

Inland Waterways Association of Ireland
**CORRIB
RALLY
2012**

Ramblings on the Corrib
by Zara Brady



A Souvenir of the Summer Rally
20 ~ 23 July 2012

NOTES ON THE ROUTE

There I was sitting in front of my computer in late June looking out on a very grey and very empty lake wondering what to include and what to omit in these notes on our Summer Rally. The route starts from the Corrib Club and terminates at the northern extremity of the lake's navigational system - the bridge at Maam, so there's a lot of ground to cover - when my eye caught something in the water. Four long streaks of black were making their way rapidly from my pier to Wall's Island. A family of mink!

Out the door I raced, armed with binoculars and iPhone. I tiptoed across the walkway to the island and peered into the undergrowth – what I beheld was like a noisy scene from the Teddy Bears' Picnic. Four little fellows dashing about between the rocks, tumbling and rolling, lots of baby growling and squealing, forays into the shallow water – while all the while 'mammy mink' hissed angrily at me hidden in her den in a nearby tree root.



Mink were introduced into Ireland to be kept captive on fur farms and raised for their valuable pelts. But many farms had inadequate fences and as mink are good climbers, many escaped and bred in the wild. There were also instances of animal rights activists cutting their way into fur farms and releasing thousands of mink. Mink eat a lot of fish, and their depredations among trout and salmon can be very serious. They also eat water birds and nestlings.

My new furry neighbours create quite a dilemma for me.... my flock of old fashioned poultry breeds which include Welsummer, Barnvelder, Light Sussex, Leghorn and Black Minorcans are now in mortal danger!

SAFETY COMES FIRST

Our Safety Officer Michael Hynes carries out a Safety Audit on all our social and boating activities and identifies the *'known or expected hazards associated'* with each activity. So all aspects of this Rally came under close scrutiny.

We are obliged to do this by the Health & Safety Authority, and then put control measures in place to reduce the risk allied with our activities to the minimum that is reasonably practicable.

The Comadóir wishes that the 2012 Summer Rally will be a safe and enjoyable weekend. However members are expected to make themselves aware of hazards and to be responsible for their own and their crew's health and safety. Please read the Safety Notes and adhere to all rules.

LEAVING THE CORRIB CLUB

The CRYC needs no introduction, founded in 1864, it is one of the oldest boat clubs in Ireland and most renowned for the annual Cong-Galway Race, the longest sailing race in inland waterways in Europe. Starting out on the river we pass the fine stone piers of the dismantled bridge which once carried the railway from Galway to Clifden and to the lovely wonderful of Connemara.

Our route up river takes us under the Quincentennial Bridge past the ruins of The Iodine. The bridge was built in the mid-1980's to celebrate the 500th anniversary of Galway and is the bane of sailors who cannot get their masts under the bridge.

The actual Iodine Factory was on Long Walk. It consisted of various sheds, floored with perforated flagstones, and with large tanks underneath. Raw seaweed was stored in the sheds, and as it decomposed, liquid matter flowed into the tanks. This was then distilled into something like charcoal from which a number of substances were extracted, including iodine.

The decomposed seaweed was then taken by barge up the canal and river to an auxiliary factory at Terryland, where it was rendered into fertiliser.

People living close to the Long Walk constantly complained about emissions from the plant, which they regarded as poisonous, so the company erected a depot on the Aran Islands instead.

By 1876 the seaweed business had finished, but the ruins at Terryland have been known to generations of oarsmen going up and down the Corrib simply as "The Iodine".



Menlo Castle

Beyond Terryland the river rounds Jordan's Island and the next straight brings us to the handsome ruins of Menlo Castle standing close to the right bank. This fine home of the Blakes was occupied by the family until 1910, and the regattas which were held here,

and the gay parties (*meaning "very jolly" occasions – in my youth a gay man meant that he was the life and soul of the party*) which took place on the lawns fronting the river, added a colour to the countryside which it could ill spare.

But in 1910 the castle was destroyed by fire, and today everything is desolation and neglect. Even the pathetic little memorial that stands in the old orchard, to the Galway side of the castle, is almost completely hidden in brambles and weeds. But the inscription is still plain and easy to read:

To the memory of
Eleanor Camilla Eliza Blake,
Who perished in the disastrous fire at Menlo Castle,
July 26th 1910, aged 45 years,
this memorial is affectionately dedicated by her loving
brother,
T.P. Blake.
Thy will be done.

Sir Valentine Blake, who lived here in the 18th Century, was a typical Irish landlord, of the better kind, of that period. Roistering, gaming and improvident, he was seldom out of debt, and eventually he became "a Sunday Boy". That is to say, he only ventured out on Sundays when the bailiffs were precluded from serving their warrants. His constituents decided to confer upon him the immunity that went with membership of Parliament. When he was duly elected, they all went together to call him ashore from the boat in which he sat to avoid two process-servers who were waiting at the riverside to pounce upon him.

Beyond Menlo Castle two narrow streams flow north from the river to Lough Corrib, forming the large islands of Coolanillaun and Tonacurragh. Beside the stream, which divides Coolanillaun from the Menlo mainland, were the famous Angliham Marble Quarries. Valuable black marble (which in fact was a black Galway limestone) was sent to most parts of the world from here. A quarry at Coolough supplied the stone from which the columns in the Augustinian Church were fashioned. Most of the Churches, older institutions and commercial buildings in Galway are constructed of limestone from the Lough Corrib Quarries.



Angliham Marble Quarry

ANACH CUAN TRAGEDY

One hundred and eighty-four years ago on September 4th, 1828 a boat left Annaghdown Pier bound for a fair at Galway City. On board were some sheep which were for auction at the fair and some thirty men and women who had intended to make a holiday out of the visit to Galway since a fair afforded an opportunity in those days of meeting old friends and relations. The atmosphere aboard the boat was a light hearted one since people in those days got very few opportunities to mix socially and they were, no doubt, looking forward to their outing.

Tragically, however, this atmosphere was to change to one of panic and eventually tragedy in what was to become one of the most lamented drowning accidents in the history of the West of Ireland. It is not quite certain what caused the boat to sink, but the story is told that one of the sheep on board got restless and poked his hoof through the floor of the boat. One of the men tried to stuff the hole with his overcoat but only succeeded in knocking a plank out of the boat which caused the water to pour in.

The rest of the story is history - nineteen men and women on board were to drown in the ensuing panic and scarcely a family in the village of Annaghdown was to remain unaffected by the tragedy.

On board the boat was a young man named Cosgrave who managed to help some of the passengers to safety. However, when he swam back to try and rescue the girl who was shortly to have been his wife, Maire Ni Ruain, panic stricken women dragged them both under. There was also a woman who used her bag of wool to stay afloat and was eventually rescued and lived to a ripe old age.

The poet Raftery in his famous poem 'Anach Cuan' poignantly related the story of the Annaghdown tragedy.

Ní díobháil eolais
a chuir dá treoir iad,
ach mí-adh mór a bhí
sa gCaisleán Nua.
Is é críochnú an amhráin
gur báthadh mórán
is d'fhág ábhar dóláis
ag Anach Cuan.

The cause of their fate
was no fault of sailing,
It was the boat that failed them
the 'Caisleán Nua,
' And left me to make with a heart
that's breaking,
This sad lamentation for
Anach Cuan.

SCRAMBLED EGGS

After that sad story we need a bit of diversion. On the subject of my hens again, I just love making scrambled eggs on the boat, but I really hate cleaning the saucepan. So here's my trick.

Put a saucepan on a low flame and put in about two tablespoons of butter and allow it to melt. Remember to keep the heat really low. Then add about ¼ cup of milk. Lightly beat 4 eggs and add to the saucepan and stir gently. Season to taste. Keep on stirring to stop the eggs sticking to the bottom and in about the time it takes to recite Anach Cuan, you will have perfect light and fluffy eggs.



ITEMS OF GALLEY EQUIPMENT

There are four items of equipment I'd hate to be without in the galley. The first is a non-stick milk pan (easily cleaned, all-purpose and conveniently deep). The second is a mini pressure cooker I bought from the www.lakeland.co.uk catalogue. The third item is a lidless kettle, filled through the spout, causing much less danger of spilled hot water. The fourth is a pump action vacuum flask which, again, avoids hot liquid spills, and keeps any boiled water hot until needed.

Cruisers lucky enough to have a fridge in their galley have an advantage when island-hopping away from the shops, but iceboxes and coolers can provide all the "refrigeration" you need for a few days at a time if they are well insulated and you use them sensibly.

There are advantages and disadvantages to having an onboard fridge. On the plus side, you have the ease and convenience. On the negative side, fridges are energy hogs. Although energy requirements vary with the outside temperature, cruisers typically have to run their engines about two hours (give or take half an hour) every morning and night just to keep the fridge cold. If you're motoring that much anyway, there's no problem.

Here are a few tips we have collected from cruiser owners over the years:

- Line your fridge, icebox or cooler with a space blanket. It will tend to reflect heat to the outside and cold to the inside.
- Leave home with all but your first day's meat frozen solid (freeze it for at least two days).
- A beach towel or two folded in several layers and draped over an icebox or cooler will provide extra insulation.

FRIAR'S CUT TO ANNAGHDOWN

We leave the river and enter the lower lake at the Friar's Cut. As Michael Hynes says in his wonderful sailing account, *Lure of the Corrib*, written over fifty years ago,

"for navigation and cruising purposes the lake is best divided into two parts, the lower lake which stretches from Friar's Cut to Rabbit Island, and the upper lake which stretches from there almost to Maam.

The main steamer passage is fairly well marked in accordance with the usual rules of the road. Going up the lake from Galway (against the flow) one keeps the black markers on the port side and leaves the red and white markers to starboard.

The shapes of the markers vary somewhat and include painted Cairns, painted rocks and steel markers. There are maintained by the Lough Corrib Navigation Trustees, the body responsible for navigation on the Corrib."

We cruise northwards across the Lower Lake leaving the flat land alongside the Curraghline road and the mouth of the Clare River on our starboard; rocky Moycullen Bay is on the port side. White painted monuments guide us towards the entrance to the Annaghdown narrows.

According to the Book of Ballymote, Aodh, son of Eochy Tirmacarna, King of Connacht, bestowed Annaghdown on God and on St. Brendan of Clonfert. It was here that the Navigator, after his world-shaking voyage of seven years, brought his sister Brigit, who was a Canoness of the Augustinian Order, to found herself a Nunnery. The remains of Brigit's Convent, probably the oldest at Annaghdown, now stand to the north of the group of ruined buildings. It was in this nunnery that St. Brendan died in the year 577, attended by his sister, the Abbess.

When I first met my husband Fergus in 1970, he was very keen to visit the ruins of the cathedral at Annaghdown. He was able to tell me that his ancestor Seeán Mac Brádaigh, of the Carmelite Order was appointed Bishop of Annaghdown in 1425. During the Reformation, there were two bishoprics: one of the Church of Ireland and the other of the Roman Catholic Church.



Annaghdown Cathedral

Believe it or not, the title of Bishop of Annaghdown still exists. In 1970, the Roman Catholic Church revived the title as the *Titular Bishop of Eanach Dúin*. It is currently held by Bishop Octavio Cisneros, Auxiliary Bishop of Brooklyn, New York, who was appointed on 6 June 2006 by His Holiness, Benedict XVI. I sincerely hope the title came with a good map of the place and nobody told the new bishop that 'his cathedral' wasn't looking too sound.



This is the Memorial at Annaghdown Pier, erected in 1978 in memory of those drowned in 1828. Although the tragedy took place on the Corrib River near Menlo, it is always referred to as the Annaghdown or Eanach Cuan Tragedy.

ANNAGHDOWN CASTLE

This Tower-house was probably built by the last bishop of Annaghdown, who was appointed in 1421, but the earliest documentary reference occurs in 1574 when it was in the possession of Nicholas Lynch. It stands at the north end of a large irregular bawn, the walls of which were originally about 4m high. It was beautifully restored as a family home in 2006 and during the course of the work the architects found much evidence of rebuilding, and thought the boulder construction method used and the wall thickness indicated a late medieval date. There was also indications that the upper story of the tower were a 17-century addition.

The waters of Lough Corrib originally extended further inland, and it is possible that the south and west side of the bawn were secure from landward attack.



There are nice sheltered piers for fishing boats at Annaghdown and it is a popular centre for angling in the lower lake which otherwise lacks good launching facilities and jetties.

KILBEG PIER

Kilbeg Pier or Knockferry Pier will be our lunch stopover on Saturday, depending on how the wind is blowing. You are requested to allow the Comadóir approach the pier first and then only go in at the behest of the Berthing Master.

This is the narrowest part of Lough Corrib being just 567 yards across to Knockferry on the other side. The nearby pub, owned by the Murphy family is referred to as The Ferry, and it is great favourite with locals for the card games in the winter. It was at this pier the several steamers that plied the Corrib daily stopped and discharged cargo and took on passengers bound for Galway. The south side of Kilbeg Pier has an inner harbour and is used by the Lough Corrib Navigation Trustees to berth their workboat, raft and other building implements used to paint and repair of the navigation channel markers and beacons. In 2000 there were proposals to introduce a car ferry to carry 24 cars between Kilbeg and Knockferry. Planning permission was granted in 2005 for a cable-link ferry and new access roads, but by 2006 it was shot down by An Bord Pleanála – apparently eight groups and individuals including An Taisce, Friends of the Irish Environment, angling clubs and locals had objected to the plan.



Cable-link car ferry on Lake Windermere, Cumbria (the method proposed for Kilbeg/Knockferry)

CARGIN CASTLE

The imposing 13th century white castle nestled in the corner of Clydagh Bay is the former residence of William Gaynard. It was authentically restored to its original majesty and splendor by Mr. Christopher Murphy in the early 1970's and is now available as a rental property.



Cargin after 1970's restoration

CLYDAGH HOUSE

Clydagh is one of the most historically significant bays on the entire lake. It contains the fortified island of Illauncarbery, previously known as Macamh Iniscreawa according to Sir William Wilde. The fortress is a massive circular structure with 6ft thick walls that stand 10ft high. It is well over a thousand years old. The island lies in front of Cargin Castle.

The bay supports some wonderful trout fishing from the banks, and contains a difficult to get to, but largely sheltered anchorage.

Clydagh House soon comes into view on the starboard side. Built in the early 1820's, Wilde introduces it as the "handsome residence George Lynch-Staunton, Esq. with its sloping green sward running down to the water's edge, and surrounded by well-grown timber, and tastefully laid out pleasure grounds". The family were landlords of Clydagh, Cargin, Kilbeg, Ballynacregga and Luggawannia for a large portion of the nineteenth century including the dreaded Famine years 1845-1850.

In 1802, the absentee landlord of Clydagh, Sir George Thomas Staunton, while visiting his Estate commented in a letter to his mother in England:

"It is, on the whole, a delightful romantic spot. The Lake, the Islands, the Wood, the distant mountains, the ancient church and castle form a 'tout ensemble' of picturesque beauty seldom to be met with anywhere, especially in Ireland."

The last Staunton to live in Clydagh was Mr. Charles, always referred to locally as Searluisin, but I don't know whether the "een" was a reference to his stature or was meant to be derogatory. Much to the locals' astonishment he claimed that he could not afford to get married. Anyway he sold it in 1947.



Carbery Island in Clydagh Bay

Clydagh was burnt in 1922, but was later rebuilt. Marian Egan-Finlay in her lovely essay *"Tales My Father Told Me"* states: "On the morning of the fire somebody called to her father's house and called out, 'They're burning down the Big House' and dad set off on foot to see for himself. Mick Dowd from Ballyhale, was on guard in front of the house, seemingly alone, because my father never mentioned any other names when the topic was discussed round the fire.

There were heaps of doors and windows lying on the lawn and my father in his innocence assuming that they were going to be added to the pyre addressed the other man and said that it was a shame to burn all that fine stuff and that he could do with a few doors,

to which Mick replied generously, *"Take what you want!"*. Whenever anybody admired the three handsome panelled doors in our house this story would be told, so I am not revealing any secrets.

When my mother married my father in 1923, she found two mahogany panels that must have been window shutters and got John Joyce, Loggawannia, to make a wardrobe for her using the panels as doors. My sister Nora (married to Mick Molloy, Slivevroe) told me the mahogany doors are still sound after all those years. My father soon discovered the reason for the sentry's generosity when the following week he saw cartloads of timber passing by his door on the way to Ballyhale."

After the Civil War, a claim for compensation was presented to the Free State Government, and towards the end of the 1920's Clydagh House was restored to its former glory.

According to Nollaig O'Gadhra in his book *Civil War in Connacht* the amounts claimed in compensation for the destruction of property during the Civil War at the Quarter Sessions in September 1923 amounted to almost £154,000.

Marian Egan-Finlay says, 'no expense was spared on rebuilding Clydagh House. Tradesmen from Dublin were brought down to do the work and lodged in the nearby farmhouses, a welcome source of income to the housewives. My mother who loved company often spoke fondly of her lodgers who paid thirty shillings a week rent for full board. Her favourites were three plasterers Billy O'Neill, Arthur Moynagh and Joe Byrne an apprentice still in short pants to whom rural conditions must have come as a bit of a shock. My father, when asked very politely for the toilet, opened the back door and said, *"Out there, a stór, as far as the eye can see."*

During the 1930's members of the Canadian branch of the Lynch-Staunton family used to come to Clydagh House for the summer months. A chauffeur name Hartin or Horton arrived first to open up the house and service the two cars. He was followed by the maids who came annually from Cavan. There was a cook, a kitchen maid, a parlour maid, a chamber maid, a laundress and a local girl employed.

The Lynch Stauntons always attended second Mass in Claran Church. He was a tall distinguished-looking man with a small grey beard. His wife dressed in dark, severe costumes and wore long jet earrings.

ANNAGHKEEN CASTLE

We leave Clydagh House and navigate the narrow channel south of Collinamuck. At mark number 96, look over to the right and you will see Annaghkeen Castle. Of all the castles on Lough Corrib, this would appear to be the oldest, dating as it does from the 12th century. The construction methods used would testify to its great antiquity – all the the quoins, doorways and window opening are formed of undressed stone.

At the north-west corner there is a square tower, and probably a similar one existed on the north-east. All the outer walls are six feet thick, and contain passageways leading to the upper apartment and the parapet. Some of the archways of the windows are circular and others pointed; but all ingeniously constructed with stones to which a hammer or chisel was never applied.



Annaghkeen Castle

There is a slipway at Annagheen for launching boats, safe moorings and a small stone pier. It is a pleasant spot for bathing and picnics, and very popular with local families. The red-roofed house on Annaghkeen Island was the former weekend retreat of the Anderson family from Galway.

One page 61 of Maurice Semple's book "Reflections on Lough Corrib" there is a photograph of *The Yawl*, "Restmore" the the largest yacht ever to sail on Corrib, owned by the late Samuel Anderson, seen on a tack after arriving from Galway Docks via the Eglinton Canal. In order that she might sail above the Railway Bridge, it was necessary to open the drawbridge to let her pass. The "Restmore" sailed as far as Menlo and later returned to the Docks. She was 36 feet long and had 8 feet draft."

Samuel Anderson's record for the largest yacht ever to sail on Corrib is well broken now by Edward Deacy's current yacht *Klassie Lady*.

Across the bay from Annaghkeen Castle is my own homestead, Walls Farm and Walls Island – usually well defined with an orange windsock. Captain Trevor Northage www.anglingcharts.com says on his website that Annaghkeen has a difficult entrance to negotiate, but has a good safe anchorage in good holding once inside.

RABBIT ISLAND

As Rabbit Island comes into view on our starboard side, you perhaps catch a glimpse of the pretty fishing lodge built by Charles Mark Wynn, 4th Lord Headley in 1907. The pre-fabricated house was supplied by the Army & Navy Stores in London at a cost of €800 and delivered to the island by steamer.

This type of building was very popular throughout the British Colonies in the early 1900's. For instance, Western Canada was still largely an unsettled land. To encourage the movement of populations westward,

various trading companies started producing pre-fabricated houses that could be bought, shipped by rail, and then assembled by settlers looking to make Western Canada their home. The houses came in a variety of different sizes and layouts, from a basic 12-foot by 12-foot single room structure to a two-story house that included a library, closets, cupboards and four bedrooms.

Pre-fabricated houses were touted as being simple to assemble - one advertisement insisted that the houses could be put together using such common tools as a hammer, saw, level and screwdriver - convenient, water and draft proof, and "handsome." In addition to this, the houses were available in a spectrum of prices ranging from \$100 for a small and basic structure to \$785 for a more spacious and intricate design. I found it fascinating that the photographs of these early Canadian homes are exact replicas of Lord Headley's fishing lodge on Rabbit Island.

UPPER LAKE

The white monument marker on the southwest corner of Rabbit Island (no 98) marks the start of the "upper lake." Now let your heart soar in delight at the vista that opens up before you – seven clear miles of straight open water, Inchagoill lying under the tabletop of Mount Gable, the cluster of dwellings on the shore of Birchall and further on, Aughanure Castle the stronghold of the O'Flaherties – all framed by the hills of Moycullen, the Twelve Pins and the Partry and Maamturk Mountains.

INISHANBO

On the port side, Wilde described as "*Rev John D'Arcy's pretty cottage upon Inis Sean Bó*" – the beautiful residence on the island of Inishanbo looks pretty much the same today as it did in 1867. Its high gabled front is reminiscent of both Moytura and Lackafinna, which suggests it was built in the 1850's. However it was Captain Edward William Anketell, aged 36, a retired Lieut. 1st. East Yorkshire Regt. who was sitting at home on the island on Census night 1901 – hence the reason why our fathers referred to it as Jones's Island. He was also at home for the 1911 Census – with his sister Countess Ruth Metaxa about whom someone remarked, "*Oh yes, the Countess Metaxa is a large, nice motherly kind: but her son is abominably hearty, and a crashing bore!*"

But we can't take our leave of this island without telling the children about how it came to have its name, Inishanbo, the Island of the Old Cow: it happened in the time the O'Flaherties were having difficulties with the O'Conors who were driving them from the east side of the lake.

One night, Finvarra, the King of the Fairies, came to O'Flaherty in his sleep and warned him to make his way to the western shore so that his wife and the infant that was his heir might be safe. O'Flaherty was no fool, so away he goes across the lake with his wife and child and a few of his followers, but by the time he gets as far as Inishanbo, doesn't he hear by some

means, that in fleeing from the O'Conors, he was only facing enemies as bad or maybe worse – the tall, outrageous Joyces themselves. So what does he do but land his wife and child on Inishanbo and go back to gather a few fighting men around him to meet his new foe.

But it was a long time before he got back to the island, for the ways of war and fighting bring dangers and delays you'd never think of, and his wife and child would have starved to death if it hadn't been for 'the good people.' For just when the woman was giving up all hope of succour, and the poor little infant crying out in need of nourishment, what happens but a splendid white cow comes out of the lake and walks up on the strand.

The poor lady was very uneasy till the cow pushes its soft nose into her hand and makes a sign that it would be no great harm if she would milk it. And from that day until O'Flaherty got back to Inishanbo there was no want of nourishment for woman or child.

On the subject of fairies, I may as well mention to you that when you turn your back on Inishanbo and face towards Greenfields and Inishquinn, you have a fine view of Knockma or Castle Hackett hill, the seat of Finvarra, King of Connacht fairies. That area is estimated to have been inhabited as far back as 7,000 years ago and has been a place of myth, magic and mystery ever since.

INCHAGOILL

If you received your IWN June edition, you will have read Paul Faller's description of Inchagoill and its antiquities, so I will jump on instead to the location of our Sunday lunch stop-over near the Hill of Doon. We will be pulling into Corker Bay where the Corrib Branch maintains a permanent anchorage and if weather conditions permit, we will raft together.

When we depart, you will see Doon House on the starboard side. John Smyth built this outstanding Georgian house in 1806. By the mid-19th century it was a Blake residence and was later used as a shooting lodge by the Guinness family. It was offered for sale in 1939 with the rest of the Guinness estate.



The house was the home of the Earl of Mayo in the latter part of the 20th century and is gloriously situated on a wooded peninsula of rare specimen trees and ancient oak. It has an octagonal pavilion mounted on a summit overlooking the Hill of Doon, so remember to look upwards or you'll miss it.

CAISLEAN NA CIRCE (Hen's Castle)

The story of this castle being stormed and besieged many times, not the least of which was the celebrated occasion when Granuaile (Grace O'Malley) personally defended it, is known to one and all. She was the great pirate Queen of Connemara, who lived in the time of Queen Elizabeth 1. Built early in the 12th Century by the sons of Roderick O'Connor, last High-King of Ireland, the castle is considered to be the oldest fortress of its kind in Ireland and is placed in the direction of the cardinal compass points.

CLEMENTS MINES

The imposing surface workings of this mine are visible on the mountain above the entrance to the Maam River. It was originally worked in the 1800s and later re-worked in 1908. The processing mill, which is large and impressive, is quite prominent and overlooks Lough Corrib. It is in a fine condition and pretty well preserved. It seems likely that it was powered by a pelton wheel arrangement as there is evidence of an artificial watercourse going from the stream which would have worked the wheel and driven the crushers. Above this is an incline plane, which continues down past the mill to the remains of a wooden pier on the river. There is a report about a boat full of ore, which sank in Lough Corrib on route to Galway and is still thought to be there. (Cole's Memoir page 102)



MAAM BRIDGE

Our final destination, beside the house that Alexander Nimmo called "home" for many years: where he rested after designing bridges, piers, roads and even a village in Connemara, motivated by his desire to improve the prosperity of the Connemara region and its people. May you also find rest and relaxation after your journey the entire length of Lough Corrib and enjoy the remainder of the 2012 boating season.

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