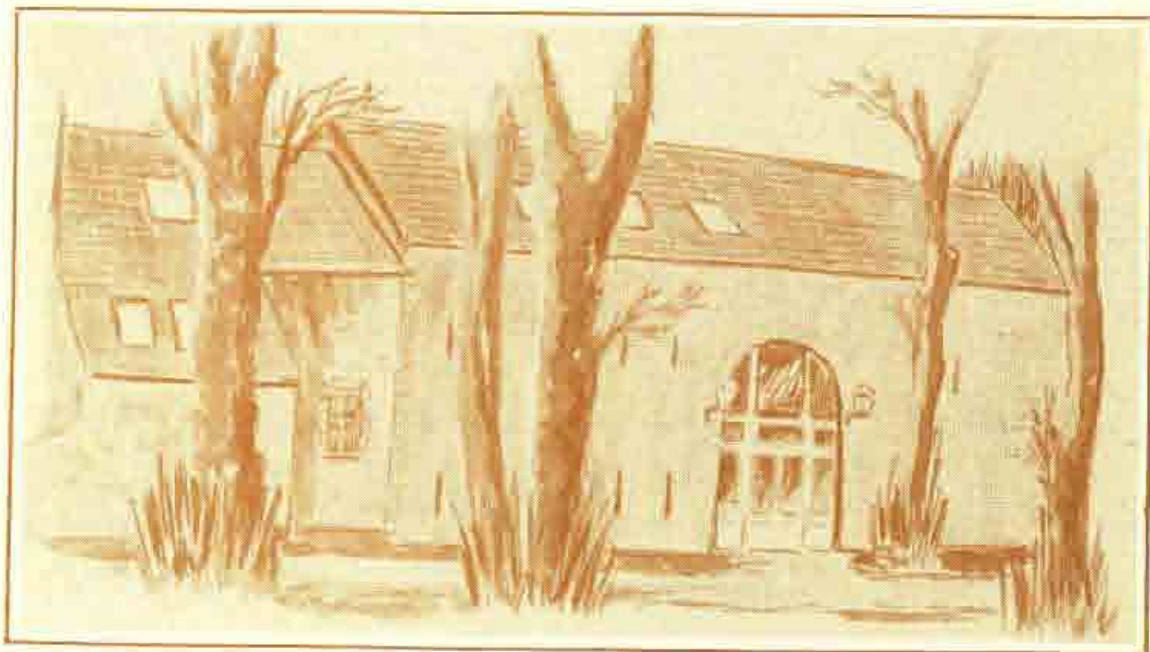


Gwaire

Spring
1993



**J. J.
NOONE'S
GEORGE'S ST., GORT**

For Best Value, Quality & Fashion in Men's
Suite, Suits Made to Measure, Overcoats,
Anoraks and Sports Jackets

*Slacks, Jeans & cords, Rainwear, Shirts, Knitwear,
Underwear, Caps, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Wellingtons, Waders,
Doc Martens and Runners*

ALL AT KEENEST PRICES

Only Top Quality Goods stocked

Reductions to Students

Phone 091-31091

GALLAGHERS

GEORGE'S STREET,
GORT



High Class Grocery,
Fruit and Tobaccos

Gach Dea Ghuidhe

Telephone 091-30161

Guaire

Spring 1993

Editorial

We are pleased to put another issue of Guaire before you. We trust you will find some of its contents, at least, interesting. We are totally dependent on you, the general public to submit articles, poetry etc. for publication.

We are grateful to all those who contributed photographs for this issue. A special word of thanks to those who took the time to write articles and poems for the magazine. A large volume of poetry was received. Sorry we couldn't publish all of it!

There are links with the past and our literary heritage, in this issue. There is also an international flavour. We are very pleased that we have some new writers for the second year running.

We are deeply indebted to the business community who continue to advertise in the magazine. Our small dedicated committee deserves a 'bualadh bos' for its hard work and commitment.

Go mba fada buan sibhse, a leitheoirí.

Peadar O Conaire.

Cover picture
Interpretation Centre, Coole
Drawing by:
Josephine Ward.

Price: £2.00

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

Editor: Peadar O Conaire
Photography: Tony Hannon
Typist: Evelyn Roche
Advertising: Monica McGrath, Evelyn Roche,
Fr. J. P. Mahon, Pat Fitzgibbon,
Claire Melville.

Editorial Board: Sean Leahy, Josephine Ward, Fr
John Mahon, John Melville, Colm
Ward, Pat Fitzgibbon, Nicholas
Cafferky, Brian Brennan, Monica
McGrath, Mossy Clabby.

Contents

| | |
|--|----|
| An Interview with Anne and Catherine Gregory | 5 |
| Gort and District Lions Club | 7 |
| The Search for Understanding | 8 |
| A Letter from Saudi Arabia | 11 |
| A Modest and Practical Proposal for the Encouragement of Employment in Communities. | 12 |
| Great Year for St. Colman's Camogie Club | 15 |
| Second All Ireland Minor Hurling Title | 17 |
| Pantomime in Gort | 19 |
| Deaths | 19 |
| Monsignor Michael Spelman's Golden Jubilee | 20 |
| Priests Silver Jubilee | 21 |
| Coming to 'Grips' with a Herring | 21 |
| The Young Scientists' Exhibition | 22 |
| Gort Mart | 23 |
| Gort Show | 23 |
| A Taste of the Galway Star | 24 |
| Headline Makers in 1992 | 26 |
| Gort Capture Minor 'B' Hurling Title | 30 |
| Childhood Memories of Gort | 31 |
| Golden Jubilee of St. Joseph's Secondary School, Gort, 1942 - 1992 | 34 |
| Kiltartan Boys Band | 35 |
| As I Remember It | 36 |
| Owners and Occupiers of Premises in Gort Town 50 years ago | 38 |
| Former Schools of Kiltartan | 39 |
| Canadian Exposure | 41 |
| Hurling in Gort in the 18th Century | 41 |
| Poet's Corner | 42 |
| Oriental Odyssey | 44 |
| The Rub of the Green | 46 |
| A Report on the Flooding in the Gort-Ardrahan Area | 47 |
| Gort in My Time | 51 |

JOSEPH J.

McINERNEY M.I.A.V.I.

[Commissioner for Oaths]

*McInerney Auctioneers
& Insurance Brokers*

Church St. Gort, Co. Galway

Tel. [091] 30178, 31930

O'GRADY'S

Bar and Restaurant

THE SQUARE, GORT

The home of Good Food

Music Every Weekend

Spring's Nite Club

EVERY SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

*Now booking for Weddings,
Parties and all Functions*



ROCHFORD

INSURANCES

INSURANCE BROKERS & CONSULTANTS

*Auctioneers * Valuers & Estate Agents*

M.I.P.A.V.

Tel. 091-31095

Fax: 31095

FOR ALL YOUR INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL NEEDS

An Interview with

Anne and Catherine Gregory

I am quite sure that the majority of readers are familiar with the book 'Me & Nu', Anne Gregory's recollection of what living at Coole Park with her grandmother was like. Last September I had the privilege of discussing with Anne and 'Nu' [her sister Catherine] their childhood at Coole and their famous grandmother, Lady Gregory. Because Anne and Catherine complemented and supplemented each other's answers what follows is a résumé of their combined answers to my questions.

Tell me about Coole as you remember it, was it a nice place to live?

Yes, it was, absolutely marvellous. It was very safe. There didn't seem to be any of the worries about the safety of children in those days that there are today. Grandma was the most wonderful person to be with and although she was very deeply involved with the Abbey and of course the Lane Pictures and had worries about money, she always made time to talk to us, and not just us but anyone who came to the door. She had time for everyone; she always gave food, milk and apples to travelling people who regularly called to the house.

Do you remember your own rooms?

Yes. Our bedrooms were right at the top. It was a split level house and some of the rooms were huge. The bedroom beside the playroom had black wallpaper; we were forever pulling it off. Coole House was very much a home; there was great warmth there. We always sat in the diningroom with grandma in the evenings. She would read aloud to us and to Yeats as well. It relaxed him.

How did you find Yeats as a person?

As small children we had very little contact with him. Of course he talked away to grandma quite gaily. We just didn't exist basically as far as he was concerned. Michael [his son] told us last year that he met him on the stairs one time and the poet remarked, "oh, who are you?" That's a good indication of what he was like! He used to have tea with us, but there was never any conversation between him and us. *You did have conversations with George Bernard Shaw and you caught him cheating in a game!*

Oh yes, yes! We were so upset, you see he was our pin-up and here he was cheating in a game! Of course grandma told us afterwards that he wasn't cheating, that it was only a joke.

Did you see any of the famous visitors putting their initials on the Autograph tree?

No, they were before our time. The only one we could have seen but didn't was Sean O'Casey; he did the marvellous carving of the donkey. Augustus John carved his initials at the very top of the tree but because they couldn't be seen, grandma made him

Anne - I remember the last time he was home on leave. The day he was leaving we were at the window over the front door when the carriage pulled up. My father was in uniform and he just got into the carriage and did not wave to us. That is literally the only memory I have of him.

Your father was an artist. Were there any of his paintings in the house at the time?

There were quite a few of them there actually. He had two exhibitions in London around 1912.

Did either of you inherit any of his



Frank Fahey enjoying a chat with Catherine and Anne at the official opening last Summer

carve them again at a lower level, where they are to this day.

Was Lady Gregory strict on you girls?

To an extent! She made jolly well sure that we hadn't had manners. She was never cross. She might say "you don't do that sort of thing, or you don't use that sort of word". One day we came in and used a certain word that we had heard John Diviney use [not having a clue what it meant] and we were told in no uncertain terms never to use it again. *So, you had the height of respect for Grandma?*

Oh yes, because she administered discipline without recourse to any form of rancour or coarseness.

From her diaries we know that Lady Gregory was deeply saddened by the news of your father's death in the Great War. Did she talk about him?

Catherine - No, never, and I don't remember him at all.

artistic talents?

No. Not a bit!

Of all the famous visitors to Coole who would stand out in your memory?

George Bernard Shaw obviously, because he played with us and Augustus John, up to a point, because he was so big.

Do you think that all those people calling were a nuisance to Lady Gregory at times?

If they were she never showed it. She was very fond of people, very gregarious. They were fairly well interspersed and basically people who came were invited. One gentleman did come out of the blue though, Harold Speakman, an American. He only stayed one night.

As children what sort of toys did you get and were you given pocket money?

We didn't get any pocket money. Anyway we wouldn't have had

occasion to use it. I remember borrowing a pound from Mr. Corbett the chemist, to put on a horse in the National. Of course he told Grandma! As regards toys we didn't get any except that John Quinn used to send us apples in the off season and also boxes of bananas from New York. We were very much the outdoor type. We had a pony and a donkey and we were always riding in the woods. We were never lonely.

Tell me about the time you strayed too far.

There was a wired-in run for coursing [hares] which ran from where your house is now to Hehir's house roughly. We sneaked up along and we stood on the wall at the white gate near the coursing area. We noticed a lot of people gathering in a field further up at the demesne wall, and we were wondering what was going on. Next thing this very tall man started to address the people. He was gesticulating a lot. He was totally incomprehensible to us; he spoke mostly in Irish. John Diviney told us later that it was Mr. de Valera.

As children growing up in Coole you would have had contact with a lot of local people. Who do you remember now from the old days?

Well, in the house first of all we remember three very vividly - Marian

McGuinness who was at Coole long before we were born and was as mother used to say "a far better butler than any butler could be", Mary Burke, the cook, who married John Diviney after Grandma died and of course Ellen Kilkelly from Ryehill, Monivea, our beloved nurse and companion during the whole of our childhood years. She remained at Coole until 1932, devoting her life to caring for grandma.

Outdoors - Our clearest memories are of John Diviney and his brother Thomasheen, Tim Gormley the gardner, and Peter Glynn from Crowe Lane, Mike-John Dooley, who carried a gun through the woods always on the lookout for vermin; the Hehirs - Johnny first and then Paddy, who learned to drive the old model T Ford, Katie and Laurence Dooley who lived in the gate lodge, Paddy Cahill, and of course Mike Lally, the postman.

GORT: We remember Mr. Treston, Mr. Spelman, Henry O'Shaughnessy, Bartley Finnegan and Mr. Gillane, Matt O'Connor, Rafferty, Christy Griffin and his brother, Harry. [We were delighted to meet Christies grand-daughter Ethel Fahey at the Coole opening]. We remember Mr. Ross of the Bank, Rita and Georgie Daly, children of Archdeacon Daly and Mr. Corbett of the Medical Hall. Then there was Sr. Columba who taught us reels and jigs

in the Convent - She later became Mother Superior. There was also a tailor in Barrack St., whose name we can't recall, but he made us hacking jackets and hunting coats.

Did Lady Gregory always wear black? We never ever saw grandma in any other colour but black, with never a touch of any other colour.

What do you think of the present development of Coole?

It's absolutely marvellous. The way the stables have been done is really lovely. However, there should be more to do with Coole itself in the reception area and the charts that are there put in the tea-rooms maybe. There should be more of Lady Gregory's works available there; what she did herself - her curtain raisers for the Abbey; her folklore collections, etc. Some of the material on display is rather general and while it has to be acknowledged that the O.P.W. has done tremendous work, there is need to show more of the literary side. Perhaps in the second phase!

EDITOR'S NOTE: My sincere thanks to Senator Frank Fahey who made the initial contact with Anne and Catherine and a special word of thanks to Sean Kavanagh, Prop. of Glynn's Hotel, who put a room at our disposal, for the interview, at a minute's notice.

Gort and District Lions Club

by Paddy O'Grady

A little more than a year has passed by since the Gort and District Lions Club was formed and what a year it has been for the new club with its twenty-five members. In its relatively short

Relief Fund was held in O'Grady's, The Square, and realised in excess of £600. The club members were busy in December with fourteen stores in Gort, Kinvara and Ardahan. Having participated in this, it proved to be very successful. Food which was donated was distributed to the under-privileged

in Glynn's Hotel in mid-December. The club is now actively involved in the promotion of a Diabetic Awareness Programme and it is hoped to run this over a period of some months. Brendan Quinn, local chemist, was recently appointed Drug Awareness Officer and he is well qualified to fill this role.

The club's main project for the current year will be to run a fund-raising programme in support of the Galway Hospice for those who are terminally ill. This was decided at a recent meeting which was addressed by Rynal Coen, Chairman Galway Hospice Fundraising Group.

Mr. Coen dealt with the effects of cancer and said that 250 people die from this disease each year. "Half of these die in Hospital and the other half in their own homes", he said. He told the meeting that his Committee had been asked to raise over £1 million and that work on the building of the Hospice would commence in May. He stated that the whole idea of the Galway Hospice is to provide serenity for those who would go there and he emphasised that the service would be free. Other points he made were: total cost would be £1.8 million (no grants available), another £250,000 must be



The heifer which was donated to 'Bothar' with its new owner, Ugandan widow Mrs T. Muyombya.

existence, the club has had a number of achievements of which it can feel justifiably proud. It has earnestly endeavoured to live up to the motto of Lions Club International - "We Serve". Officially chartered on May 1st, the new Gort and District Lions Club became the one hundred and second Lions Club in the country. The Ennis Lions Club were the sponsors of the fledgling Gort Club and gave much appreciated assistance in the first months.

Over two hundred guests attended the Charter Presentation Dinner in Glynn's Hotel. Shortly afterwards, the club's first major project got under way. A 'festival evening' was organised in the Mart grounds and this event was successful in raising over £1,000 which enabled the club to have an in-calf heifer transported to Uganda. The heifer was donated to the club by Tom Mulhern, Castledaly.

The next venture which the club undertook was to initiate and co-ordinate many "People in Need" projects throughout the South Galway region.

A card game in aid of the Somalian

and needy in the region during the run-up to Christmas. A Christmas Party for the members and their friends was held



Pictured at the Charter Presentation were: Back L to R. Paul Glynn then President Ennis Lions Club, Paddy O'Grady, Sean Kavanagh, Gerry O'Connor, Regional Organiser, Lions Club, Jim Barr, Gort and District Lions Club and Tom Mannion, Ennis L.C. Front L to R. John Costelloe, Ennis L.C., Mary Geoghegan, Joseph J. McInerney, President Gort and District L.C. and Paddy O'Donnell, District Governor, L.C. of Ireland.



Enjoying a 'Cuppa' at the official opening in Coole Park last Summer were left to right: Catherine, Mrs. Cadden, whose husband, Michael, was the architect responsible for the project; myself, Anne and Tom Hannon.

raised, it will cost £500,000 per year to run, day care service being provided at present at a cost of £150,000 per year. The Hospice will be built beside Galvia Hospital. Gort Mart contributed £11,000 through its sellers of livestock.

The Gort and District Lions Club has had a very active first year and is confident that it will have greater achievements in the future. It is there to help the less fortunate in society and will always be conscious of the simple Lions Club motto - "We Serve".

The Officers are: President, Joseph J. McInerney; Vice-President, Jim Barr; Secretary, Jean Kavanagh; Treasurer, Tom Naughton; Public Relations Officer, Paddy O'Grady.

The Search for

UNDERSTANDING

THE CRAVING OF HUMAN BEINGS FOR AN IDEAL CIVILISATION

by Elva Conroy

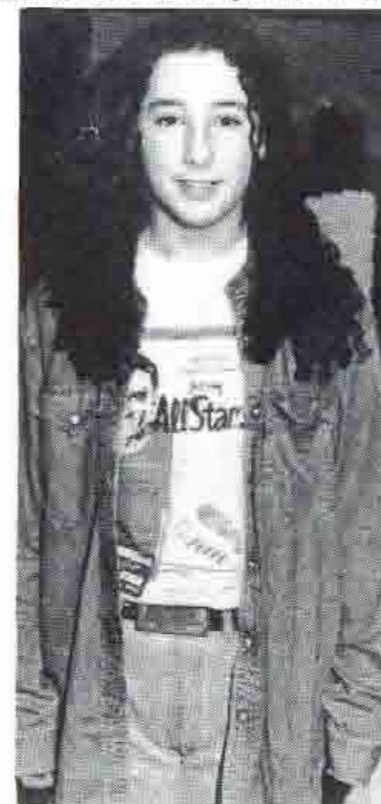
The spirits were in turmoil. Their souls had been robbed by the desolate force inspiring hatred. Fear had thrust its great mane through the strength of comradeship supporting the utopian existence of the spirits. An infiltrating serpent, recognisable as disillusionment, had ringed the consciousness of each spirit in depression, self-pity and loneliness. The spirits, adorned in such hellish attributes waved and clawed at themselves in wonder at such a horrific reality. They spun foetus-like, tentacled by the forces of evil, slaving acolytes to a harsh wind born of the elements of nature mutilated upon their world. Between grass strewn toes, their universe disappeared amidst the absent galaxies of time and tears rolled from their beautiful, sweet eyes, torn by thorns of disaster. Amid such disarray protruded a being, a reason, a comfort through torture. The spirit children called out for aid, the being returned a sympathetic music which eased the fear and drew the spirits' awareness to their defences which inspired, brought the spirits minds to a calm state. The being, in familiar yet unacquainted tone informed the spirits that they were victims of the relentless destruction of fantasy by mankind, their lives were of the imagination, their individualities a mere wish. Mankind grew more dependant on wickedness and its world had been made rotten by that very same force. The spirits begged for guidance to reclaim the happiness of mankind. The being replied that theirs was the task to study a variety of civilisations. Their dreams would fly them there to define their faults and conquer a future for mankind, to find them a new world, it was a quest, a search for understanding.

WORLD OF WAR

Greatly fatigued yet hopeful, the spirits strained their eyes to glimpse happenings worthy of investigation. Lives spread and exploded with the throbbing sounds of a World at War. The spirits cringed at the bloodied bodies, limbs scattered in abundance and the mayhem of the battlefield. "Honour, Honour", they cried. Such was the conflict of innocence and guilt, the innocence of pride and the guilt of jealousy. Such suffering pained and teased their eyes until they cried in disappointment at such a terrible end to their expectations. For years they cried and the tears flooded the distress filled trenches and coerced the struggling graveyard in ocean after ocean. Thoroughly disheartened, they rose from the view and dreamed with all their might.

PEACEFUL PROVINCES

With reluctance, they approached the oncoming settlement. Each spirit read the name on the beautiful, carved sign protruding from the horizon. It read Peaceful Provinces. Tinkling laughs came from each of the spirits, surely, surely peace was the end of the search. Smiling mouths welcomed the spirits and the King expressed joy at their visit. Merriment and mirth followed, feasting and celebration and the spirits saw the happiness, joy and contentment of the peaceful provinces. Yet that night, cries were heard and the spirits saw cruelty from their windows and next day the smiles that greeted them were the smiles of horizontal eights, enforced with the head of a musket, the smiles said, beware, for in peaceful provinces truth was embedded in deception and the spirits threw all memory of this horrible world away and smiled not, as they continued their search.



GOLDEN GALLEON

The skyline seemed a great infinity and the rumbling waters beneath their silver forms tossed and scuffled at play. The darkness divided and the golden orb of light drew down to every frontier. In magical motion, the great orb overcame the heavens and pranced majestically across the constellation. In ecstasy, the spirits flew toward this mighty orb and absorbed the happy rays it extended. These rays thickened about the centre and in an enormous effort gifted the earth with a golden drop, the size of a continent. Aghast, the spirits retreated as the drop pounded into the ocean and made shape with the contact resulting. The golden spray emanated from the droplet and the spirits eyes illuminated with such rare beauty. In glorious ease, the form of a ship became apparent, and emerged from the wonders of such a creation, a golden galleon. In wondrous joy, the spirits played for long hours upon the golden galleon, exploring the pretty corners of a vessel worth more than the world. Yet as they discovered deck below deck, the grass about their toes began to sap, made wet by the increasing volume of water invading the golden galleon. The bottom deck held an entire sea and shrieking the spirits rose from the doomed vessel and pondered on such irony until a wise spirit explained that this was a world of appearance and reality, ornamentation and the plainness and truth discovered only through error. The golden galleon was a priceless vessel, beyond all the payments of the human race, and yet such beauty and worth were useless in its practical sense and overcome by the never tiring trundling of the sea. Much matured by such thoughts and in resolution never to be fooled again, the spirits left the sunken galleon, and dreamed.

EVERLASTING REVOLUTIONS

Each spirit dreamed the remnants of a prosperous nation, fields barren with neglect, rivers filthy with refuse and humans riddled with disease and bullet holes. The aura surrounding such chaos was not of the dystopia of the battlefield, yet such harrowing conditions bore the mark of war. The ears of each spirit accustomed themselves to the variety of confusing sounds echoing through a land they recognised as being of everlasting revolutions. The speeches, the workers, the bloodlust in the eyes condemned such upheaval as everlasting sadness for mankind. Armies can root through once rich and plentiful lands, murderers swarmed as wolves, killing in packs, robbers and thieves also. Unity had been lost by the fumbling hands of the incapable fools lording the arguments. Men, with their insides strewn about them, called in agonising tones to the last roots of sanity, once planted strongly in the earth yet now carelessly uprooted and discarded. Such was the lesson of change fighting the force of constancy. Improvement was lost beneath profit, true cause lost beneath the first ten or twenty available corpses and sickened by such a possible future the spirits called on the earth to will and shiver the world of everlasting revolutions into emptiness and forget it all.

THE GODS

The spirits scoured every twist of their minds, every corner of the conscious, the memory, the soul. Each dreamed a forgotten trail, beginning in apprehension, a pathway to an unknown existence whose fiery strength filled the spirits hunting with anxiety. All at once appeared a colossal mass, a triumphant swollen land, and golden and silver pebbles drew a path up Mount Olympus to where the spirits would see the Andes and the icy poles. Each lay on the lining of the cloud and balm in its silver. They floated for days between reality and fantasy until the great ones came in windform, and snow and gentle rain. The spirits called on the Gods to form a new world, to unite their strength into perfection and seek contentment in the world of man. The Gods spoke sadly to the spirits. Their images were teaching that the very sanctity of their power was founded on pretence. Faith was their stronghold and when discovered by man so, thus was their use. They were but fiction against foolish fact, justice against the unfairness of violence and dictatorship. Thus, there was no future for mankind for, if each were a God, the power would be lost and as each of their faith wavered so would their civilisation and be lost forever in the great chasm of Forgotten.

The Gods breezed their return into oblivion and the spirits observed that even the eternal were but chess pieces on the board of fate and fortune, although their part is of King's whose checkmate manipulates the lives of their followers.

WORLD OF LIFE

The spirits were flayed by the disappointing whip of failure. Each owed and mourned the search for understanding to be lost and the evolution of man to be ended. Their tears tremored the galaxies and gave dreams to the planets that fell between their toes. They cried to the being, the reason, the comfort through failure and begged for an answer. The being explained that they must search for a world where peace was found in love, appearance was through the benefit of native ornamentation, where power was through equality and change but progress in friendships. The spirits sighed of the danger of war and the being spoke in a voice dazzling with smile that the only war would be to prove who was happiest. The Spirits brooded on such an ideological existence and questioned each other as to which world they searched for relentlessly was to be found in themselves, characters of the imagination, yet inspired by that reigning force of joy that made them the most extraordinary of man's desires.

The spirits cried that they were not men and man must rule man, never one of the spirit world. The being in subtle voice replied by revealing its identity. "I am you". The spirits in amazement understood with surprise the relevance of this statement. Their own failure to recognise themselves pointed that the inferior intelligence of man would scarcely succeed in doing so. Thus, in glee they sang of their idyllic world to the desolate planets and promised an empire of glorious might to the human race. Every aspect of their existence would endeavour to settle human contradictions and annoyances, they had found the world of the future, the search for understanding was over.

Gerard J. Burke

General Merchant

ANIMAL FEED SPECIALIST

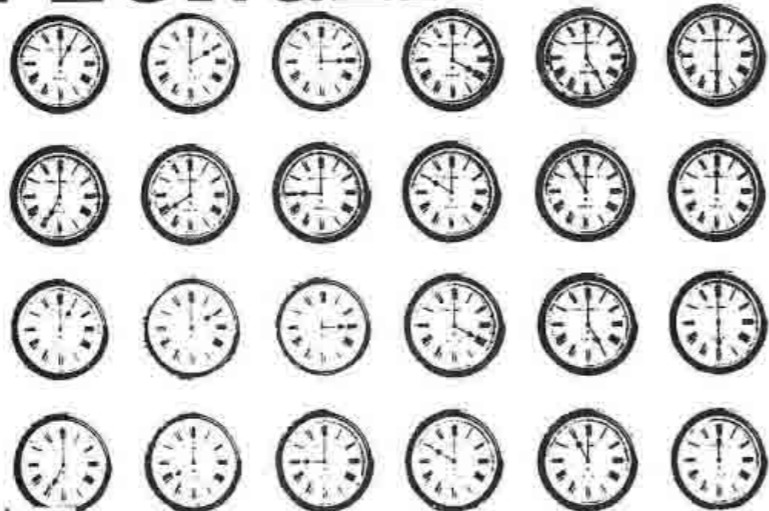
*Horse Nuts, Cattle and Beef Nuts, Ewe and Lamb Nuts
Multi Gas Dealer*

SEED & MOSSPEAT STOCKIST - DONEGAL CERTIFIED SEED POTATOES
(ALL VARIETIES)

ONION SETS, VEGETABLE AND FLOWER SEEDS

Georges St. Gort ☎ 091-33146

NO ONE IS OPEN LONGER



Only with a Bank of Ireland PASS card can you take out cash or lodge it, or pay your bills or check your balance, 24 hours a day, at over 110 machines throughout the country. No other bank has as much time for you. All you need is the key. Call in to any branch of Bank of Ireland for yours.



A Letter from Saudi Arabia

c/o Education Department
Royal Commission
P.O. Box 30031
Yanbu Al-Sinaigah
Kingdom of Saudi Arabia

22/11/92

Dear Peadar

Aren't you the real devil! Here I am killed working and you adding to the load. I jest of course! How are you all back home? I trust that the preparatory work on the magazine is going well.

I am three weeks here now and I must say I'm enjoying it immensely. The weather was beautiful when I arrived, in the nineties every day. Last week, however, it was a constant 104° and you'd nearly melt, even at 8 a.m., before going into the classroom. You don't tell people here to close the door to keep out the cold, but rather to keep in the cold. Only for air conditioning we'd never stick it.

I have been provided with a lovely apartment, I will be moving to a house when the rest of the family join me before Christmas. I have met a lot of nice people since I came; there is a slight language barrier however - I use some Irish in the classroom. The pupils seem to understand it as well as they understand my English!

I have played a lot of golf since I came, and I've also joined the 'Village Singers' and a church choir. (We have Mass once a month and a church service on all other Sundays). I go swimming nearly every day, in the Red Sea (which is very blue indeed!) or in one of the many swimming pools in the immediate neighbourhood. I bought a beautiful Stereo/C.D. (for £90) and I enjoy listening to it so I'm not bored!

The school I'm in is beautiful with a friendly staff and very nice pupils. Teaching is difficult but I'm coming to grips with it. The first day was a pure nightmare. The pupils didn't understand me (or they pretended that they didn't!) Most of them arrived in without a pen, a copy or a book so they had great fun with this 'Martian'. But not for long! I geared myself fully for the second day and things worked out much better. Anyway I have a lot of 'functional English' taught to them now, so there is better pupil/teacher interaction.

I have to be in the school by 6.45 a.m.; classes start at 7.30 a.m. and finish at 2.45 p.m. I have five classes per day. There is a 'parade' and raising of the flag every morning before classes commence.

I travel to school with the pupils on the school bus, probably the most unsafe way to travel, as the bus driver seems to disregard red lights and detours so that he can pass through a narrow tunnel (single lane!) at unbelievable speed and really shakes the guts out of everybody by accelerating when he reaches the speed ramps near the school! No wonder they have four official prayer times a day here!

Censorship is very obvious in this country. Inward or outward bound mail may be opened. References to sex in newspapers and books are not tolerated. Newspaper photographs showing women's bare arms or legs are censored. Pictures of women driving vehicles are covered over. I received a copy of the Meath Chronicle in which there was a photo of a lady going into a jeep - the picture was completely obliterated with a black marker!

It is against the law for a woman to accompany a man in public - except her brother, son or father.

Pork is not available at all here - eating it contravenes religious beliefs. Do you remember the man in the ad writing home from a desert land and saying how much he missed the pint of Harp? I feel like doing the same but I would substitute rashers and sausages for the Harp!

Of course there are beef sausages available, if you can imagine such things.

Car prices are unbelievably reasonable. One could buy a 1990 Toyota Corolla for £2,500 and fill it with petrol for £2.50! Golf is for a song - family membership for a year is £40! Food generally, including 'eating out', is very reasonable, but a box of cornflakes costs £3!

I have noticed some similarities between the native tongue and Irish, for example, Iosa = Iosa, Iosaif = Yusef, Siucra = Siucra. Also God is regularly mentioned in salutations, for example "Thank God", "God Bless you" etc. Their style of singing is rather like the Sean-Nos. Indeed the bus driver, whom I mentioned earlier, sings his heart out, in sean-nós fashion, every morning on our way to school! Incidentally he is very much afraid of lightning. A thunderstorm broke the other morning while we were on our way to school. Every time there was a flash he covered his face with his arm and drove faster. Dangerous man!

I started this letter yesterday and I think now I have run out of news. I have just got word that Margaret and the children will be here for Christmas. There is a friend of mine leaving for London now so I'm going to say goodbye to him.

So, best wishes to all in Gort,

Slán go Fóill,
Cóilin Ó Coigligh.

A MODEST AND PRACTICAL PROPOSAL FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF EMPLOYMENT IN COMMUNITIES.

BY MICHAEL BERMINGHAM

I have on many occasions seen the result of the combined efforts of the Newport Borough, Gwent, Co. Council, the local community, and various Branches of Education and Training Authorities plan and develop the many schemes of ENTERPRISE WORKSHOP CENTRES as the basis for many "Start-up Units", "Self Employment Centres" and small factories in Wales. We too, have an ideal model in the "Holiday Homes Self-Catering Schemes", St. Kieran's Enterprise Centre in Sandford Industrial Estate, Pearse Street I.D.A. Enterprise Workshops and many others as being vehicles to help in solving unemployment. Gort has a total of 700 on the Live Register, which I expect includes many skilled Tradesmen, such as Carpenters, Bricklayers, Plasterers, Metal Workers, Motor Mechanics and Entrepreneurs having various ambitions who would probably be very pleased to have a workshop to continue their Craft as a Family Business or Self-Employed, probably a starting point for a successful future.



When we consider the problems of unemployed school leavers it must be particularly depressing for them and disappointing for their parents and teachers to realise that after many years in schools and colleges they are faced with a "Hang-around", "No Prospects" future. It should be everyone's concern, as employment is everyone's business.

I recently listened to a Radio Programme which described a newly built and equipped Training Centre for young offenders and drug addicts in Cork. It is indeed a praise-worthy development, but why not have these facilities for normal school leavers to deter them from becoming involved in these vicious activities? It should be kept in mind. A week later, Mr. Bertie Ahern, Minister for Finance, recommended raising the school leaving age to 18, which I believe would be most beneficial if it included periods of practical work and training for the transition from school to Employment. Support of the Department of Education, V.E.C., Department of Labour, Fas and Department of Social Welfare for training and financial assistance, would be invaluable.

For young people maturity is a most important qualification and to assist them to that stage, the proximity of the school to the workplace, where the availability of their past teachers is convenient, can be very re-assuring when they require a little extra guidance and encouragement. For that reason one or two workshops convenient to a Vocational School, as an "Incubator Uri" to assist in the development could be a God sent help, and could possibly be used by students who have to wait for the arrival of buses.

How do we relate Enterprise Centres to 300,000 unemployed and local communities? In the first instance such organisations as Chambers of Commerce, Credit Unions, Development Companies etc. should take on the task of providing

employment which of course can be greatly supported by providing workshops suited to the needs of the locality.

These Enterprise Workshops should be sufficiently large to accommodate at least 5 or 6 workers and possibly in some instances being able to cater for up to 15 or 16 workers, depending on local conditions.

LOCAL EMPLOYMENT

- LOCAL INITIATIVES

At present I am reading a paper on - "The Role of Local Employment Initiatives in assisting Long Term Unemployed in the European Community", written by a Gort man, Thomas Roseingrave, M. Soc. Sc., a member of the

Economic and Social Committee, also past President. His description of the various Local Initiatives in the twelve members of the European Commission Countries could easily relate to many promotions and enterprises in Ireland under the umbrella of - Local Employment Initiatives - L.E.I. the emphasis seems to be on the local community, having local control and promoted for the creation of local employment.

We can link together (a) Local Employment Initiative, (b) Creation of Employment and (c) Enterprise Workshop Units and accept the sound advice contained in the Roseingrave paper, where he deals with successful local community action programmes aimed at employment creation. This paper was studied and analysed in a recent research project in Ireland on setting up new ventures, but, if the political system is characterised by centralisation and undue bureaucracy, little can be achieved. A study such as this will have its reward if we apply the recommendations to our own indigenous problems and act accordingly.

Assuming that there are 2,000 available for work in Tuam and that the "County Galway New Employment Organisation" undertakes the erection of 20 units to accommodate 5 workers in each, this will mean having space for 100 workers. Then, a survey or research regarding the qualifications and skills of the applicants may be a deciding factor on the allocation and leasing for a period of, say, three years. In addition to the local problems, provision by setting aside 2 or 3 vacant units for the possible return of emigrants having special qualifications and skills to offer, with a view to generating some prestigious skill and product, who would appreciate this offer.

There is every reason to anticipate success in this type of Small Business Initiative. The challenge, success, contribution to the Nation, Self or Family Business and Local Support are all most rewarding. And having established a base for expansion, future development can be very valuable and motivating.

THE WEST - A WAY FORWARD

County Galway Enterprise Workshop Centre Programme, including Ballinasloe, Loughrea, Gort, Athenry, Mountbellow, Oughterard, Portumna, Kinvara, Clifden etc. could erect a

generous number of workshops based on the unemployment numbers in each district.

If this submission is acceptable to the decision makers and established in Galway and monitored as a Pilot Scheme, it should point the way to a practical method of reducing unemployment and could be linked to DEVELOPING THE WEST TOGETHER programme. In addition having local accommodation and facilities for work, it would be most important to put these units to best possible use, so therefore, it behoves all concerned to examine the qualifications of the applicants, their proposed undertaking, work and employment potential.

All entrepreneurs and enterprising employment seekers have their minds on Government Grants, the latest being £750 million is most attractive and I sincerely hope a good slice of it will come to the West. We should "go-for-it." It would be very presumptuous of any Development Council or Entrepreneur to expect that any grant would completely finance a work programme worthy of the definition.

There are many Financial Institutions capable of supporting worthwhile ventures. For example, the encouraging comments

contained in a lecture by Mr. Peter Sutherland, Chairman, A.I.B. Group when he addressed the National Marketing Conference in Jury's Hotel recently and announced "that A.I.B. Bank has now set up an ENTERPRISE DEVELOPMENT BUREAU to provide finance, assistance and advice for small borrowers and are committed to supporting Job Creation Programmes, which suggest that all schemes should be well planned for developing to attract the co-operation of Banks or other Financial Institutions, to borrow when needed and free from the stamp of 'Industrial Dole Mentality'."

In addition to the Workshop Centre or Factory which is a very important consideration, the choice of job, product or service has to be seriously considered. I understand that the I.D.A. has a "Jobs Library" and should be consulted, if required.

In conclusion, it may be worth recording that London Council Tenants who want to move back to Ireland are being offered Grants of up to £20,000 to buy homes here. ENTERPRISE WORKSHOPS may well be an attractive facility when they return home.

COMMUNITY SPIRIT

At AIB, we're changing the way we think, how we do things.

Now we know that the needs of our customers should be our first concern. That good service should go deeper than a smile. So we react faster, respond sooner, anticipate more.

Now each one of us is committed to each one of you. Whether you're young or not so young. Whether you're a farmer or a housewife, a shopkeeper or a factory owner.

Now everyone in Gort can expect more of us at AIB. So call to your local AIB Bank branch, we all want to help and one of us will. Because you bring out the best in us.



YOU BRING OUT THE BEST IN US

Sullivan's Royal Hotel

OPEN ALL YEAR

Private Phone in all Rooms

Weddings, Functions, Conferences

*Coach Tours * Meeting Facilities, etc.*

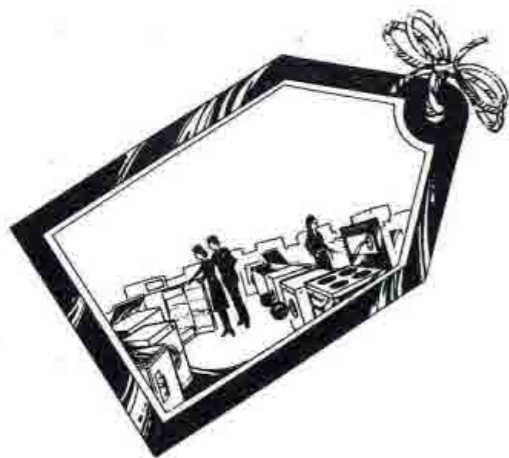
Family run – PROPRIETORS J. & A. SULLIVAN

THE SQUARE, GORT, CO. GALWAY

PHONE: 091-31257/31401

THE FURNITURE STORE

CROWE ST., GORT * TEL. 091-31261



Used Dutch Oak Furniture
3-Piece Suites from £150
Tables * Chairs * Cabinets *
Armchairs * Rugs * Mirrors *
Couches

Open Tuesday, Saturday: 10.30 -6.00 p.m.;
Sunday: 2.30 - 5.30 p.m.

Great Year for St. Colman's Camogie Club *by "Camán"*

St. Colman's Camogie Club had a very successful year in '92. As well as winning at county level some of our girls won all-Ireland Community Games medals in Mosney.

We would like to thank the officers of the club for their work during the year. Patty Burke, chairperson; assistant Mary Lynskey; Anita Winston, secretary; assistant Nora Fahy; Breige Quinn, treasurer. Also to Micahel Brennan, Gerry and Gena Cahill and Brendan Spelman, trainers; selectors, Gerry Cahill and Ann Linnane. Ann Linnane has been elected President of the club. Also to Nora Fahy who has been elected PRO to the Board.

We won three county finals, beaten in two others by one score in each - A great achievement by any standard. Who knows maybe '93 may be even better. We in the club appeal to the parents of all the girls to come out and support these great girls at training and at matches. We depend totally on the generosity of the people of Gort and Ardrahan to keep our club running.



ST. COLMAN'S Camogie Club, Under 14 Championship Winners - Back row, l. to r.: Linda Brennan, Jean Tannian, Aoife Lynskey, Sinead Murphy, Lorraine Linnane, Theresa Murphy, capt., Aoife Winston, Elaine Cannon, Elaine Lee, Valerie Tannian. Front row: Jacinta Fahy, Aileen Brennan, Catheresa Fahy, Yvonne Kerins, Lorraine Murphy, Ciara Healy, Finnuala Carey.



ST. COLMANS Camogie Club, Under 13 Championship Winners - Back row, l. to r.: Cathriona Fahy, Siobhan Cummins, Ann Healy, Jean Tannian, Aoife Lynskey, Elaine Cannon, Eileen Lee, Lorraine Murphy, Finnuala Carey, Geraldine Quinn, Rosaleen Quinn. Front row: Carmel Broderick, Linda Brennan, Aileen Brennan, capt., Yvonne Kerins, Ciara Healy, Nessa Quinn.



ST. COLMAN'S Under 10 Co. Champions - Back row, l. to r.: Emer Hoarty, Orla Stanford, Keelin O'Shaughnessy, Emer O'Dea, Andreena Fahy, capt., Nicola Cahill, Philomena Lee, Crona Winston, Sheena Diviney. Front row: Louise Linnane, Deirdre Murphy, Aileen Harte, Fiona Curley, Lauragh Quinn, Finnula Keating, Jenifer Murphy. Missing from picture is Fiona Counihan. Also in picture is Gerry Cahill, trainer.

Second All Ireland Minor Hurling Title

by Matt Murphy

A lot of water has certainly flowed under the bridge since that night in Athenry I was elected as Team Manager. As a virtual unknown quantity to most people I was entrusted with the job of delivering a second All Ireland Minor Title for Galway. The task was fairly daunting as Galway minor hurlers had failed to win a championship game against Leinster or Munster opposition since 1983 and the present squad weren't exactly sparkling as Under 14's or Under 16's. However everyone knew that there is an abundance of under-age talent in the county. Galway won the Tony Forrester Under 14 Tournament in 1989 and then the same team won the Nenagh Co-op Competition for Under 16s in 1991.

As selectors I picked five people who had been deeply involved in under-age hurling in the county for a number of years - Brendan Moloney from Sylane; Eamonn Kelly from Tommie Larkins; Michael Flanagan from Leitrim; Paddy Madden from Liam Mellows and Martin Kerins from Clarinbridge. Eamonn Kelly and myself had some previous experience as county minor selectors. During the course of the year we had many lively and eventful meetings before we reached a consensus.

The first step was to meet all potential minor material in Clarinbridge on 14th December, 1991. This was to introduce ourselves to the players and to explain what we expected from them in the coming months. A lot of the basic skill work would have to be done at home and we also asked them to improve their physical fitness. Next we held two trial sessions in the month of January and this was a very useful exercise as we saw over 120 players. We then played a series of challenge games beginning with a match against the County Vocational School side in Castlegar on 16/02/92; v Limerick on 01/03/92; v Waterford on 08/03/92; v Cork on 17/03/92; v Clare on 05/04/92; v Athenry V.S. on 20/04/92; v County Vocational Team on 30/04/92; v Waterford on 19/06/92; v Tipperary on 21/06/92; v Wexford on 25/06/92; v Tipperary on 13/07/92.

An interesting statistic is that we only won five of these challenge games. The reason for this, I suppose is that many of our players were unavailable due to school commitments. Later, during the months of May and June, the players involved with examinations didn't take any part in our training but the break certainly didn't seem to do them any harm.

The big problem with minor players at this time of year is the number of games they play with their schools and clubs. A good minor player will be playing minor, under 21 and senior or intermediate with his club in competition. Everyone wants him to train as well and it is no wonder many of our young players go stale and become disenchanted. It would make frightening reading to see the number of games players like Francis Forde, Conor O'Donovan, Darragh Coen and Peter Kelly played during the year.

By the end of June the panel was taking shape and we now had 30 players totally committed to the cause. One of the basic requirements for the panel was a high level of skill and the ability to strike from both sides. At this stage we also began to believe that 1992 could be our year.

We had played everybody left in contention except Kilkenny and there was nothing exceptional out there. We all went up to



see the Leinster Final and it was obvious that Kilkenny weren't exactly the "Dream Team". They were certainly beatable but we also knew they would improve considerably on their Leinster Final performance.

I felt myself the team were very relaxed before the All Ireland Semi Final yet the occasion seemed to get to some of the players and our performance lacked conviction on the day. Nevertheless we kept battling when the cause seemed hopeless and got a lucky break to snatch a draw. To win anything you need an element of luck. For the replay we were determined to do

ourselves justice and with the help of a few changes the team now had more balance. The result was hardly ever in doubt even though they got an early goal and the team played their finest hurling of the year.

Fortunately, I think, we now only had a fortnight to prepare for the final. All the hard work had been done and it was just a case of winding down and getting the mental attitude right. The players themselves were very mature and discipline was never an issue during the whole campaign. After selecting the team we lost Kevin O'Donoghue, who had been a very valuable part of our team, with appendicitis. This made the players all the more determined to win and the fact that Kevin travelled to the game with us was a great boost to morale.

Finals themselves are rarely classic encounters and conditions on the day were totally unsuited to good hurling. When you are too closely involved it is very hard to relax and enjoy a game. It took us 45 minutes to take the lead but I don't think there was any doubt but that we were the better team. On Sunday night everybody relaxed and it began to sink in that we had achieved something special. On our homecoming Monday night we received a tremendous reception everywhere but I suppose Clarinbridge was something special. I would like to thank the Hurling Board for their help and encouragement all year. Very few counties treat all their teams equally but our Hurling Board spared no expense in getting the team prepared and turned out in such splendid fashion.

A special word of thanks to our sponsor Michael Burke of Buck Rogers. It is not easy to get a sponsor for minors but I certainly hope Michael got good value for money and I hope to renew our sponsorship for the coming year.

Dr. Ian O'Connor joined our back room team as medical officer and he worked tirelessly with the panel and had a great relationship with them. We are indebted to him for his expertise and advice during the year.

I would also like to thank the following clubs who put their pitches at our disposal during the year: Castlegar, Clarinbridge, Ballindereen, Ardahan, Gort, Turloughmore, Portumna, Canon O'Flaherty in St. Mary's College, The Pearse Stadium and Frank Kilkelly in Athenry.

A special word of thanks to the Gardai; the local press; Galway Bay F.M., Bernadette in the County Board Office and all those who contributed to our race night at Galway Track. They are too numerous to mention here but a letter will be sent to all those who contributed.

May 1993 be as good to us!

The Movie Shop

BRIDGE ST., GORT

Top titles in Stock
Video Players for Hire

Open 7 Days
New members Welcome

For a pleasant drink in
comfortable surroundings

visit

Harte's Pub

BRIDGE ST., GORT, CO. GALWAY

PIGGOTT'S TRAVEL AGENCY

Gort, Co. Galway

Phone (091) 31477/31044

Fax: 31991

JOHN WALL

Shell Service Station,
Gort, Co. Galway ☎ 091-31601

Tyres, Puncture Repairs. Lubricants, Car
Wash, Gas, Red Diesel

* Briquettes *

Better Petrol at the Right Price

BLOSSOMS FLOWER SHOP



Crowe St., Gort
Tel. 091-31318
After hours 091-31289
Flowers for All Occasions

Hilary's Hair Salon

Styling, Perming, Colouring,
Protein Treatments

HOURS OF BUSINESS
Tues. - Thurs.: 9.30 - 6.30
Fri., - Sat., 9.30 - 8.00 p.m.

Crowe St., Gort
- Tel. 31587



QUINN'S PHARMACY

Dispensing Chemist
24 Hour Photo Service
Veterinary Stockist

Fashion * Jewellery
& Watches * Large
Ranges of Perfumes
& Gifts



Try us for price - and stay for the service

For After Hours Emergencies
Ring 091-31272

G. O'DONOGHUE

FAMILY BUTCHER

George's Street, Gort

Finest Quality in all Fresh Meats

BEEF * LAMB * PORK

Speciality Boned and Rolled Chickens
and Stuffed Pork Home-made Black
Puddings and Sausages



"Meat to Please You - Pleased
to Meet You"

TEL. 31957

EARLY 'TIL LATE

* Groceries
* Greeting Cards
* Briquettes, Gas, Coal

VIDEOS FOR HIRE

OPEN 7 DAYS

For a Pleasant Drink

CALL TO

Johnny Kelly's Pub

GEORGE'S STREET, GORT

PANTOMIME IN GORT

BY COLMAN SHERRY

Whether one discusses Productions of the recently revived tradition of Pantomime in Gort or one reminisces of those long since gone by, stories of things that went wrong are usually the source of great laughter. Tommy Minogue said some time ago that there is a script for a Pantomime about the Pantomime and by this he meant the various things that happen and go wrong both on and off stage in the lead up to and during the actual show. Things will go wrong but if they subsequently bring about laughter are they not nearly worth it?

The large side tabs you see on stage were made by Dick Burke and having been brought into Town were left under the Archway beside Thomas O'Quigley's Hairdressing Salon. They then got a quick base coat of white paint and were transported by the said Mr. Minogue in his car and trailer out to Kitty North's home in Kilmacduagh. There was only one problem and that is that Mr. Minogue's trailer was about four times too small for carrying those tabs and though there was more rope used to hold them down then would secure an ocean liner, as co-pilot each time on that journey my heart was crossways that we would either lose them or that they would go in over the wall going around some bend. There must have been eight or nine trips overall between taking them to Kilmacduagh and bringing them back to the College after Mrs. North had painted them and I can assure you that though one can laugh now, on looking back it was no laughing matter at the time.

In that first production of Sinbad the Sailor, part of the show involved a cookery demonstration by the Dame. As the cooker was not fully operational, fire lighters had to be inserted into the grill section each night to give the necessary effect. On the final night of the show, practically a whole packet of Zip firelighters were used. Unknown to the Dame the great fire of Gort was about to occur. Fr. Kearney sitting in the front row of the audience began to cry out in a low voice "it's on fire, it's on fire". At this point Messrs. Clabby and Ward of the

backstage crew sprung into action and despite having no formal training in this area or suitable gear, these fire fighters carried the by now flaming cooker out into the middle of the basketball court behind the college where they had to quickly abandon it and flee.

Frank Mitchell, an actor of note, in one production was crouched down on stage behind a rather makeshift large rock waiting for his cue. Unfortunately, his counterpart on stage forgetting his lines jumped one page of the script and as you will appreciate caused momentary panic. A voice was then heard coming from behind the Rock "you skipped a page - you skipped a page".

Being in charge of props is an important assignment. But things do go wrong. During the blackout immediately before the Granny's Cottage scene in "Little Red Riding Hood", Granny [Eithne McCarthy] got into bed. The lights then quickly went up but unfortunately there was no blanket on the bed to cover Granny. Suddenly what the audience saw was a blanket in mid-air coming from the side and heading in the direction of the bed. On another occasion the sound effects of thunder was necessary and this was obtained and put on tape. One person was handed the tape and told to guard it with his life. He brought it home and unknown to him one of his children taped part of the Muppet Show over it. You can imagine the consternation the following night when the expected sound effects were called for. Instead of thunder we had Kermit the Frog!

The Back Stage Crew are not always innocent. Again I remember Eithne McCarthy standing behind the side tab waiting to make an entrance. As she stepped out on stage she found that one of her legs had been tied onto some heavy piece of woodwork. I can assure you few people waited around on that side of the stage as Eithne came back in. Some years ago a person or persons unknown attached a clothes peg to each one of a number of cups about to be used on stage. With the curtains open it was some sight seeing the tea being poured and cups being handed out with the clothes peg still in place.

A cool head coupled with experience

can deal with such situations and this was best exemplified some time ago when Kevin Glynn who was the Dame waited and waited on stage for two of his counterparts to enter but there was no sign of them. As quick as a flash he told the audience that they were probably back stage drinking tea. He then went down to the dressing rooms himself and dragged them up on to the stage admonishing them in loud tones as he was doing so.

The Musical Society is both amateur and seasonal and whilst we strive towards perfection this must be borne in mind. It gives great joy to those participating, is a therapy for some, a natural state for others.
Long may it continue!

DEATHS

During 1992 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-anamnacha

| | |
|----------------------------------|-------------|
| Eileen Lahiffe, Glenbrack | 2nd Jan |
| William Moloney, London | 17th Jan. |
| Michael Halvey, Circular Road | 8th Feb. |
| Peter Walsh, Tarmon | 29th March |
| Frances Spelman, Ennis | 6th April |
| Jack McGann, Newtown | 1st May |
| Elizabeth Cooke, Crowe Street | 16th May |
| Tom Fogarty, Crowe Street | 21st May |
| Vincent Farrell, Killomoron | 23rd May |
| Mary Ann McCooke, Gortnakella | 2nd June |
| Annette Glynn, Garabeg | 8th June |
| Teresa McNevin, Garrabeg | 8th June |
| May Walsh, Crowe Street | 10th June |
| Annamarie Kelly, George's St. | 1st July |
| Elizabeth Rock, Ballybane | 3rd July |
| Margaret Nestor, Gortakelly | 18th July |
| John Anthony Keane, Crowe St. | 4th August |
| Martin Markham, Ballyboro | 29th August |
| Joe Mahon, Seehan | 3rd Sept. |
| Martin Rock, Garryland | 10th Oct. |
| Seamus Moloney, Kinincha | 20th Oct. |
| Andrew Quinn, Ballyaneen | 8th Nov. |
| Anne Keane, Bridge Street | 16th Nov. |

Mons. Michael Spelman's Golden Jubilee

Mons. Michael Spelman, a native of Crowe Street, Gort, celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his ordination last Summer. After receiving his primary education in Gort he entered St. Mary's College, Galway, and after his Leaving Certificate became a student of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, where he was ordained in 1942. His first appointment was to his Alma Mater as teacher. In 1945 he was appointed Chaplain to the Forces at Dun Uí Mhaeliosa, Renmore. In May, 1945, he became Diocesan Secretary and later Chaplain to the Industrial School, Lr. Salthill. He was also Dean of Residence at U.C.G. until 1960.



Mons. Michael Spelman with Canon Leslie Forrest at the opening of Gort Community Centre, in 1987.

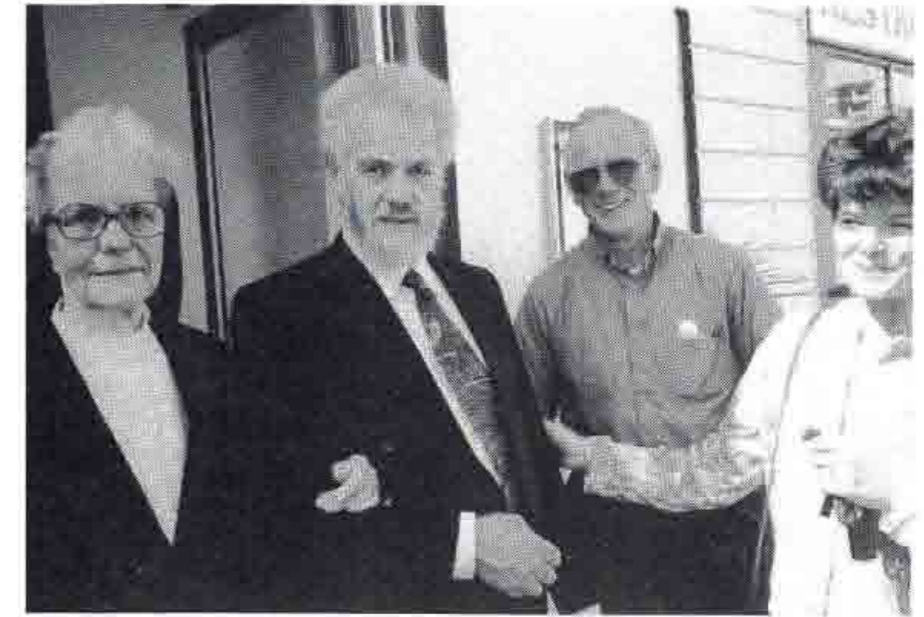
The climax of his work as Diocesan Secretary was his organisation of the opening of Galway's New Cathedral in August, 1965. He became Canon of the Diocesan Chapter in 1976 and Vicar General in 1985.

Mons. Spelman has been a sporting enthusiast all his life. A good hurler and a fine golfer, he was a member of the first Gort golf team to win the Connacht Trophy. Now retired and living in Salthill, we wish him a long and happy retirement.

Priests Silver Jubilee

Fr. Desmond Tynan of Ballyhugh, Gort [and of Hacketstown, Co. Carlow], recently celebrated the Silver Jubilee of his Ordination to the Priesthood. Fr. Des is a son of Mrs. Kitty Tynan [nee Hanrahan], Gort, Co. Galway, and the late Garda Sergeant James Tynan of Kilkenny. He was educated at Knockbeg Secondary College, Carlow, and went on to St. Patrick's Seminary, Carlow, where he studied for the priesthood.

He was ordained in 1967 by Dr. P. Lennon the Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin and was Chaplain to the Newton-Wellsley Hospital in Massachusetts for a year, while in June, 1986, he went to minister in Peru where he lived among the Quachua Indians for some years. Fr. Tynan has ministered in various parts of Peru since then and is presently based 200 miles north of Lima the capital city.



Pictured at the Jubilee celebrations were l. to r.: Sr. Ignatius, aunt, Tim, brother, Fr. Des and Laura Hanrahan, niece.

Piggott's Pub

HOMELY ATMOSPHERE -
OPEN FIRES -
MUSIC & CRACK

*"The Place
To Be"*

JORDAN ELECTRICAL

George's St.

FOR SALES & SERVICE TO ALL
DOMESTIC APPLIANCES



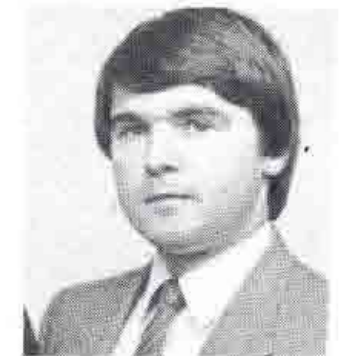
Ring: 31077

Coming to 'Grips' with a Herring!

by Sean Leahy

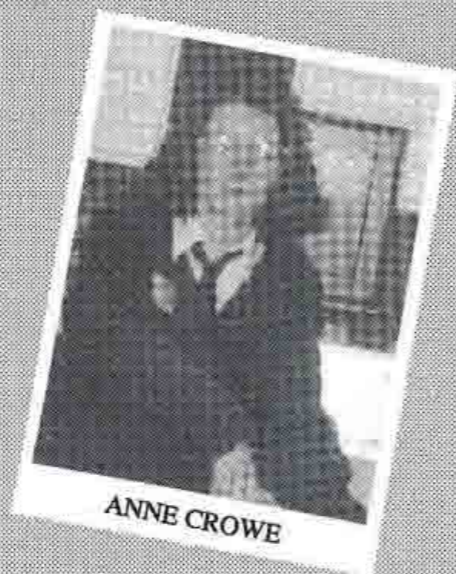
I met Mick Minogue at the local golf club. We had just completed nine holes and retired to the bar to have a few dry sherris. Later we would have our salmon dinner, but in the meantime as I said we were indulging in an aperitif of sherry. I said, "Mick, how in the name of our Divine Lady did you get the nickname 'Grip'." "Well Sean", he said, "I was fishing off New Quay Pier in the year 1951. I was using a live duckling as bait, I cast out about twenty times, but to no avail, as the little duck would not sink. A man of great brain was fishing near me [with the same bait] and he was pulling in one after another of the biggest whiting I ever saw. "You will have to sink him", he said. So I drew in my bait and tied his two feet together. Then I was fishing in all my glory. Fish after fish piled up behind me. I was as proud as punch. I cast out for the last time before retiring for the evening, when glory be to God, my line got a tug and I knew I had a big one. It strained against me, he was fighting me, I was fighting him. It was a battle to the finish. Every inch of my body was paining - for three hours the battle continued, 'till with one mighty pull, he had me in the water, but I hung on. "Grip" you know! He pulled me three times around the bay, across three meadows, out on the Lisdoonvarna Road, very nearly getting run over by the Galway bus. Up the side of the Burren, back down to New Quay again, but I hung on and after two more hours of fighting I landed with the help of a local crane a 150 pound herring! The rod had to be prised from my grip leaving stamped forever the impressions of my fingers and that's how I earned the name "Grip" Minogue. "God Mick", I said, "that was a terrible story". "Terrible, but true", he said. "We will have one more" - he said, as he made his way to the bar. One quick sniff at his empty glass - yes it was a dry sherry he had!

Congratulations to former local T.D. and Junior Minister, Frank Fahey on his election to Seanad Eireann



Gort R.C. players who played for Connacht (U-18) in the Interprovincial series. Front (L to R) Niall Carey, Liam Gantley and John Smyth. Back L to R. Billy Kilroy (Club Coach), Thomas Brady, Jonathan Ward, Tony O'Donnell and Robert Lahiff. Gort U-18's won the Connacht Cup, defeating Corinthians 12 pts to 7 on St. Patrick's Day. Congratulations.

THE YOUNG SCIENTISTS' EXHIBITION



ANNE CROWE

BY ANNE CROWE

I had always had an ambition to enter the young Scientist Exhibition but could never come up with a plausible project. However this year I thought hard and came up with the project title "The Social Mannerisms of Hens and Cocks". The title had the ability to bring a laugh at least.

It took me approximately three months to complete the project. With the valuable help of my teacher, Miss Dooley, I discovered, through observation and experiment, many interesting facts about both hens and cocks.

My first objective was to find out how intelligent hens and cocks actually are. I did this by setting up a fence with a bowl of food behind it. I observed the hens and cocks to see how many would use their "common sense" and walk around the fence rather than trying to come through it. An average of three out of fourteen managed to pass the test. I decided that although hens and cocks did not have common sense they cannot be called stupid, if we consider how cleverly a hen hides her nest or how hens learn that certain sounds or signals indicate feeding time.

I then decided to investigate the response of hens and cocks to music. I discovered that the favourite music was classical as this soothed them and the least favourite was pop, because this agitated them. I also visited a battery farm and dissected a free range hen and a battery farm hen to compare both types in lifestyle and health [the dissection was no picnic]. My conclusion was that free range hens are healthier and much tamer and calmer than the battery farm hens. From observation I discovered hen traits are the following ["Survival of the fittest", "Secrecy", "Fear", "Balancing" and

"Moulting". With my report and visual display ready I headed for Dublin.

I spent from the 6th to the 11th of January in Dublin. The first day was taken up mainly with setting up my project, finding my way around the R.D.S. and settling into the hotel which was about 10 minutes walk away. The judging took place on the second day with three separate judges interviewing me individually. There were many activities taking place in the R.D.S. all day, from the reincarnation of Michael Faraday mingling with the young Scientists to science displays. The winners were announced on Friday and received their prizes from the Taoiseach, Mr. Albert Reynolds. The following day I learned that I had received a 'Highly Commended' for my effort. There was a disco that night. On Sunday [which was the last day] the VIP's including President Mary Robinson, Dermot Morgan, P. Flynn, visited the exhibition and we had to be at our stands to speak to any interested person about our projects. I was kept busy all week with people who were just curious and those who were in the poultry business questioning me and enquiring about my project. My stuffed hen was a big attraction, especially for one toddler who visited every day, and spent hours just rubbing the hen! I reserved Monday for shopping alone and I returned home very tired Monday evening on Nestor's bus. Because of the snow and frost on the road it took five and a half hours.

I had a very enjoyable experience and have many pen-pals and friends as a result. I would heartily recommend the young Scientists Exhibition to any budding scientist.

T. Mullins
BAR & GROCERY

"The Bar You've Been
Looking For"

GORT MART

- A Brief History by Paddy O'Grady

Now that Gort Co-Operative Livestock Mart is over thirty years in business and that the Committee of Management have decided to re-locate the Mart, a brief outline of its early history might be appropriate.

Gort Co-Operative Livestock Mart Society was first mooted early in 1959 and several meetings were held in the town but it was not until 25th September of that year that the first minutes were taken at a meeting in St. Colman's Hall. A provisional committee held meetings almost weekly from then until 23rd February, 1961, when the first ten member committee was elected. This comprised Thomas Curtin, Robert Lahiffe, Richard Taylor, John Murray, Martin McGrath, James Moran, Seamus Clandillon, Tom Nolan, Andrew Quinn and Michael J. Fitzgerald. Richard [Dick] Taylor was elected Chairman and Martin McGrath, Vice-

Chairman. Martin Brennan had been appointed Secretary at the previous meeting, taking over this role from John Murray. A meeting on the 18th May, 1961, approved of the site which was purchased from Robert Lahiffe for £2,200. A contract for the building of the Mart was signed in October, 1961, with Messrs Stewart, Galway, for the amount of £10,500.

The official opening ceremony was held on 28th July, 1962, though the first sale did not take place until 17th September, 1962. This was a cattle sale and it had a turnover of £11,666. Staff costs were £28 and this left a profit of £210 on that first sale. There were no sheep sales held in 1962 and the cattle sales were held on Saturday's [fortnightly]; cattle sales on Thursday's did not commence until mid-January, 1963. Martin O'Donnell, Athenry, was the first Manager and Colm Hilliard was Assistant Manager.

Gort Show

- The Way Forward
by Joseph Quinn

What does the Show mean to you? Or does it mean anything at all? Have you ever been to the show? Maybe not. There are many local people who have never taken the interest or time to go to the Show. Some who don't even know where it takes place. To some "it's the 'thing' which takes place behind the Community Centre". Are you one of these? Well this little article is about the Show and how you might help contribute towards making it a better show. From now on there will be committee meetings taking place [all advertised in advance] and you would be most welcome to attend and hopefully become aware and share in the Show Agenda.

Now in its 13th year since it was reformed the show finds itself at a crossroads as to where it should develop. In developing there are always new financial demands on resources and also finding extra help to accept the challenge. For some years now there have been too few people involved in running the show and many new volunteers are needed urgently to continue with the work.

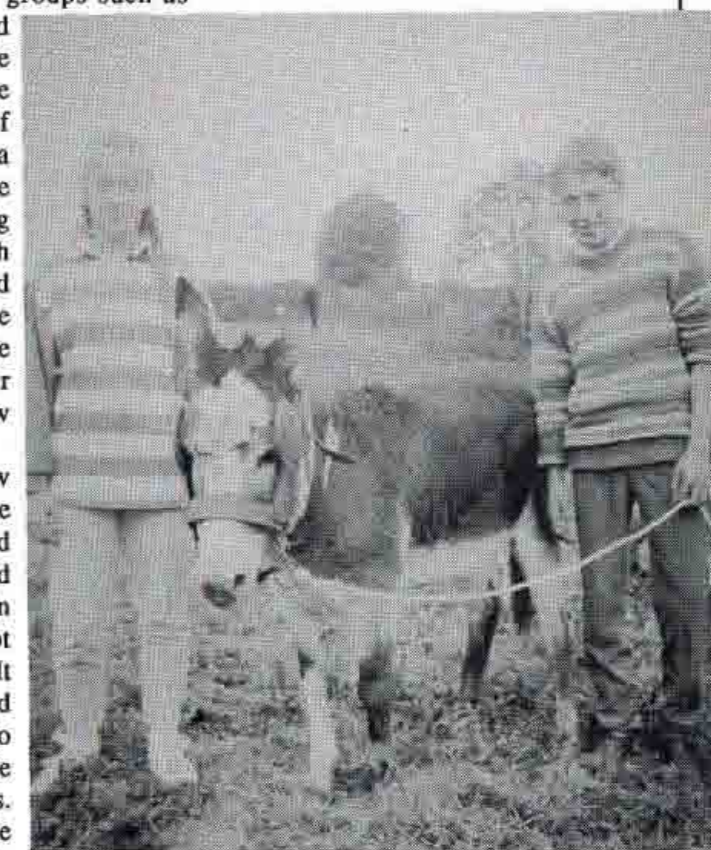
With new people come new ideas and a new enthusiasm to give us that encouragement to forge ahead.

Its strange with so many schools in the Gort area that we find little or no input from this area. Surely there can be some encouragement for pupils to become actively involved, as the Show can give them a big outlet in which they can display their talents.

Local clubs outside of the Scout groups and I.C.A. groups have shown no interest whatever in helping to develop the show; groups such as Macra na Feirme and the I.F.A. would have a major input into the agricultural side of the Show. Also for a number of years we have been asking those involved with horse breeding and jumping to come together to see where they can play their part in show development.

The Gort Show should reflect the mood of the town and district around it, and the work involved in the show should not be left up to a few. It should be appreciated and encouraged to go forward and be the show that it once was. This will all take commitment both in

terms of money and held and should be forthcoming from each one of us by sponsorship, entering the different show classes, by attending the show on the day or by helping to promote the Show. Surely it is not beyond our community to do our very best to make this year's show a starting point for change by becoming actively involved in some aspect of the Show. Let's go forward together and make next year's show the best ever.



Michael Moran who won the Donkey Derby on "Miller". Also in picture is Michael's sister, Brenda.

A Taste of the "Galway Star"

W.M. Quinn's weekly paper the 'Galway Star' flourished in the early fifties. In order to bring back memories of that era for the older generation and to give the younger people a taste of what a local paper was like at that time we have picked some items from one issue of Willie's one man newspaper. Saturday 12th January, 1952.

Memories! Memories! W.M. Quinn with a copy of the 'Galway Star'



Pram for Sale—Excellent condition. Apply Box No. 107 Galway Star, Gort, Co. Galway.

A Sweepstake ticket on the Grand National may lead to £50,000. Get yours from Fred Brady, Craughwell

Wellingtons by leading Irish and British manufacturers in stock. Have your Wellington repairs expertly carried out by us. T. McNamara, George's Street, Gort.

PRICE OF THE BULL.

A bull weighing 16 cwt. 7 lbs. was sold at last Gort fair by Mr. Pat Hynes, Kilkeedy. Purchased at 90/- per cwt. Mr. Hynes received £72/5/7½ (at least that's what it added up to).

YOUR PHOTO IN THE PAPER

Since we acquired our camera we have had many requests for "a photo in the Galway Star."

We would like to point out that, this is a costly procedure and only on receipt of £2. 2. 0. can we agree to publish, as snaps have to be specially processed and a metal photo block manufactured.

PERSONALITY CAPSULES AND NEWS ITEMS.

A meeting of Gort Football Club will be held at the Town Hall on Sunday, 13th after last Mass. to elect officers and attend to matters relating to the coming season. New members enrolled. You are invited.

It is announced that the Hon. Peter Patrick Hemphill, son and heir of Lord Hemphill of Tullira Castle, Ardahan, is to wed Miss Ann Olivia Rutledge of Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo.

HOW TO TREAT THE MISSUS

In the cycle of events over very recent years, the machine of convention has gone into reverse.

Mistresses throughout this land and many lands were, in the past, harrassed with the necessity of producing the last ounce of productivity and submissiveness from the maid at the smallest outlay in effort or cash.

With the advent of controlled electrical cookers, the opportunity of apportioning the burnt crust of the cake to the maid, has diminished.

Locking out, threatening instant dismissal or stopping half her five shilling weekly pay in lieu of accidental breakages etc., were just a few of the subterfuges employed by the Mistress.

But, good girls should not hold enmity with the past.

Treat the mistress with haughty obedience within the limits of your state of dependance. Make strict stipulations on engagement, not failing to insert many indemnifying clauses.

To entertain friends in the basement kitchen is no longer maidish etiquette. Select the drawing room. Neither is walking out with the mistress. It displays the badge of servitude. You may allow her the privilege of walking out Fido instead, and of attending to its lair.

If, after unloosing all the artifices of modern maidish ingenuity your mistress is still uncomplaining and patronising, you are a fully qualified housemaid and equipped with a certificate entitling you to inform her that, "you have just got your travel permit."

Thus, the Mistress's torture chamber will soon be relined by a "new arrival."

A thrilling, jolly, hopeful night! A night you will long remember and cherish! THE—

MASKED LEAP YEAR BALL

AT THE CENTRAL BALLROOM, GORT, ON
THURSDAY NIGHT, 31st JAN., 1952
Dancing 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. :: TICKETS (inc. Tax) 5/-

Announcing the welcome return visit of Ireland's leading and most delightful Dance Orchestra, BERT FLYNN AND HIS BOYS (with vocalists Betty Hurley, all Ireland vocal competition winner, 1950, and Earl Fitzgerald.

FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT.

Free Eye Masks to each patron (masks must be worn until 12 midnight).

"Opportunity Knocks" (Valuable Prizes to all ladies popping the question over the microphone).

Six "Ladies Choice" Dances.

Maidens on Parade at 12 midnight.

Dozens of Novelty Spot Prizes. Superb Maple Floor. Refreshments. Central Heating. Photographers and Cead Míle Fáilte to all.

Glynns Grade A Hotel serve seven course dinner on dance evening from 7 p.m., also all other meals required.

Miss Teenie Reidy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Reidy, Church Street, did her final nursing exam. at the Children's Hospital, Temple Street, Dublin.

The engagement is announced between Mr. Sean Ronan, director of Messrs. Ronan & Co. Ltd., brush manufacturer, Claremorris and Miss Peggy O'Shaughnessy, Church St., Gort.

If, at any time, readers find objection (or is it remorse of conscience!) to any editorial, opinion, policy etc., published in the "Galway Star," we would remind them that The Editor is the responsible author. Complaints, imaginary or real, should be conveyed direct to him and not to any other individuals, who certainly have no part in our publications whatsoever. Incidentally, he shall continue to write forcibly if necessary, for the benefit of his readers generally and not merely to conform to the selfish needs of any individual reader.

Mr. Sean O'Regan, B.Agr.Sc., left on Tuesday, 8th January for New Inn where he takes up the post of Headmaster of the local technical school.

Mr. O'Regan will be greatly missed, not only by the pupils past and present for whom he worked so ardently, but by all, who could not fail to recognise in him a gentleman and friend of the first degree.

With him and his wife, Mrs. Ann O'Regan, go our best wishes for their happiness and success always.

BODY RECOVERED.

The body of John Shanny, Lower Park, Limerick; was taken from the Shannon on Wednesday. Aged about 55, he was missing since December 7 last. He had lived with his mother and stepbrother.

THAT 'FLU AGAIN

As at this time last year, a pernicious flu is attacking people in all walks of life—a stupifying head cold, cough and feeling of misery and depression.

Watch out in time. Don't wait 'till you're falling on your feet.

We advise—go to bed and stay there until you're feeling recovered. If you can't go to bed, we still say — go to bed.

To counteract the cough and chestiness try "Creaphons." Take a course of Anadin tablets, keep warm and free from damp and chills, while consuming hot nourishing drinks.

To those of you who are not pioneers we strongly suggest a stout and milk drink daily as a build up.

"Multivite" vitamin tablets serve a similar purpose and may prove a good investment at this lowering period of the year.

Just remember—if you feel rotten, lots more feel just like you.

Household Hints.

- To give a beautiful cleanness and brightness to your skin, occasionally add a few drops of paraffin oil to the warm soapy water in which you wash.
- To keep your hot water bottle supple, wash it out now and again with hot water to which a spoonful of ammonia has been added.
- Varnished wallpaper which becomes splashed with grease can be washed with a pailful of warm soapy water to which a table spoonful of ammonia has been added.
- Badly stained steel knives can be cleaned swiftly with a slice of raw potato dipped in powdered bath-brick.
- To clean a teapot boil one teaspoonful of pearl barley in a little water. Pour into teapot and leave overnight.

So this is Mary, your household hint girl, wishing you all the happy hints you'll need for the New Year. 'Bye now.

MARY.

OLDHAM



Sole Agent:—

MATT O'CONNOR
THE GARAGE, GORT.

HEADLINE MAKERS IN 1992

DAVID COEN



1992 was a memorable year for David Coen [23], son of David and Cecily Coen of Ballinamantan House, Gort. Early in the year he was selected on the Irish Universities in Paris.

In the early summer he was conferred with an M.B.S. [Honours] Degree at U.C.D. and in July he was selected on the Irish Universities team for the Students Rugby World Cup in Italy.

The Irish team, which was based in Abano, qualified for the quarter final, but were beaten by New Zealand who in turn were beaten by France in the final.

David played in all of Ireland's matches in his customary tight-head prop position. No doubt we will hear more in the near future about this 6 feet, sixteen stone young Gort man who now plays with Lansdowne.

MATT MURPHY



1992 was certainly a memorable year for Matt Murphy. From the moment he was elected Team Manager of the Galway Minor Hurling team he had one ambition

i.e. to bring the all-Ireland cup across the Shannon to Galway. It is now history that he achieved his ambition; the young men under his direction playing superbly in the final to take the cup home for the second time ever. Turloughmore-born Matt, who has been involved in hurling one way or another since he was a child, has high hope for this year's squad. Two-in-a-row could well be on the cards!

P. J. MOYLAN

P. J. Moylan of Kilbeacanty took up darts while working in England in the 70's. While his friends were at the counter P. J., a non-drinker, passed that time at the dart-board. With a lot of practice he developed a keen eye and a



dexterous hand and by 1980 he was ranked 10th in the world. He won a regular place on the Irish team; he will represent his country for the ninth year in 1993, playing in Germany

in March in Salt Lake City in the Summer and in the World Cup in Las Vegas in the Autumn. Last year P. J. won the Smithwicks Irish Masters and came fifth in the World Championship. We wish P. J., a most un-assuming man, every success in Europe and in America.

ELVA CONROY

Elva Conroy, a fourth year pupil of St. Joseph's Secondary School, Gort won overall first prize in the Young Letter Writers Competition last Autumn, sponsored by An Post. She received a Cavan Crystal Trophy, a cheque for £200, a certificate and a video recorder with monitor for her school. A record 15,000 pupils entered the competition to write a letter to a 20th century child from the perspective of a sailor who accompanied Christopher Columbus when he discovered America.

CLORA NEILAN



Clora undertook to design and knit an outfit of her own choice in part fulfilment of her Bachelor in Education [Home Economics] Degree at St. Angela's College, Sligo. The outfit she designed was a full length Galway Heather Aran-style Coat with matching beret, the main colours being rust, mustard and olive green.

She won the prestigious award for Irish Shows Slaney Hand Knitting Competition and qualified for the all-Ireland hand-knitting championship final in Strokestown, gaining third place. Her coat was also modelled on "Live at Three".

Elva Conroy receives her overall first prize in the Young Letter Writers Competition last Autumn.



BRENDAN QUINN

1992 was a lucky year for local chemist, Brendan Quinn. After several years in second place, he finally managed to

beat off the competition to become number one in Ireland, in the sport of canoe-surfing. Fans of the soap "Home and Away" may have seen canoe-surfers on this T.V. show.

To crown off the year, the Irish combined team, made up of canoe and surf-ski paddlers, won the Home Internationals by beating England, who had held the title for six years running. Brendan came second by half a point to the current World Champion, raising his world ranking well within the top twenty. He hopes now to compete in the 1994 World Championships in Santa Cruz, California.

The Home Internationals were held in Easky, Co. Sligo, this year, and the Irish team travels to Wales to defend their trophy next Summer. The team trains all-year round, catching many a Winter storm off Lahinch or Spanish Point in Co. Clare.

Canoeing is a sport that can be tried by anyone who can swim, and ranges from peaceful trips across calm lakes, to 'running the rapids' in white-water pouring down from the mountains. However, it is done, it is always great fun, and provides a great 'Environment Friendly' way of seeing the countryside.

Brendan hopes to begin giving lessons in the early Summer, and the area around Gort is perfect for beginners. Anyone interested should keep an eye open for notices around May/June.



CHRISTOPHER AND ANNE FAHY

Christopher and Anne Fahy who started Irish dancing at three years of age have won hundreds of medals including Connaught and all-Ireland medals, as

well as numerous trophies and plaques. They also dance at Irish nights, entertaining people, which they both enjoy very much.

Two years ago they took up ballroom dancing and have excelled at it.

They can dance the Quickstep, Tango, Slow Waltz and Foxtrot. Last year they

won the all-Ireland and Connaught Ballroom Waltzing Competitions under 14, and were over-all winners in other ballroom dances under 14. This year they will be dancing in Blackpool, Vienna and later in the World Ballroom Dancing Championships. We wish them the very best of luck.

Fergal O'Dea



Fergal has qualified to represent Connaught in the forthcoming World Dancing Championships in Mosney.

Fergal, who has been dancing since he was four, is also a talented musician. He has won at numerous Feiseanna in Ireland and England.

He is a pupil of Scoil Ui Ruairc, Ennis.



A New Secretary for Galway Hurling Supporters Club

Paddy O'Grady of Cahermore, Gort, was elected Secretary of the Galway Hurling Supporters Club at the Annual general meeting last October. He is the first from the Gort area to hold a position in the club which was formed in 1988

The Supporters Club has provided a substantial amount of money over the past five years for the benefit of the Galway senior hurling team and for coaching at Primary Schools level. A new Concession Card Scheme is currently being organised and is expected to be in operation in May.

Oliver Roche's Garage Ltd.

New & Used Car Sales

Firearms, Radio & Cycle Dealers
Repairs to Cars, Motor Cycles & Cycles
by Expert Mechanics.

Cycle into Summer

... with one of our varied range of cycles

Ladies and Gents from £95

● Clearance Sale on all Childrens Bikes

☎ 091-31050 * Bridge St., Gort

Member of S.I.M.I.



Remember Seán Devlin's article on 'Gort Golf Club - the Rockfield era' in last year's 'Guire'? As Seán pointed out Gort G.C. was established in 1924. Rockfield was abandoned in 1975 for the new course at Laughtyshaughnessy. On Monday 1st March this year it was the unanimous decision of club members to purchase land at Newtown for a new 18 hole course; a portion of the land is shown in our photograph.



Official opening of Ballyoneen Group Water Scheme at Pumphouse, 4th March 1979. Helen Nolan, Andrew Quinn, Tom McAllen, Mary Joe Nolan, Fr. Frank Larkin, Josie Hurley, Colie Quinn, Pat Cahill, Eugene Glynn, Johnno McAllen, Mrs. Nora Connors, P.J. Baldwin, Mattie Cahill, Mick Cahill, Paul McAllen, Mick Nolan, Paddy Hayes, Gerard Nolan, Pat Baldwin.



Gort Under 17 Badminton Team County League Winners 1992. Back L to R. Brian Murphy, Roy Costello, John Rodgers & Pádraig Flanagan (Trainer). Front L to R. Elva Conroy, Hilda Dolan, Valerie Kelly and Geraldine Flanagan (Trainer).



Three Castletown ladies on their way home from Mass c. 1920. L to R. Mrs P. Hayes, Mrs P. Mulcaire and Mrs. T. Baldwin.



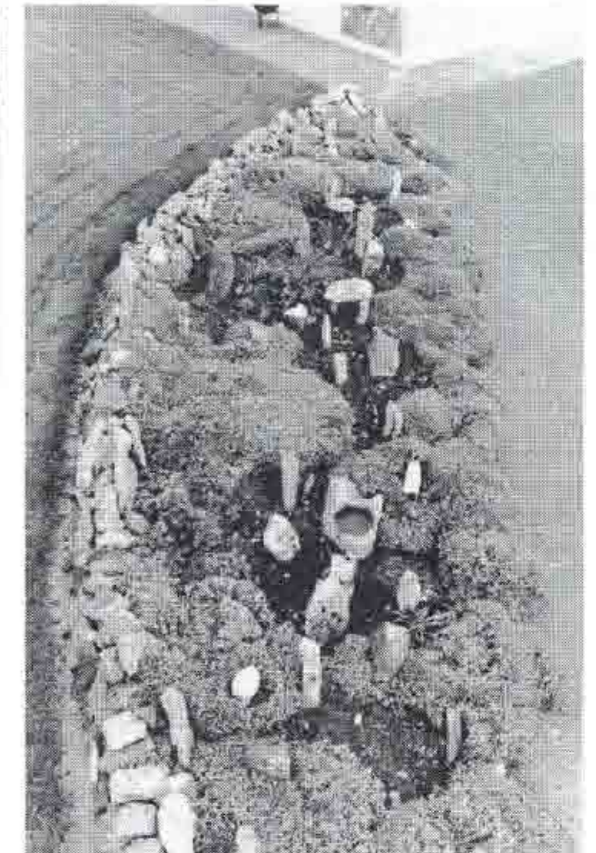
Cooles Avenue as it used to be. the two young fishermen are Colin O'Quigley and John Daly.



Cooles Fishing Competition 1975. One wonders if Vinny Moloney made much money on the Raffle!!



Ballroom Dancing enthusiasts Seán & Esther Fahy, Circular Road, Gort who were runners-up in Connacht and 3rd in the All-Ireland last year pictured with their children Anne & Christopher, all-Ireland under-14 waltzing champions. Like father like son, like mother like daughter!



This is a rockery with a difference - it contains a stone from 29 of the 32 counties! The only counties not represented are Antrim, Derry and Down. This beautifully maintained rockery is the creation of Johnny Spelman, Galway Road. Who will help him finish this unusual jig-saw?



Restoration work in progress on the Gate Lodge in Coole last February. The lodge, now the property of Robin Marcus of Lough Cutra is being tactfully restored inside and out. Full marks to Mr. Marcus for a job well done.

GORT CAPTURE MINOR 'B' HURLING TITLE

by Brendan Spelman,

Gort Minor Hurlers set out on their quest for the Minor B County title in a very determined mood. Having been beaten in the County Final the previous year by Kinvara, a full commitment was undertaken to go one better in 1992.

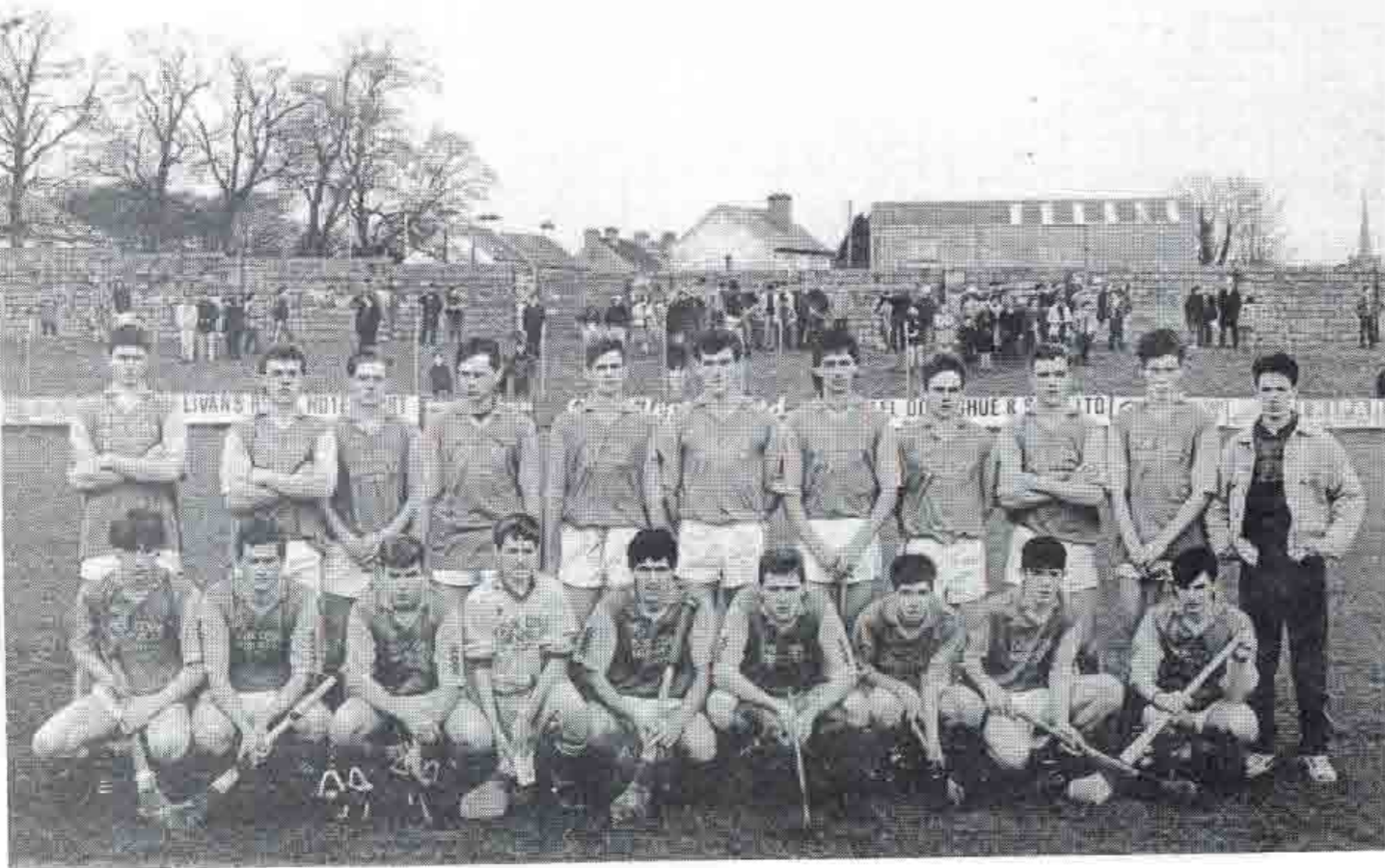
With the appointment of Joe Regan as Team Manager, Michael Cahill and Matt Murphy as selectors, an excellent backroom team was in charge. Gort came through their group campaign unbeaten with impressive victories over Moycullen, Liam Mellows and Pearse's.

In the quarter final Gort had to fight all the way to overcome a very strong Tommie Larkin's side by three points. Unfortunately in that game John Rogers, having played well in all previous matches, sustained a shoulder injury which ruled him out of the remainder of the competition.

The county semi-final against Moycullen played in Clarinbridge was a "real cracker". The standard of hurling from both sides was of the highest quality. In the end Gort won by a margin of four points with the match winner, Ollie Fahy scoring 2-6 in the process. The scene was set for our final meeting with Abbey Duniry, amid a great atmosphere on county final day in Athenry. Gort's better balance throughout was a decisive factor. Ollie Fahy made his mark on the game as early as the second minute with a classic overhead strike to the net. While taking a long time to settle, Gort gradually took control of the game and came out victors by five points in the finish.

Padraic Linnane, team captain, playing at centre back, was an inspiration throughout the championship. Colman Cooney at full back and Jarlath Kearns at centre forward also made significant contributions.

All in all it was a very satisfactory year for Gort hurling, and we look forward to 1993 with great hope and enthusiasm.



THE WINNING PANEL - Back row, left to right: Colman Cooney, Peter Linnane, Sean Burke, Brian Naughton, Cathal Moran, Jarlath Kearns, Anthony Diviney, Anthony Corbett, Ollie Fahy, Derek Wallace and John Rogers. Front row: Shane Linnane, Niall Linnane, Brendan Nestor, Peter Cummins, Gerard Giblin, Padraic Linnane, capt., Paul Connolly, Garret Nestor and Brian Murphy.

Childhood Memories of Gort

by Mickey McQuaid

We lived in Crow Street or Crow Lane as it was often called in our time. I was born and reared there and like most other children in the town, attended the two local schools. First the Convent of Mercy and later, after making our First Holy Communion, we progressed to the National School.

My earliest memories of school life in the convent are a bit hazy but I remember clearly the morning after the "big fire". The Convent school was destroyed by a fire which started in the early hours of Friday morning, January 28th, 1944. The school was closed down for a short period until the nuns made provision for classrooms in the living area of the convent which had escaped the fire. I was about six years of age at the time. In those circumstances we prepared for our First Holy Communion. Sr. Margaret Mary was our teacher at the time and we all loved her. She was very gentle and kind to us and I don't think any of us wanted to leave her class or change to another teacher.

The big day finally arrived, the biggest day in our young lives. Incidentally, about two weeks previously I had a slight accident. On my way home from school one afternoon, I spotted Gerry Keane who was about to mount his bicycle and whom I knew was going in my direction, so I asked him for a lift. Gerry duly obliged but unfortunately both of us being in high spirits, one of my feet found its way into the spokes of the front wheel. Both of us came to the ground. Unfortunately again I was "cosnochtá" (barefooted) and as a result there was a lot of damage done to the lower part of my foot. The spokes had sliced pieces of flesh away, so on Communion Day I had to be transported on my father's shoulders. Later in the morning I was wheeled by two of the senior girls, in a go-car, to breakfast in the convent. Maureen Quinn was one of the

girls but I forget who the second girl was. Maureen was a daughter of Tim Quinn who had a pub in Bridge Street (Hartes pub now).

The breakfast in the convent after Mass was one of the highlights of the day. The nuns took us under their wing for the morning and after breakfast we were brought back to the church to attend the 11.00 a.m. Mass.

The breakfast itself was quite simple. We had two hard boiled eggs and plenty of bread to eat and possibly jam as well. I'm sure we were given sweets afterwards but in any case, as far as we were concerned, it was a feast. Jam and indeed

eggs were something of a luxury in those days. People in the town who didn't have hens would obviously have to buy eggs, and for poorer people this was something that could be done without. My mother kept some hens but the eggs were very often sold for badly needed cash, a half crown per dozen when eggs were scarce in the winter.

Back to our big day again, after second Mass we were finally "released" and then, as now, we visited all the neighbours and all donations were gratefully received. I was at a big disadvantage of course as I couldn't walk, so my young sister Ann took it upon herself to transport me, go-car and all, to every house in the neighbourhood. She then solemnly declared that her brother was just after making his First Holy Communion and so it put many an unfortunate person in an impossible position; even if they could ill afford to subscribe, they were left with no option.

Hard Times

There was a lot of poverty in those days and referring back to my early years in the convent, I remember quite a large number of children being provided with a meal by the nuns at lunchtime. As it was wartime and tea was extremely scarce and expensive, cocoa was brought out in a big can, as far as I can remember, and served from enamel mugs under the shelter in the playground. Bread and jam was served with the cocoa and the children who received it would have been extremely poor indeed. There were no "hand-outs" in those days and as most people had large families, I often wonder how people survived at all. All the small cottages in Boland's Lane, for example, were occupied and many of those had large families. They had no sanitation, no water and no back garden, just a living room/kitchen, one small bedroom and a small loft over the bedroom. Indeed it was a familiar sight in my childhood to see families from those houses, both men and women, coming from Inchy, an area adjoining Coole estate, consisting of a rocky crag, interspersed with stunted hazelnut bushes. It was from those bushes that the women made up their faggot as it was often called, or bundle of partially rotted hazel twigs.

The twigs were easily removed from the low bushes at certain times of the year and they were ideal for making a fire in a hurry to boil a kettle etc. The men would generally bring heavier pieces of timber which were easy to come by in the woods. Carrying those bundles on one's back or shoulders through fields and over stone walls was no easy job and, needless to say, this firewood was very short lived and the journey had to be repeated regularly. Visiting Mattie Collins recently, and while recalling old memories of Gort, he said that one of the loveliest memories he had of Boland's Lane was that of all the windows being lit up with candles on Christmas Eve with the candlestick comprising of a turnip scooped out in the middle.

In those particular years however, there were two things which helped people to survive. Firstly people were very neighbourly to each other, doors were always left open even during the winter, unless the weather was very bad. There were four or five houses around us and we freely borrowed



L to R. Mickey McQuaide, P.J. Gillespie, Carmel Gillespie and Patsy McNevin at a Fancy Dress in Gort, 1949.

each other. There was no accumulation of food then. People neither had the money to buy it nor to store it, so it was quite common to run short of milk, sugar, tea etc. You simply went next door with a cup. Mrs Gillespie next door to us would borrow freely and would expect you to do the same. Her husband was a local Garda. They were great neighbours. Next door to us on the other side lived Mulleney's. Granny Mulleney as she was always called wore long skirts down to the ground and wore a black shawl. She used to buy a creel of turf on occasion from the Derrybrien men and drove a hard bargain. She always insisted on giving them the tea but only on condition that they allowed her for it on the price of the turf. She would often come knocking on our door late at night and would instruct my mother to boil the kettle and make the "tae", as she would say. Further up again lived the Carthys, Mrs Carthy or Mag Carthy, as she was affectionately known, was our "local nurse" and indeed midwife at times. If ever anyone on the street had an accident they would go to Mag and ask for her help or advice.

Secondly, people seemed to have an abundance of time in my young days. There was of course no television, very few radios and neither did people travel far. Going to Galway for example was a rare occurrence. About 3 shillings and sixpence on the bus from Gort, but who could afford it, let alone have money to shop with? So people had much more time for themselves and others. Neighbours visited, chatted and played cards. Across the road from us lived the McNevins. Miko played the fiddle and accordion and there would often be long discussions by the fire of haunted houses, fairies and headless coachmen. I often left the house as a child, petrified after listening to those tales fully convinced that I would never make it across the road to my own house. There were so many places around Gort supposedly haunted that we were terrified to have to pass by them after dark. Coole was one place that one should never be caught out in after dark. Cooney's as we called it, where the Texaco garage now stands, was another dreaded place at night. There was an old forge there at one time and an old house which I remember, Colie Cooney owned and I think lived there at one time before he moved to Ballysheedy. I dreaded passing it

after dark and always left the footpath and went into top gear racing down the road till I was safely past it and looking back to ensure I wasn't being pursued. Fears of these places intensified if there was a death in the town. Visiting the corpses home to pay our respects didn't help. Even though I went myself, I hated it and especially if there was no-one else in the room. I often convinced myself that I saw the corpse's fingers move. I hated the paleness of the hands and face and of course, there was always the brown habit. No wearing one's own clothes in those days.

Fairs and Markets

My childhood memories of Gort are of a busy place with something always happening. There was little or no motor cars in the forties and all the transport consisted of the four-footed type. Fair days were always busy and there was quite a few of them in Gort. Pig markets were held every month and there was at least one horse fair annually. As a little child on my way to school on fair days, I used to be frightened by what I regarded as terrible rows between the "jobbers" or cattle dealers and the farmer. One farmer shouting that he wasn't selling, the jobber shouting back as he moved away and another group trying to bring both of them together again. There would be spitting and slapping of hands, ashplants swinging and if a bargain was agreed there were huge rolls of notes produced by the dealer, notes that we had never seen. There were fivers and tenners and even twenty pound notes. Later on I realised that all the shouting and antics of the jobbers was all part of forcing the farmer's hand, but to me as a young child it was all very frightening.

The fairs in those days were held in the town of course, as older people will recall. The cattle on the street and the sheep in pens on the footpath. One can imagine the state of the streets afterwards, but no-one objected as it brought much needed business to the town. The shopkeepers cleaned their own area while the council cleaned the streets. I recall that on two very big fair days, one in March and another later in the year, we had a free day from school. It was deemed too dangerous for us!

There was a pattern to the pig market also. It was more orderly. The horse and carts were backed into the edge of the footpath and the pigs unloaded. It started around O'Grady's bakery and was confined to that side of the street right up to Cunningham's Corner (Supermacs take-away nowadays). Market day in Gort, Saturday, was another very busy day especially in the Spring. Through the eyes of a child, Gort was a huge town. The weighhouse in the square was a central point and in the Spring especially, there were very big markets. Potatoes, corn, cabbage plants, turnips and sometimes mangels,



Gort Boys N.S. 1947 - 1948. Mickey McQuaid is seventh from left in the second row.

COENS OF GORT

For All Building Materials

- Plumbing Goods - Board Material, air dried W.D.
- Stockists of Hardwood - Iroko, Mahogany, Oak, Cedar.
- Steel - Rounds, Angles, Plates, Hollow Sections.
- Fertilizer - Let us quote you for your requirements.

B. Coen & Sons Ltd.

Tel. 091-31511

LUKE KELLY'S BAR

George's Street, Gort

* *Darts and Cards every Thursday*

* *Country Music Friday Night*

* *Old Time Song and Dance Every Saturday and Sunday Night*

PROPRIETORS: JERRY AND ANN KELLY

TEL. 091-31064

YOU BRING OUT THE BEST IN US



Understanding the needs of our customers, and responding to them, is what we at AIB Bank aim to achieve.

We know we have some way to go before we can really understand and respond to all our customers' needs. But we're working every day to continuously improve the service we provide for you in Gort.

We aim to be the best, not simply to satisfy our own ambitions, but to be the best in our customers eyes also. It's your needs that bring out the best in us.

YOU BRING OUT THE BEST IN US

Golden Jubilee of St. Joseph's Secondary School, Gort, 1942 - 1992

by Geraldine Roughan [Leaving Cert. Student '92-'93]

There was a sense of occasion, joy, gratitude, celebration, nostalgia, and welcome on Saturday, July 25th, 1992, when at 4 p.m., past pupils from all over Ireland, England, America, Africa, and Australia gathered together in St. Colman's Church, Gort, to celebrate Mass on the special occasion of the Golden Jubilee of their Alma Mater, St. Joseph's

Fr. Michael O'Flaherty was chief celebrant, assisted by Fr. M. Keane, Fr. J. Mahon and Fr. N. Casey.

This was their first ever past pupils re-union. There was excitement mingled with tears as the "Red Blazer" was carried in the Offertory Procession. A chalice, which dated back to 1875, reminded all present of the link with the founding Mercy Sisters who came from St. Leo's, Carlow. The globe carried to the altar symbolised friendship that cannot be broken by distance.

After Mass all past pupils came to the Convent School for light refreshments and revived, relived and rediscovered "the wonders of St. Joseph's" - this time they were convinced that they had gained much from their school years. Some went to

the grotto, others went to the island, others looked for their beds in the boarding school. Everybody wanted to meet the nuns and the teachers.

It was with regret that the past pupils left the gaily decorated, friendship-filled, sun-drenched lawn and headed for Sullivan's Hotel

However, they soon forgot their loneliness when surrounded by friends. They tucked into an excellent meal provided in an inviting and welcoming ambience. The speeches over, Mike Gardiner's band struck up for the 'Siege of Ennis', followed by a medley of waltzes. The brave ones took the floor, but by the time the band played 'Come down from the Mountain Katie Daly' even the most timid had begun to trip to the lively music. The people of Gort were very generous in donating spot prizes.

It was a great night. It was overall a wonderful gathering. The organising committee had left no stone unturned in the planning of this memorable day.



Micheál C. Breathnach, Principal of St. Colman's V.S., making a presentation to Paddy Moloney on the occasion of his retirement. Also in the photograph is Paddy's wife, Patsy. We wish Paddy many happy years of health and happiness.

which were quite common then for feeding and occasionally hay or straw. Calves were also sold on market day. We found it fascinating to put our hands in the calf's mouth and that he wouldn't bite, just suck away. One other item of interest which was often for sale on market day, and alas is no more, were the neat bundles of hazel scallops for thatching. We used to take great delight in stealing up behind the ass and cart and acquiring a couple of those. You tried a few first to see which one was going to come easiest and then you pulled hard and quick. You had to get it first time or you were finished, the owner was on top of you. If a knot obstructed the free passage of the scallop, then you ran, and tried your luck later.

Johnny Waters, who lived in the square looked after the weighhouse. He was a gentle little man who always seemed to have a cigarette in his mouth. We had occasion to deal with him later on, as we got older, of which perhaps I will relate in another issue. He weighed everything and produced a docket if required. He charged a small fee for his services.

I omitted to mention one other item of importance on market day and that was the Derrybrien men with creels of turf for sale. The creels, I remember, used to be pulled in at the top, and on top of the load itself there would always be a bag of hay for the horse. I often heard it suggested that it was good

tactics on their part. Firstly the narrowed creels meant that there was less turf, but then as the turf was built up over the creels and the bag of hay on top of it, gave the impression, to the eye at least, of a big load. Maybe the suggestion was a bit unfair but even if it was true, wasn't it good psychology?

Market day was also coiscin day for the farmers. A coiscin was a couple of stone of wheat brought in by the farmers to be ground for flour. There were a number of mills in the town; Coen's, Spelman's and John Hynes' on the river (what a pity that mill wasn't preserved). We used to love to go into Spelman's and feel the hot flour coming out of the mill. Mike Hynes (R.I.P.) was the yardman. He was a very placid man, who never seemed to object to our presence. Climbing and jumping on the bags of corn in the store was a source of great pleasure to us. The noise of the mill was the only off-putting factor.

Back to school memories again. Once the boys had made their First Holy Communion, they were no longer deemed to be infants so our first school years were about to end, and we would be shortly dispatched to the National School. We had heard rumours of what life was like there and we were not looking forward to leaving the nuns.

Kiltartan Boys Band

In the nineteen-fifties with Sean O Maolain as Aire Oideachais, schools were allowed a free half-day weekly to take on a subject outside the prescribed curriculum which would be recreational as well as educational.

Kiltartan chose instrumental music and so with twenty tin whistles, percussion - drums, triangle and cymbals, the Kiltartan Boys' Band was formed. Uniforms - white shirts, ties, caps with crest "C.T.", dark slacks and sashes were supplied by the parents. Kiltartan Macra na Feirme and Deputy Robbie Lahiffe gave generous subscriptions. Sergeant Freddie Smyth was a capable drill-master.

The Band's repertoire of marches which included "The Kiltartan March" specially composed for the band, followed

by its signature tune "Faine Geal an Lae" which was referred to affectionately by the Kiltartan people as "The Dawning of the Day" - no doubt having in mind Yeat's translation and his connection with Kiltartan.

The Band paraded the town on St Patrick's Day, played at Diocesan sports, drew crowds to Feis Cholmain, competed at the Ennis Fleadh Ceoil, led teams on to the Gaelic Hurling pitch, accompanied pilgrims to St. Colman's Well on the "Pattern Day", rendered sacred music at the Rosary Procession in October, paraded the arena at Shanaglish Sports, gave recitals at concerts, added variety to the E.S.B. exhibition in St. Colman's Hall and were recorded by Ciaran Mac Mathuna for his programme on Radio Eireann.



Kiltartan Boys' Band with its founder, Mr. Brendan Long and Sergeant Fred Smyth.

As I Remember It

by Father Frank Quinn - Fr. Frank recalls his sojourn in New Zealand and the many fine people he came across.
(The first part of this article was contained in last year's issue)



Fr. Frank Quinn

During the war it was necessary for me to attempt supervision over the teen-agers, who were left to their own devices, as their fathers and elder brothers were all conscripted and were serving overseas in many countries. So I booked the Cambridge Town Hall on a Saturday evening, every two weeks from 8 p.m. to Midnight, provided an orchestra, gave them a supper and left the control to a committee of the youth elected for that purpose by themselves. And they did an excellent job in their control and supervision. At the end of the war it was necessary to pay attention to the Parish plant at Cambridge. Nothing had been done to the buildings during the war period. So I called a meeting of Parishioners and put a plan before them -

1. Build a Parish Hall; 2. Build a new School; 3. Extend the Playground; 4. Finish the Church with new Sanctuary and more seating; 5. Provide a new entrance and altar rails. All that was done in a short period of time and the people responded with finance and gratitude. When the Bishop came to bless the new, and accept the renewed, he began his talk with the simple statement:- "What a builder!" I retired from the Parish soon afterwards and left a credit balance at the Bank of New Zealand of £12,000 and everything paid for. There are many other things which I did while Parish Priest there. It would take many books to give an account of them - but this is enough!!

Great Men

This small write up would not be complete without a mention of some of the Priests that I knew and heard of during my life in New Zealand. There were two Irish laymen that I got to know during my work for the Church. The first one was Con Neenan from Cork. He was 98 years old when I met him first. He lived with his daughter and I gave him Holy Communion every week for three years and I got to know him very well. He gave me first hand knowledge about the early days in New Zealand. He was the head man on a large farm called the "Barker Estate" located in the Poverty Bay district of New Zealand. There were nineteen Irish men working on the estate with him - they cleared bush, ploughed what could be tilled, and planted grass seed, did some fencing and generally supervised thousands of acres which were purchased from the Maoris in the very early days of New Zealand history. The whole group was Catholic and they had a visit from a Priest once per annum. Barker was a Presbyterian. When the Priest came, he said Mass for them, gave them Holy Communion and gave them advice etc. One priest by the name of Father Vagioli an Italian Franciscan called to see the gang once per annum and Mr. Barker told the Irish group to purchase a horse for the priest so that he could call more often. There were no roads, no bridges, very few houses and Father Vagioli travelled everywhere on foot and saw his scattered congregation once per annum. That applied to the North Island of New Zealand. He carried his mass kit on his back

and refused to own a horse because of his vow of poverty. When he got wet and tired, he would light a fire and dry himself and have a rest beside the fire. Of course there were settlements of natives scattered throughout the North island so the Priest would say Mass for them, baptise their children, fix up their marriages and attend to their religious needs as well as he could. Such things were. He wrote the first history of New Zealand. There is one copy in existence - under lock and key in the Turnbull Library in Wellington.

The next priest I would like to mention is Father Paddy Lagan from Tyrone. He was a Mill Hill Father and I knew him well. His life was dedicated to the Maoris and he

travelled on foot with his mass kit on his back and did much the same work as Father Vagioli. He walked everywhere, said Mass for the settlements, swam the swollen rivers, dried his clothes by the fire in the open which he would light if he had a dry box of matches. He kept no records, but the people he dealt with could tell the whole story about all his work. He called on me once a year and stayed for a few days, have his clothes attended to and everything was "spick and span" for his next trip when he left me again. Such men must have a very special place in Heaven beside the "Risen Master." When the Mill Hill Fathers took over the work of caring for the Maori people such names as Father Longweif, Lighthouse, Spierings and many others all from Holland, performed a gigantic task and brought the Christian faith and tradition to every corner of New Zealand. They handed over parishes fully organised with Churches, Schools, Convents, Presbyteries and a love for the spread of the Gospel so that now, there is a Maori Bishop appointed by Pope John Paul and selected from a family directly descended from a Maori group received into the Church by Bishop Paupallier, the mighty French apostle who brought the faith to New Zealand. It was because of Paupallier that New Zealand has its first martyr and Saint. St Peter Chanel who was left on the Island of Futuna and martyred there in 1842.

The Pioneers

I listened to the speakers in the Auckland Town Hall in 1938 when the beginning of the faith in New Zealand was mentioned by Church and State, each claiming to be responsible for the spread of Catholicism to the land of "AOIEAROA" and the last speaker was Archbishop Mannix of Melbourne.

He decided to say something worth while. From memory this is what he said.

"There seems to be some doubt about the origin of the Faith in New Zealand. We have just listened to speakers from Church and State, and if I ever constitute myself a court of appeal among such learned people - I would venture to say that the faith came to New Zealand from Rome, through France, but the old Irish people showed us how to practise it."

And so I mention Thomas Poynton, an Irishman who chartered a special boat at Auckland to take his children to Sydney so that they would be baptised in the Church. I finish with the immortal words of the great Irish Poet Thomas Bracken, who gave us the "New Zealand National Anthem." Here are the words:

1
God of Nations at thy feet
In the bonds of love we meet;
Hear our voices we entreat
God defend our free land
Guard Pacific's triple star
From the shafts of strife and war
Make her praises heard afar
God defend New Zealand.

2
Men of every Creed and Race
Gather here before thy face
Asking thee to bless this place
God defend our free land
From dissension, envy, hate
And corruption guard our state
Make our Country good and great
God defend New Zealand.

3
Let our love for thee increase
May thy blessings never cease,
Give us plenty, give us peace,
God defend our free land.
From dishonour and from shame,
Guard our Country's spotless name,
Crown her with immortal fame.
God defend New Zealand.

LOOK NEW CLEANERS

Bridge Street, Gort

DRY CLEANING AND LAUNDRY SERVICE

Same Day Service Friday - Saturday

24 Hour Service
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday

LABANE CENTRA FOODMARKET & FILLING STATION

(SHANE QUINN)

TYRES & ACCESSORIES

We supply Coal, Briquettes & Logs



Large Stock of Cattle Feeds in Our New Store

Phone: 091-35104

Super Valu
Everything you want in a supermarket.

AHERNE'S

Props.: M. & V. AHERNE

Getting Better Every day

BRIDGE STREET - GORT
CO. GALWAY

TEL.091-31360 * FAX: 091-31163

OPEN 7 DAYS

Owners and Occupiers of Premises in Gort Town 50 years ago (1942)

Taken from rate books of the late Tom McInerney.

THE SQUARE

Patrick Lally
Michael Quinn
Thomas Coen
Denis Gilligan
James Mitchell
John Dwyer
Barry Finnegan
Edward Walsh
Patrick Keane
Mary Keane
John Canny
Thomas Greene
Thomas Lally
Patrick Hanrahan
James O'Sullivan
Archdeacon Cassidy P.P.
Fr. Moran C.C.
John Kilroy
Patrick Burke
Michael Gillane
Francis Hayes
John Waters
Mary O'Grady
Agnes O'Grady
Mrs. Broderick
Henry O'Shaughnessy
John G. Spelman
Munster & Leinster Bank
Miko Fitzgerald
Mrs Melville
John E. Hazel

BARRACK STREET

John Donnellan
Patrick Warde
P.J. Finnegan
Christy Griffin

CHURCH STREET

Bridget Blake
Avril Niland
Mary Niland
Longs
Catherine Leech
Margaret Casey
Joe Connolly
Mattie O'Shaughnessy
Miko Reidy
Bridget Farrell
Michael Hayes
John Corcoran
Patrick Glynn
Patrick Heenan N.T.
Patrick O'Shaughnessy
John Hansberry
Kate Jordan
Thomas Nestor
Canon W.E. Hipwell
Michael Tuohy N.T.
Thomas Fahy

John Williams
Martin Geaghan
Edward Gilmartin
Thomas Burke
Jim Quinn
James McCarthy
Patrick Glynn
James Cunningham
Molly O'Brien
National Bank Ltd.
Convent of Mercy
Lillian Lahiffe
Edward Roche
Sarah Brady
Sr. Fallon
Fred Barry
Bernard Coen
John H. Coen
Gerard Keane
Barthy Fathy
Miriam Glynn
Nora Nolan

QUEEN STREET

John Kelly
Mary Rose Kilduff

CROWE STREET

Patrick Piggott
Timothy Considine
John Nolan
Thomas Ffrench
Garda Ryan
P. Icklam
Thomas Spelman
Patrick Macklin
Patrick Linnane
Joseph Rock
Patricia Glynn
Michael Hillery
Mrs. Carthy
W. O'Connor
Bridget Grady
Thomas McMahon
Colman Cooney
John Keane
James Hynes
Mary J. Murphy
John Cahill
Patrick Niland
James Kempsey
Patrick Glynn
Michael Jordan
Michael Jordan
Martin Jordan
Gerald Piggott
Michael Sharpe
Pat Cooke
John O'Connor
Joe Williams
Peter Gibbons

Nora Fox
Kate Connolly
Mai Gillane
Denis Buckley
Patrick Hughes
Edward Treston
Peter Treston
Kate Turner

GEORGE'S STREET

Patrick O'Connor
A.J. O'Flynn, Soir.
James O'Connor
Mary Hanrahan
Mary J. Deely
Kate Rock
John Lambert
Mary A. Piggott
Margaret Kempsey
Thomas Burke
John Barry
Bridget McNamara
John Gormally
Michael Henderson
Patrick Henderson
Margaret Courtney
Kate Curtin
Michael Flanagan
Thomas Walsh
Patrick Glynn
Mary A. Stack
John Ruane
Mary A. O'Halloran
Patrick Williams
Joseph Kelly
Michael Corbett
John Blake
John Brennan
Michael Gallagher
John Carthy
Michael Warde
Ms Julia Keane
George Daly
Josie Burke
John Cahill
John J. Broderick
Christopher Keran
Martin Burke
Patrick Burke
Patrick Reardon
George Reynolds
Lilly Gibbs
Mrs Fitzgerald
Nicholas Moloney
S. Duffy
L. Tierney
Mary A. Hardiman
John Burke
Dr. J.J. Marlborough

FORMER SCHOOLS OF KILTARTAN

by Sr. de Lourdes Fahy

The main consequence of the eighteenth century penal laws relating to education was the creation of the hedge school system. In many rural areas a hedge school was literally a collection of students and a teacher holding class in a ditch or hedge-row, with one of the students serving as a look-out for law officers. As the penal laws were relaxed the school teachers were able to make themselves a little more comfortable. For the establishment of a school the capital required was negligible. The school master either rented or built a hut which served the purpose of a school house.

The earliest recorded account of a Kiltartan hedge school is found in The Second Report of the Commissioners of Irish Education Inquiry, 1826-'27. The location was Castletown and the school master was William Daly, a relation of the Mulkere family. His total annual income was £5 to £6. The school house was described as "a miserable, smokey cabin". He taught 35 boys and 5 girls. In the Second Report of the Commissioners of Public Instruction, 1835, we find William Daly holding school in the chapel of Kiltartan. This was seven years before the present church was built, so, therefore, the chapel in question was the thatched mass-house that originated in penal days. Master Daly's sources of support were described as 1/6 to 2/6 per quarter, amounting to £16 per annum. There were 100 pupils on the rolls but the average attendance was 70. however, numbers were reported to be increasing. We know from Census Reports that the population reached its highest figure in the 1841 Census, shortly before the Great Famine. The education in the Kiltartan chapel school was stated to include reading, writing, arithmetic, English grammar and catechism. My great-grandfather, John Fahy, who was born in 1823 or 1824, probably attended that school or the previous school in Castletown.

NATIONAL SCHOOLS

The system of National Education was established in Ireland in 1831. Most of the hedge schools were later absorbed into the national system and new national schools were also built all over the country.

It would seem that the first school to be absorbed into National System in Kiltartan, was a hedge school. In April, 1851, Fr. Timothy Shannon, P. P., Kiltartan, applied to the Commissioners of Education for the payment of a teacher's salary. He described the building as being in perfect order. It contained two rooms and had 3 or 4 desks, 7 forms and a large table, "all good and solid". The teacher, Patrick Hynes, was a mere 19 years of age. Fr. Shannon wrote, as Ireland was emerging from the effects of the Famine: "Some weeks ago, before the hurry of spring business the average was between 60 and 70, but some weeks it is about 30". Class was held from 10 o'clock until 4 and the children supplied themselves with books as they pleased. They had been paying 1/- to 2/- per quarter to the hedge schoolmaster.

In 1857, Patrick Hynes was succeeded by Mathias Killeen. He was a brother of Fr. Michael Killeen [1843-1888] and a native of Corker. In 1824 a relative of theirs, Stephen Killeen, was teaching in Duras Chapel. Mathias taught in Kiltartan for a mere 18 months. The school house was deemed unsuitable and was therefore closed.

In September, 1861, a new school was opened. The building, which has undergone extensive modernisation, is now the home of the Egan family. A salary of £15 p.a. was paid to Patrick Conway and a rise in the attendance necessitated the appointment of a female assistant, Bridget Hogan. By 1871 the numbers on the rolls were 76 boys and 38 girls, but the average daily attendance lagged at 46 boys and 18 girls. Thomas Nilan was appointed Junior Monitor at £6 p.a. From 1862 until 1889 the Principal Teacher was John Burke. By the latter date the Inspector was convinced that he was long past 65 years of age, as well as being extremely deaf! He retired on his modest pension of £35. Mr. James Treston of Gort was Principal for the next 38 years.

THE RED BRICK SCHOOLHOUSE

About a year and a half before his death in 1892, Sir William Gregory gave a site for a new national school at Kiltartan Cross. The Kiltartan Gregory Cultural Society is fortunate to have in its possession a detailed specification of the work carried out in building the school. The architect was Francis Perrse, ARIBA, Sycamore Lodge, Loughrea who was a brother of Lady Gregory. The workmen comprised labourers, masons, stone-cutters, bricklayers, carpenters, joiners and cabinet makers and the contractor was Martin Linnane of Ballylee.

The school was designed in what was an avant garde style for rural Ireland - with moulded bricks, terracotta dressings and a clay

tile roof. Although it was constructed at the end of the Victorian era, this style is generally associated with early twentieth century Edwardian architecture. The usual limits of the Commissioners of National Education did not stretch to include the more elaborate materials. Sir William paid the balance. The cost was £367-7-0, the grant amounted to £244-18-0, and this was supplemented by a local contribution of £122-9-0. An interesting feature of the main classroom was a gallery. The manager, Monsignor Fahy, was requested by the Commissioners in 1906 to remove the gallery but he did not comply with the request until 1917. The style of the building was influenced by the oriental architecture with which Sir William became familiar while he was Governor of Ceylon. James Treiston continued as Principal of the new school when it was opened in 1892. Margaret Leech was appointed work-mistress [needlework] and in 1905 she was promoted to the position of Junior Assistant Mistress. She was succeeded in 1908 by Mary Ann Barry, who taught until her retirement in 1917. Minnie O'Shaughnessy gave devoted teaching service in the school from 1917 to 1944.

One of the first branches of the Gaelic League was established in Kiltartan School, on the 8th January, 1899. It was called Béal Díreach. The attendance included Lady Gregory, Douglas Hyde the co-founder of the Gaelic League [1893] and Monsignor Fahey. J. Noone was elected secretary of the branch and evening classes were later held in the school. Pupils later showed their political colours when they took to wearing Sinn Féin badges in 1917. The teacher was unable to stop this but the manager succeeded in doing so after receiving complaints from an inspector. In the 1991 edition of *Guaire*, I gave my impressions of what school life was like in Kiltartan. Our Alma Mater was closed in 1960 and replaced by the present fine modern national school. The School Around the Corner is Just the Same!

KILTARTAN ROLL BOOK

1/7/1887

| INFANTS | AGE |
|----------------|------|
| Pat Macdonnell | 5.5 |
| John Nolan | 5.5 |
| John Donohue | 6.0 |
| Pat Rourke | 6.75 |
| Joseph Cooney | 5.0 |
| Thomas Rourke | 6.0 |
| Norah Cooney | 6.5 |
| Margaret Glynn | 5.0 |

Classes: Infants, First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth.

76 on rolls in 1887.

We have rolls from 1/7/1887 to 1/10/1890 and from 1/10/1913 to 1/12/1922



Canadian EXPOSURE

by Suzie Coen

Augustine observed that "The world is a book. He who stays at home reads only one page". With uncharacteristic decisiveness I flew to Toronto to start my own personal chapter.

Canada has been hailed as a land of opportunity and Toronto, in particular, has long since adopted a policy of "multiculturalism". I was quite unprepared for a city which has become a cosmopolitan melting pot where ethnic "village type" communities jostle for space beside one another, each with their own language and cultural identity. For a city with such diversity, some people actually found my accent surprisingly difficult to understand. To this day, Polish and Ukrainian shop-keepers look at me pitifully and enquire in their halting English if I am able to speak English!

Like most North American cities, the people are obsessed with sport. Toronto is home to the World Series Baseball Champions - the Blue Jays - and reputedly the worst ice-hockey team - the Maple Leafs. Ice-hockey, of course, is a veritable institution here. Children from the age of four are instructed in the basic strategies of the game, from the popular body-checking which involves slamming your opponent into the side of the ice-rink to the obligatory spitting and all-out fighting - the zenith of Canadian male bonding.

The typical Canadian winter defies description - the swirling snow storms and freezing temperatures are faintly reminiscent of the Ice-Age. As four foot snow drifts line the streets paralysing the city, many people are genuinely bewildered to meet visitors at this time of the year.

However, Toronto in winter, is host to a number of activities which would never be available in Ireland. Outdoor ice-skating rinks are packed with ice-skaters and ice-hockey players. Northern Toronto is dotted with over 25 ski resorts with a choice of downhill and cross-country skiing, toboggan runs and snow boarding, all less than an hour's drive from the city.

Toronto is a shopper's paradise, from the Victorian facades of Bay and Yorkville, the towering Eaton Centre housing over 300 shops and restaurants to the Bohemian designer boutiques located on Queen Street West. The city also boasts many cultural attractions for the visitor, from the various museums and galleries to the famous C.N. Tower - the largest free standing structure in the world and a symbol of downtown Toronto.

Toronto has been compared to New York but without the violence. The Public Transport system is remarkably clean and efficient and there are very few "no-go" areas. The taxis on the other hand, are a rule unto themselves. Newly arrived to this country, many taxi drivers have considerable difficulty with English not to mention the geography of the city!

Toronto is a vibrant and exciting city which fully utilises Canada's greatest natural resource - its young people. It is these people, with origins in Europe, Asia, the Far East and Australia who have successfully built Toronto into the financial and commercial heart of Canada.

Canada is very proud of its heritage and the people have a great sense of determination and hope for the future - a sentiment not unlike the pioneering spirit of their forefathers. Toronto is a truly remarkable city when you consider that the country has celebrated its 125th anniversary only this year!



Hurling in Gort in the 18th Century

In a recent publication "The Book of Gaelic Games" Liam P. O'Caithnia claims that the 18th Century was the Golden Age of hurling. This he maintains is borne out by the many accounts that have come down to us in newspaper reports from that century. He gives an example from a newspaper called 'Pue's Occurrences'. The match described was played in Gort, between Galway and Clare, on 16th October, 1759.

"There was a grand hurling match in the neighbourhood of Gort in this county for a considerable sum of money between the counties of Clare and Galway; the hurlers of the latter made a handsome appearance. They marched from Gort to the Turlough, two miles distant, preceded by a 'Band of Musick, a French Horn, a running Footman and a Fellow in an Antic or Harlequin Dress.' None of the hurlers were in the least hurt, the greatest harmony being subsisted. The county of Clare hurlers were elegantly entertained at Crushanehaire the night following and a hundred guineas was proposed to be hurled for, but the time and place not yet agreed. The above procession closed with many carriages and horsemen; the numerous company at the Turlough made a fine appearance". What Turlough you may well ask. The New Line, maybe?

Anyway, what a grand occasion it must have been!

Abortion

By Michael O'Dwyer

Come let me out,
How dare you meddle,
I cry for life, Damn you don't act God.
Curse your arrogance, I need light, swirling
in this liquid pool,
I ask for time to think things out, by myself, a right
to choose, you've nothing to lose.
I see you are determined to act, so let me beg, appeal
as strong as any human can,
to some nature in your depth, you must have some,
You were not interfered with, you got time,
Now I plead with you, please give me mine.

Blossoms

by Frank Lally

Moist, pink and white against the blue Spring sky:
The apple blossom's beauty caught my eye;
When resting there beside a moss-clad wall,
I let their silent sunlight me enthral.

"Enjoy them now", an old man cried, "They lie
all petal promise, soon will drop and die
When Summer fills with blooms each bideing bow'r,
Those buds will turn to crabs, harsh, hard and sour".

Brave, sure and true along the dew damp land,
The singing children came: a flower chain;
Bright chanting ruled the rhythm of their feet
Living a world inviolate, complete.
While listening to them as they went their way
I moved within that I might for them pray.

BURKES

THE SQUARE - GORT

* Greeting Cards

* Gifts - Toys

* Sweets - Stationery

TAXI FOR HIRE

ANDREW O'REGAN

Tel. 091-31320

Contemplation

by Michael O'Dwyer

Hope, courage, black despair, do battle within me from
time to time, but thankfully, courage is mine in the
end.
Long nights, sleeplessness, ill health, for even a short
period can remove one's faith in God.
While one lies awake waiting for the dawn of day,
little phrases like, "The darkest hour, is before the
dawn", "Hope is courage, with it's prayers said" spring
to mind.
Self pity, that useless emotion, clouds the mind, and
prevents it from thinking straight.
Throw it out, replace it with all of one's gifts, with
humility, when the mind is tired it can, no doubt make
mountains out of molehills; rest awhile.
Consolation can be had from the thought, that
everyone upon this planet earth faces more or less the
same problems.
Differences are only in the people who accept and by
acceptance, conquer them, not allowing ripples to snuff
out courage.
Time passes slowly in the dark hours, but underlying
everything is the conviction that whatever happens is
always for the best.
Accept one's fate and move through life extracting the
most from the many good times, expanding one's
interests as one travels on, and life a child absorbing
everything.
Life is full of hope and only in our tired moments is
one apt to doubt oneself.
This I believe, is the true path to happiness.

HOWLEY'S SERVICE STATION LTD.

Ennis Rd., Gort, Co. Galway

Tel. [091] 31335

for Petrol, Auto Diesel, Car
Gas, Tractor Diesel, Oil,
Accessories.
Coal * Briquettes * Flo Gas *
Blugas Agent

OPEN 7 A.M. - 12 MIDNIGHT

24 Hour Breakdown Service -
Panel Beating - Spraying

**Repairs to and Servicing
of Cars, Trucks and
Tractors.**

Still

By Fidelma Larkin

At this early hour
No one to be seen,
Nothing moves
Except for the slight breeze
That lulls the leaves.
Everything is still.
The moon is the sun
Of the night
And shines faintly -
Glows - this fog
Lurks majestically
Engulfing all - slowly
But very surely.
Still.
As the morning passes on
And the dawn is near,
The world's early risers
Can be heard in the distance:
The first birdsong,
A cock crow,
Dog howls.
A stir in the kitchen
Faint smoke ascends.
An early car
And another.
Soon the human world awakes
To destroy the quietness
And beauty of the early morning.
So I await
For the world
To go back to sleep
And leave me again
With everything
Still.

Lovely Burren

by Seán Leahy

Remember what peace there was in silence
Gliding eagles, and gatherers of honey,
Two angry hares the only sound of violence.
East breaking dawn that promises to be sunny
The ripple of some slowly moving rill
Lapping as it makes a westward turn
Then gathering speed it finds a downward hill
My kingdom, rocky stones, my lovely Burren.

And like a cancer struck the foreign coin
Starting slow, but spreading fast its greed,
All the signs of death were there to find,
It was like dying. You that did this deed
Stagnant blocked up streams, and dying fauna
Decayed flora at each and every turn,
The cry for help rings up from stony ground,
My kingdom, rocky stones, my lovely Burren.

Lone Burren Tree

By Pat Fitzgibbon.

Silhouetted high against the sky
stands a solitary stunted tree,
Stark and bare, with defiant air
from rock-bed struggling free.

By sleet and hail and boisterous gale
its trunk and branches moulded,
Yet the sap will rise when Spring
arrives
and in verdure 'twill be clothed.

So, you speak to me, brave Burren tree,
"When you're battered by trouble and
strife
If your roots are deep
And your faith you keep
Through it all you will survive".

The Ploughman and his Horse

By Seamus Breathnach.

Our countryside so lonely now
Begs our memories to recall
The faithful horse that pulled the
plough
But the ploughman most of all.

His voice that echoed all around
Was part of nature's song
To turn once more the fertile ground
He urged his horse along.

That shout to get the mare to go
The "whoh" 'till he'd fix that pin
And then to make that furrow straight
You'd hear him say 'keep in'.

His shadow that had drawn so near
Has begun to stretch away
The horse looks up and cocks an ear
'Tis the mammy with the tae.

The white cloth on the headland spread
Little Johnnie he would greet
When the bag was on the horse's head
They sat down to chat and eat.

To wish such times were here again
Would seem crazy, if not cruel
But we used our native horsepower
then
And it worked on homegrown fuel.

Although his pace may have been slow
He was constant as the tide
Sure he wanted little here below
And in honesty lay his pride.

Angry black and lingering clouds
Swirling masses of misty haze
Uprooted shrubs, and long gone flowers
Are all that's left within my gaze
King Guaire's voice in thunder screams
Custodian of my realm to me turn
What have you done by shattering my dreams.
My kingdom, rocky stones, my lovely Burren.

Now moaning winds join in this lonesome dirge
With lashing tears of rain from those long gone.
Has God forgotten, what he once created.
Not God to blame, but you who did it wrong.
You are but humble keepers my brothers
That foreign gold, it made your head to turn.
Change not one stone that touch upon another
My kingdom, rocky stones, my lovely Burren.

ORIENTAL ODYSSEY

Mary Hawkes Greene

July 16th, 1992

Venus is in the ascent; those born in the year of the Dragon are deemed eminently compatible with the year of the Monkey; the Feng Sui has surveyed the marital dwelling - adjusted sources of light and shade to maintain the equilibrium of hing and hang ... Dawn breaks, to reveal one Irishman, prostrate at the doorstep of one honourable Chinaman, imploring him to grant his daughter's hand in marriage. Loud protestations in Cantonese ridicule this "Guilo" [white devil]. Door bangs .. further entreaties .. refusal .. money proposed for daughter .. ridicule .. bargaining .. bigger "Umpow" demanded. Final settlement agreed, the token exchange of riches for girl; the betrothed couple bow, prepare and serve tea to the bride's parents; and my beloved brother takes unto himself Nancy Nyg P Chuan ... for better or worse.

This age-old preface to the wedding is followed in sharp contrast by a Catholic Church ceremony. A sumptuous fifteen course Chinese banquet ensues complete with sharks fin soup and quails' eggs. The acute business sense of the Chinese is not to be dulled by any romantic nonsense, ever practical, each guest is issued with a little red envelope, enclosed with the wedding invitation. This is to be filled with "Umpow" and is most blatantly and unceremoniously presented to the bridal couple on arrival at the reception.



RICE TERRACES IN LOMBOK

out of the mountainside where each blade of rice is painstakingly planted, nurtured, picked and harvested by hand; proud of their craftwork as wood carvers perch cross-legged on the roadside and miraculously transform blocks of ebony and sandalwood into works of art; proud as rainbows of beautifully textured cloth is woven on century old looms by young girls of the hill tribes. A visit to a mountain village reveals the Sasak tribe living self-sufficiently in developments of the modern world.

Finally Bali - the "pearl of the Orient". What a glorious assault on the senses as the visitor is presented with the welcoming garland of frangipani. Everywhere, the air is pervaded by its heady fragrance. One's eyes are astounded by the vision of glorious palm-fringed beaches; dazzled by the beauty of an eternally smiling people. The delicate tinkling of the Gamelon Orchestra contrasts with the fiery re-enactments of Hindi legend in dramatic and extravagant dance rituals. One's imagination is captured and enthralled by the mystique of the shadow puppets.

Swirls of colour, passion, grace, artistry, pride and beauty; the symbiosis of tradition and progress; the conjugal fusion of East and West. Such are the images indelibly woven into the memorable tapestry of my oriental odyssey.



CHATTING WITH THE SASAK VILLAGERS

Such is Singapore - this amazing confluent of East and West. Towering skyscrapers loom above the decoratively adorned minarets of Hindu and Buddhist temples. Pristine, elegantly understated shopping arcade selling Gucci, Valentino and Rolex contrast with the bustling, colourful bargaining of Chinatown, a well-ordered ant-hill of varying ethnic cultures units in this centre of commerce. Rigid government has produced a well-disciplined and resourceful population, whose family size is regulated, unemployment is a non-issue, serious crime is minimal and a reasonable standard of living is afforded to all.

Nuptials completed, the Orient beckons. First stop Lombok, a remote Indonesian island, where fertile land yields the thrice-yearly crop of rice, the staple diet. An agricultural community whose numbers were sadly diminished by famine in the mid-seventies, this Muslim people toil hard, live frugally, but are immensely proud: proud of the amazing rice terraces carved



THE UNION OF EAST AND WEST



- | | | | |
|--|--|---|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Joe Glynn, Crowe St. (Cyril's father) | 6. Kevin Burke, George's Street | Toddie & Ronnie - he's now in England) | 18. Jimmy Sheil, Kilbeacanty |
| 2. Mattie Brennan, Georges St. | 7. Albert Mullins, Ennis Rd., Cloonanaha | 12. Jack Connors (father of Tony - he worked in Lally's - drowned in Cunnincha) | 19. Irene Glynn, Kevin's Sister |
| 3. Ignatius Lally, The Square (Pat & Gerry's father) | 8. Thos. "Boysie" Fogarty, Church St. (tailor) | 13. Tom Staunton? | 20. Elizabeth Glynn, Kevin's Sister |
| 4. Timmy Cleary, The Square (Married to Lena O'Sullivan father in law of Stan Lundin, Kilcolgan) | 9. Martin Egan, Shanaglish | 14. Ray Spelman | 21. Maise Dillon (Gallagher) |
| 5. Colm Corless, Kinvara - team | 10. Garreth "Garrey" Griffin, Barrack Street | 15. Eddie Fennessy | 22. Rose Keane |
| | 11. Val Burke, Beagh (brother of member | 16. Gerry Loughnane? | 23. Pete Moylan |
| | | 17. Francis Reedy, The Square | 24. Maureen Glynn |
| | | | 25. John Corry |
| | | | 26. Barry Brady |

THE RUB OF THE GREEN

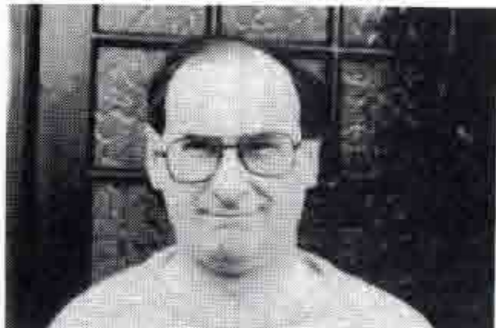
REV. JOHN P. MAHON

In their late thirties, clergy tend to look back with fondness and not a little regret to the days when their bodies could cope with the cut and thrust of youthful activities and games. As they approach middle age, they view each game of squash with the sudden reminder that a check-up by one's doctor may be prudent to avoid an early demise.

A clerical colleague of mine has been making preparations for the impending onset of middle age. He has begun to rationalize his hobbies. Long gone are the days of a competitive or even a geriatric game of soccer. He has begun to modify his diet to restrict his expanding girth. His morning regime no longer consists of a cooked cholesterol rich breakfast. Now his morning regime consists of fruit, All-Bran and wholemeal bread accompanied by the death notices of the 'Irish Independent'. Though the sands of time are thinning he is in distressingly good health and is determined to make sure that all vital organs of the body remain in adequate if not perfect working order. As he tried to persuade me on the virtues of making a U-turn in my own personal dietary and exercise routine we had a "You should go", "Do you good", "It will get you out of yourself", sort of conversation. It was impossible not to accept the logic of his argument, so I decided to change the subject.

He asked me if I had any plans for the Diocesan Golf Outing. I had thought about taking part though I had reservations. Last year I had won a prize for the most promising beginner. It was the following morning when my elated self had returned to its more customary mood that I realized I was the only beginner.

Still I felt I needed a break. The schools were closed, the weather uncharacteristically fine and God was in his heaven. I agreed, thankfully I was fortunate to have a parish priest whose only interest in golf was wondering where his curate was playing should he have to suddenly call him from his "well deserved break". At any rate in the midst of a more than usually eventful year for the clergy, the annual golf outing was a necessary opportunity. At a time of the year when the Diocesan changes are imminent, it



was important to assess the health of the more senior parish priests, the ambitions of the "head waiters" - those senior curates whose patience would soon be rewarded by appointment to an agreeable parish - and to contemplate the worries of those junior curates whose lives would consequently be affected.

The prospect of a well deserved break to recuperate from the stresses of parish life appealed as did the thought of fresh air and impeccable physical activity. Surely Shaw was right when he described golf as an enjoyable walk needlessly interrupted.

The golf course for a clergy outing has to be chosen with care. Lahinch is considered unfair to the more senior clergy as it is hilly. Galway is not conducive to leisurely conversation as it is so busy - one meets too many parishioners. Athenry is too new. Connemara is too far and too long. Gort is too short. We descended on Oughterard. One of the problems of the game of golf is that this peculiar game has a tendency to convince one that the unachievable was achievable.

When things go wrong as they invariably do, it is because of cruel luck on the greens, the lunatic placing of sand bunkers, excuses we make to excuse our inadequacies. We are too often deluded that on the flimsiest of evidence we may make a remarkable improvement of form. As someone said "the charm of golf is that on occasion remarkable golfers can do remarkable things".

If the golf course was chosen not to penalize the disadvantaged, it is even more important that the format of the competition be chosen with special care. It should ensure that the following should be disadvantaged; those who have won the competition before; junior clergy [i.e. those unable/unwilling to buy a round for everyone in the bar, if they win],

members of Lahinch Golf Club; bishops and monsignors.

Thus it was decided to play in pairs, this gives both an equal chance of hitting a bad shot. The best score counting. As this motley group gather on the First Tee a visitor can ascertain the hierarchy of clergy. Canons and monsignors wear navy blue jumpers with black shiny pants, parish priests who are not canons wear grey remnants from the sixties. Senior curates don Pringle sweaters and check trousers while the junior curate wears anything that will not look out of place at a rave, and especially not look like any of the above. Off we went, in groups of four, at seven minute intervals, fortified with great expectations of glory at the end of the day. There is usually one partner who will organize a strategy for the day. Having had a long winter with little else to do, he will proceed to use such terms as "course management, percentage golf" and "in and out". It is one of the game's little ironies that those who have terrible golfing histories are most loquacious at offering any amount of unsolicited advice to their companions. The rest of us exchange knowing looks. Our self appointed tutor duly prepared to tee off. With a preliminary series of wriggles he indicated that he was warming up. He promptly drove off into dense undergrowth. Not at all taken aback, the rest of us managed to hit various distances in more or less the right direction. After some preliminary "gardening", our tutor and mentor got his swing going. His ball went a prodigious distance and though the trajectory was a delight to behold, the direction left a lot to be desired. Since it was not to be our day, we concentrated our attentions on the other contenders. The favourite, from a prestigious city parish, was noted for his ability to nurse his handicap and thus carry off innumerable prizes. Another hot shot was an expert in 'Canon Law' and thus could not be argued against when he gave himself the benefit of the doubt in ambivalent situations. Most however saw their chances of victory disappear for another year, having provided much amusement for the locals and having refreshed themselves on the virtue of humility.

Editor's Note: This is a small extract from a very long and comprehensive document. I tried to pick out the points that might be most informative and of most interest to the people of this area. My thanks to P.J. Baldwin for bringing the report to my attention.

A Report on the Flooding in the Gort-Ardrahan Area

INTRODUCTION

1. On the instruction of Mr. Reobert Molloy, T.D., Minister for Energy in the last Government, the Geological Survey of Ireland investigated and prepared this report on the excessive flooding in the Gort-Ardrahan area in 1990 and 1991.
2. The main objective of the report was to identify the reasons for exceptional flooding in 1990 and 1991. Other objectives include making comprehensive information available on the flooding and related issues and giving a preliminary appraisal of possible means of flood alleviation.

The roles of four factors in causing the exceptional flooding in 1990 and 1991 were considered:

- (i) Rainfall
- (ii) Forests on Slieve Aughty
- (iii) Swallow Hole Blockages and
- (iv) Drainage from Agriculture

THE ROLE OF RAINFALL

1. Rainfall in February 1990 was exceptionally high - 3.6 times normal at the Craughwell rainfall station, with a return period of 70 years (i.e. expected to occur on average once in a 70 years period). It was also high in the period 18th December 1990 - 11th January 1991 - nearly twice normal.
2. Daily rainfall data collection started in the area in 1953. Since then, the worst rainfall event occurred in early 1990, the second worst in 1959/60 and the third in January, 1991. So the worst and the third worst rainfall events occurred in a 12 month period between February 1990 and January 1991.
3. The worst rainfall events in 1990 and 1959/60 correspond with the two worst floods in that period.
4. The main reason for the exceptional flooding in early 1990 and January 1991 was, undoubtedly heavy and prolonged rainfall.

THE ROLE OF FORESTS ON SLIEVE AUGHTY

1. Many farmers believe that the forests on Slieve Aughty were one of the main causes of the excessive flooding in early 1990 and January 1991.
2. Forests cover about a third of the area of Slieve Aughty.
3. Experience and research world-wide has shown that forests over a certain age - 10 years approx. - enable evaporation of more water than grass or other low vegetation. Consequently there is less water run-off from forested areas than from corresponding grassland areas. It can be concluded that forests over 10 years old can reduce flooding during extended rainfall events such as those that occurred in 1990 and 1991.
4. Only a tenth of the forests on Slieve Aughty were less than 10 years old at the time of the early 1990 floods.
5. In my opinion, the forests on Slieve Aughty are a benefit in that they are likely to reduce rather than exacerbate the flooding. Increasing the areas of forests on Slieve Aughty could be one way of reducing slightly the flood levels during exceptional rainfall events.

THE ROLE OF SWALLOW HOLE BLOCKAGES

1. Examination showed little significant blockages of the major swallow holes except at Ballylee and Blackrock. It is not possible to be conclusive about the effects of the blockages as they could be occurring underground. However on present evidence, the role of blockages seems to be minor compared to the effect of the exceptionally heavy rainfall.
2. The use of gabions (wire baskets filled with rocks) around swallow holes has been advocated in the U.S. as a means of preventing blockages.
3. As the only outlet to Galway Bay is through swallow holes and underground cave systems, it is worthwhile ensuring that plastic litter and tree branches do not enter swallow holes, and that farmers don't infill swallow holes during land reclamation.

THE ROLE OF FARMLAND DRAINAGE

1. Although field drainage quickens water run-off, the total quantity from a drained area is likely to be no greater than from an undrained area during an extended rainfall event.
2. Only a small proportion of the Gort-Ardrahan area is affected by land drainage.



The New Line was impassable for several weeks during the floods of 1991.

2. Only a small proportion of the Gort-Ardrahan area is affected by land drainage.
3. Land drainage is unlikely to have any significant effect on flood levels in February 1990 and January 1991.

A PRELIMINARY ASSESSMENT OF FLOOD ALLEVIATION PROBLEMS

1. There are four principal possible ways of alleviating the floods in the Gort-Ardrahan area:
 - (i) Drainage channels or tunnels
 - (ii) Planting of forests on Slieve Aughty
 - (iii) Interception dams on Slieve Aughty and
 - (iv) Reduction in clogging of the swallow holes
2. In my opinion, construction of extensive drainage channels or tunnels is not a viable option. The cost would be enormous and the environmental impact would be excessive and it would be difficult to undertake successfully.
3. Interception dams on Slieve Aughty are not likely to be a viable option - they would be expensive, they would flood other areas and it would be difficult to impound sufficient water to significantly reduce the water levels downstream.
4. The expansion of the area of forests on Slieve Aughty is likely to be an environmentally acceptable way of reducing flooding. However, the effect on flood levels is likely to be small - a few cms -, and it would take over 10 years from the time of planting for the benefits to take effect.
5. Although swallow hole blockages were not considered to be a major factor in causing the excessive flooding, it would be worthwhile considering means of reducing clogging now and in the future.

RECOMMENDATIONS

1. In order to prevent the future location of houses and other buildings in areas below or close to the highest flood level, it is recommended that Galway County Council should locate these areas accurately and take steps to ensure that this issue is taken into account in the planning process.
2. As road closures were caused during the major floods, it is recommended that the appropriate authorities should examine the feasibility of raising the road levels along certain sections in order to reduce the problems.



**NO GIMMICKS –
JUST LOW PRICES
ON TOP
BRAND NAMES**

LONDIS

MULCAIR'S GORT

Open 7 Days. Tel. 091-31567



P.J. HAWKINS LTD. Foodstore & Newsagent

NATIONAL LOTTERY & LOTTO AGENT

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------|
| * Groceries | * Wines |
| * Fruit & Veg | * Films |
| * Greeting Cards | * Light Hardware |
| * Coal & Gas | * Briquettes |
| * School Requisites | * Stationery |
| * Payphone | * Photocopying |
| * Fax Service | * Drapery |

DAILY, EVENING & SUNDAY PAPERS

* Call Cards Agent *

Licensed to Sell Stamps

GORT. TEL. (091) 31349

Honan's Antiques

Old Clocks, Lamps, Gramophones,
Copper and Brass Ornaments, Pine
Furniture, Dressers, Cupboards,
Tables, etc.



CROWE STREET, GORT, CO. GALWAY
Tel. (091) 31407

(Props: Brian & Margaret Honan)

PAT GRACE Famous Fried Chicken

Burgers, Fish &
Chips, Soft Drinks,
Pizza and Coleslaw.

Bridge St., Gort, Co. Galway
Telephone: 31873

Gilmartin's Pharmacy Ltd. Dispensing Chemist

GORT



- * Madame Rochas Agent
- * Spectra Photo Agent
- * Veterinary Chemist
- * Agent For Vichy, Ellen Betrix
- * Large Range of Cosmetics & Toiletries.

O'Connor's Bar

GEORGE'S ST., GORT

Enjoy a drink in the comfort
of our recently renovated bar.

Your enjoyment
is our priority

Gort in My Time

Martin Joe Burke, native of George's Street, Gort and now living in Dublin interviewed by Brian Brennan
(The second part of this article will appear in the next issue)

Brian:

Martin you were born in Gort, could you tell me something of your family background, your mother and father, who they were?

Martin Joe:

My family were all Railway people, they were tradesmen but they did all the maintenance for the Great Southern and Western Railway as regards the buildings, the hotels etc. The railways were big business at the time and they looked after the repairs and maintenance of all the great Southern Hotels and the Station Houses and all the properties that the Railway people lived in and my mother's people had come up from the South of Ireland. My Grandfather was a Tipperary man. My Grandmother a Waterford woman and they were shifted in those days, from one place to another and they eventually were moved to Gort. My father's people on the other hand I think were natives of around here but funnily enough I can only remember my father himself. I do not remember his father and in those days children weren't very close to their fathers. There was a kind of a barrier between them and so I never got round to asking him where his father or where his people came from but I believe they came from around Gort and we are related to the Griffins in Barrack Street and during the War the Australian Ambassador to Britain a Mr. Dignam and his wife whose name was Keating and was a cousin of my fathers and a cousin of the late Christy Griffin came to Gort because she wanted to see where her relatives were buried in Kilmacduagh and my father and Christy Griffin went down with him to Kilmacduagh but other than knowing that the Keatings were from here and the well up in what we call the 'Well boreen' at one time was called Keating's Well. They must have lived around here but I don't know much about them.

Brian:

We'll take it on from there, your early days in Gort growing up, your National School days, just tell us a bit about that; your teachers and who you would have gone to school with.

Martin Joe:

Well I went to school with Mattie Brennan, your father God Rest him who would be a bit younger than me and Richard Treston and Paddy Iclan, Larry Broderick and Dan Hanrahan and Tom Kilroy and Mattie Markham in Polevon who died recently and Paul Halvey, Paddy Niland and we were taught by Mr. Brady, a Roscommon man who lived down there next to Roches in Bridge Street and I think that I could safely say and I have travelled a good bit that he was one of the finest teachers that ever existed, he had a way with the pupils without being tough or without being too easy, he was somehow or another able to impart the knowledge to us and



he always encouraged us to ask questions and I really enjoyed my school days because it was a pleasure to go out to school when Mr. Brady was teaching.

Brian:

What were your pastimes as a young man?

Martin Joe:

Well I was never any good at hurling, I tried it but I was no good and so I didn't pursue it and mostly I suppose it was dancing and we used to play cards in each others houses at the time and Galway Races was a big event and we used to cycle to it. There were no buses in those days. Other than that I wasn't what you would call a great man for athletics of outdoor. I liked swimming and I could say I was pretty good at swimming and I have a nephew in England who became Junior South of England Champion Swimmer at one time, Jimmy Monks. I think I was better at swimming than at any of the other sports.

Brian:

Where would you have swam?

Martin:

Over in a place that we used to call "Big Hopes" near where the power house now is, the water up to the reservoir and then when the weather would get very fine we would cycle down to a place called Traught near Kinvara and swim there.

Brian:

You were mentioning to me earlier on about the Civil War and the Black and Tans. What is your memory of that period?

Martin:

Well, my memory of the Black and Tans is that we went over to school one morning and we were told that there was no school by an Army Officer at the gate and there were a whole lot of armoured cars parked around the place, the street was full of them and the Black and Tans had billeted themselves in the school and we were delighted because there was no school. the idea of that was that as the morning wore on the whole town became full of military vehicles and British Soldiers and auxiliaries. It was what they called the big 'round up.' They used to fan out across a stretch of country say fifteen to twenty miles wide and they used to push on and take everything before them and take all the men folk, push them out before them until they had maybe three or four thousand fellows from the age of about sixteen to fifty and they had them all in one big field and then they went through them to see if they could find any of the lads they were looking for, and that was the reason they were all in Gort that day. They were operating up in County Clare and then I remember when my cousins the two Loughnanes were murdered and I remember the funeral. They were found down in a pond near Kinvara and I remember it was in November, the 24th or the 25th and I remember the two hearses and the funerals and there was a huge big military presence in the town. It was a custom that time that when there was anyone dead, people put up the shutters. Ordinary wooden shutters that they used to slide in on the windows of the pubs and they used to put up one if there was somebody dead and so the authorities forbade

O'Reilly's Fruit & Veg

BRIDGE ST., GORT
For all of your fruit & veg requirements, delivered daily. Also call and see our range of Health Foods.
Foods & Herbal Remedies
Tel. 091-31732

Michael Cunningham

Auctioneer,
 Estate Agent &
 Insurance Broker
 P.C. & Commissioner
 for Oaths
 Area Manager
 Irish Permanent
 Building Society

Bridge Street, Gort, Co. Galway.
 Tel. (091) 31291 Office (091) 31233 Home

MICHAEL CUNNINGHAM

Tractor & Heating Oils - Truck Diesel

For prompt & competitive deliveries of our best quality Winter Grades Complete range of Tanks
 Ring us anytime,
 Gort Oil Co. Ltd., Gort
 Phone (091) 31291 or 31233

Authorised Distributors for Burmah-Castrol Ltd.

O'Connor's Supermarket

OFF-LICENCE

- * Video Library
- * Coal, Briquettes
- * Huge range of Paints
- * Hundreds of wallpaper patterns
- * Calor Gas
- * Fridges, Freezers, Washing Machines
- * T.V. & Video Sales & Rental

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

them to put up any shutter and some of the shopkeepers in the town that did put up shutters in respect to the two chaps they smashed them down with the butts of the rifles. Another notable thing in my memory that when all that was over and we got our own people in office the British Military Barracks which was a beautiful place was handed over by mistake to what we called the regulars at the time. They were DeValera's forces, the British couldn't distinguish between the Free State Soldiers and the others and the first crowd that went in to take over gave them the keys and they were the wrong people according to what the powers that be said at the time. So when the National Army came to Town they had to go up to the workhouse and I remember several attacks on the workhouse by the so called Irregulars at the time and on one particular night they were up on the Railway bridge and they were firing up along the street and the National Army had a patrol. They used to have a patrol at night around the Town and they killed one chap, Private Greaney. He was from Connemara, then when his funeral was going home they ambushed the funeral again and they killed a chap called Lieutenant Rooney and he was a very promising hurler. It didn't make a lot of friends for them some of the things they did. We used to go out on a Sunday morning hurling where the houses are now, there was a little Park, St. Coleman's Terrace, and this particular Sunday morning we went up there and there had been an attack on the workhouse the night before and we saw this object on the ground and we started kicking it from one to the other. Next thing Mickey Holleran who lived over there came in and he said "For God's Sake stop! Don't touch that, it's a bomb!" and he went in and brought out one of the Soldiers and it was a grenade that had been left when they had to make their escape and it was only I suppose God above that saved our lives.

Brian:

Tell me about your young days in Gort, what Gort was like as a business town, as a market town and what you can remember of the workhouse.

Martin:

The town was good because when the British Garrison was here they had a lot of horses and it was actually I think the Western Command's Training Ground for a regiment called the 17th Lancers. They used to serve out in the North West Frontier of India at the time and they were all trained here and consequently the Farmers used to make a lot of money. They used to use a lot of hay, straw and oats and all that and there used to be huge big markets every Saturday in Gort that time and for a few years after the British going it was very good and Guinness's used to send down special buyers to buy the barley and bring it back or something, and if you went down the Town on a Saturday about 11.00 o'clock the farmers carts would be lined up over as far as the chapel in Church Street waiting to get weighed and get their docket as soon as they sold their commodity. You could buy anything, you could buy the finest of chickens, the farmer's wife used to bring them in, lovely home-made butter, everything. There didn't seem to be many millionaires, but there wasn't many poor people. There was no visible poverty at all in those days in the Town and then of course the garrison of the National Army, they bought an awful lot of stuff. It was a very happy time.

Brian: Where was that Garrison based?

Martin:

They were based in the workhouse. During the height of the Civil War there might be five hundred troops in the workhouse. Then they scaled it down as the Civil War was

coming to a close. In 1923 they just had a skeleton staff up there.

Brian:

If I could take you maybe closer to home, George's Street where you were born and reared. It must have been a great Street in that time, a lot of young people, you had the forge and you had Hynes' Mill.

Martin:

It was great and I doubt if there were better neighbours in the whole world than what was in George's Street that time. Everybody's kitchen was everybody's kitchen. You could go in and make yourself at home any place. It was a great Street and there were great people in it.

Brian:

Have you any memories of the forge down there?

Martin:

I have yes. Of course that time the forge was booming and it was all horses and farm machinery that had to be repaired and Thomas Burke was a great Blacksmith and he made an awful lot of money and he reared a big family out of the forge. He used to employ a journey man or two when they came sometimes, at that time there were tailors and blacksmiths and various tradesmen used to walk from town to town and they would get a couple of months work here and a couple of months work there and Thomas Burke often employed a journey man. I remember one, Jack Tobin was his name, I don't know what part of Ireland he was from. Thomas would always give him a few months work. The same thing went for the tailoring trade. Stephen Duffy would employ sometimes two journey men because there was no clothes off the peg that time. It happened afterwards and you brought the stuff in the Drapers Shop and they sent it up to the Tailor and it was made up there and he charged about 25 shillings or 30 shillings to make the suit; he was very good and that's the way people got their clothes that time.

Brian:

A place that's very much in the news now around Gort is Coole, can you remember anything about it.

Martin:

When I was a kid the time your father, the Lord have mercy on him, worked in the Post Office, and they were looking for a temporary fellow as well to do the town delivery when the Postman would be on holidays and I got that job and it didn't pay very well but it was something. Your father then, Martin Brennan, he had done his exam and he was promoted to be Postman and I was still temporary there and Mrs. Mitchell had the post office at the time there in Bridge Street and in the meantime she retired and the Post Office was transferred down to Crowe Street and Jim Considine got it. I used to have to do the telegrams because Martin Brennan was a Postman this time and had the Derrybrien route and I would have to bring the telegrams down to Lady Gregory and in those days there were no telephones much only in the Post Office and all business was transacted by telegram and I got quite friendly with them in Coole and Lady Gregory had a habit of sitting in the kitchen and chatting with her Housekeeper, I think the last Housekeeper, her name was Brigid McGuinness and I got very friendly with her and she used to give me the loan of books and I was away from home when she died. She died about 1932 or 1933.