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Editorial

Things are happening in Kinvara. Flea na gCuach has arrived. The under 21 team have set a great example for others to follow. The ladies hockey team brought home the O'Heocha cup once again. The entrance to St. Josephs church has been illuminated. The congregational church choir from Connecticut has come and gone, but its renowned director, Paul Halley, intends bringing his highly acclaimed childrens choir, Chorus Angelicus, here. Cruinniu na mBad is on its way. An all out effort is being made in the Tidy Towns competition this year. The Credit Union is expanding rapidly. The Bridge Club and Swimming Club continue to grow. The Kinvara National School extension is being built. Community Alert has been established. And Tracht has arrived!

We apologise for the long delay in getting this edition to you. We hope you consider it has been worth waiting for. Articles, ideas, constructive criticism and, above all, offer of help to publish the next edition will be most welcome. We are a community where new ideas are born and tried. The Community Council wishes to encourage everyone to be open to new ways of looking at life. We grow through taking some risks. Your Community Council is, perhaps, the best forum for bringing together all the different strands of thought and opinion that are in the locality. Why not let your ideas be heard? We need to promote more substancial all-year-round employment. Tourism offers some potential in that regard, but there are other areas, also, where jobs might be created. Our community motto should be repeated by us all a few times a day - Ar aghaidh le cheile!

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DEVELOPMENT BLUEPRINT

The following is the submission which Kinvara Community Council Ltd made to the Western Bishops' Initiative on Developing the West Together.

Introduction

Kinvara Community Council Ltd. has for many years been to the forefront in critically analyzing the strengths and weaknesses within the community, the advantages and disadvantages in Kinvara's location and the provision and neglect of infrastructures necessary for development. It has promoted the provision of sporting, cultural and recreational amenities; it has helped strengthen the economic base in the area through the establishment of a Credit Union and the promotion of tourism and small business (e.g. crafts) initiatives; it has made numerous representations to local authority and state bodies for the improvement of amenities and infrastructures, etc. It endeavours to have representatives from all sections and areas in the community.

Infrastructures

For tourism to grow and to attract environment-friendly industry it is essential that a number of infrastructures be improved or updated.

The road on the Galway side of the village must be widened and the many bends removed.

Lighting throughout the village area must be brought up to an acceptable standard.

A sewage treatment plant must be installed. At present raw sewage goes into Kinvara Bay. No one now swims in the harbour, though it was once a popular swimming area. The annual open air Swimming Gala has been discontinued, as has a once popular middle distance swim. The cultivation of shellfish could also be put at risk through continued delay in providing a sewage treatment plant.

Banking services must be improved. At present business people in the area cannot

obtain bank drafts, sterling bank drafts or an immediate statement of balance in account, and the service is for less than two hours per week. Since the publication of the above banking services have been totally withdrawn from Kinvara.

Public transport to Galway should be improved. There should be an early morning service (about 8.00 a.m.) as well as a return bus in the early afternoon.

Tourism

Tourism has great potential in Kinvara because of its unique location. It is the gateway to the Burren; it is at the head of a beautiful sheltered inlet on Galway Bay; it has a blue flag beach.

A sustained effort must be made to attract a large prestige hotel with conference facilities to the locality (sewage problem must first be solved) so that an all year round tourist industry can be promoted with consequent well paid employment.

A maritime museum/interpretative centre should be built or located in a reconstructed building. Aspects of the Burren should also be on display and explained to visitors.

Efforts to promote all year tourism employment could be promoted through special interest activity weeks/weekends, e.g. The Burren in May, Archeological Seminars, Literary Events (Yeats, Francis A. Fahy, Raftery, etc.), Music and Drama Events, etc.

There must be greater access to places of historical and archeological interest. The appropriate authorities should initiate discussions with land and house owners to this end and, where necessary, proper paths to the sites should be laid down.

The potential of developing Kinvara as a port of call for yachts has not been tapped. We need to provide water and electricity on the pier for visiting boats.

A Tourism Information Office should be established with computerised linkup to

guest houses and other amenities in the area and throughout the country.

Industry

There are many skilled craftspersons in the area, but they lack the capital to provide suitable work premises and display space for their produce. Approximately ten work units and one display/shop area should be provided at an initial low rent.

A small telecottage should be established. It could be for training in computer uses and for wider educational uses (e.g. self directed or distance learning). It should be a community resource which might be availed of for teleworking for a period while a worker gathers the capital to buy her/his own equipment.

Farming and Fishing

Every effort should be made to encourage farmers and fisherpersons to develop the resources at their disposal. There should be a resident advisor for a period of two to five years to provide information and training in alternative farming and horticulture so that families can remain on their holdings.

A number of studies have been done on the potential of Kinvara Bay and neighbouring shorelines. They show that there could be intensive shell fish farming, but there has not been the commitment to develop this resource. This should be rectified immediately.

Development Worker

The Community Council has endeavoured to fill some of the needs outlined above. But because of its voluntary nature, there is a limit to what it can achieve. We recommend very strongly that a Community Development Worker be appointed for the area. Her/his function would be to initiate projects which would generate employment; advise persons on grants, training and expertise available to them; and promote all aspects of community development, including contact with other communities within Ireland and abroad. Her/his contract should be for a minimum of five years, and there should be a commitment to renewing it on condition of satisfactory progress having been made.

Conclusion

We have much to ensure a very good quality of life in this area. We lack the support and investment to encourage young people to remain, settle and work in the locality. With imagination, drive and determination, this can be changed. The motto of our community is "Ar Aghaidh le Cheile". It is a slogan which could be usefully adopted by the wider community of the west of Ireland.

Kinvara to Brittany

Tuesday 7th July 01.30 hrs., 2 miles west of Mizen Head, heading southeast for France - weather fair, wind S.W.3. Victor the Russian is telling me that he could take the boat to a Leningrad shipyard and have the interior designed and rebuilt very cheaply, for roubles. I didn't want to seem short with him, but having left Kinvara on Saturday 4th at 16.00 hrs (in the company of the Manx Nobby "Gladys of Peel") we limped six hours later into Kilronan with a broken mast. I was only thinking about one day at a time.

My pilgrimage to Douarnenez began in 1988 after the Hooker race at Cruinniu na mBad. Con McCann and myself were playing our fiddles in Connolly's Bar; between tunes Con told me about his previous trips to France and the reception he had got. I promised Con I would take the "Mac Duach" to Douarnenez in 1992. However, fate tragically intervened and Con McCann and "The Connaught" with Audrey Cannon were lost off the coast of Co. Down on 28th June 1989.

I felt that as Con and "The Connaught" could not make it in 1992, I would take the "Mac Duach" there partly as a tribute to the gentleman of hooker sailing.

On 3rd June 1992, Colm Mulkerrins started work on the decking which was a design based on the "Ark" by Pat Jennings. The pressure was on to finish and set off for France on July 4th. I was told it couldn't be done.

Kinvara quay was a hive of activity for the next month and on July 3rd at 11.30pm under arc lights, with the help of Pat and Sean Jennings, and half the local population, we were ready for off. At 16.00 hrs., just before departure, I noticed that the old tiller would be too short. Colm Mulkerrins ran off a new longer tiller which he delivered to us on our way to Parkmore. Tony Moylan had organised Jackie Daly and Garry O'Briain and other musicians to play

us off from the back of "Gladys of Peel" as far as Blackhead. At 20.30 hrs., four hours later, having organised a rota for the journey, I went below for forty winks leaving John Beag on the tiller. Suddenly I heard an unmerciful bang on the deck. I jumped out to find the mast had broken in a sudden squall about 15 miles south of Inisheer.

All of the rigging and sails were in the water. My first reaction was to check that the crew were all present and safe. For a short while we could not locate my brother-in-law, Paddy Egan, and I feared he was in the water trapped under the sails or the rigging. Fortunately, we found him asleep in his bunk, totally oblivious to the drama! After that I didn't care about the damage. We pulled the wrangled mess back into the boat and swung 180 degrees for Kilronan with heart and spirits flagging. Would this be the end of the trip? The "Mac Duach" and crew must have seemed a vision of dejection coming back into Aran. I made a few phone calls and the word went out. I knew Colm Mulkerrins was still in Kinvara and contacted him there. He told me that if anyone could find a suitable stick, he could have a mast ready in 12 hours. I contacted Tom Dairbe with a view to finding such a stick when Tom immediately offered me the mast of the "American Mór". We pulled into Caladh Thaidhg next morning at 11.00a.m. and all was organised. Mairtin óg was there to lift out the broken mast and install that of the "American Mór". A generator was organised to reshape the partners and once again Colm Mulkerrins (who thought he was on holidays since the previous day!) came to the rescue. The whole operation was completed in six hours flat, much to the amazement of our Russian friend, with the help of people like John Dáirbe, Máirtín O'Brien and many more people from the Carraroe area.

At 20.15 hrs. we headed off with renewed hope in our hearts and the mast, gaffle and foresail of the "American" but minus one of our crew, who reckoned he had had quite enough excitement. We passed Loop Head at 03.15 hrs., Sybil Point at 09.05, Blasket Sound at 09.45, and on through Dursey Sound. The forecast was favourable,

Northerly 3 - 4. We were happy to have an uneventful crossing to Oessant (Ushant). We pulled into Lampaul at 21.45 hrs. with Mick Kenny and John Beag playing a few reels. It took us three days from Caladh Thaidhg. That night we played a few more tunes and Victor decided that we were entitled to taste a real Russian vodka; we didn't need any help getting to sleep.

The next day, having had a look around the island, we headed for Brest at 15.00 hrs. In the distance we began to see craft of all different shapes and sizes converging on Brest. My brother, Finbarr, was looking out for us from a nearby beach but did not recognise us with the maroon foresail of the "American Mór". We pulled into the port of Brest which was full to capacity with sailing boats to find the "Morning Star", "The Lady Mór", the "Cliona" and the "St. Patrick" already berthed. It called for a celebration, so off we went to the nearest hostelry for refreshments and more tunes.

The scene at Brest was incredible, but there were too many boats and too many people there. The biggest sailing ship there was the three-masted Norwegian barque "Statped Lemkhul" which I sailed on in 1990 from Tromso to Bergen. I met up with the Skipper and some of the crew. We would like to have done more sailing in Brest but the waters were too congested and we were happy to leave for Douarnenez on July 15th. Colm Mulkerrins and Catherine, his wife, arrived in time to travel with us in convoy with hundreds of other sailing craft from all over Europe. Douarnenez was much more pleasant; however, the berths allocated to the Galway Hooker in port there was alongside a sunken trawler and none too safe; therefore the boat went to various different places separating the Irish fleet. On Friday 17th July we left Port Rhu through the gates at 07.00 hrs. to be ready for the main race of the event later that day. We moored the boat on one of the moorings put in position by the Chassis Maree Organization and I went with Mick Kenny to register for the race. When returned I found that the boat was caught on something underneath and could not be shifted. It transpired that a large concrete

WEARING THE PIONEER PIN

The Pioneer Total Abstinence Association is alive and well in Kinvara. Since the last publication of this magazine, the following have been presented with their

(Continued from page 0)

KINVARA TO BRITTANY

block had been placed in position for the mooring for the duration of the festival and the boat had stuck on it in a falling tide.

The block was not countersunk, marked or charted - I was lucky to get the boat up and going again; I will leave that story for another time. I was actually very happy to leave Douarnenez on Tuesday 21st in favourable weather. The rest of the Irish fleet had gone on ahead of us. For the next three days at sea, the wind varied from force 3 - 8 S.W. and on the morning of the 24th we pulled into Glandore at 11.00 hrs., to take part in the first Glandore Classic Boat Regatta. Paddy Barry and the "St. Patrick" arrived a day later. The hospitality was excellent, as was the sailing and on the 26th we had a great race with the "St. Patrick". We left Glandore with two locals on board on the 27th at 12.00 hrs., had great sailing weather and passed between the Bull and Cow at 04.20hrs. and on through the Blasket Sound as the sun rose over the mountains of Kerry. We couldn't resist the temptation to pull into Monks pub in Ballyvaughan for a few pints and seafood chowder, before going on to Kinvara. We finally decked at 07.00 hrs. on Tuesday 28th July. To say the least, it was a very eventful 25 days in the life of the "Mac Duach" and left myself with a few extra grey hairs! But I had kept my agreement with Conn McCann.

Thanks to Raidió na Gaeltachta, the people of Kinvara and Carraroe, to Pat Jennings, Colm Mulkerrins, Tom Flaherty and especially the crew.

(This article appeared in "An Bad Mor" - the newsletter of the Galway Hooker Association and reproduced by kind permission of Editor Tomás Mac Con Iomaire)

Silver Jubilee Pins and Certificates; John Connolly, Gortaboy; Mary Nielan, "Cru-shoa", Kilcolgan; John O'Flaherty, Killina; Liam Connolly, Killina; Mary Huban, Knockacullen; Bridget Moylan, Cru-shoa/USA. Helen O'Connor, Kinvara; Rose O'Connor, Kinvara, and Noel Birmingham, Caheravoneen. Congratulations to all.

Over twenty new members have been enrolled since last October. Many people are of the opinion that the Pioneers are thin on the ground, but in fact there are over two hundred thousand Pioneers in Ireland, and a further two hundred and fifty thousand in overseas countries. These numbers are not visible for one reason many pioneers omit to wear the Pioneer pin.

Not too many people would have understood all the complexities of the issues involved in the GATT negotiations between the USA and the E.C. carried on over recent months, but most of us knew that they were among the most important economic discussions of the present decade. However, everybody knew who was leading the European delegation, even people with a poor head for names knew he was "the fella with the Pioneer Pin". Ray

MacSharry's fidelity in the rarified atmosphere of Brussels and Washington to the simple promise of the Pioneer to wear his pin publicly should not pass without comment. His stance certainly gives the lie to any suggestion that the Pioneer Pin creates barriers in professional or political life, "cramps your style" in ordinary relationships, or is in some way inappropriate in a pluralist society. Wearing it seems to have been no liability to the Pioneers from the different political parties who were successful candidates in the last elections in Ireland. People like Junior Minister Noel Tracey. T.D. F.F. East Galway; Mayor of Galway, Deputy Padraic McCormack. F.G. or Senator Joe Sherlock, Democratic Left, Cork East.

Wearing the Pioneer Pin is not wearing your heart on your sleeve, it is a public profession of faith in the Sacred Heart to ease the anguish of "all who labour and are heavy-laden", especially the victims of alcohol abuse. The Pioneer Magazine is on sale in Kinvara each month, price 50p or annual subscription £5.50p. You may place a regular order with Paddy Geraghty, 21 Convent Park. The amount of money involved per person is quite modest - hardly the price of three pints of stout, the smallest possible round of drinks - once a year.

The chairman and officers of the Kinvara Council are: Michael Waites, Killina; Secretary Paddy Geraghty, Convent Park. The Pioneer Council is represented from all areas of the Parish: Maura Mongan, Corranroe; John Keane, Funchion Beg; Lisa Murphy, Northampton; Alan Mooney, Doorus; Rena Keane, Cappabeg; and Fr. P. Faherty C.C., Spiritual Director, Kinvara.



Kinvara's Young Pioneer Quiz Team: Caroline Connolly, Aidan Kilkelly, Alan Connolly, Belinda McInerney with Fr. Martin Keane C.C. Gort and President of the South Galway Regional Council P.T.A.A. The Kinvara team were pipped at the post by two marks in the final of the South Galway Pioneer Quiz Competitions. 72 teams competed.

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SEAMOUNT COLLEGE TOUR '93

On Saturday 13th March 1993, thirty-two excited students from Seamount College departed from Kinvara under the watchful eye of Mrs Sheila Conneely. Three other teachers and one parent accompanied the group destined for Europe. After many weeks of organisation, the journey finally materialised.

We set off at 2.00pm, our destination - Valkenburg, Netherlands. Our modes of transport varied along the way from coach to train to ferry. On arrival in Holyhead we were met by our comfortable coach which was to transport us around Europe. The bus journey, although lasting several hours, passed quickly for us. Our vocal chords were truly strained when we arrived in Valkenburg on Sunday evening. Somehow, we mustered up the energy to experience a Dutch disco. Communication was not a problem there as most people spoke comprehensible English. The music was different to that played at the discos here in Ireland, but was nonetheless enjoyable.

We arose on Monday morning at 6.00am.

A quick shower and breakfast in our hotel helped us to awaken. We travelled to Geldern in Germany where we visited the "Anne Frank" school. We were well provided for with food, musical entertainment and good company. We were given a guided tour of their enormous school and pretty town. We then met a cousin of Mrs. Conneely who accompanied us to a horticulture centre. Communication was not a problem again as the German students were fairly competent in English. We were reluctant to leave our new friends, but we exchanged addresses and promised to keep in touch.

The following day was spent in Brussels. The day began with a visit to the European Parliament. There we were met by Mark Killilea who briefed us on the mechanisms of the Parliament. Afterwards, we were given a guided tour of the city. We viewed many churches and monuments of historical significance.

That evening, the group divided with one half going to a Thermospa and the others

going to a bowling alley. The spa consisted of a relaxing swim, jacuzzi and sauna, while the bowling was suited to the more competitive members of the group. Both divisions were equally satisfied with their respective activities as we returned to our hotel with more memories.

We left Valkenburg on Wednesday in the direction of London. We arrived just in time to enjoy Andrew Lloyd-Webber's highly acclaimed musical production - "Miss Saigon". Dead on our feet, we left the theatre delighted by the performance. The next morning we got up bright and early for a day's shopping on Oxford Street. The sun poured down as the Irish girls swamped the shops. Two hours disappeared and the time came to leave for home.

The return journey passed by quickly with the numerous renderings of popular songs by the students. Finally, on Friday 19th, we arrived in Kinvara, exhausted by enjoyment.

Fiona Mongan and Fourth Years.

*Seamount
summer
trip
to
Europe*



ALL IRELAND COMES TO KINVARA

Brenda Fallon from Seamount College, Kinvara and daughter of Marty and Maura Fallon, Boherbee, and SPAR Supermarket, Kinvara, was outright winner of the All Ireland Schools Seafood Cookery Competition for 1992, sponsored by B.I.M.

It all began on her 15th birthday when she was selected as the County Galway winner. On 14th February 1992 she took part in the regional Final held in the Castletroy Park Hotel, Limerick. Eight girls took part in the final at a special lunch attended by many invited guests, teachers and parents. The winners of the Regional Final were announced by Mr. Michael Quinn, B.I.M. The prizes were presented by the Lord Mayor of Limerick, Mr Jim Kenmy. Second prize went to a Waterford Student and Brenda Fallon received the First Prize. She was presented with a cheque for £100. and her teacher Miss Maura Greaney received a special prize and also a cheque for the Winning School, Seamount College for £150.

Four Regional Finals were held in Ireland and the 1st and 2nd prize winners were selected to take part in the All Ireland Final.

At last the big day of the final arrived. The seven girls and one boy taking part arrived with their teachers on the eve of the final, and stayed in the West Lodge Hotel, Bantry, Co. Cork. On the morning of 8th May, 1992, the cookery competition took place in a local secondary school.

The competition standard was very high and Brenda cooked "Fresh Salmon and Monkfish Lasagne".

Brenda's parents, together with other parents, teachers and special guests were at a luncheon in the West Lodge Hotel when the winners were announced by Mr. Tony Gannon, Chief Executive of Bord Iascaigh Mhara. He said the judges had such a hard task that they had decided to give a "Highly Recommended" prize, not given before. After the Runner Up prize winner was an-

nounced, came what everyone was waiting for. The overall winner for the All Ireland title for 1992 was the County Galway Student, representing Seamount College, Kinvara - Brenda Fallon.

There was a lot of clapping and cheering and Brenda and her teacher Miss Greaney were congratulated by all. Dr. Michael Woods, Minister for the Marine, presented Brenda with the perpetual silver trophy, cheque for £350, and a set of Le Creuse cast iron cook ware on a pine rack. Miss Greaney received a voucher for a week at Ballymaloe House with Darina Allen and a cheque for the winning school, Seamount College, for £200.

Brenda wishes to sincerely thank Miss Maura Greaney for all the help she gave her in preparing for the competition. Also many thanks must go to the principal of the school, Sr. Laurence, and to all her classmates and teachers for their encouragement and good wishes. 1992 will be a year Brenda will always remember.

Brenda Fallon receiving her prize from Michael Woods, Minister for the Marine, with Tony Gannon, Chief Executive BIM, Maura Greaney, Domestic Science Teacher, Seamount. Also in the picture are Brenda's parents Martin and Maura - Spar Kinvara - and her young sister Brid.



FRESH SALMON AND MONKFISH LASAGNE

100g Butter
500g Fresh Salmon Fillets skinned and chopped
75g Flour
850mls Full Cream Milk
500g Monkfish
100g Button Mushrooms - skinned and chopped
2 cloves Garlic
50g Smoked Salmon - finely chopped
4 tbsps White Wine
1 tbslp Lemon Juice
Salt and freshly ground Pepper
1 can Tomatoes
1 whole Nutmeg - grated
9 - 10 sheets Lasagne
50g Parmesan Cheese

GARNISH:

1 slice Smoked Salmon, cut into 5 x 2cm wide strips.
10 Bay leaves.

TO MAKE WHITE SAUCE

Melt 75g of the butter in a saucepan, then stir in the flour until smooth. Remove from the heat and pour in the milk, stirring continuously until evenly blended. Return to the heat and continue whisking until smooth and thickened. Season with salt and pepper. Pour off half (425mls) of the sauce and set aside.

TO MAKE TOMATO SAUCE

Heat the remaining butter and fry the garlic and mushrooms until the juices start to run from them. Add the wine and bubble for about 1 minute. Add tomatoes and leave to simmer for a further 3 minutes.

Stir the monkfish and the fresh and smoked salmon into the cooled white sauce.

TO MAKE UP LASAGNE

Pour half of the tomato mixture onto the base of a buttered oven proof dish. Place a layer of lasagne on top. Pour half the fish sauce over. Place a layer of lasagne next. Pour on remainder of tomato sauce followed by rest of fish sauce. Top with la-

sagne. Add 25g of parmesan to white sauce. Pour over the lasagne. Mix remaining parmesan and nutmeg together and scatter over the top.
Bake the lasagne at 180deg. Centigrade (850F; Gas 4) for 30-35 minutes until golden and bubbling.

GARNISH

Salmon Roses: Roll up each of the 5 strips of smoked salmon separately so as to get a rose effect. Arrange each on top of lasagne. Finish off each rose with 2 bay leaves.



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Social Services- JUBILEE CONGRATULATIONS

Just over twenty five years ago, a small group of ladies came together at the Courthouse, Kinvara, in order to provide a meal and entertainment for the pensioners of the parish. So was launched what everybody knows today as the Senior Citizen's Christmas Party. There to manage and direct the activities were: Bridie Corless, M.C., assisted by Mrs Bridget Keane, Rose Cottage, Cartron, (R.I.P.), her daughters Mary and Frances, her son Joe, Jenny Bugg, Dungora, (R.I.P.), Maureen and Anne Connolly. Main St., Kieran Moylan and Tiffy Moylan (R.I.P.) were there to provide the music and song; so were Ritchie Johnston (R.I.P.), Gerry Ryan, Fr. Paddy Flatley, Donagh Forde and Phylis Forde.

In the early seventies, the Muintir na Tire members - who were now sponsoring the Christmas Party - realised that the Courthouse was unsuitable for the large numbers attending. This and the problems of taking cooked food from Bridie Corless's House (where it was prepared) to the Courthouse had its drawbacks. Thomas Donlon and Fr. Brendan Kelly C.C., approached the sisters at Seamount College to ask permission to hold the party at the college premises. The sisters kindly agreed to the request, and not alone did they accommodate those attending the party, they also played a major role in cooking and presenting the meal. Members of Kinvara Youth Club, who were very community aware, assisted with the meals and entertained with song and dance.

In 1975, Kinvara Muintir Community Council, as part of community activity, established a Social Services sub-committee. Donal Barry was appointed chairman and its first secretary was Moya MacEoin. Amongst its first members were Dr. Peter Joyce, District Nurse Elizabeth Johnston (R.I.P.), and Fr. Michael Brennan C.C. The sub-committee was later affiliated to South Galway Social Services.

Amongst its principal activities were the organising of the Christmas Party, the annual outing for the Senior Citizens, and the discreet assistance to the needy of the parish.

During all those years Bridie Corless played a major role in organising the Christmas Party, and on 17th January 1993 eighty of Kinvara's Senior Citizens were entertained at the Community Centre to a special 25th Anniversary Dinner. There was a special 25th Birthday Cake, and making presentations on behalf of the Community Council was its Honorary Secretary Stan MacEoin. He highly praised Bridie for her great services rendered to the Senior Citizens. Her crowning glory came when the election results for Mayor were announced by the returning officer Paddy Geraghty. Bridie was at the head of the poll and declared Lady Mayor of Kinvara for 1993. Donal Barry - long serving Chairman of Social Services - was elected Lord Mayor. Kieran Moylan - ex N.T. and former chairman of the Community Council -

received a presentation for outstanding services to the community: Mrs Margaret Picker was honoured for her dedication in having the day room at the Centre ready for the Monthly Mass. In 1992, a new honour was conferred on Paddy Geraghty - Person of the Year - and in 1993 this award was given to Mary O'Shaughnessy. There was a special word of thanks to all those hard working ladies and men who helped to make the party an outstanding success: the musicians and the choir, Partners Restaurant, Johnston's Hostel, the many past members of Muintir na Tire, the Community Councillors, and Seamount College for kindly giving use of their premises over the years. Thanks too went to all the priests who helped with the Social Services and who celebrated the Monthly Mass for the Senior Citizens: Frs. Francis Larkin, Christopher O'Connor, Brendan Kelly, Richard Tarpey, Thomas Lyons, Michael Brennan, Patrick Callanan, Martin Keane and Enda Glynn. Regular visitors down the years to the Senior Citizens parties were Bernard Canon Mulkerrins P.P. and his successor Michael Canon O'Connor P.P.



L to R: Mary O'Shaughnessy, Treasurer of Kinvara Social Services making a presentation to Bridie Corless and Donal Barry, "Lady Mayoress and Mayor of Kinvara" 1993 at the Anniversary Christmas Party in Kinvara.

The present officers of the Social Services are :

- Chairman: Paddy Geraghty
- Hon. Secretary: Ann Kavanagh
- Asst. Secretary: Maureen Heffernan
- Treasurer: Mary O'Shaughnessy
- Community Care Representatives: Dr. Peter Joyce
- Public Health Nurse: Mary O'Connor
- Committee: Martha Kelly; Bridie Corless; Donal Barry.

January 1994 Kinvara Social Services Chairman, Paddy Geraghty, extends sincere thanks to the Community Council who - on behalf of the community - presented him with a scroll commemorating his many years of service to so many worthy organisations in the parish. Paddy would also like to correct the impression - given to many readers of the local press - that he is retiring from Community service, he assures everyone that he intends to continue to serve the community in his usual way for many years to come D.V.



*Jenny Bugg
and
Bridie Corless.*

NOTE - FOR ANY FUTURE HISTORIANS:

Thomas Quinn of Crushoa has a recording of the 25th Anniversary party on video.



"On The Dance Floor". L to r: Ritchie Johnson, Jenny Bugg and Thomas Donlon.



Taken at the Christmas Party in the Sixties. L to R: Bridgie Fox, Kinvara; Kate McInerney, Aughinish; Tommy Keave, Aughinish; Stephen Donohoe, Funchion; Martin Connolly, Gortaboy; May Hanlon, Carrownamadra (behind Martin Connolly); Willie Quinn,; Maisie McCormack, Cartron; Tommie Quinn, Crushoa; and Bartley Mogan, Moy (in the chair).



"The Ladies Who Got Things Done in the Courthouse" Row 1 to r: Francis Keane, Bridget Keane, Jenny Bugg, Bridie Corless and Phylis Forde. Seated front: Mary Keane, Maureen Connolly.

Kinvara Credit Union

by Toddie Byrne

They said it wouldn't happen, yet it did. Thanks to the dedication and perseverance of 18 people who met once a week in 1991, familiarising themselves with the aims and rules of the Credit Union Movement. The Kinvara & District Credit Union was set up embracing an area stretching from Clarenbridge to Ballyvaughan. Since it first opened for business on February 28th 1992 some 300 members have invested £70,000 in share capital, and close on £55,000 has been made available in loans. This is considered to be tremendous progress in its initial stages and augurs well for the future branch.

The Credit Union is managed by a board of directors whose officers are elected at an Annual General Meeting. The directors meet on a monthly basis to formulate policy and hear reports from supervisory, credit, promotional, and credit control committees. Many other matters are dealt with, from the timing of business hours to the consideration of computerising book-keeping work. Members attend Chapter Meetings, Annual General Meetings of the Irish League of Credit Unions, and courses run on various aspects of the Credit Union. All this work is carried out on a voluntary basis and Directors are bound to strict confidentiality in relation to members' business.

Membership of Kinvara & District Credit Union is confined to those who either work or live within what is termed the common bond, stretching from Ballyvaughan to Clarenbridge via New Quay, Corker, Doorus, Kinvara, Ballindereen, Ardrahan, Kiltiernan and Kilcolgan. There is no age limit, but to obtain voting rights members must have reached their sixteenth birthday. There is an entrance fee of £1. for adults. To become a full member with voting rights, the person must hold £ shares valued £5 - the maximum shareholding is £6,000. Irrespective of value of shares or deposits, each fully qualified member is entitled to one vote. Perhaps the most unique attribute of Credit Union membership is that each member is not just a depositor or loan

recipient, but a co-owner of a local business, striving through saving, to help people to help themselves. It is community action of the highest order. It is significant too that a parish which became actively involved in the Muintir na Tire self-help movement in the 1950's (and is still involved through its local Community Council) should now in the 1990's embark on a new phase of community development.

All share savings in Kinvara & District Credit Union are covered by Central Fidelity Insurance. Thus savers can rest assured that their money is guaranteed completely secure. It is hoped that the Credit Union will be in a position to pay a dividend (which will be free of D.I.R.T. Tax) at the end of the present financial year. Withdrawals may be made at will.

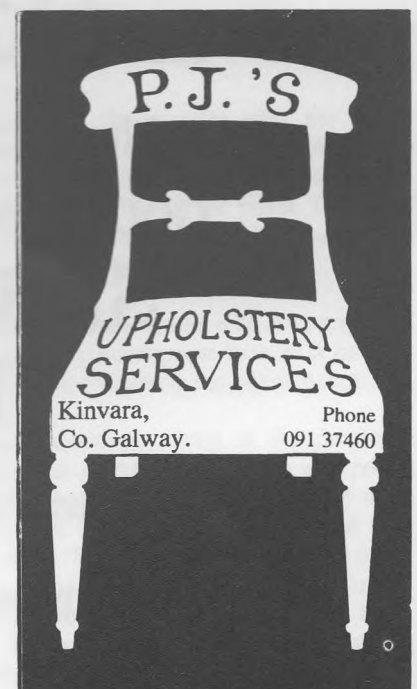
It is in the area of loans that the Credit Union enjoys complete superiority over financial institutions. A recent heading in a national newspaper summed it up in its headline "Credit Union Remains the Best Way to Borrow Money. Interest on Loans Charged at APR of 12.6% Compared With Commercial Rates of Around 21.5%." Credit Union loans provide access to Credit for those who can not otherwise afford it. They also provide cheap credit for those who can. Some members borrow to carry out home improvements, others to pay for holidays or car insurance. A highly commendable feature of the Credit Union is the automatic life and loan protection insurance on the lives of members at no extra cost. When an insurable member dies, so does his or her debt. Also, if a member aged under 55 dies with savings of say £3000, the next of kin receive £6,000 from the Credit Union. It should be pointed out, however, that life savings cover decreases in value between the ages of 55 and 70 at which age it ceases.

Any account of the Credit Union Movement would be incomplete without reference to its origin and its worldwide growth. In the early part of the 19th century, widely publicised co-operative experiments were carried out in Britain. The example and principles of societies such as the Rochdale Pioneers profoundly influenced the co-operative movement in many countries of

the world. The founding of the first practical co-operative credit (society services) was made by a Prussian, Hermann Schulze, in 1850. It was he who gave us the principle that loans should be based on the character of the person borrowing, rather than on collateral or mortgages. Another basic principle was open membership. Schultze stressed democratic control of his peoples banks. The supreme authority was the general meeting of the entire membership, which followed the practice of only one vote for each shareholder, regardless of the number of shares held. Another German, Raiffeisen, organised a credit union movement that insisted on Christian principles rather than the economic self-sufficiency of Schulze's, and thus enjoyed a much larger growth. From Germany the idea spread to other European countries, and was not long in reaching the United States and Canada.

The first Credit Union in Ireland was founded in 1958, by Nora Herlihy, one of a band of people whose vision, courage and tenacity led to the growth of the movement. Since then it has attracted 1.3million members with share holdings worth £1.1billion.

(Continued on page 15)



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THE FUNNY SIDE

An American teacher of English and History compiled some "student bloopers" he'd been given from exam papers. Here are a few that may raise a laugh.

"The inhabitants of Egypt were called mummies. They lived in the Sarah Desert and travelled by camelot....certain areas of the desert are cultivated by irritation. The Egyptians built the Pyramids in the shape of a huge triangular cube. The Pyramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain."

"The Bible is full of interesting caricatures.

In the first book of the Bible, Guinnesses, Adam and Eve were created from an apple tree. One of their children, Cain, asked "Am I my brother's son?" God asked Abraham to sacrifice Isaac on Mount Montezuma. Jacob, son of Isaac, stole his brother's birthmark. Jacob was a patriarch who brought up his twelve sons to be patriarchs, but they did not take to it. One of Jacob's sons, Joseph, gave refuse to the Israelites."

"Pharaoh forced Hebrew slaves to make bread without straw. Moses led them to the red Sea, where they made unleavened bread, which is bread made without any

ingredients. Afterwards, Moses went up on Mount Cyanide to get the Ten Commandments. David was a Hebrew king skilled at playing the liar. He fought with the Philatelists, a race of people who lived in Biblical times. Solomon, one of David's sons had 500 wives and 500 porcupines."

"Without the Greeks we wouldn't have history. The Greeks invented three kinds of columns - Corinthian, Doric and Ionic. They also had myths. A myth is a female moth."

"Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock."

"Then came the Middle Ages. King Alfred conquered the Dames, King Arthur lived in the Age of Shivery, King Harlod mustarded his troops before the Battle of Hastings, Joan of Arc was cannonised by George Bernard Shaw, and the victims of the Black Death grew boobs on their necks. Finally the Magna Carta provided that no free man should be hanged twice for the same offence."

"Abraham Lincoln became America's greatest President. Lincoln's mother died in infancy, and he was born in a log cabin which he built with his own hands. When Lincoln was president he wore only a tall silk hat. He said "In onion there is strength". Abraham Lincoln wrote the Gettysburg address while travelling from Washington to Gettysburg on the back of an envelope.....On the night of April 14th 1865, Lincoln went to the theater and got shot in his seat by one of the actors in a moving picture show. The believed assassinator was John Wilkes Booth, a supposedly insane actor. This ruined Booth's career."

Signing the register after the Wedding ceremony, the best man was having some difficulty with the ball point pen. "Put your weight on it." said the priest. The best man duly signed: Pat Murphy (ten stone and four pounds).

A husband is a man who after emptying an ash tray manages to look as if he had just finished cleaning the whole house.

A missionary deep in the jungle came across a witch doctor who was pounding his drum furiously. "What's the matter?" asked the missionary with some trepidation. "We have no water" replied the witch doctor. "Oh, I see" said the missionary, "so you're praying for rain?" "No, I'm not" replied the witch doctor, "I'm sending for the plumber."

Credit Union

(Continued from page 13)

There are now 516 Credit Unions in Ireland, ranging from small organisations with a few hundred members, to very large ones with several thousand. Kinvara & District Credit Union is one of the youngest, fast growing Unions.

You too can be part of this community movement.

The following are the members of the Board of Directors for 1993:

Chairman	Michael Organ
Vice Chairman	Paul O'Connor
Secretary	Ailbhe O'Rourke
Ass. Secretary	Breda Kilkelly
Treasurer	Peter Greene
Ass. Treasurers	Sheila Conneely

Sean Shannon, Toddie Byrne,
Maureen Heffernan

Other Directors Brendan Leech
Philip O'Connor, Marian Connolly,
Michael MacMahon, Pauline Keane,
Paddy Geraghty.

Supervisory Committee Mary
O'Shaughnessy, Canon Michael O'Connor
Paddy Kavanagh

OPENING HOURS

KINVARA (New premises adjacent to
Community Centre)
Fridays 7.30pm - 9.00pm
Sundays 11.30am - 1.00pm

BALLYVAUGHAN (Community Hall)
Saturdays after evening mass

NEW QUAY (Church)
Sundays 11.30 a.m. - 12.15 p.m.

BALLINDEREEN (School)
Saturdays after evening mass.

The Mystery of Miss Jane Le Fou and the de Basterot family of Duras

A few years ago when I was researching the material that eventually resulted in a small book called 'Kinvara History: A Family Affair' I several times came across the name of a Miss Jane Le Fou in the records relating to Doorus. Because the name was obviously French I suspected she must have had some connection with the principal family that had settled in Doorus during the last decade of the 19th century, that of the de Basterots, who came originally from Bourdeaux in the south of France.

Her name appeared three times in the records I was dealing with. In the Tithe Applotment Book for the parish of Kinvaradoorus, compiled in 1826, Miss Jane Le Foue (different spelling of proper names are frequent in earlier records) is described as living at Milltown Kinturla. Although Kinturla is still used by local people, today this narrow bit of land is also called Rineen.

In the list of inhabitants of the parish compiled by the Rev. Thomas Kelly, Administrator of the Parish, in 1834, we find our second reference to Miss La Fou, once again said to be living in Kinturla. Finally, Griffith's Valuation of Rateable Property, a countrywide survey conducted during the 1850s, lists Jane Le Fou's address as Doorus Mills.

The consistent identification of Jane Le Fou with this particular area from 1826 to the mid-1850s provided further evidence that a connection of some kind existed between this mysterious Frenchwoman and the de Basterot family. At the end of the Kinturla/Rineen peninsula stands the now dangerously decayed two-storey tidal mill that was owned and operated by the O'Dea family of Kinvara as recently as fifty years ago.

High up on the wall of the mill is a square stone plaque carrying the inscription "B.B.,

1804". There can be no doubt that this refers to the first of the de Basterot family - Bartholomew - whose marriage to Francis French, daughter of James French of Doorus, in 1770 began the association of the Bourdeaux family with Doorus, an association that only ended in 1904 with the death of Count Florimond de Basterot, the last representative of both the French and de Basterot lines.

That seemed as far as one could go in discovering who Jane Le Fou was.

One of the most important sources of information for the families of any parish in Ireland are the local graveyards. And the house where I live is just down the road from Doorus graveyard, in which are the ruins of a late medieval church as well as the impressive monumental tomb of the de Basterot family, containing details of the births and deaths of four generations of de Basterot men and their wives, as well as the last generation of the French family into which Bartholomew married.

On New Year's Day of last year, as the day was a good one, I decided to take a walk and I found my steps leading me, as they often do, in the direction of the old graveyard. As I made my way across the overgrown and treacherously uneven ground towards the de Basterot tomb my attention was taken by what looked like a flat tombstone in the angle adjoining the tomb, right up against the wall of the ruined church.

Curious, because I had never noticed it before, I knelt down and began to gently scrape grass away from the grey stone slab. Gradually I realised that what I was uncovering was indeed a large, flat grave-stone - approximately 6 feet long and about 3 feet wide. On it was a lengthy inscription, but, because it had been covered over with dirt and grass for who knows how long, it was very difficult to read.

Intrigued, I took some wet grass and carefully began to rub it over the deeply-incised letters. I must admit to a mounting sense of excitement as the inscription - bit by bit - revealed its mystery:

"To the Memory of Miss Jane Le Fou/Born near Lesp-(the rest of the name was impossible to make out due to weathering of the limestone) in France in 1765/deceased at Duras Mills on the 25th of January 1870 in her one hundred and fifth year".

At last I had tangible evidence of the mysterious Miss Le Fou, indeed the best sort of her gravestone. On an intuition, I next decided to pay a call on Patrick and Agnes O'Connor of Traught, whose own house, by happy coincidence, is actually one of the old outbuildings, converted long ago, of the original de Basterot house at Neptune Vale. I had found Patrick and Agnes to be a mine of information about the local history of Doorus.

From them I learned that Miss Le Fou's memory was not altogether forgotten. Apparently her grave was the first on that side - the eastern side - of the old church, and that it was remembered because up to that time the local lads had been in the practice of using the flat side of the church wall to play handball! I was also told that Miss Le Fou had ended her days not at Doorus Mills in Kinturla but in a house in a breen that runs north-south about a quarter of a mile east of the graveyard.

Research, in my experience anyway, is often full of happy coincidences. And one of these now fell into place. A few years previous to my discovery of Miss Le Fou's tomb I had met Micheal O'Dea, a nephew of John Joe O'Dea of Kinvara, whose family were the last to own Doorus Mills, which, it will be remembered, was originally built by Bartholomew de Basterot and which was Miss Le Fou's own 'address' until at least the mid-1850s. Michael is a lecturer in the French Department in University College Dublin and he has an interest in the history of Kinvara for many years.

Michael told me that he had read a copy of Count Florimond de Basterot's privately-printed autobiography, 'Souvenirs d'enfance et de jeunesse', (which roughly translates as 'Recollections of My Childhood and Infancy'), published in 1896, and had taken notes from it. I had asked him if he would send them to me. I had mentioned

(Continued on page 17)

KINVARA SWIMMING CLUB

The club continues to serve the community by organising six classes a week. There is a class for adults on Wednesday evenings, and on Saturdays there are three classes for children in the morning and two life saving classes in the evening. In total over three hundred learners are taught swimming and life saving every week.

The Cranny Swim School, which was established by the Connacht Branch of the Irish Amateur Swimming Association on being proposed by Kinvara, continues to draw potential swimming teachers from as far afield as Dublin and Cork every Easter. The week long school has been tutored in recent years by Finbar Roughan (Cork), Stan Mac Eoin (Kinvara), and Caroline Moynihan (Ballinasloe), and the pupils for

the class are drawn from Kinvara, Kilbeacanty, Clarinbridge and Galway City.

At the beginning of the Summer, the Club ran swimming courses for children from Coldwood, Fanore, Ballindereen, Kilbeacanty and Ballyturn National Schools. The Club hopes that at some time, an enlightened Minister for Education will ensure that swimming becomes part of the curriculum in schools, as it is in the UK, Denmark, Germany and most other countries in the EC. In the meantime, Kinvara Swimming Club is committed to teaching swimming skills to as many children as possible.

The membership of the Swimming Club is at an all time high. It is clear that there is demand for more classes than instructors can provide at present. Though we now have six active, fully qualified swimming instructors, two highly regarded life saving instructors from Clarinbridge - John Curley and Pat O Loan (plus about ten Assistants) and a number of others attending third level college who are occasionally available, we could do with many more. Once again, we suggest to adults who are settled in Kinvara and who learned swimming with the Club to consider volunteering their services with a view to doing courses leading to a qualification in teaching swimming.

The Club asks parents to stress to their children the importance of safety at all times - while waiting for the swimming bus, when on the bus, when getting off, when in the dressing room and pool and above all, children must obey instructors. Soap and shampoo should not be used in the showers. Glass bottles must never be brought to the pool. Neither the Club nor the pool management can accept any responsibility for loss or theft. Watches, jewellery, money and other items of value should not, therefore, be brought to the pool.

Kinvara Swimming Club is grateful for the continued efficient care and instruction given by the dedicated band of voluntary instructors and helpers, both adults and students, who supervise and teach the children every Saturday. The reliability, consistency and dedication are hardly matched anywhere else. As the IASA celebrates its centenary year, Kinvara Swimming Club can feel proud of its contribution to the promotion of swimming skills in the community at large.

The Mystery of Miss Jane Le Fou and the de Basterot family of Duras *(Continued from page 16)*

the mysterious Miss Le Fou to him, and he said he thought there was a reference to her in the notes he had taken.

Dovetailing neatly with my discovery, Michael's letter has enabled me to finally solve the mystery of this long-lived lady. Michael wrote:

"The following passage answers the question as to the identity of 'Jane La Fou' - it should be LaFon - in the parish record of 1834, and gives a curious picture of life at Neptunevale: "His (i.e. Bartholomew's) household at Neptunevale was quite odd. At his table he had the idiot Martin Joseph French*, who, it must be said, was quiet and somnolent; a natural daughter whom he had by a Bourdeaux working girl during his first widowhood - the daughter was called Helene de Basterot [Bartholomew's second wife was Marguerite Ursale de Sans, who was born in Santo Domingo, and who died in 1795, the year before he arrived in Ireland]; a Frenchwoman, Mlle Jeanne LaFon, initially his second wife's companion, who had become the indispensable member of the company...finally, his sister Felicite, whose head was almost as distracted as Martin Joseph's."

So at last my mysterious Frenchwoman had become more than a name. Since discovering all the above a friend of mine, who lectures at a university in Paris, has begun to translate the Irish sections of Count Florimond's autobiography, and he and I are planning to publish portions of this in the next edition of "Tracht". I suspect that more information about Miss

LeFon, as we must now call her, is to be found in its pages, along with other details of the French/de Basterot family and their connection with Kinvara and Doorus.

But even in the absence of any more detailed information, it is fascinating to imagine what kind of life this woman must have had - born over twenty years before the French Revolution, transplanted to the West of Ireland in the last decade of the 18th century, a witness to the troubled decades of the early and mid-19th century, including the Great Famine, and living on into the dawn of the modern age of railways, the Land League and the beginnings of the Parnellite movement, and, at the end of an unusually long life - "in her one hundred and fifth year", finding her last resting place in a small country graveyard on the shores of Galway Bay. What an extraordinarily varied life it must have been!

*Note: Michael O'Dea's letter provides an explanation as to Martin Joseph's identity. He writes: "James French had promised a substantial dowry for Fanny (500,000 francs). Only a few installments were paid. He had two sons who survived him; one, James, died soon afterwards; the other, Martin Joseph, was an idiot. Florimond writes: "It was as guardian [of Martin Joseph], as natural heir, and as creditor of the 500,000f dowry...that my grandfather, Jacques de Basterot, obtained possession of Duras in 1796 after a case that lasted several years."

J.W. O'Connell



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the exhibition

It was a Thursday evening in late August and Paul was sitting in his flat reading the paper. It was very quiet there and looking at his watch he saw it was only seven o'clock. Outside the setting sun was still warm and people were enjoying a stroll along the path by the river. In the park others rested on the wooden seats, nearby some children played with their dog, chasing each other around a big beech tree.

Paul finished the paper and seeing the nice evening outside decided to go for a walk instead of staying in on his own. He took his blue jumper off the back of the chair and threw it across his shoulders and headed off in the direction of the park. He had been there before, on the Sunday afternoons when he hadn't gone home for the weekend.

The river skirted the edge of the park and he walked along the path at a leisurely pace. On his right a group of lads were kicking a football about and the laughs and shouts as they called good humoured advice to each other reminded him of the times he and the lads he shared a flat with did the same. As he watched them, he thought back over the past eighteen months and all the changes that had taken place.

He had shared a flat with the three lads for over two years, when he was offered the chance to go to America for a year on a special course for his computer company. It was a manufacturing outlet here and he was to go over to the company's head office where the main factory was. While there, he had enjoyed the challenge of learning new methods. He had been looked after very well by his new work-mates, shown the sights, museums and galleries and some of the best shows and plays.

Back home again it meant a promotion and an increase in salary. While he had been away he had kept in touch with the lads, but they had changes in their lives too. Bobby had got a transfer to the bank in Ennis; he was from North Clare. Pat had got married and was now living on the other side of the city. Tom had changed jobs and was now working in Cork and had got engaged two months ago.

They had got on well together, so weekends and holiday times were always busy and there was never a dull moment. They went to hurling and football matches. When there was a birthday party in any of the families they were all invited, and there had even been a few wedding invitations, and in that way they got to know most of each others family members. In return there was always a spare bed in the flat if someone was in Dublin for an interview or up shopping for the weekend. They had spent weekends and sometimes whole holidays at each others homes and always enjoyed themselves. He remembered especially the last time he and Bobby had a weeks holiday together. They stayed at Bobby's home but spent the days in the Burren, some days cycling for miles, others staying in one place and enjoying the beauty and tranquility of the area.

Bobby knew the area very well, the quiet roads, the short cuts across mountains and the best vantage-points. He even made Paul climb a mountain with him. It was called Abbey Hill and from the top there was a magnificent view, where one could see for miles into the distance and the Atlantic Ocean. Bobby brought his friends here to show them "the real Burren," he said. That afternoon they sat up there for hours just looking and enjoying the peace and quiet all around them.

At night there was always music - fiddles, concertinas and tin whistles - either in Bobby's home or their neighbour's, and Paul heard stories and folklore that had been handed down from generation to generation. It had been a wonderful week - a week to remember forever.

He had now walked past the end of the park and out to the open country. The river path was still there. As he walked on he came to a small bridge and on the other side there was some building work going on. He crossed over to look at it. It was a small housing development of eight houses, most of them nearly completed. The stonework and their colour gave them a rustic look. They all had gardens, front and back, and there were some mature birch trees for-

ming a natural boundary around the houses. While there was a feeling of close community, there was more than a touch of seclusion and privacy.

A couple were being shown one of the houses by a middle aged man. After they left, he came over to where Paul was standing and introduced himself as John Kelly, the selling agent. Paul explained that he was out walking and just happened to come this way and stopped to look at the houses. They talked for a while and, as this couple were his last appointment that evening, John offered to show Paul the houses. He accepted, and as they walked around John told him all the details about prices and loans.

When they were finished it was getting dark, and as John would pass Paul's flat on his way home, he offered him a lift. Paul thanked him and later when he was getting out of the car, John gave him some written details about the houses and his phone number, "Just in case," he said, with a smile.

The following day at work, he saw a poster on the notice board about a photographic exhibition which was being held at a gallery in the city centre. It was of photos taken in the Burren and surrounding area and as he had such fond memories from his holiday there, he decided to visit the exhibition the next day.

The gallery was bright and airy, giving it the appearance of being bigger than it was. There was a coffee area at the end of it and a stairs leading up to a small display area. There was a large crowd there and as he entered a girl gave him a catalogue.

The photos were all in black and white, yet they showed the perfection and beauty to the best detail. The photographer was not just showing places of interest, but also giving a personal selection of images from a unique landscape. They included rocks, trees, flowers, old ruins and even some wild goats. They were set off by a white surround and framed in aluminium, its silvery grey blending in so well with the Burren colour scheme.

Paul opened his catalogue and studied the names and places as he went from picture to picture. Then he came on one that was of a mountain. He looked again. Yes, it was the very one - Abbey Hill - that he had climbed with Bobby, and beside it was a photo taken from the top with the same

TIDY TOWNS

Kinvara Tidy Towns is a sub committee of Kinvara Community Council Ltd.

For the ninth year in a row, Kinvara has retained its position of first place in Category B in Co. Galway in the National Competitions and took fourth place in Category A of the County Council Competition - Prize £250.

Great credit is due to all the hard working people who did so much to improve the appearance of the town and approach roads.

Below is a summary of the 1993 Tidy Towns Progress Report. The report is divided into categories and shows the maximum marks for each one, followed by the marks awarded in 1992 and 1993.

EFFORT - MAX 45 - 1992, 36 - 1993
We were commended on many worthwhile improvements, particularly the new stone wall building. With the tackling of a more problems "Kinvara would have a opportunity to gain the top award."

TIDINESS - MAX 40 - 1992, 25 - 1993

An accumulation of litter on the approach roads marred the neat and tidy description given to the rest of the town. More attention is to be paid to weeding, particularly of the approach areas and yards.

PRESENTATION OF BUILDINGS - MAX 40 - 1992, 34 - 1993, 35

Owners of freshly painted premises, business and residential, are congratulated for suitable use of bright colours and the restoration of shop fronts. The derelict buildings that have been suitably painted were also appreciated. However, some neglected sheds and derelict buildings were criticised. The castle is noted as a good landmark.

PRESENTATION OF NATURAL AMENITIES - MAX 50 - 1992, 33 - 1993, 34

Comments good and bad on the harbour square and other open spaces emphasising their amenity value.

APPEARANCE OF APPROACH ROADS - MAX 45 - 1992, 25 - 1993, 26

Commendations for new stone walls, road side margins and street furniture were balanced by the negative effect of old walls not maintained, an abandoned trailer and rusty gates.

PRESENTATION OF RESIDENTIAL AREAS - MAX 30 - 1992, 18 - 1993, 19

A good impression was given of residential buildings and the efforts of some owners appreciated, but there are some weedy areas and some houses in need of painting.

Litter in the town is a particular problem. Please put every effort into improving the town throughout each month of the year for the benefit of everyone. With more community spirit, Kinvara's attractive appearance could be the justified pride of all residents.

Paddy Geraghty, Chairman, Kinvara.

THE EXHIBITION

(Continued from page 19)

magnificent view all the way out to the sea. He stood back from the pictures so that he could see the two of them together, and as he did so he bumped into someone, a girl. He turned around apologising and looked straight into the bluest eyes he had ever seen. They reminded him of summer cornflowers and now they were twinkling in a smile.

He explained about looking at the pictures of the mountain and, on showing it to her, said he had climbed it once when on holiday. She smiled on seeing it and said she had climbed it too. They laughed at the coincidence and decided to have a coffee and discuss their climbing adventures.

The two of them sat at a table in a quiet corner near the stairs and she told Paul her family lived on the brink of the Burren and that she had trained as a nurse in London. She was now back six months and working in a city hospital. Her name was Mary Teresa McMahon. He told her he was from Athlone and his name was Paul Connolly. He talked about his work and finished with details of his holiday in Clare with his friend Bobby, and his family. She laughed then and said it was a small world and explained that she was Bobby's sister, better known as Maureen to the family at home, to distinguish her from her mother who was also called Mary Teresa. Paul had not met her before as she was away in London nursing when he was there on holiday.

They finished their coffee and had another look around at the pictures. There were not many people in the gallery now, so they went slowly from picture to picture with Maureen telling Paul about the places she especially liked. They left the gallery and walked out into the street. It was late afternoon now and only two hours since they had met, yet they were talking and laughing like old friends.

They walked to the bus stop and waited for Maureen's bus to come. She was off duty at two o'clock the next day and agreed to meet Paul. They arranged to meet at the hospital and go for a drive to the mountains and have a meal on the way back. His car was in the garage for service, but would be ready later that evening. Her bus came then and as she waved goodbye, she gave him that special smile again.

At last Paul's bus arrived and on his way home, he sat on the upper deck and thought back over the afternoon and the way things had turned out. He suddenly found himself looking forward to tomorrow and meeting Maureen again. He glanced out of the window as he passed the new houses with the birch trees and he made a mental note to look up that selling agent again and have a chat with him. He had a feeling that his days of single living in a flat would soon be over, and he was looking forward to that very much.

M.C.C.

Muintir na Tire

by Paddy Geraghty

Muintir na Tire - Founded by John Canon Hayes, 1937 - is Ireland's National Community Development Organisation for self-help and self-reliance, and for the social, economic, recreational and cultural development of local communities. Head Office is in Tipperary Town.

Irish Communities in Action. Kinvara Community Council Ltd. is a constituent unit of the National Organisation of Muintir Na Tire. Kinvara was represented at the National Conference, held in Athlone, by Thomas P. Corless, Marian Connolly and Paddy Geraghty.

Its future role and the contribution to rural development which Muintir made over the past 55 years was discussed. Mr Michael Lynch, President, told the conference that the national organisation of Muintir will be given representation on the Monitoring Committee of the EC LEADER initiative for rural development. Mr. Michael Lynch, President, and Sean Hegarty, P.R.O., showed a special in Kinvara and gave a warm welcome to our delegates.

Mr Lynch said, "Muintir na Tire will survive because we so badly need people working together in harmony for the common good of all. Our country badly needs a strong community movement because at the moment there is a very fragmented community action situation existing throughout the country which is not helping matters. In addition, there is a most uneven spread of this action. I am not condemning any of these groups; indeed great effort and energy is being displayed by them, even though their structures can vary greatly and indeed their aims."

"Many groups also are just set up to help one section within a community, e.g. a limited form of tourism, and this also leads to fragmentation or division within a community. The Muintir approach of an all

embracing community effort is, in many cases, sadly lacking and must be restored. If we get the help, both from within and without, this can be achieved."

Referring to his visit to Galway and Mayo, he said, "There are many development groups or associations of one kind or another." But he felt that in all cases a representative Community Council would be much more effective.

"My overall impression is that the need for a full-time Muintir Community Development Officer for the whole area is greater than ever."

The following are the officers of Kinvara Muintir na Tire Community Council:

President:	Michael Canon O'Connor
Chair:	Kathleen Kenny
Vice Chair:	Toddy Byrne
Secretary:	Eoin Brown
Asst. Sec:	Stan Mac Eoin

Treasurer: Maureen Heffernan
Asst. Treasurer: Mary O'Shaughnessy
FAS Supervisor: Marian Connolly
P.R.O.: Paddy Geraghty

Representatives of other groups and associations in the parish are welcome - and indeed encouraged - to attend the monthly meetings of Kinvara Community Council Ltd. These are held on the 3rd Thursday of each month.

Does Kinvara need Community Alert?

We do not have too much crime but from time to time, criminals come among us and create havoc and trauma. Muintir na Tire, in conjunction with the Garda Siochana, has inaugurated Community Alert to help protect the most vulnerable in our society - the old and those living alone. An added incentive to having Community Alert is that some insurance companies allow 5p.c.

(Continued on page 22)



Kinvara Community Councillors at the Muintir na Tire Conference in Athlone. Left to right: Thomas P. Corless, Marian Connolly and Paddy Geraghty.

(Continued from page 21)

discount on premiums for house insurance where the scheme is in operation.

Community Alert has three main objectives:

1. Taking measures to reassure the elderly of the community's concern for their welfare and to allay their fears.

2. Giving them advice and guidance and involving them in crime prevention measures and on security procedures.

3. Raising the level of alertness of **everyone** in the community, and especially the elderly themselves, to any person or persons or vehicles acting suspiciously and taking steps to inform the local Gardai.

If you are interested in helping Community Alert in Kinvara, speak to any member of the Community Council or the Garda Síochána.

THE LATE TOMAS ROSEINGRAVE

Muintir na Tíre lost one of its greatest advocates as well as a loyal colleague and sincere friend to many of us with the death of Tomas Roseingrave on 21st August 1993. A former National Director of Muintir, he was a man who, for the last three decades, tirelessly championed the cause of the improvement of the quality of life of the people of rural Ireland.

Born in Gort, in 1918, he worked for a number of companies in Dublin in the late 30's and 40's before becoming Director of Manpower Services in the Department of Labour. At this time the Lemass government was developing its policies on industrial estates and manpower.

In 1968 he became National Director of Muintir na Tíre, and whilst in the mid 70's he had to resign this post due to pressure of other business, he continued as consultant to the organisation to the time of his death.

His love of Ireland and his concern at its decline was reflected in the many papers and reports which he wrote on Community Development. He led deputations in the fight against closures of local structures such as schools and sub-post offices and did pioneering work in the effort to establish community radio. He was vehemently opposed to the centralist approach of Government and constantly advocated the principle of subsidiarity.

In 1973 he became a member of the Economic and Social Committee of the EC and remained so until his death. He was elected President of the Committee in 1980, which

was a singular honour for Ireland, a post he filled with immense credit and dignity for two years.

His achievements in Europe were recognised in April 1982 when he was awarded the Gold Medal of the Foundation for European Merit, and in 1987 he was made a Grand Officer of the Institute for Diplomatic Relations.

A senior Research Fellow in the Social Research Centre at UCD, he also had a long association with radio and television, being remembered in particular for his participation in the television magazine programme, HOME TRUTHS.

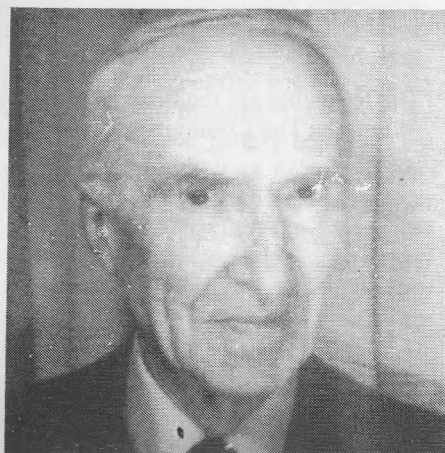
He will, however, be best remembered in Ireland for his work in Muintir na Tíre and the promotion of the Community Development Process. Disappointments there were

certainly, but he never lost faith in the Canon Hayes ideal of the love of family and the love of neighbour extending outwards and upwards into the community for the benefit of all.

Tomas was a man of rare talent, a thorough professional but one who never lost sight of the human aspect. His work was recognised at the highest level, but no matter who was "on the stage", Tomas always insisted that his own friends were in the very front row. He was kindness and courtesy itself and always had a great sense of humour.

Kinvara has good reason to be grateful to Tomas Roseingrave. He took a keen interest in our development as a community and gave practical advice and support when it was needed.

Solas na bhFlaitheas d'á anam.



JOSEPH MULDOON N.T.

On March 16 the death took place, peacefully of Mr. Joseph P. Muldoon N.T., Kinvara, one of the most remarkable men in County Galway. For close on half-a-century, he was an outstanding teacher, a prominent life-long member of the G.A.A., and a first-class Bridge player. He was 86.

Generations of young people in Kinvara will remember his avowed philosophy of education; using time at school judiciously and with constant application to climb the ladder of education to success.

Except for a few years beforehand (At Doorus N.S.) and finally (at St. Joseph's Primary N.S.), he spent most of his forty-seven teaching years in Kinvara in the Boys' National School. His wife, Sadie (nee Gardiner), also taught at the two-

teacher boy's National School, until her death at an early age in August, 1957.

Muintir na Tíre was an organisation in which he strove manfully to improve the economic and social conditions of the area. Through the local branch of the INTO he showed his concern for the welfare of National Teachers and for many years served as an officer of the Gort Branch.

Joseph Muldoon was known by all as a great family man and, following the sorrow of losing his beloved wife Sadie at an early age, he set about bringing up his family. There were eight sons and two daughters and it must be to his eternal credit they are an exemplary family. Several of them entered religion and others became teachers in schools around the country and abroad, all being held in highest regard and respect.

In a graveside oration Councillor Toddie Byrne paid tribute to Mr. Muldoon's wonderful work as a teacher in the parish and to his efforts on behalf of the G.A.A. and the community.

Kinvara G.A.A. provided a Guard of Honour on St. Patrick's Day during the removal of the remains from Corless Funeral Home, Kinvara to St. Colman's Church. The cortege respectfully paused in front of the schools where Mr. Muldoon had taught, St. Joseph's N.S. and Kinvara Boys' N.S.

CRUINNIÚ NA MBÁD

Féile Foghlama

Cruinniú na mBád has become a truly great community celebration. Friendship, hospitality, sheer joy and conviviality are tangible. These qualities are in further evidence with every year that passes.

Everything went according to plan in 1993, except the mixed currach races which had to be abandoned for lack of tide. Taobh amuigh de sin d'éirigh thar barr leis na comórtais eile go leir ar talamh agus ar muir.

In 1979 the first Cruinniú got off to an inauspicious start when the boats appeared like phantom ships coming out of the mist to tie up in the drizzly rain at the quay. For the last number of years, however, we have been blessed with excellent weather. This has added to the solemnity of our open air Mass, to the success of the boat races and to the joy experienced by whole families in Kinvara for the Saturday or Sunday afternoons.

Speakers at the official opening in the last three years have issued challenges to us as a community. In 1993 Bishop James McLaughlin said that we should look more to the sea as a source of employment; in 1992, Sean o Tuairisc of RTE suggested that we should, with the aid of appropriate state agencies, have a youth training programme in constructing traditional craft and in then learning how to use them; in 1991, Dr. John de Courcy Ireland, the country's most authoritative maritime historian, encouraged us to have a Maritime Museum in Kinvara- he saw comparable communities in Norway, France, Poland and other countries with such amenities. It will be recalled that through most of the eighties down to 1991, prominent political figures performed the official opening of Cruinniú na mBád. In truly ecumenical fashion it will be remembered that all political groupings were represented at one time or another. One thinks of Charles Haughey, Alan Dukes, Brian Lenihan, Peter Barry, Michael D Higgins, Prionsias de Rossa Dessie O'Malley and others. But it is significant that it is the ideas of the 'non-politicians' that stay most indelibly in our minds!

The horse-shoe throwing, the fancy dress, the music session on the quay, the art exhibitions, the dancing on the quay, the face painting, the air-sea rescue demonstrations - all complement and add to the enjoyment of the core events, the sailing and currach races. They add to the store of memories which will carry us through another year!

Cruinniú grew out of a desire to re-establish a link with the past. One important development of that has been An t-Amhran Beo which now attracts about thirty traditional singers, in Irish and English, every year. Initially, local singers left it all to the visitors from Connemara, other parts of Ireland and even the U.S. But now there is a realisation that we have singers that can compete with the best. There was great pride locally, when Pat Keane of Aughinish won the AIB trophy for the best singer in English in 1992; in 1993, Mrs Ellen McCooke was a popular and deserving winner of the Kinvara Credit Union award for the best local singer. Since their success, Pat has been acclaimed for performances on television and Ellen has broadcast on radio. Comhgháirdeachas leo beirt, agus ár mbuíochas doibh as amhráin

agus cultúr an cheantair seo a choinneáil beo dúinn.

Súil Siar don Tus

Cruinniú na mBád in Kinvara celebrated its 15th birthday in 1993. Its history has been a patchwork of bright colours and dark shades. The bright colours are its success - the energy and creativity it has generated, the pride in the areas heritage it has brought to fruition, the awareness of Kinvara it has spread far and wide. The shades are the toll it takes on the organisers, the personality and value clashes which occur from time to time, the occasional misunderstandings between participants and officials or organisers.

Since the first Cruinniú in 1979 there has been a considerable turnover of members. On the present committee there are only two who were on the first organising committee. Other pioneers of the festival have been forgotten in a short space of time. This can be seen from a perusal of newspapers and other media. Their perception of the beginning of the event shows a type of revisionism which will soon make the myth a reality!



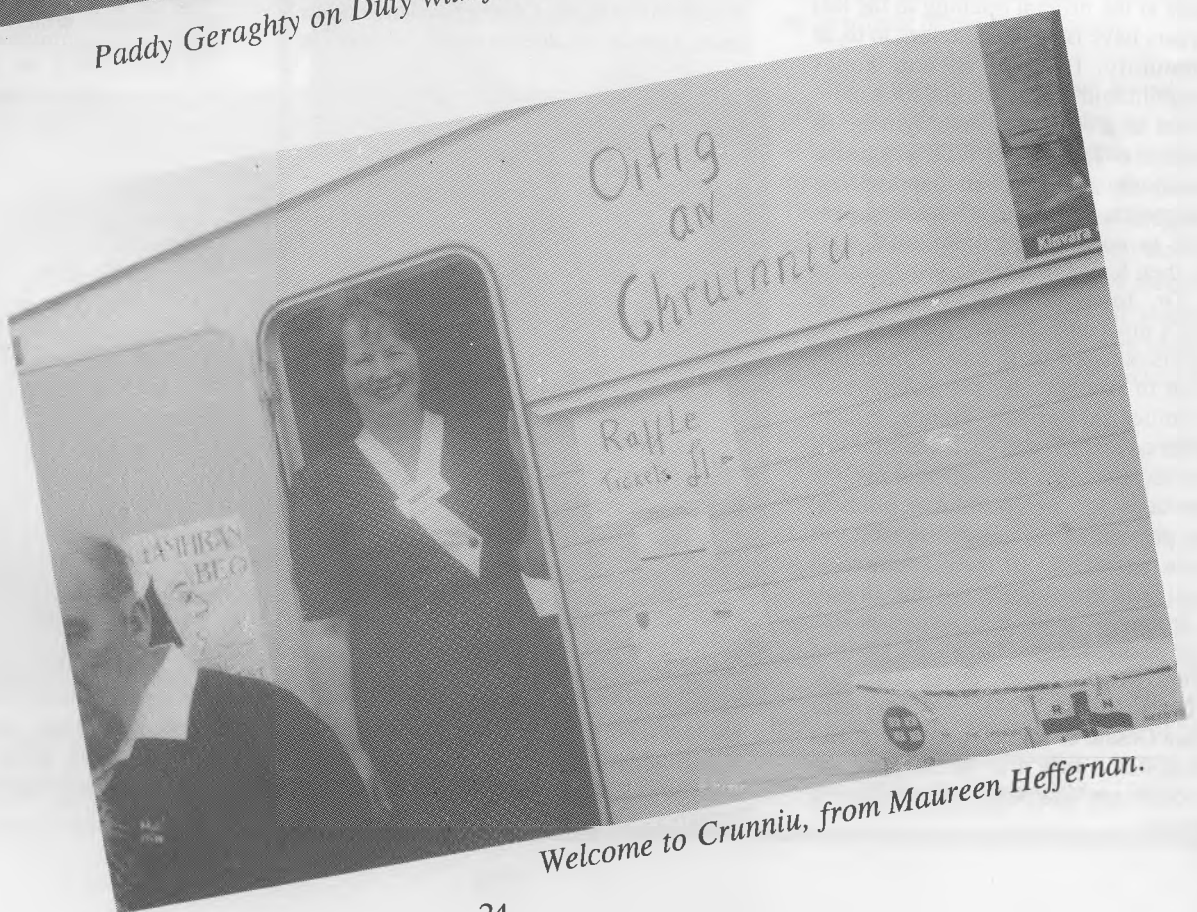
Cruinniú na mBád 1991, guest of honour Prionsias De Rossa, with Banríon, Roisin O'Shaughnessy and special guest John De Courcy Ireland, PhD, at the opening of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in the Courthouse with Stan MacEoin, Community Council and Paddy Geraghty, Cruinniú na mBád.

Cruinniu

Festival



Paddy Geraghty on Duty with fancy dress parade '93



Welcome to Cruinniu, from Maureen Heffernan.

na mBád

Parade 1993



Bishop McLoughlin with committee members Thomas P. Corless, Fr. Enda Glynn, Toddie Byrne, Maureen Heffernan, Marian Connolly, Sheila Connolly.



Banrion Cruinniu 1993 Lisa Kelly escorted by Paddy Joe Connolly and Owen Fallon.

The truth of the matter lies in the fact that many strands came together at the right moment to bring Cruinniu na mBád into existence at the time. Tony Moylan, who is widely perceived as the founder of Cruinniu na mBád, had his awareness of the former close links between Connemara and Kinvara reinforced by his frequent visits to Connemara in the course of developing his business. Kinvara Handcrafts Co-operative Society had started a boat building industry in the parish, and the master boat builder, Bill Crampton, was keenly aware of the maritime tradition of Kinvara. The only successful rural swimming club in County Galway, Kinvara Swimming Club, had, since 1969, taught hundreds of young local children to swim and there was a consequent increased interest in boating and other aquatic activities. Kinvara Community Council at the time was completing the erection of its Community Centre and was able to make it available for some very successful land events. Frequent visitors, with a high profile at the time, such as popular television star, Joe Pilkington, were captivated by the idea and gave the activists great encouragement, and a certain amount of prestige to the effort. The plight of the Vietnamese Boat People also caught the imagination at the time and, in a peculiar way, made people in Kinvara conscious that they shared a maritime heritage with people in other parts of the world.

Other forces helped to nudge the concept towards realisation. The support and organisational ability of some of the Dunguaire Castle entertainers at the time was a major factor, as was the support given to the idea by the Kinvara man who at that time was most associated with the sea, the late John Joe Conneely. The enthusiasm of the late Fr. Martin O'Grady was infectious. The artistic talent of Thomas Quinn was readily and generously made available from the outset.

Once the initial scepticism of the business community was overcome, there was great support and encouragement from that sector. One will remember that there was not the same degree of tourist activity in Kinvara during August at that time and anything which would draw more people to the town was keenly appreciated.

The Lesson

What I am trying to show is that nothing takes place in isolation. The ground has to be prepared for the seed. The climate and other conditions must be favourable for the

seed to germinate and grow to fruition. This is what has happened in the case of Cruinniu na mBád.

A further brief look at Cruinniu's history will prove this further.

At no time over its 15 year history has Cruinniu na mBád become a 'mass movement' in Kinvara. Rather it has been organised by a committee, rarely exceeding twelve active members. There have been crises. There were times when it appeared there might not be another Cruinniu - because the debts were escalating or the outgoing committee felt they could continue no longer. But there always appeared an individual or a group who recognised that Cruinniu was too valuable to let die.

Some of these functioned for only one year and then retired. But only for them, a valuable part of our heritage might have been lost. In recent years (the past six or seven) there has been a sense of permanency or confidence pertaining to the future of Cruinniu na mBád. This is largely due to the leadership qualities of two people, Marie O'Shaughnessy and Marian Connolly, and the support of a major sponsor, Murphy's Irish Stout.

And of course, Cruinniu na mBád, in its turn, has been a catalyst for further development. The increased arts and heritage awareness in Kinvara was enhanced by the early efforts of the committee to promote

art and old farm implement exhibitions. The prestigious Amhrán Beo traditional singing competitions were inaugurated. A number of people became interested in sailing, leading to the MacDara (a hooker being built in Kinvara and the MacDuagh (another hooker) finding its home here, as well as a number of gleetoga. Tourism developments have also taken place - new restaurants, holiday homes, numerous new guest houses. While it is difficult to prove that Cruinniu na mBád is responsible for them, it has certainly helped to create an awareness of Kinvara which must have contributed in some way to the increased number of visitors.

There is surely an important lesson to be learned from the history of Cruinniu na mBád. Well meaning 'outsiders' can come among us with charts and figures, projections and enticements, but if the time, the climate and conditions are not right then projects and ambitions will come to nothing. Any successful movement (initiative project etc.) must be rooted in the people; it must take account of their experience and heritage; it must be people driven; prophets are now out of fashion. Our strengths must be built on and our weaknesses recognised. In summary, there must be total honesty, unstinting enthusiasm, biblical patience and environmental awareness of a kind necessary for developing a successful Cruinniu na mBád!

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WINNING SONGS AT AN TAMHRAN BEO 1993

The Six Girls

(Pat Keane, Aughinish, Kinvara)

1.
I used to be the ladies' man but that's all over now
For courting six girls all at once didn't suit me anyhow
My mother said 'twas naughty yet I thought it very nice
Although I knew 'twas naughty, I thought it very nice

2.
On Monday I met Mary Anne, on Tuesday Mary Jane,
On Wednesday charming Miss Mc Gann, on Thursday Kitty Payne
On Friday Polly Hopkins, on Saturday Miss Wall
And on Sunday night I stayed inside for fear I'd meet them all

3.
I wrote a letter to Mary Anne, addressed to Mary Jane
Signed to charming Miss McGann in care of Kitty Payne
To give to Polly Hopkins in care of one Miss Wall
And that was how they found me out and made me pay for all

4.
Oh I never will forget the night I met those blessed six
The darlings cried "It's now you'll pay for all your little tricks"
Mary Anne she pulled me hair and Mary Jane me coat
And Miss McGann she got a man that caught me by the throat

5.
Mary Jane she scratched me face till it was red with blood
And dirty Polly Hopkins, she covered me with mud
And now to make the job complete that rascal ox Miss Wall
She banged me hat till it was flat against the garden Wall

6.
On Monday I met Mary Anne, on Tuesday Mary Jane,
On Wednesday charming Miss Mc Gann, on Thursday Kitty Payne
On Friday Polly Hopkins, on Saturday Miss Wall
And 'tis now I'm right when either night, I haven't one at all!
(collected by: Charlie Piggott)

An Droighneán Donn (Eibhlín Bean Uí Chuaig, Croisaa, Kinvara)

I
Chonaic mé Dé Domhnaigh ag an dtream-pall í
Bhí ribin deas uainne ina ceann mar dlaoi
Bhí cúl gruaige uirthi a scuapadh na gleannta fraoi
Is mo laum ó (léan) nár lubh liom mar san uachair bhreá í (sic)

II
Beir leat mé níl airgead 'sníl ór agam
Beir leat mé 'sníl taisce 'sníl stór agam
Beir leat mé 'sníl mo bó bánín óg agam
Beir leat mé nó ní mhairfidh mé bliain ó inniubh.

III
Last fair day I got a faireen from a handsome young man,
I got twenty bright kisses from my own darling John,
We'll be roving all the day, love, till the dark night comes on,
We will be shaded by the green leaves of the droighneán donn

Curfá

III
Lá aonach fuair mé féirín ó chailín deas
Fuair mé póigín is céad cheann ó phlúr na mban

Lá léig ná raibh ar an té a déarfadh nach tú mo ghean
'sgurb é lá 'na dhiaidh sin nach mall a d'éalfaínn té na coillte leat

Curfá

Beir leat mé níl airgead 'sníl ór agam
Beir leat mé 'sníl taisce 'sníl stór agam
Beir leat mé 'sníl mo bó bánín óg agam
Beir leat mé nó ní mhairfidh mé bliain ó inniubh.

IV

Come all you young lassies and get married in time
To a handsome young man who will keep up your prime,
And when the cold winter is sure to come on
You will be shaded by the green leaves of the droighneán donn.

Curfá

Beir leat mé níl airgead 'sníl ór agam
Beir leat mé 'sníl taisce 'sníl stór agam
Beir leat mé 'sníl mo bó bánín óg agam.

(bailitheoir: Caoilte Breatnach)

Songs sung by Pat Keane and Mrs. Ellen McCooke at the "An tAmhrán Beo" competition during Cruinniú na mBád.



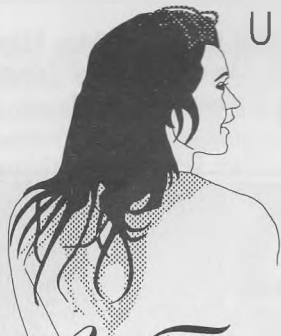
Kinvara Dancers pictured with Bishop James McLoughlin, Stephen Moylan, Stephanie Moylan, Siobhan Huban, Jason Huban, Emer Bermingham, Laura Murphy, Colette O'Connor, Lisa Flatley, Joanne Huban, Michelle Maloney, Maureen Moylan and Emer Heffernan.

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1993 WAS A GREAT HURLING YEAR FOR OUR LADY'S COLLEGE, GORT. THE AIM AT THE START OF THE YEAR WAS TO WIN THE CONNAUGHT CHAMPIONSHIP AND IF THEY GOT ANY FURTHER IT WOULD BE A BONUS.

The quarter-final match against St. Mary's was fixed for Kinvara. Despite being down at half time, they managed to hold on for a draw. The replay was fixed for Clarenbridge. They started the match slowly and were a goal down at half time; but they came back in the second half to win the match by four points.

In preparation for the semi-final against St. Raphael's College, they had a challenge match against Sexton Street C.B.S., Limerick. The semi-final was fixed for Athenry and the day turned out to be wet. The pitch was very soft and muddy and so the hurling wasn't very exciting but they won the match very comfortably in the end. There was an element of revenge in the victory, as St. Raphael's had beaten them the previous two years in the semi-final.

The training for the final included another challenge match against Sexton Street C.B.S., which was played in Six Mile Bridge. The final was held in Ballinasloe against Garbally College. They were very strong opponents and at the end of a very close game, just two points separated the teams. It was nine years since the College won a Connaught final and there were a lot of celebrations.

They now turned their attention to the All-Ireland semi-final, which was against Sexton Street C.B.S., who had unexpectedly beaten St. Flannan's of Ennis in the Munster Final. They played a challenge match against the Clare County Minor Team, which was very valuable. The match was

held in Ennis. People came from all over South Galway and North Clare, as well as from Our Lady's, to support. Despite a bad start when a goal was conceded, they came back into the game and were down by just a goal at half-time. They started well in the second half, but missed four scoring opportunities and then conceded another goal. This goal woke them up and from then on they got back into the game and their next score was a goal. They then went on to win the match by a single point.

Our Lady's were in their first All-Ireland Final in twenty years ! They trained in Kinvara over the Easter. The final was held in Nenagh, and they were up against St. Kieran's of Kilkenny who had won the All-Ireland four times in the last five years. For the final they got new jerseys, shorts and socks. There was a large support in Nenagh for them. They started the game well, scoring the first point; but Kieran's equalised and went on to score two goals.

However, Our Lady's did manage to come back at them, and at half-time the score was two goals, seven points to seven points. They started the second half well and reduced the lead to three points. They then got a goal, but after that Kieran's were on top for the last ten minutes and won the match.

The whole team would like to thank everyone who supported them at the matches and who organised dances in order to raise money to pay expenses.

The Team: Ronald Ryan, Peter Huban, Colman Cooney, Oliver Taaffe, Derek O'Connor, Oliver Clancy (C.), Ivan Linnane, Kieran Fahy, Julian Conneely, Brian Murray, Eamon Taaffe, Michael Lynskey, Shane Linnane, Olly Fahy, Enda Costello.

Subs: Paul Conneely, Aidan Quinn, Colm Diviney, Angus Connolly, John Donohue, Cathal Moran, David Gillane.
Trainers: Sean Devlin, Dermot Monaghan.



Bishop James McLoughlin with some of the new "Soldiers" after the Confirmation ceremony in St. Joseph's Church, Kinvara 29/4/1993.

Sharing with you my Mexican Experience

As I sit here by the back window gazing out at those beautiful Burren mountains and watching the sparkling sun struggling to break through those clouds, I am one again energized by the message that nature itself is trying to give me here and now. How often can I let opportunities go by without reflection. My dream is to try and grasp opportunities in this school of life and experience something of the divine. We are living in a very noisy and busy world and if we allow this noise and 'busyness' to rid us of our need for Quiet and Reflection, then we will lose the gift of our true selves. If Jesus needed to get away from the crowds and noise and go out into the hills to reflect and be energised, can we do with less?

I would like you to join with me as I spend some time with you reflecting on what has been happening in my life as a missionary. I've never known real poverty until I came to work among the poor, indigenous peoples of Chiapas and Xalapa in the mountains of Mexico. It has been a wonderful experience for me to live with a poor Indian family, sharing their food and lan-

guage and living life with them in their home. As these people do not have running water, electricity or proper roads, they have to go to the river to wash their clothes, and carry back the water for cooking, washing etc. - sometimes this can be an hours walk away through muddy and bushy tracks in the mountains. Its early to bed in Chiapas as candles are not so plentiful and money is scarce.

Our heating system consists of wood placed in a tin container, sprinkled with paraffin oil and lit with a match like stick. This fire is placed in the centre of the floor very unlike our world of electric blankets, central heating etc. We gather round this fire and share whatever has happened for us during that day. We eat and drink whatever we may have. Most floors can be damp when the weather is foggy and so babies often die of flu and bad colds unless we the missionaries have access to medicine. Food consists of mainly maize, beans, rice, eggs, chicken and pig. The earth is very sacred to the indigenous person and is known as 'mother earth' because she provides us with the nourishment and

care we need for life. Land cannot be bought or sold - she is sacred and needs to be tested with respect and dignity. It is unheard of to pour into her any such thing as nuclear waste, fertilisers or any poisonous substances.

On our arrival to any particular village in the mountains, we are welcomed like princesses by the villagers - men, women and children run out to greet us, kissing our hands and bowing (as is the custom here). What respect these people have for the human being! These village people know each other very well and are aware that they need each for survival - community is already formed before we arrive. Some of these people do not read or write and so when we read a gospel story to them they are able to identify with that story so easily because they are already living that gospel story in their daily lives. As we know, the gospel is written for the poor and by the poor so this is why Christian communities begin flourishing in these countries very quickly. As these people become aware of the power of the gospel in their lives they begin to become aware of the injustice around them too. Soon they become energised by the effect of the gospel that they will stand up for justice and for the rights against an unjust government - this is often the cause of revolutions in the poorer Latin American countries. Our mission here in the poor villages centres around basing our lives on the gospel with the people. As props are scarce, we need to depend on the power of the gospel in community for life. Of course, life takes on no meaning for us to all as we allow Christ to become real among us. These Christian groups which we facilitate calls us missionaries to live real gospel values and for me being a Sister of Mercy in Mexico has caused me to live Mercy more than ever as these people draw mercy and compassion out of me. What a gift I receive from the voiceless poor!

I love the Mexican poor and realise more and more the gift they are to me. This kind of experience is precious to me in helping me to live gospel values in to-day's world. The Mexican poor are very grateful and gracious and spiritual people and though they are materially poor, they have an im-



Sr. Catherine on her rounds.

(Continued on page 31)

richness. They have so much to offer us in the western World. In our striving to become rich and status conscious, we often lose our identity as people of Faith, Justice and Truth. We need to STOP and reflect on what may be happening to us and maybe ask ourselves the question:
What is Life about for me?

Sister Catherine McInerney eldest daughter of Jimmy and Kate McInerney, Doorus, Kinvara belongs to the Mercy Congregation, Tuam Diocese. She is currently working with the Brigidine Sisters as a missionary among the poor in Xalapa, Mexico.

"Fieldwork"



HELPING US TO GROW

Thanks to FAS Kinvara Community Council Limited has been enabled to initiate a number of schemes which have helped us, as a community and as individuals, to grow. Our collaboration with FAS goes back many years and we can enumerate many worthwhile projects which were implemented. These would include Drama Production and Acting, the publication of books on the history and folklore of Kinvara, Youth Schemes, Arts promotions in the schools and for adults, maintenance of the Community Centre and grounds, etc.

But our last scheme was our biggest and most ambitious so far. On that occasion the Council extended its operations to benefit all the schools in the parish, the three churches, the Credit Union, play-group and other groups and organisations. Work was done which couldn't otherwise be undertaken. Let us look at some of the work which was done.

Workers were appointed to specific locations - John Peter Warde to Seamount College, Jimmy Donoghue to St. Joseph's National School, Kevin Huban to Doorus N.S., Michael Linnane to Northampton N.S., Pete Giles and John Quinn for the Community Centre and Tidy Towns, Pam Fleming as Arts Officer, Kathleen Kenny for secretarial work, Tom Mc Cormack as evening manager of the Centre and Marian Connolly was co-ordinator and supervisor of the scheme. But the success of the project was due to the flexibility of the workers. They didn't confine themselves to their own area alone. When there was a job that needed to be done in a hurry it was easy to get three or even four, onto the site for the time required.

When work is done it is soon forgotten. But a list of some of the excellent jobs done will act as a reminder of the improvements which the Community Council, through the workers, implemented throughout the

parish. The schools were painted and their grounds maintained; a ramp for easy access for wheelchairs and the elderly was built at St. Joseph's Church; the surroundings of Doorus Church was tidied up; a light near the entrance to St. Joseph's was installed; necessary repairs were done on the play-group premises; the Credit Union premises was restored; the Community Centre was maintained; chairs were repaired; there were poetry readings and summer arts courses for children; a secretarial service was provided for voluntary groups and regular newsletters were printed and by the workers. During the year all the workers were given the opportunity to attend a First Aid Course run by the Order of Malta and this was availed of by some of them. Marian Connolly, as supervisor, also attended a course run by the Irish Congress of Trade Unions and FAS.

These and many other things were achieved. Our thanks are due to all concerned, especially Peter Duggan of FAS and Marian Connolly, the supervisor. Both of them kept a close eye on all aspects of the scheme - work projects, financial management and rostering. Congratulations and thanks to all for a job well done.

An application has been made for a Community Employment Scheme. This will expand on what has been done in the past. In particular, it is hoped that we will be able to provide a number of services to the elderly which will make life a little bit easier for them.

folklore

The following strange story was narrated in Irish in 1937 by Paraic O Conaola, a farmer from Carrownamadra, who heard it told 25 years earlier by Brian O Fatha, from Tawnagh in Kinvara. It's one of the many stories concerning the importance of keeping faith, no matter what...

Note: In old-Irish, "churchyard" (teampall) usually referred to a Protestant location, in this case, a ruin. Cats, of course, were often represented as symbols of evil.

The Tale of the Cats (or God's Help on the Road)

There was a man long ago and he had two sons and he sent the two sons to the fair and gave them four shillings each for their expenses. They were on the road a while and one of them said to the other "The journey is too long," he said, "I'll not go. I'm going back home."

"Ah, it's not," said the other, "We won't feel it, with God's help."

"Sure you won't find God's help on the road at all," said the brother.

"You will," said the other. "I'll bet you two shillings," he said, "that you will find God's help on the road, and the first man we meet on the road will tell us so."

They walked on a while and they met a man and they asked him was God's help to be found on the road and he said it wasn't.

"I've two shillings left now," said the brother, "and I'll bet you that God's help is on the road, and the next man we meet will tell us so."

And the next man they came up with, they asked him was God's help to be found on the road and he said there wasn't.

"Now," said the other brother, "didn't I tell you God's help is not on the road?"

"Well, I'll bet you my two eyes now that God's help is on the road," said the other.

And they walked then for a long time till they met a man near a churchyard, and they

asked him was God's help to be found on the road and he said there wasn't.

And then he took out the two eyes from his brother.

"Well," he said, "I'm away now, I've no business at home with my father, and I'll not be back ever again."

"Well," said the brother, "if you're alive a year from today," he said, "you'll come here till we see each other again".

And the brother he took out the two eyes from went into the churchyard and he went in under a hawthorn tree. And out in the night he heard the cats gathering round, and the churchyard was full of cats. And one of the cats said to another: "Tell a story," he said.

"I've no story," said the cat, "but the one story, and I'll tell it to you. There's a rich woman here in this place," he said, "who is sick and she can't be cured - and there's three cats inside her, and if they were to come out they'd kill her offspring."

"Would anything cure her?" said the other cat.

"Well, yes," said the other cat, "if she were given three drops of the water from the well here," he said "that would cure her."

"And would it cure anything else?" said the cat.

"Well, it would," said the other, "it would cure the man who was blind."

The man was listening all the time and the cats went away then. In the morning he heard a man beyond the wall calling to his cow, and he started shouting and the man came up to him.

"I'm thirsty," he said, "and I heard that there was a well in this churchyard, would you bring me up to it?"

"Why wouldn't I," said the man, "come on now." And he took him by the hand and brought him as far as the well.

"Put my hand in the water now," he said, "in case I might fall in."

And the man took his hand and placed it on the water.

"I'll be alright now," he said. And he washed his face down in the well and he

had the finest pair of eyes you ever saw. He then got a bottle and he filled it up with water, and he went away until he came to where the sick woman was living. And he asked the man of the house: "Could I see the woman?" he said.

"You could," said the man of the house, "and all the doctors that are after coming and they can't cure her?"

"Well, I will cure her," he said. "There's three cats inside of her," he said, "and I'll put them out," he said, "but you have to kill them, because if you let any cat get away they will kill her offspring."

He took the bottle then and gave her three drops of the water and he got the three cats to come out, and her husband killed them.

"Well now," said the man of the house, "I've only the one daughter," he said, "and I'll give her hand to you in marriage," he said, "and I'll give you the valley and what's in it as well."

And he was married to the daughter, and they weren't long married when he said to his wife: "I have to go now," he said, "because I told my brother I would see him a year ago today when we both went our own way."

"I'll go with you," said the woman.

"Ah, don't," he said.

"Oh, I have to go," she said.

They then took two horses and hitched them to a trap, and off with them till they came to the spot where he had the eyes taken from him. And they saw him there in rags.

"God save us!" he said to his brother "where did you get these riches?" he said "and where did you get the two eyes again?"

"I got them in the churchyard that night you left me there," he said, "and that's the place I got my sight and my riches."

"Do you think I'd get it there tonight?" said the brother, "if I stayed in the churchyard."

"Don't I know it well that you would," said the other man.

And he went into the churchyard and stayed there during the night. And he saw the cats gathering there again, and when they were all gathered, one of them asked another cat to tell a story.

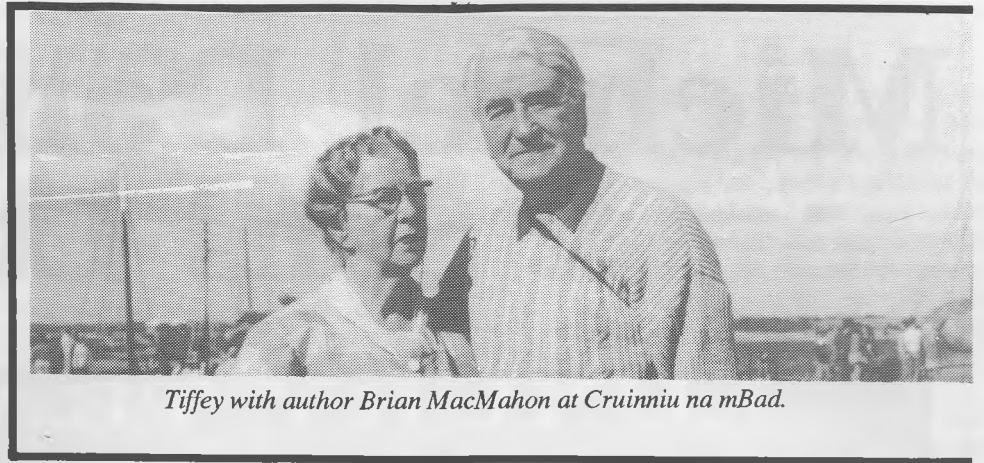
"Ah, I'll tell no story tonight," said the cat "because a year ago this night," he said, "I told a story and somebody was listening he said, "and that woman is well cured now."

"Well, sure we'll search tonight," said the other cat, "till we see if anyone is listening."

And they searched the churchyard and they found him there in the elder tree, and they pulled him out and tore him apart and spread him out as fine as tobacco. And that was the end of it.

Farewell Tiffy

Who was it once said. "Every death diminishes me"? Well, there are some deaths that diminish not only the people directly affected but a much wider circle. In the case of Tiffy Moylan of Kinvara, who died suddenly, it's a case of particular death diminishing a whole town. Tiffy, who was as well known by her maiden name of Winkle as she was by her married name of Moylan, was a truly extraordinary character. A woman of great charm, she never spoke anything less than her mind about any subject she felt needed talking about. Everyone who knew her recognised this quality about her - a directness that those who didn't know her well enough, or who encountered her for the first time, might even have initially taken for rudeness. It was anything but. Tiffy was deeply interested in everyone and everything, and her little acts of kindness are legion. She was married to another remarkable man. Kieran Moylan was a National School teacher and Headmaster of Doorus School for many years. His deep interest in local history has been an inspiration to generations of Kinvara people. And he is equally well known to many radio listeners through his friendship with Donnacha O Dulaing and Ciaran MacMathuna. Over the years Kieran Moylan's accordion playing and fine voice have been heard many times on RTE. Tiffy was a very religious woman who never missed Mass and, as well, sang in the parish choir. She always asked people to pray for her, and her distinctive expression - "Make sure you put me in the Chalice" once prompted my late Father-in-Law, who was a late vocation to the priesthood, to reply, "Tiffy, you're a permanent fixture there!" Tiffy knew everyone who came to Kinvara. And over the years everybody who came to Winkles. I had a splendid illustration of her far-reaching fame a few years back when a story was told to me of the actor Robert Mitchum swapping anecdotes about her in a house outside Boston. And I'm told that another actor and visitor to Kinvara, Peter O'Toole, used to do a



Tiffy with author Brian MacMahon at Cruinniu na mBad.

wonderful take-off of her. Everyone has their own stories about Tiffy and if they were all collected they would fill a book. And a most enjoyable book it would be, reflecting Tiffy's own sparkling character! I have known her on and off for the last 11 years. She was a great help to me some years back when I was putting together a small history book about Kinvara. I remember on one occasion I got hold of some photographs of schoolchildren. I had taken them to several older people in town but nobody seemed to be able to identify them. The somebody suggested I go to Tiffy - something I should have done in the first place! Well sure enough as soon as Tiffy put her glasses on she called over her sister Bernie and said, "That's you there, Bernie!" And for the next two hours or so the two of them poured over the fading photos and

succeeded in identifying every single child in them. And Tiffy had a little story about nearly everyone of them, which brought them alive for me. Tiffy's death is a blow to Kinvara. It robs this charming town of one of its greatest characters. Personally I will miss her. And I'm sure I'm not the only person who, in years ahead, will find himself chuckling as they recall some funny story or kind gesture connected with her. She is survived by her son Tony, her daughters Mary and Roisin and her husband Kieran, not to mention relations and a huge circle of friends. All who knew her will be saddened by the news of her death. But no one can have any doubt that Tiffy is now a permanent of the choir of Heaven. After so many years residing in the chalice, how could it be otherwise? The Galway Advertiser. J. W. O'Connell.



Canon Michael O'Connor with the First Comunion children from Kinvara, Dooras and Northampton National Schools after the big event on 30/5/93.

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Exploring Kinvara's Caves

Man's fascination with the unknown is legendary. From the earliest times his characteristic curiosity has led him to explore every corner of the world and far, far beyond. Today, space may be the ultimate frontier but mysteries abound here on earth - those involved in underground exploration being more challenging, more physically and mentally demanding than any other.

Caves exist in virtually all countries of the world, but while most people will have heard of the famous Cheddar Caves in Somerset, or the fabulous caves of Drach in Majorca, few will be aware that Ireland now presents some of the most exciting potential for major discoveries - for the opening up of completely new caves - in Western Europe.

It was the lure of the "unknown" which first drew me to the area in 1971. The excitement of that youthful expedition remains vivid even today. After a particularly long and tiring journey, we reached Kinvara and stretched our legs. In the distance our destination, the Burren, came into view at long last. But as we stood there admiring Dunguaire Castle, my friend pointed to something even more magnetic - a veritable river appeared from nowhere, and, welling from the ground, flowed away to the ocean. That vision has remained with me ever since.

Some 21 years later, the dreams have matured: our small team has become the first to explore one of the largest completely flooded caves in the world.

Caving, or pot-holing, can be undertaken with complete confidence and safety, but the risks involved in cave-diving are considerable. Here the objective difficulties of both activities are combined, with a few more thrown in for good measure. Diving in constricted, cold and muddy water underground has frequently been referred to as the most dangerous sport in the world. However, given due regard to safety, the rewards can be immense.

Our exploratory saga begins in the mid 1980's; It was from the choppy waters of Doolin that tales of black openings, of mysterious under sea caverns, first originated. But to open water divers the thrill of penetrating the first few feet of pitch darkness was enough; ill-equipped and without suitable lighting, there was no way that these could be explored for any significant distance. Such tales inevitably reached the ears of Irish cavers and eventually the small band prepared to pursue the mysterious tunnels to a thorough and logical conclusion - the cave divers.

Since then a series of ever more ambitious explorations have been conducted into a labyrinthine network now known by the sporting fraternity as "The Green Holes of Doolin". These undersea caves are the first submarine caves to be discovered in temperate climes and not surprisingly, the ecology of this system is quite unlike that of any other flooded cave in the world. Urchins, sponges and anemones proliferate while, given due study, the possibility of

completely unique species is not to be discounted.

I was to become intimately involved with the most challenging of these caves - Mermaid's Hole, which was eventually explored along a low muddy tunnel for 900 metres; a one and a half hour swim to reach a tantalising constriction less than eight inches high....utterly impossible to pass unless it was dug out! By the time I had regained the normal world, the duration of this dive was two and a half hours.

Mermaid's presented an exciting, classic exploration, but being on hand - in the right place at the right time - to make the dive looked more a matter of total dedication (and financial commitment) or pure luck rather than good judgement! Frustrated for the fourth year in a row, in 1991 we decided to look at another area for "bad weather" alternatives. The knowledge that a massive cave must lie behind the risings at Kinvara drew us to the area once more.

So, in 1991 the entire area of the Gort - Kinvara lowlands came in for a radical reappraisal. Our Dark Shamrock Team (Pat Cronin, Tony Donovan, Nick Geh and Martyn Farr) started prospecting once again. Pollawee up at Moy intrigued us; it was evidently connected to a large underlying watercourse. Under low water conditions the spot was just a tranquil pool, a one time well and water supply. After rain-



The team making some last minute checks.

fall however, a powerful flow rose between boulders to disappear with 15 metres into an equally impossible blockage.

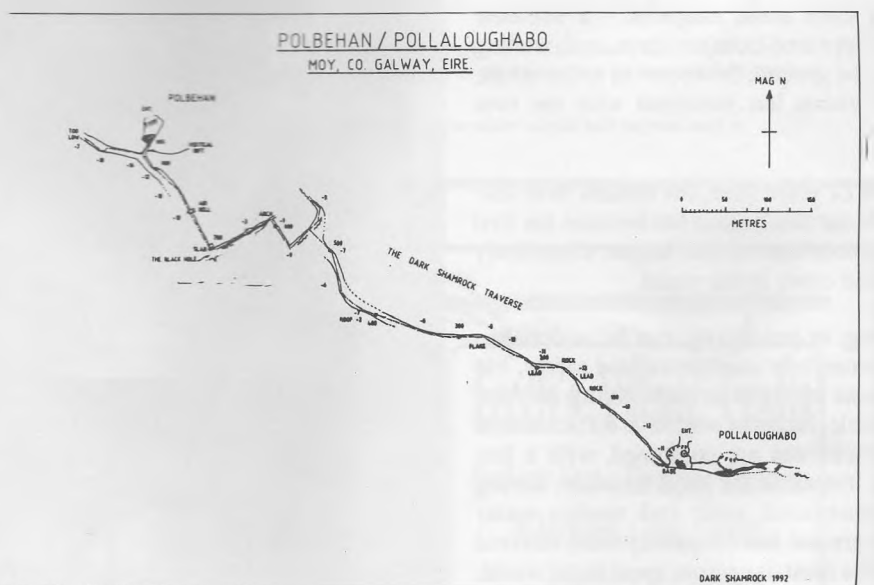
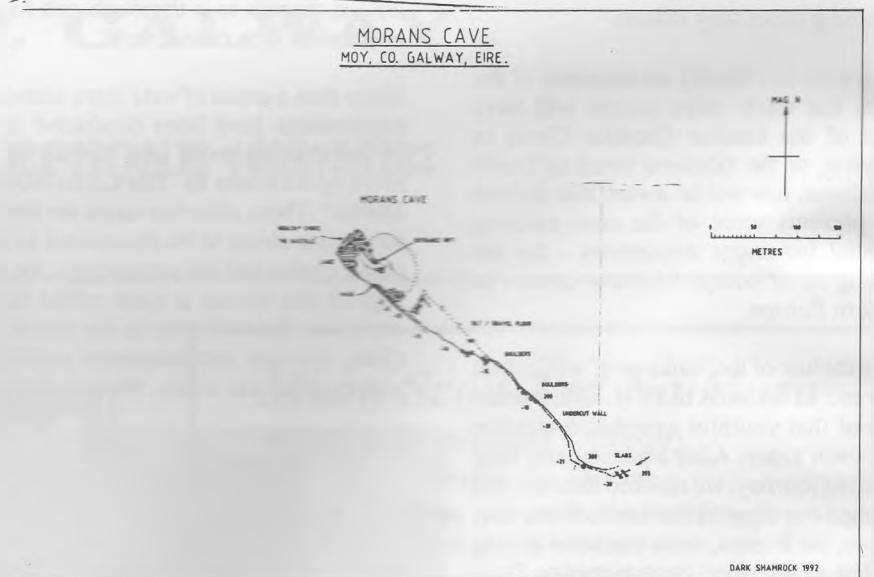
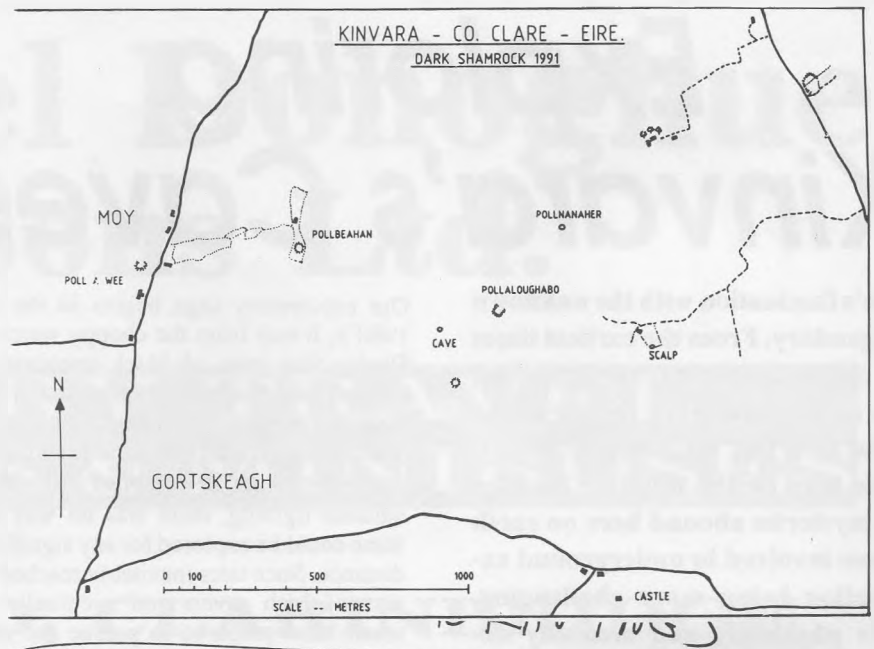
Pat and I had separately ventured into a wilderness area to the east of Pollawee to find the deep, atmospheric hole called Pollbehan. With the help of John Quinn we relocated the place and dived. Despite the huge surface pool, the only negotiable route leading off was a constricted fissure part way up the far wall. Wriggling through this, the floor suddenly disappeared, and descending slowly an enormous "awesome" tunnel was reached at 15 metres depth. Over a series of dives, some 440 metres of passage was explored here. Pollbehan might only lie 500 metres from the road, but trekking across the broken ground with heavy, yet delicate diving equipment was not easy. The quest for easier sites began.

A couple of days later, Pat stumbled upon Pollaloughabo. He returned almost delirious with excitement. This was an altogether bigger version of Pollawee - an absolutely huge cave with flooded passages leading off both east and west. Interestingly, Pollbehan lay only 700 metres to the west; after a couple of dives, we came to the conclusion that in all probability the two caves were part of the same system.

On the final day's diving in 1991 we made a determined effort to link the two caves together. I extended our fixed guideline in Pollaloughabo to 420 metres of the entrance, while at the same time, Nick was exploring further upstream in Pollbehan. Nick unfortunately encountered a complex area of passages and, despite reaching 355 metres from the entrance, neither of us made any contact with the other.

As on all our explorations en route out of the cave we took accurate bearings and measured off the distance which we had travelled. Later we drew up the survey; from this it was evident that the two caves were still 60 metres apart.

In 1992 we made straight for Kinvara to attempt the final link. Given that the cave was much more straightforward from the Pollaloughabo side, we decided to make the first dive from this end. We also decided that, given the amount of effort we had each put into this project, for once we would dive together. The water was cloudy but with visibility of two to three metres, this was altogether better than the conditions that we were more accustomed to back home. Nick took the lead while I followed a very short distance behind.



Given that the dive was one of the longest in Britain, we took with us a third completely separate cylinder regulator; this was breathed to a point of 350 metres from the entrance, where it was left on the floor ready for the outward leg of the journey. Nick soon reached the end of the previous year's line and tied on his new rope. From then on we were into new ground - not that I saw a lot, swimming quietly behind in a cloud of silt. Suddenly, glaring lights pierced the murk; 75 metres of new line had been laid and Nick was in the process of anchoring the line to a large boulder.



"Good visibility" - note the guideline which is essential to the cave diver.

I moved forward and connected another reel; it was my turn to take the lead. We were now a long way from safety and wondering where on earth, or indeed if, the Pollbehan line was going to be found. I moved over to the right wall, a very reassuring point of reference, and followed



Preparing to descend.

that. Then, quite suddenly, there it was, running directly across my path; 535 metres of Pollaloughabo. The connection had been made. The line in Pollaloughabo had withstood the ravages of the winter storms well, and there was reasonable certainty that the line downstream would also be in good condition. We made the decision to continue on down the tunnel, and all went smoothly.

Some 55 minutes after submerging at Pollaloughabo we wriggled up to the surface in Pollbehan; we had achieved the longest dive in Ireland; outside the Kingsdale Valley in Yorkshire (the current longest "through dive" in the world) and the second longest dive of its type in the British Isles.

We retrieved our third bottles over the next few days and continued the exploration. By the time our '92 operations had concluded we had charted 1.5km - almost a mile of continuous cave tunnel stretching from Pollbehan to a point 500 metres east of Pollaloughabo. Long hypothesised, one substantial segment of what will prove one of the most extensive flooded caves in the world is now a reality.

Another series of explorations is scheduled for the summer of 1993 when we are confident that once more new light will be shed on the mysteries of the Gort - Kinvara river.

The future holds the prospect of some of the most challenging exploration ever conducted in the British Isles. Ireland is a magnificent place for a relaxing holiday, to mount a major expedition, or to enjoy both. The scenic west coast region abounds in natural and man-made wonders, yet this latest attraction in the Burren may well prove to be the greatest mystery of them all.

AFTERNOTE:

* Explorations conducted in the Green Holes are wholly dependant upon the weather and the state of the tide; any form of surface swell for example renders access to these caves, and more especially exit, particularly dangerous.

* It is stressed that only those specifically trained in cave diving techniques should venture into any of the caves named in this article.

Martyn Farr 1993

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Bank of Ireland





Front row, left to right, sitting: Belinda McInerney, Aideen Blackwell, Clare Canny, Adrian Flaherty, Alan Connolly, Eric Keane, Lulu Green, Caroline Connolly. Back row, left to right: Siobhain Keane, Sheila Fallon, Cathal Murphy, Aidan Kilkelly, Mark Curtin, Dara O'Toole, Jonathan Kavanagh, Brian Murphy, Kenny Murray, Michael Fahy, Caroline Keane, Martina Kavanagh. Teachers: Shawn MacMahon, N.T., Mrs. Moya MacEoin, N.T.

SPRING FAREWELL

for Adrian

As the earth awakens after its long winter sleep,
 And things start to grow and bud,
 You choose this time to say farewell,
 And go to sleep for good.

We know you have gone to a better place,
 But we did not want to let you go,
 God called you because you were very special,
 That's something we all know.

Though your time with us was short,
 And some days were not the best,
 Your first thoughts were always of others,
 Now it's your time to rest.

We all have many happy memories,
 Of your life thru' the years,
 Memories so precious and wonderful,
 That will not be dimmed by tears.

Outside we all know it's spring
 But today our hearts are heavy and sore,
 Our love for you will keep us strong,
 Until we meet again once more.

Slan abhaile Adrian.

Adrian Flaherty

Arrived in this world 15th October, 1980

Departed for Heaven 5th March 1993

In Old Kinvara

Jeff O'Connell continues with his selections from the archives of some local newspapers

A Transformation Scene

Some days since Mrs. Marmaduke Bell, of Maryville House, Kinvara, Co. Galway, gave an entertainment on a large scale to her employees and the tenants on the property, besides numerous friends. Seats were placed for 140. The dinner was given in the large barn, which was most elegantly and tastefully decorated for the occasion with evergreens and a profusion of Chinese lanterns. Appropriate mottoes adorned the walls conspicuous amongst which the word "Welcome" in large letters greeted the guests on first entering, "Erin-go-Bragh" in white letters on a green ground, and "God Save Ireland". The table was abundantly supplied with beef of the finest quality, mutton, hams, and poultry, besides huge plum puddings by the dozen, pies, etc., porter ad libitum, and whiskey in moderation.

The Rev. Father Moloney, PP., and the Rev. Father Newell, C.O., Kinvara, occupied places at the head of the tables. After the toast of the evening had been drunk, the company adjourned to the house, where a monster Christmas Tree was ready, filled with suitable gifts etc., besides tobacco which was handed to each of the men. Meantime the barn was cleared for dancing, which was kept up with vigour to four o'clock in the morning. The entire scene was pleasing in the extreme, and the more remarkable when it is remembered that the owner of the property lived there so short time ago, boycotted and closely guarded by military and police. This change, in comparison to that state of affairs was much to be admired, especially the hearty good feeling, and warm wishes which are on all sides expressed towards the present occupant (nephew to the owner), Mr Marmaduke Bell, and his highly respected lady. A large quantity of clothing had been previously distributed to the poor of the neighbourhood by this well disposed lady. If such were more frequent, the unhappy ill-feeling existing between tenants and their landlords would become extinct. Mr John Hughes of Ardrahan, was a most efficient caterer on the occasion. He conducted the arrangements to the entire satisfaction of all present, performing his various duties with a punctuality worthy of all present. Owing to his skilful management every-

thing went off smoothly, thus conducing to a most agreeable evening's amusement.

Galway Vindicator - January 23rd 1886

CAHERLESSANE MINES, KINVARA

To the Editor of the Galway Vindicator
April 3, 1850

Sir - My attention having been drawn to an article copied from the Advocate into your paper on the subject of the above mines, nicknamed "the Gort Silver Mines", I am induced to solicit a place in your next publication to correct a few inaccuracies that the writer of that article appears to have fallen into.

In the first place, then, the mines are not situated near Gort but in the parish of Kinvara, about two miles and a half from the town, and six from Gort. The mines, therefore, (which I have no doubt will ere long become celebrated everywhere over the three kingdoms where mining operations are valued) should be known as the Caherlissane Mines, Kinvara", and not as "the Gort Silver Mines", Gort having nothing to do with the proprietor of the mines, the working miners, or any thing, or person connected directly or indirectly with the miners, save and except indeed the fact that W.R.Collett, Esq. on his arrival in this country, months after these mines were opened, put up for a week or so at that comfortable and excellent Hospitium in that town - Forrest's Hotel. In the next place it is not true that "these mines were only accidentally discovered by a poor man five years ago, and attracted no attention at the time." Long before that time they were worked by an English company under the superintendence of Captain Job, Mr. Randall, of Tavistock, being chairman of the company, and the ore then raised valued £40 10s. per ton. It was not, however, until Captain Tom, the present enterprising and clever superintendant of the mines, worked them, that their real value was discovered - at one period the proprietor of the Wicklow Gold Mines himself, Mr Tom subsequently became connected with Mr Collett, and superintended for him the

working of the Garrett Kenedy Lead Mine in Tipperary; being disappointed in his expectations in Garrett Kenedy, he traveled through the country in search of a good mine, and having visited many places, experienced eye on seeing Caherlissane fixed on it at once as the scene of his future labours. I am free to give Mr.Collett credit for Mr. Montgomery Martin's delineation of his character, "that he is a man of energy, enterprise, liberality, and business habits. I not only have no doubt but I am sure of it, and that the poor of this country, who are now employed through the joint instrumentality of him and others, owe him and them a deep debt of gratitude. I admit that for months, that these mines were worked by Captain Tom, neither Collett nor Mr. Clive, (who, it appears now the acknowledged chairman of the company) were known in this country, I am, therefore, not a little surprised to find the exertions of Captain Tom (to whose company is really indebted for this great discovery) overlooked by the writer in the Advocate - the allusion to the Cornish workmen can hardly be meant for him however is the only Cornish man at the mines.

Since the article in the Advocate was written, and even before that time, though alluded to in that article, some more mines have been discovered in this district. One at Crannagh, near Coolpark, which is being worked at present under the superintendence of Mr. Collett himself. I have not yet seen the ore, but it is said to be equal, if superior, to that at Caherlissane. The other on the property of Mr. E.H. Dolan, at Dungoura, within a quarter of a mile from Kinvara, another on Mr. Gregory's property, on the south side of Kinvara, four miles west of the town, adjoining the Burren mountains in Clare. Three or four lodes, containing beautiful specimen copper ore have been discovered. They are on the properties respectively of Mr. don Blood Esq., of Ennis; The Meagh Hynes, New Quay; Mrs. Morgan, Meaghfield, and Mrs. Browne, of Newgrove. I have heard Captain Tom say that the town of Kinvara was surrounded in every direction

(Continued on page 41)

tion by mineral wealth, and that it only wanted skill and enterprise to make it a second el Dorado. Sincerely hoping that both shall ere long be applied to its development with advantage to the undertakers,
I remain, your obedient servant,
Verax

DISTRESS IN KINVARA

We regret to perceive that even this very district, at all times remarkable for the soundness and stability of our staple food (the potato), has this year suffered as has every other district around us in the county. But the lateness of the season that the good and charitable parish priest of Kinvara has awaited, before he thought it right or necessary to appeal to the public for the relief of his poor, shews us what resources he must have had in his parish to ward off the wide - spread calamities, before he thought it needful to appeal to extraneous resources for its relief: and we feel proud in being able to announce to the public, on the authority of the good pastor, that long ere this, would he have been obliged to appeal to public generosity and charity - to support the labouring poor of his parish, were it not for the relief afforded them in work, by the good and charitable landlords of the parish, among whom we are proud to reckon our own townsmen, Mr. Isaac B. Daly, Captain Blake Forster, Mr. W.G. Murray, and our respected friend Dr. Hynes, of Seamount House, Kinvara.

Private resources having been exhausted, the Rev. Mr. Arthur called on his townsmen to meet and deliberate on the best means to be adopted to relieve the prevailing distress and the still more appalling distress looming in the distance. Sunday, the 1st of June, was fixed on to carry out this most laudable object, and three o'clock the hour, in the hope that Protestant as well as Catholic would be enabled to join in the good work. The meeting was very successful as will be seen from the subscriptions appended to the resolutions in our advertising columns. The amount, however, as yet received, although it will enable the good Father Arthur to relieve the necessities of his poor for the present will fall far short of meeting the destitution that exists in the parish, and which must necessarily continue for the next two months at least. It is plain the Government will do nothing, so that the people must entirely depend on public benevolence until the coming of the new crops. And it is a source of great satisfaction that the public are coming forward so generously to alleviate the widespread distress that exists. Unless timely relief is afforded hundreds will die of famine-fever. It is hopeless to expect that the poor rural districts will take shelter in

RECYCLING

Most people are now aware of the problems there are in disposing of household rubbish as gradually space allocated to dumping is filled and closed. One way of alleviating the pressure and 'doing our bit for the planet' is to recycle as much of our waste as possible. With a little re-organising at home, it's not much trouble to sort and separate things like aluminium cans, paper, glass etc. With more of the community making the effort to recycle, we should in time find that the opportunity to do so becomes common and fits in to all of our regular routines.

The following facilities are available locally:

GLASS

Bottle Bank in Gort near the Mart.

PAPER

Galway Confidential Shredding Co, Ballybane Ind. Estate, Galway. Tel:52833/4

the workhouses. Their repugnance is too strong to those institutions to be overcome. And it is no wonder when it is considered that, if they have a little home in the country, going into the workhouse supposes the breaking up of the humble residence, and implies either a life of pauperism or vagrancy. We trust, as this feeling is so strong amongst our peasantry, that every effort will be made to enable them to hold on by their old houses. And although the good pastor of Kinvara has been late in the field, we hope that he and his people will not be forgotten. - The localities are certainly numerous which claim the attention of the public; but we don't know any district, where a little timely assistance will achieve more permanent good than in Kinvara.

Galway Vindicator - c.1855

open 8.30am - 1pm and 2pm - 5.30pm.
Monday to Friday.

Accepts: computer paper
white paper
coloured paper
newspaper

Doesn't Accept: glossy paper (magazines)
brown envelopes
envelopes with windows
carbonised paper

CARDBOARD

John Quinn, Doughuiska, Merlin Park, Galway. Tel: 53390

Accepts: any cardboard

* If anyone is interested and willing to do a run to Galway with paper/ card, get in touch with the Kinvara Womens' Group.

FRIDGES

For CFC recovery:

Take to Salvage 1 Recycling, 43 Forster St, Galway, Tel:64023.

Or to local Council dump, where it will eventually be taken to Salvage 1.

Within Galway City ring 68151 for Galway Council to collect it.

ALUMINIUM CANS

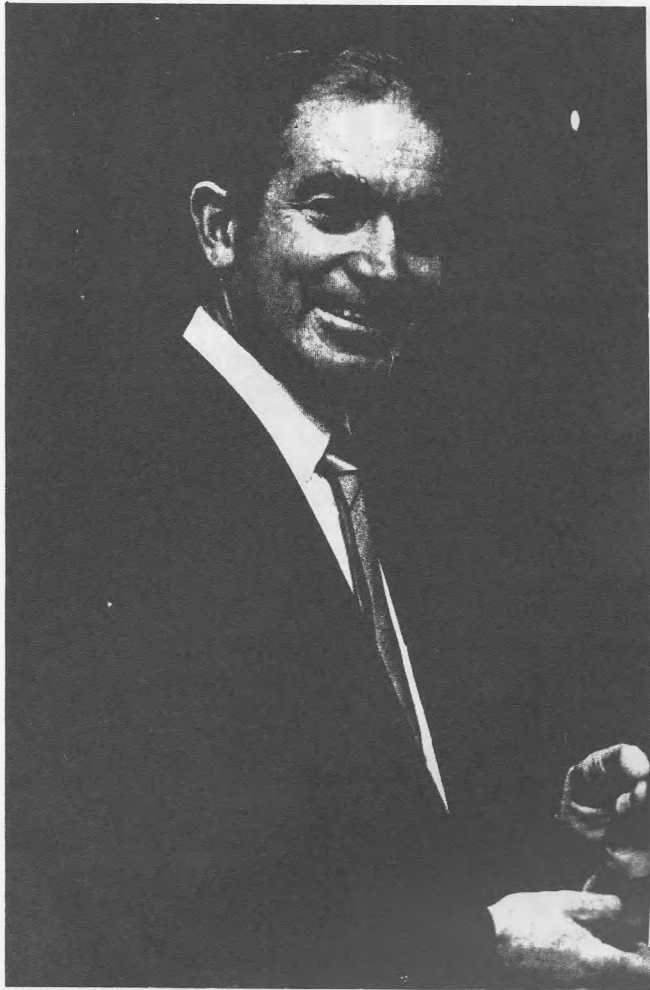
(soft drinks, etc.)
Take to the Community Centre or Northampton School where there are collection sacks.

STEEL/TIN CANS

(pet food, baked beans, etc.)
No recycling facilities are available.

METAL

(household metal etc.)
Take to Galway Metal, Oranmore, Tel: 94358/94504/94613 (scrapyard).



Jimmy O'Connor

a personal recollection

Many centuries ago the poet John Donne declared, "Every man's death diminishes me." In just the same sense, the death on December 4th last year of Jimmy O'Connor has left me, as well as countless others who love or who have come to love Kinvara and Doorus, sadly diminished. For Jimmy not only loved the area where he was born, but combined this intensity of native attachment with a scholar's devotion to patient research and an endless fascination with the slowly evolving history of the people of Kinvara and Doorus, to which he so happily devoted as much time as he could spare from a busy career.

Jimmy was a native of Doorus, born on April 28th, 1928. He married his wife, Mary in June of 1966, and the couple had four children: Michael, James, Edel and Claire. His 49 year association with the Irish Postal Department saw him rise steadily to the important position of Regional

Manager West of An Post, from which he retired in April of last year. His death in early December came after a period of illness which he bore with exceptional grace and courage, qualities that those who knew him valued highly in him throughout his busy and productive life.

Jimmy's interest in local history brought him early into association with the Galway Archaeological and Historical Society, of which he was for many years Hon. Treasurer and to whose journal he contributed several excellent articles and before whose members he delivered a number of lectures. The last of his contributions to be published before his untimely death was a definitive study, devoted to one of his life-long interests, entitled "Aspects of Galway Postal History 1638 - 1984." Based originally on a lecture delivered to the Society in 1990, this superb and exhaustive study demonstrated all those qualities that char-

acterised his historical work, whatever subject happened to be: meticulous search among primary sources; clear presentation of material; and a patient attention

to detail that the more professional "historian" might envy.

Each of us is like a diamond with a multitude of facets, and as the light catches now one, now another, a full appreciation begins to grow of the uniqueness of the whole diamond. There are many others who are better qualified than I am to write about Jimmy's career in An Post or many other involvements and associations. In fact Joe O'Halloran, the Editor of the Journal of the Galway Archaeological and Historical Society, is presently preparing a tribute that will appear in the forthcoming issue. I can only speak of the Jimmy O'Connor I knew and came to admire over the few years that it was my privilege to know him.

I can't honestly say when I first encountered him, but I think it was shortly after Anne Korff and I produced our map of Kinvara. Jimmy was characteristic and complimentary, but I am not mistaken, think, in feeling, that instinctively recognised in me, who had written the historical text to accompany the map, a fellow-labourer in the same vineyard in which he had been working for many years before I had come on the scene. We soon found ourselves having many enjoyable conversations about our mutual subject of interest. I found him a mine of information and so came to recognise that his knowledge of the area was far greater than my own. I recall one very pleasant evening spent in the living room of his home in Renmore

called what else? - "Dorus", going through some of the vast amount of material that he had collected over the years and which today fills several large boxes.

It would have been understandable if Jimmy had adopted a somewhat suspicious attitude to this "blow in" from Chicago who was presuming to explore the history of his native place. But that would have been so out of character for Jimmy that I raise it only to dismiss it at once. I found him unfailingly helpful and generous with whatever he had that might be of interest to me in my fledgling researches, and more than patient of my many questions and speculations.

He became a friend, and he would make it his business to call over to my house whenever he came out from Galway with his family to spend a few days in the house he had built across the road from the house in which he had grown up, and which is now occupied by his brother's John family.

In 1986, Kinvara Community Council decided to resurrect "Tracht", the parish magazine, which had been lying dormant for a few years after a promising first two issues, and I took on the role of editor.

Naturally I contacted Jimmy to see if he would like to become a contributor. He responded enthusiastically and gave me the first of what was to become a rich and varied stream of "brief" notes drawn from the 19th century newspaper references to Kinvara and Dorus he had been collecting over the years. We called this section of the magazine "In Old Kinvara" and it remains one of the features of this magazine.

In the following issue Jimmy contributed the first of his major articles. It was the first fruit of Jimmy's harvesting in the important but hitherto neglected area of post office history, entitled simply "The Post Office in Kinvara", this excellent piece was not only a thoroughly professional piece of historical scholarship but also delighted many Kinvara readers with its photographs and information about the postmasters,

postmistresses and postmen who had so faithfully served the parish over the years, right down to the present day.

In fact a tail piece to Jimmy's article on the Kinvara post office, based on original research he carried out on a visit to the London archives of the post system a few years ago, appears in the current issue of "Tracht".

In the following issue for 1988 appeared what, for me at any rate, is Jimmy's finest piece of historical scholarship and one of the best articles to appear in "Tracht" - "Matt Mahon: The Bard of Dorus."

Jimmy had set himself a considerable task in tackling this local poet and character. Although several of Matt Mahon's ballads and poems had been printed in ephemeral broadsheets of the kind that were often sold at fairs back in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, for the most part they existed only in the memories and on the lips of older people of the area around Kinvara. Jimmy spent hours talking to older residents of the parish, gently unearthing whole poems, one or two verses and, in some cases, only stray lines.

The result is often quite wonderful, as anyone who has read his article can testify. Laid out before us is in the quite unique heritage of verse composed by partially crippled but clearly gifted man, who travelled the roads and boreens of South Galway in his ass and cart. Jimmy succeeded in rescuing the "works" of a native poet for future generations, and that is a considerable achievement and one for which those who come after us will be eternally grateful. As the issue in which this article originally appeared is now out of print, I would suggest a fitting tribute to Jimmy's memory might be a limited edition reprint of this article by Kinvara Community Council.

In the 1990 issue of "Trácht" Jimmy presented another fascinating article, this time on a little known plan to construct a railway line that would have stretched

from Oranmore to Ballyvaughan, passing through Kinvara. In the concluding paragraph Jimmy allows himself to speculate on one of South Galway's most intriguing might have beens:

"That the project did not succeed is a matter of regret, and all of us who have lived in that hinterland since have been deprived of the great benefits and memories that the facility would undoubtedly have brought. Would Kinvara have become the centre of manufacturing industry as was envisaged if the line was constructed? Would the oyster beds in the area be any more developed than they are now?" There is only one thing we can say with fair certainty. If the plan had gone ahead, Jimmy would have written about its history with the same careful scholarship he brought the ill-fated proposal itself.

One project that I worked on in 1988 was a small book entitled "Kinvara History - A Family Affair", and here I once again found Jimmy tirelessly helpful in helping me to avoid mistakes I, as the enthusiastic "Blow In", might easily have made. Not only did he read the text at various stages of its composition, he also contributed invaluable material on such things as the mills around Kinvara and Dorus but also on the different occupations of people who lived here long ago. I owe him a debt that I hope this tribute in some way repays. Jimmy O'Connor as I knew him was a generous-spirited, unfailingly helpful man. A considerable historian and researcher, his published work, sadly, represents only a glimpse of what he might have accomplished had he retired in good health and been able to devote himself, as he often told me, to the many projects he was reserving for that happily anticipated time.

I conclude this personal recollection and tribute to Jimmy O'Connor with words he used to describe the achievement of Matt Mahon - "a rare and unusual man... who carved a memorable niche for himself in Kinvara's history."

J.W. O'Connell.



St. Joseph's National School

The good news that the extension to St. Joseph's N.S. is due to start is very welcome. A certain amount of funds must be raised locally, therefore fundraising must be undertaken. The first event in this cause was held last December in the Community Centre which was a Siamsa event. It was organised by the teachers and parents representatives on the Board of management together with committee members. It is hoped that a series Siamsa will be organised by the parents of the children attending the school. A spring fashion show was also held in May of this year. A special appeal is being made to all past pupils of St. Joseph's (wherever they are) who may now like to help out in raising funds for their Alma Mater. Any contribution, no matter how small, will be gratefully received and acknowledged. It is hoped that a display of photographs of past pupils will have a place of honour in the new school - some may recognise themselves in the groups pictured here - and if anyone can provide other relevant class photographs they'd be most appreciated.

Please send donations/photographs to Josephine Kavanagh, Chairperson, Parents Association, St. Joseph's National School, Kinvara.



King versus Punt

As money and money matters in Ireland seem to get crazier and crazier, I remember a man I met a number of years ago when An Foras Forbartha existed. Dan Hemmingway, an American, was invited to teach us about a design system of agriculture amongst, other things, called Permaculture. During his talk and slide show he explained an economic system "Local Employment and Trading System - LETS" which was in operation in Mexico and Colombia where money was scarce. This LETS system seems to me to be what we need in Ireland now. It would appear I am not the only one to think this as Sandra Bruce from Stroud, Gloucestershire was invited to speak in Westport this February on the success of the system, as she is "banker" of the Stroud LETS group. I was delighted and encouraged by the numbers that attended and by Sandra's very clear and patient explanations of how the system worked.

Imagine going back to barter - dealing on a one to one basis; now think about that on a larger scale; now about interest-free money - pay no interest, get no interest. Sounds interesting? The Local Employment and Trading System is a combination of the three. It allows members to buy services and goods from another member with a cheque from their system's bank, and then pay off their debt by providing services and goods to other members. No national currency, cheque or cash need change hands.

There is no limit on your overdraft and indeed if nobody had an overdraft, trading would stop. This local currency is made up of units, perhaps KINS, which can be linked to - the price of a litre of milk or the Irish Punt. If I owe one hundred Kins to the bank, then I have made one hundred promises of goods or services to the group. The banker keeps records of all transactions and a balance sheet is sent to all members. Communication is essential, and the balance shows everybody's standing which gives people the knowledge that helps them stop others running up over-large debts, by refusing them goods as they

see fit. In Stroud, a quarterly magazine/newsletter is published listing all services and goods available and also wanted. With each bank statement additional information sheets are sent out.

You may think that you have nothing to offer, but when I looked through some of the existing groups' magazines, I was astonished by the whole variety of things available and also the ingenuity of some of them. From doctors to childminders, painters to portrait painters, dressmaking to sailmaking, anything including walking the dog, to my favourite "I will entertain your in-laws for two hours while you cook lunch etc. including Christmas Day." Oh, how I'd love that. The man who includes that on his list is booked out completely, despite charging dearly for his time. He will also cure your child's stammer.

A small charge in national currency - £7.50 in Stroud - on starting membership and one KIN or STROUD a month for printing, postage etc. is the total of the banking charges.

Where this system has been set up, local employment has risen - as you're not getting paid cash your social welfare should not be interfered with - community life has flourished and the old meitheal system returns.

We sometimes talk of the good old days, when we had less but were happier. I believe the LETS system is a way to return some of this balance. Because there is no barrier to buying, there is no pressure to hoard. It helps us to know when enough is enough.

To finish, I'll quote Bill Mollison, the founder of the permaculture movement:

"Enough is a warm place, good nutrition hence health, plenty of information, many friends, a meaningful task or two, and reliance on the group, hence complete security. Multi-nationals, like national pride, are a result of greed in the need to hold what you have. Perhaps the greatest truth is that we can only own the resources we give to others." (Bill Mollison - Permaculture. Book II.)

Anybody interested in Kinvara LETS group or who wants further information on Permaculture, please contact me:
GERALDINE BLACKWELL . PHONE
091 - 37486.

Geraldine is married to Paddy and has three children: Aideen, Cormac and Emer - she is also long term member of IOFGA - Irish Organic Farmers and Growers Association.

twinning

The contact with Locoal-Mendon continues. Every year since our twinning there have been some exchanges and visits. But there has been no real development of the twinning in recent years. What has happened to the suggestions that sports clubs, musicians, senior citizens etc., would make contact with similar interest groups in Locoal-Mendon?

The answer is, of course, "nothing", because development implies commitment and some work. If you are interested in developing our contacts with Locoal-Mendon, notify one of the following immediately: Kathleen Kenny, Stan Mac Eoin, Maureen Heffernan or Marian Connolly.



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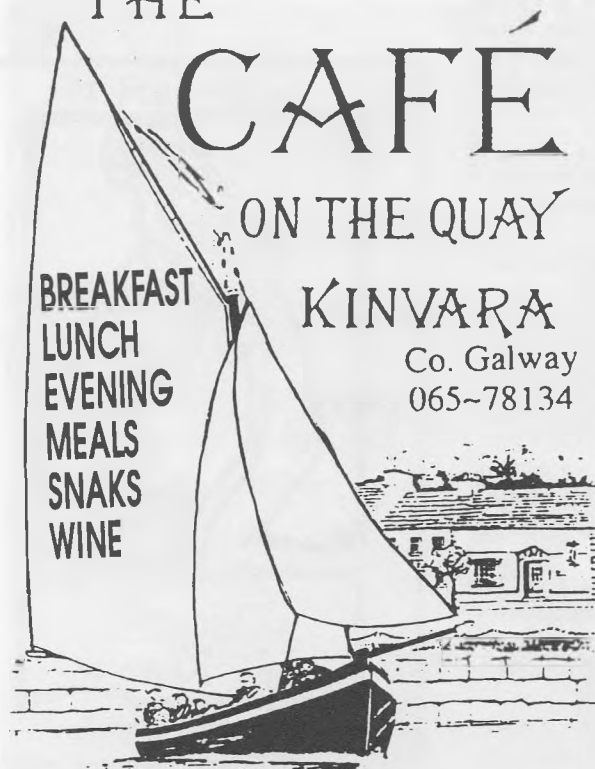
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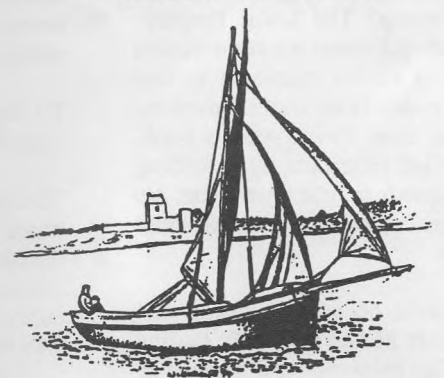
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Trish Thomson: 12 Church

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Tel: 093-37358

Helen Leaf: Mountscribe,

Kinvara.

Geraldine Blackwell:

Funshin Beg, Kinvara.

(091) 37486

Poetry

THE WHITE FUNERALS

The postman totters up our street. He's late
Or early, like spring, or he doesn't come at
all.

You practice your violin, I go for a stroll
And watch the oysterman tarring his boat
That the storm stove in - the rough weather
that brought

The lines down that night after New Year's
When the farmers' faces ran with tears
Outside the house where Mary Flatley was
laid out.

We've brushed our black clothes off and
put them away.

Someone is cooking, someone's out tend-
ing the livestock
In the rainy drizzle that settles the coal-
smoke.

Obscured up there in the weathered sky,
The wind that troubled our winter still
blows above

The village. We drink it at night with our
whiskey

And stir it into our morning tea,
Hearing the tune Charlie played over Mag-
gie's grave.

That drowsy reel's feet danced in the new-
dug mud

Of the grave, and held its drained face up
to the rain

When he played it slow on his dark accord-
ion -

That grievous dancestep Charlie played.

It follows me out this morning up and down

As I buy a stamp or run an errand

And go for a pint at Flatley's tavern,

Where Mary's smile is nowhere to be seen.

Nowhere in the pipesmoke and mirrored
coolness

Where she heard the farmers' chaff with a
tolerant ear,

Nowhere to be seen but present every-
where

Amid the slow talk and the Guinness

Her smile followed the gossip - predictable

As the stuffed pheasants in their glass
cases,

Old as the posters for the Galway Races.

She gave a love that was almost invisible -

Like the voice at the foot of the garden, the
thorny warble

I hear when I get home and pull on my
boots

And squelch out among the cabbages and
beets

To spot that spring voice, invisible

Or nearly so, that weightless, redbreasted,
feathered

Heartbeat that lilts in the back garden,

That sings its song for no sound reason

And dies among the thorns unheralded.

Numbed, reduced by winter, we withdraw
Into our losses. Two who were alive

Are gone. Spring is a letter that doesn't
arrive,

While March's high tides lap at the quay.

You practice that passage. I sniff the wind
for a sign,

And down in the mud the cabbages glow
With a green persistence. All day you play

That tune, that same old tune, till it's right
as rain.

Richard Tillinghast



THE LEGEND OF THE LONG BLACK HAND

In olden days, when Sheamus reigned,

And plenty crowned the land,

A sprite was seen in Killeen church,

'Twas called "The Long Black Hand".

No traveller dared to pass that way

From settin' sun till dawn,

But was left by this malicious elf

Half-murdered on the Bawn.

The church wherin it lay was built

By Colman - son of Duagh;

'Twas three long miles from old Tyrone

And two short miles from Clough.

And Clough belonged to Andrew Lynch,

A man of large estate.

But still he felt dissatisfied,

The church being near his seat.

Ten thousand pounds he would lay down
And thirty hides of land,
To any knight on Irish soil
Who'd slay the Long Black Hand.
And with that too, his daughter Kate,
A maid divinely fair,
Whose golden tresses loosely hung
Adown her shoulders bare.

A lovelier maid you couldn't find
Had you searched this island o'er,
And she was styled, as records tell,
The "Rose of Ballymore".

The offer large - the gift as great
As hero might demand,
To undertake for love of gold
To face the Long Black Hand.

But still the offer none accept,
For from all throughout the land
No knight so brave did venture forth
To meet the Long Black Hand.
And thus the elf was left at ease
For six long years and more,
Till Lynch's friends a visit paid
To him at Ballymore.

And with them too there also came
A bold and valiant knight
Who vowed to God he'd have revenge
On Killeen's churchyard sprite.
Now young O'Hyne from Incha-Guaire,
For so the youth was called -
As Annals say, he scarcely was
Full twenty summers old;

But still he did not courage lack
To face that hellish foe
Who shed his father's precious blood
And proved his overthrow.
The guests around the table sat
And wine went round and round,
And Andrew Lynch's health was drunk,
When he did thus respond:

"My gentle sirs and valiant knights,
Why should I life resign,
While each of you've received my health
And drunk to me and mine?
But yet I feel I cannot live,
I fear the end is near -
For the churchyard sprite will surely put
An end to my career.

"I've offered well to give as great
As hero might demand,
To undertake for gold or love,
To lay the Long Black Hand.
But still my offer none accept,
For up and down the land
No gallant knight has yet come forth
To meet that hellish Hand".

(Continued on page 48)

The old man here resumed his seat,
The tears rolled down his check.
They knew the cause of all his grief,
But not one soul would speak.
One would at the other gaze,
But none would raise the strain
Till young O'Hyne at length arose
And broke the silent chain.

Saying "Now, good sir, for me provide
A steed both swift and strong,
And I'll be off to Killeen church
And search the ruins among;
And if the Long Black Hand is there,
I'll die or revenge take
Upon that murdering hellish elf,
For my dear father's sake".

His sword he grasped in his right hand,
And mounting Lynch's steed,
'Twas off he went to Killeen church
To fall if fate decreed.
Arriving at the abbey gate;
"Art thou within?" he cried:
"I am and will be soon with thee",
The Long Black Hand replied.

On hearing such unearthly sounds,
His gallant steed took fright;
His retrogressing pace to check,
He pulled with all his might.
But curb or rein could not avail,
But lo! what makes him stand?
The elf has seized him by the tail,
The hellish Long Black Hand.

Our valiant knight well knew the cause
And with one backward stroke
He cut the Long Black Hand across,
When thus the demon spoke:
"Another cut, my valiant knight,
If I survive you'll rue".
"Oh! no," our gallant knight replied,
"I think that one will do".

He posted off without delay
And soon arrived at home,
And stabling there his dappled grey,
Whose sides were white with foam.
In haste he joins the festive train
In Lynch's genial hall,
Where rival wooers were base enough
To pray for his downfall.

Now young O'Hyne with Andrew Lynch
Went out to see the grey
And ordered out two stalwart grooms
To him with oats and hay.
But Palladore was now no more -
Old Andrew Lynch's pride;
And some would say that to his tail
The Long Black Hand was tied.

They both returned to the guests,
Our hero claims his bride,

And by Machuba's holy coarb
The nuptial knot was tied.
In peace they lived, in peace they sleep
In tombs of ample space
Within the lone Killeen's churchyard
walls,
That whilom haunted place.

These lines were composed by Richard Cronnelly, who was born in Newtown, Kilcolgan, about 1828. He was educated by the brothers at Clarenbridge and became a member of the Dublin Metropolitan Police. He had access to the Office of Public Records, where he found material for his "History of Clanna Rory". He wrote to his friend and school companion, Patrick Keely of Arran, for the story of the Long Black Hand. Patrick sent it to him as he got it from the old people. Sometime later these lines were sent by him to Patrick Keely. He also wrote historical articles for "The Nation" under the pen-name of N.K. or N. Kilcolgan (Newtown Kilcolgan). (Reprinted from The Mantle - Autumn 1973)



NIGHT TIME TRAVELLER

Along a quiet Irish road I went
Feeling quiet, feeling content.
A soft light wind did blow,
My mood was easy, my mood was slow.
You can't beat an Irish road at night,
Lightens the mind, makes the heart bright.

You can talk to the stars, they talk back
A quiet Irish road, like a soft gentle track.
You don't have to hurry, you don't have to rush
You can rest for a while, under a tree or a bush.
The night could be bright, the night could be dark,
There is always a little magic, always a little spark
Along a quiet Irish road in the beauty of the night.
Mind restful and contented, heart soft and bright.

Joe Staunton

MOUNTAIN STONES

These stones have been here for centuries
Resting in the ground, taking the breeze

These stones have rested here through
day and night
All around there is peace and quiet.

The fox and the hare struggle to survive
They struggle on to stay alive.

These mountain stones and mountain
In between counties Galway and Clare

Reflect a little when you climb these stones

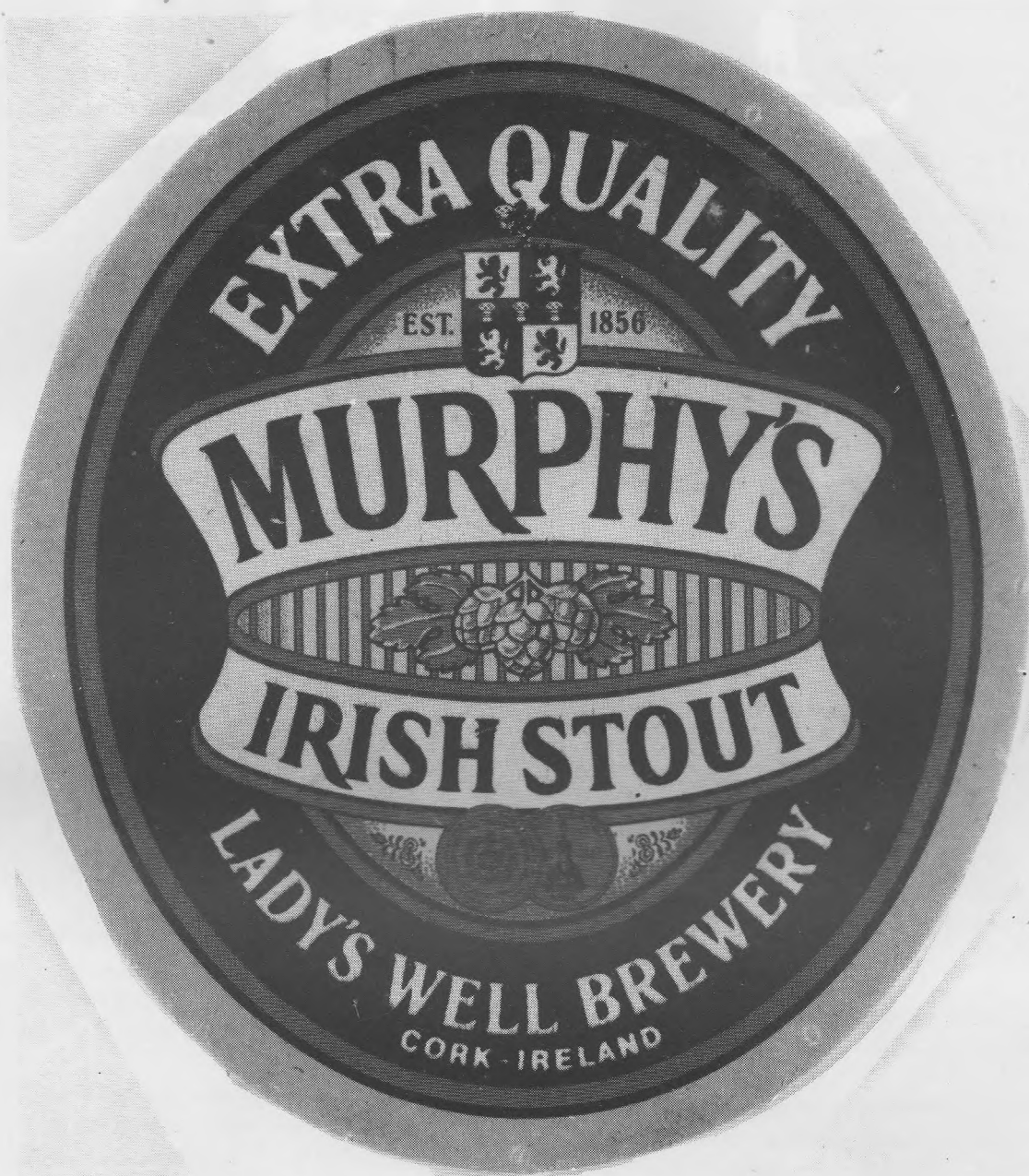
Will they still be here when we are gone

Joe Staunton

Western Roads

*The quite winding roads,
they twist and they turn,
while up in the sky.
The quiet winding roads,
some leading nowhere,
simple country roads,
clean, clean fresh air.
There's birds that fly high,
there birds that fly low,
there's winds from the ocean
with their soft centre blow.
Quiet winding roads,
that twist and turn,
in homes along the way,
warm fires, that do burn.
Along the quiet winding
roads,
there is many a surprise,
around the twists and turns,
and up in the skys.
So take it easy,
take it slow,
while the sun up above,
gives a nice gentle glow.*

J. Staunton



Sponsors of



Cruinniú na mBád

The Ould Plaid Shawl

Francis A. Fahy

Not far from Old Kinvara, in the merry month of May,
When birds were singing cheerily, there came across
my way,
As if from out the sky above an angel chanced to fall,
A little Irish cailin in an ould plaid shawl.

She tripped along right joyously, a basket on her arm;
And, O! her face, and, O! her grace, the soul of saint
would charm;
Her brown hair rippled o'er her brow, but greatest charm of
all
Was her modest blue eyes beaming 'neath
her ould plaid shawl.

I courteously saluted her - "God save you,
miss," says I;
"God save you, kindly, sir," said she, and
shyly passed me by;
Off went my heart along with her, a
captive in her thrall,
Imprisoned in the corner of her ould plaid
shawl.

Enchanted with her beauty rare, I gazed in
pure delight,
Till round an angle of the road she
vanished from my sight;
But ever since I sighing say, as I that scene
recall,
"The grace of God about you and your
ould plaid shawl."

They may talk of highway robbers that,
with pistols and with knives,
Make trembling travellers yield them up
their money or
their lives,
But think of me that handed out my heart and head and all
To a simple little cailin in an ould plaid shawl!

O! graceful the mantillas that the signorinas wear,
And tasteful are the bonnets of Parisian ladies fair,
But never cloak, or hood, or robe, in palace, bow'r, or hall,
Clad half such witching beauty as that ould plaid shawl.

O! some men sigh for riches, and some men live for fame,
And some on history's pages hope to win a glorious name;
My aims are not ambitious, and my wishes are but small -
You might wrap them all together in an ould plaid shawl.

I'll seek her all through Galway, and I'll seek her all
through Clare,
I'll search for tale and tidings of my true love everywhere
And peace of mind I'll never find
Until my own I call
My little Irish Cailin
In her ould plaid shawl.

An Spéir Bhrat Bhrád

(Aistriú ar "The Ould Plaid Shawl" - Ní fios cé dhein)

I bhfogas do Chinn Mhara dhom san mBealtaine bhog bhuí.
Bhí éiníní go ceol-bhinn nuair a seoladh i mo shlí,
Mar thitfeadh chugam aingeal beag as Flaitheas geal
na nGrás,
Dea-chailín gasta Gaelach faoi n-a spéir-bhrat bhrád.

Sí a shiúl go croíúil éasca 'gus a cléibhín le na taobh,
A Scéimh agus a leaca geal do mheallfaidís na naoimh
Bhí a gruaig ar dhath an ómra, ach sé a leon mo chroí im lar,
A dá súil ghorm ghléageal faoi n-a spéir-bhrat bhrád.



"O Dia dhuit féin, a chailín bhig" sea
bheannaíos di
go h-umhal
"Dia is Muire dhuit," a d fhreagair sí ag
dul tharm di
go cúthail,
Gus tá mo chroí bocht imithe, gus ní
fhillfidh sé go brách,
Mar tá sé anois i ngéibheann in a spéir-
bhrat bhrád.

Do chualas caint ar rógairí ar ar bhóithre
móra an rí,
Ag fuagairt ar fhear bealaigh:
"Ar do bheatha anois cuir díot," Ach fear
an mac seo a leag amach a cheann gus an
croí as a lár,
Chuir gailín simplí Gaelach faoi na spéir-
bhrat bhrád.

Le ríméad as a dathúlacht do dhearcas í go
dlúth,
Gur chas sí cúinne an bhóthair uaim níor

thóigeas di mo shúil,
Nuair a thigeas sí im chuimhne anois sé a ghuím di gach lá,
Go raibh grásta gus beannacht Dé aici na spéir-bhrat bhrád.

Is deas a thagann fallaingí do chailíní sa Spáin,
'Gus i bPáras thall bíonn caipíní go faisúnta ar na mna,
Ach ní facthas faoi bhinn clóca ariamh aon tseod-bhean leath
chomh breá,
Le mo chailín gasta Gaelach faoi n-a spéir-bhrat bhrád.

Bíonn daoine ag súil le saibhreas, gus dream eile ag tóraíocht
cáil,
'Gus tuilleadh ag santu ainme le gaisce 'gus le lúth.
Ní duine santach mise, gus sé a chuirim romham a fháil
An Cailín gasta Gaelach faoi na spéir-bhrat bhrád.

'Gus tóroidh mé i nGaillimh í, 'gus thart faoi Chontae
an Chláir,
'Gus siúlfaidh mé na réigiúin go bhfad scéala ar mo ghrá,
Ar m'intinn ní bheidh foras nó gur liom arís go brách
An cailín gasta Gaelach faoi na spéir-bhrat-bhrád.