

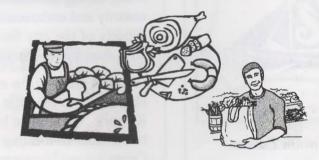
## Mac Mahons

of Kinvara

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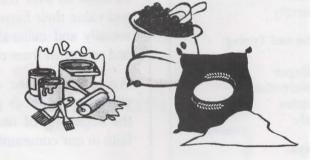
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### Two 'Lost' Castles of Kinvara

By Jeff O'Connell

One of the most distinctive manmade features of the Irish Landscape are the many castles or tower houses that can be seen throughout the country. They were not native to the Irish, whose preferred type of dwelling was those roughly circular farmsteads we know as ring forts or cashels. But with the establishment of the Normans from the 13th to the 15th centuries, the advantages of the tower house, from a defensive point of view, prompted the native chieftains to start building their own.

Kinvara and the surrounding areas contain a number of these tower houses. While some of them are in good condition, others are in ruins, and some have disappeared entirely over the centuries. The majority of them, as we would expect, belonged to or were built by the native Irish family of O'Heyne, or Hynes.

It is to official records meticulously kept by the English administration based at Dublin Castle that we must go to discover something of the history and ownership of these castles. And one of the very earliest documents preserved is a list of castles from the year 1574, apparently compiled for the use of the Lord Deputy, Sir Henry Sidney, who was responsible for the Composition of Connacht, a survey of landownership carried out by Sir John Perrot in 1585.

Organised by baronies, it locates each castle by the parish in which it stands. In giving the list, we have added brief clarifying notes

sacred precincts of the church of Cil Ua Fiachrach at Kinvara".

referring either to the modern name or the townland that corresponds to

Of the castles listed, Caherillaun, Lydican, and Caherglissaun still ex-

Castles	Occupant	Parishes	Note		
Cahirellenayn Oheyne		Coroscarnain	Caherillaun/Carrowkilleen		
Kynvare 1	Cynvare 1 Owen Mantagh Oheyne		Inishroo/Curranroe		
Ballecastle	Mac Remon	Kynmare	Kinvara Castle		
Leidegan	Owen Mantagh Ohein	Kylvine	Killeenavarra		
Caher Glassan	Oheyn Kylenayne	Killina			
Dungwory	fferigh Oheyn	Kylora 2	Ir. Church of the Yew		

the parish.

The castle list is introduced by a description of the barony in question. "The Baronie of Kiltaraght containing Lynaly (Killina: according to O'Donovan's O.S. Letters, the parish name derives from Cill Eithne, or the church of the virgin Saint Eithne or Inny. However. other authorities derive the name from St. Enda of Aran; P.W. Joyce in Local Names Explained, argues that the name originates from a wood called Ela, and that the church founded by St. Colman, about the year 590, was thence called Lann-Ealla, which has been anglicised to the present name), Eraghtreamon (Oidhreacht, which means legacy, inheritance, or heritage, and MacReamoinn, which refers to a branch of the de Burgos or Burkes, also known as Clanrickard) and Krelovieragh\*. X myles long & six broade & is after like rate ploweland XV Oshaghnes (O'Shaughnessy, the junior line of Ui Fiachrach Aidhne) McRemon Oheyn and Oheyn and Owen Mantagh Ohein cheife in the same."

ist, though in ruins. Dunguaire Castle, of course, has been completely restored and is today open to the public.

But what of Kynvare, in the parish of Reagh, castle? And where is Ballecastle, or Kinvara, castle?

The first of these vanished castles can be identified with little difficulty.

Owen Mantagh Oheyne is listed as the occupant of the castle called Kynvare, clearly an anglicised version of the Irish ceann mhara, from which is derived the name of the town and the modern parish. However, we should recall that these two Irish words mean simply 'head of the sea', and as such may be applied to any piece of land that occupies such a location.

Kynvare is stated in the list of castles to be in the parish of Reagh. 'Ria(bhach), commonly anglicised as 'reagh', is an adjective meaning 'striped' or 'tabby', but as a place-name it often means 'grey', as in Lough Rea or Loch Ria, meaning 'grey lake', or Mausrevagh, Más Riabhach, meaning 'grey ridge'. In

<sup>\*</sup> Killoveragh, from the Irish Coil/Cill Uí Fiachra, which refers either to the wood of Fiachra, or, less likely, the Church of Fiachra, the ancient name of the district known as Kinvara.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>1</sup> Kynvare, and Kynmare share the root 'ceann', meaning 'head', in this case, combined with -vare and -mare, in each case it means 'the head of the sea'. In each case the name, anglicised in two different ways, is exact: Kynvare, or Corranroe, castle originally stood at the head of Corranroe Bay; while Ballecastle, or Kinvara, castle stood, according to the sources, at the head of Kinvara Bay. Ballecastle means the 'town castle' (Ir. Baile, a town or settlement), evidence that there was, in 1574, a recognisable settlement of some kind on the site of what later was to become the town of Kinvara.

<sup>2</sup> The parish in which Dungwory, or Dunguaire, castle is located means, in Irish, the church of the Yew. It would seem virtually certain that the church referred to is St. Coman's, the ruins which stand behind the buildings that extend north facing the quay, and west along the main street of the town. Fahey (The History and Antiquities of the Diocese of Kilmacduagh) writes of this church: "In the long past, none but the recognised and leading representative branches of the Hy Fiachrach tribes, such as the O'Hynes, Kilkellys and O'Shaughnessys, were allowed the privilege of interment within the

the example we are considering, however, we have an adjective with nothing for it to qualify, which is what we would expect on the part of those who either did not speak Irish or had only the most rudimentary grasp of it.

While Reagh certainly appears to be the anglicised Ria (bhach), a difficulty arises from the fact that there is no townland in the area that incorporates 'Reagh'. There is, however, a townland at the western extreme of the parish called Inishroo. Roo is normally the anglicised version of the Irish 'ruadh', meaning 'red'; therefore this would be 'red island'.

As it happens, the location of Inishroo townland is very well described by the Irish name of the castle, Kynvare, since the portion of land it refers to does indeed lie at the 'head of the sea', in this case, at the head of Corranroo Bay. When the waters of the bay are at their highest, Inishroo is nearly cut off from the mainland. The 'island' situation of Inishroo would have been even more obvious in the 16th century, before a bridge and weir, constructed in the 18th century, began to partially dam the flow of water from the bay. Finally, until it collapsed at the time of the Lisbon Earthquake in 1755, an O Heyne castle stood on a small, round piece of land at the tip of the land that juts into the waters of the Bay.

The situation of Inishroo townland, the presence of a castle, and its association with the O Heyne family, taken together, make a strong case for identifying the castle of Kynvare with this location.

The other tower house is called simply, Ballecastle, from baile caiseal. Caiseal normally refers to a shore fort or 'cashel', caisleán being used to describe medieval or post-medieval castles. However, this is a fine point that may not have bothered the English compilers of the Carew MSS. Castle list. There are dozens of places around the country called Ballycastle, which is

only another anglicisation of the particular Ballecastle we are considering.

Of more significance is the Irish word 'baile', which has the distinction of being the most widely distributed settlement term found in Irish place-names. As such, it can mean simply a townland or, more specifically, a homestead, the lands of a kin-group, or a collection of homesteads or dwellings, sometimes called a 'sráidbhaile' or 'street town'.

The name given of the 'gentleman' living in Ballecastle is Mac Remon (MacRedmond), a surname variation of the descendants of the de Burgos, the powerful Norman family that conquered Connacht in the 13th century. This branch of the family traced its descent from Sir Redmond de Burgo, the second son of Sir William de Burgo, known as 'Liath' or Grey.

In 1228 King John of England granted Richard de Burgo the greater part of the lands of Connacht. The king had reserved a certain portion of Connacht for himself, which he leased to the O'Connor kings of Connacht in return for their submission. Perhaps inevitably this arrangement eventually broke down when Felim O'Connor's son, Aedh, rebelled against the Normans, dragging his reluctant father into his conflict with the king. Richard de Burgo led an army of mixed Norman and Irish Soldiers into the Province and decisively crushed the power of the O'Connors. As a result, Richard de Burgo became Lord of Connacht, under the king of England, while the lesser Irish chieftains became his vassals.

Richard granted to Maurice Fitzgerald of Offaly the territory of Uí Fiachrach Aidne, out of which he created the two manors of Ardrahan and Kilcolgan. Part of the manor of Kilcolgan was the parish of Duras, which, as we have seen, included Kinvara. Especially in border areas, such as western Uí Fiachrach Aidne was for several centuries, strong cas-

tles would be built for security reasons.

Where was Ballecastle located? At Kynmare. This is, of course, yet another Anglicisation of the Irish ceann mhara, just as Kynvare was in our previous example. Yet Kynmare is linked with a castle whose name refers to a settlement, containing a group of dwellings - a 'settlement' castle, like the dozens around the country that proved during the 16th and 17th centuries to be the impetus behind the growth of that non-Irish but distinctively Norman institution - the town.

Investigation of the elevated vacant ground behind the Barry family home and The Pier Head Restaurant, facing the quay, reveals the traces of what is unquestionably an artificial earthen platform or motte, on which the castle of Kinvara stood. The owner of the land, Mr. Toddie Byrne, whose house occupies the western portion of this piece of land (described as the Fair Green on older maps of the town) told the author that the irregular mound that can be seen today was originally much higher, and that he had leveled it as best he could for fear his children, who were young at the time, might fall off the edge of the platform - a drop of approximately 20 feet on the southern side.

Further confirmation that this is the correct site comes from an aerial photograph taken by Cambridge University during the 1960s, before Mr. Byrne had purchased and, subsequently, leveled it. The photograph shows very clearly an elevated platform, sloping on the southwest side; where it is abruptly truncated is an area now occupied by two recently built dwellings. Prior to their construction, this was a large rectangular portion of open land, enclosed on all sides by an old stone wall, the northern section of which acts as a retaining wall facing the platform. Old maps show that during parts of the 19th century this area was used as a building quarry.

On this elevated platform stood Kinvara Castle or, as it is called in the 1585 list, Ballecastle, that is, the castle of the town settlement. The buildings that today stand on the corner, behind which the castle site is located, probably incorporate the foundations of the original cluster of buildings associated with the castle.

Strategically, the site is an excellent one: occupying high ground, with clear views of the entrance to the bay, and the approach from the landward side, near Dunguaire Castle. It is also significant that the only other elevated site facing the harbour is that upon which the ruins of St. Coman's Church stand, a pattern of castle and church repeated all over Ireland.

The castle list of 1585 appears to be the sole documented reference to the vanished castle for roughly the next three hundred years. The long silence is broken only once, and then not in a written document but in a map. In 1775 M. MacKenzie Sr. published a careful and precise navigational map of Galway bay.

At the head of Kinvara Bay, the cartographer has included two small drawings and the name 'Kilvara'. One drawing clearly depicts a small castle, with what appear to be three machicolations, several windows on two levels, and a rounded doorway. Slightly to the right of the second drawing (or to the east, geographically), there can be little doubt it is meant to represent Dunguaire Castle.

It is the second drawing, however, that is so striking. Positioned approximately where the town of Kinvara is situated, it shows a building considerably larger than the other (Dunguaire Castle). In fact, this second dwelling bears a greater resemblance to a castellated house, like Lemaneagh castle near Kilfenora, than a simple tower house.

Architecturally, this resemblance to a manor house becomes more and more obvious the closer we examine the drawing. The house is shown with two large gables, each drawn with what can only be large chimneys. A slanted roof, shaded perhaps to suggest slate, extends between the two gables. As with the first drawing, windows on several levels are indicated, but considerably more than those given to the smaller castle. Finally, the rounded doorway is placed in the centre of the building, directly beneath the slanted roof.

There can be no doubt that this is meant to be a representation of Kinvara Castle, which was now coming near the end of its existence. It is surely an unexpected piece of good fortune that MacKenzie's map provides us with the only visual representation we possess of this elusive castle.

In the third decade of the 19th century, we are given two definite references to the castle. The first is found in the entry on Kinvara in Lewis's 1837 Topographical Dictionary: "A castle stood near the pier, but its materials have been used in building."

The second comes from John O'Donovan's Ordnance Survey Letters from County Galway. Volume I (1839). Describing the parish of Burren, Co. Clare, he mentions "the present representative of the branch of the O'Heynes who lived in [Corranrue], as also in the castle of Ballybranaghan at Kinvara."

There we have it. After three hundred years of virtual silence as to its very existence, Samuel Lewis and John O'Donovan, writing within two years of each other, tell us that it has been there all the time.

Silence descends once again after this brief tantalising mention, and is not broken until the end of the 19th century when James Frost, in his History and Topography of Co. Clare to the beginning of the 18th century (1893) recounts the effects of the Lisbon earthquake of 1755 on the area.

After describing the destruction of Corranroe Castle, the author continues. "The present representative of the branch of the O'Heynes who lived in the castle and also in the castle of Ballybranaghan at Kinvara, is a descendent of John Hynes....".

Unfortunately Frost gives no source for his reference to Kinvara castle, which he may have taken from O'Donovan. But he does confirm O'Donovan's earlier reference to the castle's location in the townland of Ballybranaghan, the southernmost boundary of which is directly to the northwest of the quay.

Is this an insurmountable

Kinvara as it looked in the 1960s. The mound (mentioned on page 6) in the centre of the picture represents the site of the 'Lost Castle'.

Picture courtesy of Cambridge University

(Continued on page 47)

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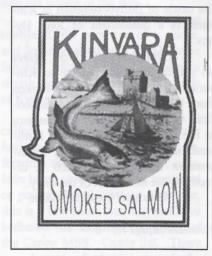


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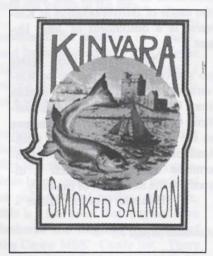


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### The Woodcock

A short story by Kate Thompson

Nora O'Hara approached the car. I tried to remember if I'd ever seen her sober. There was a time when she used to go round on a bicycle, two hands on the handlebars, fag in her mouth. Certainly I'd never seen her without the fag. I rolled down the window.

"Hello, Mrs.," she said.

"Hello, Nora. How's it going?"

"Not so bad. How's yourself?"

"Good."

She stood back, leaning against the wing of the car, and looked all around. Then she leant back down towards me.

"If I bought a bag of flour in the shop, would you bring it up for me?" She spoke with great care and managed to avoid the muddle which lay somewhere between her mind and her tongue.

"I will of course," I said.

"Are ye sure?"

"Of course. No problem."

"I'll go down then."

"Alright."

"To the shop."

"Right. I'll meet you there."

She set off down the hill, unsteady, like someone on stilts. At each step her narrow ankles threatened to turn sideways off the heels of her boots. She was so thin and frail, and so drunk, that it was like watching some kind of miracle.

The school bus was parked with the engine switched off, but Nora was taking no chances. As she crossed in front of it, she held out her hand in a traffic policeman's gesture and then, just in case, skipped the last few steps. When she regained her balance she was in the middle of the road, and just at that moment the school bell rang out across the village. Nora stopped where she was and glared around her in belligerent confusion. The bell stopped, and the school released the day's frustration in a great, clamorous exhalation. Nora O'Hara understood and resumed her precarious progress. The street, the bus and my car filled up with children.

"You'll all have to sit in the back," I said.

"Why?" said Cathy.

"We're bringing Nora O'Hara home." "Nora O'Hara," said Cathy. "That rhymes. Nora O'Hara, Nora O'Hara."

We picked up Nora and her sack of flour and headed out the road. Two of the children in the car were neighbours that I brought home, but it made no difference to Nora. Each child got a shiny pound coin and she would hear no objections.

"Call in some time," she said. "Have a cup of coffee. Bring the lads. They can play with our lads. Call in any time. Don't be shy."

I knew her children before ever I knew her. The boys, at least. The two older ones came to help us on the bog one year. We were bringing out dry turf in bags and refooting the wet stuff. I don't remember the bigger boy's name. He just stood around and smiled a lot. The other one's name was Dermot. He brought each sod to me, and I had to confirm his opinion of whether it was wet or dry before he carried it over to the appropriate heap. He was lovely, really lovely. But I haven't seen much of him since. He and his older brother go to a special school somewhere down South.

"We've got ponies and donkeys," Nora said. "Come and ride them any time you want. Any time. Only we haven't got any of those, what's it, you know. We call it stirrups. You'll have to bring your own. Any time at all. Bring the lads. They can meet our lads."

I wanted to say that really I couldn't understand where the

time went to, and what with one thing and another the days all seem to get eaten up and there's never anything to show for it in the end, and... "How many have you got?" I said.

"We've got a pony and two donkeys."

"Are they broken?"

"You can ride them any time. Come any time. Don't be shy."

I smiled and said, "Thanks."

Her youngest boy, Brendan, was just getting off the minibus from the other neighbourhood school when we got to the end of Nora's road. He climbed in on to his mother's knee, dragging his schoolbag after him and smiling at me as he ducked under the cigarette in her mouth. We'd met before. A couple of times I'd passed as he was getting off the bus, and I'd given him a lift as far as their house. And once I'd met him half-way to the village, a mile from home and a mile from the pub where he was going to look for his mother. He's the only one of the boys who isn't retarded.

The girls are alright, I hear, though I've never met them. People say that they don't like to be seen with their mother any more because she embarrasses them. I'd say she does, too. A couple of weeks ago there was crossroads dancing down in the village, and there was a fellow with a TV camera filming one of the sets. Nora wasn't dancing, but she hopped up on to the platform, fag in hand, and jigged about. Whenever there was a change of partners she slid in beside the vacant man and hopped from foot to foot, staring at the camera.

I drove into their yard. Nora and Brendan climbed out and disappeared into the house. It is a bungalow, not long built, but dingy, somehow, already. I told my girls to stay where they were, and shouldered the bag of flour. Brendan appeared and led me across the yard to a small shed. The ground was strewn with scraps which smelt like pigswill, and I had to pick my way carefully. Brendan opened the door to the shed. The floor was littered with empty bags and sacks, but it was clean and dry. There was a metal structure beside the door, a bin or a boiler, and lying against it on the floor was a small brown bird. I thought it was bantam hen, and passed it by to put down the flour. But as I went out I stopped and looked at it again. It was speckled, rich brown against fawns and greys. Its beak was long and narrow, and its eyes were dark and bland as beads, gazing up at me without blinking. I backed out, unwilling to leave. Brendan was gone, and I shut the door carefully and went back to the car.

I had started the engine and was about to drive off when Nora came out again and told me to come inside. Jamesy wanted to see me. My girls showed an unusual willingness to stay in the car.

Jamesy was standing in a corner of the kitchen beside a long, shabby settee. He was as thin as Nora, and dressed in ragged working clothes. I must have passed him often enough on the roads, because his face was very familiar. It was a kind face, and not in any way deficient. He nodded and shook my hand. Nora started sorting through handfuls of coins and mumbling about petrol. I refused, and reminded her of the money she'd given the children.

"What's the bird?" I asked. "Out in the shed?"

"Woodcock," said Jamesy. "I had a trap set for crows and he got caught in it."

"Do you want it?" said Nora. "For the pot?"

"No, no," I said. "Are you going to eat it?"

Nora nodded. "Don't say a word."

"I won't," I said, and edged towards the door. Nora came with me.

"Call anytime," she said. "Don't be shy."

I had two young cocks in the yard at home, and all the way back in the car I was wondering whether I would catch one up and take it over to her, to swop for the woodcock. It would make a better meal for them. I had a vision; of flinging the little brown bird up into the sky, of watching it fly. But then, already, we were late. There was homework to be done and the dinner to be cooked.

It would take time to corner one of those cocks in the yard, and really, I didn't have time. I don't know where the time goes; what happens to the days, the hours, the minutes. And always, in the end, there's nothing to show for it.

Nothing at all.

### Our Greatest 'Blow-in'



Paddy Geraghty came to Kinvara in 1951 in time to help Mick Moran, the Kinvara tailor, meet the orders pouring in in the aftermath of the October Fair. By that time Paddy had spent some years in apprenticeship with John O'Malley, the Newport tailor, and had worked as a journeyman tailor with Tom Higgins of Turloughmore.

Paddy was a native of Newport, Co. Mayo, but an accident at school, when he was in fourth class, necessitated long periods in hospital. The injury to his leg remained with him all his life, but it helped to direct him towards tailoring, as farming or other physical work was out of the question. It also curtailed his formal education but his stay in hospital helped to turn him into an avid reader.

#### A Pioneer

Paddy is remembered as a crusader against the drink culture of present day Irish society. However, when Paddy came to Kinvara he was fond of the pint and may, on occasion, have drunk a little too much. He was a frequent Sunday 'traveler' to Ballinderreen. This journey was undertaken because of the peculiar

'bone fide' law of the time. On a Sunday afternoon a 'bone fide traveler' was entitled to consume drink in a licensed premises provided he was at least three miles from home. On their way to Ballinderreen the Kinvara lads met the Ballinderreen lads on their way to Kinvara. They'd sit down together for a while and swap stories before continuing on to their respective destinations. The two groups were likely to meet again as they wended their way homewards later that evening, though the exchange was usually less articulate then, even though it was less inhib-

Having considered the havoc which drink was causing in so many lives Paddy determined to become a Pioneer. He took the pledge and became the foremost advocate of temperance in South Galway. Not satisfied with trying to promote temperance in Kinvara he became deeply involved in the South Galway Pioneers' Regional Council. However, he never forgot his own experience of alcohol and he helped and encour-

Mick Moran and set up his own tailor's workshop at Nurse Brady's House on the Quay. This house was previously St Anthony's Guesthouse where Oliver St. John Gogarty stayed on his visits to Kinvara and it is now the Pier Head Restaurant and Pub. The tailoring business thrived and he had to take on assistants to help him meet the demand for his services. After 18 years on the Quay Paddy moved to Martin Greene's house in the Main Street. His premises was a focal point for informal meetings and discussions for young and old alike. Many successful people today owe their early progress in life to the encouragement given then by Paddy the Tailor.

In 1956, Paddy's idealism led to his setting up a Sinn Féin branch in Kinvara. His premises was raided on a number of occasions but nothing more incriminating than republican newspapers were ever found. Ironically, Paddy made up the uniforms for many of the gardai in South Galway, and further afield, at that time!



L TO R: Tommy Sullivan, Kinvara West, Sonny Sullivan, Nogra, Sean Nolan, Crushoa, congratulate Paddy on winning a motor bike in the Sunday Press Ladies Fashion Competition 1959.

aged many intemperate drinkers to overcome their addiction.

#### First Move

In 1956 Paddy parted company with

He stayed four years in the 'town' before moving out to Crushoa where he remained until he retired as a tailor in 1988. He was among the

'last of the tailors' in rural Ireland as most people now wanted 'off-thepeg' suits from the shops. His trade was one in which he had great pride and one in which he had wide theoretical, as well as practical, knowledge, as can be seen in an article in the *Connacht Tribune* of September 16, 1988, written by John Flatley.

#### **Community Involvement**

Paddy Geraghty wasn't long in

tions.

Many organisations we now take for granted had their genesis in Paddy Geraghty, and their success is due largely to his time and commitment in their early days. Such groups include the Social Services, Community Games, the Swimming Club, the Credit Union, Community Alert, 'Trácht' magazine, Kinvara Handcraft Co-op., Conradh na Gaeilge,



Paddy Geraghty pictured with Bridie Corless at the Senior Citizens Christmas party.

Kinvara before he got involved in community affairs. He was invited to go along to a meeting of the local guild of Muintir na Tíre and he soon became one of its most hard-working members. In the subsequent forty-five years he certainly became its most productive member with his promotion and development of many initiatives. He was involved in running the annual marquee dances and the development of Faiche Pádraig, the hurling field opened in the Patrician year.

He took part in inter-parish quizzes and in drama productions such as 'The Bugle in the Blood', 'Troubled Bachelors', 'A Damsel from Dublin', and 'Manu', the latter written by Jeff O'Connell and staged in 1988. At the same time he was helping the Youth Club and Pioneers with their annual one-act produc-

Cruinniú na mBád, FÁS Community Employment Projects the Community Centre and many others. His outstanding and unsurpassed service was recognised nationally in 1994 when he became the tenth recipient of the Irish Life Pensioner of the Year award, presented in Dublin by the former Taoiseach, Dr. Garrett Fitzgerald.

#### **Political Involvement**

Paddy's social consciousness developed with the years. As he became more involved with improving the quality of people's lives he saw not only the futility, but what he perceived as the obscenity of using physical force to achieve Irish unity. It led him to taking an active part in leading the Republican movement away from violence. This caused him considerable personal pain as he

broke ranks with men whom he admired for their sincerity and generosity of spirit, even if they were misguided, as he perceived it. It is worth noting that on the actual day of Paddy's interment the Good Friday Agreement was signed vindicating in full the way forward he supported.

Paddy was no pious Catholic but he was a Christian whose faith was rooted in the Mass. He seldom missed daily Mass. It was from this deep Christianity that he obtained his commitment to community development and social and political reform.

#### The Last Word

It is only fitting that in a tribute such as this that the subject should have the last word. The following was found among Paddy's possessions by his nephew. Paddy must have intended it for some edition of 'Trácht'. His wit and humor, allied with his cutting perceptiveness, are to be seen throughout this short piece.

#### Just Another Pint, Lads

A committee is an arrangement allowing you to share the blame with others. But what about the unofficial committee which devotes much time to community affairs, 'The Pub Committee'- that group of smart individuals who claim to have the answer to every problem; but are never available to do anything themselves. The people who have great discussion on even non-existent problems, and start destructive and damaging false rumours. They would win the Tidy Towns for you. They would organise Cruinniú na mBád for you. Any club or organisation, you name it, they know all about it. They would win the County final. But, be sure, they are not on the team!

Well, there is no 'pint' in that; or is there? That is the question.

Ní bheidh a leithéid arís i gCinn Mhara. I measc na naomh go raibh sé.

Stan Mac Eoin

### **Pat Keane Memorial Unveiled**



Louise O'Donoghue, Pat Keane's grandaughter, poses on oak bench in Nogra beside Bronze casting of Pat's pipe and cap.

We couldn't have picked a worse day. There we were, the three of us, outside Miko Fahy's pub with three pieces of heavy oak from the Slieve Aughty mountains, a van full of tools, sand and cement.

It was a cold November day. And it rained. Dave Kinane, confident but apprehensive. Would the three pieces of oak he'd sculpted fit together when the time came? Myself, plugging in the kango hammer borrowed earlier from Steve Griffin, hoping we wouldn't hit any bedrock beneath the path. Miko Fahy appeared, offering advice. Eoin Mac Carthy, full of good humour, was having none of it. For a man who had rebuilt the Birr telescope, this little job in Nogra was a piece of cake. Out came the sledgehammer and wham! The jigsaw pattern I'd begun to make on the path crumbled. I put aside the kango. Before long a hole became a crater. Two soaking wet hours later the bench was mounted, positioned, and cemented in. We were drenched but didn't

care. We cleared up and retired to the lounge for a lovely pint (or two), steam rising from our clothes in front of the hot stove.

The memorial to Pat Keane was erected in Nov. 1997 primarily as a tribute on behalf of local musicians and singers in memory of the Aughinish singer who died in Oct 1995. The plaque, titled Come Here I Want You, A Mac was co-written with local Poet, Colm Corless. David Kinane's sculpture features an oak bench with a bronze casting of Pat Keane's pipe and cap. The inscription on the seat recalls one of Pat's colourful toasts: "May you live long and happy, and may the bone of your arse make tobaccy!"

The entire venture was in fond admiration of the man, and in commemoration of the tradition he so aptly represented. Pat Keane had a wealth of folklore and a great singing voice. He came first more than once in the annual traditional singing competition organised by An t-Amhrán Beo, held during Cruinniú na mBád. Funds for the memorial

were forthcoming from donations and two successful concerts. Grants were received from Galway County Council and the Arts Council. All costs were cleared. Many thanks to all artists and interested parties who were invited and made suggestions concerning a fitting memorial. In the end, it was felt Dave Kinane's proposal was most fitting in terms of cost and content. It captured in essence the character of the man and continues to offer a topic of conversation for passers-by. People keep coming into Miko Fahy's shop, remarking that someone has left his pipe and cap outside on the bench. Miko always enjoys a conversation with the visitor, as did Pat.

In unveiling the memorial, Charlie Piggott, representing the musicians and singers, recalled Pat Keane being asked one year to officially open Fleadh na gCuach. Pat smiled, shrugged his shoulders, and said "It's open!". Charlie then played one of Pat's favourite reels on the box. Tom Munnelly from Miltown Malbay, who works for the Dept. of Irish Folklore said: "It was not just music and song that Pat had, but the depth of local history. He was like a tree; his roots go deep in the soil of this part of Clare-Galway. In remembering him we are celebrating all the people he represented."

The entire commemorative project would not have succeeded without support from the local community, St Joseph's school, which hosted the music workshops, the Community Council, The Keane family, Miko Fahy and family, An t-Amhrán Beo, Bob Francis, Tír Eolas, Johan Hofsteenge, Pam Fleming, Máire O'Keeffe who organised the musicians at the concerts, Tim Dennehy who acted as Fear an Ti, and the many local musicians and singers.

Caoilte Breatnach

Copies of the book, Come here I want you - Pat Keane and his Times, are available from local shops or Kinvara Community Council (Price £6.00 excl postage).

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### **Planes of Horror**

The Cold breeze swept the English and German Trenches, forcing them to shiver.

The sky was glum, dark and dreary.

The silence creeped the hearts of the innocent young men.

Just then the silence was broken by a swarm of Mustang fighter planes.

They swept down releasing bursts of rapid fire machine guns, riddling the trenches.

The screams of horror, pain and sorrow filled the air.

The planes swept back and riddled the land with bombs which lit up the sky.

They left the field in moans and death.

Eoin Kinane Age:12

### WAR

If you were fighting in a war and you had a gun, You would shoot a man and think it's fun,

BUT, IF you were shot and left lying there, And IF you started shouting, NO ONE would really care,

That's why I am safe here, I don't have any fear, I don't fight in war, Because what's its reason for.

Noel McCormack Age: 12

#### ENVY

Envy is as green as a young apple, Envy makes you want to spit out the bitter taste,

Envy makes you hold your nose up high and not breathe,

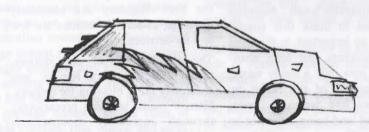
Envy rings anger in your ears,

Envy makes you go green, then white and back down to pink again,

Envy means:

WANT - IN YOUR BRAIN

Dara Graham, Age 11, Northampton N.S.



Drawings by Eoin Kinanne

### RACE

Beautiful cars, Engines rrrrahny, Tyres changed, Ready to go.......

NO DRIVERS

Noel McCormack Age: 12

## From Perth to Kinvara

Shirley Dooley

How were we to know, in May 1975 as we sat enjoying a drink in Connolly's Bar on the Quay at Kinvara, that we would be returning almost twenty years later to become residents of the area.

We had spent six and a half years in Perth, Western Australia where we had emigrated in 1975, and although W.A. had been very good to us, we had decided to have a look at the 'other side' of Australia. On 5 September 1980 we set off from Perth to make the journey from West to East, across the Nullarbor Plain. (Loosely translated, Nullarbor means 'no trees').

We took the Great Eastern Highway, travelling via Merredin, and after a couple of overnight stops, we made for a camp-site we knew of between Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie. We had been invited to spend a couple of days 'fosicking' for gold at a friend's mine close to Kalgoorlie. We had previously spent an enjoyable weekend field trip there as part of an evening 'fun' Geology course. Normally we tried to find a suitable camp site before dark, but earlier that evening our chosen pitch had made us both uneasy, and we decided to move on. Just as well, as we subsequently found out it was an Aboriginal burial site! After a few more miles, we found a suitable site where we camped for the night.

After a couple of enjoyable days at the Maria minesite, we had to push on. Leaving early afternoon, we headed for Widgiemooltha south of Koolgardie. Night had closed in before we reached the site, and we were a little concerned we could not see the glow of the lights of the camp-site - this being the only

'habited' area for miles. Then in the

distance we picked up the headlights of another vehicle approaching us. Dipping and rising with the terrain, the lights then disappeared altogether and as we rounded a bend, we saw the vehicle - a car towing a small caravan - had entered the area where we expected the camp-site to be. All was in darkness.

We drew up at the site entry, and the other arrivals asked us rather hesitantly if we were staying the night. We had decided to stay as we were hungry and tired and we were going to our friend's minesite the next day; there was no other campsite for miles.

In the cold light of day we took a look at our surroundings. The whole place had been wrecked. Where there had been individual electrical power and water stands for the caravans, etc. these had been ripped out, as had the facilities in the ablutions blocks. Walking down to the village where once stood a pub, small hotel, shop and a number of houses, now all that remained were stark, blackened shells.

We learned from an old man, living in the tiniest caravan we had ever seen in the bush adjoining the campsite, that the owner of the village and camp-site had been in a protracted argument with the local Council regarding taxes and in a fit of rage had returned one day and completely wrecked the whole place.

About the sixth day out, we decided to detour slightly from the highway to take a look at the old telegraph station at Eucla, situated close to the Western Australia/South Australia border. Sad to think this coastal point, once so important in the lives of the inhabitants, but long abandoned, was now only a sandy waste. The introduction of the rabbit by early settlers had wreaked havoc, huge areas of land being eaten out by the animals. Crops were spoiled and vegetables and fruit destroyed by these burrowing creatures.

Facilities along our route varied from primitive to 5-star. At one service station where we refuelled and went to take showers, the bore water smelled of sulphur or rotten eggs and was rusty brown coloured. Both soap and shampoo gave up the struggle to make any kind of lather, but at least we did feel a little cleaner afterwards. Some caravan parks en route were quite an experience, in more ways than one!

As we headed on we arrived at the Aboriginal reserve at Yalata, where we had been told by friends in W.A. we would have to purchase some artifact or other, or run the risk of being shot at or our tyres slashed or something equally sinister. ever, in all our travelling around Australia, at no time did we have any trouble with the Aboriginal people. By 13 September we reached Port Augusta, a vigorously active port at the head of the Spencer Gulf in South Australia, and Brisbane, capital city of Queensland, was now much closer. The Eyre Highway runs for 1900 kilometres, between Norseman and Coolgardie in W.A. to Port Augusta in S.A.across the Nullarbor Plain. We had noted the improvement in the road surface, and since it had been blacktopped in recent years, there had been a number of 'incidents' such as water tanks being shot at, drivers being held at gunpoint for anything which could be extracted from their vehicles or persons, and such like. Hooligans were now attempting the crossing from East to West which previously had proved too hazardous due to the extremely poor road conditions. (Water tanks along a route such as the Eyre Highway are absolutely essential, as service stations are few and far between).

The next stretch of our journey, through the Flinders Ranges was absolutely mind blowing for scenery. Narrow roads, winding precariously through incredibly mountainous countryside, focussed the mind somewhat, when we wondered if we would make it up the next slope,

having to almost stop behind a slower moving vehicle, and with our trailer tagging along behind. The engine protested so much at one point, and spotting a look-out area, we pulled off the road to allow it to cool down.

On to Broken Hill, the huge lead, silver and zinc minesite, continuously disgorging trainloads of the hill's 'belly', and where massive trucks appeared the size of toys, so vast was the minesite. There is actually a route called the Silver City Highway which heads northwards out of Broken Hill to Warri Warri Gate, within the Sturt National Park and on the border between Oueensland and New South Wales, and southwards to Wentworth and Mildura, Victoria.



Shirley and Bill Dooley

Broken Hill was the start of the Barrier Highway taking us through the New South Wales townships of Wilcannia, Cobar and Nyngan where we linked up with the Mitchell Highway to Dubbo.

All the time we had been moving eastwards, we had to remember to adjust our watches to suit the time differences. One of the things which struck us was the tidiness of the road verges as we passed through South Australian townships. There was a huge instant fine imposed on drivers caught dumping any kind of rubbish or causing litter. In all other states we had been appalled at the amount of garbage dumped at the sides of roads - bottles, tins, plastic and cardboard food containers and even old electrical goods and bedding! South

Australia was justifiably proud of its no-litter campaign. Strangely there was even the absence of dead animal carcases, inevitable where there are massive road trains travelling at speed, apart from normal everyday traffic. It is very distressing to see so much wildlife maimed and killed on the highways.

From Dubbo, with its huge Aboriginal population, we travelled through townships with such strange sounding names as Coonabarabran and Narrabri to Moree, another township largely occupied by Aboriginal people, to Goondawindi on the Queensland border. At last, we were in Oueensland!

We then took the Cunningham Highway due east towards Brisbane, or more specifically the Redcliffe Peninsula, just north of Brisbane City, where we would be staying at a friend's house for a couple of weeks while we looked around for somewhere to live. Our trip eastwards had taken us through some beautiful countryside, although some may say that after hundreds of miles of scrub which constitutes the Nullarbor Plain, anything would be beautiful! Perhaps one of the most memorable was the Cunningham Gap, towards the end of our journey, a section of the road which wound its way sharply down the hillside, by way of hundreds of hairpin bends. Huge roadtrains or semi-trailers, engaging lower and still lower gears, negotiated these bends with extreme caution. Evidence of those who had not been quite so lucky still lay as rusting hulks in the surrounding countryside where they had come to rest.

The call of the Bellbird, sounding literally like a bell ringing, could be heard quite distinctly as we descended the hill. Apparently this area is the only habitat of this particular bird.

Our journey had taken us from one side of Australia to the other, in a renovated camper van, towing a trailer loaded with extra petrol, water, tools and odds and ends, across all kinds of terrain mostly in excellent weather conditions. Now here we were, hundreds of kilometres and approximately two and a half weeks later, at our destination.

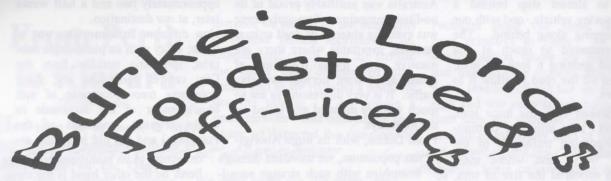
How different Brisbane City was to Perth; a city with its picturesque suburbs, sprawling untidily from the City centre; Jacaranda and huge Poinsiana trees (contrasts of soft blue/lavendar of the Jacaranda to bright crimson umbrellas of the Poinsiana) and the old imposing architecture of its municipal buildings. Perth on the other hand is the cleanest of all the Australian capital cities, and with the exception of a few buildings of historical note, its business core consists of glass and concrete high-rise edifices. Like all big cities around the World though, both Perth and Brisbane take on a bewitching face at night, with lights of all colours twinkling from buildings tall and short, and reflected in wide,

lazily flowing rivers.

We quickly found a house to rent, and for approximately a year we remained in Albion, a close suburb of Brisbane. We were anxious to settle in our own place as soon as possible and went on house/land hunts at the weekends. We purchased a five acre lot approximately 50 kilometres from the City, and commenced building our home. Just prior to Christmas 1981 we moved into the house that would be home for the next eight years. After a series of incidents towards the end of those eight years. we reassessed our future and decided to return to England. By the end of approximately three years, and after searching (unsuccessfully) in the south and south west of England for a suitable home, we began making short trips to Ireland with a view to About four possibly living here. months after we started our search here, we found our present home, in which we have lived for the past few

We had gone from West to East (in Australia) and back to the West again (in Ireland)!

How were we to know as we sat having a pleasant drink in Connolly's bar, on the Quay at Kinvara, that twenty years on we would be doing the same thing again, but this time as residents of this beautiful area.



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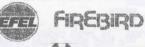
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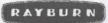


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## Gerry Ryan Kinvara An Appreciation

We would have known you had would have known you had would have known you had we of the greatest characters in 1930, he compared the was born in 1930, and compared the wild departure of the vibrant of the area, many of whom see the sky over Kin-

also witnessed the dethe coal, turf, barley and the mass rade in his beloved seaport

a disabled right hand, he that this handicap enabled empathise and to identify those who were less fortune he, and when one considerable achieved and the happine brought to people's lives, and cap" often and rightfully reminder of our own self-serry surged onwards in such a creative and full life.

a remarkable love of traand of his ancestors, and his of old photographs and material on Kinvara's past is me invaluable to all those who write about local history, and folklore. He undertook me restoration of old buildings with a sense of design, now all their own right. The section and decay of Thoor Balme attracted him and he made a strong plea on Radio Éireann restoration and campaigned for it to be saved from Today this building is one s great tourist attractions.

Gerry was such a lover of trabe was also a most progresand inventive individual. He was the first man to bring ice-cream to Kinvara and together with Tom Leech and (Dr) Paddy Greene he entered show business. They went around the town with their marionette show, for which they charged a penny a time. In 1949 Gerry started using Johnston's store as a picture house. Paddy Greene remembered the day: "The first film shown there was Keys of the Kingdom with Gregory Peck; Annie O'Donnell cried all the way through - we couldn't hear a thing.....".

Gerry spoke his mind, always seeking the truth and the core of every issue, and he was therefore feared and admired by those who knew him

A politician notorious for promises during a canvass at election time stated "What Kinvara needs is a swimming pool, where'll we put it lads!" "Next to the big factory you promised the last time!" retorted Gerry. Such was the richness and creativity of character that one individual's viewpoint of Gerry would



L to R: Tom Ryan, Frances Ryan and Gerry Ryan

Later on he converted a Nissen hut at the back of his house into a cinema. The first film they showed was about the sinking of the Titanic. He recalled the atmosphere that first night, with the rain coming down in buckets through the unfinished roof, "It was the real thing", he said.

Gerry took his projector into many parts of Co. Galway and Clare and his touring cinema was to become for many their first encounter with the silver screen. However his most rewarding shows were his regular visits to the Brothers of Charity in Clarenbridge which became a highlight for the children as they saw their favourite cowboys on film.

He enjoyed mixing with the youngsters and sharing their delight and wonderment and awe at the experience. merely offer you a glimpse of his totality as a human being.

Despite his complex, inventive and great technical genius Gerry was a deeply spiritual man with a particular devotion to our Blessed Lady. Having built up a thriving plaster-moulding business he designed and constructed his own version of the Lourdes Grotto. Today thousands of those Grottos obtained at Knock are in households all over Ireland.

After a brief illness bravely borne in University College Hospital Galway, Gerry finally left this world.

We who knew him have all been touched by his good nature and now mourn his passing.

We have lost a great friend; Kinvara has lost a great friend. May his gentle soul rest in peace.

### SPORTS EVENTS



Seamount College Hockey Team with trainer Ms. Caroline Murphy-Hogan.



Seamount College Camogie Team with trainers L to R,Teresa Kavanagh, Mary Callanan and Eileen Keane.



Sam Maguire with Oisin White, Evan Quinn, Paul Keane, Elizabeth Hastings, Alan Leech and Chloe Walsh



Kinvara U13 Camogie Team



Kinvara Football Club Members and Trainers



Sinead Keane Bronze Medal winner for 1500 mts at Mosney Community Games.



Sharon Kavanagh Gold Medal winner for Poc Fada at Mosney Community Games



Camogie U16 Champions with their Trainers. In front are Team Mascots Felicity Leech and Colleen Callanan.





### **COMMUNITY EVENTS**



Dur Parade with son of Tom McCormack,



Pictured at The Cruinniú na mBád Banquet in Dunguaire Castle: Kilian Kenny, Chairperson, Noreen and Miko Fahy, Nogra, who officiated as King and Queen of the Castle on this occasion.



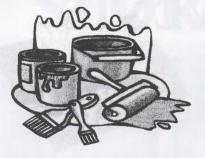
Rainer Krause who officially opened the 1999 Cruinniú na mBád pictured with his wife Mary, Banrion Sheila Fallon and Kilian Kenny, Festival Chairperson.



Marian Connolly pictured at her Graduation from the National College of Ireland with her Certificate with Distinction for Community Workplace Management



Under 13 Community Games Hurling Team who won silver medals at the 1999 National Finals in Mosney.



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### 1798 Commemorated in Kinvara

#### The Silk Weaver

By Gabrielle Warnock Trident Press

The bi-centenary of the 1798 Rebellion was marked in many parts of the country by commemorations, reenactments and events that recalled the heroic, inspiring and horrific events of that time.

With the publication of Gabrielle Warnock's book, *The Silk Weaver*, set in the period immediately preceding the rebellion, Kinvara can claim some share in the nationwide commemoration.

If your favourite reading includes any of the following categories you must read this book:- history intrigue, romance, passionate love stories.

Gabrielle undertook painstaking research before embarking on her novel. She unearthed details of a thriving silk-weaving trade in Dublin and the conflict which arose between weavers and merchants when the latter imported cheaper silk. She also came across remarkable details of United Irishmen who became invaluable informers for the crown but who were discarded when they were of no further use.

Out of this came her remarkable novel. It is a story of blind loyalty and consuming love, of shattering public and personal betrayals, of unimaginable cruelty and heroic resilience and commitment.

It is a book you will not want to leave from you until it is finished.

Congratulations to Gabrielle on writing this excellent book. She is one of the successful writers now living in Kinvara and we look forward, with keen anticipation, to her next novel.

### Kinvara & District Credit Union

Michael Organ P.R.O.

Kinvara and District Credit Union was affiliated to the Irish League of Credit unions on 8th January 1992... Since that date over 1100 individuals have joined and its share capital (savings) is now well on its way to £750,000. This Credit Union services the area from Ballyvaughan to Clarenbridge. Its main office is in Kinvara and it also provides sub-office services in the Community Centre in Ballindereen and in St. John's Hall Ballyvaughan and at Kilcolgan Business Centre

Since its foundation it has been fully computerised and has also a full time office administrator employed. Majella Kenna is available at 091 637525 Monday to Friday during office hours.

The Credit Union is still very competitive when it comes to lending money and as a result many people in the area have benefited for items such as purchasing cars/tractors, providing home improvements and going on holidays. The provision of educational fees is also a common reason for borrowing. The Credit Union has gone from strength to strength and is very fortunate to have excellent workers on its Board of Directors.

There was great sadness in the Credit Union when one of its founder members Paddy Geraghty, passed on to his reward. To Paddy we simply say thank you.

The Credit Union movement in Ireland is one of the greatest success stories of all time and it is fitting that a Credit Union in Kinvara should be part of this success.

There are very few people in the area who are not members so if you are one of those why not drop into the office in Kinvara and avail of the excellent facilities and services



Liam Quinn, Prize Winner of the Kinvara Credit Union Essay Competition with Directors Stephen O'Sullivan, Michael Organ and Ailbhe Brown.

provided such as: Loans at excellent rates. Free Life cover on loans (certain limits). Free Life cover on Savings (certain limits). House Insurance scheme, Travel Insurance, Car Insurance, VHI Group scheme. Bureau de Change.

The opening hours of the offices are as follows:

Kinvara: Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday & Friday 10am -1pm

Saturday 7.30pm – 9pm Sunday 11.30am – 1pm

Ballinderreen: Sunday 11.30am – 12.30pm Ballyvaughan: Thursday 11am – 12.30pm Kilcolgan: Friday 7.30pm – 8.30pm

#### **CURRENT BOARD OF DIRECTORS**

Ailbhe Brown (Chairperson) Toddie Byrne (Treasurer) Mona Gill (Secretary) Maureen Heffernan, Brendan Leech, Peter Greene, Helen O'-Connor, Rita Hession, Michael Organ, May Monahan, Thomas Mahon, Shirley Dooley, Michael Bamber, Bridget Keane, Stephen Sullivan

#### **CURRENT SUPERVISORS:**

Paddy Kavanagh, Sheila Conneely, Marian Connolly.

### Kinvara Community Playgroup

The playgroup is now in its 21st year of existence in Kinvara. We know we are moving on in years because one of our new members last September was Atrevu Conneely, son of John Conneely and Caroline Baker, John was one of the original group of children attending the playgroup in 1979! It might be of interest to list the first group. They were: Noel Griffin, John Conneely, Julian Conneely, Quincey Griffin, Darcy O'Connell, Tadhg O'Briain, Deborah Fahy, Deirdre Byrne, Patricia Mac Eoin, Triona Griffin, Anna Marie Hynes. Since then hundreds of the children from the community have experienced their first taste of the world outside the family in the community playgroup based in the Courthouse. Two sessions are now held daily -10.00a.m. to 12.30p.m. and 1-3pm. Newcomers to the area be warned such is the popularity of the playgroup, it is essential to enter your child's name as soon as possible. We already have ten names booked for September 2002. Children may start at the playgroup after their third birthday.

The playgroup leader is Ann Vesey. This year the playgroup has been very fortunate to avail of the assistance of Ann McInerney at each session thanks to FÁS and Kinvara Community Council.

The playgroup is a member of the Irish Pre - School Playgroups Association and is also recognised and grant-aided by the Western Health Board. It recently passed The Western Health Board Pre-School Services Inspection which is in compliance with the Department of Health, Child Care Act. The implementation of the recent Child Care Act is being carried out with the help of Mary Giblin, Playgroup Advisor, to ensure that all its requirements are fulfilled in the local playgroup. Some of these re-

quirements involve work on the candles at Advent, Santa's visit to the premises in the Courthouse. Community Centre in December, the

The playgroup is very grateful to all who support its fund-raising during Santa's visit to Kinvara, Mother's Day Cake Sale and Poker Classic. Groups using the Courthouse during festivals have also contributed.

The playgroup year is a busy one with all the festivals being celebrated witches at Hallowe'en, carols and candles at Advent, Santa's visit to the Community Centre in December, the Nativity play, the visit of the Easter Bunny, spring outing to see new-born lambs and summer outing to Peter Pan World.

(If you have any queries about the playgroup you can contact Ann at the Courthouse.

Phone 091 - 637688 during term time or at 091 - 637335.

#### PLAYGROUP MEMBERS



PLAYTIME: Ann Vesey and the Playgroup members act out storytime.



P.J. Kelly, Knockaculleen, and Atreyu Conneely, Kinvara at playtime in the sand box.

### Michael Cunningham

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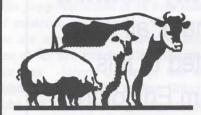
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### MUSICIANS OF KINVARA

### Eugene Lambe, Ballybrannigan

I have worked as a marine ecologist for the Queen. Then, in the early 70s, I was diving in the North Sea – deep sea diving on the rigs. After that I went teaching botany in UCG. I'm retired now from all those things.

For about 17 years I was down in Fanore. I used to teach kids whistle there in the early days, every Sunday morning. There was very little music taught in the schools, and people

started to get interested in the music. Music was never strong in Fanore like in Doolin. It's amazing how local things like music could be. I used to play a lot that time in the pubs, between there and Lisdoonvarna.

I have been playing music since I was very young. There was a teacher I had in Dublin called Liam Joyce. He was a nice whistle player from Mayo. Malahide was a sort of a West-Britain town when I was growing up. A fair slice of the village was Protestant and then there was sort of a Catholic ascendancy that was trying to keep up with the Protestants so there wasn't a lot of interest in things native. You were brought up with the idea that things Irish were sort of backward, and that the answers lay across the water. So Liam Joyce

was instrumental in getting a bit of Irish culture into the place. Some of us took to it very quickly.

I was very keen on the whistle playing, and one day I was back in the house and I heard this sound. I didn't know what it was, and I went out the front gate. It was like the Pied Piper of Hameln. I went down to a place called the Bawn in Malahide. There was a fella at a gate playing a set of bagpipes. I was only about 13, I suppose. I remember shivers going up my back, listening to them, and when he'd finished walking around - his name was Dotes Markey - I said to him "Where did you get those things?" and he told me there was a band in Malahide. So I joined the next Sunday and got myself a practice chanter. And after a few years playing the bagpipes with the band I heard about a man up in Cabra who was a retired policeman, who made uilleann pipes.

You'd barely ever hear them on the radio. The only one you'd ever hear that time - that was about 30 years ago - was Leo Rowsome. No one else. Again, they would be considered as a backward instrument, and sort of a stupid sound. People were listening to big bands and that sort of thing. I went



Eugene Lambe

Photo: Veronica Nicholson

to Matt Kiernan - the retired policeman - and he made me a practice set of pipes. And I was really flabbergasted at the fact that he was living in a small semi-detached house in Cabra, and out in the scullery he had two little lathes.

Meeting Matt changed my life. He was a lovely person because even up to when he died in his 90s his mind was still wide open, still trying to learn things, to learn new ways of working. It was from Matt I got the idea for making pipes. So I started when I was in college, I learnt from people like Matt, and later on from Dan O'Dowd who wasn't so much a pipe maker but a reed-maker. So I wouldn't say I taught myself. I went to them and asked them while I did things. I sort of learnt music that way too. I was never someone who went to a class to learn

something and for that reason I can't give it back that way. If I wanted to learn something, whether it'd be a tune or a song I'd get it and learn the words and then I'd go to somebody and listen and perfect it. I seem to work better that way.

Making instruments is my fulltime living. I've managed to stay fulltime employed for the last 18 years at it. I've never been slack. And at one

stage I had four or five people working with me. And then they went off and set up their own little businesses themselves, most of them anyway.

Occasionally I do other things but mostly pipes and flutes.

I get elm for the bellows from Caherlistrane; plane it, saw it and router it. The parts come from totally different countries. The leather that goes in those comes from calves in Argentina. There's no tannery in this country, for all the calves and all the headages, nobody's tanning leather anymore. The hides go out and come back at totally inflated price. Maybe the industry isn't big enough for to justify it but you'd imagine it would be with all the footwear manufacturers and all. It's hard to

figure it out. The timber comes from Africa - Tanzania. Cane for the reeds I get from Spain, either Spain or California. It's a wild grass called *Arondo*, a bit like bamboo but it's different. There's a lot of different crafts in it, in pipe making: leathercraft, woodwork, reed-making, metalwork, pipe-work,...I get most of the metal from Germany. Brass, I use some sterling silver for flutes. In later years I started using stainless steel.

I haven't played the flute as much as I used to. Unless you are playing the flute regularly it's hard to play, you lose the lip very quickly. It's hard to keep all the instruments going. The whistle is always a nice thing to fall back on. It's easy to carry round.

(In conversation with Caoilte Breatnach)



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### "WHERE IN THE WORLD"

A short story by Aideen Blackwell

Circling round and round, each pass bringing him lower, the light and warmth of the fire attracting him. He draws closer, the soft pinkness clearly visible. He lunges forward - Darkness.

Judy brings her hand down from her shoulder and glances briefly at the body before flinging it away. Another mosquito. Alice offers her repellent which she had been applying liberally. Judy accepts and returns to the fire, reaching for her stick. A poke sends sparks shooting upwards like minifireworks.

Mary watches them soar up. her eyes reach the stars twinkling in their bed of blackness. She hugs her knees tighter and leans against her husband. John, content after the meal - delicious even if eaten off tin There's the plough, she thinks and there's the .... well that was all she knew but it didn't detract from their beauty. Far off suns shining down or were they dreams? The dreams of all the Earth's children. Was her dream still up there? It was coming true. All that time spent scraping and saving; was it worth it? She closes her eves remembering the past few days, Definitely.

Judy, at sixty-five a seasoned traveller, breaks the comfortable silence - "a sing-song" she suggests. A good idea, the driver nods excitedly. He teaches them some Kenyan songs and after a sip from Richard's secret stash of whiskey (a veteran tourist like his wife) they become more pronounceable.

The embers glow faintly and the last strains of ging-gang-gouli drift away as everyone crawls into their sleeping bags. Alice takes care to tuck her mosquito net in. In the neighbouring tent Dieter lies awake, staring at the roof. He doesn't see it, instead, his memory provides the image...

In the centre of the huts a drum

A slow steady begins to beat. thumping; the heart of the village. Another rhythm joins and a third. The tempo increases; the three men battling for supremacy. An old white-haired man against two young men; his sons, his students? How do his thin, frail arms keep up? The solitary beat becomes a frenzy, hands become a blur. The vibrations cause the ground to tremor, reaching into the onlookers' legs. A woman, a villager, lets hers go free. Her feet move like lightening, spinning and turning round the circle. Others start clapping and dancing. Whirling, twirling, feet stamping, arms waving, lips twitching as they chant. The reds, blues, vellows and greens of their clothes jump out from the dry, brown background. Suddenly it's over. The old man is victorious; the only one not breath-

Sleep takes over. Alice is sleeping too, dreaming of yester-day.....

The battered jeep was trundling along the open plains on a joltingly pot-holed track when their guide raised his hand. The driver responds immediately, killing the engine. The guide hops out as nimble as a gazelle. They watch with awe and horror as he strides towards a small, unobtrusive, brown heap. Flies buzz frantically away. He reaches down, his index finger outstretched. He brings up a sample and sniffs. Elephants, recent too. He leaps in, pointing to the trees a mile ahead and the driver lurches forward. He turns to see his charges' reactions and allows himself a grin. The jeep slows to a crawl. Alice and Dieter fight for the sunroof, both managing to fit, cameras poised. Mary and Judy share a smile before gluing themselves to the windows. They hear branches crashing down before a massive, grey, wrinkly body emerges, his tusks gleaming in the sunlight. He stares at the intrusion. The cameras click almost continuously. Another trunk appears, her ears flapping back and forth sending a cooling breeze down her spine. A brief scrambling and a baby careers out, tumbling to a halt at the sight of strange visitors. The cameras do overtime. He takes a ginger step forward. His mother issues a warning bellow and he doubles back. Other faces peer out through the trees. The male becomes agitated; his shout of annoyance is thunderous and heart-stopping. His tusks glint threateningly. The driver fidgets nervously. "Just one more photo!" The elephant stamps a foot. The guide gives the nod and the jeep backs away, Alice and Dieter snapping maniacally, the film whirring

John glances at Mary, slumbering beside him, angelic, exhausted. He still can't believe they're in Kenya. A couple from suburbia; out of place, yet at home. He sighs. He'll never be able to forget the lions, his favourites. King of the Jungle. They were just lying there...

Mary passed him the binoculars. The jeep was parked a hundred metres away. He focused it. He was so majestic. Superiority seeps from every pore as he yawns nonchalantly, displaying teeth to make any possible prey flinch. His head swivels in half-eyed surveillance of his domain. The cubs roll about, flailing paws at each other...

Morning and the jeep rattles on leaving only a dust cloud trail. Ahead a watery heat haze has already formed. As they bounce along everyone is content, almost. One seat is empty; waiting for me. I want their memories to be mine. I want to share their adventure.

Aideen was the local prize winner of An Post's 'Where in the World' competition in 1997

### KINVARA ORGANIC HORTICULTURAL ENTERPRISE

Over the last number of years and in the light of the food scares the demand for organic produce has grown way beyond the capacity of the organic producers currently in existence to supply. Kinvara, in its prime location near Galway city and with its growing tourist/restaurant trade is ideally situated for an organic market business. The area has a long tradition of grain, potatoes and green vegetable production. With a little education and some hands on experience the local producers and farmers could convert some or all of the land and vastly increase the premium for their produce while filling a gap in the market.

The aim of ORGANICS 2000, our training project, is to give the participants enough knowledge of organic horticulture and business skills to set up their own business or find employ-

ment on the organic holdings in existence in the area. The participant would also be given the opportunity to learn about organic farming and as a result if they are small farmers, or sons/daughters of such, they would have the knowledge to join R.E.P.S. at the full payment option.

With financial support from FÁS we have been able to lease land from the Sisters of Mercy and set up our project. We are now halfway through year two, giving training to some seven participants while starting to establish a self financing enterprise where others may be trained in the future. We hope to be able to provide a certification from

I.O.F.G.A. (The Irish Organic Farmers and Growers Association) at the end of each year. The garden is laid out to make use of the small amount of land we have, using both traditional and permacultural designs.

We have a large polytunnel in which we raise plants from seed for growing outside and vegetables, salad crops and soft fruit which need protection and heat. Outside we grow a full range of vegetables and soft fruits, herbs and flowers, both bedding plants and for cutting.

We sell our produce direct from the garden where we welcome visitors and we have a mobile stall which can be found on the streets of Kinvara on a Friday. We also sell to local restaurants and shops. If you have enjoyed reading about our enterprise please do come and see us at work at:

ORGANICS 2000, SEAMOUNT GARDENS, KINVARA, CO. GALWAY.



### PLAN FOR THE PLANET



Plan for the planet So it works well Plan for a positive future Not, a living hell. Plan for whole systems Water flowing clean and free, Plan for peace and contentment Not materialism and misery. Plan for the animals and hirds. With whom we share this space. Plan well for them That we stop the chase. Plan for the plants Trees and flowers That they survive and thrive

Under soft sacred showers. Plan for the fish, Plan for the seas,

Plan so that all will enjoy,
The beautiful breeze.
Plant on the Planet
Plant lots of things.
So the planet keeps well
So it sings and sings,
Don't destroy the Planet
With all those sprays and
manures,
They are not the answer
They are not the cure(s)
The planet needs loving and
Caring
Not loads (and loads) of con-

Don't turn the planet Into a noisy high street Slow down Take it easy.

Life on the planet
Is meant to be bright and breezy.
Plan for the planet
Be unhurried (Not in haste)
Plan for the Planet.
Don't waste (Don't Waste).
Plan for the Planet,
When you wake up today,
Plan well, Plan well,
Come what may.

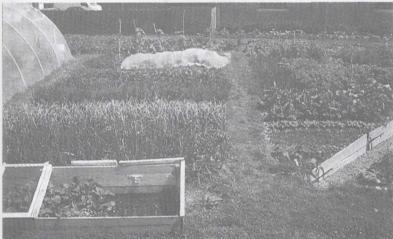
By Joe Staunton. © A Planet Person.



Organics 2000 sign pained by Caroline McDaid



Paul Coady, Martin Green, designing layout of garden.



A view of the outdoor beds.



Examples of the stone built raised beds (above and below) in the garden



Ambrose Fahy and Jory Bretelor erecting the poly tunnel above.



Bottom Left: Visitors to the Organic Garden. L to R: Lisa Flatley, Bridie Giles, Carmel Donoghue, Helen McGinley, and Judy Duggan.

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### WHAT'S IN A NAME

BY Toddy Byrne

Ireland was one of the earliest countries to evolve a system of hereditary surnames: they came into being fairly generally in the 11th century. At first the surname was formed by prefixing 'Mac' to the father's Christian name or 'O' to that of a grandfather or earlier 'Mac' and 'O' were ancestor. also prefixed to some words denoting character or peculiarity of the father or grandfather. Even nicknames were incorporated into permanent surnames. I better not give examples!

The majority of the surnames borne by Irish people of today are of Irish origin. There are many of Norman (English) and Scottish origin, which are now rightly regarded as essentially Irish such as Burke, Cruise, Cusack, Dillon, Nagle, Power, Roche, Taaffe, Costello, White, Reid, Clarke, Morris, Johnston to mention but a few. A number of Hiberno-Norman names begin with 'Fitz'. Many surnames have their origin, particularly in modern times, in the continent of Europe and further field. It would be an interesting exercise to break down the origin countrywise of all surnames and countywise for surnames of Irish origin. I may do so for a later edition. Hopefully someone else will take on the chore in the meantime.

One interesting feature of the 'Mac' and 'O' prefixes is that they were widely dropped during the submergence of Catholic and Gaclic Ireland which began in the early 17th century. From then on English rule and influence in Ireland spread outwards from the

Pale (Dublin area). It was not until the revival of national consciousness in the last century, resulting in the establishment of the Gaelic League and Gaelic Athletic Association that the discarded 'Macs' and 'O's resumed. From statistics taken from birth registrations and voters' list, the percentage using the prefix 'O' in 1866 was 4, while in 1944 it was 60. Today it is probably nearer 70.

It is a curious fact that while widespread resumption of the 'O' prefix occurred with some names, in others it scarcely took place at all. Murphy for example, the most numerous surname in Ireland, hardly ever appears with the 'O'. It is likewise with such surnames as Connolly, Donnelly, Doyle, Nolan, Quinn, and Hogan.

Variation in the spelling of particular surnames has come about mainly from the efforts of census collectors and other State and Church compilers of names, in changing Irish words into the English language. Officials often deliberately tried to anglicise Irish surnames by the omission of the 'O' and the 'Mac'. It must be remembered that Irish was the spoken language of the majority of the people in the west of Ireland even down to the early part of this century. Another reason for variation in the spelling of surnames was that the majority of people were illiterate until the National Schools came into existence from the middle of the last century. My own surname Byrne, has derived from O'Beirne with O'Beirn the

more correct Gaelic name and with such variants as Birn, Birne, Birney, Burns, Byrnes, Birrane, Bryon etc. to be found in the Griffith Valuation Books for Galway, Roscommon, Mayo and even in the present day Telephone Directories. Other examples noted are: Keane today, Kane in 1855; Huban today, Hoban in 1855 and Hubane in 1826; Lennane (as well as Linnane) in 1855, Linnane today and Corles in 1855, Corless today.

While reading through Griffith's Valuation of Rateable Property in the parishes of Kinvarradoorus and Killiny (now Kinvara) for the year 1855; I was intrigued by the range of surnames then, 217 in all as against 243 plus today. Only 104 surnames have survived the 143 year span. The leading household name in the parish in 1855 was Kane followed by Fahy and Kilkelly. Today the O'Connor surname is to the fore, followed closely by Burke, Fahy, Keane, Kilkelly, Kavanagh and Quinn. For my comparison exercise, the present day surnames I have obtained mainly from the Registers of Electors. These do not always include all eligible electors, as I know of some who do not wish to be included for personal reasons. I have accordingly omitted them. Even though I have painstakingly cross-checked all surnames, I still may have omitted some. If so my

One final exercise which I would suggest from the following comparisons is to note the new surnames today and the surnames that are no longer in our parish.

33

		NUMES 1990		,	SUKK		
Bamber	Fahy	McCarthy	Rainey	Alexander	Flaherty	Lafoe	Skerritt
Barr	Fallon	McCooke	Ray	Arthur	Flanagan	Lally	Spelman
Ватту	Farrell	McCormack	Reid		Fleming	Larkin	Staunton
Beardon	Feeley	MacEoin	Reilly	Ballinger	Fogarty	Leahy	Sullivan
Beatty	Fennell	McGeeney	Roach	Basterot	Folan	Lee	Swift
Becker	Ffrench	McGinley	Roche	Bermingham	Foley	Leech	
Beggan	Field	McInemey	Rock	Blair	Ford	Lennane	Tanehan
Bermingham	Finnegan	McLoughlin	Roddy	Bohannan	Foster	Leonard	Taaffe
Blackwell	Fitzgerald	McMahon	Ross	Bourke	Foundation	Linnane	Taylor
Bligh	Flaherty	MacMahon	Ryan	Boyle		Long	Tallman
Blodau	Flatley	McNamara	Ryder	Brennan	Gallagher	Loppin	Tiernan
Bohannon	Fleming	McNulty		Broderick	Galvin	Lyden	Toole
Brann	Forde	Madden	St. George	Brogan	Garvey	Lynch	Torpy
Breatnach	Forde-Walsh	Mahon	Sexton	Browne	Geoghegan		Tracey
Broad	Forkin	Mahoney	Shaughnessy	Burke	Gill	MacCook	,
Brogan	TOTAL	Maloney	Silke	Burnell	Gillane	MacCormican	Vallancey
Brown	Gargan	Marchant	Smith	Burns	Gilligan	MacDonagh	vanancey
Bugg	George	Martin					337.4.
Burggraf	Giles	Minogue	Smyth Staunton	Butler Byrne	Givinan Glynn	MacEnerney MacGann	Wade Walker
Burke	Gill	Mitchell	Stewart	Бунс	Gorman	MacGarr	Wall
Burns	Cana	Moloney	Sugrue	Callanan			
Butler	Gledhill	Monaghan	Sullivan	Calligy	Grady	MacGrath MacInnerney	Walsh Ward
Byrne	Glynn	Moroney	Sutton	Carroll	Gregory	Madden	Winkle
	Golden	Moran	Sweeney	Carter	Griffin	Mahon	Whelan
Callanan	Gordon	Morris		Carty	Guinane	Mannion	Wroughane
Carney	Goodrich		Tankan		Gumane		wrougnane
		Moylan	Tanham	Clancy		Maunsell Maunsell	
Carr	Grady	Mulcahey	Tannion	Clayton	Hall	Meally	
Carson	Graham	Mulligan	Thompson	Cohen	Halloran	Meheran	
Carty	Greene	Mullins	Timmons	Collins	Halvey	Meledy	
Casey	Griffin	Murphy	Toibin	Conlan	Hanbury	Merrick	
Cavanagh	dedress and	Митау	Travis	Connaughton	Hannan	Miskell	
Charlesworth	Halloran		Treacy	Conneely	Harrahill	Minnogue	
Clark	Halvey	Naughton	Tully	Connellan			
			Tuny		Haskan	Mogan	
Cleary	Hanlon	Nestor		Connole	Hassett	Molony	
Coady	Hansen	Ni Chaoimh	Waldron	Connolly	Haverty	Monaghan	
Colfer	Hastings	Ni Chonaola	Wallace	Connor	Healy	Moran	nail namo
Collins	Hehir	Niland	Walsh	Connors	Helbert	Morris	India cina
Conneely	Heffernan	Nolan	Warnock	Cooney	Heher	Моопеу	
Connole	Huban	Noone	Whelan	Conway	Higgins	Moylan	
Connoily	Hughes	Nott	White	Corcoran	Hoban		
Considine						Mullowney	
	Hynes	Nuton	Whitehead	Corles	Hogan	Mulville	
Conway	Carrier all the	TELLE	Winkle	Cormican	Holland		
Cooley	Johnston	O'Brien	Wynne	Cosgrave	Horan	Nestor	
Corbett	Jolley	O'Connell		Craughwell	Howard	Nilan	
Corless	Joyce	O'Connor	Van Dommele	Cullen	Howell	Noone	
Cranley		O'Dea	Van Hout	Curran	Hurley		
Cross	Kavanagh	O'Dwyer	Van Velthoven	Curtin	Hurney	O'Brien	
Cullinane	Kearon	O'Donoghue	Zalewsky	Cuitin	-		
			Zalewsky	D:	Hynes	O'Dea	NATALIJA I I I I
Cunningham	Kesveney	O'Donovan	dr ami	Daly	and the second of	O'Donnell	
Curley	Кеепап	О'НаЦогап	and the same	Delany	Jordon	O'Donohue	
Curtin	Kelly	O'Hara		Dermody	Joyce	O'Farrell	11
Daly	Kenna	O'Hehir		Derrane		O'Loughlin	
Davoren	Kenny	O'Loughlin		Deviny	Kane		
Deegan	Keogh	O'Reilly		Dillon	Kavanagh	Pembroke	
Deeley	Kilkelly	O'Rourke		Diviny			
					Kearns	Picker	
Devaney	Kilroy	O'Moore		Doherty	Kearse	Powell	
Doherty	Kinnane	O'Neill		Donnellan	Keeffe	Purcell	
Donnolly	Korff	O'Shaughnessy	HALSTI D ISSNI	Donohue	Keenan	Quillinan	
Donoghue	No. 17 pt 17 pts	O'Sullivan	William Inner Was	Dooradin	Kehery	Quinn	
Dooley	Larrisey			Duane	Keleher		
Droney	Larkin	Parson		Dunne	Kelly	Rock	
Duffy	Lawson	Phelan-Byrne		- Junic			
				F 11	Kennedy	Roonue	
Duignan	Lee	Phemister		Eardly	Кеппу	Ruane	
Dunne	Leech	Picker	f(u)(u)(y) = f(u)(y)	Egan	Kerin	Ryan	
	Lenaghan	Piggott		ATT BY	Kiely		
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		Quinn		Feeny	Kyle	Shoredice	

### Rainer Krause "The German"



Rainer Krause was born in the former Prussia and experienced much hardship in his youth at the end of the Second World War. He later worked for the German merchant navy and met his wife Mary in London while on a visit there. They lived in Germany for almost a year when they decided to sail to Ireland in their seven metre long flat-bottomed boat.

A man who could catch a trout by hand, he would now face the challenge of the North Sea and, in later years, the Atlantic Ocean. In 1963 they set sail from Elsflet, near Bremen. Upon reaching the port of Rotterdam, they hitched a lift on a ship to Dublin port. They sailed from the Alexander Basin down the Royal Canal as far as Shannon Harbour, and from there to Athlone.

Their original destination was Oranmore, but the truck driver now carrying their boat told them Oranmore had no crane to lift the boat into the water. Maybe Kinvara, he said. On arrival in Kinvara, they discovered it had no crane either. Not to worry. Out of Connolly's pub and nearby

houses came about 20 men who soon had the boat off the truck and into the water.

Probably regarded as the first stranger in these parts, the long-haired German would have been looked upon with some curiosity at first. Rainer Krause was full of praise for all the Kinvara people who sustained his family in those tough, early years in the 1960s, buying his mackerel on the quay or when he and Mary called door-to-door selling their surplus stock. John Joe Conneely, his competitor, helped him out a lot too, he said, as did the Island Eddy people, from whom he absorbed

some of his unassuming but colourful vernacular.

In 1969 he paid Mary Bermingham £175 for the Rainey-built pucán, pictured here. Previously used by Tom Bermingham for fishing trips from Island Eddy, and to carry provisions or else Connemara turf delivered by lorry to Kinvara and Killinaran quays, Rainer Krause now set about converting the boat,

adding a cabin and shortening the mast. Aluminium was nailed to the side to protect the boat when hauling lobster pots or dredging for ovsters. In 1973 a fully decked 13 metre fishing vessel was built for him on Island Eddy by Bill Crampton, Designed by Eddy Tyrell of Arklow, his new boat, The Morning Light, enabled him, together with his sons, to embark on fishing expeditions in deeper waters. I remember reading Tomás Ó Fathaigh's account to Ciarán Bairéad, the folklore collector (Parkmore, 1960s) of barrels of salted herring standing on Kinvara quay. A shilling the hundred, they cost. Krause's last big catch of herring was back in Christmas 1974. It took himself, his wife and children all of two days to untangle the nets on the guay and box the fish. When fishing became no longer profitable in the 1980s, the Krause family commenced mussel farming in Kinvara bay, built their own rafts, and have continued to prosper. Rainer is also renowned for his wonderful voice and can be heard on Sundays leading the singing at Sunday Mass.

Caoilte Breatnach



Rainer Krause in the Island Eddy *pucan* he acquired in the late 1960s. Pieces of aluminium are nailed to the side to protect the timber when hauling pots etc.

#### **QUIET KINVARA BAY**

By Roger Phillimore

The cold east wind was blowing our ship out on the blue, Sailing past the Aran Isles with the Burren Hills on view. I look towards Kinvara and my townland miles away, The fields of Ballyclara beside Kinvara Bay.

I'm now in lonely exile, I work both night and day, but dreaming thoughts still wander back

as though t'were yesterday.
I seem to see the faces dear of those long under clay, and the old thatched farms around the shore of Quiet Kinvara Bay.

The nesting rooks would chatter and greet the dawn of day, I'd watch them all fly home again when the hour had come to pray. God grant they sound a sombre note

When I return to stay, and lay me down in my last sleep beside Kinvara Bay.

I may never smell the blossoms on the Hawthorn Trees in May, or ever fish the Mackerel shoals that would leap around the Quay. Or see far Connemara's hills lit by the sun's last ray from the lonely castle of Dun Guaire beside Kinvara Bay.

The cliffs of dark Slieve Carron looked down that fateful day. When hunger drove me from my home through foreign lands to stray.

through foreign lands to stray. I can't forget my sisters tears as she stood upon the quay and the Hooker sped me from the shore out of Kinvara Bay.

#### TIMES PAST

By Cormac Fleming.

I look back on the time of the past

Where once I was a little boy playing in the high grass.
And often when I cross the field I see my kite above my head Swooping and cutting the sky. I remember my old school days The journey through maturity To find myself where I am today Looking back on my yesterdays.



### TRAVELLING AROUND

By Joe Staunton

As I travel around
The roads
On my bike
I meet farmers and
charmers
And friendly no-harmers
As I go flying past dairies
I see loads of Kathleens
I see loads of Marys
Sometimes its hot
Sometimes its airy
Along the quiet roads
I meet the odd fairy.

#### **SCHOOLTRIP**

By Leen Vandommele

You bottlefed your orphaned lambs all winter through, kept one of them, the pet, beside your bed:
An oozing strawfilled box.

Till your mother objected to the stench and the passers-by asking about this vociferous newborn thing exploring every corrugation of your galvanised cottage roof.

On the schooltrip you can boast now with forty quid in your pocket and more in the bank.

In the back of the broody bus in the sweet embrace of Jenny you chomp blackjacks doggieburgers and cold chips suck citric acid to the point of lockjaw and let the teacher rant and rave and let the world pass by.

With milking time postponed your mother awaits you and you cough up the gaudy souvenirs you bought for half the parish and fluorescent rocksticks to make every county dentist drool.

Tomorrow the hay is waiting and soon the early spuds, your Confirmation.

### **SEEDS**

By Roisin McDaid

A little seed in the ground Grow little seed in the ground

All wrapped up with a bit of soil Grow little seed in the ground

A bit of rain falls from the sky Grow little seed in the ground

The little seed opens its eyes. Grow little seed in the ground.



Mary Phelan.
Pictured at the
beach shortly after
her arrival in USA

### Onboard the Belgenland - (An emigrant's diary)

Kinvara Ho, Cobh

13-5-1926

May 14th - I left Ardrahan on the 1.30 and cried till I landed at Limerick - met very nice friends en route who took charge of my valise and baggage etc. Had to change at Limerick, again at Charleville and again at Cork, in fact we did nothing but change from one train to another all the while. We had one hour's delay at Limerick. I got off and went to Gen. Post Office to wire home - the office was a good distance from the Station and I very nearly lost my way. The train was due to leave at 5.05pm. I got to the booking office at 5.04pm sharp and had to run down the platform - had I been two minutes later I should have had to remain overnight in Limerick, as it was I don't know what saved me.

It rained very nearly all the time till we landed at Charleville when it had the good grace to stop. Had to change at Charleville for Cork - landed at Cork at 7.45pm and had to stay there till 8.25pm. Woodville and the Marina near Cork are exquisite places. Woodville appears to be built on a hill and all the houses are built like steps of stairs, one overlooking the other, screened by beautiful green trees. The Marina is beautifully situated too.

The trip from Cork to Queenstown was simply delightful. The River Lee goes from Cork to Queenstown - the bridge crosses right over it. Was met at Cork Station by Mr Blatchford who saw to my comfort. I arrived at "Kinvara Ho" Cobh at 9.10p.m. with a bad headache and in a bad humour. I was then packed off to bed by Mrs Blatchford and didn't wake till 7.30 next morning.

Got up at 9a.m. and went down to the Baths. The Exams there were the very same as I went through in Dublin. Nurse O'Carroll was extremely nice and through her influence, or at least through Mrs Blatchford's, I got off a lot of the Examination. Some of the other girls there were to be pitied - had to have their hair washed and combed - had to be bathed and their clothes fumigated. We (Mrs Blatchford and I) then went down to the White Star office and had a long chat with Mr Murray. After we got finished there we went to the Post Office and I tried to get through to home, but failed - something wrong at Limerick Junction. We went back to dinner and I came back to the office again at 6.30pm but again failed to get through, so I wired instead. I was very much disappointed at not being able to get through to home.

Mr Blatchford then went round to the White Star office to find out what time I would have to sail next morning (Sunday). He found out that the "Belgenland" was to be boarded next morning at 10.30. I started to pack and finished up with writing some letters, sometime before one in the morning. After a cup of tea I went to bed and got up next morning at 8.20 and went to Mass at Cathedral. This Church cost £240,000 to have it made up - it is simply gorgeous, all the floor is Marble and Mosaic. The bell rings every quarter of an hour - it is rung by electricity.

When we got back from Mass Mr. Blatchford saw me down to the quay and on the Tender. I boarded the "Belgenland" at 11.15am. Our fingernails and teeth were examined by the ships Dr. before we were allowed on board. We passed in between double lines of the ship's crew all in uniform - there were about forty in all. We were next given the number of our rooms at the office and were shown to them by the stewards. After a short rest we had lunch and maybe I didn't enjoy mine - I felt as hungry as a hunter. After lunch I went on deck with a girl friend and together we stood there till we couldn't see Ireland, or sight land anymore. I never appreciated the old country as I did then and maybe I didn't sob when I realised I was leaving home in real earnest - It was only then it first dawned on me I was really sailing away and couldn't come back even if I wanted to. We were eyesore and heartsick when at last we went down to our stateroom.

"Belgenland"

I shared my stateroom with another girl named Francis Ansboro, a native of Mayo. I was charmed when I found out that my fellow passenger was Irish too. Most of the other people on board were either German, Polish, Belgians and there were only two English boys. It certainly was funny! When we went down to the general dining room the Head waiter gave us the number of our table. We were on for the first sitting, and at the table were two Polacs, one German, two Irish girls and myself. One of the girls was from "Connemara" and every time we went to table she kept asking for potatoes all the time - she couldn't make out the eatables on the menu

We couldn't understand what the other three people were talking about and they couldn't make out for the life of them what we were talking about. They did the best they could to make themselves understood and of course we did the same but it was all to no avail. After "umpteen" attempts we always ended up with a good laugh. One day at table we didn't have any iced, just ordinary water - of course the weather was warm with the result that the water was almost lukewarm. This Connemara girl seemed to like water a whole lot, judging from the quantity she used

drink of it, but on the day we didn't have the iced water the C. girl said to me "wouldn't this water just remind you of suds". I laughed till I nearly cried, she said it so seriously - you would just swear her life depended on it. From that day till the day we landed in New York we called her "suds". She had such a very funny way for explaining herself that she had us laughing nearly all the time. Another time she said to the waiter "arn't those spuds terrible". We nearly choked laughing and the waiter didn't know whether to say they were or they weren't so he blushed back to the two ears instead.

Every night we danced a good deal. That we were on the ocean I bet was the last thought in everybody's head. We had a glorious orchestra too - they played for two houses every evening and in the afternoon when we were having tea on the Veranda. Things passed off much the same as usual excepting the fourth day we were at sea. It seems the crew are supposed to do life saving drill once a week but we didn't know anything about it till afterwards. Anyhow this particular day turned out to be the roughest day of the whole voyage. All the crew - Elevator boys - Stewards and all were ordered on deck. They one and all wore life preservers and of course the weather being so rough we all (or at least most of us) thought we were going down. Several girls fainted and others got hysterical. I got so scared I went down and got straight to bed. That was the only day I felt sick during the voyage. I guess I wouldn't have been sick that day either if it hadn't been for the fright.

The night before we landed we had a fancy dress ball - several girls were dressed as Sailors, others cowboys and one was supposed to represent Rudolph Valintino. Towards one o'clock we most of us got sleepy. I got to bed. I was too tired to wait up to see who got the prize. Early next morning we sighted New York or I should say the sky-scrapers of New York. Emigration officers boarded the vessel long before we landed and gave us our landing papers. The first to greet us on our way up the bay was Miss Liberty (The statue of liberty). When we saw her, we thought we were going to a land where one picks the Dollars off the street, but as to that, well...

On the landing pier crowds of people were waving to those on board. I guess they had some friends on board and could hardly retain themselves till they met them. We weren't allowed to leave the vessel for a quarter of an hour. When we did go ashore our baggage was checked and I took the train to Phila. I parted with my friends after we came ashore. After two hours I landed in Broad St. Station where Sonnie Cormican met me. At first I was so dazed I didn't want to go with him, but after a good deal of persuasion I consented to go.

When we got outside he hailed a Taxi and after passing a good many streets we landed at 2139. Of course I didn't know where I was being taken to - but when the car stopped at the above number Mrs Cormican came out on the pavement and put her two arms around me. When I got inside I was kissed by all the Cormican family and some friends they had there. Of course Mrs Cormican thought my "homecoming" (as she termed it) incomplete if she didn't have that Irish dish "Pigs head and cabbage" ready for me. I never did like either and when she put it before me I couldn't eat it. She thought I was too tired and unable to eat it so she very nicely kept it over till next day for me but I couldn't eat it then either. When I didn't have it she said "Well you are the first harp that ever refused that dish".

I didn't get up next morning till quite late - everything was so strange. I really thought I wouldn't ever get climatized but now thank God I am quite used to everything. Margaret and her husband took me for several long rides in the automobile. One day we went to Elkton and visited the Church there where May was married. It was an awfully pretty little Church, it is called "The Immaculate Conception". Another time we went round by City Hall - Maybe that's not a wonderful building, all lighted up by Electric lights - In the distance you would think it was a huge building in flames. It certainly is wonderful. Since then I have been through part of it. The Mayor's office there is exquisite - beautifully carpeted and everything. The stores down town are wonderful too - The biggest and most expensive are Litts, Gimbals and Sears and Roebucks. Mrs Cormican deals at Litts and I got all the clothes I got since I came over, there. On the 3rd of October a friend and I went to a Mass at the Sesqui Centennial, the Cardinal officiated. There were thousands upon thousands of people there and several people fainted.

The heat was terrific that day too. The people in the stadium didn't appear bigger than midges. There were several sisters there too. Walter McNally sang a Solo during the service. I certainly was proud of him, when I found out he was Irish. There were several ambulances and Police Patrols from all over the City to take those who had fainted to the various Hospitals. We went to the Sesqui at 10.30 and didn't return home till 4.30pm.

This is as far as I got - Give it to Mama - and don't forget to write when you receive enclosed - Give me all the news of Kinvara.

Will write when I hear from you,

Love to all,

Mary Phelan, 2139 E. Clearfield St., Phila, Pa.

Bets

(With thanks to Martin Green who supplied the letter)

# **Evelyn Connolly**



When asked to write a short note about Evelyn, we found great difficulty in summing up a small girl with a big heart. We could write pages on end but they still could not give an apt description of her life and the memories she left us. There are so many words one could use to describe such a friend — happy, determined, gentle, generous, always jabbering and smiling and always there to capture all those special moments on her ever ready camera.

Evelyn had achieved more in her 16 3/4 years than I think any of us will achieve in our whole lives.

A true friend always offering her shoulder, to all and sundry to cry pon. Evelyn has taught every memor of our class a valuable lesson in that cannot be confined to a text that cannot be confined to a text that cannot be exting glow that was Evelyn's spirit will never be extinshed from our hearts.

though the pain is always there, would not change a single moment time we all spent together.

The was a true friend and a beautiful to our lives.

The phrase "out of sight, out of mind" will never apply to her, whereas "absence makes the heart grow fonder" can only summarise our feelings.

August 3rd from this day forth will be a day of sorrow, remembrance and faith that we will meet again.

# **Appreciations**

The following is a piece, written by a friend and classmate, dedicated to the memory of Evelyn. We feel the title sums her up in one word.

#### **Smile**

As the summer breeze blows through our hearts, which now are sealed with love, loss and gain,

We look to you to help us through, our everlasting and undying pain.

From above the sun is shining down on us,

The unworthy and untrue But with the suns undying rays, We all know that that sun is you.

We all can see you standing here, Full of joy, life and glow, We all still know you're just the same but

Still some answers we'll never know, to questions

Which were left unsaid and which now singe our weakened hearts,

The things we should have said and done,

Before we all were torn apart.

You can now hear our cries,
And see all of our shedding tears,
For all of our unsaid goodbyes,
Our laughter, joy and of course our fears.
To think we could lose a girl like you,
With all of your undying grace,
Shining down with your love so true,
And with a smile upon your face.

#### ..... to reason why......

People come, People go,
Today, tomorrow, we never know,
Young or old, rich or poor,
How much they'll be missed can never
be told.

When, Where, How or Why?
It doesn't matter when they go we'll cry,
We'll ask all the questions
But get no answers

People live, People die, There are no reasons We have no choice But to understand that -People come and People go

> By Evelyn Connolly, Smtember '96

## **Owen Fallon**



The people of Kinvara and the surrounding countryside were devastated by the sad news of the untimely death of Owen Fallon. People came from near and far – the young and old, the farmer, the professional, people from the world of business and trade – for Owen, though only still a mere eighteen years old, knew them all.

Endowed with a remarkable selfassuredness and a zest for life, he was always interested in people. He felt at ease with everyone regardless of their station – he was overawed by none.

One could describe Owen as an entrepreneur par excellence. Very few problems daunted him – he had a solution for them all. Ever resourceful, if he thought something had to be done he could always find a way.

Living in a community where conversing is important, his quick wit, sharp repartee and impish sense of humour found a natural outlet. Small wonder then why so many enjoyed his company! No day had sufficient hours to allow Owen to complete his schedule. To spend precious time sitting at a school desk when one could be 'doing' was anathema to Owen's way of thinking. Yet when he handed up his work to teachers they were always impressed by his beautiful penmanship, for Owen always gave it his best

To those who knew him, Owen will always be associated with horses. His strong handsome face and tousled hair will long be remembered as he galloped around Kinvara on 'Star', the first of his many horses.

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# The Wilson Lynch Estate Papers

By:Geraldine Curtin

The estate papers of the Wilson Lynch family were donated to the Library of N.U.I., Galway by Mrs. Maureen Smyth, daughter of Thomas Wilson Lynch. Thomas' father, Major John Wilson Lynch, owned substantial property in Counties Galway and Clare (the latter being the Belvoir Estate in Sixmilebridge). The papers include an estate ledger, which details all monies received and paid out for the Duras and Aughinish tenants for the period between 1867 and 1883, and numerous letters from tenants. Most of the tenants' letters are appeals for a reduction in rent, leniency in dealing with arrears or requests for intervention in dealing with disputes. This letter is from a tenant in Newtownlynch:

### Sept. 28th 1900

"Honrd. Sir,

I respectfully beg to say that now of late and especially this last year, I find it impossible for one to pay your rent, without depriving myself of the necessaries of life such as clothing &c, and even had I lived on potatoes alone without any other comfort. It would be out of power to pay you such money, for the last nine to ten years, were it not for the very good help in cash I got from my sisters who are in America and they knowing how I am circumstanced that I could not do without their help. They have repeatedly asked me to go out to them, however I would not consent and I am now afraid that it is very little of their assistance I will get in the future. All of my backwardness is owing to the land not producing the crops so abundant as in former years.....

I am sure I need not tell your honour that the area of my holding is only 6 acres, and that I have not a perch of seaweed shore with it and that I am obliged to pay for artificial manure every year for my crops.....The present rent of my holding is £11...... which amt. I cannot or could not promise to pay you for the future and as I cannot to make an application to the Sub-Land-Commission Court to have a fair rent fixed and again most respectfully (?) to settle with me outside court, and complying will forever pray, anxiously waiting your honours favourable reply...."

Neither the house nor the family name of the writer of this exist in the area today. While evictions were uncommon, some are dealt with in the collection. The tenant who wrote the following letter was involved in an ongoing dispute with his landlord and his agents - the tenant claimed that he had already paid much of his rent to the agent. Note that he mentions going to Belvoir to see Major Wilson Lynch, a journey of approximately 40 miles, presumably travelling on foot, in December.

#### Dec. 30th 1893

"Honrd. Major

A fortnight ago I went to try to find you in Belvoir relative to the seizure made on me by order Mr. Kendall for £18 5s. - amt. of decree. I then returned to Mr. Kendall who ordered me to pay what I could on acct. And that on St. Stephen's Day. He arranged for me to pay the balance by about £3 or £4 yearly - and this I thought very nice.

I paid on acct. £4 and the cost of seizure £4.......I have been for a long time ill, my pigs died, but I have a few cattle to sell about Patrick's Day or early in May when I shall be happy to pay you, and I hope your good and charitable feeling will prevent my further seizure until then when I trust in God to be able to pay off the full amt. and by doing this for me and my little family we shall forever pray and remain

Honrd. Major

Your respectful servants"

### A month later he wrote:-January 26th 1894

"Honrd. Sir,

I again most respectfully beg to inform you that the sheriff's bailiff had this day made a second seizure on me and seized on all my little means, stock &c. I was obliged to go to some of my neighbours to borrow the amount to clear the decree, as your honour will see from the enclosed letter from sheriff's bailiff. £13. 19. 0. "this day" and £4 I paid for his expenses £1. 9. 0. to the poundkeeper......

I need not remind your honour that I am very poorly circumstanced and will be very much troubled or embarrassed until your honour will give me credit for the balance of the money I paid your honour....as surely I am "myself" under the impression that I never did any thing to hurt your honour's feelings......"

Items from the manuscript collection at the James Hardiman Library may be consulted in the Special Collection Reading Room by prior arrangement with the Special Collections Librarian. Information on the location and availability of Manuscript Collections in Ireland may be accessed through either "Manuscript Sources for the History of Irish Civilization" (commonly known as "Hayes' Manuscripts"), or The National Inventory of Documentary Sources in the U.K and Ireland (NIDS).

The following is a list of the Duras tenants taken from the Estate ledger of the years 1867-1871.

NO	NAME	TOWNLAND	NO.	NAME	TOWNLAND
1.	Thos. Mooney	Knock-a-colleen	2.	Joe Kenny	Knock-a-colleen
	John Melody	Knock-a-colleen	4.	Patrick Huban	Knock-a-colleen
_	Patrick Bourke	Knock-c-colleen	6.	Patrick Mealy (Junr.)	Knock-a-colleen
	Thomas Hynes	Knock-a-colleen	8.	James Connor (Hynes)	Knock-a-colleen
	Patrick Mealy	Knock-a-colleen	10.	John Griffin	Knock-a-colleen
	Michl. Huban (Junr.)	Knock-a-colleen	12.	(P. Bourke Jur.) M. Huban	Knock-a-colleen
	Michael Jordan	Knock-a-colleen	14.	John Curtin	Knock-a-colleen
	John Curtin	Newtownlynch	16.		
	John Melody (Michl)	Newtownlynch	18.	John Connor(s)	Newtownlynch
	James Connor (Wm.)	Newtownlynch	20.	Bartley Kearse	Newtownlynch
	Thomas Curtin	Newtownlynch	22.	John Corless	Newtownlynch
	Thomas Curtin	Newtownlynch	24.	Michl. Mullavel	Cregboy
	Bartly Mullavel	Cregboy	26.	John Liddance	Cregboy
	Patrick Hynes	Cregboy	28.	Thady Mahon Michl, Larkin	Geeha North Geeha North
	Peter Mahon	Geeha North	<i>30. 32.</i>	Michl. Meally	Geeha North
	Patk. Quinn Michl. Mahon	Geeha North Geeha South	34.	Patk, Kean	Geeha South
	Mr. Patk. Boughannon	Geeha South	36.	Michl. Mahon	Geeha South
	Martin Mahon	Geeha South	38.	Thos. Kean & Son	Geeha South
		Cloosh	40.	Thos. Fahy	Cloosh
	Owen Fahy				
_	Patk. Kelly	Cloosh	41.	Michl. Givenan	Cloosh
	James Curten	Cloosh	44.	Martin Glynn	Aughinish
	James Mc Nerney	Aughinish	46.	John Hynes	Aughinish
	Patrick Moylan	Aughinish	48.	Patrick Glynn	Aughinish
	Thos. Neiland	Aughinish	50.	Thomas Glynn	Aughinish
	Michl. Costilloe	Aughinish	52.	John Glynn	Aughinish
3.	Michl. Shaughnessy	Aughinish	54.	Colman Moylan	Aughinish
5,	Patrick Kean	Aughinish	56.	Peter Kean	Aughinish
7. [	Thomas Glynn	Aughinish	58.	Widow Kean	Aughinish
	John McNerney	Aughinish	60.	Michl, Cunnane	Aughinish
	Thos. Costelloe	Aughinish	62.	Michl. Curtin	Aughinish
	Bryan Mc Nerney	Aughinish	64.	Peter Hynes	Aughinish
	John Hynes	Aughinish	66.	James & Mary Hynes	Augninish
	Patk. Halvey	Funchenmore	68.	Michl. Halvey	Funchenmore
	John Halvey	Funchenmore	70.	Thady Killeen	Funchenmore
				The state of the s	
	Ino . Naughten Fardy Kearns	Funchenmore	72.	Michl. Mc Inerney James Falvey	Funchenmore
	John Falvev	Funchenmore Funchenmore	74. 76.	Thomas Staunton	Funchenmore
	Thomas Madden	Funchenmore	78.	John Merrick	Funchenmore Funchenmore
	Larry Donohoe	Funchenmore	80.	Owen Mogan	Funchenmore
	Thos. Naughten	Funchenmore	82.	James Curten	Funchenmore
$\rightarrow$					
_	Michl. Donoghue	Killimorane	84.		Killimorane
	Edmond Maley	Killimorane	86.	Daniel Nolan	Killimorane
	John O'Dea	Cahererline	88.	John Cavanagh	Cahererline
	Thos. Cavanagh	Cahererline	90.	James Killeen	Cahererline
	Martin Shaughnessy	Cahererline	92.	Patk. Killeen	Cahererline
	Thomas Keely	Boherbee/Cappabeg	94.	Michl. Neiland	Boherbee/Cappabeg
	Michl. Connolly	Boherbee/Cappabeg	96.	Michl. Darmody	Cartrontrellick
	Patk. Noon John Staunton	Cartrontrellick Cartrontrellick	98.	Patk. Whelan	Cartrontrellick
	Widow Quinn	Gortskea	100.	James Kelly Michl. Cavanagh	Gortskea Gortskea
	Michl. Gorman	Gortskea	104.	Frank Corcoran	Gortskea
_	James Curtin	Duras	106.	Kate Nolan	Roo Demesne (Part of Leagh North
	Patk. Noone	Roo Demesne (Part of Leagh North)	108.		Roo Demesne (Part of Leagh North
	Michael Killeen	Roo Demesne (Part of Leagh North)	110.	<u> </u>	Roo Demesne (Part of Leagh North
_	Widow Howa(rd)n	Roo Demesne (Part of Leagh North)	112.	t	Roo Demesne (Part of Leagh North
	Patk. Whelon	Roo Demesne (Part of Leagh North)	114.		Roo Demesne (Part of Leagh North
	John Mc Inerney	Shanclough	116.		Shanclough
7.	Rep. Michl. Darmody	Leagh North	118.	Patrick Ruane	Leagh North
9.	John Mc Inerney	Leagh North	120.	Wm Connors	Leagh North
_	Mark Nylan	Leagh North	122.	John Kilkelly	Leagh North
	Thos. Mc Inerney	Leagh North & Part of Shanclough	124.	Michl. Mc Enery	Leagh North
	Martin Whelan	Leagh North	126.	John Madden	Deer Island











Co. Galway Arts Officer, James C. Harold in conversation with Caroline



Mr. Badger AnneMarie Connolly with Caroline. Director of The Fantastic Mr. Fox



# Caroline McDaid Community Arts Officer

As with all things, time passes and as I look back over my term as Community Arts Officer in Kinvara, I am amazed and delighted at the amount of talented children, teenagers and adults I have had the honour of working with. One of my favourite projects of all was the "Fantastic Mr. Fox," the first ever Panto in Kinvara. Many thanks goes to all the cast and crew for giving me the opportunity to realise one of my lifelong dreams. I also had the privilege of working with the children of St. Joseph's National School on their excellent murals. I have learned many new things during this term, one of the most important being an openness to the possibility of a community united through artistic endeavour. Be it through music, drama, painting or dance, there is always a way to express the talent that is often hidden through lack of confidence or lack of funds. Being Arts Officer has given me the chance of creating space for many of the community to realise their hidden talents. I thank the people of Kinvara and Kinvara Community Council for supporting the Arts over the last two years and also the Arts Officers who went before me.



Vicky Griffin "Leprechaun" In St. Patrick's Day Parade.





Alan Leech. Paul Keane & Cathy Butler Painting the mural in St. Joseph's National School.





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# THE FOLKLORE OF KINVARA

**By: Noreen Maloney** 

A rich store of folklore has been collected in the Kinvara area. Most of it is now preserved in the archives of the Irish Folklore Commission. From 1963 to 1977 Scoil Éigse agus Seanchais, Dubhros helped keep the folklore alive in our community. It met at fortnightly intervals in the home of Michéal Ó Cuinn, the family home of Nora Nolan (Finnavara) and Bridie Conroy (Craughwell). In latter years it met in the home of Pádraig Ó hEidhin, Nogra. The organiser and recorder was one of the Irish teachers from St. Colman's Vocational School, Gort.

The main contributors to the Scoil Éigse agus Seanchais were Eibhlín Bean Uí Chuaig, (Evelyn McCooke, now living in Mountscribe), Caitlín Ní Fhearghail (Kathleen Farrell of Nogra), Peadar Ó Mocháin, Nóra Bean Uí Nualláin, Páraic Ó Súilleabháin, Pádraig Ó hEidhin, Úna Bean Uí Chonchubhair (of Traught but originally from An Spideal), Pádraig Mac Conmara (of Mountscribe, but a native of Iorras, Co. Mayo), Seán Mac Gloinn and a number of others. We owe them all a great debt of gratitude for the wealth they have left us.

Many of the old stories I came across were passed down from generation to generation. The stories would be told 'cois tine' (beside the fire) at night when people gathered in a neighbour's house. 'Ar fhear an tí a théann an chéad scéal' was a wellknown saying meaning 'from the man of the house first story' and it was believed that 'Fiannaíocht sa lá' (storytelling in the day) was unlucky. Two interesting stories with religious significance were 'Teach Dé' and 'Íosa Criost' ('God's House' and 'Jesus Christ'). 'Teach Dé' concerned a boy in Kinvara who had no interest in going to Mass. His mother was always at him to go and one morning at last he headed off to the church. There he stayed all day. People came in and out but there he stayed. He then returned home to his mother who was delighted her son was so religious. She asked him how he liked the church, to which he replied; "Ar ndóigh bhí mé ansin ar fhad an lae. Deoch, greim nó blogam ní bhfuair mé. M'anam a mháthair - dá fheabhas teach Dé, is fearr teach duine féin" (Well, I was there throughout the day. Not a drink, piece of food or a drop did I get. Upon my soul mother - as good as is God's house, a person's own house is better).



Patrick and Agnes O'Connor, Traught.

The story 'Íosa Críost' (Jesus Christ) concerned a rich woman who had a big pot of gold. One night when she was asleep, a voice came to her saying that Jesus Christ was going to visit her in the morning. That night she decided to get up early next morning to clean the house. In the morning a knock came to the door. On answering the door the woman was greeted by a young girl with a sore foot. The girl asked the woman for help but she closed the door saying she was too busy. She started again cleaning the house but was again disturbed by a second knock on the door. This time it was a man and he asked her "In onoir De" (For the love of God) would she give him food or drink as he was dying of hunger. But the woman answered sharply saying she was expecting a visitor and had no time

> to spend on him and closed the Howdoor. ever, shortly afterwards a third knock came to the door. It was a poor woman with her child in her arms. She asked for food but the woman plied "Faic níl sa teach seo duit" (There is nothing in this house for you), closing the door in

her face. When the woman was finished cleaning she sat down beside the fire but no one came. As midnight approached, a voice came to the woman saying "I came to you three times today, but three times you refused me". It said no more. It was Jesus speaking. It was then the woman understood what she had done that day.

These two anecdotal stories undoubtedly were passed down from generation to generation and were recorded in Doorus in the 1960's. Some of the stories showed great wisdom and wit. One such was

wisdom and wit. One such was about a boy who was a 'rógaire' (schemer); he was always stealing. One day his mother gave him advice; "A mhic ná téigh ag siúl Luan, Máirt ná Céadaoin, Déardaoin lá croí briste na seachtaine. Is minic leis an Aoine bheith fluich. Tabhair an Satharn do Mhuire Mháthair is téigh ag an Aifreann Dé Domhnaigh" (Son, don't go out travelling Monday, Tuesday or Wednesday; on Thursday you are half way through the week; Friday is often wet; give Saturday to our Lady and go to Mass on Sundays). As a result, no day was left for stealing and he never stole again.

Another Doorus saying was the following, which was used as a way of remembering the days of the week;

An lá a leitear an t-Aifreann Is an lá ina dhiaidh sin; Lá Aonach Chill Chríosta Is an lá ina dhiaidh sin; An lá nach n-itear feoil Is an lá ina dhiaidh sin.

#### **Translation**

The day Mass is read
And the day after that;
The day of the Kilchreest fair
And the day after that;
The day one doesn't eat meat
And the day after that.

There were sayings also about the smoking of tobacco. I found these sayings and tongue twisters particularly quite interesting. One such 'rann' (verse) was:

Ina shuí ar an gcathaoir A bhí an mac, Agus bhí an t-athair ina shuí Ar an mbaic, Agus bhí an bheirt acu Ag caitheamh tobac.

#### **Translation**

Sitting on the chair
Was the son,
And the father was sitting
On the hob,
And the two of them
Were smoking tobacco.

Before smoking, Doorus and Kinvara people often recited a prayer:

"Seacht lán reilic Phádraig agus tuama Chríost agus brat Bhríde le h-anam na marbh"

May seven times the number (of saints) in St Patrick's grave and Christ's Tomb and St Brigid's mantle be with the souls of the dead.

It was believed that tobacco grew out of Christ's tomb.

The life of the people was enriched by their mass-'seanfhocla' (proverbs). Here are but a few:

"Is fearr suí géarr ná seasamh fada" (A brief sitting is better than a long standing).

"Må bhuaileann tú mo mhadra buaileann tú mé féin" (If you hit my dog, you hit me).

"Bíonn a chiall féin ag an amadán" (The fool is not altogether stupid).

"Is minic a bhris béal duine a shrón"
(A person's mouth often broke his nose).

"Trí rudaí a theip Aristotle a réiteach - cá dtéigheann an taoile, intinn mná agus obair na mbeach"

(Three things Aristotle failed to resolve: where the tide goes, the mind of a woman & the work of bees).

"Is maith an cuimhne, cuimhne seanpáiste"
(An old child (i.e. an old person) has a good memory).

The Fiannaíocht stories have a special place in Irish literature. Many of them were remembered in Kinvara and the most famous of them all 'Tóraíocht Diarmada agus Gráinne' was very well known, probably because of its association with Doorus.

It was believed that Grainne and her lover, Diarmuid fled to the woods of Doorus from the notorious Fionn Mac Cumhaill. In Doorus, there is a field called 'Nead Diarmada' (Diarmaid's nest) and a field containing two large stones with one on top. Dolmens such as this were known as Diarmaid and Grainne's bed.

#### Paidreacha

Our forebears had prayers for all occasions. The following are but two collected from *Eibhlin Bean Ui Chuaigh* (Ellen McCooke, Crushoa) and *Úna Bean Ui Chonchubhair* (Agnes O Connor, Traught). Sometimes there may have been an element of piseog ( superstition) intertwined with the prayers and customs but the overwhelming impression is of a strong and steadfast faith and acceptance of God's will.

Nuair a bhíodh na caideoga ag ithe an chabáiste chaitheadh duine luaithre ar an gcabáiste agus, le linn dó bheith ag caitheamh an luaithrigh, deireadh sé :-"Né, ne peacaí mo lae agus mo sheachtaine ort"

(Eibhlín Bean Uí Chuaigh)

#### Ag Dul a Chodladh

Luím ins an leaba, mar a luím ins an uaigh, Faoistin ghlan chrua déanta agam do Íosa Críost. Ó, a Dhia, Athair an tslua, lig orm braon ón bhflaitheas anuas a níodh mo chroí agus a ghlanfadh m'anam, mar tá an diabhal garbh crua dom ionsaí ó luan go luath. Crios Mhuire fá mo choim, Íosa dom chumhdach go deo.

(Úna Bean Uí Chonchubhair)

# An t-Amhrán Beo

Just over 11 years ago, the idea was mooted of hosting an annual tradi-



Banrion Cruinniú na mBád 1998 Pamela Ryan Áine O'Connell and Moltóir Treasa Ní Mhiolláin

tional singing competition during the Cruinniú na mBád festival. Held under the auspices of Kinyara

Community Council, the idea was to foster and promote a traditional art form which is also closely linked with na båid agus na bådóirí. It has been enormously successful, providing a venue for the finest of traditional singing in Irish and English.

Contestants enter from near and far. An interesting feature over the years has been the appearance in the competition of people from England, the U.S. or Australia who happened to be visiting Kinvara for the weekend. Many of them ended up very happy winners on the night. But the competitive element is never stressed and many people feel that this adds greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion.

It is a night for listening to and enjoying one of the oldest art forms - unaccompanied singing. In recent years three familiar faces were greatly missed - Pat Keane of Aughnish, Tess Mullins from Ardrahan, and Peatsaí Ó Ceannabháin from An Spidéal.

After the prize-giving, singers, adjudicators, Fear an Tí Máirtín Jaimsie and the audience adjourn to the Paddy Geraghty Room where tea and Murphy's and a host of songs are savoured by all. Over the years this informal seisiún has featured singers from France, Belgium and Germany, New Zealand etc. as well as songs in Irish and English. Maitias Ó Gormaile, a postman from Tuam who has never missed An t-Amhran Beo since its inception, is known to give a spirited recitation. Eibhlín Bn. Uí Chuaig, Crushoa, winner of the 1997 Kinvara Credit Union prize for the best local singer, also delights those present with songs and recitations. Memorable nights indeed.

The eleventh An t-Amhrán Beo competition was held in 1999 and a new non-competitive format has been proposed for next year.

Watch this space.....

Cont'd. from page 7 Two 'lost' Castles of Kinvara

objection to our location of the castle on the mound overlooking the quay? For Ballybranaghan could not be accurately described as "near the pier" except in the loosest way.

As it happens, however, the apparent discrepancy as to the castle's location can be explained by the well known fact that prior to the work of the Ordnance Survey in standardising and even creating townlands there was no townland of Kinvara. Evidence from the Book of Survey and Distribution indicates that Ballybranaghan originally included at least part of what is today the townland of Kinvara; the other portion was apparently called Crehaun.

There is one final question to be answered. None of the refer-

ences we have so far examined indicates the latest date at which it would still have been possible to view the castle of Kinvara or what remained of it. If the drawing on the MacKenzie map is, as we contend, Kinvara castle, then it was certainly still standing as recently as the mid-1770s. We must turn to J.A. Fahey, author of The History and Antiquities of the Diocese of Kilmacduagh, for the answer. For he gives us perhaps the closest we can get to a date for the destruction of the castle.

Fahey connects Lewis's reference to the castle that stood by the quay and the other piece of information Lewis provides: "A quay, about 50 yards long, was built here in 1773 by the late J. Ffrench Esq....".

In other words, this is what happened to Kinvara castle; its materials were used in building the quay, and, if we read the entry in this way, we even have a rough date for when it was demolished - 1773.

The two year difference between MacKenzie's date and Lewis's date is not an insurmountable problem. MacKenzie published his map in 1775. The surveying and navigating undertaken for the purposes of the map was obviously carried out some years earlier.

It is always exciting to make a discovery, and this is especially the case if what has been 'lost' can only be recovered through the kind of detective work most often associated with that "Prince of discoverers", Sherlock Holmes. The author would like to thank Anne Korff for her assistance in helping to make the final identification of the castle sites.

There can no longer be any doubt: Kinvara's 'lost' castle has been rediscovered. And, with the greatest modesty, we nonetheless feel the occupant of those famous rooms on Baker Street would find our solution "singularly satisfying".

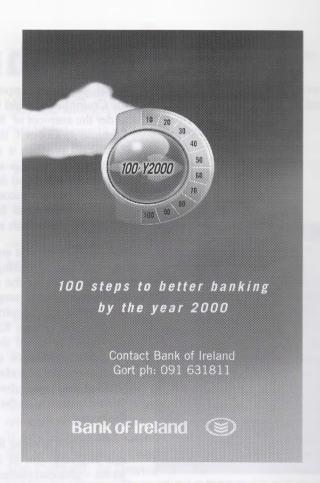
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# Kinvara's Protestant Church

By Jeff O'Connell

his is intended as no more than a note on Kinvara's Protestant church and community. Information on the Church of Ireland presence in Kinvara is difficult to find, although some records do exist and, at the present time, a project is underway to transcribe Church of Ireland registers for the parish, which has been amalgamated under the Rev. Trevor Sullivan, Rector of Aughrim. The Church of Ireland diocese of Kilmacdaugh never had an appointed bishop or a cathedral; today the diocese is under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Dr. Campey, Bishop of Limerick.

One of the the earliest references to the Church of Ireland in the town of Kinvara is found in John O'Donovan's Ordnance Survey Place-Name Books, compiled c. 1837-39. In his descriptive remarks on the glebe of Kinvara, he notes: "The small glebe of Kinvara is good land and let for building during the Incumbency from one shilling & five pence to 2 shillings & 10 pence per foot. The ground of a New Church is laid out in this glebe & it is expected the building of it will commence in 1839. Prayers are read by the Incumbent every Sunday...in the House of Wm. Dann, a Linen Draper".

This same William Dann, obviously a member of the Church of Ireland, was appointed Postmaster of the Sub-Office of Ardrahan in 1844, filling the position until 1853. One of O'Donovan's authorities for information on townlands, the kinds of crops grown, notable buildings and

antiquities, was Mr. John Burke, Kinvara Postmaster at the time. As the late Jimmy O'Connor demonstrated in his article on The Post Office in Kinvara (Trácht 1987), John Burke was the first Postmaster appointed in Kinvara. Could he have been a member of the Church of Ireland as well?

When the Church of England and Ireland took over the properties of the Roman Catholic Church, it continued the organisational and administrative apparatus of the Church, including the system of tithes, the 'tenth' of produce collected for the maintenance of the church administrators, from the bishop down to the humble incumbent.

By the Commutation Act of 1838, the system of payment in kind was replaced by a tithe rent-charge in money. Whether in kind or in cash, the imposition and collection of tithes were deeply resented by the Catholic population, whose own clergy often laboured under great financial difficulties.

The 'glebe' was the portion of land that was set aside for the up-keep of the incumbent of a parish. The Kinvara glebe is an area of three and a half acres; it takes in that portion of the town that includes Winkle's Hotel to the corner of Partner's Restaurant, crossing the street to take in Flatley's (but excluding the building that houses the Kinvara Smoked Salmon, Kinvara Vet. Drugs, Conole's, the courthouse and Monaghan's) and proceeding in

a weaving line heading west until taking in the former Garda sergeant's residence, the Phenisters' house, the graveyard, and The Merriman Inn, crossing the street again at Fallon's and proceeding back to Winkle's Hotel.

Lewis' Topographical Dictionary (1837) contains the following information: "The parish is a prebend (i.e. the term refers to the portion designed for the support of a member of the cathedral chapter the body responsible for running a diocese - who is called the prebendary, or holder of a cathedral benefice, or office, that carried with it certain duties and for which it provided certain revenues), rectory, and vicarage (the terms are equivalent and relate to the proportion of tithes collected within a parish), in the diocese of Kilmacduagh".

The total of the tithes of the parish of Kinvara and Doorus was £262, of which the incumbent who served Kinvara, received £94 and 10s. Other revenue came from the rental of the glebe, and as the glebe land included a large portion of the main street of Kinvara, as well as good land for either grazing or farming, this would have been financially lucrative.

If O'Donovan's information was correct, the New Church was probably completed in 1840 or 1841. As it happens, the town map of Kinvara, updated c. 1890 by the Ordnance Survey, shows clearly the good-sized church that was dedicated to St. John standing in a large rectangular field (directly across from Kinvara Community Centre) about 25 feet back from New Street, which was completed at the same time. Immediately beside the churchyard to the north was the Church of Ireland schoolhouse (the former Garda sergeant's residence) and the house occupied by the schoolmaster.

From Griffith's Valuation c. 1855, we can see that the immediate

lessor of the glebe land was the Rev. James F. Moran, and that it included both sides of the upper Main Street and New Street. The occupiers of the houses beside St. John's Church were Thomas Cosgrave and James Mullany, while the Church Education Society leased the school-house, teacher's dwelling, offices and gardens from the Rev. Moran as incumbent.

The most prominent and, we should add, notorious member of the Church of Ireland to be associated with Kinvara is William John Burke. Born c. 1805 to John Burke and his wife, whose name, unfortunately, is unknown.

The Burke family home included what is now Winkle's Hotel and the large two-storey house beside it. The house was divided sometime in the latter 19th century, the Winkle family acquiring part, while the other part remained in the Burke family and was the home of Patrick Burke and his brother, Richard, who was a carpenter, and their sister, Catherine Burke. Richard Burke, who died a few years ago, was the last of this family to occupy the old home of William J. Burke.

The Burkes were a wealthy family, related to the Burkes who lived at Normangrove. John Burke, who acted as a Tithe Commissioner in 1821, was also a member of this family.

However, the name Burke was a very common one in the first half of the 19th century. In both the Tithe list for the town of Kinvara and the parish list compiled by Fr. Thomas Kelly, Curate of Kinvara from 1834 to 1836, there are several John

Burkes mentioned, including one whose occupation is given as servant. Indeed, this particular John Burke may have been the same person who was O'Donovan's authority for the townland of Doorus Demesne, owned at the time by James de Basterot, which suggests he might have been employed by this family in the capacity of servant.

According to his testimony before the Maynooth Commission on January 4th, 1854, William J. Burke was educated at a village school in Kinvara - probably the school - actually a farmer's barn - that was located in the Claddagh and is shown on the 1st edition of the Ordnance Map of the town. He stated that he was also educated at home by private tutors, an indication of his family's relative affluence.

When he was fourteen years old he told the Commission he was sent to a private seminary in New Quay, and later to the seminary in Tuam. On September 1st, 1825, he entered the Humanity Class at Maynooth. In 1830 he left Maynooth because of ill health and was ordained a priest in his native parish.

Bishop French, who resided at Thornville in Kinvara, which was the mensal parish of the Bishop of Kilmacduagh and Kilfenora, was anxious that he begin parish work as soon as possible. Burke, however, wished to spend a few years on the continent "in order to mix in society, and receive that polish which I stood in need of". However, the Bishop would not give his permission. Instead he was sent to Waterford Seminary to complete his studies. Early in 1831 he was appointed to

the parish of Peterswell. Here he demonstrated his opposition to the illegal agrarian movement known as the Terry Alts, and persuaded his parishioners to take an oath of allegiance to the Queen.

After only three months in Peterswell he was appointed Administrator of the mensal parish of Kinvara, where he remained until 1834 when he was appointed Administrator of Touheran, the mensal parish of the diocese of Kilfenora.

From 1839 to 1841 he was parish priest of Kilbeacanty. Although he was again appointed to Touheran in 1844, by this stage, as he later told the Commissioners, he had begun to drift away from the Catholic Church. Burke later claimed in his testimony that his anti-Catholic views had first been aroused by witnessing the scenes of rejoicing that greeted the announcement of Catholic Emancipation in 1829, arguing that the expressions of joy, on the part of both students and college authorities, seemed to him disloyal to the Crown.

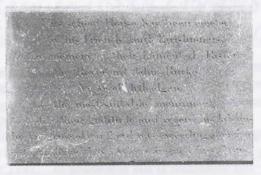
Burke seems to have concluded that Catholicism was not only incompatible with loyalty to the Crown, but involved an unacceptable degree of hypocrisy as well. He told the Commissioners that Catholics condemn 'heretics', by which he appears to have meant Protestants, and did not feel obliged to honour oaths taken to these so-called 'heretics'.

He further claimed that his father, John Burke, who had been educated by Methodists, was a loyalist and was persecuted by the Ribbon Men, another of the illegal anti-Protestant groups like the Terry Alts.

According to one account, while serving in Touheran, near Ennistymon, he began a relationship with a woman named Catherine Kennedy (nee Flanagan), who was a widow with two children, whose husband had been a bank clerk in Ennistymon. Another version, how-

#### Inscription reads:

This Schoolhouse has been erected by his friends and parishioners in the memory of the lamented pastor, the Reverend John Burke.



ever, says that Burke began his relationship with Catherine Kennedy, who is said to have been a linen draper in Kinvara, while Administrator of Kinvara, and that she had to leave the town under a censure on account of her behaviour.

What is certain is that in August, 1843. Burke, while still a priest, and Catherine Kennedy were married privately by a priest. Apparently he did not wish to declare his intention to renounce the Catholic Church until he had put his affairs in order

When he had done this, however, he chose St. John's Church in his native town to make his public declaration. A contemporary account of this dramatic event, which took place on April 22nd. 1844, provides a vivid account of what ensued:

"...we learn that the Rev. William J. Burke, who for the last thirteen years has been a Romish priest. publicly read his recantation and conformed to the united Church of England and Ireland in St. John's Church, Kinvarra, in the county Clare (sic), on Sunday last. During the return of the Rev. Mr. Burke from Church in a carriage with the two clergymen, the Rev. Mr. Moran and the Rev. Mr. Nason, who had been present at the ceremony, a mob of nearly two thousand persons, we are informed, assembled, with shoutings as the party passed and threw several stones at the carriage. One of them struck the vehicle, but the party being well armed, and defended by a body of police, escaped serious consequences. Such is the genius of popery."

Another account explains that, when attacked by the mob, the Reverend gentlemen presented pistols.

A few months later, when Burke and, presumably, his wife, were lodging with a Mrs. French on Eyre Square in Galway, another mobatacked the house and would have destroyed it had not the police come the scene. Burke and his wife next moved to Achill Island and became moved with the Evangelical Protes-

tant colony that had been established on the lower slopes of Slievemore in 1834 by Rev. Edward Nangle. Offering education, clothing and shelter to children as a reward for becoming Protestant, the mission had its greatest success during the Famine. John McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, launched some of his fiercest polemics against what he saw as the cruel opportunism of the missioners.

Burke appears to have remained on Achill for a period, but he was also active as a missioner throughout Connemara and even in Archbishop McHale's own domain of Tuam. Sadly, his wife, Catherine, after a long illness, died on August 17th, 1858

The death of his wife seems to have provoked a change in his life. Moving to Dublin, he met and married Emily McArthur, daughter of Richard McArthur, in 1861.

On the marriage certificate he made no mention of his profession, writing 'Gentleman' in the space provided for rank and profession.

The Rev. Burke and his wife had four children: Miriam Sophia; Richard McArthur; Emily Arabella Maynard; and John Jasper Joly. Of the four, Emily was to become one of the leading figures in the Irish language revival movement and is the subject of a recently published study, Emily M. Weddall - Bunaitheoir Scoil Acla, by Iosold Ní Dheirg. As can be seen, Emily returned to Achill.

However, he returned to the active ministry in the years after his marriage, serving in Castlesheridan, Co. Wexford, in 1862 and Edenderry, Co. Offaly, c. 1877. It cannot have been an easy life. Priest converts fell between two stools; they were mistrusted by their adopted Protestant fellows, and regarded with bitterness as turncoats by their former Catholic associates. It is significant that the Rev. Burke never rose above the humble position of 'priest-in-charge' throughout his lengthy career as a minister of the Church of Ireland.

Irish people have notoriously

long memories, and the apostasy of William J. Burke was not forgotten, even years after that dramatic day in April, 1844. He was commonly referred to as Jumper Burke. nickname was derived from the Irish 'd'iompaigh' meaning (he) turned. The late Michael Leech remembered that when he was going to school with Richard Burke, William Burke's grand-nephew, the boy's father was known as "Jumping' Burke, despite his being Roman Catholic. Other local lore maintains that before his death, William Burke 'relented' and proclaimed his original faith.

The only memorial to the Rev. William J. Burke's notoriety is an inscribed stone plaque that was originally above the door of the Protestant schoolhouse, declaring that it had been placed there as a tribute to the Rev. W. Burke by "his devoted parishioners'. It now lies outside the entrance to the Church of Ireland in Ardrahan.

St. John's Church was still standing when the 1893 revision of the Ordnance Survey town map was completed. However, early this century the church was demolished and the stones used to build what is now the residence of Dr. Peadar Joyce.

Once the church was gone, the land on which it had stood was left unattended and soon weeds and wild grass had turned it into a wilderness. It is to the credit of the local Community Council and workers on a FAS scheme who were employed to clean the site, that today it is a quiet park, with benches for people to sit and take their ease. The cleaning of the churchyard has also revealed the few gravestones that remain. Two have inscriptions: Joseph Staunton, who died November 3rd, 1866, aged 66 years; and Eliza Jackson, who died January 2nd, 1866, aged 60 years. The other gravestones have either been inadvertently broken or were never more than simple markers.

# KINVARA YOUTH CLUB

If you were strolling around the quay in Kinvara on a certain Saturday evening last November, you may have noticed three buses full with over 80 teenagers en route to Galway Leisureworld. Kinvara Youth Club on the move!

The club has just completed its 8th year in its present formation. There are over 90 members enrolled in the club. Each Saturday night during term time between 40-50 of the young people come together in the Community Centre under the supervision of dedicated adult leaders.

Sport plays a large part in these gatherings. Games such as soccer, unihoc, basketball and volleyball are conducted in the hall while pool, table tennis and board games are the favourite pursuits in the meeting room. But the Youth Club is a place for young people to meet and chat in a safe environment. It caters for all not just sports enthusiasts. Table quizzes and discos are arranged; outings to Leisureworld and the cinema are organised (over 60 members went to see Titanic). Outside groups come to visit. At our September disco, 40 young people from Oranmore, Wicklow and Belfast were They were spending the guests. weekend in Kinvara under the auspices of the Co-operation North Organisation.

The artistic element has been well cultivated in the Youth Club this

year. Under the direction of Petra Bhreatnach and Marion Coady, the club designed cotton shopping bags with a scene of Dunguaire Castle, a swan and the motto 'Keep Kinvara Beautiful'. These bags are on sale locally. The club encourages people to buy these bags in order to reduce the number of plastic bags needlessly in circulation. These lovely bags would also make an ideal and inexpensive little gift.



Tessa White and Niamh Kinane displaying the cotton shopping bag designed by Kinvara Youth Club Members.

The club purchased silk screen printing equipment and many members turned up for a recent Saturday night gathering wearing their own personally designed T-shirts. Two enterprising young men combined the artistic and the entrepreneurial by

designing T-shirts that promoted the family business. Another T-shirt found its way to Australia with a message printed on it wishing Oliver Fallon a happy birthday! The Youth Club also designed a very attractive banner for its participation in the St. Patrick's day parade. Some members had the honour of carrying the snake in the parade. They took him/ her/it for a trial run on the Saturday night. One wonders what thoughts were in the mind of any passing motorist as this strange and magnificent creature bobbed up and down around the Glebe and main streets.

Two very successful video workshops were conducted under the guidance of Marty Clare and Glen Mulcahy (T na G). The club is very fortunate to have such expertise at the disposal of the young people.

Fourth year students from Seamount, who are undertaking the Gaisce awards programme, help out at the club on a regular basis. Their support is greatly valued. This year's assistants were: Anne Marie Connolly, Fiona Hynes, along with Assistant Youth Leader, Ken Connolly, The Youth Club would welcome with open arms any extra adult leaders. The present leaders are: Marion Coady, Conor Minogue, Aine O'Connell, Killian Kenny, Petra Bhreatnach. We are very grateful to Marian Connolly who runs the shop for the club on behalf of the Community Council. The Youth Club would like to pay tribute to the late Paddy Garaghty who did so much for the Youth of the area, as well as serving so many other sections of the community so well down through the vears. Paddy was closely involved with the Youth Club which existed in Kinvara in the late 60's and early 70's. He greatly assisted the present club by running the shop every Saturday night and during the discos. He is greatly missed. Solas na bhflaitheas dó.

# Mini Marathon - Mighty Mná - 1999.

Kinvara and Ballindereen areas were well represented in the recent Women's Mini Marathon in Dublin, they included Bridie Giles, Convent Road, Marian Connolly, Kinvara West, Kitty O'Shaughnessy, Killina, Sheila Conneely, Kinvara West, Una mahon, Newtownlynch, Caroline and lena O'Shaughnessy, Parkmore, Chris Mooney, Doorus, Rose

and Mary Theresa Fahy, Knockaculleen, Carmel O'Conor, Ballybuck, Catherine Quinn, Cahercon, Ballinderreen ladies include Mona Gill, Bridie Sheridan, Mary Carr and Patricia Forhdam all from Keamsella, Carmel Collins, Mary Flaherty, Margaret Trowell, Attracta Forde and Margaret Foy.



Front Row L-R: P.J Connors, Joe Kilkelly, Paddy Linnane, Cristy Linnane, Declan Muldoon, Paddy Curtin, John Joe Curtin, Jamsie Whelan, Mick Halloran, Petie Corless, Michael Forde, Petie Kealie, Patrick Hanlon, Paul Kelly. Middle Row L-R: Frank Nolan, Michael Corless, Kieran McInerney, John Shaughnessy, Colm Muldoon, J.P Ward, Gerry Brogan, Fintan Muldoon, Petie Kavanagh, Michael McMahon, Frank Finn, Willie Joe Kelly, Foncie Flatley, J.P Hanlon, Brendan Nolan, Peter Keane, Joe Corless, M.J Picker, Aiden Connors, Pat Sullivan, Michael Keane, Mattie Keane, Bartley Curtin, Seán Keane. Back Row L-R: J.P Muldoon (Teacher), Paddy O'Loughlin, Mike Halvey, Thomas Flatley, Frank Flatley, Kieran Muldoon, John Fahy, Jack Nolan, Noel Shaughnessy, John Linnane, Paul Shaughnessy, Mrs Sadie Muldoon (Teacher).

Northampton National School, 1949, (now Eddie Forde's) — one year before the establishment of the present school. Group photo courtesy of Mrs Maureen Quinn, a past-pupil who happened to be absent on that memorable day. Some of the children hold cardboard cut out toys made in class by their teacher, Mrs Donlon.



Back Row (L-R):- P. Staunton, M. Gill, P. Callinan, M. Deely, E. Staunton, N. Deely, T. Staunton, B. Morris, M. Deely, K. Callinan, Mr. Donlon.

2nd Row (L-R):- Mrs. Donlon, A. Connolly, E. Forde, J. Mulcair, M. Morris, M. Staunton, P. Keane, J. Quinn, A. McCormac, P. McCormac, J. Coppinger. 3rd Row (L-R):- M. Deely, D. Glynn, S. Staunton, S. Callinan, G.Killinelly, P. McCormack, J. Maguire, J. Glynn, K. Callinan, M. Glynn, M. Mulcair, J. Mitchell. 4th Row (L-R):- P. McCormack, M. Forde, J. Morris, P.J. Callinan, E. Morris, P. Ward, N. Burke, M. McCormack, E. Burke, F. Staunton, M. Forde.

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# KINVARA CAMOGIE CLUB

Kinvara Camogie Club was re-formed in 1996 after a lapse of about five years.

In their first year they won the Under 12B Championship with a great victory over Ahascragh. They also went on to win the Under 14B Championship with a fantastic victory over Athenry in the County Final. This was a great game and Kinvara, new to the scene, upset the odds by capturing the title.

With 1996 being such a successful year, having won two County finals, it was hard to live up to the same expectations for 1997.

The under 10 Team played in the Ardrahan Tournament and came out victorious. They had two more matches against Kilconieron and Castlegar and they won both of the these as well.

By May, the Under 14B Team had reached another County Final and they had a great victory over a strong Mullagh Team in the County Final.

The Under 12s reached the County Semi-Final and were defeated by Cappatagle in a match that they should have won.

Then by June the Community Games Team had played most of their preliminary rounds and by the 13th July they had reached the County Community Games Final. Our opposition was Woodford who beat us the previous year. But this time Kinvara were not going to go home with silver; thy had made their minds up that they wanted Gold and Gold they got.

They continued on to win the Connacht Finals easily and then went on to Mosney.

In Mosney they did Kinvara Camogie proud. They won their semi-final and reached the final against a very strong Cork side and after extra time they had to give way, but this experience has and will stand to this young side in the future.

Then it was the turn of the Under 13A Team. This team consisted mostly of our Community Games Team and with the experience of Mosney behind them it was going to take a great team to beat

them. They ran out easy winners of this Championship.

Our under 16s had a great run in the Under 16A Championship. They had great victories over Cappatagle, Castlegar, Mountbellew/Moylough and Craughwell and gave way in the semifinal to the eventual winners Davitts.

Last, but not least we go to our Junior Team. This was the first time ever Kinvara camogie had a Junior Team in the Championship. After a very slow and drawn out championship and after playing around 15 challenge games, this team had a great victory in the County Final against old rivals, Ballinderreen, on the 22nd November 1997.

This victory really finished off 1997 with Kinvara Camogie Club being the most successful club in County Galway for 1997, having won most titles.

The 1998 campaign resumed with our U16A Team taking part in the All-Ireland Pan Celtic Tournament in Tralee, Co. Kerry. With victories over Davitts and Kilmacud Crokes of Dublin they drew with Athenry and this was enough to see them through to the final against a very strong Templemore team from Tipperary. They were defeated by five points, but they had a great weekend.

The Under 14 Championship started early and we reached the County Final, but were defeated by Clarinbridge in the Final in a game which, really, we should have won.

That defeat drove us on even more and our Under 12s had a great run in the championship reaching the County Semi-Final. Our under 10s played a number of challenge games and did very well indeed. Their highlight was the winning of the Cruinniú na mBád Trophy, defeating Kilconieron.

Our Junior B Team who won the County Junior B Final last year were regraded up to Intermediate level and this we felt was unfair as they didn't get the opportunity in playing Junior A Camogie. Nevertheless the team did very well indeed with a great draw against Castlegar in the first match. They lost their next match by two points

to Gort and had a great victory over Eyrecourt in their last match. Hopefully, this year the girls will be a year older and will acquit themselves well.

Our Under 16A Team captured the County Under 16 'A' Final by defeating a very good Davitts side. This was a great game of camogie with only a puck of the ball between the two teams and in the end Kinvara came away with a fantastic victory on a score of Kinvara 1-5, Davitts 0-6 pts.

The Under 13 Team did the Parish proud in winning the County Under 13A Final. This was a great achievement with ups and downs during the year, they really 'pulled it out of the fire' in the Final with a blistering display against Clarinbridge in the Final The final score was Kinvara 2-2 Clarinbridge 0-4.

To date in 1999 we have won the U14 County final against Clarinbridge and the girls did Kinvara proud by representing their county at *Fèile* in Wexford.

Camogie in Kinvara is very strong at the present and under the guidance of Mary Callanan, Teresa Kavanagh and Eileen Keane who put a lot of hard work and dedication into the teams, the future looks bright for Kinvara camogie and all the young girls who play it.

#### Club Officers:

Chairperson: Teresa Kavanagh
Assistant Chairperson: Mary Callanan
Secretary: Josie Connolly
Assistant Secretary: Lorraine Canny
Treasurer: Eileen Keane
Assistant Treasurer: Pauline Huban
PRO: Helena Huban and Nicola
McCormack
Delegates to County Board:
Teresa Kavanagh,
Mary Callanan and
Eileen Keane

# St. Joseph's Convent School, Kinvara.



Back Row L to R: Ann Geoghegan, Bernie Noone, Catherine Moroney, Carmel Conolly, Mary Kate Fahy, Mary Quinn, Geraldine Quinn, Annie Leech, Anna Quinn, Josie Leech, Maureen Connolly, Maureen Burke, Brid Liddy. Front Row L to R: Annie Connolly, Patricia Brehoney, Pauline Kilkelly, Nora Conole, Brid Moylon, Sr. Joseph, Mary Kavanagh, Rita Linnane, Josie Nolan, Elizabeth Conole, Catherine McCormac, Bridie Corless.



# **Kinvara Swimming Club**

In 'Swimming For a Century' by Fergus Barron, published in 1993, to mark the centenary of the Irish Amateur Swimming Association, there is an account of Kinvara Swimming club, "founded and affiliated in 1969. The committee members at its foundation were Fr. Mulkerrins, Paddy Geraghty, Jack McInerney, Stan Mac Eoin, May Monaghan, Elizabeth Murphy, Martin Winkle, Mattie Corless, Michael Connolly and Garret Nally."

Thirty years later the club is thriving. Approximately 150 children attend weekly classes for most of the year; another 40 teenagers and adults attend life-saving classes; approximately 40 adults attend weekly lessons between September and April; club members who are qualified life guards ensure the safety of swimmers in July and August on many beaches including Traught, Bishop's Quarter, Fanore, Loughrea, Salthill, Spiddal, etc.. All these things are made possible through the reliable commitment of people such as Bridie Giles, Helen O'Connor, Gary O'Connor, Ronan O'Connor, (all of them qualified teachers), and, also, help from time to time from Declan Burke, Seamus O'Connor, Eleanor Burke, Cathal Murphy, Rory Divilly, Alan Quinn, John Forde, Ciaran Jordan, Collette O'Connor, Denise O'-Connor and others.

Letters have to be written, advertisements have to be disseminated, money has to be collected, banked and accounted for; bills have to be paid etc. These tasks are now shared by the very active club committee led by its Chairperson, Jim Fennell, its Honorary Secretary, Lorraine Canny and its Honorary Treasurer, Bernie Leech; Bernie White organises transport. Other parents commit themselves to helping the club through their service on the committee and by supervising the children in the buses and in the dressing rooms. Previously, all financial matters, arrangements of transport and supervision of the children were done by Paddy Geraghty, the instigator and main founder of the club, who died on 7th April 1998.

It is now mandatory that all Swimming Clubs have Child Liaison Officers to give children and parents the added assurance that swimmers will always be physically and morally safe when they join a club. Kinvara's two CLO's are Catherine Quinn (tel.: 637352) and Mary O'Connor (tel.: 637188). If a parent or swimmer ever has reason to feel unease about anything they should contact Catherine or Mary.

#### The Future

Lives have been saved thanks to the existence of Kinvara Swimming Club. Many young people were enabled to engage in a wide range of water sports, (kayaking, sailing, scuba diving, etc.) because they could swim. Some have been able to find work as swimming pool attendants, life guards, swimming instructors, etc.. But for this to continue into the future more involvement of parents and other adults will be necessary. Swimming can be viewed as a sport, but it is also an essential life skill.



Kinvara Swimming Club Members enjoying themselves at Kilcornan Swimming Pool.

Unfortunately, it was necessary to suspend classes during the last four months of 1999 when Kilcornan Pool closed for major renovations and repairs. However, classes will resume very early on in the New Millennium.

#### Kenya

On Christmas Day 1997 there was a sponsored swim in Crushoa Harbour in aid of Voluntary Services Abroad. This was a memorable occasion, thanks to the people of Crushoa who helped in a number of ways, and to the swimmers themselves who took the plunge after they collected over £800

in sponsorship. This money was put to good use in Migori Hospital on the shores of Lake Victoria in Kenya by Mairéad Mac Eoin, who taught swimming and life saving in the club for over six years along with Gary Corless from Tuam and Edward Loane from Mullingar, Kinvara Swimming Club, Mairéad, Voluntary Services Abroad and the management, medical staff and patients of Migori Hospital, are grateful for Kinvara's generous support.

Again, at Christmas 1998 it was decided to have another sponsored swim. This time the beneficiaries were Octopus Swimming Club (for the disabled), the Paddy Geraghty Memorial Fund and the Trócaire Central American Disaster Fund. There was a good

turnout on the day and it looks as if it is now well established as an annual event in Kinvara's social life!

#### Safety

Kinvara Swimming Club has promoted water safety since its foundation. Following a request to Galway County Council it appointed a lifeguard on our beach in Traught. The club has made other recommendations which

have been adopted on beaches around the country and, above all, it stresses the importance of safety to all its members. They are told to swim only in safe places, always parallel to the shore, never out to the sea. should NOT swim soon after a meal. A person should NEVER swim alone. Air beds and other inflatables should never be used. The lifeguard should be obeyed. Twenty minutes is sufficient time in the water. Never interfere with water safety equipment, e.g. rings and ropes, if they are missing or tangled report this to the lifeguard or County Council..

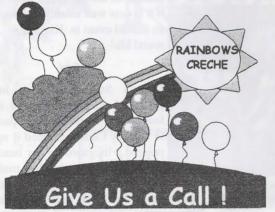
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# YOUTH PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND

Posters advertising a Diocesan Youth Pilgrimage to the Holy Land began appearing in churches, colleges and various other places in Spring of this year.

Parish newsletters invited young adults to find out more about the proposed Jubilee journey to the birthplace of Christianity. It was hoped that three young people from each parish in the diocese would become part of the pilgrimage.



Sarah Naughton, Gort, Maeve Fahy, Ardrahan and Maureen Moylan, Crushoa pictured in The Nazareth Gardens

Here in Kinvara, Caroline Con- a very interesting nolly was motivated to apply hav- lecture was given to ing heard enthusiastic reports from the her mother and grandmother about group. In fact the their trip in 1998;

John Paul O'Connor spotted the Tours, were very poster in N.U.I.G. and was imme-thorough in ensurdiately interested;

Maureen Moylan was facing into were provided for her Leaving Cert. Examination and on this very special

thought it would be an interesting place to visit at the end of the sum-

August saw the entire pilgrimage group meeting together in the chapel at N.U.I.G.. This was followed by two meetings in Gort where the South Galway/North Clare group prepared the liturgy for the first Mass of the Pilgrimage in Jerusalem. There was a great air of excitement as the entire group assembled in the darkness in the Cathedral carpark in the early hours of 7th September prior to leaving by bus for Dublin Airport.

As the El Al jet touched down in Tel Aviv there was a spontaneous round of applause from these first time pilgrims.

Jerusalem was approached by the ancient city walls. The first and educational. the Renaissance Hotel.

At Mass near the Garden of Gethsemane next day, Bishop McLoughlin was the chief celebrant, assisted by the six priests who accompanied the pilgrimage. Maureen Moylan read a prayer of the faithful, Caroline Connolly provided the offertory commentary while John Paul O'Connor had the privilege of carrying a stone from St. Colman's bed and placing it on the altar in the Garden of Gethsemane.

All the holy sites were visited -

Bethlehem. Nazareth. Sea of Galilee and of course Jerusalem. There was also a visit to the Hebrew University in Jerusalem where pilgrimage organisers, E.S.P. ing that all aspects



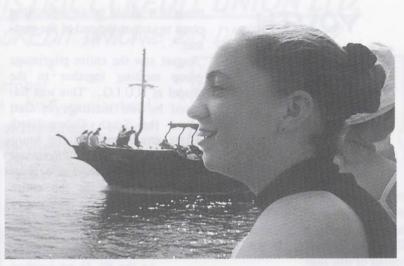
Sean Duggan, Renmore, Aine O'Connell, Parkmore, Miriam and Caitriona Connole, Maree.

night, its lights beckoning inside pilgrimage - spiritual, historical Most of the night was spent in some luxury at young people had very little idea what to expect from this pilgrimage. What was an unexpected bonus for them was the incredible craic and enjoyment, combined with the spiritual focus of Masses that were prepared for and entered into wholeheartedly by the young people themselves. Impromptu ceilis and sing songs were a feature of each evening. The hot days were spent "walking where He walked". The Israeli guides were enormously impressed by the ability of those young Irish people (over 160) to combine the capacity to enjoy themselves to the utmost

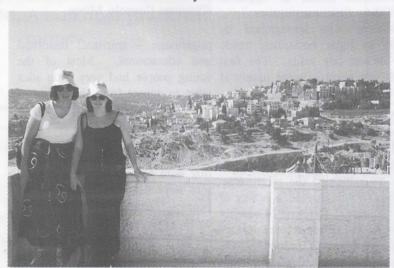


John Paul O'Connor, Funshin, pictured visiting The Garden of Gethsemane.

with an equal capacity for spiritual focus and involvement. The young people's own words speak for themselves "The craic was excellent, late nights of song and dance. But what amazed me was the strength of religious faith that I felt. At first, I wasn't over enthusiastic about six Masses in six days! But the group got totally involved - the music and singing at each Mass was extraordinary. I will never forget it." From another "The daily Masses were the one time during our hectic seven day schedule where we could fully reflect upon the real reason for this special Youth Jubilee Pilgrimage. The choir contributed immensely



Above, Caroline Connolly pictured with The Pilgrims Boat in the background on The Sea Of Galilee.



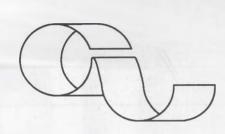
Pictured Left are: Aoife Linnane and Sally McMahon with the old city of Jerusalem in the background.

Caroline and Ann Holland, Gort, relaxing in The Dead Sea.

to my enjoyment of the ceremonies. Everyone singing 'Silent Night' as a Communion Hymn at the Bethlehem Mass made for me a very special memory. I look back over our pilgrimage with great reverence for the Holy Land."

All three Kinvara pilgrims spoke about the 'desert experience' where a day was spent travelling on safari vehicles in the Judean Desert as one of the highlights of their trip. Another was floating on the Dead Sea and travelling by pilgrim boat across the Sea of Galilee. Maureen, Caroline and John Paul were united in their praise of Bishop McLoughlin and the organising group – Youth Faith Development Team – who made this amazing trip possible.





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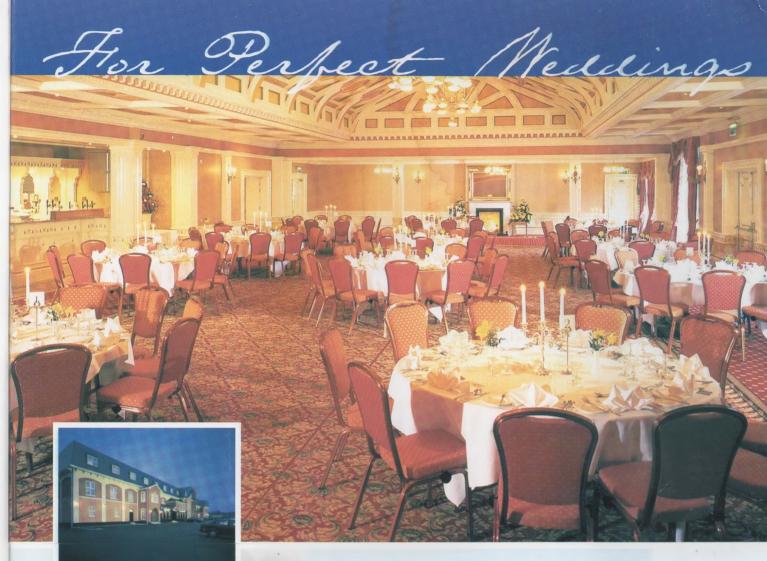
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