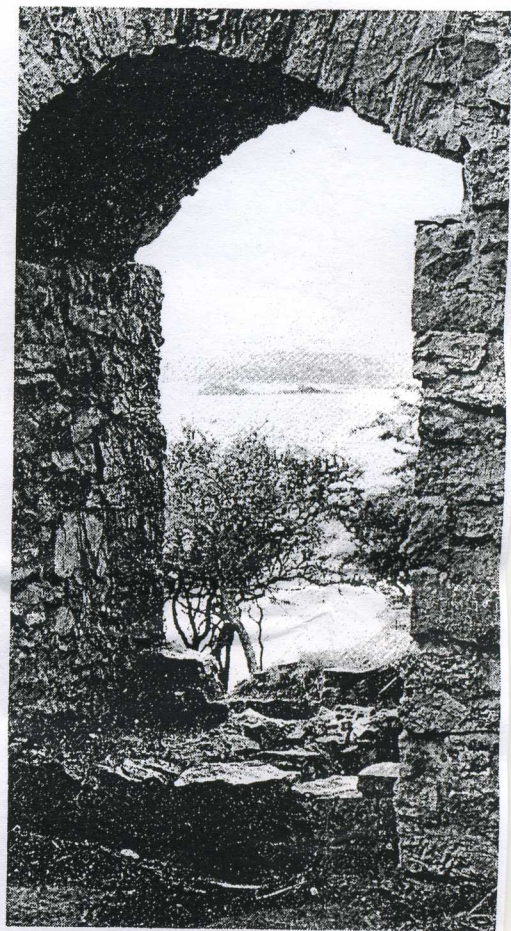




Mallard fighting over Lough Carra.

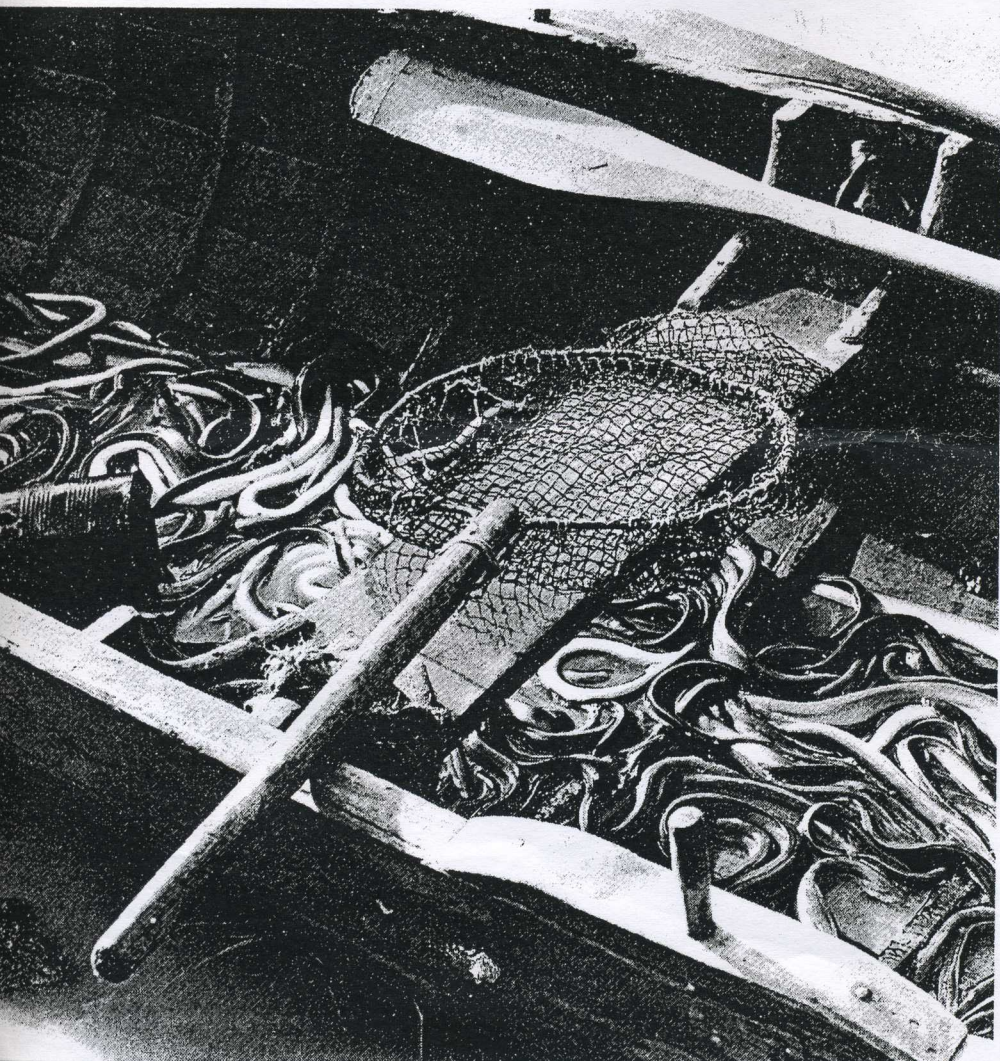


The Lough from Castle Bourke.

The Fair Maid of Carra

by Jeffery Harrison

Illustrated by
Pamela Harrison



It was a monk, Brother Daly, fishing on Lough Carra, who told us that its Gaelic name, when translated, meant "The Fair Maid of Carra." We soon found ourselves sharing his enthusiasm for this most beautiful water and agreed that its Gaelic name was indeed apt.

The lough is quite shallow, lying in a limestone bed, which gives the water its astonishingly brilliant green and white reflections in the sunshine. In some areas where the mud was exposed, particularly near Killkieran, it was so white that it reminded us irresistibly of the drying salt pans of the Camargue, especially when the black Aberdeen Angus cattle were grazing in the *phragmites* reed beds, just as the black fighting bulls do on the Camargue!

We were fortunate in being able to accompany Brian Stronach and Tommy Flanelly on their weekly duck count on our arrival—a five-hour, 24-mile trip.

Continued on next page

