Christmas 1931. I was allotted a territory for visitation and I visited every house there twice per annum for five years. Fr Buckley, even though retired did all the visitation of the poor and every day left the Cathedral at 9 a.m. and returned barefooted for luncheon around 1.00 p.m. He gave his shoes away and sometimes his socks! He was the first priest ordained in Auckland and came out from his native Kerry at the invitation of the Bishop, so that the people of Auckland could see an ordination. He was accompanied by his mother who left her native Kerry to be present at the ordination of her son in St Patrick's Cathedral at Auckland. What a

wonderful priest he was. He even collected beer bottles along the streets in order to get a few pence to help the poor of Auckland. Times were bad and thousands were out of work and such conditions continued until the end of the major depression in 1936, when the first Labour Government was elected in New Zealand.

Towards the end of 1934 I was requested by the Bishop of Auckland to start the Catholic Boy Scouts in the Auckland Diocese. I was not particularly in love with the appointment, but having the desire to be obedient, I acceded to the request and set up a group of Catholic Boy Scouts in eight parishes around Auckland City. It took up a lot of time - every evening after school I visited the parishes and put the Boy Scouts through their training. When I had finished this work, I was asked by the Bishop to take charge of the Parishes one by one from which the Mill Hill Fathers were transferred to other centres, and any work consisted of a full report on the state of religion, number of Catholics, whether there was Catholic Educational facilities, the approximate numbers attending Holy Mass on Sundays, the condition of buildings and indeed a report on every aspect of Catholic life. When I had finished this work and given my report to the Bishop, I was asked to give a holiday to four Irish priests who had not seen their native land since their arrival in New Zealand. I was pleased to co-operate in this task because I saw a lot of new territory, met many lovely people and got a real insight into New Zealand family life.

Then the change had to come. I was asked to take control of the Parish of Cambuije and in doing so, I undertook the responsibility of helping to financially provide for the former Parish priest who had retired and was living in Ireland. It was not an easy task to shoulder as the war had just started and all able-bodied men were called up for military service, and so my new Parish was left without the presence of many men - only women and children left!! With the absence of the breadwinners and a very big number of boys and girls, it was not easy to run a Parish and develop territory that had been neglected somewhat since the land was purchased by Archbishop Croke in 1871 and he had left the Diocese of Auckland in 1874. Hence through the scarcity of priests and the sporadic visits to the territory of many missionaries who came and went, not much work was done to develop the Church property. A Benedictine priest named Fr Luck came to the district and kept himself occupied by being the local Blacksmith. His brother was the Bishop of Auckland consecrated in 1882, and died there in January 1896. While he was alive he asked his brother to make the furniture for the Bishop's house and to carve an altar for the Parish of St Benedict's parish in Auckland City. Visitors to New Zealand still admire his work and it is still in use. He also supplied altar breads to the Priests of the Diocese. I was privileged to discover the machine which he made to provide altar breads and I presented that to Archbishop Liston as one of the priceless treasures of the early days in the life of the Church in New Zealand.

Another interesting aspect of Father Luck's life was the fact that all the Priests of the territories rode their horses to have them shod by Father Luck. There were no motor-cars in those days and very few roads. Hence the horse was ridden across country and took everything in its stride!!

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## Poetry

### What you are

Accepting people for what they are  
Seems way beyond the earth and far  
Beyond man's acting layer  
Why do people stop and stare?

Malevolent eyes hide everywhere  
Waiting for the hour to tear  
Blinding strips off timid fellows  
Burning them with fuming bellows.

You're quiet and natural, being yourself  
Why placed upon a mocking shelf?  
Wearing kindness, thought and grace  
Why the silk, the pearls and lace?

The reason for those who ridicule  
Is just the worst of being cool,  
Or perhaps delight in being cruel  
And being a callous thoughtless fool.

But I can't judge these people fair,  
Perhaps beneath they really care,  
But accept those people we should do  
Those people may be me or you.

Sandra Barry (aged 14).

### Count your Blessings

When days are dark  
and times are drear  
And all our hearts  
could use some cheer,  
It might help if we recall  
God's many blessings to us all.

To see the golden sunset  
that flames the western sky,  
The silver shining dewdrops  
on a spider's web so fine,  
Or the sparkling stars on a cloudless night,  
Thank you God, for the gift of sight.

To hear the lonesome curlew's call  
on a misty twilight evening,  
The babble of the little stream  
as it hurries to the river.  
To hear the lilt of song appealing,  
Thank you God, for the gift of hearing.

To taste the lovely cup of tea,  
the first one of the morning,  
To taste the salt of the Summer sea  
with the waves around you breaking,  
Or the taste so fine, of a good French wine,  
Thank God for the gift of taste that's mine.

To smell the rose, with its rich sweet scent,  
Or the hay in a new-mown meadow,  
The homely smell of fresh baked bread  
that's hot out of the oven.  
Or the clean pine smell in a woodland dell,  
Thank you God, for the gift of smell.

The sense of touch, that means so much  
In the giving and receiving,  
It can do so much for the heart that hurts  
or the soul that's sadly grieving.  
No need for words, just a gentle touch,  
Thank you God, for the gift of touch.

So when this mad world gets you down,  
And troubles come a tumbling,  
Count your blessings and don't frown  
And for heaven's sake stop grumbling.

Pat Fitzgibbon.

### The Election of a President

The posters now have all gone up  
You see them everywhere  
From Donegal to Sally Hall  
And back again to Clare  
The streets are full of canvassers  
All rushing in a hurry  
To pave the way to Polling Day  
For Mary, Brian or Currie

And now the day has come at last  
Our Town Hall is the Station  
To pick one out, and cast your vote  
For a leader of the nation  
You may scratch your head, a thousand times  
And still be in a flurry  
You don't know who, what can they do?  
Either Mary, Brian or Currie

O Mother Ireland give us strength  
So I can keep my mind  
And not let loose, this hard abuse  
That's building up inside  
A little island such as ours  
Should never have to worry  
If the person in the Park  
Is Mary, Brian or Currie.

Seán Leahy



### A Catty Mood

Pussy, purrs, purrs, purrs,  
Pussy is happy, Pussy does not care,  
Pussy's claws paper tear  
Pussy purrs himself to sleep.

Pussy's angry, Pussy rages,  
Pussy's like hungry lions in cages  
Meow! Hiss! Scratch! Spit!  
Pussy's angry, Pussy won't sit.

Pussy's mad, Pussy's bad  
Pussy wants to go, to hunt and explore,  
Any of these moods my Pussy's in,  
Pussy's my Pussy and I love him.

Mary Hawkins

### Modern Night

Lights flashin'  
Music thrashin'  
People dashin'  
Drink splashin'  
Girls chattin'  
Boys matchin'  
Everyone watchin'  
Rhythms catchin'  
Paraded fashion  
Comments passin'  
Drunks harassin'  
Others lashin'  
Someone advancin'  
Let's go dancin'  
Each fancyin'  
As they are prancin'!

Noise stops  
Ears pop  
Head hops  
Feet still bob.  
Still half tight  
Even after a bite  
Oh! theres a fight  
Need a light;  
Gee what a sight  
I even might  
That wouldn't be right  
Boy, what a night!

Fidelma Larkin.

### As I lie here waiting

I lie here waiting,  
Waiting for sleep  
To take me away  
Into its realms,  
So that I may rest awhile,  
But do I rest?

Inside my head  
Thoughts still flash  
Across eternity:  
How many dreams  
Do I live,  
How many lives  
Do I dream,  
Are my dreams really dreams?  
Will I ever know  
If I am awake or asleep,  
Living or dreaming?

As I lie here waiting  
I wonder  
What I'm waiting for?!!

Fidelma Larkin.

### A New Hat

My "Singer" hums and whistles,  
The dagger finger lasers through  
Individual velvets,  
Unctuously demanding a union,  
The despot moves with agility and  
purpose in its' rising and falling,  
Rising and falling, ...  
A monarch among machines.

All at once, heir against rebel,  
The throne divided by the sharp  
Blades of civil fury,  
Cutting each other down without mercy.  
Murdered threads lie in unmarked  
Graves as the fallen foe  
Hides from his hell, hides from his hell ...  
This scissors caused hysteria in dystopia.

Once more, my "Singer" chants,  
Tranquility after turmoil as calmness  
Comes after the storm,  
Repairing and preparing once again,  
Mistakes are amended and my  
Scissors reprimanded for  
Its play on my emotions, playing on my emotions ...  
For feeding fears and frustrating fury.

All at once, satisfaction regained.  
My dress rehearsal is crowded with  
mirrors and mes' as I gaze and stare ...  
At my own creation.  
Patchwork of costumes, lopsided weave looms  
and personal touch that are  
Characteristics of charisma,  
My array of frayed fringes and flamingo feathers.

"Leon Scott".

### Along Life's Pathway

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

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

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


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

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

Along the path of life there's strewn  
The oft recurring stumbles;  
'Twould be a funny life indeed  
Without it's share of grumbles.

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

W.M. Quinn.

  
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## Pantomime in Gort.

by Marion Fahy

This year, Gort and District Musical Society staged our eleventh successful production "Mother Goose".

The show went on stage to packed audiences for five nights and one matinee, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended.

Comedy played a major part in this year's show with scenes ranging from a bare-all (well nearly!) striptease to a Mafia style break in. Our local and not so local public representatives did not escape too lightly, either.

With the choice of music ranging from Strauss to the Commitments, every ear was catered for. This combined with some fabulous dance routines, made for some very spectacular viewing.

Music is a marvellous medium knowing no barriers. The Musical Society is open to all and eager to embrace whosoever comes along as involvement in the Musical Society is always intended as relaxation. Since 1981 committees have steered the Society from show to show. Apart from this the Society has involved itself in fund raising events, tours and walkabouts. When the final curtain is drawn in a production there is relief but often regret. The closed season gives everybody the chance to do what they wish. Each year one will hear a participant in the show declaring publicly that "this is definitely my last year". It never ceases to amaze me after the Summer break that these are the very people you will find at rehearsals rarin' to go. There can be times when morale is low but this is an accepted part of getting the show on the boards. Happily the Society in it's eleven years has not failed to stage a production.

One is tempted to name names but it has always been an accepted unwritten rule that the person who is seen to have the least input into the production is equally as important as the person playing the leading role and this I feel is one of the reasons the Society has survived as it has. Another reason would possibly be that on the administrative side there has been an insistence that the chair revolves annually which allows for fresh ideas and approaches.

Gort has had a long tradition of Pantomime. This is a musical area and it was always my hope that there would come a time when the people of the town and district would never know what it was like not to have had an annual Pantomime or Musical. Family entertainment is an important constituent of present day life.

Gort & District Musical Society has had a good eleven years and has brought joy and laughter to young and old alike. What the years have in store no one can tell but as Shakespeare said ...

*"If music be the food of love - Play on"*.

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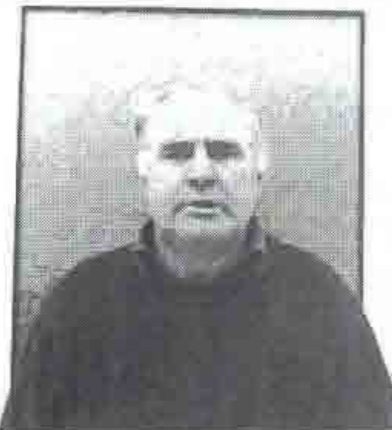


**Gach Dea Ghuidhe**



## The legendary Martin Egan of Shanaglish

by Stephen A. Killeen



Stephen Killeen

In an athletic career that started with a humble beginning at a sports meeting in Tubber, little did Martin Egan know or the man from Feakle who asked him to join the Feakle Athletic Club, that for the next ten years and beyond the name Martin Egan would become a household name whenever athletics came up, be it

in middle distance or cross country running.

Martin won his first All-Ireland Medal in 1939, a Junior Cross Country and Senior All-Ireland in 1940 when Feakle won the Club Championship, not bad for a young lad starting his first season in Cross Country. For the next 3 years Martin went on to win many Clare Senior Track and Cross Country Championships. He also won the All-Ireland senior Cross Country in 1942 and 1943. He also won the 10 miles Flat Championship in 1943. During this time he would have to cycle from his home in Shanaglish to Tulla to meet up with the car that would take him and others to wherever the race was held, that night maybe after attending a dance (yes they used to have some fun) cycle back to Snanaglish and be up again in the morning to do the chores.

In those days you could do anything or go anywhere as long as you were there in the morning to do the work on the farm or go out to work if you had a job. Times were hard. You could buy a lot for £1 but to get the £1 was the problem! No handouts in those days. With the war on in Europe things were getting worse.

### Shanaglish A.C.

Martin joined Gort Athletic Club for the 1944 Cross Country season. Martin won the 3 and 4 mile Championship also. It was in 1944 he helped the formation of the Shanaglish Athletic Club with Hugh Loughnane RIP, Lal Forde RIP, Big Anthony Flanagan RIP, Mattie Kelly RIP, Mattie O'Brien RIP (Boxeen) as he was known, a wonderful tradesman and Mike Murray. The first meeting was held in Whelans Flour Store in candle light as Lal Forde often recalled.

They held their first sports in May of that year in Whelans

field just beside the Garda Station. There were three small fields and the late Michael Whelan RIP gave the Athletic Club permission to take away the dividing walls.

This job fell to Big Anthony and Boxeen O'Brien and for their hard labour it was proposed in the minutes to give each a plug of tobacco. Ever since its known as the sports field and the sports have been held there every year since. This scribe remembers the big crowds in those early days, one will never forget the duels between the Christies of Dublin and the Mannions of Lought in the cycle races. I remember an occasion when there were 3 heats for the one mile cycle. Martin had the first permit granted by the Gardai to collect at local fairs to buy the prizes for the sports. Any athlete who won a prize in those days at Shanaglish would really treasure it because the cream of the crop would be competing.

### New Record

The highlight of Martin's career must be his record run in the 4 mile Championship on the 4th August 1946 in Dundalk on that memorable day when he broke the record for the 4 Mile Flat in 19 minutes 38.35 sec. The old record had been held for 59 years. He cycled to Athenry, got the train to Dublin on Saturday and to Dundalk on Sunday and back to Athenry on Monday evening, up on the bike and cycled back to Snanaglish. Some achievement! In 1946 he won the 8000 metres, 4 mile, 2 mile, 3 mile, 5 mile plus County and Connacht medals and the many trophies he won competing at sports all over the country. By now he had Shanaglish on the map.

Martin moved to Tipperary to work. He joined Kickham Athletics Club, Coolquill. He won a County Cross-country Championship with his new Club in 1947. 1948 came and looking back it was a bit sad for Martin. The I.O.F. sent the

National Singlet (with number on the back) saying he was picked to run in White City in the 8000 Metres, but because of controversy at the time it was thought that runners would not be let run, Martin did not travel. The same thing happened to the late Dr Pat O'Callaghan RIP, in 1936 when he did not go to Berlin.

Martin continued to compete and win many titles in track and Cross Country up until 1956 when he won a senior medal with Galway. In my book he was one of the most powerful runners I have seen in my lifetime coming from a parish with so much talent in athletics in the past. It is sad that no one is competing now. Very sad indeed.

The late Tim Smith, a World Cross Country winner himself, once said, "You could stand at any cross-road in

Shanaglish and the first 6 men to come along, you could bring them, and they would win a Cross Country race anywhere!" I will conclude now wishing Martin many more happy years tending his lovely flock of Galway sheep, and also the 'Guaire'. Long may they continue!



Martin Egan in his Heyday

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# Aunt Julia and Uncle Moss

by Seán Leahy

My fondest memory of my Aunt Julia and Uncle Mossy is a little bit clouded, although it was there I usually spent six weeks of my summer holidays, when I was a boy. Julia was a lean single woman, while Mossy was a robust bachelor, tending to be funny in peculiar ways. When I say peculiar, I mean he laughed at small things, that to me at my young age, were not funny. Julia on the other hand was stern, sharp, and very much to the point. I being the point at most times, as I had been left in her care, for the duration of my holidays.

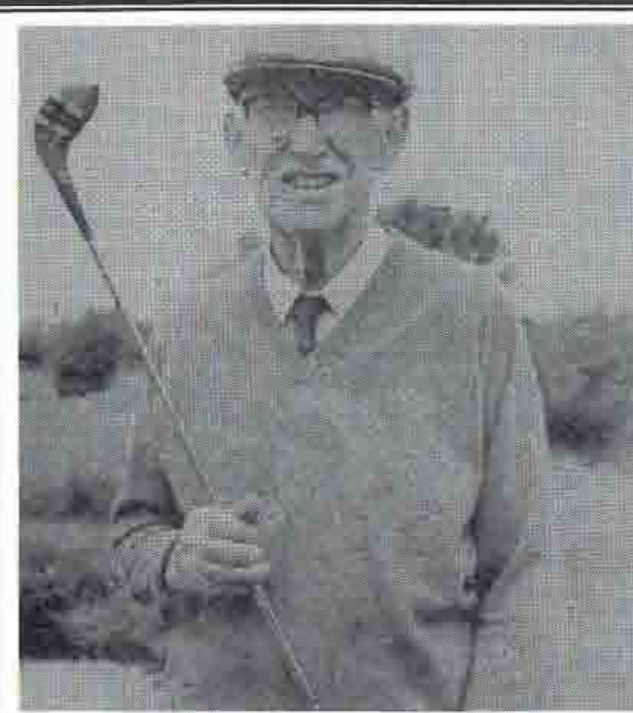
Their house was at least four miles from the nearest village, situated between a mountain and a bog, with all the trimmings of a small farm, that boasted of three cows, twenty one hens, one pig and a calf or two. Hay making was the first priority, the second being the bog, both I detested with the deepest feeling. Not that I resented working a while in each, but I drew the line at working on a Sunday and most week nights till nine o'clock.

Mossy played the fiddle, not well, but you could recognise the tune as he drew the bow backwards and forwards across the strings! Mossy could never play the fiddle with his false teeth in, for when he pressed his jaw to the instrument for support, his dentures popped out. So whenever you saw Mossy with his teeth out, he was either going to play or he was on his way to bed. Julia on the other hand always took her teeth out to have her meals placing them casually on her lap, inches from Daisy's (the dog) nose, who waited patiently for what might fall from the table.

Night time started with all the neighbours (male) gathering at my Uncle's house. They came from the mountain to the east, and the boglands to the west, and some from the north and south managed it too. Men of all sizes and shapes, came to hold court at the house. Julia was always the star attraction, she being the only female, whose sole job was to

be hostess to the gathering. She enjoyed this very much, as many a man's knee was warmed by my Aunt Julia's bony bottom. The topic of conversation each night never varied from turf to hay, and then, of course, poor Hitler got his share of backbiting, and when all the talk was over, Mossy took his teeth out, so we all knew it was time for a couple of dances on the stone floor. Some would have a home-made flute to play, another man usually arrived with an old concertina, but the oldest man there would produce a set of cured sheep ribs and play them as the present day man plays the spoons. Soon they were playing, if you could call it playing, to the strain of an old waltz. The sugan chairs were pulled back, men danced with men, more danced with a chair, or a good favourite was the sweeping brush. Julia was never off the floor, man from man she was passed around, and I often saw tempers flare, when someone tapped in on Julia. Many a row would start over who would dance carrying Daisy (the dog) in his arms, much to the annoyance of Daisy. The dancing lasted for about an hour, then came the tea and home made bread, distributed, as usual, by Julia.

An added attraction to the evening was a man with size twelve hob-nailed boots, who insisted on dancing a jig or a reel on his own. God between us and all harm he had never a step in his two left feet, many injuries were received from being stamped on, as he had no idea where his feet would land when he lifted them off the ground. When this dance was over conversation started up again but eyes were getting sleepy, especially mine, with the strong heat of the open turf fire. People gathered themselves together to their full height, they bade goodnight to all 'til the morrow and sue enough the same event occurred again the following night. My mind may be a little clouded as I said at the start, but God bless Julia and Moss for those never forgotten memories.



## Death of W.J. Moloney

The death occurred in London on 17th January of Willie Moloney. A former international athlete, Willie, who was in his ninetieth year, grew up in Church St., Gort.

He represented Ireland in no fewer than 17 International events between 1926 and 1933.

An All-Ireland champion triple jumper (Hop, step and jump in those days) Willie was runner-up to Bob Tisdall in the 120 yards hurdles in 1930.

Tisdall went on to break the World record at the Olympic games. Willie's career ended prematurely in 1933 when he suffered a knee injury and he took up golf. He excelled on the golf course. In 1986 at the age of 84, Willie scored his first hole in one on the par three 195 yard sixth hole at Mitcham Golf course outside London.

Willie paid his last visit to Gort in the Autumn when he spent a few days with his cousin Cyril Piggott, Crowe St.

He is buried in Kilmacduagh cemetery. May he rest in peace.

## DEATHS

During 1990 we were sadly bereaved. To the families, relations, friends and neighbours of the following we extend our sincerest sympathy. *Ar dheis Dé go raibh a n-anamacha.*

Colman Brennan, George's Street, Peter Kelleher, Glenbrack, Colman Cusack, Glenbrack, Annie Quinn, Seehan, Leslie Hayes, Tubber Road, Sister Bernadette, Convent, Gerard Flanagan, Castletown, Christy Monaghan, Ballyhugh, Christina O'Shaughnessy, Crowe Street, Jack Kilroy, The Square, John Killalea, Corke, Mary Lyons, Tubber Road, Patrick Mahon, Loughrea Rd., Anne Cotter, Crowe Street, Jack Burke, Church Street, Nora Burke, The Square, Miko Flaherty, Garryland, Margaret Nestor, Rindifin, Thomas Fahy, Ballinastague, Taidhg Kelly, Church Street, Molly Rock, Garryland, Bridget Dale, Kiltartan, Annie Monaghan, Church Street, Patrick Kelly, Killomorran, Barry Cunniffe, Loughrea Road, Paddy Icklan, Crowe Street, Paddy O'Reilly, Ennis Road, Michael Loughrey, Ballysheedy, John Elwood, St. Colman's Terrace, Michael Lynskey, Shragh, Rody Hanrahan, Kilmacduagh, John J. Noone, Kiltartan, Larry Cahill, Rineen, Albert Mullins, Ennis Road, Toddy Connaire, Crowe Street, Phyllis Barry, Bridge Street.

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## Class of 1971

"For twenty one years is a mighty long time,"

So the song goes. Have you ever wondered where the young people who left the national schools of Gort Parish twenty one years ago went? Hereunder you will find some basic facts about them, which I hope will be of interest.

May I thank very sincerely all those who helped me in the compilation of these facts especially Sr. Enda, Sr. Anthony, Bridie Long N.T., Hilary Ruane, Cynthia Noone, Marie Flaherty and Ann Linnane.

### Convent of Mercy, Gort

Name	Present Address	Employment	Married/Single	Children
Mary Monaghan	Carrigaline, Cork	Housewife	Married Michael Lynsky (Ardrahan) 1983	2 boys, 1 girl
Elizabeth Kilroy	Boston, Co. Clare	Housewife	Married John Neylon (Boston) 1982	3 girls 2 boys
Bernice Forde	London, Colney	Nurse	Married John Carolan (Meath) 1990	
Patricia Piggott	Bray, Co. Wicklow	School Teacher	Married Sean Baye 1982	2 girls
Ann Coen	Leixlip, Co. Kildare	School Teacher	Married Seamus Kelly 1983	2 boys 1 girl
Lourde O'Reilly	Galway	Housewife	Married Gerard Wallace 1985	2 children
Mary McInerney	Spiddal	Housewife	Married Mark Norman 1981	2 girls
Mona Joyce	Birmingham	Obs-gynaecologist	Married Dr Thomas Lynch 1988	1 son
Patricia Lawlor	Galway	Housewife	Married Eamonn Howley 1980	2 boys

### Kiltartan N.S.

Eugene Nolan	Corker, Gort	Northern Telecom, Galway	Married to Bernie Coughlan, Ennis	2 children
Gerard Neilan	Chicago, U.S.A.	Building Contractor	Married to Bernie Broderick, Ballyturin	2 children
Robert Fahy	Melbourne, Australia	Nurse	Married Constance Gorry (Kinnegad)	2 children

### Boys School, Gort

Eric Keane	Galway	Transport Manager Lackagh Rock	Married Theresa Farragher (Ballinrobe) 1983	1 boy 1 girl
Anthony Larkin	Lusk, Co. Dublin	Aer Lingus Pilot	Married Gemma Dohoney 1982	2 boys 1 girl
Garret Scully	Dublin	Marketing Consultant to the Radio Industry	Single	
Peter Cunningham	Scariff, Co. Clare	Hairdresser	Married Bernie McNamara (Scariff) 1980	2 boys 1 girl
Andy Murphy	Clarinbridge	Digital, Galway	Married Rosaleen Corcoran 1981	2 boys
Gerard McInerney	Knocknacarra, Galway	Bank of Ireland, Tuam	Married Sylvia Dillon (Clonard) 1989	1 boy
Phonsie Mulcair	Manchester	Tunnel work	Married Kathy Conroy (Mayo) 1982	2 boys 1 girl
Colman Halvey	Circular Rd., Gort	Carpenter/Farmer	Single	
Martin Halvey	London	Construction	Single	
Sean Fahey	Dublin	Garda	Married Mary Basquette 1990	1 boy
John Cusack	Glenbrack, Gort	Truck Driver	Single	
John Cusack	Crowe St., Gort	Farming/ Network Marketing	Single	
Gerard Wallace	Galway	Bairds, Galway	Married Lourde O'Reilly 1985	2 children
Liam O'Connor	Kent	Dentist	Married Pauline from Cork	1 boy 2 girls
Patrick Mulready	Dublin	Civil Servant	Single	

### Kilmacduagh N.S.

Patrick Kilkenny	Ardrahan	Self-employed	Married Anita Madden	2 girls 1 boy
Pat Finnegan	Kilmacduagh	Manager in McDonagh's, Galway	Married Josephine Healy 1982	2 boys
Gerry Connors	Gortnakella, Gort	Farmer	Single	
Pat Rock	New York	Self-employed (Amazing Floor Services)	Single	
Pauline Carr	Ardrahan	Housewife	Married Eamon Murphy 1984	2 boys 1 girl
Mary Helebert	Galway	Publican	Married Stephen Linnane 1983	
Marie Flaherty	Galway	Clerical Officer, University College Hospital	Engaged to John Crehan	



**Killmoran**

Anne McMahon	Kinvara	Secretary, Coen's of Galway	Married John Linnane 1982	
Marie Healy	London	Senior Hospital Registrar in Anaesthetics		
Dessie Kearns	Boston	Publican	Married Loretta Bruton 1988	
Gerry Linnane	Turloughmore	Driver attached to Merlin Park Hospital	Married Maura Larkin 1989	1 girl
Anne Donoghue	Kildare	Secretary in Solicitor's office	Married Jim Kavanagh 1981	1 boy 1 girl



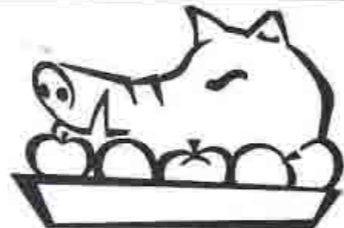
*Sixth Class in Gort Boy's School 21 years ago. Back (L to R) Gerard Wallace, Patrick Mulready, Phonsie Mulcair, Gerard McInerney, John Cusack, Anthony Larkin, Andy Murphy, P. O'Conaire. Front (L to R) Liam O'Connor, Martin Halvey, Garret Scully, John Cusack (Crowe St.), Peter Cunningham, Colman Halvey.*



*Kilmacduagh School Confirmation group. Back : Extreme left Pat Rock, second Gerry Connors, extreme right Pat Kilkenny, second from right, Pat Finnegan. Front : Extreme right Mary Helebert, third from right Marie Flaherty, fourth from right Pauline Carr.*

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