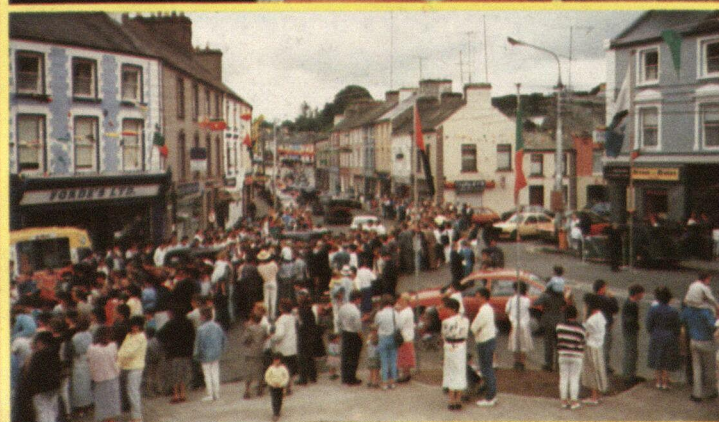
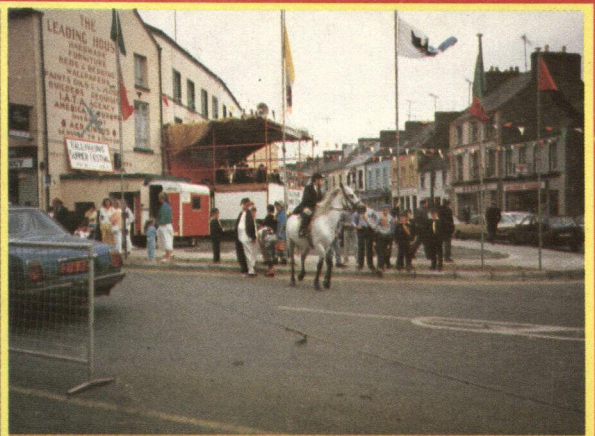


# ANNAGH '87





# Editorial

**T**HIS is our tenth edition of "Annagh", ten issues which comprise valuable records of the parish. I am always conscious of our exiles and the importance of this magazine to them. One old lady in Florida, 97 years young, who left this country over eighty years ago and never returned — our friends also in Australia and Britain.

We think of the present generation of exiles in the U.S. and their problems, too, and hope that through this magazine they will be kept informed of events at home.

This year we have changed the format and we hope that it may prove more beneficial locally as a directory, and for our exiles as a means of contact abroad.

**Editorial Committee:** President, Jim London.

Chairman, Joe Greene.

Secretary, Matt O'Dwyer.

Treasurer, Shea O'Callaghan.

Joe Hosty, Pat Higgins.

**Typing:** Mary Henry.

**Printing, Design & Layout:** "Western People Printing", Ballina.

**JOE GREENE,**  
**Editor**



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The new Archbishop of Tuam, Most Rev. Dr. Joseph Cassidy, pictured after his installation to the historic archdiocese with retired Archbishop, Dr. Joseph Cunnane.

Pic.: Henry Wills, 'Western People'.



# SEASONS GREETINGS

BY PATRICK O. COSTELLOE, P.P.

**T**HE past year has been notable not only for the better weather but also for many important changes. We note with sadness the retirement of Archbishop Joseph Cunnane, who has served the Archdiocese with remarkable success. His vision of the Church was one of kindness, magnanimity and unassuming service. I am sure that all our parishioners wish him many happy years in his retirement.

We welcome Archbishop Joseph Cassidy, who is no stranger to us; Charlestown is not far from us and I am sure he will bring the rich inheritance of his Mayo upbringing, his experience in Galway, and his undoubted skill in communication to his new Archdiocese. We bid him céad míle fáilte! While rejoicing in the promotion of Fr. Martin Gleeson to be Parish Priest of Carnacon, we will miss him very much. In the brief period that he has been in Ballyhaunis he has endeared himself to all: his

devotion to his duties, his thoroughness in all his undertakings will be remembered with gratitude by all. Carnacon is fortunate in its new Parish Priest.

The success of the Ballyhaunis Festival was an outstanding event in the Parish; it was an exercise in co-operation, originality and enthusiasm. We congratulate all who contributed to it in any way and look forward to its continuance.

And so we bid farewell to 1987 and look forward to 1988. It is my earnest prayer that Ballyhaunis and its environs will continue to be a focal point of development and neighbourliness as exemplified by the Connacht-Donegal Enterprise, the Knock Airport and other such works.

May the Star of Bethlehem shine into your homes and the Prince of Peace, whose birthday we celebrate, be with you always.



**I**N our first edition in 1978 Mr. Eddie Thornton wrote about his hopes for the new Community School. Recently we submitted the following questions to him and his replies give us an excellent insight into today's second-level educational system.

## Community School Ten Years On . . .

BY EDDIE THORNTON (Principal).

### **WHAT were your ambitions for the school in 1977?**

- (a) To eliminate outmoded and artificial barriers between the Secondary and Vocational Schools.
- (b) Provide comprehensive facilities to help cater for the varying abilities and aptitudes of our pupils.
- (c) To ensure that equal education opportunities would be available to all our children.
- (d) To utilise the resources available to the best advantage.
- (e) To offer a wide choice of subjects to our pupils.
- (f) To blend together a united, efficient and highly-dedicated team of teachers, which would endeavour to care for the spiritual and physical well-being of the students, as well as their intellectual development.

### **How do you see the parents' role in Education?**

Perhaps the supremacy of the parents' role in the education of their children has never been stated so clearly as in the Vatican Council Declaration: "that since parents conferred life to their children, they have a most solemn obligation to educate their children. Hence parents must be acknowledged as the first and foremost educators of their children. Their role in education is so

decisive that scarcely anything can compensate for their failure in it."

The school's job is to assist parents in this solemn task. And this school, while recognising the decisive influence of parents in the home, welcomes that influence within the walls of the school as well. The day when parents only came to school to hear complaints about their off-spring is now, thankfully, gone. All parents must see that their obligations to their children do not end when they board the school bus in the morning. Without the interest of parents in the lives of their sons and daughters at school, the school is condemned to the role of an "added extra" in the formation of that student as a person. Parents are the primary educators, the school assists; and the school's assistance is enhanced by the felt-presence and interest of the parents in its day-to-day life.

### **Are the School Facilities Adequate?**

The school has many comforts and conveniences, its heated gymnasium, its two football fields, four basketball courts and two hard play areas. The facilities are appreciated and kept in good condition, but I hope that the Department of Education will be able to provide the money necessary for repairs to the roof, the heating system, the replacement of worn carpets, the replacement of the boilers, etc. We are fortunate to get such fine facilities without any local contribution. I know of towns which were given smaller schools on condition they collected £150,000 locally.

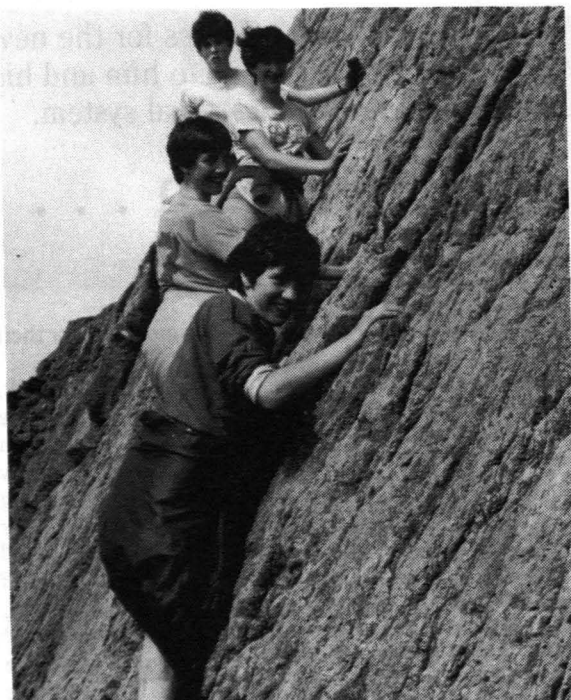
### **Building - the future?**

Unlike most other towns Ballyhaunis has a growing population and this means that the number of students entering the school has increased dramatically. In fact the school has at present forty students more than it was built to cater for. I saw this problem coming years ago and led a representative group from the Board of Management to a meeting with the Department of Education on the 14th February, 1985. This group was well briefed and fully armed with statistics, etc. As a result of that meeting and the Department's own research we received the following commitment from the Planning Office in the Department of Education. "We have now considered the matter in detail in the light of the case made at that meeting and up to date enrolment trends. It has been decided to approve the provision of a permanent extension on the basis of 750 places overall. The Department's Building Unit has been advised accordingly." We are fully aware that the building of all schools has been put on the long finger in spite of the best efforts of the Board of Management. It would now appear that my Board of Management could have difficulty in accepting new students in the coming years.



**Included in the Tug-o'-War team - Karen Henry, Anna Coen, Melisa Garvey, Ciarra Moran, Louise Leneghan, Mary Caroline Walshe, John Raftery, Angela Gavin, Ann Marie Keane and Mr. Pat Bolton.**





**Elaine O'Boyle, Lorraine Hurley, Tara Cunnane, Joanne Morley on the side of Mweelrea.**

### **Does the School cater for Adult Education?**

We realise the Adult Education is of vital importance for the well-being and progress of the nation and the individual. It certainly provides opportunities for the Adult Community to re-enter formal training situations or take part in organised activities which will definitely improve the quality of their lives. This year we offered 14 outstanding courses with excellent teachers. Only five courses went ahead due to lack of demand. This was disappointing when one considers the amount of hard work done by Miss Aine Whelan, Adult Education Officer.

### **In view of the problem of unemployment what use are educational qualifications?**

Ballyhaunis is very fortunate in having certain types of employment, which are not available in other towns. However, those students who cannot secure suitable positions would be foolish to opt out of school. Without any doubt, the better educated you are the greater the chances are of securing employment. Opting out of education at an early age has proved to be disastrous for many — surely such people would be better to improve their qualifications and in so doing increase their chances of securing worthwhile employment.

### **Religious Formation?**

A spirit of Christian living is encouraged in the school. We have a very healthy Religious faculty and all work very hard to spread the word of God. Mass is celebrated daily and Retreats are given regularly. Special graduation Masses are organised by the Leaving Certificate students every year.

### **Social Formation?**

We believe that students who take part in activities, games, musicals, etc., improve their self-confidence and

self-esteem. We teach them physical skills, muscle co-ordination, courage, a sense of responsibility, loyalty and determination. Competitiveness can lead to a healthy understanding of success and failure.

Activities have been organised with a view towards involving all students in some activity. We are pleased with the results to date.

### **Would you like to comment on Study?**

A high proportion of this valuable time is wasted on so-called, rather than effective study.

For many of us, even in the most favourable circumstances (and without the television blaring!), it is never easy to study effectively. The following points should be of assistance to the student in developing a proper mental approach to study and in forming a daily routine suitable to it, thereby cultivating the proper study habits.

**Classroom:** Without doubt effective study begins in the classroom. Students should listen carefully at all times and try to retain the information given to them. Many students find it difficult to concentrate in class and this makes homework difficult, if not impossible. Students must remember that teachers are anxious to help, and generally welcome questions.

**Study area:** The place of study must be quiet, well-lit and comfortable. It may be helpful to have a timetable for each evening and to stick to it. We all remember, only too well, the hours wasted trying to solve a particular problem.

**What to Study:** Students should not waste time by studying material which is not part of their examination course — a mistake made all too often by the over-anxious. It is important to take good notes in class and to use these notes in conjunction with the recommended text books. All learning-off should be done early in the evening. This should be followed by written work and, finally, suitable revision. When the revision is done one should be able to write down the important points in the correct order without referring to notes or text books. Students who revise constantly will make their revision work for examinations much easier and far more fruitful. Some students tend to study the subjects they like and neglect the others. This practice is misguided and will certainly lead to mediocre examination results. All subjects are important and must be given adequate study



**At the official opening of the GAA pitches at the school. Mr. Hugh Rudden, team trainer; Dr. Michael Loftus, President of the GAA; Fr. Des Walshe, School Chaplain.**



time. It is important to remember that successful study must be mixed with suitable recreation. The blend has to be right if the student is to reach his goal.

Rest: The average student studies between two and a half to three and a half hours each evening and must, therefore, get a good night's sleep. Studying in bed should be discouraged by parents as it is both foolish and unnecessary.

### What are your views on discipline?

A good educational environment is essential if students are to give of their best. They cannot achieve this in a climate of disrespect. It is fair to say that many students reflect their parents' attitude towards authority. Fortunately, in most cases, this attitude is positive and helpful. However, while we must endeavour to help troublesome and misguided students in every way we cannot allow them to interfere with ambitious students who are prepared to work hard. We are committed to good discipline which is fair but effective and, hopefully, will further improve the calibre of young men and women who will leave this school in the future. The supremacy of the parents' role in supporting what we try to do at school is appreciated and, indeed, is absolutely necessary if we are to prepare our young people to take their places in a free and civilised community through self-discipline and respect for the rights of others.

### Do you consider that the community has a responsibility to young people?

A primary obligation rests upon the adult members of the community to protect the innocence of the young against the many unsavoury influences in our near-permissive society. People sometimes fail to realise that what is termed "adult" reading or entertainment, which makes little or no impression upon the mature mind, can have a vulgarising effect upon that of the young. Constant vigilance and sometimes strict measures are called for, both in the home and at school, to guard against these influences, which, if allowed to go unchecked, can have a seriously damaging effect on the moral development for our young people. Our children are worth fighting for; after all our future, in no small way or measure, depends on them. In these matters we, at the Community School, have not shirked our responsibilities.

I would like to share with you the following quotation, which is as relevant now as it was when it was written over 2,000 years ago by Plato, the great Greek philosopher. "So long as the young generation is, and continues to be, well brought up, our ship of state will have a fair voyage: otherwise the consequences are better left unspoken."

### Are you suffering from the effects of cut-backs?

Yes, but we are prepared to accept our fair share. However, my personal view is that the cut-backs in education are far too severe. Undoubtedly students will suffer and a number of teachers will be lost to the school. It would appear that the system we have worked so hard to build is gradually being dismantled. My personal view is that the cut-backs will result in still heavier burdens on pupils, their parents and teachers.

### Where are students from last year's Leaving Certificate class?

Sixty-five went to further education, e.g., Universities, N.I.H.E., Regional Colleges, etc; twenty-three are attending the Secretarial Class; seven are repeating the Leaving Certificate Examination; four are working in shops or supermarkets; three have emigrated; one has returned to farming.

### What are your hopes for the future?

My hope is that our students will take their places in a free and civilised community, which respects the rights of all its people. I also hope that Irish people would be conscious of the welfare of our youth in these difficult times.

We must be aware that no good cause thrives with ease, that stumbling blocks can be converted into stepping stones and difficulties into opportunities.

Could I finish by thanking the teachers, the students, their parents and all the members of the community who have helped me during the last ten difficult, but very rewarding, years.

To conclude, I shall never forget the great loss of my friend and colleague, Anto O'Malley, R.I.P. He was a great teacher and always enriched his students and those close to him.

Go ndeanáí Dia trócaire ar a ainm.

## Ballyhaunis 1870

BY PAUL WALDRON.

Postmaster: James Delaney.

Gentry: John Nolan-Ferrall j.p., Logboy.

Schools: John Kelly, Master; ?? Kelly, Mistress.

Bakers: Patrick McConville.

Blacksmiths: Thomas Waldron.

Boot & Shoemakers: James Devine, Barrack St.  
James Greally.

Butchers: Peter Hackett, Main St.

Carpenters: Michael Infant, Clagnagh.  
Darby Kenny, Main St.

Grocers: Michael Cassidy, James Delaney,  
Patrick Delaney, Thomas Jordan,  
Patrick McConville, James Riley,  
John Waldron, Knox St.;  
Michael Waldron, Main St.

Ironmongers & Hardware: Patrick Delaney.

Linendrapers & Haberdashers: James Delaney,  
Thomas Jordan, James Riley,  
Michael Waldron, Main St.

Spirit Dealers: Michael Cassidy, James Delaney,  
Patrick Delaney, Thomas Jordan,  
Patrick McConville, John Waldron, Knox St.;  
Michael Waldron, Main St.

Doctor: Thomas Waldron.

Tailors: William Cooney, Clare St.;  
Austin Lyons, Thomas Waldron.

R.C. Church: Rev. Michael McDermott, Adm.

From Slater's Directory, 1870.



# Rhymes & Verses

## "The Flying Bird"

(For Ger Canning, maser of words and superb commentator)

That night 'The Haven' was full,  
People savoured their stout and ale,  
And song coaxed song and yarn yarn,  
And each tale drew a better tale,  
When in the door walked a stranger,  
A man with presence and grace,  
Agile of limb and light of foot,  
A man with a sea-signed face,  
A man, we knew, that moment there,  
Who would have his tale to tell.  
And, friend, how right our instincts were,  
And how still we remember well  
How he called for a pint of beer on draught,  
And called for silence then,  
And took off his coat and cleared his throat  
And called for silence again.  
And silence he got that winter night  
And the story 'The Haven' heard  
Was the heroic tale of the five brave men,  
Five men and their "Flying Bird".

" 'Twas a winter's night and the sky was down,  
And the lights were on all over the town,  
When the word came in and the call came through,  
That out at the Reef, with all her crew,  
A boat was sinking hard and fast —  
On a night like this it could not last —  
The lighthouse men had seen the flares,  
Their wives and children were saying their prayers,  
And people came in from the Ferry Sound,  
And said they heard the crew was drowned,  
And blessed themselves and asked for beer,  
And wished God's watching on all here,  
And others claimed the hull was split,  
And only God could salvage it.

And so they spoke around the bar  
Of sea-graves they knew both near and far,  
And so they talked and so they said,  
But no one spoke of a rescue bid,  
Till up jumped the Captain of 'The Flying Bird',  
And out the door without a word,  
And down to the Pier where 'The Bird' was moored,  
A man with a purpose, by a mission fired,  
Nor did his crew delay behind,  
For they knew what the Captain had in mind.  
In less that I say it, they were all aboard,  
Will never a sign or never a word,  
And never a word did those five men say,  
As they turned 'The Bird' for the angry Bay,  
Never a word to make relief,  
As they head 'The Bird' for the killer Reef.  
Out through the pitch-black night they went,  
Like the keenest hound on a trail of scent.  
With inspired hands the Captain steered,  
While the crowd gasped from the fading pier.  
And children cried, and women prayed,  
And tales we told and blame was laid,  
While on and on without a word,  
Drove the fearless men and the gallant 'Bird'.

On and on through the yawning night,  
Their peering eyes like searching lights,  
Magnet draw to the onimous Reef,  
Through the sleet-tipped wind,  
And the death-bent seas,  
But only to come, those five men brave,  
To see 'The Gull' swallowed by the waves.

But we worked that night with might and main,  
As never before, or never again.  
We threw out line and we threw out rope,  
And we did not stop or give up hope,  
Until the crew, all thirteen men,  
Were safe aboard 'The Flying Bird',  
Dragged from the jaws of the hungry sea,  
My God have mercy on you and me.  
Thirteen in all, not a man was lost,  
Though 'The Flying Bird' shivered  
And the 'The Flying Bird' tossed.  
And we felt her shudder, and heard her groan,  
As we swung around and head for home.

Then we saw the lanterns on the pier,  
And we heard the bells and we heard the cheers,  
And only then did we sense the fright  
And feel the terror of the evil night.  
But we landed safely to outstretched hands,  
And will never know or understand,  
How we lived that night to tell the tale  
That turned the bravest faces pale.  
But still today the story is told  
To the eager young by the mindful old,  
And up on the Hill there is a Cross,  
To thank our God that no life was lost.  
And all along my native shore  
The song is sung and the tale is told  
Of the gallant Captain and his peerless men  
Who dared the sea and lived again,  
And the storied boat 'The Flying Bird'  
That never again sailed beyond the Sound.  
And that is my story, O people here,  
And now, good man, fill another beer."

He took it up and drank it down,  
And went out the door to the lighted town.  
And we sat in silence a long time there,  
Each with his thoughts or with his prayer,  
But all with wonder in unspoken words  
For the heroic men and their gallant 'Bird'.  
They did not ask, they did not pause,  
When distress struck and duty called;  
They did not question the how or might,  
When men were drowning in the night,  
While men were drowning they could not stand,  
When heart was able and hand was hand.  
While hope was in the human breast  
They could not stay, they could not rest,  
For these were men who could not relent,  
Until all human power was spent.

So we toasted the Captain and his 'Flying Bird',  
And his fearless crew with heartfelt words,  
For men like the Captain we knew were rare,  
Who speak in deeds and spurn despair,  
Who reach out with a single plan,  
When they hear the call of their fellow-man,  
Who brave the storm and dare the sea,  
And are hailed in verse by posterity.

JOHN O'CONNOR, OSA.

## Mary Jordan, R.I.P.



We shared so many happy days,  
We shared some sad ones, too,  
But the saddest day in all our lives,  
Was the day we lost you.  
You meant so much to all of us,  
There is nothing we can say,  
The grief is still within our hearts,  
As we think of you each day.  
Dear is your memory,  
Sweet is your name,  
Close in our hearts,  
You will always remain.  
A Dhia dean trocaire ar a anam.  
—Fondest memories always, Patricia Grady and M.  
Forkin (Farah).

## Mary Jordan R.I.P.

### *-An Appreciation*

TUESDAY, 1st September, 1987, was no different to any other September morning. The weather was fine and the children were getting ready to go back to school after the Summer break. However, a message was to come from Castlebar that to every man, woman and child in Ballyhaunis, and surrounding areas, was a major shock, and was to leave an indelible mark on the minds of one and all.

Mary Jordan was dead. Mary, who was never a day sick in her life, or who had never missed a day at her place of employment. Mary, who had got her little boy's books and clothes in order for his first day back to school. However, the little boy was not to go to school that day, as his Mammy died that morning.

Mary (who was formerly Mannion from Granlahan) came to live in Lecarrow when she married David Jordan about eight years ago. She was employed as a Quality Control Inspector, first at Wrangler, and then at Farah in Ballyhaunis. She loved her work. and loved getting up

early in the morning to get her chores done before going to work. Wet or fine she was always good for a friendly smile and cheerful wave to all she met. She seemed to be in good humour and full of life all the time.

She died the way we would all like to go — painlessly. She just drifted into a coma which she was never to come out of. Her funeral was one of the biggest ever witnessed in the Ballyhaunis area. Her workmates at Farah formed a guard of honour for her on the evening she was brought to the Church, and the day of the burial. Her neighbours carried her coffin on both days, and local organisations were all represented.

"God acts in strange ways" we have often heard, and none more so when He took Mary away from a husband and family who had everything going for them. To David and his little boy and girl our dearest sympathy goes out and also to David's parents and Mary's brothers.

We know that Mary is up there with her mother (who predeceased her shortly beforehand) and that she is looking down from her little corner on her family, and guiding them in their hour of need, and giving them the peace and consolation that they so desperately need.

A Mháire slán go fóill.

"Go nDéantar Dia trocaire ar a anam".

—MURT HUNT.



**Convent 1st Class, 1938.**

Courtesy of Anthony Jordan,  
Knox Street.



**First-Class, 1949.**

Courtesy of Anthony Jordan  
Knox Street.





**Photo taken at Crossard School in 1926, showing the Conradh na Gaeilge Class: Back row, Margaret Boland, Delia Kilroy, Annie Henry, John Halligan, Tony Boland, Kate Ganley, Jack Ganley. Front: Patrick Boland, John Cunniffe, Tom Robinson, Martin Boland, Michael Tuohy, Annie Murphy and Mary Kate Ganley.**



**Fr. Anderson, O.S.A., and Prefects of the Confraternity in the 1870s. Front row: M. A. Waldron, Fr. Anderson, O.S.A., Maurice Fitzgerald, M. M. Waldron. Back row: Dr. Crane, Andrew Forde, J. Healy, M. Lavan.**

## Luck Of The "Scotch"

BY BRIGID COYNE.

LAST year, 1986, I travelled on a Qantas flight from Sydney (Kingsford Smith), to San Francisco. Mercy and Mary Flatley saw me off after spending a lovely weekend with them.

The Duty Free Airport Shop at Sydney International was crowded so I decided to buy a bottle of Scotch on the plane for my hosts in California.

When the plane's Duty Free was declared open I went to get the Scotch . . . only to be told there was none for sale. What to do? Nothing except settle down for the night. We crossed the international date line and we were back again to Monday morning (I left Sydney Monday evening Australian time).

Lunch time the cabin crew got busy. The hostess came with the drinks trolley (a lovely blonde girl from Melbourne). When she heard the Irish accent she told me how anxious she is to get to the Dublin Horse Show sometime. Her family in Melbourne keep horses.

"Would you like a cocktail?"

"Yes, what have you got?"

"Gin and tonic, vodka and white, the usual."

"None of them thanks, anything else?"

"How about champagne — would you like some?"

"Yes, please. I did not have any Australian champagne during my visit."

One sip was enough for me . . . it was like cider and I could not drink it. Not like French champagne I told her. I settled for a glass of Australian red . . . served in a Qantas glass.

Chatting with the hostess afterwards I asked what Qantas stands for. I took out my notebook and wrote it down for future reference in pub quiz competitions.

The afternoon passed quietly. The American couple in the seat in front were getting a bit anxious, worried they might miss their connecting flight to the mid-West. We were one hour late leaving Sydney the previous night.

Approaching San Francisco I was wondering what to do about the Scotch for my brother-in-law. Just before the seat belt and no smoking lights went on the hostess leaned over the back of my seat and whispered, "Do you drink Scotch?"

"Not really . . . but why to you ask?"

"We have a bottle of Dimple Haig in the bar and if you like you can have it."

Was I relieved and pleased. But why give it to me. "Let's just say you won it," she said.

Why did I get the bottle?

Was it because I wrote the Qantas meaning in my notebook?; was it because she thought I was a connoisseur of French champagne?; was it that the steward remembered me looking for Scotch in the Duty Free? Whatever it was the good Lord was looking after me. The brother-in-law was happy.

## American Hall of Fame For Ballyhaunis Athlete



Ballyhaunis hammer-thrower, Eddie Campbell, was recently honoured by the American University of Lowell, when he was elected as one of their 1987 Hall of Fame Inductees. Eddie's photograph will now stand among some of the world's greatest-ever athletes in the University's great Hall of Fame. Eddie was presented with his award at the 11th annual Athletic Hall of Fame Scholarship dinner last month.

Before being presented with his award Eddie was described as follows: "A two-time All-American in the hammer throw, Eddie was one of the top hammer throwers in the school history. He and his team-mates, Marc Linscheid and Bill Haskell, gave the Chiefs one of the strongest trios of hammer-throwers in the nation between 1976 and 1978.

"As a freshman, Eddie finished fourth at the 1976 N.C.A.A Division Three Championships. After missing all of his sophomore year, due to back injury, Eddie finished seventh at the Penn Relays with a toss of 181-5, fourth at the Eastern League Championships, throwing 185-0, and 11th at the New England championships with a throw of 182-6, his junior year. He topped off that season with a fourth place finish at the N.C.A.A. division 2 Championships with a throw of 179-0 and then went to the N.C.A.A. 1 Championships, where he finished 18th. During the 1978 outdoor season, Eddie combined with his team-mates to set a then B.C. relays combined hammer throw record of 560-3."

It must be remembered that at the early age of sixteen Eddie was regarded as one of the top junior hammer throwers in the world. At 16 he was a full Irish international and he was on the Irish Olympics panel for the 1976 and 1980 games. He has two European junior silver medals and for two years running he was picked on the All-American track team. Eddie also received the 1973 and 1975 "Western People" Athletic Sports Star Award.

Eddie, who won a scholarship to Lowell University in 1976, had to retire from hammer-throwing in 1980 due to back trouble.





**Local publicans on outing to brewery in the '60s.** (Photo courtesy of Mrs. Conway).



**"The Bugle In The Blood", 1960 - Back: Seamus Durkan, Eileen O'Dwyer, Kit Keane, Fr. Heraty, Mrs. Bridie Molloy, John Morley (RIP), Marian Morley, Oliver Jordan, Rosaleen Dwane, Tommy Smyth (RIP), Joe Greene, Tony Molloy. Front: Bertie Curley (RIP), Jack Greene, Ann Byrne, Sean Smyth.**

# Memories Of Ballyhaunis (1922-'23)

**I**T was away back in the days before atomic bombs, sliced bread or biological washing powder that I had my first experience of the town of Ballyhaunis. To be precise, it was in November of 1922, and I was nearing fifteen years of age. My father, who was a carpenter, was at that time employed by a Dublin firm on the construction of a new branch of the National Bank in Ballyhaunis. He had made arrangements for me to be taken on as an apprentice with him.

By JOHN CUNNANE

As we lived five miles from the town (in the Coogue outback) it meant cycling to and from Ballyhaunis each day. Work started at 8 a.m. and finished at 6 p.m. with an hour off from 1 to 2 for lunch. Saturday was just the same as the other weekdays, so the working week was 54 hours.

Starting in November, my first few months meant travelling in the dark each way, and although we had carbide lamps on our bikes we weren't always able to avoid ruts and potholes. Of course, there was no street lighting so the town was pitch black in the mornings, and only slightly brighter at night, as oil lamps appeared inside shop windows.

The Civil War was on at that time. There were two military posts in the town — one in the present Garda Station and Courthouse, the other in Larry Moran's, Upper Main Street (now D. H. Burke's Supermarket). Both buildings were protected by sand bags and wire netting and on Winter mornings the soldier standing behind the wire looked very cold indeed. I should mention here that the troops on the Republican side kept these sentries awake with rifle fire most nights.

## Market Day

Tuesday was the busiest day of the week in the town. Both sides of the Main Street and the Market Square were filled up early with carts of every kind of farm produce. Bonhams squealed as they were picked up and examined by potential buyers. Tough men haggled over the price of a bag of oats or a cartload of hay or straw. Various craftsmen brought their handywork for sale. You could buy turf barrows, pig troughs, harrows, stools, butter churns, hinges and buckauns, pot hooks, tongs and many other items on the street. One gentleman brought freshly-burnt lime in a donkey cart, sold it as best he could and then proceeded to wash the surplus lime from his throat with porter. He then paraded the town shouting "down with the landlords". There was an extensive trade in the export of eggs. The egg traders or "egggers" went out the various roads from the town with horse and springcart, and collected the eggs from the farmhouses. They were later packed in straw into wooden boxes and sent off by rail to England. Eggs were a very useful cash crop for country women. The main egggers were Byrnes and Caulfields.

I will leave the description of the monthly fair and the pig fair to somebody better qualified than myself. I just have an impression of hundreds of animals and a lot of noise and a lot of muck.

## My Apprenticeship

For a country lad in those days to be offered an apprenticeship to woodwork was ambition realised. I was "over the moon", and I thought that because I had had a chance to use my father's tools at home I would be given some important work to do. Very soon I discovered that a



**Rustic symmetry . . . a scene in Ballyhaunis in the 1950s, recorded by Peter Keegan, a man with a keen eye for a good picture.**



first-year apprentice was rightly regarded as a dogsbody and a damn nuisance by everybody on the site. When up on the roof starting to nail something down I'd be told "run down and pick up my pipe that fell out of my pocket" or "bring me up some 2-inch nails", and when I brought those up I'd be sent down for some other article. The most boring job, however was, as darkness fell and an hour to go before quitting time, to have to hold a light for one of the tradesmen while he worked. Often it was just a candle which covered my fingers with hot wax. It was always a long hour. The job I hated most of all was having to go to the well in Bridge Street for water for the tea at lunch time. Remember there was no public water supply and no electricity so a kettle had to be boiled over a fire of sticks. The routine was: start the fire, go for the water, keep the fire going, make the tea at exactly five minutes to one. Starting when the Angelus rang it was easy enough to complete the cycle provided all went well. The snag was, however, the town's water carrier, a lady of uncertain age by the name of Ellen Finnegan. Ellen carried buckets of water all day to the homes of the town for a fee (said to be 1 penny per bucket or 240 buckets for a quid). She was a lady of daunting countenance and she resented others taking water from the well. She would go down the steps, fill her bucket, and wait there for someone to frighten away. If she was on guard when I went there I had to go away and find another source which I had to keep secret from the men. There was a soldier in the barracks, a veteran of World War I, who for some misdemeanour, was made to carry water all day to the garrison, and he had to spend half his time dodging Ellen. No wonder I was scared of her.

## Building The Bank

In contrast to present day construction methods there was no machinery of any kind on the site. Although work on the bank was well advanced when I started, there was still a lot of concreting to be done. Concrete was mixed by the labourers using shovels. Turning the aggregate and

cement on a stage of planks, three times dry and then three times while water was being poured on from a rose head can.

A nine-hour day at this type of work must have been exhausting for the men, and they had to be very fit indeed. Cement was supplied in jute bags, 13 bags per ton (about 13-stone each). Each bag had to be handled at least three times. Even when the strong room door, weighing about half a ton, was delivered, it was lifted and fixed by hand. Hoisting was done by pulley and rope at the beginning, but later an ingenious method was devised, whereby a wheelbarrow was hoisted by a horse which was led along the kerb for the required distance and then "backed" to bring the empty barrow down.

Once the building was roofed, the front plastered and the windows fitted the finishing and furnishing of the office was put in hand so that banking business could proceed while the remainder of the house was being completed. The office walls and ceiling were painted, the mahogany polished, Daniel O'Connell's picture was hung, and then the hoarding was removed to reveal the brand new bank with its plate-glass windows each bearing its own legend in gold leaf.

## Personnel

I give below the names of those involved in the building as far as I can remember them. I apologise to any others whom I may have forgotten.

The architect was a Mr. Germyn. The contractors: Alex Hull & Co. Ltd., Ringsend, Dublin. The Foreman: Harry Thompson, Dublin. Foreman Carpenter: William Cunnane, Coogue, Carpenters; Mick Curley, Classaroe; Phil McCassey, Dublin; Willie Curley, Aghamore area. Stone Mason: Ned O'Mally, Knox Street. Scaffolder: Johnny Robinson, Crossard. Labourers: Domnic Murphy, Brackloon; Martin Loftus, Devlis; Ned Daly, Ballyhaunis; Pat Keegan. Carter: Michael Hunt. Slater: Denis Sloyan. Plasterers, plumbers and painters were Dubliners (names unknown).



**Augustinian Church, Ballyhaunis.**

# Knock Airport And I

## *(Then, Now And When)*

MAURICE BUCKBY.

ON the 4th of December, 1985, I was Manager, Air Traffic Control and Operations at Southampton Airport in Hampshire, working for British Airports International. In a meeting with the Airport Director, Southampton, I was told that the Managing Director of BAI wanted to see me in Head Office in London in ten 'days' time. That, in itself, was very unusual, and I immediately started going back through the last few weeks of my activities trying to see what I had done that was bad enough to be summoned by the M.D. to Head Office. For once in my life I couldn't actually find anything. The next ten days passed very slowly, with great fear and trepidation permeating my whole existence. The fateful day arrived and I drove the 80 miles to head office.

I arrived spot on time only to be told that the M.D. was 'tied' up for a while and I was to wait in reception. At this stage butterflies really got to my stomach, but after about ten minutes the MD came from his office, tossed me a weighty document and told me to read it while I waited, turned on his heel and disappeared. The document, beautifully bound and presented, was a submission for the Consultancy contract for the licencing and operation of Knock Airport. I heard of Knock Airport, but only in the jokes and derisory comments about the white elephant airport in the area of Western Ireland devoid of any population.

The documents in question was of around 50 pages and set out what BAI was going to do for Knock Airport in terms of procedures, staff recruitment and training and achieving the highest international licensing standards. There was to be a Project Manager, answering directly to the MD with eight supporting consultants covering every aspect of the operation. One of these posts, Air Traffic Procedures and Licensing, seemed tailor-made for my experience and called for six weeks' work, two of which were to be at the airport. The whole consultancy period was for six months. Also included was a traffic forecast for the airport provided by British Airports' Authority specialists, who, despite being known as pessimists, forecast over 100,000 passengers a year for the airport. This, in itself, made me reassess my sceptical attitude to the "white elephant".

"Come in Maurice", said the MD. "Sit down and tell me what you think about the Knock Project". After only 20 minutes of reading all I could say was that it looked interesting. The MD then went on to tell me how the airport had been conceived and built with the determination and charisma of a country priest, how convinced he, the MD, was of its success and did I want to be involved. Still thinking that my involvement was going to be limited to the Air Traffic and Operational side, and that this was going to give me the opportunity to widen my horizons I said "yes".

Then came the next shock. "Let me have your personal and work experience record so that it can be included in

the document under Project Manager". I was speechless and left in much disarray. What was Denise, my wife, going to say about me disappearing to Ireland for six months? How would she manage with four children with me away?

"It's a challenge Maurice and you will regret it for the rest of your life if you don't do it. We'll cope and you can always get home every few weeks". With support from your wife like that what man could refuse such a challenge. Mid-February 1986, together with the MD, I departed London Airport for Dublin to the press conference announcing the Consultancy Contract. There, at the press conference, came my first meeting with a man I have come to admire and respect above all others, the late Mons. James Horan. The meeting lasted only a short time, then he left for the U.S.A. The MD and I checked in at the British Embassy, where we were led to believe that the hostility to British residents in the West of Ireland was terrible, and that you could expect to be blown up at any time, and that all possible personal safety precautions must be taken. When we left the MD told me to follow the Embassy instructions to the letter. I then pointed out that if I was expected to live like that he could find someone else for the job. I was prepared to stay, but that I was going to live a normal life. "On your head be it" was the reply. I was sure I wasn't taking any real risk, as I had lots of Irish friends in the U.K., and they were all very friendly people. Only time would tell.

Then to Knock, my first time in the West of Ireland. My base was to be at the Shrine Office, as the airport was not really habitable at that stage, but with no Monsignor to settle me in I was delighted with the welcome all the staff at the Shrine Office gave me, and their commitment, both personal and professional, to the airport project. For the first few weeks I stayed in Presbytery accommodation and ate alone at my own volition, as I am a very shy person, in the convent. After the first few days I felt very lonely and requested to be allowed to dine with the priests. This was approved, and then I felt the real warmth of an Irish welcome. Despite the fact that I am a Protestant these gentlemen treated me as one of them, and showed a personal caring for my well-being, and that of my family, that I had never experienced from a Church of England cleric.

The Monsignor returned from the U.S.A. and in his own inimitable way pruned what I felt was already a very tight contract period of six months down to three months to be ready for opening. I don't believe that it is necessary here to go into what was involved with actually licensing the airport, suffice to say that I have never been work shy but never before had I worked so hard as I had to in those three months. Before Easter 1986 I moved from the Presbytery into a house belonging to Sean Burke in Knock ready for my wife and family to come for a 3-week holiday. Denise was very concerned about coming to Ireland as like most British people she found it hard to



differentiate between the troubles in the North shown on television every day and the West. Because of work pressures I didn't see much of the family during those three weeks, and this would have left the family tied to the house, as I needed the car, but the Irish welcome and friendship again came to the fore, as Mary Burke insisted that Denise use her car whenever she wanted, and both she and Sean took the whole family out on many occasions. Denise couldn't get over this kindness, (you would rarely experience this kind of thing in the UK) anymore than she would have believed the welcome she experienced everywhere she went. The family departed for England with the basis of a deep love for the West and its people.

The airport opened on schedule, and I was destined to return to England. Then BAI won the management contract for the airport, and I was asked to stay as manager. I agreed to stay for six months, as I wanted to see my systems in operation. I knew it would take at least a year for the airport to take-off, as aviation had laughed at Knock Airport for so long it was going to take a while to get them to take it seriously. The failure of Celtic Air to commence operations had added problems, and I felt I should see it through. The family came again to the West for six weeks in the Summer of 1986, and decided that they would all love to live here.

The first breakthrough for the airport came in December of last year when Ryanair decided they would take the chance and start limited operations at the airport. I did a presentation to them and travel agents in December, where I identified a potential of 120,000 passengers a year to / from the UK if the services were available. They didn't really believe me, but by Easter of this year they realised in their own words "we have a tiger by the tail". Perhaps it is blowing my own trumpet, but by the passengers we have carried in the last six months of the year a full year's passengers would be over 100,000.

April of this year saw perhaps my happiest moment. The family moved out to join me in Kiltimagh on a permanent basis, with our house in Southampton sold, and the children settled in their Kiltimagh schools. I firmly believe the Irish education system is streets ahead of the British. My children have never worked so hard nor been as happy at school as they are now. Competition has become a dirty word in British schools unlike the Irish

ones, and when you consider that children leave school and enter the most competitive world there has ever been the British system is not preparing them properly for the future.

The next breakthrough for the airport was the approval in May for the Duty Free Shop, which is for every airport a very necessary money-spinner. Summer traffic was tremendous and only limited by the size of Ryanair's fleet and their commitments. Even Winter traffic, and especially Christmas loads are meeting and exceeding expectations. Next Summer looks better still.

What of the future? Personally, I now work directly for the airport board, whose determination that the airport will blossom and grow is a great inspiration, and the family and I are content to continue living in the West of Ireland for as long as the airport board require my services. As for the airport it has great prospects. UK traffic is developing well, and there are signs that the UK tourist is going to return. Continental travel is not far off, and I feel that in the near future you will be able to take your Summer sun holidays from here and not have to travel to Belfast or Dublin. Marian shrines are expanding all over Europe, and I feel that Knock itself is going to see even greater international interest than before, and that can only be good for the airport. Finally, and perhaps most importantly, Europe is in need of a westerly Transatlantic freight hub. Where better than Horan International?

Finally, I believe Mons. Horan taught the whole of the West of Ireland a lesson. Do not rely on others to improve conditions for the people of the West. Help yourselves. A good example of where we can help ourselves is in the tourist trade. The fastest-growing holiday market in Europe is the second holiday, activity holiday area. The West is ideally suited, with its uncluttered golf courses, fishing, riding and walking. What the person on these kind of holidays wants is a package. They only come for a week and don't want to have to put all the constituent parts of such a holiday together themselves. They want the air ticket, transport, hotels, fishing with the aid of a gillie, something for their wives to do while they are fishing all day, such as shopping trips, sight-seeing, etc., and entertainment in their hotel or locality in the evenings all in one package. They come out of main season, so don't effect the main tourist trade. Someone, somewhere, can surely put this altogether?



Sixth Class, St. Joseph's Convent of Mercy, 1987 - Confirmation Class.

# Medugorje

**T**HERE can be very few now in Ireland who will not have heard of Medugorje, the rural parish in Yugoslavia, where, practically daily, appearances of the Blessed Virgin Mary have been reported since 24th June, 1981. Most people will have read about it, or listened into debates or interviews, or seen videos about it. But already a goodly number of Irish people will also have visited Medugorje to see things first hand for themselves — and, undoubtedly, just now others may be planning to go there next year or whenever. So, I think a word concerning the place may be in order.

## Resume

Firstly, in the alleged apparitions six young people have been mainly involved, two boys and four girls (the youngest now being around fifteen, the oldest twenty-two). These six, then, claim to have seen the Blessed Virgin Mary first on a hillside, and then in other places, such as a little sacristy off the sanctuary in the church, and more recently in a room in the friary of the Franciscans, who run the parish, and now in the church itself. Some secrets, they say, have been given to them, and many messages (for themselves, for the parish, for the world). As it happens, relatively few of the messages have been published as of yet — the exception being what are called 'The Thursday Messages'. These latter began on 1st March, 1984, and ended on 8th January, 1987, and they have been made known almost every Thursday to the parish congregation at evening Mass. They came through one of the six young people. These messages were regularly printed and published, and can now be had in full.

## The Church

As one would expect, the Medugorje claims have been under constant examination by the teaching Church. Since 1982, Commissions have been officially investigating the alleged phenomena in the name of Most Rev. Dr. Pavao Zanic, the local bishop. The findings of these have been sent to Rome, and they are believed to be on the side of rejection rather than of approval — and certainly from elsewhere one gathers that the bishop is strongly sceptical of the events.

However, on the positive side, the Vatican Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith this year (1987) requested the Yugoslavian Bishops' Conference to establish a new Commission to make further study on Medugorje, and asked that it be at national level rather than local. As I see it, that request is at least an encouraging sign in favour of the authenticity. In any case, it means that the alleged phenomena have not been condemned, and that one can still have an open mind on the matter.

## Views

Naturally, much has already been published about Medugorje, and one has to admit that some of it is quite critical and / or convinced that the alleged apparitions are not authentic. Some would even see the place as evil. For myself (having visited Medugorje twice), I have published sympathetic views. As it happens, I am a priest, but that does not give any weight to my words. My observations are simply those of a private, fallible person, and in no way carry any kind of an official Church seal. Thus, if the new national Commission ultimately declares the events in Medugorje unworthy of belief, I will have no problem accepting that decision. Meanwhile, of course, I know that I am free to have an open mind on the matter, and can, if I wish (and I do), come down rather on the side of authenticity than otherwise.



**Fr. O'Connor seen here with Vicka, one of the Visionaries and pilgrim from Galway.**

## Pilgrimages

One would have to admit that there is some confusion concerning pilgrimages to Medugorje (and I would even suggest that in some Catholic papers there is what amounts to misinformation). Certainly, the Yugoslavian Bishops have asked that for the present official pilgrimages should not be organised, but until such time as I see a more convincing explanation, I will follow the interpretation of that statement made by Dr. Frane Franic, Archbishop of Split in Yugoslavia. His Grace held that the emphasis was on 'official' pilgrimages, which he saw as those organised in the name of the Holy See or of a Diocese. All others he considered private and not affected. For myself I think the ruling about *official* pilgrimages is wise, and that the Archbishop's interpretation is wise. If they were allowed, Church



approbation might be induced — something which cannot possibly be read into private visits, either of individuals or groups.

## Observations

On the strength of that, I will feel free to return again to Medugorje as a private person. Certainly one goes there to pray and to learn more about its emphasis on peace, conversion, penance, prayer and so on. And there are aspects of the story that I would like to examine again, which, if proved authentic, will make this place one of the most significant Marian shrines in history — not overshadowing the holiness of Lourdes, or Fatima or Knock, but adding another chapter of Mary's growing concern for her children. To go there is an experience in which one encounters the almost pristine Christian fervour of the people (for me the most expressive sign of its authenticity), and it is next to impossible not to be convinced that here there is no hoax at work, nor hallucination, nor personified evil. The good fruits of the years since 1981 have been so marked in the parish that it is literally inconceivable that this harvest of peace and prayer and penance and love of the neighbour could have come from any other source than the direct supernatural intervention that is claimed. For most who go there, the main persuasive force, the compelling miracle beyond the others, is surely the sheer goodness of the people of the parish — people of all ages. Here is a place worth visiting, not so much because of signs and wonders, but because there the faith is palpable.

## Final Thoughts

Yugoslavia, of course, is a professed communist state, but there is freedom to practice the faith of one's choice. However, a civic eye is kept on things, and back in 1981 the secular authorities at nearby Citluk were very suspicious of the happenings in Medugorje — they suspected that it may have been cloaking the beginnings of a national uprising in that part of the country. And so at that time, if one were to speak openly in Citluk in support of the religious authenticity of the events in Medugorje, one would certainly end up in prison — as indeed did the then Franciscan parish priest of Medugorje. But now all that is changed. People have been flocking into the country from all over the world — the figure would now have grown into millions — and that is good for the economy and proves to the authorities that this is not just a local nationalistic plot. And, so now we have the reverse of the situation of 1981. What is now jokingly said in Medugorje is that in Citluk at the present if one were to be heard speaking against the events in Medugorje, he or she would certainly end up in gaol!

To end with my own personal position. If in my lifetime, the teaching shepherds of the Church come to give their blessing to the alleged apparitions in Medugorje, then I give thanks that I had been able to visit the place of grace twice. If on the other hand, the Church declares against the authenticity of the events, I will not object nor feel cheated, because I believe that, subjectively at least, my two visits there were prayerfully fruitful and spiritually significant in my life.

—JOHN O'CONNOR, O.S.A.

## Clean Sweep For Michael



BALLYHAUNIS gangster, Michael Finnegan, is making a clean sweep in Ballyhaunis these days. The man from Tullaghan is declaring war on litter louts in the area. And his total devotion to duty has not gone unnoticed by the townsfolk. So impressed was the Festival Committee with Michael's work that John Dillon-Leetch, Festival Chairman, wrote a special letter to the County Manager, Michael O'Malley, exalting the praises of their beloved gangster.

Some days later Michael was pleasantly surprised to receive a personal letter from Mr. O'Malley complimenting him on his commitment to keep Ballyhaunis tidy.

Michael Finnegan, complete with barrow and brush and new reflective safety jacket, is one of the best known people in Ballyhaunis. Tourists regularly photograph Michael, and Fr. John O'Connor, OSA, has even written a lengthy poem about the popular Mick.

In the recently announced Tidy Towns results Michael was again in the news when he received a certificate of merit for the most litter free town in the counties Galway and Mayo.

# Rhymes & Verses

## The Glens Of Sweet Mayo

As my thoughts go back to my days of youth  
When life's cares were to me unknown,  
I become aroused with reflections sweet  
Which into my mind have grown.  
No more the past again can be  
Still through the years they grow  
The memories of those happy days  
In the Glens of Sweet Mayo.

The old folks were a happy lot  
They worked hard through the day,  
The harvest field their holiday  
Or making up the hay.  
When day was done the lamp they'd light  
And down on their knees they'd go  
Then the rosary was devoutly said  
Round the Glens of Sweet Mayo.

The stories that they told to us  
In our minds remain supreme,  
Of brave men who fought side by side  
Beneath the flag of green.  
to defend their faith and fatherland,  
They feared no foreign foe  
And were martyrs to a noble cause  
In the Glens of Sweet Mayo.

They'll tell you of brave Tone and Emmett  
And Connelly and Pearse as well  
Of Davitt and the Land League  
And Charles Steward Parnell  
Of the gallant Michael Collins  
And the others who did know  
How sweet it was to love their land  
And the Glens of Sweet Mayo.

The old folks now are dead and gone  
And left this troubled scene,  
God rest their souls, they're now with Him  
And His Blessed Virgin, Amen.  
Some day we all will meet again  
And be free from strife and woe  
And leave behind all that makes life dear  
In the Glens of Sweet Mayo.

The morning sun peeps o'er the hill  
And the nights black vale is o'er,  
Like a ghost that vanishes from our sight  
To reveal the Western shore,  
As Croagh Patrick and Mount Nephin  
Seem to us to say hello  
And they look down majestically  
On the Glens of Sweet Mayo.

Ah the memories that come to my mind  
As I walked along the day  
the little fields of ripening corn  
And the smell of a new-mown hay,  
The lark sang sweetly way up high  
and its melody did grow  
Then slowly sang its way to earth  
In the Glens of Sweet Mayo.

As I stood upon a rugged rock  
And watched the scenery rare  
The heather and the blue hills  
Bedecked by daisies fair.  
The sparkling stream like diamonds shone  
As it hurried down below  
To join the peaceful river there  
In the Glens of Sweet Mayo.

Then to my mind in a flash it came  
That I stood on Sacred Ground  
'Twas "The Mass Rock" of the penal times  
When the priest were hunted down,  
On their heads five pounds if captured  
And no one to church could go,  
But no power on earth could shake the faith  
In the Glens of Sweet Mayo.

The dark, dark days of the famine years  
Were slowly on their way  
To add to our people's misery  
With terror and dismay,  
The blight it came upon their crops  
They had no place else to go  
But stay and die of hunger there  
In the Glens of Sweet Mayo.

For those who survived there was no hope  
But with the courage of the brave  
To a foreign land in the coffin ships  
Where some found a water grave,  
And in those far-off lands they prospered  
And help those countries grow  
And they ne'er forgot that old thatched cot  
In the Glens of Sweet Mayo.

And in later times the evictions came  
When the rent they could not pay,  
For times were hard and poverty  
Was the order of the day.  
Their homes were levelled to the ground  
And out they had to go,  
But kind neighbours found them shelter there  
In the Glens of Sweet Mayo.

May God rest them all, they're now on high  
No fear of evictions there,  
No more the sound of the battering ram  
or the crowbars ring blare,  
The sweet music of the angels bright  
Is the only sound they know,  
But it's echoes still me thinks I hear  
In the Glens of Sweet Mayo.

**TOM MURPHY,  
Island.**



# The Street Where I Live

BY MICK O'CONNELL

**W**HAT with the passing parade of life, the endless changes, the hustle and bustle around us, and with the constant tooting and froing, we seldom take time to reflect on the kaleidoscopic scenes which pass before our eyes and which, for the most part, we rarely notice.

I was reminded of this when a neighbour gave me a postcard picture, published above, of Upper Main Street, Ballyhaunis, where I reside.

The picture, taken in the early 'sixties, presents a tranquil scene and gives forth an aura of stillness and peace, which immediately impresses one while the tidiness of the street is also very much in evidence.

In the foreground to the right is the seven-day licensed premises of the late Larry Moran, in which the hub-bub of people could always be heard, especially on the day of the monthly fair held in the adjacent fairgreen, and it can truthfully be said that many a bargain was struck over a "half one" or a pint in Larry's pub.

The fair and Larry's pub are gone. The pub known as "The Whitehorse Inn", though it had subsequent owners, was the last bastion of the licensed trade in the street — it is now an off-licence — and those in the street and those in the villages off the Knock Road, now have to move further down the street to be refreshed.

In the far background to the right can be seen a glimpse of the residence of the late Willie Morley, which has since been demolished in the name of progress. The fact that only two cars are to be seen in the picture in a practically deserted thoroughfare could be said to be a sign of the times as the early 'sixties could, by no stretch of the imagination, be described as a lucrative period. We

have progressed since then in our street; we are a friendly lot; we have shared joys and sorrows; we have adapted to the changing circumstances and we enjoy the most modern of facilities.

Yet, there is always that tinge of sadness as the years roll by and we miss absent friends, but life must go on and we, in our street, play our part on the stage of life always remembering, as Shakespeare reminds us, that we are merely players. Consequently we place our trust in God.

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## Community Information:

For information on P.A.Y.E., Housing, Family Law, Social Welfare, call, write or telephone Ballyhaunis (0907) 30212, Community Information Centre, Parochial Hall, Ballyhaunis, Tuesday: 11.30 - 12.30; 5.00 - 6.00; Friday: 11.30 - 12.30; 5.00 - 6.00; Saturday: 11.30 - 12.30.

*The service is FREE and CONFIDENTIAL.*

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**Alcoholics Anonymous** and **Al-Anon Meetings** are held on Sunday nights: May to October at 9.00 p.m.; October to May, 8.30 p.m., in the Old Secondary School, Convent of Mercy.

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**Upper Main St., Ballyhaunis.** (Photo courtesy of Tommy O'Malley, Upper Main St., Ballyhaunis).

# Ballyhaunis Summer Festival 1987

*"Sweet Ballyhaunis of Ancient Grandeur  
All thy surroundings my memory fill,  
And where'r I wander my heart grows fonder  
Of the dear old home by the Convent Hill"*

**T**HIS verse by Patrick J. Delaney, late of Main Street, Ballyhaunis, written some time in the 1920s, could well have been repeated by him during the first week of August, 1987, and was certainly re-echoed by many who visited the Convent grounds to gaze at the memorabilia of the area collected for the Festival Week. The unique atmosphere of the past and the gentle reminders of how life progressed in Ballyhaunis of old were carefully constructed in this nostalgic exhibition.

**BY JOHN DILLON-LEETCH**

(Chairman, Festival Organising Committee)

On entering the convent gates one had the feeling of being conveyed into an era when time stood still, or at least, at a pace which could be measured by the ticks of a Grandfather clock. It was this feeling of nostalgia, of companionship and gentle living which assured the success of the Festival.

The absence for many years of any festival in the Ballyhaunis area prompted Ballyhaunis Chamber of Commerce to become involved in the organisation of a simple, yet attractive programme of events, which commenced on Friday, 31st July, 1987, and continued on over the following nine days. The careful construction of the events for the festival commenced in the dark days of



December, 1986, and the hard work of many people bore fruit in the open air concerts, the drama, the music, the sports and the exhibitions, but most of all in the conviviality which greeted all who entered the town during that ten days. As if by heavenly approval the sun shone brightly on that Friday, 31st July, on the dear old home by the Convent Hill. That sun gave way to a bright moon which guided many home after the night of festivities.

The people of Ballyhaunis had sent out signals that it was organising a grand festival, when for ten days of pride and laughter, of cabal and nostalgia, fun and games, it would be playing host to the homing sons and daughters from London and Coventry, from Boston and New York, and from foreign places like Cork, Roscommon and Donegal. The invitation was well received, and those who came enjoyed comfortable accommodation, music, singing and dancing and a moderate presentation of our culture. Drink was available, but the emphasis was on fine talk, on the good story, on the sweet song.

The crowds gathered in The Square on the first Friday evening to be entertained by the comedian Brendan Grace on an open air stage, and in a setting which did justice to those whose voluntary labour and experience created many opportunities for open air song and dance during the week. The magic trumpet of Johnny Carroll wafted its way to Abbeyquarter, Lecarrow, Bunnadobber and Carrowreagh and beckoned those who had not already arrived to assemble quickly in The Square for this unique open air concert. They were followed by Noel Henry and his band from Boston, the familiar music of Brose Walshe, the Molloy Brothers from Mulranny and Heart Beat from Ballaghaderreen.

The town was appropriately festooned with flags and bunting, with colour and music, and most of all with atmosphere.

That opening evening was crowned with a very touching and colourful pageant in the performance of "Granuaile" by the London-based Irish Drama and Folk Company. Under the careful direction of Rosemary Kennedy, who is a native of Athenry, this Dance and Drama Group treated us to a musical and dramatic narrative of the life and times of Grace O'Malley, the legendary sixteenth century heroine of Connacht. A musical cabaret, presented by Ceantoiri Beal Atha hAmmnais, brought a fitting end to the opening night's entertainment.

Michael Finnegan had barely an opportunity to clean the streets after Friday night's festivities when early on Saturday, the 1st August, Marian Egan from Tavraun was assembling a host of young musicians for a Feis Ceoil, which invaded the quiet walls of the Parochial Hall and pervaded for the entire day. Those anxious to get away from it all retired to the golf course to play a round of 18 holes before the commencement of the night-time activities again.

On that Saturday evening the brightly-lit stage at The Square became the venue for an Open Air Traditional Concert, featuring the great names of traditional music in contemporary Ireland, Seamus and Manus McGuire, Len Graham, Andrew McNamara, Gerry O'Connor and Garry O'Brien. The waltzing airs of these musicians seduced many feet, and we found young and old waltzing their way around The Square. An evocative O'Riada Mass



Gentlemen of the press... Aiden Henry, "Western People", and Michael Commins, "Connaught Telegraph", with "senior counsel", Mick O'Connell, retired reporter, "Western People".





in the parish Church performed by the parish choir, and warm words of welcome to our visitors from Fr. Patrick Costelloe set a gracious tone on Sunday, 2nd August. The Square was again the venue for an open air Jazz Concert after Mass, supported by traditional Irish dancing exhibition, both of which were performed in bright sunshine.

The Parochial Hall was packed for the afternoon for Ceili Band Competitions and associated events in connection with Feis Ceoil, the golfers took full advantage of the beautiful day in participating in an Open Golf competition, and for those who felt less energetic an afternoon bingo session at The Scouts' Den provided ideal entertainment. The Scouts' Den was again the venue for a variety concert presented by the Irish Drama and Folk Company from London.

Anne Byrne from Gurrane had a very early start on the bank holiday Monday, and the Scouts' Den was quickly thronged by competitors and admiring supporters for the Feile Rince competition which, because of the huge entry, involved not only an early start but a late finish.

The 10k. road race started on time and with a fine entry of almost 100 the field included veterans, teenagers and all other categories in between. The keen athlete and the not so athletic were led through the town and into the surrounding countryside by the Dublin City Marathon winner Dick Hooper. The liveliness of this race, the enthusiasm of the competitors and the warm reception given to them by the supporters at the end, will ensure that this event will be written into the calendar of each festival.

On Monday afternoon John A. Murphy from Lecarrow performed the opening ceremony for our exhibition of memorabilia, art, photography and agricultural machinery at the Convent School.

The hard work of the I.C.A., Joe Greene and his team, and Chris Pratt and the generosity of all of the exhibitors ensured that this exhibition was an absolute success. The exhibition remained open all week, and provided a respite for those who wished to get away from it all and opted instead for delving into Ballyhaunis of the past. Guided tours of this exhibition were provided throughout the week, and we are deeply indebted to our exhibitors for making available very precious items which were so warmly received and appreciated.

The pub talent competition, kindly sponsored by Guinness Group Sales, got off to a lively start on Monday night, and packed houses at each of the pubs were the order of the day, or should we say night. This competition was run in a light-hearted way and was heartily enjoyed by the participants and huge audiences. The abundance of local talent was underlined by the huge entry.

A warm and sunny Tuesday provided an ideal environment for the traditional fair and market, which centred on The Square for the entire day. Children were entertained by clowns at The Square, and the adults were entertained by a pair of well-disguised travelling people who caused consternation in many of the premises they visited throughout the afternoon. A pony and trap, donkeys and carts, a bring-and-buy sale, all added to the atmosphere and colour on this afternoon. Meanwhile the fishermen could be seen throwing out their lines at Ballinlough Lake in a trout fishing competition. An impromptu traditional music session, a fancy dress disco at Billy's Nite club, and Bingo at the Parochial Hall complimented the evening's entertainment, and the pub talent competition witnessed the removal of the doors of one pub to accommodate a huge audience which had gathered.

Young visitors and locals alike took to the river on Wednesday afternoon and learned the art of canoeing. This was followed by a guided historical walking tour around places of interest in the town, and another impromptu music session brightened up The Square for the evening.

Elegant ladies took the floor of Billy's Nite Club in the Festival Rose Competition, and the choice of the graceful and attractive Fiona Grogan as the Festival Rose was widely-acclaimed.

Thursday, 6th August was family Sports Day at the G.A.A. Park. Another warm, sunny afternoon ensured a huge crowd, and fathers and sons, mothers and daughters joined in the enthusiastic fun and sports on this afternoon. Alternative sports were available throughout the day in the form of a coarse fishing competition out at Erritt Lake, and Open Mixed Foursomes at the Golf Club. Again for the less sporting a bus tour of historical sites in the area of Ballyhaunis was availed of by many to while away the afternoon.

The Parochial Hall was the venue for a very entertaining production of 'Many Young Men Of Twenty' by Saint Patrick's Drama Group. John B. Keane's script was frequently departed from, and was enthusiastically received by an appreciative audience. More late-night entertainment was provided in the pub talent competition that night.

Exhaustion began to set in on Friday, 7th August, and it is well-known that many took the opportunity of having a late lie in that morning. Energies and spirits were revived, however, for the final of the Pub Talent competition that night. A total of fifteen finalists took to the stage of Billy's Nite Club that evening, and Maureen Caulfield of Knock Road was well received as the popular



winner. The magic trumpet of Johnny Carroll provided great entertainment at The Gala Festival Dance, which took place later again that night at Midas Nite Club.

Another Open Air Jazz Concert filled the town with traditional Jazz airs on Saturday, 8th August. An Open Gala at the Swimming Pool occupied our young people, and the golfers indulged themselves in another 18-hole competition.

The Vincent Caulfield Memorial Cup final took place at the G.A.A. Park, and luckily for Ballyhaunis our local team won the day. The final of another competition, which had been running in the pubs during the week, the Pub Quiz took place at the Vintage Inn, and again a large crowd provided a very receptive audience. Joe Dolan brought to an end that night's entertainment with a cabaret in Midas Nite Club.



With renewed spirit the town awoke on Sunday, the 9th August, happy in the knowledge that this was the final day of festivities. Ceantoiri Beal Atha hAmnais provided a touching accompaniment to a beautiful Mass in the Friary, with a sermon which was devoted to the success of community spirit and enterprise.

Our Festival Rose was suitably attired and was conveyed in a horse and carriage to lead the final parade through the town. Vintage cars had assembled from all over Mayo to provide a very colourful display, and little boys and girls dressed up to participate in a Fancy Dress Competition. The afternoon's entertainment continued with a Duck Race, a Tug-o-War competition and a display by gundogs. A huge entry for the Ted Webb Memorial Trophy ensured that the golfers were catered for.

Our first festival was brought to a suitable close with a traditional open air Ceili at The Square. It is clear, however, that this was only the first festival, and the



message was that the success was to be repeated again next year.

Because so many people and organisations were involved in the preparations and organisation of the festival it is impossible to convey individual thanks for their help. The success of the festival was, however, a just reward for their efforts. It is now known that next year's festival starts on Friday, 29th July, and runs on until Sunday, 7th August. The invitation for last year's festival is to be repeated for the festival of 1988:-

*Come West to Ballyhaunis,  
When the days are long and bright,  
And companionship and music,  
Will make short the Summer night.  
Come back to capture something,  
Of the place where you first grew,  
And see the changes in the faces,  
And in the streets you knew.*

## Ballyhaunis Summer Festival '88

*10 Days of Entertainment for all the family*

—FEATURING—

## Revival of Ballyhaunis Races

Fri., 29th July to Sun., 7th August, 1988

IF YOU MISSED IT LAST YEAR DON'T MISS IT AGAIN.



Anne and Nora Mullen, of Liscat, Coogue, Knock, taken in New York approximately 1895. Later they returned to Ireland, married two small farmers, raised two big families — Anne married Mark Commons, Laurlea, Aughamore; Nora married Patsy Hopkins, Lanaganboy, Ballyglass. (Photo courtesy Annie Cunniffe, Tooreen, Ballyhaunis).



## BATTLES LONG AGO — JIM COFFEY

**T**HE Ballyhaunis area has furnished three men who in their time gained fame, if not fortune, for their exploits as exponents in the Heavyweight division of what has been called by Mr. Liebling 'the sweet science.' The period in question covers the days from Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey, Sam Langford, Jess Williard to Max Schmelling and Joe Louis. A veritable roll call of Boxiana's famous names.

To start, we go to Tully, a few miles down the Loughglynn Road, where in 1891 the great Jim Coffey was born. Fighting was in Jim's blood for his father was a noted faction fighter during the last century, being known as 'The Conqueror'.

Jim had no early boxing experience and it was not until he went to America that he got involved in this profession. How this came about is not clear, though one version is that on one occasion some policeman made, as Sean O'Casey might have said, "Derogatory Remarks" about his Irish origin which resulted in the same policeman being promptly stretched by Jim.

In the classic tradition this incident was observed by someone who spotted his potential and introduced him to the game.

At this time he was working in New York on the trolley cars for the princely sum of 9 dollars a week and his introduction to boxing led him to the New Polo Club in New York where he sparred with Carl Morris and this resulted in his retirement from his 9 dollars a week job and sparring for Morris at 15 dollars. Incidentally, he was to beat Carl Morris about four years later.

So here was Jim, at 22 years of age, with a modicum, and a smaller modicum I doubt you could find, of experience in this hazard-filled occupation embarking on what must rank high with the most meteoric rises in the history of the game. Three weeks to be exact, from his first experience in a boxing ring he was to trade leather and win over 6 rounds with Nick Muller. He was at this time 22 years of age and this being the period of "The White Hopes" who aspired to restore "White supremacy" to the Heavyweight ranks in America, he must have seemed a very unlikely candidate.

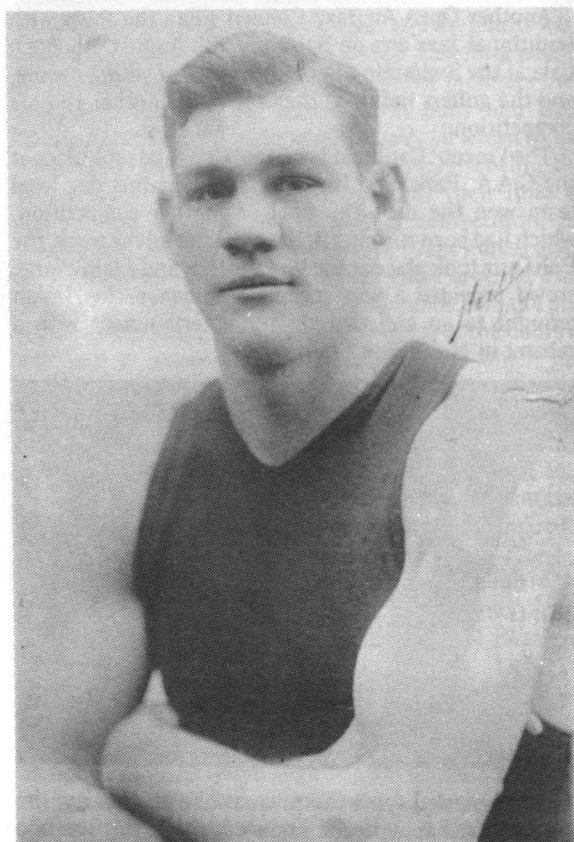
I show here a record of his fights up to December 30th, 1915, and by cross-checking his performances with those he fought we can see the truth of the words of his manager, Billy Gibson, in 1914.

"Here's the real man for Jack Johnson. Never was there a white man in the world who has come to the front so rapidly as Coffey. He has only been in the game a little over two years". This from a man who also managed Gene Tunney.

Before we dissect his record it must be recognised that his fighting weight was about 13½ stone; he was thus little more than a cruiser or light-heavy. To compensate for this he had a massive 82-inch reach and a knockout punch in each hand.

In 1914 he beat fireman Jim Flynn by a knock-out in the 4th round. Flynn had previously gone 9 rounds with Jack Johnson. Incidentally, Jim Flynn was the only man who ever knocked out Jack Dempsey.

In December of that year he had a ten rounds points decision over Gunboat Smith who some time previously had the famous Georges Carpentier on the deck in 6



**Jim Coffey**

rounds, only to be disqualified for hitting him whilst he was getting up.

Coffey was to repeat this performance a few months later, knocking out the Gunboat in four rounds. Another line on Johnson can be found through his meeting with Frank Moran — a blond dentist from Pittsburgh who fought Johnson in Paris for the world title but had lost a 20 rounds' decision. So we see that Jim was in the top rankings. This fight took place in October, 1915. He lost this fight and in a re-match in January, 1916, he was again to fall foul of "Moran's Mary Ann", when clearly ahead on points after out-boxing Moran all through the fight, he decided to have a go in the ninth round when Moran's right put an end to all his aspirations. Jim later claimed that when he was dropped he was stalling for time towards the end of the road and that his brother, John, who was in his corner misinterpreted the situation and threw in the towel.

Moran, in later years, stated that the best boxer and fighter he ever met was Jim Coffey.

Incidentally, Jim always maintained that his toughest - ever opponent was the South African "Boer" Rodel.

Moran, a couple of months later, lost a points' decision to Jess Williard.

So, there you have it. A young Irish man of 26, within four years of stepping into a boxing ring for the first time, taking part in a final elimination bout for a chance to take on the World Heavyweight Champion, Jess Williard. It cannot be denied but that he was pushed too fast. So, we can only conjecture what might have been had he been

taken in hand earlier and with better management. Who knows? He had 148 recorded fights and possibly more than a hundred exhibition fights.

Jim was to fight on and off for a few years more till he retired around 1920, when he returned to Ireland and got married in 1923. He then took up farming again and though the "Tumult and the Shouting" had died down he always retained a great interest in boxing and devoted a lot of time to training amateurs, especially the Ballyhaunis Boxing Club which he helped with the late Fr. Ned Manfield, O.S.A., to form into one of the most successful Boxing Clubs in the country.

He did make one final appearance in a boxing ring. It seems that an exhibition bout was arranged in Castlerea between Jim and a gentleman by the name of Cyclone Warren who had fought Jack Johnson and had lost on a points decision.

It seems that either somebody forgot to tell "The Cyclone" that this was to be an exhibition bout or that he wanted to add a little bit of glory to himself for early on in the fight Jim noticed that his opponent was offering what has since come to be described as an "unacceptable level of violence" to which he responded with dire consequences for our friend, "The Cyclone". Talking of exhibitions, one of Jim's proudest memories was being selected by Jim Corbett to give an exhibition in New York.

Jim died after a long and happy retirement in 1959.

Before I finish let me tell you about an incident relating to Jim.

It happened that Jim was once in Seattle training for a fight. His training camp was situated on a large estate belonging to a wealthy couple.

One night they were invited to dinner at the big house as a result of the lady of the house finding out that Jim was Irish and hailed from Tully. After being wined and dined regally they were paying their respects to their hosts and thanking them for the fine reception they had been given when Jim noticed the lady eyeing him in a curious manner.

As he moved to thank her, her reply stuck him to the floor with as much an effect as "Moran's Mary Ann".



**Boxing tournament in Limerick, 1945. Back, left to right: Jimmy Kilduff R.I.P.; Eddie Fitzgerald, Sergt. Nally. Front, left to right: Larry Freely, R.I.P.; Paddy Walsh, Billy O'Shea, Sean Regan, Tom Moylett, Mal Nally (mascot).**

"Think nothing of it", she replied. "Many's the time your mother gave me my breakfast in Tully." She told him she was one of the travelling Ward clan and had never forgotten the hospitality of Jim's mother to her family when she was growing up. She had gone to America and prospered, married well and in the best tradition of democratic America no one had ever asked about her background. Finally, she said to Jim: "You are the only one who knows. Keep it to yourself".

## Jim Coffey's Record:

Jim Coffey, "Dublin Giant," Heavyweight Irish Champion and Contender for the World's Championship Honours. Born January 16th, 1891, at Erritt, Castlerea, County Roscommon. Coffey's record:

1912:

Jan 26th: Nick Muller, 6 rds; won.

March 1st: Al Benedict, 8 rds.; K.O.

March 15th: Soldier Kearns, 1 rd.; lost.

Aug. 21st: Jack Roan, 4 rds.; K.O.

Sept. 23rd: Soldier Delaney, 3 rds.; K.O.

October 12th: Billy Ryan, 1 rd.: K.O.

Oct. 26th: Dan Daly 6 rds.; won.

Nov. 23rd: Ray Simons, 10 rds.; won.

1913:

Jan. 1st: Ray Simons, 2 rds.; K.O.

Jan. 25th: Dan Daly, 6 rds.; won.

Feb. 12th: Ned Carpenter, 1 rd.; K.O.

February 22nd: Arthur Pelky, 3 rds., K.O.

Feb. 26th: Jack McFarland, 5 rds.; K.O.

March 26th: Boer Rodel, 9 rds.; K.O.

April 29th: Whitey Allen, 1 rd.; K.O.

May 23rd: Jim Flynn, 10 rds.; won.

Dec. 12th: Battling Levinsky, 10 rds.; draw.

1914:

Jan 5th: Battling Levinsky, 6 rds.; won.

Jan. 17th: Jack Lester, 6 rds.; K.O.

Feb. 19th: Tony Ross, 6 rds.; K.O.

March 9th: Battling Levinsky, 10 rds.; won.

March 29th: Jack Connors, 1 rd.; K.O.

April 13th: Tom Kennedy, 10 rds.; won.

April 24th: Jim Flynn, 4 rds.; K.O.

May 11th: Soldier Kearns, 1 rd.; K.O.

May 25th: Dan Daly, 6 rds.; K.O.

Oct 7th: Terry Keller, 9 rds.; K.O.

Dec. 15th: Gunboat Smith, 10 rds.; won.

1915:

Feb. 18th: Jack Sullivan, 5 rds.; K.O.

March 4th: Arthur Pelky, 2 rds.; K.O.

March 27th: Soldier Delaney, 2 rds.; K.O.

March 30th: One Round David. 3 rds.; K.O.

April 7th: Carl Morris, 10 rds.; won.

May 5th: Al Reich, 3 rds.; K.O.

May 31st: Jim Flynn, 9 rds.; K.O.

Sept. 15th: Jack Reed, 3 rds; K.O.

Sept. 20th: Jack Driscoll, 3 rds.; K.O.

Oct. 19th: Frank Moran, New York, 3 rds.; lost.

Nov. 30th: Gunboat Smith, New York, 4 rds.; K.O.



## TOM AND HUGHIE GLYNN

NOW we move a few miles the other side of Ballyhaunis to Cloonlara, Brickens, for the final instalment, to the home of Big Tom Glynn, to be exact.

Whenever I meet Tom Glynn I get this feeling of wonder that so gentle and affable a giant can have had such a life of excitement and horror and emerge with so calm and placid a temperament.

When I shake his hand I am reminded of that film about Jim Corbett where Gentleman Jim's father brags that he will never wash his hand again for he has just shook hands with the hand that shook the world", meaning the hand of John L. Sullivan.

I had gone to Tom's house in search of information on his career and told him that I was also doing an article on Jim Coffey and would also like to do something on himself. Tom said "there is enough known about me, did you ever hear about my brother, Hughie?" I replied that I had not. Tom forthwith brought out an astonishing album of clippings from the 1930s which gave an account of a career just as exciting as his own.

Tom himself had some amateur boxing experience in Ireland, including a training session with Jim Coffey at

his Tully home, with a view to getting an assessment of his potential from the great Jim, who, by this time, had retired. Jim was very impressed with the big youngster who, in 1929, went to America where he reached the semi-finals of the Golden Gloves in 1930, sustaining a broken hand and, indeed, it was a series of broken hands which were to plague his future career in the ring and later brought his very promising professional boxing career to an end. From sparring with Jack Doyle, followed by a number of Pro. fights to the aforementioned breaks, he acted as sparring partner for Jimmy Braddock, Joe Louis, Max Baer, Max Schmelling, all of them world heavyweight title holders. Quitting boxing he joined the New York State Police and then with the outbreak of war the re-doubtable Tom joined the famous 36th Texas Infantry Division. From the Desert Campaign against Rommel to Italy, from Salerno to Monte Cassino and onto Rome. Then a short break and on to southern France and into Germany where his unit captured the famous or infamous Herman Goering.

This resume of Tom's life story, containing as it does material for an epic novel or film I just had to put in, despite his opening remarks about enough being known about his record.

So let's get back to Hughie. Seven years younger than Tom, he left home at fourteen years of age. He had seen the world many times over as a merchant seaman before he was to repeat Tom's trip to the retired Jim Coffey on one of his visits home from the sea and Jim was to say after sparring with him, and sizing him up, that if he could strip anything like him he would not fear anyone in the Good Old USA.

Forsaking the high seas (temporarily, as it transpired) the 19-year-old Hughie landed in the U.S.A.

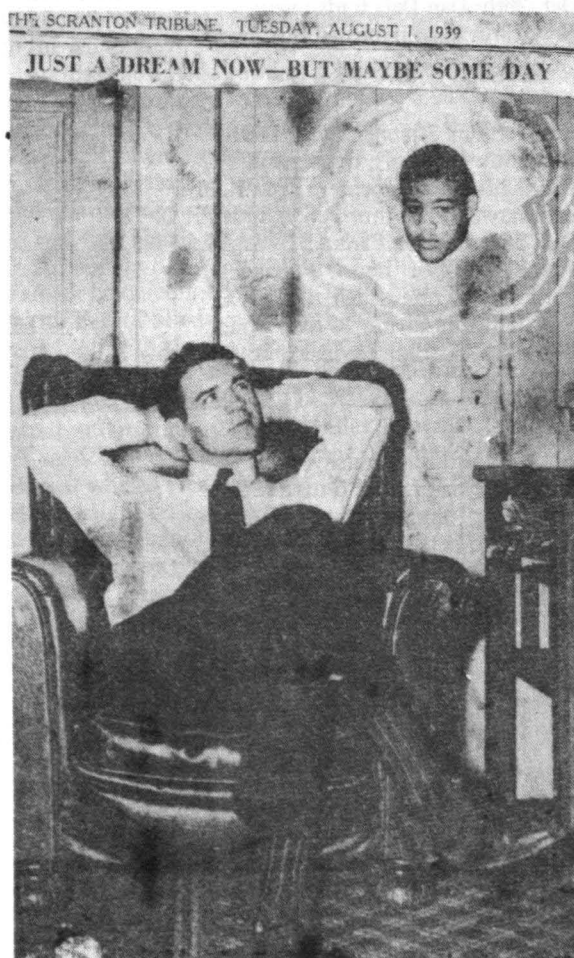
Tom, about the same time in Micky Walker's gin mill on 8th Ave., met Tom Boylan, the promotor from Pennsylvania, who was endeavouring to engage him. Tom declined but referred him to Hughie and thus Hughie was enrolled in the professional ranks.

Under Boylan's careful management Hughie was to run up a quick succession of KO victories and became the top heavyweight in the Pennsylvania region, where a prominent manager at the time, Joe Bacso, remarked: "I wish I had Hughie Glynn. I'd forget the rest of my stable. For with careful watching he will be a top-notch chasing Louis in two or three years.

So just as he was making a name for himself America went into the Second World War and Hughie joined the Merchant Marines where, like his brother, Tom, who had more than his share of excitement fighting on land, he, too, was to see plenty of action, among other things, being torpedoed twice.

When the war ended Hughie decided that his young life had seen enough of the fight game in every sense, so he calmly set out for the more peaceful and tropical delights of Hawaii where he still lives with many memories of his turbulent early life and we hope is as at peace with himself and the rest of the world as is his Big Brother, Tom.

— JOE GREENE.



**Hughey Glynn fondles a thought, like all promising heavyweights, of one day engaging the reigning monarch, Joe Louis. Tonight he may step a bit closer to that realisation when he engages Jack Downey in the featured six-rounder at Town Hall. In a previous meeting the men drew.**

Photo: Scranton Tribune, 1939

# Some Reflections Of Christmas In Times Past

BY MICK O'CONNELL

**C**HRISTMAS, while it has as its central theme the birth of Christ, is a season of goodwill and is a time for giving and receiving. It is eagerly looked forward to by the children and by the vast majority of adults and is a time of great happiness — especially within the family circle and of great joviality.

For some, however, it is a lonely time, and as memories of happier times come flooding back one is inclined to ponder and reflect on the Christmas' of childhood.

Maybe it is because of the changed lifestyle of people, as compared to that of former years, that Christmas does not have the same impact as heretofore, and for many youngsters, who now have easy access to luxuries, it could be said that, "it is Christmas every day."

It has passed by once again and looking back to the late 'twenties and early 'thirties one of my earliest recollections is when I became an altar server at the Ballyhaunis St. Patrick's Parish Church. Before becoming a Mass server one had to learn the Latin responses and this was a long and arduous task. At that time Masses were celebrated continuously from an early hour on Christmas morning, culminating with Solemn High Mass, followed by Solemn Benediction at 11.30 a.m.

At that time, in the Parish Church, the servers wore black soutanes all through the year, until Christmas when the red soutane was donned. The chimes were also brought onto the altar at Christmas only, to replace the rather sonorous sound of the gong.

There was always a full muster of servers on Christmas morning as it was our annual "pay day". We were lined up after Mass and the then Parish Priest, Very Rev. Canon McHugh, presented each of us with a half-crown, the equivalent of 25p in today's currency, which, at that time was, indeed, a princely sum. We were a little disappointed when Canon McHugh's successor reduced the amount to one shilling (5p) per server. Later the servers and the members of the Parish Church choir were brought on an annual outing, or were given a party; and a practice of giving money at Christmas was abolished.

## THE ABBEY

Masses in St. Mary's Abbey, around that time, commenced at 6 a.m. and the people went to the early Masses carrying torches and flashlamps. The residents of Knox Street could, if they so wished, leave for Mass in the Friary by their back doors and, at that time, crossed the river by means of a plank, at the foot of the hill, near the water pump building. The other entrances were from the avenue in Abbey Street, and the "stile", which was then situated at the top of the cattle track leading to the Clare-Dalgan River just opposite the Ulster Bank. The bridge across the cattle tract nearer to Bridge St., was erected by Fr. Crowe, OSA, in 1929. Fr. Crowe was the Prior at that time.

Waiting for mother to return from 6 a.m. Mass in the Abbey and wondering what Santa had brought was but a short period; but, to me, pent up with expectancy, time seemed interminable.

What we got from Santa reflected the poor conditions of the times but though the toys were of meagre value they were as treasures to us and brought great happiness and pleasure to our rather, by present-day standards, drab lives.

Meeting the other lads, when, the inevitable question "what did Santa bring?" was asked, was also a great moment, but was tinged with a little disappointment, when some of the "better off" lads showed us their toys which made our own, rather scanty collection, look rather tawdry by comparison.

Even then, as children, we could not help but get the feeling that Santa was a little unfair in the manner in which he distributed the toys. The utter disappointment and disbelief I experienced when the Santa Claus myth was exploded, reinforcing the opinion I formed later that anything based on a lie, even the beautiful tradition of Santa Claus, with all the joy attached, would seem to have at least a disconcerting effect on youngsters as they step onto the real threshold of life.

## WREN BOYS

St. Stephen's Day and going out in the Wren Boys was a heaven-sent opportunity to get dressed up in all kinds of rags and coloured papers so as to get the price of the pictures, which were shown in Johnny Conway's Hall at the rear of Main Street, where the store of Gallagher & Sons Ltd. is now situated. The "pictures", silent in those days, were an innovation which kept us enthralled and we cheered on the hero and hissed at the villain. The first "talkie" I ever saw was the film of the 1932 Eucharistic Congress in Dublin with John Count McCormack singing "Panis Angelicus".

One might ask: "Why look back to the distant past?", and one might be admonished for so doing.

We are advised to look to the future and look on the bright side of things. Be that as it may, but for those of us getting on a bit the future is getting much more limited and is fraught with all kinds of eventualities, including the final one, which we all have to meet.

I don't make those reflections with any degree of dissatisfaction.

Though they were hard times we were, for the most part, happy and carefree; and we derived the essence of enjoyment from simple pastimes.

Flogging spinning tops, wheeling hoops, and playing hopscotch and tipsy-cat occupied most of our spare time and gave us great pleasure.

## FRIENDSHIPS

Christmas is a time for renewing and cementing friendships and for re-echoing the message of peace. Many friendships which I made during my school days have lasted to the present day.

I was reminded of this over the Christmas period when I met and talked with an "old school pal", and though many firm and lasting friendships are made along the way of life there still seems to be a great deal of truth in the old saying, "Old Friends Are Best".



## Successful U.S. Tour For Tony

HOME after a very successful U.S. tour in the Catskills Edward Falls Motel where he was resident entertainer for the season is **Tony Rattigan**. Other notable Irish entertainers in the area were Anna McGoldrick, Noel Henry, Dermot Henry, Glen Curtin, Dermot O'Brien and the Singing Nun.

This luxurious motel, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Murt McGrath, is a very popular resort among the Irish all over the U.S. and also among the very many visitors from Ireland. So much so that on Tony's first night on stage he was wondering whether or not he was suffering from jet lag on seeing so many familiar Ballyhaunis faces in the audience.

Tony, for a long time now, has been the most popular artiste on the entertainment scene in the West of Ireland. Apart from the music scene Tony was a well-known amateur actor on the festival scene in the '60s and had the distinction of playing in an All-Ireland final with the local dramatic society in 1960. A measure of Tony's popularity in the States can be gauged from the fact that he has been inundated with bookings for next year's season both in the Catskills and New York. Good luck Tony!!!

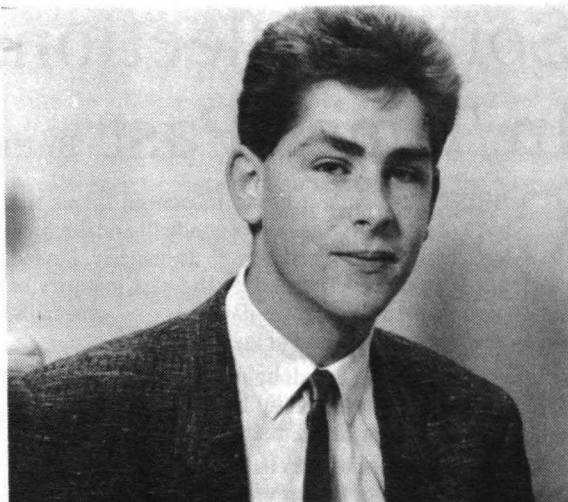
Tony, though billed as "The Singing Cowboy", is also a very talented Irish Ballad singer and many think that despite his success as a Country Western singer his real ability is in this field.

He has as yet not recorded commercially but at the moment plans are in hand with prominent American backers for the recording of an LP, which, being a mix of Irish Ballads and Country and Western, should prove very successful, both at home and in the U.S.

**JOE GREENE**



Tony pictured with Anna McGoldrick and friend!



**John Lyons, Gurrane, Ballyhaunis, eldest son of Celia and Paddy Lyons, was adjudged to be the best apprentice on the Agricultural Machine Mechanics' Course in the Waterford Training Centre in 1986. This Award was sponsored by AnCO and the Bank of Ireland. He was also awarded a Certificate from the City and Guilds of London Institute in Motor Vehicles Craft Studies. John was educated in St. Mary's Primary School and Ballyhaunis Community School. He is at present attending the Regional Technical College in Tralee. He is wished well in his future career.**

## Dart Equal To Eighteen Knock Airports

THE conventional wisdom of the Dublin jet set is that Dart is a wonderful invention and that Knock Airport is not. This was stated by Mr. Joe Rea, President of the IFA, in his address to the Irish Management Institute. The comparison illustrates well the blind spots in discussing economic issues in Ireland where the "marsh mallow soft centred" economic theories operate.

He said: "The Dart train set cost £106 million. In 1985 it lost £23 million or almost £2 million a month. Since it started operations in July, 1984, the service has clocked up losses of approximately £75 million. The total cost in Exchequer outlay is, therefore, £180 million and growing at over £1.5 million a month. Dart is already the equivalent of 18 Knock Airports and the number increases daily.

"Knock was built at a cost of £10 million and the state has not had to bear any further costs. Rural Ireland has now the opportunity to fly from Knock to Manchester for £109 return. From Dublin to Manchester, which is only half the distance of the Knock service, the fare is £180 return. We are delighted to offer our Dublin friends the cheapest fare from the capital to Manchester — by way of Knock. Few projects faced such scathing Dublin media treatment as Knock Airport but the real drain on the Exchequer was under the noses of the critical media.

"We are now progressing towards the situation where the Exchequer cost of every station on the Dart service will each exceed the cost of Knock Airport."

# Young Enterprise

Unlike many teenagers clutching a new Leaving Cert, Attracta Greene is not headed for the interview round, or the dole queue.

Instead, she has her eyes fixed on winning a larger share of the export market. For even before she has registered for VAT Attracta is a recognised name in a specialised area of the couture business.

Back home in Ballyhaunis, Co. Mayo, she may be just a pretty local girl. But in New York's Irish dancing circles, she is known as the creator of that most highly-valued thing, a handsome, richly-embroidered model dress.

By MARY DUFFY, Loughrea

It all began when Attracta, aged 12 years, helped her mother embroider costumes for the family and friends. When her mother became too busy looking after an elderly relative, Attracta continued to do it during School holidays.

Attracta says: "I never thought then that what I was doing would lead to a business. Maybe if I'd been better at the dancing I'd never have bothered. But that was what happened as Attracta's reputation spread among her satisfied customers.

Then one day one of those customers told an American friend and Attracta was in the exporting business.

Attracta explained: "Irish dancing is very big in the States where people have the money to pay. Ten dollars a lesson is normal. They shell out 25 dollars per competition to enter a Feis. What they want is to keep the tradition alive and they have the money to spend doing it. "Having a dancing dress that is made in Ireland is part of the scene for them.

"The fact that my dresses are hand-embroidered only adds to the value though there are other things that make the dresses attractive as investments.

To ensure that the material and the colour is what the customer wants, Attracta insists that the raw materials come from the customer, who also specifies the colour scheme of the design. An intricate design — Attracta's come from Stafford Design, Galway — can take up to a month to embroider.

And when she is sewing the dress Attracta makes sure that her seams are generous, leaving room for years of growth in her young customers. She said: "I know that my dresses are passed around in a family and, if necessary, they can be sent back to me and I'll restore them.

"But what sells them, and makes them different from other dresses is that they are "exclusive", genuine "model" dresses. Each one is slightly, but distinctively different."

Attracta's reputation has spread without the help of advertising or PR and depends entirely on her growing number of satisfied customers, most of whom have never met the girl from Carrowreagh, Ballyhaunis. But they keep in touch, both while she is working on the dress and afterwards, exchanging news about friends and relatives, all of whom may have daughters about to learn the traditional dancing of old Ireland.

Meanwhile, Attracta is going about her business in a businesslike manner. She is learning about business procedure at an AnCO Enterprise Development course in Galway, the only condition stipulated by the I.D.A. She says: "I can't complain. It's not every business that has orders up to the end of next year.

"I'm lucky. I know the sort of people I'm working for. I know they will pay for quality. And they know I can supply it. It's a good beginning."

Attracta also does regular dressmaking like ladies' suits, party dresses, etc., and alterations and repairs of all sorts.



**Mrs. Ann McNeive, Cloonfad, on her way home from shopping in 1938 when the "bulleen" was a once a week treat for the country people.** (Photo courtesy Peter Keegan, 6 Madison Ave., Cresskill, N.J. 07626).



# I Remember, I Remember

BY MICHAEL SMYTH.

**C**LARE Street of the '40s is my earliest memory — quite a different place now than then. Tynans lived where Alma's Salon is; Durkans where Mulherns is; two Foody families, one where Bernie Byrnes is and the other where Kitty Healy lives; Glynn's where Dillon-Tynan now have their offices; Morrisons and Morleys in two houses where the Levinses now live in one house; Daltons where Cunninghams are; Brod Byrne where Crehans now are; Dick Trench where Dwan's live; an old lady, Mrs. McNamara, Daltons' grandmother, lived where Flatleys now are; Robinsons in the house the town side of the Funeral Home; an old man, Pat Boyle, lived on his own in a house, back from the road, between the Cinema and Robinsons; and up beside the river bridge Miss Healy and her nieces (she used to have a lovely garden of flowers); in the house nearer the town Mrs. Cregg (of whom we used to be afraid). Eagneys and John Forde's houses were not yet built at that time. Bernie Byrnes lived where John Freyne's now is and I'm not certain of who lived in the house where Vinny Freyne resides. Byrnes had a small grocery shop between where Dillons and Cunninghams now are — a great meeting place for young people in the '50s and '60s.

The pals of my own age were Tom Foody, Franko Glynn and Eamon Meath, while younger friends were Tommy Foody and Kieran Freyne.

Mac's Hill, where the playground and swimming pool now are, had everything for us youngsters. There was a hill, a sandpit with some large rocks, trees and lots of greenery at the back of Dick Trench's and Mrs. McNamara's. A river at the back, dividing the field from

the Convent grounds, where there was a jungle of trees, a no-go area, Miss Mac's garden, full of all kinds of shrubs and nooks and crannies — here we could play cowboys and indians (the timber for our bows and arrows we got in a little patch of wood on the Clare Road side of the hill); hide-and-seek, war games and imitate Tarzan-like feats in the Convent jungle (Kieran Freyne was champion tree-swinging and Rosemary Dalton was wilder than ever Tarzan's Jane was). We crossed the river on a do-it-yourself stepping-stone bridge. Here, too, we had our annual bonfire and in that area we were able to get plenty of timber for it.

On the street we played with tops and wheelers (made from old bicycle wheels); on the road and from Tynan's window tipsy cat.

As I got older we moved further afield; up to Jimmy O'Brien's and Brod Byrne's fields (Keanes and Halal factories are now where the former were and Sean Freyne and John and Mike Cleary and Rafique Houses where the latter were). We played lots of football in both of those places, mainly Gaelic and I remember Michael and Anthony Robinson (they went to school in Terenure College), introduced us to rugby. We took our matches seriously (some more so than others), and tempers were often roused over illegal tactics and losses. At the river, at the rear of where Halal factory is now, we used to compete with each other in jumping across — many was the wet and muddy result of that. In quieter times some did a little fishing on that part of the river and further up. In a little stream in Brod's field we sometimes used jamjars for catching libins.



**Group of Pioneers in Dublin in the '50s.** (Photo courtesy of Mrs. Freeley, Island).

Those days, too, there were gangs led by Sean Tynan, Sean Glynn and Sean Mullins, as far as I remember. I have a recollection of a row between the different factions way back in the hills near where Pat Curley and Tommy Curran now live. They were serious enough encounters with catapults being used - I don't recall anyone being seriously hurt.

Either on Saturday or Sunday we had a break from the street and joined the rest of our contemporaries in the Parochial Hall cinema for the matinee — often Laurel and Hardy comedies and Hopalong Cassidy westerns. In Fr. Jennings' time no National School pupil was allowed into the cinema at night.

When I joined the Parish Church servers we often played games of tick and hide-and-seek after evening devotions at the back of both sides of Main Street. From the new friends we made there we organised football games in the Lochan (where Knox Street car park is), and in some field on the other side of that street near where EPS now is. Even then Bernie Lyons and Johnny Biesty were displaying skills which were to come to fruition on St. Jarlath's teams in later years. Later on we played lots of football and hurling in Mulligan's field in Clare Rd., where Bernard Freyne has his new depot — these matches were more organised than heretofore.

On our way to football games in Brods, and later Mulligans, we often called into Jimmy McGreal (Robinsons' uncle), who carried on his shoe-making business in a little blue caravan (or was it an old goods railway carriage), just beyond Robinsons, near where the Donnellans Funeral Home now is. As well as chatting to us about Gaelic football (he loved the game and at that time Mayo teams were doing well most of the time), he gave great care and attention to our boots and footballs.

Summers, which were then gloriously sunny, were spent either swimming, in my case bathing), in Pollnacraoaghy River (somewhere near the rear of EPS), or Annagh River or Annagh Lake. The lake, now sadly gone, was a great family place, as well as a meeting place for groups of boys and girls — Franko Glynn, Tom Foody and myself spent many happy hours there with Mary Glynn, Mary Biesty and Rita Byrne. We spent some time in the Golf Links too, where there was a competition organised for us juniors — Frank Webb, I remember was one of the

best. There, too, there was a mixture of boys and girls — Tom Leech and Gerald Roche, Theresa Concannon, Joan Fahy and Margaret Webb, among others.

Winters, which always had abundant snow and ice, were spent, when off, skating on the frozen Forde Lake (near where John O'Dwyer now lives), or sleighing on our own-make sleds on Mac's or Grogan's (near where Rafiques' private house is), hills during the day and at night preparing in Eaton's house for the Operetta Dil Eaton produced every year (I remember John Forde and Bernie Lyons being two beautiful members of the Seven Dwarfs).

The scouts, then, were looked after by the ever active Seamus Durkan and Paddy Forry, both were scout-masters at different times. Our meetings were in the old den (at the front of the present den), and were taken up doing lots of drill and learning different scout skills. We went on a Jamboree camp to Listowel where Sean Smyth usually won the best laid-out kit at inspection. Joe Greene, our genial editor, was with us and a visitor to our site was Richard Harris (not as well known then as now). Some scouts, John Biesty was one, were lucky enough to go with other scouts to Rome one year. In later years, with Aidan Nally and Sean Smyth, I helped Seamus Durkan and Fr. Albert Lyons in Enniscrone with a scout camp.

I must say my youth was full of self-made adventures as it was for all of us — games were not as well organised then as now but we still packed a lot of fun and excitement into them — probably why I have so much happy memories of all that time.



Taking the sun in Abbey St. in early '50s. Left to right: Gemma Smyth, Carmel Smyth, Paddy Forry, Tommy Smyth, RIP; Paddy Waldron, RIP.



Dr. Smyth, Nurse Greene (Mrs. Gilmore), in early '40s.



# Student Exchange With Guilers

**S**ATURDAY, October 3rd, and at the Community School, Ballyhaunis, twenty-three students gathered at 1.30 for the now regular trip to France. For the students, it was a long awaited day and they were looking forward to the trip (and also to two weeks without classes). The week before, a group of French students, from Guilers, stayed in Ballyhaunis and now it was our turn to sample the French way of life.

BY JOHN WALDRON. (Derrymore)

After saying goodbye to family and friends (who had very jealous looks on their faces), the coach set off and the French took their last look at Ballyhaunis. We arrived in Cork at eight o'clock and boarded the ferry at just after 9 o'clock. The sea was fairly calm but some people were to feel the effects of the very long sixteen-hour crossing. Despite this there was an atmosphere of excitement and after a few songs and an exploration of the boat, most settled down and tried to get some sleep. We arrived in Roscoff on Sunday afternoon where we found the French families waiting for their children and Irish friends. A few people, including myself, did not know who we were staying with but this was soon sorted out and then everybody set off for Guilers, which was about half an hour drive from Roscoff.

After being introduced to the family, it took a while to get used to being spoken to in French (very fast French), and to get used to being in another country so different to Ireland. But I soon settled down and found the family very nice. The other students got on very well with their families who at all times tried to make their Irish visitors feel completely at home. At meals everything was served up to you and this was one thing to get used to when you got home — to prepare everything for yourself. In the family I was staying with they knew that I

was there to learn French and they only translated into English when I did not understand; during the two weeks the faithful dictionary never left the side of the table. It also worked both ways — the Irish helping the French with their English, so everybody benefited.

This year we were twinned with the public college and this is where everybody met each morning. The first two classes were spent each morning with Mr. O'Mahony, who made sure that everybody was equipped with enough phrases to see them through the day. The next two class-periods usually were spent in classes with French students and then, at 12 o'clock, we either went home or stayed with the students at the school for lunch. The afternoons were spent visiting Brest and the different places of interest around, like the local pony club, Landehreau, Le Conquet and the Abbey of Daoulas. Not every afternoon was like that, there was free time and this was spent going to Brest by bus, shopping or ice-skating.

During the first week the Mayor welcomed us to Guilers by holding a reception in the school, and a disco was arranged in honour of the Irish students on Saturday at a local centre. Suddenly the first week was over and you could start counting the days left. On Tuesday, games were played in the morning, and a trip in the afternoon. Wednesday saw another reception by the Mayor in the Town Hall, to show us around, and after, the Irish played the French in a game of basketball (I will not say the score but it is enough to say we lost). Thursday we visited the military port and then it was Friday, our last day. It was spent buying a few last-minute presents, and we left at half past seven that evening. There were a few tears shed as we said goodbye and promises were made to be writers. Ahead lay another 16-hour boat trip and the previous night's storm did not improve anyone's temper. The sea was rougher than the first crossing and again the toilets were in constant use. We arrived in Cork at half-past-two and were back in Ballyhaunis at 9 o'clock.

The trip to France from the students' viewpoint, I am sure, was a complete success in learning French, learning about the French way of life and having a good time in the process. I am sure that the trip will remain in my mind, and the minds of the other students for a long time to come.



Erin O'Brien, Maeve McManus, Sinéad Waldron and Margaret Ruane pictured at a Breton Chateau.



The late George O'Malley's 14.9 Ford taxi at the Station in the '30s. Martin Duffy with luggage.

# Notes From The Abbey

**W**HEN one thinks about it, I suppose one could argue that over the past ten years, together with the "Soundings" from the associations in the town, some notes from the Convent, the Parish Church and the Abbey would have been appropriate in "Annagh". Perhaps it is a thought for future editions.

Meanwhile, however, the new Editor has twisted my arm to string together some of the public references to the Friary that have appeared in the press this past year. One reference, of course, is an annual one, and it has to do with the Abbey Pattern which, this year again, was a great social and athletic success and a family day of fun. It was held on 30th August and was blessed with fine weather.

JOHN O'CONNOR, O.S.A.

Earlier in the year a more solemn event made the news. This was the visit of Archbishop Cunnane to the Abbey on 1st March, when he presided at the 11.30 Mass that marked the 16th centenary of the Conversion of St. Augustine. The priests of the parish, together with some native Augustinians, joined in the concelebrated Mass at which the Parish Choir sang.

As it happens, it was Archbishop Cunnane's father, who directed the renovation and extension of the Abbey Church in 1937/'38. The Archbishop's brother also took part in the work. The priest in charge at that time was the legendary Fr. Edward Mansfield.

Recently, in the very valuable *History of Mayo* being run in *Western People*, the late J. F. Quinn had great

praise for another eminent Augustinian. This was Fr. Edward Foran, who undertook the earlier renovation of the Abbey Church (around 1910).

The remainder of these notes will be some extracts from J. F. Quinn's eulogy of Fr. Foran. He writes: "Of all the ancient shrines that graced Mayo in former days — abbeys and convents — only one remains today — the Augustinian Abbey at Ballyhaunis. It alone has survived the persecutions, and in the worst days of the terror under Elizabeth the lamp of faith was never quenched. True, it was despoiled again and again and the abbey unroofed, but the Friars clung on, actually hiding in the bowels of the earth, and daily the Divine Sacrifice was offered within the ruined walls of the church, portion of

which was re-roofed when the persecution relaxed and a residence erected. I understand the present priory was erected before Catholic emancipation was conceded (actually in 1833), but it looks modern. The finances of the Order did not permit the proper restoration of the church, and one side was practically open to the elements down to about 20 years ago (i.e., down to around 1908).

"At that time Fr. Foran went through the district and collected a sum which enabled him purchase materials. With his own hands he carried out the restoration of the church and decorated it. The pictures on the ceilings and walls mark him as an artist of no mean repute; but where I think he most excelled, was the work he executed within



People leaving after Mass prior to the 1908-10 renovations.



the sanctuary. Marble altars were presented, at the time he wrought restoration with his own hands, by the late Mr. John Joe Waldron and the late Mr. Austin Freely (these can now be seen on the confessional side of the church), and the columns, reredos, etc., he designed out of the cheapest materials, did him infinite credit . . . The lapse of time has operated to dim its pristine lustre, yet it and the other features of the church will long remain to be-speak the zeal of one of the most remarkable churchmen of his time, who, had he been moving in a different sphere, might have mounted the pinnacle of fame, but he was satisfied with his office, his one and only desire being to be a humble worker, advancing God's cause.

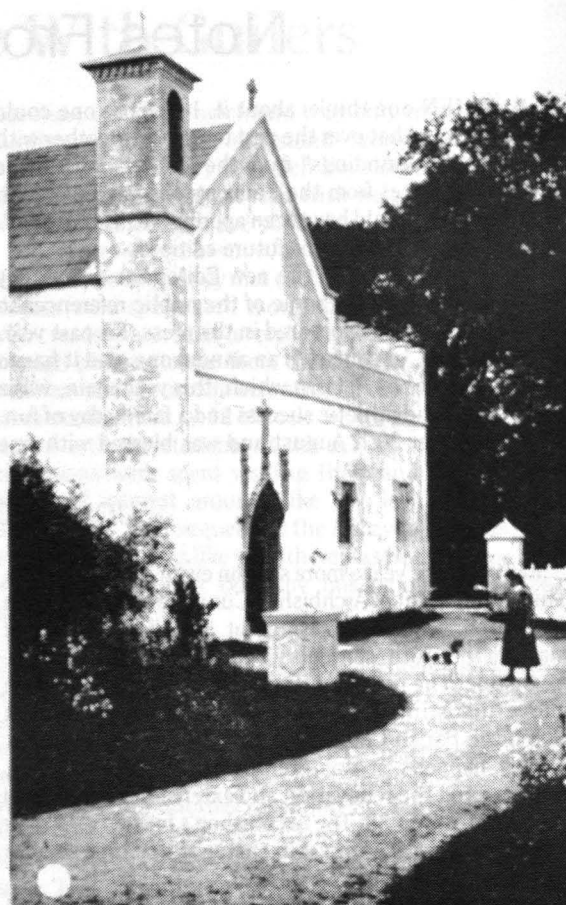
"While he was carrying out his simple wonderful scheme I had the pleasure of being a good deal associated with him, and found him a most charming personality. The execution of magnificent pictures in oils, done with extraordinary rapidity and without any of the advantages of a modern studio; sculpture, stone masonry, slating, carpentry, painting, whitewashing, gardening, cooking, playing the organ, singing, celebrating the Divine Sacrifice, preaching glowing sermons, moulding a new altar out of poor material, mending his boots, reading, writing, delving about old ruins, visiting the sick and paying social calls, all entered into the day's work . . . He actually grudged himself the very hours he slept, and yet he was a most wonderful personality and a most charming companion.

"In his exploration about the abbey he discovered the vault was used as a place of sepulchre by the earlier generations of the house of Viscount Dillon . . . The abbey is on the Dillon estate, which was one of the largest in the country, and the first big one purchased and dealt with by the Congested Districts Board . . . the MacCostellos . . . were patrons, as were also the O'Garas, who gave two Archbishops to Tuam . . .

"Fr. Foran told me that, apart from his topical records, he was able to fix approximately the date when the Dillons conformed to Protestantism in order to save the estates from confiscation (they later came back to Catholicism) . . . In the vault he found a stone altar of great antiquity . . . which is in memory of one of the O'Garas and provided by one of the Archbishops of that name. (This is now to the left as you enter the church).

"The size of the vault — located outside the church and between it and the priory — led to the opinion that it was also utilised by the O'Garas, MacCostellos and Dillons as a mortuary chapel, the presence of the altar strengthening the view that Requiem Mass used to be celebrated there . . .

"All the above-mentioned jobs did I see Fr. Foran take in turn. Vigorous and healthy and happy as a schoolboy, he took infinite pleasure in his work, and arduous as it was, his mid-day meal was a piece of dry loaf and a glass of milk. A man of deep erudition, he had travelled the whole world, and my opinion of him was that he saw everything worth seeing, knew everything worth knowing, and withal his only desire was work, no matter how humble, for God. Busy as he was restoring the havoc of the centuries, he found time to indulge in his love for writing and reading."



A view of the front of the church as it was after the 1908-10 renovation until 1937.

## Make No Mistake

ABOUT IT! THE

### BALLYHAUNIS RACES On THURSDAY, 6th JULY,

will be one of the grandest events of its kind ever seen in the West—even over the famous Looarae course. That's certain! Come yourself, and bring all your friends and neighbours to enjoy a rollicking day of pleasure and excitement.

### 'Twill Be Splendid!

Too-ra-ra . . . Too-ra-roo!

Such racing you never did see,

As you'll certainly view on the 6th of July.

Too-ra-ra; Too-ra-roo; Too-ra-ree!

So says Shakespeare, and so say all of us!

### AND THE DANCE!

Boys, O Boys! (and, Girls, O Girls!) You never saw anything to equal it! Whirl around to the enchanting strains of Stephen Garvey's magnificent band, and drown your troubles in a whirlpool of enjoyment!!

Persons over 90 years of age will not be admitted unless accompanied by their parents.

### DEAD CERTS.; SURE WINNERS:—

(1) Ballyhaunis Races! (2) The Race Dance!

**TIME WILL FLY on the 6th JULY!**

Connought Telegraph, Castlebar.

## Josie McGreal About Olden Times

THE most rewarding part of our work in compiling the magazine is our occasional visit to an older person who puts us in touch with a world that is in danger of being forgotten. Our visit to Mrs. Josie McGreal (née Caulfield) of Upper Main Street was particularly pleasant. Her cheerful outlook and enthusiasm for life left an even greater impression on us than the interesting reminiscences which we publish here.

Her father moved from Carrowkeel (where her cousin Gus still resides) to open Caulfields shop in Upper Main Street about the year 1900. He bought it from Barney Healy who had a forge there. The story goes that Cromwell stabled his horses where the priests' yard is today, though we doubt if today's Heritage Society will be able to confirm or deny this.

The food in those pre-pack days was a little simpler than today's. Breakfast consisted of stirabout (porridge) made from pin-head oatmeal. This was ground at Morgan O'Brien's Mill at Clare Road. The shops had barrels of this meal, bran and pollard (offal of white flour for the hens) and Indian meal. The bread, usually a white soda cake, was baked in the pot oven with hot coals above and below. In the early days of the century there were several bakers in the town. Tom Flanagan (where Paddy Delaney is today), Ruane's, Knox Street, James Waldron's (Noel's). For dinner bacon and cabbage was the staple diet. As well as sides of bacon from the local pigs, American and Canadian bacon could also be had in the shops. You might have 'butcher's meat' on Sunday, from J. J. Smyth's (where Cribbins is now) or Tom Smyth's in Abbey Street, or Webb's in Lower Main Street. Most townspeople had a cow. The Upper Main Street people each had a field in Hazelhill. The rest had milk delivered to them by the Freemans of Ballindrehid — relatives of Joe. It was carried by two young lads who walked side by side holding a long pole with grooves to take the containers. It cost 1d per pint, May-October, and 1½d during the Winter. Tom Walsh had a thatched house where Ashling Drive is now. He sold milk, and you could call to his house to collect it. There is a famous story told about the day Tom brought a cow who was near calving to Kiltimagh Fair. The cow calved near Knock, so Tom sent a telegram to his wife to get Tom Glynn. The message read: "Come Tom! Quick Tom. Ass Cart, Knock!, Cow Calved, Roadside, Backside Knock". Now that An Post have abolished the telegram perhaps it is time that gems like this were collected.

Fish could be had at Martin Devines (a grandfather of Mrs. Dempsey of Devlis). His shop was opposite Caulfields, where Stacia is now. Sometimes you would get fresh herrings and mackerel, but mostly you got salty ones. You could also get ling — it was so hard you could sole your shoes with it. You steeped it all night, then boiled it. It was served with white sauce made from flour, then add a lump of country butter and you were away! The fish kept them going through the 40 days of Lent, and black tea, of course.

Clothes were made locally by the many tailors and dressmakers. In those days there were no off-the-peg items. You bought material by the yard. Boys going to school wore petticoats until they were six or seven. (Strange? how about teenage girls wearing men's shirts to discos in 1987).

Waldrons Terrace (Murrens, O'Connells, etc.) was built about 80 years ago. There was a stone wall behind where Tom Hopkins lives now and Captain Lyons — Eileen Nestor's grandfather had a hearse and mourning carriage there.

The wakes went on all night. The corpse was laid out on the bed or table. There was a box of clay pipes at the door. Everybody took one and had a smoke. There was also an 18-gallon barrel of porter for the men. The women who washed and laid out the corpse had a gallóg of whiskey in a back room. The first funeral Josie remembers was her grandfather's when she was four years of age. She knelt beside the bed with her mother and strange women with shawls. When the eldest son, her father entered they started the **Caoinead**, a weird sort of wailing. She ran hysterically to her father thinking he was going to be killed. Sometimes during the wake as a result of the porter the men used to play games and throw the clay pipes at each other and might even hit the corpse. There was a story told about the corpse who was bent over and had to be tied down with sheets. Later in the night some of the wilder characters untied the sheets and the corpse sprang up. Many people ran away frightened! The remains used to be brought from the house to the grave after prayers. However, due to the above uncivilised behaviour the priests insisted that the corpse be kept in the church overnight.

During the funerals the shutters would be put on the shops. There was a superstition that the three women who washed all the bed linen, would turn the chairs in the house upside down while the clock was stopped at the time that the person died. Mourning lasted a year, the women dressed in black, while the men had a 'black diamond' stitched onto their sleeve.

The old church was where the church yard is now. It was a cross-shaped, three-galleried church. The old bellfry was near the big wooden cross on the right hand lawn. Josie remembers standing in Jordan's garden watching Archbishop Gilmartin laying the foundation stone for the new Church. Canon Canning was parish priest at the time.

The Friary had no roof on the right hand side. You went in around the left (today's side entrance). Fr. Foran did the paintings inside the altar rails and on the ceiling. He based the faces on members of the choir.

At school in the Convent we wrote on slates with chalk and rubbed out the writing with a cloth. It was mostly reading, writing the sums in those days. They had headline copies and they had to reproduce them, keeping exactly between the lines. The nuns made up the ink from powder and poured it into the inkwells, and they dipped their nibs into it. They had the penny catechism from which they learned the answers off by heart. They



had two days for Confirmation — on day one they were examined, and on day two were Confirmed, and took the Pledge until they were twenty-one. Sr. Aguin, Mother Evangelist and Sr. Borgia were teaching there at that time. They had concerts in the school for the new Church Building Fund. They were held in the big room downstairs. They did fan dancing and dressed as geisha girls. There would be a guest adult singer.

There was a lot of emigration to England and America in those days. People would have an American Wake when a person was going away. They would stay up all night, and there would be a lot of crying and drinking. A lot of people left thinking they would never return, even for a visit. People were usually over 18, and if they had an aunt or uncle in the U.S., they might get the £12 fare from them. They bought the ticket at the railway station. They went by rail to Queenstown (Cobh), and then by a small boat, called a tender, out to the liner. It took about three weeks to go to Boston. People also went to New York and Chicago. A lot of the women did housework, and men worked on the buildings or steelworks, joined the police or fire service.

Those who came home on holidays caused a great stir with their Yankee accents, feathers in their hats, and all the jewellery. They had the 'cut of millionaires'. They were a spectacle for the locals. A lot of young girls were impressed and could not wait to get away.

One 'Yank' caused quite a stir because he had a gold tooth. He also smoked cigars. The children would take the gold cigar paper and stick it on to their own teeth.

The family were egg exporters, as were Byrnes (Val's grandfather), P. J. Caulfields; where Jack Halpin is now, Michael Foody, Bridge Street, where George Delaney is, and Tom Cunningham. Paddy's grandfather, Josie's father, went to Castlereagh Market on a Saturday. The people would bring in the eggs, which were graded into selected (large), medium and small. As you would fit three in each hand they were packed in sixes. Ten sixes made 'half a hundred'. They were packed in straw six

'hundred' to a case — the lid nailed on and the case hooped before being sent by rail and boat to England.

After every fair or market the cracked eggs were sold to the poorer people, 3 for 1d. They were collected in bowls. The cracks arose because the women had to bring in the eggs in baskets on their laps, and the carts were not always too steady rounding the corners.

## Love And Marriage

At sixteen or seventeen boys and girls began to 'walk out'. They were supposed to be in by nine o'clock. If not, they were asked "where were you?" ... to which the reply was derblow (there below). One girl would call for another on the pretext that she had to help with the homework. The boyfriend was not brought home until 'things were settled'. A lot of matches were made. If the 'place' was going to the boy, the girl would be expected to bring 'the fortune'. This could be used to marry off the boy's sister and so the money often went on a merry-go-round.

The girl usually brought her belongings in a blanket-box or 'bottom drawer'. Most matches were made in pubs. The couple might not meet until the wedding. Often men might have to wait until the father signed over the place so they married late. After the brief marriage ceremony in the Church — there was no Mass — the wedding party went on a tour of the area in their side cars. There were bonfires at all the corners and crossroads. The meal was at the bride's house — bacon and turnips followed by porter and dancing. The strawboys came 'chlumaire', i.e. gate-crashed. They would have to dance to earn their porter. The half-door would be taken down and they would dance on it. So a great time was had by all and, hopefully, they lived happily ever after.

These are some of the many memories that Josie shared with us by her fireside recently. We are truly grateful!



A fair day in Ballyhaunis, a typical scene of the 1950s frozen in time by Peter Keegan (N.Y.).

# '87 The Year Just Gone By

TONY BOYLE

**T**HE New Year was only ten hours old when we had the sad news of the Dublin Gas Tragedy, killing a young couple and putting fear into the hearts of hundreds of apartment dwellers in the Capital City. Early in January we had a church gate collection for Knock Airport and by January 9th we had a quarter of a million unemployed and we had the first death of 1987 in the Northern Ireland troubles.

On January 11th there was another Irish soldier (from Co. Sligo), killed in the Lebanon, and we had the first snow of the year, plus severe frost and the coldest weather for years with the highest ESB consumption ever. January 14th brought tragedy to Mayo when two young boys were drowned sliding near Balla, and on the 16th Geraldine Kennedy joined the PDs; Michael O'Leary quit politics, and Peter Robinson of the Northern Unionists was fined £15,000, plus costs, for his activities in Co. Monaghan.

On January 20th the four Labour Ministers left the Government and we were to have the General Election on February 17th. By the end of that month we had prayers for Christian Unity; the biggest bank raid ever in Dublin (£1½ millions); the great Eamon Coughlan win, and the fatal shooting of Mrs. McGlinchey.

As February came the election campaign reached its peak. There was a record number of candidates. The

General Election on February 17th was the election nobody won. The PDs got fourteen seats. Other features were that Michael D. was back in Galway; Jim Higgins replaced outgoing Minister O'Toole in Mayo. The mild weather continued to the end of February — it was a mild Winter, and on the last day of the month the Irish Hospitals Sweeps closed down.

March brought us continued uncertainty as to Mr. Haughey's position but he was elected Taoiseach on the 10th with the casting vote of the Ceann Comhairle. The resignation of Garret FitzGerald as FG leader the next day almost foreshadowed the election of the new Government, and Alan Dukes became the party's leader before the month was out. Mr. Haughey appointed six Junior Ministers in Connacht; the National Lottery started on the 23rd. Danny Kaye and President Hillery's daughter died that month, and on the last day of March Fianna Fail introduced a Fine Gael budget. We also had the Belgium ferry tragedy, in which almost 200 died, during March.

In April "Maori Venture" won the Grand National, and a man called Raymond Crotty came in the news when he won the case about our position in the EEC, which resulted in a referendum. Dublin's Archbishop McNamara died as did Vincent Hanley of RTE, and Oliver J. Flanagan, T.D. The last week in April was one of the finest weeks of a very good Summer.



Norman Whiteside, Manchester Utd. and Northern Ireland International player on a recent visit to Ballyhaunis.



May was the month of the most controversial ESB strike ever, which lasted only two days. Johnnie Logan won the Eurovision Song Contest for the second time, and the Irish Telephone Service became 100% automatic on May 28th.

June was the month of the junior doctors' strike and the British election, which Mrs. Thatcher won again. Roche won the cycle race in Italy; Fred Astaire, Pat Daly (the Irish actor), and Barry McGuigan's father died. The Dail adjourned 'til October and the threat of another General Election and a bank strike in Galway disappeared.

July brought us the end of the telegram after 140 years, and the news that the Archbishop of Tuam, Dr. Cunneane, was to retire. Stephen Roche won the Tour De France and got a rousing reception in Dublin. The first PD ever to be elected Mayor was Martin Connolly in Galway, and the former Protestant Primate of Ireland, Dr. Armstrong, died. "Randoss" won the Galway Plate.

August, 1987, opened with the news that Tim Pat Coogan was resigning as the Editor of the Irish Press. Ireland won the Aga Khan Cup at the Dublin Horse Show on the 7th, and Seamus Brennan, the popular Galway-born Junior Minister, was involved in an accident on August 10th. On August 17th 153 people were killed in a Detroit air crash and, two days later, sixteen people were shot dead near London by a maniac. On the 25th August a community worker in Dublin was shot dead in a Dublin Co-Op. raid and, four days after that, so-called joyriders killed two children in Ballyfermot. Before the end of August we all had lived to see the Sunday newspapers costing 60p (twelve shillings!), and that same month claimed the lives of John Hueston, Jeff Smurfit and the former German Deputy Leader, Herr Hess.

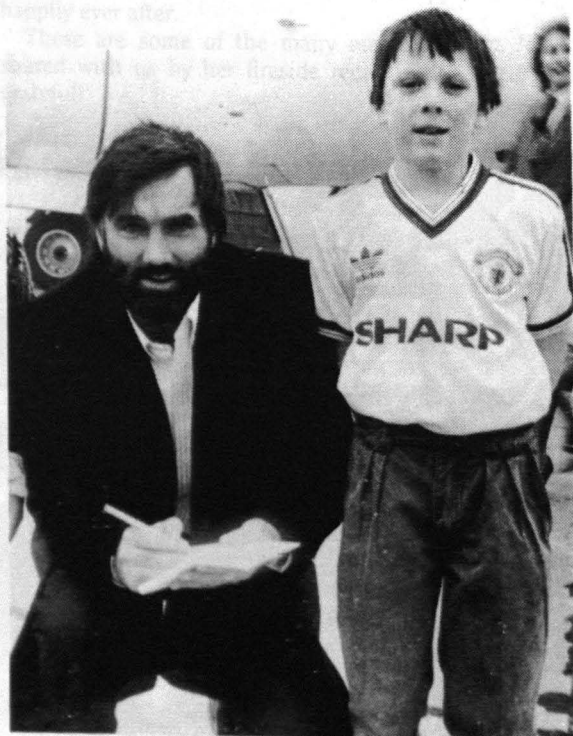
September 1st brought us the sad news that the last of the sextuplets born in England during the previous month had died, and on the 4th the new Archbishop of Tuam, Dr. Joseph Cassidy of Clonfert, was named. (He would be the third successive Joseph). Pope John Paul II went to the US on the 9th, and on the first Sunday in September Galway won the senior hurling title. Meath won the football final on the third Sunday, and another famous win in that month was the World Title by Stephen Roche who, before the month was out, was made a Freeman of Dublin. We had a national collection for Maynooth on the last Sunday of September; two won the quarter of a million in the National Lottery; Sneem (Co. Kerry), won the National Tidy Towns prize, with Knock first in Mayo. September, 1987, will also be remembered for the sad news of the collapse of the H. Williams Group of supermarkets.

On the 4th October Sean Kelly wins the Nissan Classic and Stephen Roche is second. On October 6th Peter Robinson resigns as Deputy Leader of the DUP, and on the 9th of the month the three-year agreement for economic recovery was signed. On the 13th the Government announced that over £400 million in spending would be made in the January, 1988, Budget, and on the 15th Dublin, dentist, John O'Grady was kidnapped and a ransom demand made for £300,000. On the same day England had the worst storm in living memory, and on the 18th the new Archbishop of Tuam, Dr. Cassidy, was installed. On the 19th we had the world slump in shares — end October, 1929, recalled. On the 23rd we learned of Lestor Pigott getting three years' jail for tax evasion.

October 26th will be remembered for the kidnappers' escape near Fermoy, and on the last day of the month, the kidnappers said Mr. O'Grady was alive and well. H. Williams shops were sold to a new buyer on the 30th October.

November — The first week of this month was full of news with a well-known television personality's sad death on the 5th, and on the same day, just after noon, we had the dramatic rescue of John O'Grady. Early this month, too, we heard that it would be Doctor Gay Byrne! We had the opening of the re-trial of the Birmingham Six on the 2nd, and on the 8th we learned with extreme regret of the tragedy in Enniskillen when eleven were killed and over sixty injured. A few were arrested and charged with the kidnapping of Mr. O'Grady, but O'Haire was still at large, despite the fact that the Government offered £100,000 for his arrest after was seen in Dunleer, Co. Louth, on November 9th, when he attempted to shoot his wife. On November 11th there was great news for Irish soccer when Scotland beat Bulgaria, ensuring that Ireland would contest the European finals next year, but the bad news came next day that team member, Liam Brady, got a four-match suspension. In mid-November, as the writer was forced to meet the deadline for publication, it would appear that the Extradition Act would be signed by the on December 1st.

All in all, the year gone by was one of depression, mass unemployment, job losses and cutbacks. But let's all be consoled to think that 1987 will be the year of the turning point towards economic progress and development.



Edward Webb, Ballyhaunis, pictured with George Best at Horan International Airport recently.



**Friary Choir, 1964, with Fr. John Buckley, O.S.A. (Photo courtesy of Mrs. Conway).**



**Euro M.P., John Hume, pictured at the Enterprise Connacht / Donegal Seminar on Regional Development in Ballyhaunis, with, from left: Jim Higgins, T.D.; John Dillon-Leetch, Hon. Secretary, North-West Regional Development Co. Ltd.; Marita Gibbons, Secretary, Enterprise Connacht/Donegal; Basil McDonnell, Treasurer, and Gerry McGarry, Chairman.**

Pic: Henry Wills, "Western People".





**Shaun Regan, well-known boxer of the 'fifties, who was grand marshal of St. Patrick's Day Parade in Menthuen, Mass, in 1987.**



**Fifth Class, St. Joseph's Convent of Mercy, 1987 - Confirmation Class.**

# BALLYHAUNIS ROUND-UP

## Ballyhaunis Fianna Fáil Cumann

1987 has been a very busy year for Fianna Fáil. The Cumann was responsible for the re-election of P. J. Morley, T.D., in the Ballyhaunis area and being the large, energetic Cumann that it is, aided the smaller Cumanns in the Comhairle Ceantair area, which, in turn, helped to increase Fianna Fáil's vote in Mayo East by another two per cent.

The Cumann, as usual, conducted the Fianna Fáil National Collection which, again, showed an increase above the inflation level.

The numerous topics discussed at Cumann meetings included local matters, i.e. the future of the Station, town lighting, parking facilities and, in particular, the car park and a host of National subjects, including the Economy, Government Finances, Law and Order, Agriculture and Health Services.

Ballyhaunis Fianna Fáil Cumann hopes to introduce in 1987 a new and radical approach to meetings in which invited Fianna Fáil politicians at all levels would appear and participate, at such meetings, in discussions on matters of local and national importance.

Officers: President, Gus Caulfield; Vice-Presidents, Joe Conway, John Lyons; Chairman, Brian Hunt; Vice-Chairman, Joe Horkan; Secretary, Joe Grogan; Assistant Secretary, Nuala Murphy; Joint Treasurers, Hugh Rudden, Seamus Boyle; P.R.O., Michael Waldron; Youth Officer: Tom Carroll. Delegates to Comhairle Ceantair: Nuala Murphy, Patrick O'Malley.

**JOE GROGAN**

## St. Patrick's Dramatic Society

In January, 1987, J. B. Keane's play, "Sharon's Grave", was staged in Ballyhaunis to an appreciative audience.

### CAST:

Donal Conlee — Michael Daly  
Peadar Minogue — John Cunnigan  
Trassie Conlee — Maura O'Neill  
Neelus Conlee — Noel Lyons  
Jack Conlee — Tony Carney  
Dinsie Colnee — Padraic Lyons  
Moll — Moira Noone  
Magina — Bernie Jordan  
Tom Shawn — Joe Greene/Frank Leonard  
Miss Dee — Mary Walsh/Frankie O'Malley  
Old Woman — Margaret Nyland  
Pats Bo Bwee — Jack Greene.  
The Producer — Pat Doyle.

In March "Sharon's Grave" was performed in five drama festivals (confined). Best supporting actor's awards were won by Noel Lyons, who opened up for us the twilight world of Neelus; Jack Greene for his portrayal of the eccentric Pats Bo Bwee; Frankie O'Malley for the unlikeable Miss Dee. For her sensitive playing of Trassie Conlee, Maura O'Neill was awarded a scholarship to the A.D.L. Drama Course at Gormanston College.

August brought "Many Young Men of Twenty" back to the stage in honour of our first Ballyhaunis Summer Festival. Also in August members of the group attended the A.D.L. drama course in Gormanston College.

November finds the group again on the festival circuit, this time with Bryan MacMahon's one-act, "Jack Fury". The players are Margaret Nyland, Tony Carney and Frankie O'Malley, produced by Frank Heraghty. With two festivals down and three to go, we have a first place from Longford, a second from Bundoran, and two best actress awards for Frankie O'Malley.

At home rehearsals are in progress for Hugh Leonard's one-act comedy, "The Last of the Last of the Mohicans". Our players are Pat Doyle, Frank Leonard, Maura O'Neill, Joe Grogan, Stella Morley, Padraic Lyons, Patrick O'Malley. Producer is Pat Doyle. Both one-act plays will be staged in the Parochial Hall, Ballyhaunis, in December. So ends drama for 1987. St. Patrick's Dramatic Society wish all their friends and patrons a very happy Christmas and a peaceful New Year.

Officers: President, Ann Hosty; Chairperson, Pat Doyle; Secretary, Maura O'Neill, Treasurer, Michael Daly.

Good news to hand at going to print: Ballyhaunis have swept the boards at Claremorris one-act festival—Editor.

## Ballyhaunis R.F.C.

Ballyhaunis Rugby Club had a most successful season in 1986/'87 season with the club fielding a first and second team participating in the Connacht Junior Leagues, Ard na Cregg Cup, Loughrea Cup and Connacht Junior Cup.

It was the seconds' first year in competition and offered an ideal opportunity for new players in the club to get their first taste of rugby.

The Junior A side were extremely successful in the Junior League and lost but only once in the entire competition, defeating such established teams as Ballina, Sligo, Carrick-on-Shannon and Westport.

In the Connacht Cup the side defeated Galwegians in the first round in a memorable match played in Galway but lost the second round to Dunmore. This defeat, however, spurred Ballyhaunis to greater things as after a great run in the Connacht Plate they defeated Gort R.F.C. in a tough, hard-fought final. This was the crowning of a fine season.

The club also fields under-age teams regularly and the enthusiasm shown by the large numbers attending training augurs well for the future. The U-12 team had a great season and reached the final of an Inter-provincial U-12 tournament in Longford. Their achievements are due in no small measure to the work of Brian Munro, who successfully coached them.

The Club would like to thank Mrs. Mary Morris for the use of her premises in Abbey St. and the Murphy Brothers of Coolnaha for the use of their grounds. The club survived financially on its 300 club draw and at the moment efforts are being made to purchase and develop playing pitches. The club will be relying on the financial support of the Ballyhaunis people in this undertaking.



# BALLYHAUNIS ROUND-UP

We take this opportunity to thank all our friends and supporters. Wishing them a happy Christmas and prosperous 1988.

Club officers: President, P. Lee; Fixtures Sec., H. Curley; Hon. Sec., B. Phillips; Captain, B. Morrissey; Treasurer, J. Hanly.

## Successful Student

A 21-year-old Ballyhaunis man who graduated with a National Cert. in Agricultural Engineering at Tralee R.T.C. last June, has made an uplifting start to his career with an invention that was highly commended at this year's Spring Show awards for new equipment.

Gerard Coffey from Tullaghaune, Ballyhaunis, has designed a new type of jack, powered by the hydraulic system of the everyday tractor. He says it is more accurate and safer than the conventional bottle jack used on most farms at present.

He developed it over his last year to fulfil a project for his final exams.

"During the Summer developments were made and the jacks are at present being manufactured by Tuthill Engineering Ltd., Mohill, Co. Leitrim. Gerard works distributing and marketing the jack and other farm implements through a company called Cara Agricultural Engineering and Sales. Response has been good and he attended many agricultural shows and the National Ploughing match.

The jacks come complete with 20 feet length of hose which is connected to the tractor's hydraulic system. The jack has a lifting capacity of 6.5 tonnes. In the event of a pipe bursting a fail-safe device is used. This device works on the same principle as a tap in a water system. When the handle is rotated it increases the oil flow so the jack can be raised or lowered at a variable speed with great accuracy. This device, when in the closed (locked) position, will hold the jack at the pre-determined height and the hose can be disconnected from the tractor.



Tralee RTC Agricultural Engineering lecturers Michael O'Connor, right, and Pat Flynn, with Gerard Coffey, centre.

## Kathleen Loftus — Radio Personality

One of the best-known personalities in the West of Ireland today is Kathleen Loftus of Logboy, star of Mid-West Radio and Jim Fahey's "Looking West".

Kathleen lives with her brother, James, in the family home beside Logboy Church. Her parents, John and Catherine, had a large family of nine, four boys and five girls. Eldest sister Bridie married in New York, Margaret in Birmingham, Mary in Preston, Patrick in London,



Michael in Manchester, Thomas in Altrincham. John is a Jesuit Brother in Dublin. Martin Jennings is described by Kathleen as more like a brother than a cousin as he reared by the Loftus's when his mother, Mary, died, when he was an infant.

Kathleen is a noted local historian who has many tales to tell of the Logboy area, its people, church and landlords. One strange tale is of Logboy's first church-bell, which she says was tied to a tree, the roots of which can still be seen to this day, and which fell on a young boy-clerk called Owens and killed him, and of another boy who, two weeks later, was killed by a kick from the priest's horse. "Logboy", says Kathleen, "is one of the most historic townlands in the West of Ireland." Kathleen has many fond memories of childhood; one she recalls with nostalgia is of the "Pleasure Ground", a frequented place of fun for Logboy children on a Sunday evening. Kathleen describes it as having a beautiful, drooping beech and cherry trees, rhododendrons, with wild strawberries growing everywhere.

Kathleen has brought many pleasureable moments to radio listeners.

# A Few Suggestions

BY DR. M. WALDRON

(The following, by the late Dr. Michael Waldron, was given to Mr. Bill Mulligan, retired teacher, Coolnafarna).

**I**N our own parish we have many beautiful examples of sacred art. Our two churches, for instance, the parish church of St. Patrick's and the Friary, are outstanding works of art worthy of long and careful study without and within. It must never be forgotten that the most important feature of any church is the Tabernacle because it is the royal throne of the King of Kings, Our Lord Himself, in the Blessed Sacrament. The Tabernacle is then the heart and soul of the church, and without it the building, no matter how beautiful, would not be a church at all, a House of God. It is the Tabernacle then that glorifies a church no matter how simple and humble it might otherwise appear to the eye.

Look carefully at St. Patrick's Church from the outside; observe the form of the arch over the entrance door. You see it is a pointed arch, not truly circular as in other arches. That pointed arch is the keynote to the style of the whole church. You will find it repeated everywhere, in the windows, the arches inside, the pulpit, the altar rails, the woodwork, even in the ends of some of the seats; all the ends would have the pointed top were it not found that the rounded ends were more comfortable for gripping than the pointed ones. These pointed arches tell what the style of architecture is. There are several styles, but the pointed arch of St. Patrick's shows that it is built in what is known as the simple Gothic style. The Gothic style differs from other styles such as the Roman or Saxon in having as its distinctive feature the pointed arch. There are other Gothic styles more elaborate but St. Patrick's is the simple Gothic.

When you go inside the church you may see, wherever you look, magnificent specimens of sacred art: these are the beautiful Tabernacle and altar with the carved figure of the Dead Christ, for instance, the Stations of the Cross depicting the Passion of Our Lord from His condemnation by Pilate, to His entombment, each picture telling you better than words could, what happened at each step of Our Lord's sad and cruel journey to Calvary; the sublime large Crucifix; the massive and costly granite pillars; the various lovely and appealing statues, the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, the Sacred Heart, the Little Flower and so on. All glorious examples of sacred art.

Then look at the magnificent stained-glass windows, each of which tells a story and conveys a truth of religion, as told in the New Testament or the Old or the lives of the Saints. One could never exhaust the full meaning of one of these wonderful windows made out of stained glass, that is a special kind of glass, very costly and extremely difficult to manufacture. Stained glass is different to mere coloured glass. The principle colours, such as greens, reds, blues, purples, golds, are made in different shades to suit the pattern designed by the artist. A window, before it is erected, consists of a large number of

pieces, some very small, they have then to be put together like a jig-saw puzzle, with matching colours and shades of colours. To erect one of these windows from numerous pieces is a very difficult work and each piece, big or small, has to be set in lead, as one may see on looking from outside. It is said that in order to bring out the full glow of the figures with their various colours and shades a certain amount of gold has to be used in the manufacture of stained glass. Each window teaches a lesson of its own, tells the story of Our Lord's life from birth to death, and speaks in silent language of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, and other great saints. They are all intended to convey and illustrate truths and articles of Faith. All works of art. Mere coloured glass cannot give the wonderfully realistic effects of stained glass, nor bring out such fine shades of colours. Similar considerations to those of St. Patrick's Church arise in the case of the Abbey where mosaic work, however, is a distinctive feature worthy of special study as a work of art.

St. Patrick's Gothic Church was provided by Fr. John P. Canning (afterwards Canon Canning, P.P.). The erection of it was begun in May, 1904, and it was dedicated by Archbishop Healy on Rosary Sunday, 1905. Before the splendid church of St. Patrick's the parish church was situated immediately in front of the new church. It was a simple, unadorned church that had become too small for the large congregation that had grown up around it since it was built about the year 1850. It was of a different style of architecture to St. Patrick's being cruciform or cross-shaped, and elementary Gothic, with pointed arches over the doors and windows, and there were three galleries, one leading from each door. After Catholic Emancipation was won by Daniel O'Connell little churches of this cruciform type began to spring up in all the rural parishes throughout Ireland. The people were at the time very poor, and the clergy could not afford to provide costly and elaborate churches for their congregations so the best they could afford were simple, unadorned Sacred edifices on the cruciform or cross-shaped pattern of architecture. In Knock, Began and other parishes in the vicinity of Ballyhaunis, as well as in Ballyhaunis itself, simple cruciform churches were built of lime and mortar, roughly plastered without and within, with little or no seating accommodation with bare floors of mortar, all done on practically the same pattern; not outstanding works of art, indeed, but great manifestations of the living faith of the people once they were free to practice their religion openly, and build sacred edifices, simple and all as they might be, for the worship of God who had brought them and their forefathers through all the years of suffering and tribulation.



# A Trip Down Memory Lane With The Medium — Alias The “Meejum”

**Y**ES, indeed, the medium of stout or the “meejum” as pronounced locally, was a popular drink in Ballyhaunis public houses during the nineteen thirties and even later. I use the word “publichouse” deliberately, that’s what it was known as at the time. The change to “pub” didn’t come into vogue until years later. Mind you, some people would say that the shorter version is more acceptable, and has a certain advantage at least in one respect, just fancy “Publichouse Quiz”, or “Publichouse Grub”, not to mention the “Singing Publichouse”.

In those days we had the barman and barmaid, now replaced by the bar assistant, and more than likely we are only a short step away from the “barperson”. But I’m digressing. As we know the word “medium” has several definitions, but none of them, if I remember rightly, is even remotely associated with the licenced trade. Although various theories have been put forward from time to time, the origin of the medium still remains unclear.

Nevertheless, it did exist and in no small way contributed to the social life of that small minority (adult males), who frequented the publichouses at the time.

More than likely the younger generation, and perhaps some of today’s publicans, with one notable exception, never heard of the medium and most certainly never saw one. Although many of those fine people who belonged to the “medium era” have already passed away, happily, there is a fair sprinkling of “survivors”, including the writer, still around, all looking hale and hearty I’m glad to say.

It may be of interest, therefore, to take a closer look at that unique and sometimes controversial measure, which, in its day, was part and parcel of the licensed trade.

At the outset it should be said that the medium was not a standard measure, in fact it was deemed to be illegal, as it had no specific measure of its own. It was served in a pint glass and the quantity of liquor therein was somewhere between that of a pint and a half pint (hence the name?) but, of course, the exact quantity was determined by the generosity or otherwise of the barman.

Under such circumstances disputes were bound to arise, and arise they did, the customer usually complaining that the measure was inadequate, and on the other hand, the barman disregarding the “the customer is always right” maxim.

It is fair to say that the barman was not without his problems too, and often found himself in a “no win” situation, for instance — if he served too generous a measure, he came in to conflict with the boss (that word seems to ring a bell), and if the opposite was the case, the customer was up in arms.

Like that witty army joke, it could be said that the medium came in just two sizes — too big and too small.

In order to establish if the medium had an attractive price tag and offered good value compared to other

measures, it is necessary to consider the relevant prices at the time.

The pint cost nine old pence (4p), the half pint or glass, four and a half old pence (2p), and our friend, the medium, six old pence (2½), the shilling, by the way, had twelve old pence (5p). (Decimal currency equivalent in brackets).

It was often argued that compared to the pint the medium had two distinct advantages. In the first place it had no collar — a bonus in itself — and, secondly, it could be paid for by a single coin, the old sixpenny bit or “tanner” as it was called.

Looking back now, it would appear that the medium was before its time, for the simple reason, that ordering a medium was something akin to taking part in a lottery.

The chances were that the customer could be served with a “mean” or bad (small) medium, on the other hand, if his luck was in, he could “draw” a good (big) or even a “decent” or “respectable” medium, if the latter was the case, he was in business, as he would have a measure of liquor almost equal to that of a pint. Especially if it was a pint with that outsized collar so disliked by the serious pint drinker.

Well, that was the medium, or should I say the “meejum”, a complex and often controversial piece of “merchandise”. No doubt, yet for all that, it remained a firm favourite for many years with the clientele of the local licensed premises.

To most people the medium was an institution, but like so many of our old sayings, customs and traditions, it is no longer with us, and remains just a memory of those far off days.

It’s time to return again to 1987 after that sojourn in the dim and distant past, and the first item I have to deal with is a query from the “ad” man on television. Believe it or not (you’ve guessed it), he wants to know if I’m going for a pint.

**JOHNNY LYONS**



At a GAA game in Tooraree. Back (left to right): Don Moran, Mark Waldron, Mary Donnellon, Mick Tarmey. Front row: Carmel Smyth, Cecily Moran, Bridie Smyth.

# WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE

“**A**S he watered the green stuff in his glass, the drops fell one by one by one.” Whither Dangerous Dan McGrew and the clientele of the “Malamute Saloon” were warned to share the water is uncertain, but what is certain is that many of the older generation will recall strict warnings to “spare the water or else go to the well”. Recalled, also, will be the daily trot to the well for a bucket of water, and during spells of dry weather regular trips to the well or stream with a donkey and cart for a barrell of water. Cattle and farmyard fowl were also often driven long distances to a stream for a daily drink.

## JIMMY CRIBBIN

In the not-so-good old days of the thatched cottages which had no gutters there was no way of collecting rain water. With the coming of new roofing materials which facilitated the fitting of eaves and gutters, rain water could be collected and stored in small concrete tanks or more often disused tar barrels but this did not eliminate the daily trip to the well for water “for the house”. During dry spells of weather the limited storage facilities meant unlimited journeys to and from the nearest water source.

Rights of way to wells had been established by generations of usage and in the majority of cases landowners with wells on their lands adopted a scrupulous respect for those rights. There were exceptions. We have heard of livestock and geese being grazed in close proximity to wells with the sole purpose of polluting the water. There were other selfish ploys used that are better forgotten than recorded.

Rural electrification which came in the '50s and early '60s brought lighter days as well as brighter nights. the application of electricity for water pumping enabled water to be pumped economically over long distances for the first time.

Group water schemes were first organised in the early '60s and today there is a web of underground pipes bringing piped water to countless homes and farms throughout the entire country. It is amusing now to recall the cautious response that those projects received when first proposed. Plastic piping was a new innovation at the time and countless doubts were expressed about its ability to stand the test of time. The long litany of doubts have long since been forgotten by most people with the exception of those who, on early canvasses, were brainwashed and indoctrinated as a result of hearing those doubts repeated over and over again. One old-timer did not say much on the subject, but when he started to draw what looked like a map of Australia on the dusty grounds with his stick, it was taken for granted that his mind was far away.

Group water schemes provided an interesting example of local democracy at work. Here can be observed the factors that bind a community together and the tensions that can tear it asunder. Here, too, can be observed two

strands of society working together or against each other. Forming by far the greatest majority are civic-minded, self-reliant ordinary decent people and on the other side knockers, scroungers and those who, by sitting on the fence, never attain a standing in society.

Grants are paid for water schemes but those grants bring us into contact with bureaucracy and the tangle of red tape that goes with it. Duplication of meaningless documents, coupled with people complaining that their constitutional rights are being violated has meant that large archives are being assembled by scheme secretaries.

A local historian has computed that more paper is used running a water scheme than was used in running the Roman Empire which, in its heyday included many fine water schemes. A novel idea of dealing with this would be to select letters of the most prolific and provocative writers, pack them into a biscuit tin and send them off to one of the Scandinavian Kings with a view to having them considered for a Nobel Prize.

But enough of this digression. We must grab our shovels; we have some disconnecting to do. A strange belief held by some people is that they have a divine right to get everything for nothing. This belief has never been classed as heresy although the stealing of water from pipelines has been designated as piracy. Like the buccaneers who sailed before the mast under the Jolly Roger those pipeline pirates know how to turn their sails to suit the wind. Modern technology in the form of a device known as a self-tapping saddle made it very easy to make a secret and illegal connection. Older knowledge has also been used.

By shoving a pipe through a hedge into a neighbour's water trough on elevated ground and using principles first outlined by Sir Issac Newton, a scientifically-minded man, evades the law of the land by using the law of gravity to siphon off water for his farm in the lowlands.

There are mysteries in the water schemes as well as in religion. There is an unhaunted house in the locality which everybody knows draws its water illegally from a pipeline but nobody knows how, believe it or not.

Many controversies are fermented — hob lawyers whose only qualifications are that they know more than people who know less. Yet, those people never attend a meeting, never make a written enquiry. Gossip has aerated many problems. There is no known instance of gossip ever solving a problem.

In spite of upheavels and controversies no local water scheme has ever failed or gone bankrupt because the majority of members want them to remain in operation. To ensure that this happens they pay their water rates, avoid waste, adopt an understanding attitude when mistakes are made and do not expect those who serve on the committee to have the same ability as Moses, who was able to connect and disconnect water with the wave of a stick and during a lifetime had to deal with just two pieces of correspondence.



# Through The Medium

(Not Johnnie Lyons' "Medium").

SOME years ago I met a young priest in Madrid who became my friend for life. He taught English in a school, and strange as it may seem the vehicle he used to impart the language to the Madrid boys was in the main some of my own verse — a book of which he had picked up on a visit to Ireland. The heart expanded at the news.

By JOHN O'CONNOR, O.S.A.

But on a working holiday in Southern Spain this Summer I even came across a more unique 'medium' for the teaching of English. It was in Malaga and the priest there that I met had been in Scotland some years ago now, and there he had taken a great liking to the then current Irish and Scottish singers — two of his favourites being Eileen Donaghy and Sydney McKewan. And with these he teamed up Doris Day from the American scene. Of all three he brought back to Spain with him long-playing records. And it is through these three now that he teaches English to the boys of Malaga.

His Doris Day favourites are 'The Black Hills Of Dakota' and 'The Deadwood Stage' — although much of the latter caused him immense trouble to understand. And little wonder, with phrases in it like 'Whip crack away! Whip crack away!' and 'Fill 'em up, Joe, fill 'em,

Joe! and so on. One did not wonder that Sydney McKewan's 'Loch Lomond' was a great favourite of his and the boys.

However, at the very head of the list was Eileen Donaghy's 'The Boys From The County Mayo'. The good holy man played it for me and sang it and showed me the text of the song neatly typed out for his classes. So you can take it from me that down there in Malaga on the southern coast of Spain this Christmas there could be young lads going around humming to themselves 'The Boys From The County Mayo', and reciting to the sea:-

*"Now, boys, pull together in all sorts of weather,  
Don't show the white feather wherever you go,  
Act each as a brother and love one another,  
Like true-hearted men from the county Mayo."*

And coming from Ballyhaunis I was, of course, a celebrity, for they had an intimate knowledge of Mayo's geography: 'Kiltimagh and Claremorris, Belmullet God help us' and 'storied Killala' and Swinford and Balla, 'Ballyhaunis and Westport and old Castlebar'. They knew them all. It is surely a great world, when through the medium of a song young lads from the south of Spain can wander freely through the county Mayo and savour the sweet names of its towns in their quaint Andalusian accents. God bless them all, as they grow like true-hearted men from the county Mayo!



**First Communion Class, 1987: Front row - Sean Cumiskey, Michael Allen, Don Regan, John Gallagher, Karl Lyons, Aidan Cleary, Aidan Paul Kelly, Brendan Regan, Micheal Burke, James Healy, Michael Dillon. 2nd row: Sharon O'Dowd, Collette O'Dowd, Karen Morris, Claire Flynn, Margaret Nestor, Sheena McRudden, Noelle Waldron, Shirley Tarpey, Caroline Kirrane, Evelyn O'Connor. 3rd row: Sr. Mary, Pamela Heaney, Michael Lyons, Paul Finn, Michael Nolan, Karl McManus, Sean Hunt, Brendan McNamara, Michael J. Nolan, Amar Zhavid, Niall Tighe, Gerard Neenan, Paul Biesty, Miss McCafferty, Winnifred Maughan, Annette Fitzmaurice, Emma Kirrane, Fr. P. Costelloe, Mrs. B. Regan. Back row: Mrs. Mary Dillon, Michael Rabbitte, Michael Regan, Mark Donnellan, Yvonne Murphy, William Dillon-Leetch.**

# A Stroll Through The Village

**A** TRANSATLANTIC telephone call, a letter from home, or the old reliable *Western People* enables the emigrant to stay in touch with people and places back home. How often in the last few years have I been aware of the presence and reality of death in these modes of communication. "Another one of dad's friends has died," mom says in her letter. Or under the headings of "Bally- haunis Notes and News" I learn of another vacant home in my native village of Annagh. With unrelenting finality I discover from the obituaries in "Annagh Magazine" that elders and contemporaries alike are winding their way home to eternity. Their passing leaves me with profound memories of the past, and also challenges me to reflection on the inevitable reality of my own transition and mortality.

By FR. VINCENT KEANE

It was with a mixture of melancholy and nostalgia that I began to stroll around my native village on one of those rare fine evenings last Summer. Beginning on the Doctor's Road, into Ballindrehid, through Curran's Wood, I circled the whole village of Annagh. This leisurely stroll provided me with the opportunity to re-live the childhood memories of days gone by. It was like entering a time capsule where the past was the present, and the future still an unrealised dream. I could see again the old familiar faces hardened by the harsh

reality of life, and at times an unrelenting climate. Houses that once contained the comfortable hag and flagstone floors, even now in dilapidated form still stand as a testimony to the longevity of human enterprise. I could picture again the Alladdin lamp with its warm glow of light, symbolising an even deeper warmth of hospitality flowing from the hearts of those who lived there. I walked and talked with Ned Moran and Mick Jordan and discussed, as I did in childhood, the relative merits of Kerry, Mayo, Cavan and Meath as they prepared to square off in quest of the Sam Maguire. I could hear again the voice of Michael O'Hehir coming through the radio, telling, as only he could, in dramatic fashion the nail-biting excitement of a championship match. Ned and Mick never saw the inside of Croke Park, but each of them could tell exactly where Hill 16 was, the Canal End, or the Cusack Stand. During those days we befriended such stalwarts as John Joe Reilly, Peter McDermott and Taghie Lyne.

I paused at my own house, now empty, yet filled with a host of childhood memories of a past that is gone but not forgotten. I sensed a strong desire to linger there and to allow time to stand still, to remember only the good and to capture again youth's lost innocence. I saw Michael A. drive home with his regular punctuality. I walked through our "porch field" where we kicked football, and in moments of fantasy imagined I was Padraic Carney,



Ballyhaunis before the automobiles took over and changed the pace of life. Picture by Peter Keegan, New York.



pointing a "50" in the last second of a Croke Park thriller — or I was Paddy Prendergast pulling another one "out of the clouds".

The memories of long Summer evenings spent on the football field or gathered in idle gossip at the Bridge reminded me of how easily we filled our spare time before the advent of video games and disco dancing. I smiled a gentle smile as I recalled how we planned our next adventure of devilment, whether it was a visit to Pake Muldoon's field, or a more lively and raucous encounter with Mike McGreal.

Suddenly I was overwhelmed with a profound sense of loneliness. I sensed the pain of the death of those I loved, and the death of a way of life. I began to recall those beautiful words of Bobby Burns:-

*"Why stand I here like a ghost in a shadow,  
It is time I was moving, it is time I passed on."*

This scene of reflection and melancholy was repeated at several other vacant homes along the way. I realised how much I had learned from the people who inhabited these homes, my family and my neighbours. I had inherited a tradition and learned from them the meaning of life. From them I discovered who my neighbour was long before I learned the parable of the Good Samaritan.

I passed ditches, hedges and trees, the only things that seemed stable in an environment of transition. Under the shadow of these trees, we began to discover the first inklings of passionate desire. It was here we encountered the "members of the opposite sex", and shyly, awkwardly, we shared intervals of intimacy, and spoke words of kindness and endearment. After which we often worried that maybe "we had gone too far", and wondered to ourselves would we still be able to go to Communion on Sunday without going to Confession on Saturday night. In this moment of remembering, I re-lived again the feelings of a God of guilt and condemnation, a God who was always out to "get us" — then I paused and prayed a silent prayer of gratitude for my own discovery of the God of love and freedom.

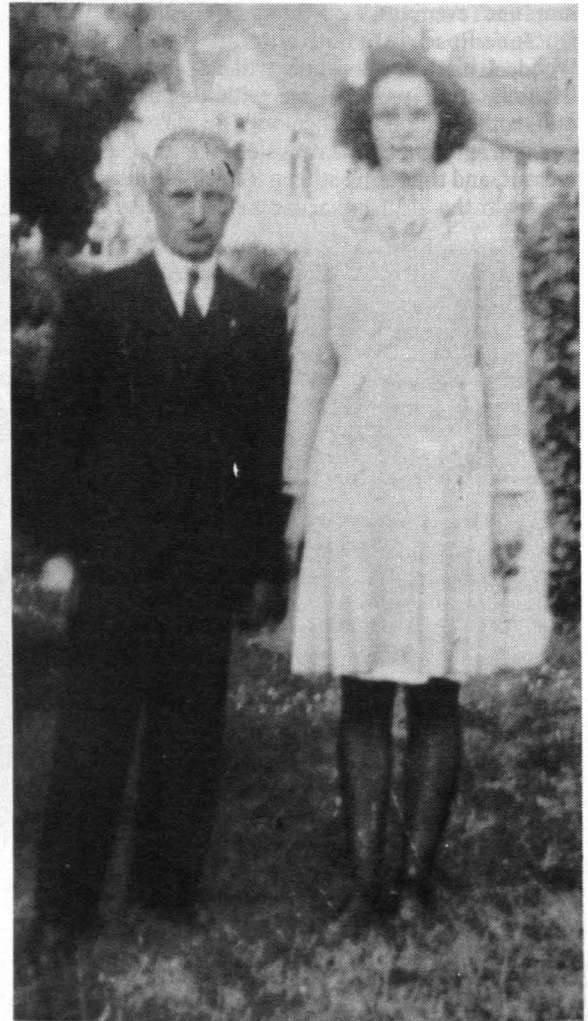
As I sauntered through the village I was awakened to the realisation that the old familiar smell of new mown hay had been replaced by the pungent odour of the silage pit. Haymaking, one of the traditions of the past, had fallen prey to agricultural advancement. The clamps of turf that used to be a part of the landscape were sparse indeed. Yes, our rural scene was changing — I was changing. I realised that growing up is a painful reality of letting go of the past and the security it offers. The onward march of time moves with a grim force of realism. It was plain to see that while the outer shell of the landscape was changing the inner core of who we are is not immune from that same change. Homes now empty had been sacred dwelling places, not only of people, but also for human and spiritual values that would have an impact far beyond the village of Annagh. Children, who some day would reminisce that their grandparents came from Annagh, will continue to build a life of hope and goodness based on the foundations that were laid in this humble village.

My stroll through the village on that June evening put me in touch with a deeper reality than the changing environment of a rural Irish village. It was a vivid reminder of the fact that all growth brings change.

Summer evenings grow and change to Winter darkness, children grow up to be men and women. Advancing years enable us to look back, to re-live, to dream of what might have been, but also to mourn what was not. In the stillness of that Summer evening, I understand more clearly why Jesus used the imagery of the grain of wheat that dies as he explained the inevitable change that He would go through from death to resurrection. Being a farmer's son, I could understand the agricultural process of the seed being sown and harvest being reaped. But being human I could only feel the pain of that process as it applies to change in my own life. Change is the inevitable process of dying to the old and rising to new life, and all authentic living is a process of learning to die.

I moved slowly, reluctantly, through the village, not willing to complete my journey, fearful that in letting go of the memories I would lose myself. Keeping alive the fantasy would lessen the harshness of the reality. I could identify with William Butler Yeats as he spoke in the aftermath of Easter, 1916:-

*"All is changed, changed utterly:  
A terrible beauty is born".*



**Thomas Flatley (T.C.R.G.) pictured with Anna O'Boyle, Main Street, when she won the Mayo dancing championship at the Convent grounds back in 1948. She is now Mrs. Anna Mulvihill and lives at Milltown Road, Killee, Co. Clare.**

## Gold

Stephen of the ready smiling face,  
This is your year of wrought gold,  
Today, alone on slender wheels  
And straining man-power only,  
You gained the cyclist's high ground,  
This credited crown of your career,  
The capped Everest of your chosen sport.  
Prince, today you set the nation here  
Cheering in unison through the clouds,  
As on your bronzed Italian day, or when,  
With style superb and heart supreme,  
You won the bannered silver streets  
Of Paris, against the world's best squad  
Of fit and lithe and sinewed men.  
How proud, proud we are  
Of this your miracle life-long year!  
What unprecedented joy you brought to all!  
What utter, utter praise we have to give  
To you, our prince, our hero, our Gile Mar!  
How jubilation here has filled the air,  
When victory came, and then again,  
And yet again, with more skill yet,  
More reaching out, more talent stretched,  
More greatness still, and with reserve  
Beyond what human minds could grasp or know,  
Until the century you had signed forever  
With your own fame and name and hallmark,  
Drawing out the song from our inner heart,  
And tears unashamed from our open eyes,  
As round and round the streets we danced the night  
And our music pierced the furthest skies.  
Stephen, today, you claim by peerless right  
The world as yours, trice over impeccably won,  
Stand there, yet, awhile in the earth's full light,  
Stand for a moment still under God's good sun.

**JOHN O'CONNOR, O.S.A.**



## Rhymes & Verses

### The Giant Oak Tree

ON the edge of a big wood stood a giant oak tree. She has stood there for many hundreds of years, and looks happily out into the country, for her trunk is divided into little flats, in which lived a happy little community. Down below among the roots lived the dwarfs. In the twilight they come out and play their music. The birds who lived in the branches sing all day, and deer and rabbits hop by to listen. But one day peace no longer rules in the wood. The wild cat sees the giant oak tree with its decorated apartments, she decides to move in there. Crying, the dwarfs and animals leave their home, and the giant oak tree is very sad. The poor giant oak tree tries to think of a way that a lake begins to form around its roots. The wild cat hates water and can't swim either. She runs off scared to another wood. When the water began to dry up, the giant oak tree sees two frogs, and tells them of her misery. The frogs hopped off in search of the little friends of the giant oak tree. They found them, and over-joyed they packed their little bags and returned. The oak tree cried once again, this time it was tears of joy !!!!!

**By CAROLINE KEDIAN,  
Derrynacong, Ballyhaunis.  
Age: 8 years.**

**Teacher: Mrs. Regan.  
Irish Press,**



### True Love

Share my life o' my darling be mine to the end  
Let's share any problem we'll meet round life's bend  
For some days bring sorrow this life's not all joy  
For that is God's message to each girl and boy.

Share my life o' my darling, let's always be true  
For life is much better when it's shared by two  
As we go down the aisle let us say with our heart  
To love and obey till death do us part.

The day that we prayed for is now drawing near  
When I'll place a ring on the hand I love dear  
When the bell will be ringing in the church down the  
way  
I'll be waiting there for you on our wedding day.

To the altar I'll take you, there we'll walk hand in hand  
Our love for to promise in that moment so grand  
There with blessings and greetings from friends young  
and old  
All pray God will spare us to reach silver and gold.

**- MICHAEL GODFREY.**



# John Does It Again

**L**AST year we had the pleasure of congratulating John Cunnane of Cashels, Aughamore, on winning the National Farm Development Competition, organised by ACOT, NET and the Irish Farmers' Journal — a competition designed to select the farmer who had made greatest progress in developing his farm business over the previous five years. This year he has crowned that achievement by becoming Creamery Milk Supplier of the Year. In July of last year John allowed a farm walk on his farm, which was attended by over six hundred

BY JOE GREENE.

farmers. These figures were more than doubled last May when the result of the competition, organised by An Bord Baine and the Irish Farmers' Journal, were announced and another farm walk took place, at which farmers from nearly every county in Ireland, North and South, attended. It was, indeed, a proud day for Ballyhaunis to see bus loads of farmers from the traditional dairying counties of Munster and Leinster throng our town to inspect John's farm.



The 1986 Creamery Milk Supplier of the Year, Mayo farmer, John Cunnane, receiving his trophy from Joe Walsh, T.D., Minister for Food.



John Cunnane, winner of the Creamery Milk Supplier of the Year Competition.

Speaking at the presentation of the "Golden Cow Trophy", Mr. Tom Cleary, Chairman of An Bord Baine, said: "John Cunnane is an example to all those with a commitment to dairy farming. His outstanding achievement on land, which most people regard as difficult, is a testimony to the absolute necessity for good management techniques, a strong breeding programme and adherence to the highest standards as the hallmark of the Irish dairy industry abroad."

Possibly the highest accolade came from two of the judges of vast experience, who said that "this Ballyhaunis herd is the finest herd of cows we have ever seen anywhere — anytime." With praise like that what more can we say except to add our congratulations to Mr. Tony Flynn, John's ACOT Adviser, who has been a constant source of inspiration, support and advice since John took up farming in 1974.



Pictured with his parents, Eddie and Tess McHugh, Main Street, Ballyhaunis, is Peter McHugh at the conferring of his degree last Summer at U.C.G. This brilliant young man, who was educated at St. Mary's Boys' N.S., Ballyhaunis Community School, and U.C.G., received first-class honours in mechanical engineering and came second in his class. Recognition of his brilliance soon came when he was awarded a scholarship for four years to Brown University, Rhode Island. Professor Sean McNamara, speaking at the conferring, said: "It shows the Americans have tremendous value in the Irish brain." We wish Peter every success in his future career.

# Rhymes & Verses

## A Thought

*At this festive time, we like this one by the inimitable Pam Ayres: **Goodwill to Men: Give us Your Money***

It was Christmas Eve on a Friday  
The shops was full of cheer,  
With tinsel in the windows,  
And presents twice as dear.  
A thousand Father Christmases,  
Sat in their little huts,  
And folk was buying crackers,  
And folk was buying nuts.

All up and down the country,  
Before the light was snuffed  
Turkeys they got murdered,  
And cockerels they got stuffed,  
Christmas cakes got marzipanned,  
And puddin's they got steamed,  
Mothers they got desperate,  
And tired kiddies screamed.

Hundredweights of Christmas cards,  
Went flying through the post,  
With first-class postage stamps on those,  
You had to flatter most.  
Within a million kitchens,  
Mince pies was being made,  
On everybody's radio,  
"White Christmas", it was played.

Out in the frozen countryside,  
Men crept round on their own,  
Hacking off the holly,  
What other folks had grown,  
Mistletoe in willow trees,  
Was by a man wrenched clear,  
So he cold kiss his neighbour's wife,  
He'd fancies all the year.

And out upon the hillside,  
Where the Christmas trees had stood,  
All was completely barren,  
But for little stumps of wood,  
The little trees that flourished  
All the year were there no more,  
But in a million houses,  
Dropped their needles on the floor.

And out of every cranny, cupboard,  
Hiding place and nook,  
Little bikes and kiddies' trikes,  
Were secretively took,  
Yards of wrapping paper,  
Was rustled round about,  
And bikes were wheeled to bedrooms,  
With the pedals sticking out.

Rolled up in Christmas paper,  
The Action Men were tensed,  
All ready for the morning,  
When their fighting life commenced,  
With tommy guns and daggers,  
All clustered round about,  
"Peace on Earth — Goodwill to Men"  
The figures seemed to shout.

The church was standing empty,  
The pub was standing packed,  
There came a yell, "Noel, Noel!"  
And glasses they got cracked.  
From up above the fireplace,  
Christmas cards began to fall,  
And trodden on the floor, said:  
"Merry Xmas, to you all."

## In American Eyes

What shall I say about the Irish.  
Strange blend of shyness, pride and conceit,  
And stubborn refusal to bow to defeat.  
He's boiling and ready to argue and fight —  
Yet the smile of a child fills his soul with delight.  
His eyes are the quickest to well up in tears,  
Yet his strength is the strongest to banish your fears.  
And there's no middle ground on which he will stand.  
He's wild and he's gentle, he's good and he's bad,  
He's proud and he's humble, he's happy and sad,  
He's in love with the ocean, the earth and the skies.  
He's enamoured with beauty wherever it lies.  
He's victor and victim, and star and a clod.  
But mostly he's Irish — in love with his God.

- ANON.





# YOUTH FORUM

## Dalgan Girl Guide Activities, 1987-'87

The guiding year had by Dalgan Girl Guides was a very successful one, indeed. To begin our year, several Brownies were awarded to our patrols. They had previously been in Brownie packs but were now old enough to enrol as Girl Guides. A lot of work had to be done by all to prepare these girls for enrolment after Christmas.

After a lot of hard work, a date was set for the enrolment. The older Guides and Scouts stood to attention as the young girls were awarded "trefoils" and finally proclaimed "Guides".

Now, as we were all Guides, we were divided out into new groups with new leaders. We worked very hard and had great fun, throughout the year. We had our fun days when we went on tours and trips, and our serious days when we attended Mass together on St. Patrick's Day, Thinking Day, and on Corpus Christi.

After Christmas we got down to serious work again. Christina took over the young Guides and Pauline took over the old Guides.

In April, Pauline heard a cookery competition was to be held in Castlerea. Six guides decided they would give it a go, if for nothing, the crack!!

Anyway for weeks, Pauline and six girls were to be seen lighting fires in fields, gathering wood, and investigating food prices. Our job was to cook on an outdoor fire, a three-course meal for £6.00 (to serve six people). It proved to be a difficult task. Anyway, on Sunday Ruth Jordan, Liesel Mooney, Linda Biesty, Pauline Tarpey, Lorraine Gaffney, Marie Hunt, and, of course, our handworking P.L., Pauline Morley, set off for Castlerea.

It was a wet, windy day in April and we looked quite funny in our heavy coats. Anyway, to make a long story short, our fire went out and our poor meal went uncooked!! We had a great time though and had a good laugh on the way home!!! Then, Pauline got news of a camp that was coming up in Tullamore. She was allowed to take six Guides so she gave the choice to the six Guides who had gone to Castlerea.

On a pouring wet Friday night Pauline and her six loyal Guides, Linda Biesty, Lorraine Gaffney, Breda Byrne, Liesel Mooney, Marie Gallagher and Marie Hunt set off for Tullamore. We stopped in Castlerea to pick up six more girls who were to be our good friends for the following few days.

When we reached Tullamore we stood to get off but were disappointed as the bus kept going on, out the country, as far away as possible from any form of civilisation!

When they reached the site it was growing dark so we immediately set about erecting the tent. The tent proved to be very stubborn and several hours later we still stood in the field but by this time we were soaked through and starving. The worst part was we had no clothes to change into as water had also managed to seep through our bags and soak everything in them.

When we finally got our tent up, another group of Guides who had been sitting in comfort all evening offered us some hot soup. No doubt we accepted.

As we walked down a cold field, full of sheep at midnight, in the pouring rain, drinking soup in Co. Offaly, we could only laugh. It was like a bad nightmare!

We finally got through the night and into the next day. The next day was spent trying to cook a dinner. That evening we had to go to Mass in Tullamore in our wet gear. After walking three miles to Mass we decided to go to buy some sweets. We heard that the nearest shop was another mile away. We went to the shop and invested in all sorts of

goodies. That night we lay awake, eating, laughing and complaining about the "concentration camp", as we called it. The next day was good because we all knew we were going home. When I think now of all the miles we walked looking for wood and going to the nearest well a mile away for water, I laugh but it was no joke at the time.

Of course, at our next meeting all the others had a good laugh when they heard of our weekend.

Shortly after this we had our last meeting of the season. We all said goodbye to Chris, who was leaving and then we were awarded various awards and badges we had earned throughout the year.

Since September we have had great fun and learned a lot. We have lost a few Guides but, indeed, we have gained many more. We have had talks on first aid and are planning fund-raising activities.

We plan to knit some blankets for UNICEF and St. Vincent De Paul for Christmas because we know there are people worse off than we are. We would all like to take this opportunity to congratulate Christina who had a baby boy recently. We hope that you, the people of Ballyhaunis, will realise what the Girl Guides are, and the work they do. We hope we will have us much fun in the year to come.

**Marie Hunt, Primrose Patrol.**

## The Ballyhaunis Branch Of Pueri Cantores

In mid-September, two weeks after we had returned to school, Sr. Rosario suggested that we join Pueri Cantores. We were very enthusiastic so she enrolled us straight away. Pueri Cantores was founded in 1965 to educate young children in beautiful church music. There is a Regional Convention held every term and a National Convention each year. This year the National Convention was held on the 24th of October in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.

We started to prepare for the convention in mid-September. We learned many hymns and also parts of the Fintan O'Carroll Mass. We learned such hymns as "Be thou my vision" and "O Mary of Graces" which are old Irish airs. "Pater Noster", which is plain chant, "Ave Verum", the music of which was composed by Mozart in

1791 and an old Silesian folk song called "Fairest Lord Jesus".

On Saturday, October 24th, forty-six of us and Sister Rosario left Ballyhaunis to join with eight hundred choirsters from all over Ireland, to celebrate a special Mass held in St. Patrick's College.

The morning was foggy and there was a tinge of frost in the air. Everybody was wild with excitement as we took our seat in the big fifty-three seater bus. We saw the beauty of Autumn. The leaves were changing colour and the deciduous trees were shedding their leaves. We saw rivers and lakes.

We arrived in Maynooth College around 11.00 a.m. and went straight to the Aula to register. We were given a membership badge. We rehearsed in the Aula for an hour and a half. It was packed to capacity with over 800 children, ranging from ages 6 to 15. In all there were 25 choirs from all over Ireland present. Miss O'Donovan was our choir mistress for the day.

After the rehearsal we went for lunch and had a walk around the College grounds. It is a very beautiful place. We saw the seminary and the university. It was built in 1795 and will soon be celebrating its bicentenary.

At 3.45 we assembled in Maynooth Chapel. Five choirs proceeded to the chapel and we were one of those choirs. As we went in procession through the cloisters we sang "Praise my soul" and "God is love". We entered the Chapel singing "Be thou my vision."

We took our places and the priest welcomed us and told us about the chapel. On the ceiling are paintings of angels. We thought of the painter who stood on the scaffolding and patiently painted each one of the angels. Up in the gallery was a huge organ. It is one of the oldest and biggest in Europe. The seats on which we sat were made of wood and were all hand-carved. The designs varied. Along the beautiful wall were symbols of all the dioceses in Ireland. One of the most attractive features of the church is the rose-window which is very beautiful. The altar, too, is very beautiful.

Then the Mass began. We sang most of the parts of the Mass that we usually say every Sunday. It was really beautiful to hear so many young voices joined together to create a beautiful harmony. It was obvious that everybody had really trained for that day.

The Mass ended at 5.30 p.m. and we returned to the bus. It was only when the bus started to move that we realised that we were on the road home and the great day we had waited so long for was really over. We felt quite sad as we watched Maynooth College grow smaller and smaller until it was only a dot in the distance. We arrived home at around 10.15 p.m., and most of us were hoarse from the singing that took place in the bus. We think we speak for everyone when we say that we enjoyed the day immensely and we greatly appreciate Sr. Rosario for all her help.

**- Norma Fitzgerald, Sinead London.  
VI Class, Convent Primary School, Ballyhaunis.**



**Members of the Pueri Cantores, 1987: Back row (left to right): Ursula Delaney, Marcella Daly, Mary Greene, Stephanie Tarpey, Bernice Patterson, Collette Dyar, Deirdre McLoughlin. 2nd, back row (left to right): Angela Cribbin, Brid Coen, Sinead Cribbin, Siobhán Caulfield, Sinead McLoughlin, Michelle Fitzmaurice, Siser Rosario. Middle (left to right): Catherine Doherty, Ciara Shields, Claire McDonnell, Catherine Healy, Irene Byrne, Samantha Glynn, Ruth Gaffney, Sheila Byrne, Ann Kedian, Gráinne Ryan, Michelle Coffey. 2nd row, seated: Collette Byrne, Sinead London, Olivia Gallagher, Shiona Curran, Mairead Murphy, Tanya Collum, Yvonne Flynn, Noreen Flanagan, Claire O'Malley, Michelle Regan. Front row: Norma Fitzgerald, Siobhán Cleary, Noreen Freyne, Rosemary Nestor, Nuala Higgins, Olivia Lyons, Sandra Laffey, Bernadette Flanagan. Absent from photograph: Rachel Greally, Treacy Phillips, Olive Greally, Neasa Jennings, Karen Byrne, Carmel Hunt.**



## THE SCOUT'S DEN (1946-'87)

MR. Mulligan and Fr. Moane, C.C., were involved in bringing Scouting to Ballyhaunis. The Assistant Scoutmaster was Micheal O'Malley. The first Scout meeting was held in the Priest's House in Upper Main Street. Meetings were then held in St. Vincent de Paul rooms in Abbey Street before moving to the Den, which was built in 1946. The size of the building was 20 x 16 x 9. The total cost was £70.

The present Scout Den dates from the 1960s and was finished in 1981 for the Golden Jubilee of the Scouts. It's now being used for meetings of the Cubs, Scouts, Brownies and Girl Guides. Drama classes, dancing classes are also held in the Scout Den. The present excellent condition of the Scout Den is due to the long and hard work of Mr. Seamus Durkan.

—SHANE MOONEY (11).



**Ballyhaunis Cubs' Outing to Enniscrone, 1986.**

### QUOTABLE QUOTES

THE way I see it, if you want the rainbow you've got to put up with the rain.

Dolly Parton.

AMONG people, the copies far outnumber the originals.

Pablo Picasso.

THE only function of economic forecasting is to make astrology look respectable.

Ezra Solomon.

I have no romantic feelings about age. Either you are interesting at any age or you are not. There is nothing particularly interesting about being old — or being young, for that matter.

Katherine Hepburn.

THE price of greatness is responsibility.

Winston Churchill.

FRIENDS are those rare people who ask how we are and then wait to hear the answer.

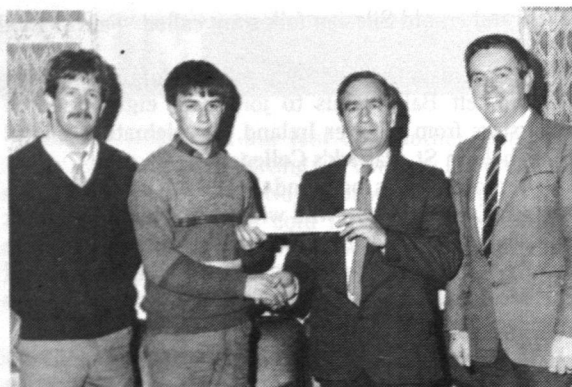
Ed Cunningham.

HE who hesitates is last.

The Wit and Wisdom of Mae West, edited by Joseph Weintraub.

LIFE is not a "brief candle". It is a splendid torch that I want to make burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations.

Bernard Shaw.



**Gabriel Morley receiving the scholarship from Mr. Tommy Johnston. Also in photo: Gerry O'Neill, Ballinafad College, and Mr. Thornton, Headmaster, Community School.**

Photo courtesy of Mr. Pat Glynn.

## Thomas Johnston Memorial Scholarship

CONGRATULATIONS from the community at large are due to the Johnston family for their farsightedness and initiative in presenting the Thomas Johnston Memorial Scholarship in memory of their father, the late Thomas Johnston. It will pay, fully, for a student from Ballyhaunis Community School to attend Ballinafad Agricultural College. Johnston Machinery Ltd. is one of the longest-established and most efficient machinery businesses in the West of Ireland.

In a recent article the "Farmers Journal" described the move as "a major initiative in promoting agricultural education, at a time when grants to students attending agriculture college have been cut". The 'Journal' urged other companies to take a lesson from the Ballyhaunis firm.

### PRISONER

Trapped inside this cage I live,  
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide,  
And time passing as if through a sieve,  
Nowhere to run, nowhere to stride.  
And now today they set me free,  
Free to run, free to hide,  
And for the first time I can see,  
I'm free to run, free to stride.

—MARK McCAFFERTY (11).

I asked the paediatrician when I should stop sterilising my son's bottles. "Well", he said, "one day you will find Matthew in your wardrobe busily gnawing on a pair of your husband's shoes. You will say to yourself, 'And I'm sterilising his bottles?' That is when you will stop."

Mary Kay Dyer.

# Krazy Kids' Quiz

BY E. MURREN.

- Q. 1:** Which weighs heavier — a ton of coal or a ton of feathers?
- Q. 2:** A farmers had 17 sheep. He sold them all, except 9. How many had he left?
- Q. 3:** There are five apples in on a table. I take away 3. How many have I?
- Q. 4:** When Moses was going into the Ark. How many of each species of animal did he bring in with him?
- Q. 5:** If you owned a peacock and the peacock laid an egg in your neighbour's garden. Who would the egg belong to?
- Q. 6:** Divide 60 by a half.
- Q. 7:** How many legs has a Bombay Duck?
- Q. 8:** In English grammar which is correct to write? The yoke of an egg is white, OR the yoke of an egg are white?
- Q. 9:** Can a man marry his widow's sister?
- Q. 10:** London, Derry, Cork and Kerry. Spell me that without a "k".
- Q. 11:** If the Holy Innocents were all buried in the ground with only the soles of their feet visible. How would you know the boys from the girls?
- Q. 12:** If an Aer Lingus Jumbo Jet crashed in the African desert. Where would the survivors be buried?
- Q. 13:** What was the highest mountain in the world before Mt. Everest was discovered?
- Q. 14:** A man was looking at a photograph and said "Brothes and sisters I have none, but that man's father is my father's son." Who was he looking at?
- Q. 15:** A man and his wife, and a priest and his sister went into a house. The woman of the house had only 3 chairs, yet she could seat all of her visitors down. How did she do it?
- Q. 16:** What do you call a man who marries another man?
- Q. 17:** There are 28 days in the month of February (excluding leap years). How many other months of the year have 28 days in them?
- Q. 18:** How often do Christmas Day and New Year's Day fall in the same year?
- Q. 19:** Michael said: "I never tell the truth". Was he telling the truth?
- Q. 20:** Using the following four numbers, 9999, get them to be exactly equal to 100. You may add, multiply, etc., but you must only use the number 9 four times.



Joan Flanagan (10), a prizewinner in the story-writing competition organised by Mayo County Library, pictured with her teacher, Mrs. Byrne of the Convent School, Ballyhaunis.

## Halley's Comet

BY PAUL NOLAN.

Mark Twain was born in the year 1835  
In that year the comet came alive  
He died in the year of 1910  
The comet was once seen since then  
It was seen as early as 240 BC  
I wonder who saw it, it was not me  
It appears on an average of 77 years  
Some say it brings happiness  
More say it brings tears  
All the comet's light comes from the sun  
I hope you've all see and had some fun  
The comet has a nucleus and a tail  
It has appeared without fail  
So this is my story, yes this is my poem  
And Halley's Comet will roam and roam.

## ANSWERS TO KRAZY QUIZ

(1) Both the same. (2) 9. (3) 3. (4) Moses didn't go into the Ark, it was Noah. (5) Peacocks don't lay eggs. (6) 120 N.B. I didn't say divide 60 by 2. (7) None. It's a fish. (8) Yoke of an egg is yellow. (9) No, because he's dead. (10) That. (11) They were all boys. (12) Survivors don't be buried. (13) Mt. Everest. (14) Himself. (15) The man's wife was the priest's sister. (16) A priest. (17) They all have. Some have 30, 31, but all have at least 28. (18) Every year. (19) No. (20)  $99 + 99 + 99 + 99 = 100$ .



## Joke Corner

BY E. MURREN.

THERE was this man who went into a certain pub at exactly 12 p.m. every day. He always ordered the same drink, three pints and three whiskeys. One day the barman asked him how come he always came in at the same time and ordered the same drink. The man replied: "Well my two brothers emigrated to Australia and we made an agreement that every day at 12 p.m. we would pretend to have a drink with each other."

One day the man came in and ordered only two pints and two whiskeys. "I'm sorry," said the barmen, "but did one of your brothers die."

"No", replied the man, "It's just that I'm off the drink myself for Lent."

A career guidance teacher asked one of his pupils what career would he hoped to pursue. The student replied: "I have a half a mind to be a politician Sir."

To which the teacher added: "If you have a half a mind then you are  $\frac{3}{4}$  way there."

An Englishman was making counterfeit money. However, instead of making £20 notes he made £18 notes. A friend suggested to him that he should bring the notes to Ireland where the foolish Irish would change them for him. So our friend arrived in Ballyhaunis and produced an £18 note in a pub and asked the landlord would he change it for him. "Certainly", said the publican, "how do you want it, two £9s or three £6s."

**Q.:** Did you hear about the confused Kerryman?

**A.:** He couldn't understand how his sister had two brothers and he had only one.

**Q.:** How do you confuse a Kerryman?

**A.:** Hand him two shovels and tell him take his pick?

**Q.:** What do you call a brick on a Kerryman's head?

**A.:** An extension.

**Q.:** Did you hear about the Kerryman who stole the rope?

**A.:** He skipped it to England.

**Q.:** Where do old Volkswagens go?

**A.:** To the old Volks' home.

**Q.:** What is the definition of an intellectual?

**A.:** A person who can listen to the "William Tell Overture" and not think of the "Lone Ranger".

**Q.:** What is the perfect wife for an Irishman?

**A.:** A dumb blond with a pub beside a racecourse.

**Q.:** What was Gandhi's first name?

**A.:** Goosey Goosey.

I work for a company that sells and repairs photocopying machines. One day a colleague of mine called to repair a copier in an office and found this note attached to the machine:

Yes — we've called the service man.

Yes — he will be in today.

No — we don't know who broke it.

No — we don't know what you are going to do now.

## OLD HABITS

I was congratulating an old Highland gentleman of 95 on how well he looked. "Och aye," he replied. "Some die young, and others leave it to the last minute."

R. Bowie, Brora, Highland.

## FIRST THINGS FIRST

THE important thing is not to put off until tomorrow what you put off yesterday for today.

Aldo Cammarota.

## Christmas

BY RUAIRI CAULFIELD.

Children think of Christmas

As mostly toys and Santa Claus

Of course there is a Santa Claus

Who gives presents to all the girls and boys

But it really is a feast

For our Lord Jesus Christ.

At the edge of the town of Bethelhem

Jesus was born in a stable

Shepherds, wise men and children

Saw him in his cradle

The ox and ass were rubbing him

It was a terrific sight

For above the stable in the sky

A bright star shone through the night.

Shepherds saw the angels

That guided them to the stable

Wise men saw the star

And hurried on their camels

They all had a gift or a charm for the baby

For he looked very friendly

And after 2,000 years, we celebrate it that way

## SOBERING LESSON

ON a school notice board: "Laugh and the class laughs with you, but you stay in after school alone!"

Donna Cooke.

## Up Mayo

Far away from the land of the Shamrock and heather,  
In search of a living many exiles do roam,  
But we'll all make sure to assemble together,  
In Dublin come September to fetch Sam home.  
For many years now we have waited and wondered,  
Like our exiles where most of our minors did go,  
Was it lack of team fitness or commitment we pondered,  
Or were the selectors at fault for this lapse in Mayo.  
We've heard down the years in song and in story,  
Of many fine players no more to be seen,  
Who filled the sports headlines with honour and glory,  
And bravely did battle for the red and the green.  
We've heard about Acton, Courell, Wynne and Mongey,  
The Flanagan, Langan, Kelly and Moclair the bold,  
Waldron and Forde, brave Solan, Quinn, Delaney,  
Prendergast and Carney were just some of the fold.  
In later times we had Fitz, Langan and Morley,  
Connaughton, young Ted Webb and wily Ruane,  
Fleming, Corcoran with Casey and Reilly,  
Those heroes of late could mix brains with the brawn.  
This time at last after years of frustration,  
We've a team together to do the grand slam,  
For their faithful supporters at last compensation,  
For this is the year that Mayo will win Sam.  
Since Mahony took over we've seen vast improvement,  
More interest and dedication is plain to be seen,  
From the backs to the forwards a fluency of movement,  
A touch of genius, a flash of lightning is now the Red and the Green.  
Sure it's not very fair to single out players,  
We have fifteen fine men who will be hard to beat,  
With a grand bunch of subs., we've no troubles or cares,  
About which team in Ireland we happen to meet.  
Our boys will real soon give us a day to remember,  
Crowds will take off for Dublin by road and by train,  
When we line out in Croke Park that day in September,  
Many more will arrive by boat and by plane.  
So, let's stick together no matter what weather,  
We'll show Red and Green colours wherever we go,  
We'll all cling together and love one another,  
When the great cry goes up in Croke Park "Up Mayo".

—MURT HUNT (Lecarrow).

Air: "The Boys From the County Mayo".

## Familiar Feeling

WHEN my son turned 17 he took his driving test.  
Afterwards, I asked him if he had been nervous. "I was while waiting to drive," he replied. "But once the examiner got into the car I just pretended he was dad and ignored him."

Rose Marie Price.

# Rhymes & Verses

## Memories

Absence makes fonder the hearts far away  
As I see by the letters for each Christmas day  
In spirit they come back and recall the fond hours  
They spent at the big market day.

They speak of the turkeys being weighed on the scale  
The heavy for home and the light for the mail  
At the office they were labelled to friends far away  
A token of home for that Christmas Day.

The porter they'd mull and the whiskey so hot  
They'd talk of the weight and the price that they got  
O what presents they'd buy in the shops down the way  
For Santy's arrival was not far away.

How they remember Clare Street where the big carts of hay  
With the crowd gathered round as they bargain away  
As the seller takes a handful and repeat once again;  
That was saved in the sunshine and never saw rain.

There the beautiful holly with its berries aglow  
Each one bought a branch as home they would go  
Then to some friend they would say in that good Irish code  
'Tis Christmas, come in, we'll have one for the road.

When they come back to visit, O what change is in store  
The day that they loved, alas, is no more  
Gone, too, are some names they knew o'er the door  
And the dear ones who lived there in fond days of yore.

So now there's no turkeys, no corn or hay  
Or no bell man to ring out a sale for that day  
To many the memory will bring tears far away  
Of dear ones they met at the Big Market Day.

— MICHAEL GODFREY..



## The Fox

BY RUAIRI CAULFIELD.

The fox is a hungry beast  
Every night he wants a feast  
He puts the farmers to the test  
By killing hens at his best.  
He pounces around every night.  
And waits until the light  
He then goes home to his den  
And he waits until ten  
He then tries once again  
To get that old hen!



# Rhymes & Verses

## The West

Ireland-West sends you greetings far over the sea  
There's a welcome here for you whoe'er you may be  
It's a céad míle fáilte you'll hear them all say  
That's how they say welcome in this good Irish way

For Mayo you've got beauty in your mountains so high,  
Amongst them Saint Patrick's with its church near the sky  
The scene that greets us from your heart won't go way  
When we look from that summit on lovely Clew Bay.

Now that isn't all, if you come further West  
I will show the place where they laid Yeats to rest  
With Ben Bulbin to shade him from cold winds that sear  
The place he loved dearest, his own Inishfree.

There's Leitrim, the fairest, how you must take pride,  
On that famed lordly Shannon that runs by your side!  
For wild, rugged beauty sure no county's got more  
And you rest Fionn McCual in his grave near Shee More!

We've Lough Key in Roscommon, the pride of the west  
By its lovely, clear waters you can relax and rest  
With its churches and islands that were once a king's reign  
O you'll long for the day when you'll come back again.

- MICHAEL GODFREY.



## No Room At The Inn

They were cold and weary when they came to town.  
Two tired people searched up and down,  
But everyone chose to turn them away,  
Two poor people with no place to stay,

The baby Jesus about to be born,  
A light for the world to come before morn,  
But nobody wanted to hear of their plight,  
They closed the door on Jesus that night.

But if Joseph and Mary came to my door,  
Just as they did all those years before,  
Would they be welcomed and asked to stay,  
Or would I lock the door and turn them away?

JAMES WALSH, Age 10,  
Johnstown, Ballyhaunis.

## Knight Of The Road

*The late Mr. J. P. (Brodie) Kenny, a well-known Ballyhaunis personality, penned the following lines a short time before his death which occurred some years ago.*

Around a fire in a spike one night,  
Sat a number of time-worn men,  
The silence was tense just a brief relief,  
By a deep sigh now and then.  
Just a twist of fate with the crowd as pawns,  
In this den of lowly life abode.  
Sighs from the lot and occasional yawns,  
From some tired knights of the road.  
They all looked around as another came in,  
He was younger than the rest;  
He sat on a stool with his hands on his chin,  
And they noticed his heaving chest.  
"Yes, fate is cruel" the newcomer said,  
As he surveyed the gloomy crowd,  
He half closed his eyes as he shook his head,  
Then spoke his thoughts aloud.  
"I started life in a dry goods store,  
Like you all, quite full of hope;  
But destiny placed a pub next door,  
And they certainly gave me the dope.  
Love came next with its winsome smile,  
And everything looked serene;  
But booze and powers that love knew not,  
Made me a might have been.  
I drank like a fish and she did her best,  
To keep me from going wrong,  
But my will was weak and I followed the rest,  
After wine, women and song.  
'Twas all very well 'til the funds ran out,  
With credit a thing of the past,  
'Twas then that I knew what a draper should do,  
Like a cobbler stick to the last.  
The racecourse came next with its gambling roughs,  
Evil, sport and wine,  
And I got mixed up with a gang of toughs,  
Whose morals were equal to swine.  
I then pitched the tale to the mug,  
He looked such an innocent boy  
It resulted in two years hard in the 'jug',  
The equivalent slang for Mountjoy.  
So that is the tale of an ill-spent life,  
Which somehow is nearing the end,  
The booze and sport and ceaseless strife,  
Hurried me round the bend,  
But what does it matter the end is near,  
And I go over the top.  
I am one of the many like you pals, here,  
Whose journey through life went flop,  
His face was pale and his heart beat fast,  
As he gazed at the helpless crowd.  
'Twas plain to see he was nearing his last,  
As he sat with his head well bowed,  
He died that day at the break of dawn,  
And thus life eased its load,  
No flowers, no tears, just another yawn,  
From another Knight of the Road.

# **COUNTRY ECHOES** *Rhymes & Verses*

## **On The Back Road**

On Sundays when no match is played  
Out on the long road I mostly go,  
By Holywell, Agloragh ad Drimbane,  
Or right at the cross, and wending so  
To reach high up on the pilgrim way,  
With the fall of ground into the town  
That gives us all a cause to say  
The reward of a hill is in coming down.  
But weekdays the shorter walk I take  
Round the back road on Hazelhill,  
Whether sun is out or grey clouds break  
I circle the town with constant will,  
To ease the heart and tune the mind  
And commit my care to the breeze or wind.

On the back road then I daily round  
And with the months I yearly grow,  
With nature's cycle and sight and sound  
Be it rose or thistle, or finch or crow.  
And there I walk on Winter snows  
And see the starkness of bone-bare trees,  
And there I come on the first primrose  
And daffodils new in the mild Spring breeze.  
There I see cattle feeding well  
Round the farm shed and the open field,  
And at Johnny Biesty's I can tell  
The seasons one by one that yield  
The rainbow of colours to his hand  
With a smile from God on his well-worked land.

To the back road, too, the swallows come  
To nests in barns and byres and eaves,  
Where here last year they made a home  
And lingered on till the browning leaves.  
And so they saw the hedgerows sing  
From April on to the gentle Fall,  
And I knew the joys the days can bring  
And life was good, and that overall  
The greening rich of the landscape gave  
A balm to the soul, and keeps set apart  
A sign of hope to soothe and to lave  
Each hurt of mind and wound of heart.  
But this is true of the whole year out,  
For the miracle of nature is all about.

So, out on the back road I can learn  
The daily news from everywhere  
Of the seasons' journeying as we earn  
Our daily bread with a nightly prayer.  
At least on the back road every day  
I know the happenings in southern parts,  
The same as in my youth, I'd say,  
When nature spoke to our ripening hearts,  
Where I grew up along the edge  
Of Cork and Kerry, where flower and bird  
Sang to us then, and tree and hedge  
Had as much to say as the human word,  
Where the earth renewing year after year  
Made young minds wise and brought heaven near.

**JOHN O'CONNOR, O.S.A.**

## **A Short Lived Present**

Is there a heaven, he said to himself, Is there any point  
in living, the race is almost run for him, There is no  
chances and there is no time. He takes the pleasure he  
looses blood. He features it in his mind, then fate and  
earth raise their ugly heads and shoot down the truth,  
or the mission of life.

He has just torn his world apart, bridges have been  
torn apart as well. He sees orange seas, he sees  
deserted battlefields. He listens to someone's word but  
he never knows who. In this trip he reaches out to the  
hand of God but slips away from its solemn fingers.

He sings a song of salvation when he is living in  
starvation. His hands are full but all he has in his  
pockets is a pocket full of chance. He is high on  
something that's about to take his life, but he's in a  
world of his own, away from his lake of sadness about  
to open up a short lived present, a short lived present.

He cried into his lake of sadness, swims out to an  
orange sea. He thinks he's having a better sense of  
direction, looking for sense of freedom, to share the  
half-life, to swim close to the bone, and to recollect his  
imagination, but he's only living a short lived present,  
a short lived present  
a short lived present.

**- KEITH DELANEY.**

## **God's Picture**

Dear moon in heaven and all stars I see  
What beautiful picture that God gave us free  
Shine bright on the hungry, the weak and oppressed  
Who are often the people that God loves the best.

O what hunger they suffer because we will not share  
The food and the wealth that God has put there  
If they look at those pictures and those eyes of despair  
And then look in their hearts the answer is there.

We are brothers and sisters, they too are God's race  
Whom man has forgotten in his power-greedy pace  
We know that their suffering in vain will not be  
For it's suffer these children to come unto me.

I hope that those nations of wealth and of power  
Will bring them relief in their pitiful hour  
I hope they'll respond to the children who weep  
In the message God gave them, feed my lambs, feed my  
sheep.

Dear moon in the heavens and all stars I see  
What a beautiful picture that God gave us free  
Shine bright on the hungry, set this cold world at ease  
Pray shine out the message of love and peace.

**- MICHAEL GODFREY.**



# Rhymes & Verses

## Hasten Home

(To Ballyhaunis Summer Festival)

Come back to Ballyhaunis  
When the Summer sun is high  
And the swallows still are looping  
A Mayo welcome in the sky,  
When our friendly town is feted  
And we hope that all who come  
Will catch the laughter of our streets  
And find every house a home.

Come west to Ballyhaunis  
When the days are long and bright  
And companionship and music  
Will make short the Summer night,  
Come back to capture something  
Of the place where first you grew  
And see the changes in the faces  
And in the streets you knew.

Come south to Ballyhaunis  
As we celebrate with pride  
The golden glories of the past  
The present drive and stride.  
But here you must take note  
That while progress we acclaim  
It's nostalgia we will highlight  
And heart-reveries without shame.

Come north to Ballyhaunis  
To your own earth-patch and sky,  
Where the lakes around will call you  
And the swallows are flying high.  
Call it feast or celebration,  
Call it festival or fair,  
For ten days we shall spell-bind you  
With rich laughter in the air.

So come back to Ballyhaunis  
When July is on the wane  
And the Galway races run their course  
And Mayo August calls your name,  
Calls you down to Ballyhaunis  
To refresh your mind and heart,  
And no doubt to cast your penny  
In our stream as you depart.

But here we add a postscript  
To all strangers out beyond,  
Who know nothing of our border town  
Nor how our lives go on.  
Well, let me tell you, stranger,  
Come once, and not for long  
Will you feel yourself an alien  
Out of tune with our song.

In an hour we'll make you cousin  
And soon you'll sense within  
That you have known us always  
As our own kith and kin.  
So we'll adopt you surely,  
And you need not fret or fear,  
Once you've come to Ballyhaunis  
You'll return every year.

So then come to Ballyhaunis  
When the Summer sun is high,  
And the swallows swift are singing  
A rich welcome in the sky,  
When our town is flagged and feted  
And we know that all who come  
Will catch the laughter of our hearts  
And sense they are at home.

**JOHN O'CONNOR, O.S.A.**

*(The above verses are dedicated to John Dillon-Leetch, the incomparable animator of the marvellously successful Summer Festival in Ballyhaunis this year. Encore, John).*



## A Day Of Daffodils

We met again today,  
And now it was the Spring  
and I felt the harmony of the hour  
And a shared song to sing.

How happy a thing to meet with one  
Whom it is good to know,  
That the heart can cherish specially  
While wholesomeness will grow.

So, today again we met  
And a blessing was in the air,  
And I sense that Spring will burgeon now  
Best blossoms everywhere.

For to meet a friend is fortune,  
And I thought how rich the day  
That sent me off with keener joy  
And still finer things to say.

So, thankfulness is in the mind  
For the curtesy and the grace,  
And the rare gift of welcoming  
that signs a comely face.

So, blessed the chance one autumntime  
That a smile turned into spring,  
And today has seen new sowing of seeds  
For a bountiful blossoming.

Yes, today we met again  
And I heard the season call,  
And my heart found new contentment then  
In the wonder of it all.

**JOHN O'CONNOR, O.S.A.**

## Life

# Rhymes & Verses

Man comes into this world without his consent, and  
leaves it against his will.  
On earth he is misjudged and misunderstood.  
In infancy, he is an angel, in boyhood a devil, in  
manhood a fool.

If he has a wife and family, he is a chump.  
If he is a bachelor, he is mean and inhuman.  
If he enters a public house, he is drunkard, but  
if he stops outside he is a temperance fanatic and a miser,  
or both.

If he is poor he has no brains;  
if he is rich he has all the luck in the world, and he is a  
crook.

If he has brains, he is too smart.  
If he goes to church he is a hypocrite;  
if he stays away he is a sinful man.  
If he gives to charity it was his duty;  
if he does not, he is stingy and mean.

When he comes into this world everyone wants to kiss  
him.

If he is down on his luck, nobody wants to know him.  
If he dies young there was a great future before him.  
If he lived to be a ripe old age, everyone hopes he has  
made a will.

It is therefore impossible to please everyone.  
So do your duty and be fearless, and use your common  
sense.

If you make a mistake, it is better than doing nothing.  
Keep smiling as nobody wants to hear about *your*  
troubles,  
because they have wagon-loads of their own.



## Cry For Me

Here I stand on this mountain of unreality  
Keeping away from all those people who search me,  
And all I ask of you is to fill me with  
strength against those who freeze my humanity,  
Who would blow me thistledown hither and thither  
Like water in the hands would spill me.  
Console me, I fear that they may with tall walls  
wall me, with strong drugs drug me,  
with wise lies lure me,  
and in blood baths roll me.  
Provide me, with grass to grow so when I fall I can  
fall free, a sky to sing to me,  
and a white light in the back of my mind to guide.  
And I keep on running, running free,  
Hoping you will cry for me,  
Hoping you won't let them make me a stone, and  
won't let them spill me bone by bone —  
OTHERWISE KILL ME !!!

- ANDREW SMYTH.

## CHEERS!

In recent years, Ballyhaunis teams  
have known their leaner days,  
And some have held that seniors now  
Had lost their winning ways.  
But wiser people always thought  
That a team with skill and heart  
Would set things right in better times  
And prove the club's proud worth.

And sure enough in eighty-seven  
Came new days of song and story,  
When our top team lit the county up  
In a blaze of winning glory.  
And praise came in from every side,  
And fitting things were said  
Of style and steel and greater goals  
In the two years now ahead.

But what's to come we do not say,  
What we know has taken place,  
And that is why we have new heart  
And fresh confidence to face,  
With minds in tune and heads held high  
In the sight of all the West,  
To give good accounts in every game  
And keep pace with the county's best.

No doubt but we have hopeful thoughts  
Of top honours in eighty-nine,  
And there's a spirit in the team  
And wise mentors to combine  
To reach out for the county prize  
And once again set streets alight,  
As Ballyhaunis toasts our deeds  
Through a long-dream-of-night.

So while eighty-seven was good to us  
And we made the headline story,  
And set the county cheering round  
With our winning blaze of glory,  
And we drew praise from every side,  
And fine fitting things were said,  
We now set sights on greater heights  
In ninety-eight and nine ahead.

—JOHN O'CONNOR, O.S.A.



(The above lines are dedicated to the members of Ballyhaunis GAA senior team that this year topped Division Three, and is now set for greater honours still in 1988. One remembers great individual performances, but most of all the marvellous team spirit all through stays with one).



# BALLYHAUNIS ROUND-UP

## G.A.A. Report

The highlight of the year for Ballyhaunis GAA club was, undoubtedly, the winning of the Division III title. The team played 13 League games, winning eleven of them. The title was clinched in the penultimate game against Westport on the 13th of September, over whom they showed a facile victory. There were scenes of great jubilation when the Chairman of the County Board, Paddy Muldoon, presented the Divisional trophy to the team captain, Ivan Freeley.

Our Under-14 team also did us proud annexing the County Under-14 'B' title in June when they surprised a fancied Kilmaine side. A special function was held for the victorious panel on the 30th of October, at which inter-county star, T. J. Kilgallon, presented them with their trophies.

Our Under-12 team reached the East semi-final while our minors went one better, reaching the East Mayo final. On this occasion, however, they had to give way to a superior and well-organised Charlestown team after a replay. The drawn game was one of the best games witnessed at any level during the year: Ballyhaunis trailed by nine points at the interval but a great second half fight-back saw Ballyhaunis level the tie at 1-10 each. The game will also be remembered for the masterly display given by Mayo minor, Tony Morley, at midfield.

The Under-21 team reached the East Mayo final before succumbing to Moy Davitts. At the time of writing our National School's team has qualified for the East Mayo final, also against Moy Davitts. This is by virtue of a most impressive victory over Swinford in the semi-final. Earlier, the team had taken 7 points out of eight to qualify for the Divisional semi-final.

The club held a number of functions during the year. A buffet was held in 'Billy's' at the end of January. The occasion saw the presentation of the 1986 'Player of the

Year' award to Billy Lyons and the 'Clubman of the Year' award to the Chairman, Aiden Kelly. A social was held at the Central Hotel in March. The final of the 'Pub Quiz' was held in Midas in April. Once again, sincere thanks is expressed to members of Rehab, who liaised very effectively with our members in organising another highly-successful competition. A sponsored run was organised in May for our under-age players and resulted in £500 being raised. The Summer period was spent organising the club draw which once again has turned out to be highly successful.

In early November, a function was held in the 'Horse Shoe Inn' to honour our senior team's league success. The occasion was marked by the presentation of the 1987 'player of the year' award to Tommy Moran.

The club exhorts all parents to become involved in the organising of 'Scor' competitions. Ba mhaith liom ar son comhaltai Cumann Lúthchleas Gaedhal, a iarraidh ar thuismitheoirí na ndoine óga páirt a ghlacadh in eagrú an chomortais do Scór. Tá sé an-tabachtach an teanga Ghaeilge a chaomhnú agus a fhorbairt tríd an gComortas Scór.

In conclusion I would like, on behalf of the club, to congratulate Jarlath Phillips, Tony Morley, Tony Cribbin, Seamus Caulfield and David Fitzgerald on representing the county. I also sincerely thank all those who sponsored the various competitions held under the auspices of the club during the year.

Officers: President, Fr. John O'Connor, OSA; Vice-President, Paddy Ryan; Chairman, Aiden Kelly; Vice-Chairman, Denis Hannan; Secretary, William Ryan; Treasurer, Paddy Brennan; PRO, Teresa Cribbin; Registrar, Michael Murren; Oifigeach na Gaeilge, Nollaig O Laighin; Chairman, Bord na nOg, John Durkan; Patron, Fr. M. Gleeson.

**William Ryan, Hon. Secretary.**



**Ballyhaunis G.A.A. team, circa 1965/'66 - Back row, left to right: B. Dillon, J. Cleary, P. Moran, A. Kelly, J. Costello, G. McGarry, R. Kelly, M. Byrne, G. Toolan (supporter), P. Mullarkey, O. Lyons. Front, left to right: T. Lyons, J. Healy, P. Keane, N. Morley, J. Dillon, B. Grogan, M. Hannon, J. Higgins, J. Biesty. Mascot in front: Ollie Hannon.**

# BALLYHAUNIS ROUND-UP

Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club's National School team won the 1987 East Mayo Championship for the first time when they defeated Moy Davitts by 4-2 to 0-3 in the final at Aughamore. It was a proud captain, John Greally, that received the plaque from Vincent Walsh, Youth Officer, East Mayo G.A.A.

The games to the final were: Ballyhaunis 3-3, Eastern Gaels 0-1, Ballyhaunis 1-2, Charlestown 1-2, Ballyhaunis 4-4, Ballaghaderreen 3-0, Ballyhaunis 5-13, Aghamore 0-1. Semi-final: Ballyhaunis 3-4, Swinford 0-2. Final: Ballyhaunis 4-2, Moy Davitts 0-3.

Full credit in the final must go to the captain, John Greally, three-goal hero Derek Walsh and the man that saved the penalty, Owen Maughan.

Full credit also must go to team trainers Jimmy Walsh, John Lyons and Club Chairman Aiden Kelly, who spent many hours training the team. Great credit is due to the Community School first-year footballers who played challenge matches, and to the Community School for the use of their pitch.

A special word of praise, also, for the many parents who drove the panel of players to games, who supported the team all through the year.

A sign of the times is that a lovely video of the final was recorded by Michael Keane, Claremorris, and an outstanding commentary was given a la Michéal O'Hehir and Michéal O Muireachartaigh by a newly-discovered commentator, Pat Doyle. This was shown to the panel at

a function in the Central Hotel, organised by the trainers of the team and the G.A.A. Club.

The full panel was Martin Donohue, John Burke, Owen Maughan, Terry Maughan, Tom Lyons, Kevin Waldron, Thomas Lyons, Jimmy O'Boyle, John Greally (capt.), Fergal Kelly, Michael Lyons, Derek Walsh, Simon Webb, Timothy Plunkett, John Higgins, Séamus McDonagh, Shane Tighe, Mark McCafferty, Daniel Tarpey, Liam Rochford, Hugh Curley, Michael Cameron, Michael Curley, Brian Flanagan, Ronan Byrne, Tommy Moran, Joseph Healy, Pierce Higgins, Michael McDonagh, David Beirne, Cormac O'Connor, Peter Healy.



**Ballyhaunis, Mayo League Div. 3 champions, 1987.**



**Ballyhaunis National School panel, East Mayo champions, 1987, with trainers Jimmy Walsh and John Lyons. Missing is Aiden Kelly.**



# BALLYHAUNIS ROUND-UP

## Ballyhaunis Fianna Fáil Comhairle Ceantair

Once again we have the pleasure of reporting on a very successful year with meetings held on a regular basis. Many new members joined the organisation throughout the year and were all very active during the General Election campaign where Fianna Fáil once again increased their share of the vote in East Mayo — electing two T.D.s, P. J. Morley and Sean Callery.

The Party has an advice and help Centre at the Central Hotel which is attended by P. J. Morley, T.D., on the first and third Saturday of each month between the hours of 2 p.m. and 4.30 p.m. where anyone with a problem (regardless of politics) are very welcome to attend. They are always treated with the utmost courtesy and have their problems dealt with in strict confidence. On Friday, October 30th, the Ballyhaunis Comhairle Ceantair held a major function in Midas which was attended by Minister for Labour, Bertie Ahern, T.D. The function was attended by a huge crowd and the chairman of the Comhairle Ceantair, Mr. William Ryan, introduced the various speakers which included P. J. Morley, T.D., Minister of State Sean Calleary, T.D., and M.E.P. Mark Killilea. Minister Ahern, in his address, outlined in detail the Government's Economic Plan and emphasised the importance of reaching a consensus among the social partners at this crucial time. Deputy Morley outlined the Government Economic Policy and Minister of State Sean Calleary spoke on the plans for decentralisation. M.E.P.

Mark Killilea dealt on the agricultural policy as he is the party's spokesman on Agriculture in the European Parliament. He emphasised the importance of protecting the Common Agricultural Policy.

Also present at the function were: P. J. McGrath, Chairman of the East Mayo Dáil Ceantair; Paddy Walsh, Secretary of the East Mayo Dáil Ceantair; Gerry Flynn, delegate to the National Executive, and Councillor Sean Fitzpatrick.

The Comhairle Ceantair would like to take this opportunity to express condolences with all those who suffered bereavements during the past year.

They would also like to wish a happy Christmas and prosperous New Year to all, and especially to the many emigrants throughout the world.

The local T.D., P. J. Morley, can also be contacted at his home in Began, tel. (094) 80217, or in Dáil Éireann, (01) 789035.

Officers at the 1987 annual general meeting were: President, Johnny Mullins; vice-presidents, Joe Conway, Paddy Ryan, Mark Waldron, Johnny Lyons, John Hennelly and Martin Lyons; chairman, William Ryan; vice-chairman, Seamus O'Boyle; secretary, Micheal Waldron; Joint Hon. Treasurers, Pado Cunningham and Johnny Regan; youth officer, Tony Morley; P.R.O., Jackie Coyne. Delegates to Dáil Ceantair: William Ryan, Seamus O'Boyle, Bernard Waldron, Hugh Rudden and Michael Curley.

**William Ryan**



Minister for Labour, Bertie Ahern, T.D., and P. J. Morley, T.D., with some of the officers of Ballyhaunis Fianna Fáil Comhairle Ceantair and Cumann during the Minister's visit to Ballyhaunis on Friday, 30th October.

# BALLYHAUNIS ROUND-UP

## Ballyhaunis Community Information Centre

Parochial Hall. Tel. (0907) 30212.

The year 1987 was an exceptionally busy one for the centre as there was a marked increase in the number of enquiries, both from personal callers and by telephone.

The introduction of a "welfare rights week" from April the 6th to the 11th, with extended opening hours, was a worthwhile exercise, and contributed in no small measure to the increased volume of enquiries received. In addition meetings at local level were held frequently throughout the year.

On May the 3rd volunteers attended a seminar in the Corrib G.S. Hotel, Galway, where the proceedings were both enjoyable and informative.

In October the centre provided delegates to the annual conference which was held in the Gort Muire Conference Centre, Dundrum, Dublin, on the 4th and 5th of the month.

The information centre is staffed and operated by trained volunteers, and provides information on a wide range of subjects such as social welfare, income tax, health services, pensions, housing and many more. The service is free and all enquiries are confidential. Application forms for various entitlements are also available.

In the interests of those who may wish to avail of these services and the public in general, it should be made absolutely clear that contrary to media speculation, the Minister for Health, Dr. Rory O'Hanlon, has announced that the information centres will not be abolished. Indeed, the announcement came as no surprise, as the information centres have always operated on a modest budget; therefore, the savings to the taxpayer, even in the event of their closure, would be insignificant.

At present, the Community Information Centre is operated by the following volunteers: Mary Hopkins, Organiser; Mary Donnelly, Secretary/Treasurer; Sr. Assumpta, Training Officer; Kathleen McBride, Research Officer; Mary Higgins, Nora Sweeney, Noreen Lyons, John Lyons, Bridie Brennan, Monica Lyons, Harry Lambert, Rita Murphy, May Murphy, Marie Fitzgerald, and Mary Buckley. New volunteers are always welcome.

- Johnny Lyons.

## Ballyhaunis I.C.A.

The Ballyhaunis ICA Guild hold their monthly meeting in the Horse Shoe Inn on the second Wednesday of each month at 9 p.m. Opening with a prayer the minutes of the previous meeting are read and signed by the president.

Various topics are discussed and suggestions made. Early in the year we had Ann Hopkins, Horticulturist, who gave a talk on the planting and care of shrubs and flowers.

Ann Healy, beautician, gave a talk on the care of the skin and creams to be used for each type of skin.

The annual outing this year was to Achill, which was very enjoyable. The Federation Meeting was held in

Claremorris in September; all members were present. The overall President, Mrs. Ina Broughall, gave a lengthy talk on all aspects of the association, which is a non-political organisation.

For the very successful Summer Festival, held from end of July to early August, we displayed the traditional Irish kitchen, which was greatly admired and in which craft work, crochet, knitwear and soft toys were on show, and all were sold off.

We wish to thank Mrs. M. Cribbin, Main Street, who presented us with a silver cruet set which we raffled. We conclude by saying we will always welcome new members at all times.

Officers: President, Mrs. Patsy Flanagan; Vice-President, Mrs. Veronica Freyne; Secretary, Mrs. Anna McHugh; P.R.O., Mrs. Margaret Kenny; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Morley.

— MRS. MARGARET KENNY, P.R.O.

## NCF Advisory Committee

This year has continued the success story of Ballyhaunis Mart with numbers up, again, on last year.

The Store department has also done very well, and we extend our congratulations to Manager Martin Boland, who this year received the Premier Award for the best-managed store in the entire NCF region. Martin, indeed, seems to make a habit of this sort of thing; for a few years, before taking up his post in Ballyhaunis, he won the award for managing the Sligo Store.

The Committee also congratulates dairy farmer, John Cunnane of Cashels for his All-Ireland victory, which is reported elsewhere in the magazine.

The Committee continues to be, possibly, the most active of all the NCF Advisory Committees; holding well-attended and regular meetings throughout the year.

Officers: Chairman, Joe Greene; Secretary, Henry Madden; Board of management representative, Matt Healy, Killylea.

— JOE GREENE.

## Community Alert

This Community, founded last year, is still active and anyone needing alarm systems in their homes or advice on any related matter should contact any of the following committee members: Mrs. Mary Kelly, Seamus O'Boyle, Mary Martin, Sister Assumpta, Viola Lowry, or ring 30184.

-MARY KELLY.

## St. Patrick's Billiard and Snooker Club

A very successful year is recorded for this very popular club with games played with other clubs in the area. The two major handicaps during the year — the senior and junior tournaments — were won by junior player Tony Cribben.

- Rory O'Connor.



# BALLYHAUNIS ROUND-UP

## Society of St. Vincent de Paul

St. Patrick's Conference, Ballyhaunis.

Officers: President, Oliver Levins; Spiritual Director, Rev. Fr. Patrick Costelloe, P.P.; Vice-President, Luke Lawlor; Secretary, Matt O'Dwyer; Treasurer, Sr. Mary Dymrna.

There are weekly meetings each Wednesday in the Parochial House at 9 p.m. Conference work mainly concerned with helping individuals and families in genuine need — visiting old people living alone and hospital visitations continue as has been down the years. Remodelling old house in Barrick St. has continued and it is hoped to have it completed and in use as a conference centre early in the New Year. Additional work undertaken was the distribution of free EEC food last Spring. Sincere thanks to all who helped with this Scheme.

At National level the Society elected a new National President last Summer. He is Frank Cox, Galway. It is the first time the National President had been elected from outside the Dublin area. We extend best wishes to Brother Cox.

Again, very sincere thanks to the people of Ballyhaunis and adjoining parishes for their unfailing generosity. Very best wishes to all.

## The Bridge Club

Just over twenty-seven years ago some good Bridge players in town, namely Jimmie Byrne, Willie Smyth, Dr. Eamonn Waldron, Ned Lawless (National Bank) and Bob Holmes (Ulster Bank) were persuaded by a Sligo friend of Jimmie Byrne's to start a Bridge Club in Ballyhaunis.

A meeting was called and held in the Parochial Hall for all those interested. Fr. Costelloe was invited to take the Chair and among the twenty or so people there, there were some who had never played any Bridge at all.

The Club was formed and played once a week in the Central Hotel. For the first few weeks, there was a draw for partners every night and the good players played with and instructed the novices.

It is interesting that four from that first gathering are still members of the Club — Fr. Costelloe, Mr. M. Cameron, Mrs. Dillon-Leetch and Mrs. A. Joyce. Miss Moyles joined shortly afterwards.

Dr. E. Waldron was Captain for the first few years and Ned Lawless ran the competitions. When Ned was transferred, Mrs. A. Joyce took over as Tournament Director and later became a Regional Tournament Director.

The Club flourished for a few years, but with transfers and deaths the numbers declined. Then Mrs. Mae Murphy, one of the Club's great characters, gave classes for beginners and brought in the much-needed new members.

Then years ago Bridge classes, under the instruction of Mrs. A. Joyce became part of the Adult Education Classes in the Community School and six years later, Mrs. Dorothy Durkan and Garda Martin Naughton ran beginners' classes in the Scouts Den — the club is

flourishing and is at present organising the competitions and social events. The competitions that will be played before Christmas include the "Murphy Cup" to honour Mrs. Mae Murphy and the Christmas prizes.

After Christmas we will have a Banker's Night — over the last few years the Bank of Ireland sponsored this competition but this year we look forward to and we thank the Bank of Ireland, Ulster Bank and Allied Irish Banks for their sponsorship. We will also play for the President's Prize, the Claffey Cup, the Captain's Prize and then the end-of-year prizes.

Bridge has become an interesting social outing in Ballyhaunis and thanks to Mr. Aidan Henry, local reporter, who started a Beginners' Club last year, we now have a new Club — "Club 52". We wish Aidan and his enthusiastic band every success.

From 1962/'63 to 1987/'88 twenty-four different people have contributed in an individual way, as Captain, to the success of the Bridge Club. Each captain was supported and assisted by a President, an Executive and a Committee. Thanks to the efficient secretaries it is possible to print the names of twenty-four Captains, the twenty Presidents and the year they each held office.

YEAR	CAPTAINS	PRESIDENTS
1962-1963	Dr. E. A. Waldron	Rev. T. Rushe
1963-1964	Dr. E. A. Waldron	Rev. T. Rushe
1964-1965	Dr. E. A. Waldron	Rev. T. Rushe
1965-1966	Mr. J. A. Byrne	Rev. T. Rushe
1966-1967	Mrs. M. Murphy	Rev. T. Rushe
1967-1968	Mr. T. Buckley	Rev. T. Rushe
1968-1969	Mrs. L. Fadden	Rev. T. Rushe
1969-1970	Rev. Fr. P. Costelloe	Dr. E. A. Waldron
1970-1971	Mrs. M. Dillon-Leetch	Mr. T. Buckley
1971-1972	Mr. T. O'Malley	Mrs. M. H. O'Connor
1972-1973	Miss M. Moyles	Mr. M. Cameron
1973-1974	Mr. C. Coyne	Mrs. S. Laffey
1974-1975	Miss D. Dillon	Mrs. M. Murphy
1975-1976	Mr. F. Loughran	Mrs. M. O'Malley
1976-1977	Mrs. A. Joyce	Mr. J. Hunt
1977-1978	Mr. J. Mulhern	Mr. B. Lynch
1978-1979	Mrs. B. Coyne	Miss M. Moyles
1979-1980	Dr. T. B. Joyce	Mrs. B. Lynch
1980-1981	Mrs. C. Dillon	Mrs. R. Dwane
1981-1982	Mr. Leo Fitzpatrick	Mrs. D. Jordan
1982-1983	Miss Patricia Waldron	Mrs. F. Loughran
1983-1984	Miss Norrie Dillon	Mrs. T. Conway
1984-1985	Mr. Joe Burke	Mrs. M. Higgins
1985-1986	Mrs. Mollie Concannon	Mrs. M. Dillon-Leetch
1986-1986	Mrs. D. Durkan	Mrs. A. Joyce
1987-1988	Mrs. R. London	Mrs. J. Delaney

The Ballyhaunis Bridge Club had its many joys during the last twenty-seven years but it also had its sorrows — sorrows caused by the untimely deaths of many of our active and committed members. "May they Rest in Peace".

The members of the Bridge Club wish the new Editor of Annagh, Mr. Joe Greene, his committee and readers, a Peaceful and Happy Christmas.

I thank Mrs. Angela Joyce and Mrs. Maura Burke for their contributions to this article.

— RITA LONDON.

# BALLYHAUNIS ROUND-UP

## BALLYHAUNIS GOLF CLUB

### CLUB OFFICERS:

Ballyhaunis Golf Club had another very successful year in 1987. The Club officers for 1987 were: President, Mr. Milo Henry; Vice-President, Mr. John Dillon; Captain, Mr. Michael Webb; Vice-Captain, Mr. Alo Reddington; Hon. Sec., Mr. Seamus Conboy; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. John Mooney; Competition Sec., Mr. Tom Prenty; Trustees, Mr. John Dillon, Mr. John Forde, Mr. Milo Henry, Mr. John O'Brien, Mr. Noel Waldron; Registrar, Mr. Joe Burke. Lady Captain, Mrs. Peggy Henry; Vice-captain, Mrs. Josephine Tighe; Hon. Secretaries, Miss Norrie Dillon and Mrs. Ina Freyne; Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Angela Joyce.

It was an exciting year in the club as it featured two open weeks. The annual Open Week was held from May 30th to June 7th with a magnificent array of prizes, thanks to the many sponsors. As part of the very successful Ballyhaunis Festival the club held an Open Week from August 2nd to August 9th which provided local golfers and the many visitors in the area with great entertainment. There were many favourable comments about the condition of the course from the visitors which reflected well on the club captain, Mike Webb, and his committee.

### GENT'S COMPETITION WINNERS:

The following were the winners of competitions at Ballyhaunis Golf Club for 1987: Bankers' trophy, Liam

Damron; Veterans' cup, John Scarry; Harp Tankards Fourball v Par, Eddie Thornton and John Mooney; Smithwicks Cup, Liam Damron; First National 18-Hole Stableford, Eamonn Mulrennan; Carrolls qualifier, John Dillon, Robert Power, Des Donlon. Committee Cup: Christy Freeman; Dillon Mixed Foursomes: Kay Keane and Vinnie Freyne. Kiltimagh Cup: Michael Glynn; Ballyhaunis Cup: Liam Damron and Noel Henry; Grocers' Benevolent Competition: Eddie Thornton; Toyota Fourball v Par, Alan Delaney and Brian Hunt; Brennan Trophy for Open Week "Golfer of the Week", John Mooney. Fr. Raftery Memorial Competition — Dunmore Members' Day, John Lyons; Cassidy Cup, Eamonn Mulrennan; Coolnaha Cup, Brendan McGrath; Kiltimagh Members' Day, Brian Hunt; Jack O'Connor Memorial, Seamus Conboy; Dillon-Leetch Memorial Trophy, Michael Glynn; President's Prize, Christy Freeman; Ted Webb Memorial Day — Open, Mark Eakins, Castlerea; Captain's Prize, Christy Freeman; Mons. Horan Memorial Cup and Knock Members' Day, Noel Waldron; Lifeboat Competition, Michael Mahoney; Charlie Lydon Trophy, Sean P. Tighe; Archbishop's Cup, John Mooney; Charity Scramble, Eddie Thornton, Rita Mooney, John Mooney. Harp Lager Trophy, Liam Devaney; Stephen Tarpey Day, Pat Curley; Golfer of the Year, 1987, Tom Prenty.

### LADIES' COMPETITION WINNERS:

Mrs. Sighle Hoare's Cups: Mrs. Sighle Forde and Mrs. Cait Dillon; Lady Captain's Prize: Mrs. Kay Fanning;



**Ballyhaunis Golf team, 1987 County Cup winners, front, left to right: Frankie Dillon, Vinnie Freyne (Scratch Cup winner), Milo Henry (Club President), Mike Webb (Captain), Tom Prenty. Back, left to right: John Mooney, Jim Lundon, Noel Henry, Liam Damron, Michael Glynn, Pat Martin, Séamus Conboy (Hon. Secretary).**



# BALLYHAUNIS ROUND-UP

President's Prize, Mrs. Joan Flynn. Time Cup, Mrs. Kay Nolan; Kirby Cup, Joan Tighe; Pauline Flannery Cup, Phil Glynn; Coyne Cup, Fiona Prenty; Golfer of the Year, Mrs. Kay Fanning; Cassidy Cup, Dr. Helen Cleary; Mrs. Patricia Freeley's Cups: Mrs Emily Chambers and Miss Patricia Waldron.

## JUNIOR GOLF

1987 was a very good year for Junior Golf in the Club. Under the watchful eye of Noel Henry a large number of boys and girls turned out each Saturday to play in competitions that he organised. The President's Prize for Juniors was won by Shane Freeman of Kiltimagh who repeated his father's (Christy's) success in the President's prize. Shane Tighe completed a magnificent double by winning the Captain's Prize for Juniors and the Dillon-Leetch Trophy.

The Club organised lessons, also, for a golf professional for the junior players. With plenty of practice many of these players should feature in the Golf Club Competitions in years to come.

## INTER-CLUB COMPETITIONS

Ballyhaunis Golf Club won the County Cup in Ballaghaderreen in June. Only twice before has the club won the County Cup. That was in 1957 and 1967. Vinnie Freyne won the Scratch Cup, played for on the day to complete the Ballyhaunis success. The team was Liam Damron, Pat Martin, Noel Henry, John Mooney, Mike Webb, Michael Glynn, Tom Prenty, Jim Landon, Mike Webb, Frankie Dillon.

Christy Freeman was nominated Golfer of the Month in August in the Evening Press / Smithwicks Competition. Christy won the Committee Cup, President's Prize and Captain's Prize this year. Ballyhaunis were defeated in the first rounds of the Connacht Shield, Jimmy Bruen, Pierce Purcell and British Airways Competitions. In the Cecil Ewing Competition Ballyhaunis defeated the holders in the first round but were beaten in the quarter-final.

Another golfing year has come to an end. Many new players began playing during 1987 and more are welcome to join in 1988 as Ballyhaunis has one of the finest nine-hole courses in the country with a magnificent clubhouse. So get those golf clubs ready for 1988.

— JIM LUNDON, PRO.



1987 group taken in the Clubhouse. Included in the second row are Marie Connell, Peggy Henry (Lady Captain), Mike Webb (captain), May Moyles and Milo Henry (President).

# BALLYHAUNIS ROUND-UP

## Fine Gael

### FIRST NATIVE T.D.

FEBRUARY 18th, 1987, was an historic and exciting day for the people of Ballyhaunis as General Election result-rumour broke from the Swinford count-centre that the town was to have its first native-born T.D.

As later news confirmed earlier rumour that Jim Higgins had fobbed the tipsters by a poll-topping success, the town and area was really abuzz with excitement. Political supporters, opponents, the non-politic men, women and children, alike, excitedly passed on the news. When politics in Ireland, particularly in rural Ireland, can so often lead to such animosity, it was, indeed, a joy to see an entire community so unanimous in its joy and pleasure.

Plans were immediately set in train for a reception in keeping with the atmosphere of celebration for a successful son. Many party activists and well-wishers, who had not been able to be present for the all-day count, made their way to Swinford for the count-end, and it was a very long cavalcade of cars that wound its way through the highways and byeways of Mayo East. The bonfires that burned and the crowds that lined the roads from Foxford to the Galway border; from Balla to the Roscommon border were, indeed, a testimony to the capabilities, hardwork and popularity of Ballyhaunis' new "favourite son".

The eventual arrival in the hastily-decorated and packed-full town square was a carnival-type spectacle. Jim was carried shoulder-high to the platform from where he thanked all those who had supported him by voting for him. He particularly thanked party supporters who had worked long and hard hours and who had supported and encouraged him through so many earlier defeats to



**Jim Higgins taken outside Dáil Éireann on the day of the 1987 Dublin City Marathon.**

Courtesy of Colm Pierce, "Irish Runner".

eventual victory. He said that the victory was not so much a personal victory as theirs. Most particularly, he thanked those of party-political persuasion other than Fine Gael who had given him their personal first preferences which, he said, made his victory possible. In his typical diplomatic manner he asked all his personal and party supporters to spare a thought, also, for the defeated candidates; stating that his sense of satisfaction was tempered with thoughts for his colleague, former Minister Paddy O'Toole. He also asked his audience to remember his predecessor, Dalgan Lyons, who had so efficiently and effectively represented the area for so many years and who he had visited that night.

Ballyhaunis Fine Gael feels a deep sense of satisfaction and achievement at Jim's vote; particularly the way he has continuously succeeded in increasing the party's share of the local vote; with 700 votes or 57% plus. Jim, himself, admits particular pride at his 66% of the total Derrylea vote cast, of where he has many fond memories of school-days and friends. Says Jim: "Derrylea people have, from the beginning, been the backbone of my support."

The Branch is also proud of Jim's performance as a member of the Oireachtas, where he is a noted speaker on a wide range of issues; and as a local Councillor where his oratorical eloquence is used to great effect in the interests of the people of the area.

Asked to pick out which area of political activity was most responsible for his success Jim pointed to the endless hours spent at problem-solving clinics.

### MARATHON FOR CHARITY:

The branch wishes to congratulate Jim on his marvellous achievement in finishing the Dublin City Marathon in 4 hours 29 minutes and thereby raising what he hopes will be in excess of £1,500 for the handicapped. Jim was the only member of the Oireachtas to take part.

### BRANCH OFFICERS:

President, William J. Mulligan; Vice-Presidents, Charles O'Reilly, Joe Webb; Chairman, John Dillon; Vice-Chairman, Eamonn Burke; Secretary, Mary Buckley; Treasurers, Michael J. Webb, Tommy Prenty; P.R.O., Anne Marrinan; Branch Organisers, Eugene Morley, Emmet Keane, John O'Brien.

Delegates to District and Constituency Executive Emmet Keane, Brendan Carney, Seamus Walsh, Sean Carney, John Dillon, Eugene Morley, Tom Prenty, James Waldron, Joe Webb, Michael Webb.

### YOUTH BRANCH OFFICERS:

Chairperson, Aileen Cunnane; Vice-chairperson, Bernie Henry; Secretary, Mary Walsh; Treasurers, Seamus Coffey, Miriam Walsh.

Committee: Elaine Walsh, Tommy Lynch, Collette Jordan, Terry Sweeney, Bernie Hunt, Gerry Coffey, Bernie Jordan, Kathleen Meenan, Johanna Morley.

**MARY BUCKLEY, Branch Secretary.**



# BALLYHAUNIS ROUND-UP

## The Forgotten Ball Alley

JIMMY CRIBBIN

There are few people who remember McGuire's ball alley. There are many people who never heard of it. For the people in the photograph who are still alive, and a few others, mention of it will evoke memories of many fine handball games and many an evening of light-hearted merry-making. This photograph was taken there on one Sunday afternoon sixty golden years ago. As it happened the majority of those in the photograph never wandered from the scenes of their boyhood. A few who "found the old land hard sought fortunes in the new."

Not a purpose-built ball alley at all but the gable end of Luke McGuire's house in Gurrane which had a smooth end and a level yard in front. Both yard and gable had the right bounce. So good, in fact, that it attracted players from as far away as Dunmore.

When inclement weather drove them indoors there was always the game of "Nap" to fall back on.

This photograph was given and the story told by Mr. Pa O'Brien of Gurrane. He is not included in the photograph, being too young at the time to be allowed to sit in with the big lads.

There is a moral in the story. Reflecting on it we cannot but be amazed at a generation that got so much

out of so little. Without the hassle of building a community centre and the encumbrance of a bank overdraft they pursued their leisure activities at a venue that had as its focal point the gable end of a thatched farm house.

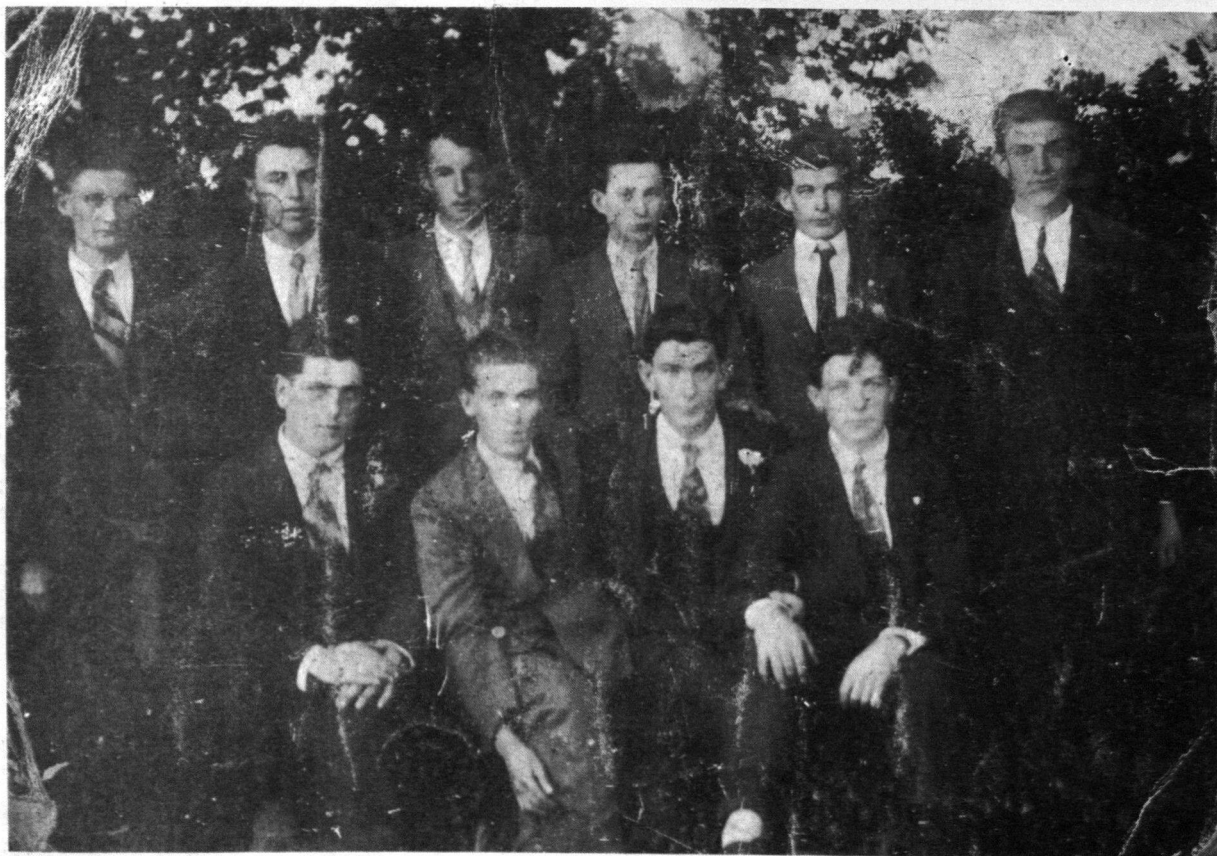
## Ballyhaunis Re-hab.

The Ballyhaunis Branch was formed in 1978. Since then the Committee have been very active in raising funds for the National Rehabilitation Institute. These funds go to workshops around the country who train physically and mentally handicapped people towards full employment.

In the past year we have collected £1,450 through a pub quiz, church gate collection and a micro-wave demonstration. We would like to thank the people of Ballyhaunis for their generosity to the branch down through the years.

Officers: chairperson, Nell Rochford; secretary, Teresa Keane; treasurer, Brenda Burke; P.R.O., Maire Connell. Committee members: Mary Keane, Una Shields, Margie Gallagher, Rita Hannon, Teresa Conway, Mary Timoney, Mary Dillon-Leetch, Sr. Dympna, Joe Hosty, Ann O'Dwyer, Luke Lawlor.

— TERESA KEANE.



Back row (left to right): Mike Gara, Ballyglass; Paddy Connelly, Ballyglass; Paddy Flatley, Gurrane (USA); Mike Naughton R.I.P., Carramore; Luke McGuire, R.I.P., Gurrane; Dominic Byrne, Gurrane. Front row (left to right): Tom Freeley, Gurrane (London); Luke Moore, Gurrane (Leeds); Tom Moore, R.I.P., Brickens; Johnny Lyons, Gurrane (Galway).

# BALLYHAUNIS ROUND-UP

## Ballyhaunis Squash Club

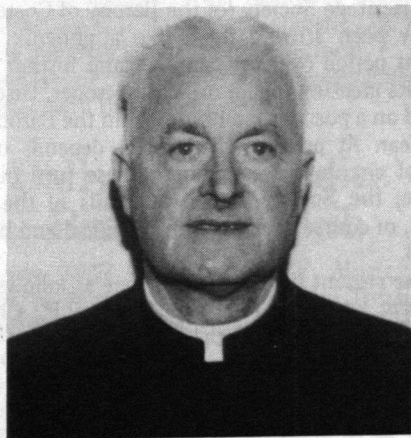
Ballyhaunis Squash Club had another successful year with membership numbers holding up well and all the leagues receiving good support. Once again the club would like to thank the local sponsors who continue to encourage the game of squash in the area. On the playing front, ladies and men's teams took part in the recently-formed East Mayo league, which had been set up after an initial meeting in Ballyhaunis last Winter.

The Ladies' B team achieved most success during the year, winning both the leagues organised before and after Christmas. The winning team was composed of Della Webb, Cait Webb, Anne Henry, Pauline Morley, Ann Curley and Fiona Prenty.

Whilst Swinford had the task of co-ordinating the East Mayo League last year, this duty falls to the Ballyhaunis Club this year with Johnny Biesty taking over the major responsibility for keeping the league run on an efficient basis. The continuing dedication of Johnny Biesty to the club in Ballyhaunis should again be mentioned and commended. John Durkan has taken over the responsibility of running all the club leagues for the coming year. Membership and meter are unchanged from last year and new members will receive encouragement and coaching, if required.

— SHEA CALLAGHAN.

## Transferred To Carnacon



It was with a feeling of deep regret that we, the parishioners of Annagh, learned early in November of the transfer of our curate, Fr. Martin Gleeson, to the post of Parish Priest of Carnacon.

Although he only came to Ballyhaunis in July, 1985, one feels that he was here much longer as he immediately became involved with all local voluntary organisations.

From his very first Sunday in Ballyhaunis he made a point of meeting parishioners as they arrived for Mass. He was always supportive and kind to people in trouble.

We wish Fr. Gleeson many happy and fruitful years in his new parish.

— D. E.



**Mr. Michael Murray, Connacht Scaffolding, presenting cheque to Mrs. Marie O'Connell.**

## Pub Quiz Report, 1987

THE Pub Quiz has been run locally by the combined efforts of the local branch of Rehab. and Ballyhaunis GAA since 1980. It has provided both organisations with much-needed revenue since then.

A large number of people have made valuable contributions to the organising of the quiz down through the years. I would like to take this opportunity on behalf of the 1987-'88 Quiz Committee to thank all the people who helped in any way.

A special word of thanks must go to our sponsor, Mr. Mick Murray of Connacht Scaffolding. Mick has given us very generous sponsorship since the start of this competition. I understand Mick is a noted contributor to other needy organisations in the area.

Quiz committee, 1987-'88:- Chairman, Hugh Rudden; secretary, Gerry Lyons; treasurer, Marie Connell. Committee: Nell Rochard, Una Shields, Breda Burke, Luke Lawlor, John Cleary, Michael Smith, Paddy Phillips, John Durkan, Willie Ryan, Aidan Kelly, Theresa Keane, Mary Keane, Rita Hannon, Margie Gallagher, Ann O'Dwyer, Fiona Morley, Margaret Conboy, Teresa Cribben, Noreen Toolan.



**Ballyhaunis U-14 team, Mayo champions, 1987, with Mayo captain, T. J. Kilgallon; Aiden Kelly (Club Chairman), and trainers, Noel Lyons and Joe Tighe. (Photo courtesy Pat Higgins).**



# BALLYHAUNIS ROUND-UP

## Apostolic Work, Ballyhaunis, 1987

OFFICERS: President, Miss May Moyles; Vice-President, Mrs. Kathleen Finn; Secretary, Mrs. Bridie Brennan; Treasurer, Mrs. Peg Byrne.

The Ballyhaunis Branch of the Apostolic Workers had a very successful year once again. The workers meet in the Parochial Hall every Monday night from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. during which time members knit and sew and discuss progress being made, etc.

During the year a special vigil was held in Knock for all apostolic workers in the diocese. There was a large attendance. It was heartening to hear Missionary priests showing their appreciation of Apostolic Workers and how valuable their work is.

Our annual exhibition was held in June in the Parochial Hall, and many people visited same. The exhibition is held every year and we show the honorary members and benefactors the work done throughout the year and how the money is spent.

The branch would welcome new members, both active and honorary.

**Bridie Brennan,**  
Secretary.

## Cantairi Béal-Atha-hAmhnais

Centairi Béal-Atha-hAmhnais continues to thrive as a choral group with each year that passes. We are widening our repertoire while continuing to concentrate on the madrigal singing favoured at our inception. We now learn all manner of pieces for our own amusement and to entertain others, including sacred music, music from musicals and light opera, traditional Irish songs and popular ballads.

We have performed seven times in the last year. We did our usual concert in October of 1986 and the now traditional choral recital at the Augustinian Abbey with the school-children. We did a live broadcast for Donncha O'Dulaing from Frenchpark during his march to commemorate that of O'Sullivan Beara in January. In April we attended the Sligo Feis where we were awarded first prize in the competition for Adult Mixed Choirs, while in May we performed at the Cork Choral Festival. During the Ballyhaunis Summer Festival we appeared in Cabaret at the Midas Night Club and performed a Mass to mark the closing of the Festival.

The choir now comprises twenty-five members — Oliver Jordan, Noel Waldron, Chris Pratt, Noel Henry, Seamus Forde, Vincent Healy (Bass), Luke Murray, Tony Flynn, John O'Neill, Michael Egan (Tenor), Laura Brogan, Anna Butler, Una Shields, Mary Hannah O'Connor, Ann Marie Eagney, Maureen Thornton (Alto), Frankie O'Malley, Mary Quinn, Karina King, Margaret Hannon, Ita Fahey, Eva Johnston, Moira Delaney, Gráinne Morris, Xanthe Pratt (soprano).

During 1986 we were awarded a grant to enable us to acquire taping facilities and equipment.

## Ballyhaunis Community Playgroup

The Ballyhaunis Community Playgroup held their annual general meeting in the Convent of Mercy grounds on 30th September, 1987. The following officers were elected: Chairperson, Mrs. Noreen Robinson; Secretary, Mrs. Catherine Morley; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Nevin.

Mrs. Jenny Bernard, Mayo Playgroup Adviser, attended the meeting and gave a talk to parents on the benefits of playgroups.

During the year we visited the fire station and Mr. Sean Freyne gave very generously of his time to show the children the fire engine and they had a chance to try on the fire hats, etc. Our group are frequent visitors to the train station, library and river walk. We also had a visit from Santa.

The playgroup operates from 9.15 - 12.00 noon. Parents are always welcome to see our group in action. Many thanks to the outgoing committee for their fundraising and support last year. The proceeds of the fund-raising pays the rental for the premises, replacement of equipment and insurance for the year.

The support we have had in the past from the community is very much appreciated.

**- Eilish Clavey.**

## The Heritage Society

The Heritage Society (of the Barony of Costello) has recently been stirring itself like a phoenix. After a dormant period over the Summer and further back, it began its meetings again on 12th October. Discussions centred on a possible major project in the Barony in the New Year. At present, the project depends on some external circumstances. Should these turn out to be positive, the Society will give details of the project (which, of course, is of an archaeological and historical nature).

At the present time the Officers are as follows:

Patron: Very Rev. Fr. P. Costelloe, P.P.; Chairman, Bernard Freyne; Secretary, Paul Waldron (Cave); Treasurer, Joseph Greene; P.R.O., Fr. J. O'Connor, O.S.A.

A new list of members is now being made out. The fee is £5 and may be given to any of the officers.

**JOHN O'CONNOR, OSA.**

## Ballyhaunis Badminton Club

1986/1987, Scout's Den

The following are the officials and members of the above club: Eamonn Dwane, Joe Glynn, Patsy Glynn, Brendan Mahoney, Maura Murphy, Kay Higgins, Mary Kedian, Mary F. Cleary, Breege Cleary, Emelda O'Callaghan.

**- Eamon Dwane.**

# BALLYHAUNIS ROUND-UP

## Ballyhaunis and District Credit Union

The Credit Union year just ended on 30th September, 1987, again shows a large increase in membership and share capital. Membership has increased to over 400 and shares have increased from £80,000 to £128,000.

During the year 124 loans were given out in varying amounts from £100 to £3,500, to a total amount of £122,000. We have now increased our Friday opening hours to cope with the continuing increase in business.

Our hours of opening now are: Friday — 1.30 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.; Saturday — 8.00 p.m. to 9.00 p.m.; Sunday — 12.00 p.m. to 1.00 p.m. Tooreen School, Sunday, 12.00 p.m. to 1.00 p.m.

The officers for the past year were: Chairman, John Tuohy; Vice-chairman, Terry Coleman; Secretary, Peter McCafferty; Treasurer, Pat O'Connor; Assistant Treasurer, Paddy Brennan; Membership Officer, Fiona McKermitt.

Credit Committee: John Tuohy, Catherine Sloyan, Benny Curley. Education Committee: Martin Caulfield, Frank Lyons, Fiona McKermitt, Maura Murphy, Michael Grealley. Supervisory Committee: Barry Butler, Mary Freyne, Ina Freyne.

Credit Unions make available life savings and loan protection insurance cover on the lives of eligible savings and borrowing members. There is no additional cost to the individual member. This insurance protection is provided by E.C.C.U. Assurance Company Ltd. which is owned by the Irish Credit Union Movement.

This is just one other reason why it makes sense to save and borrow with the Credit Union.

## Ballyhaunis Ladies' Basketball Club

Officers, 1987: Chairperson, F. Morley; Joint Secretary, S. Morley and M. T. Madden; Treasurer, M. Conboy; P.R.O., J. Morley; Coach/Trainer, M. McNamara.

Facing the new season we are placed third in the Mayo League having beaten a number of teams in the tournament. It was a great achievement as we are still only in our infancy compared to other teams.

Easter of 1987 saw five players travel to Killarney to compete in the All-Ireland Ladies' Basketball Tournament. We went through to the quarter-finals and were beaten by the eventual winners.

We would like to thank Austin Henry, Farah Exports Ltd., for presenting us with a set of tops and for sponsoring us throughout the year. Because of this, we play under the name Farah Rangers. We also had a number of fund-raising events.

This year we are being coached and trained by Michael McNamara and look forward to a successful season.

- M. Caulfield for Farah Rangers.

## Ballyhaunis Athletic Club

This recently-formed club has made great strides since its formation. It organised the very successful 10k road race during the Summer Festival to which it attracted leading runners, not alone from all over the country, but also in the line-up were runners from the U.S. and Britain. The race was won by Irish Olympian and three times Dublin City Marathon winner, Dick Hooper. Bernie Goldstein of New York came first in the Ladies' Veteran Section.

A pleasing feature of the race was the number of local athletes who took part, especially in the Junior Section, in which Brian Byrne, Graham Cleary, David Nestor, Siobhan Byrne, Triona Morley, Fintan Byrne, Cathy Madden, David Ahern and Hillary Madden ran very well.

A month later the club was well represented in the N.C.F. Claremorris 10k. in which Siobhan Byrne clipped 10 minutes off her Ballyhaunis time.

The club also had representatives in the Dublin City Marathon — Jim Higgins, T.D.; Jim Donnelly, Joe Fitzharris (just back from his honeymoon), Harry Thompson and Donal Ahern.

Two other club members, Dr. Michael Cleary and John Durkan, took part with distinction in that greatest test of all — the National Triathlon in Sligo.

By the time this magazine appears a team of Junior and Senior members will have competed in the Hollymount International Road Races.

Officers: Chairman, Fr. Michael Glennon; Secretary, Noel Lyons; Treasurer, Joe Greene.

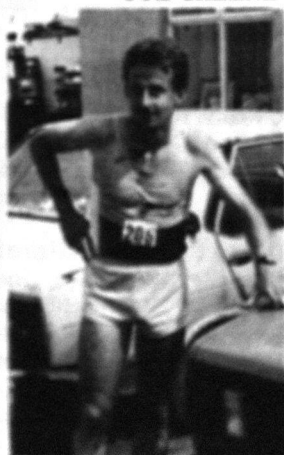
Committee: Micheal Curley, Donal Ahern, Mrs. Peg Byrne, Dr. Michael Cleary, John Cleary, Brian Byrne Snr., Eddie Campbell.

We would like to thank Frank Grealley and his "Irish Runner" magazine for their great help in organising the 10k. race.

JOE GREENE



Mrs. Bernie Goldstein, U.S., running through Ballyhaunis.



Ballyhaunis winner - Dick Hooper.



# BIRTHS

*(Baptisms in the Parish Church of St. Patrick, Ballyhaunis)*

1st November, 1986, to 31st October, 1987

To Timothy and Margaret Byrne, Johnstown, a son, Ian Michael.  
 To Seamus and Mary Mulrennan, Gurteen, a daughter, Sinéad Brigid.  
 To Patrick and Kathleen Curley, Hazelhill, a son, Thomas Kevin.  
 To John and Elizabeth Dillon-Leetch, a daughter, Ruth Ashley.  
 To Eamon and Pauline Egan, Clagnagh, a son, Colin James.  
 To John and Geraldine Connolly, Killinaugher, a daughter, Christina Mary.  
 To Matthew and Geraldine O'Dwyer, Ballindrehid, a daughter, Máire Caitríona.  
 To Brian and Phyllis Flanagan, Ballindrehid, a daughter, Róisín Kathleen.  
 To Michael and Ann FitzMaurice, Mountain, a son, Paul James.  
 To Vincent and Agatha Higgins, Knockbrack, a daughter, Karen Vanessa.  
 To Martin and Josephine Cunnane, Carrowkeel, a daughter, Martina Anne.  
 To Michael and Ann Kilbane, a daughter, Moira Antoinette.  
 To John and Susan Hoban, Lisbane, a daughter, Joanne Marie.  
 To Michael and Ann Coffey, Station Rise, a son, Clayton.  
 To Martin and Mary Finan, Brackloon, a son, Lorcan Martin.

To Thomas and Breeda Waldron, Cave, a son, Ciaran James.  
 To James and Mary Donnelly, Ballinphuill, a daughter, Elaine Frances.  
 To Jarlath and Josephine Nevin, Station Rise, a daughter, Eilís Anne.  
 To Joseph and Mary Rochford, Knock Road, a daughter, Rita Mary.  
 To John and Annie McDonagh, Tooraree, a son, Bernard Joseph.  
 To John and Mary Neenan, Coolnafarna, a son, Joseph Michael.  
 To Tadhg and Kay Buckley, Knock Road, a daughter, Sarah Kay.  
 To Michael and Rosaleen Kelly, Coolnafarna, a son, Mark Michael.  
 To Frederick and Siobhán Herr, Doctors' Road, a son, David Austin.  
 To John J. and Sarah Kelly, Knox St., a son, Joseph Frederick.  
 To Eugene and Una Collum, Devlis, a daughter, Derna.  
 To John and Mary Kelly, Lecarrow, a daughter, Deirdre Anne.  
 To John and Tina Kirrane, Station Rise, a daughter, Lorna Margaret.  
 To Dr. Michael and Laura Brogan, Doctors' Road, a daughter, Janice Roberta.  
 To Bernard and Brigid Waldron, Cave, a daughter, Niamh Marie.  
 John Christopher Halpin, Portsmouth, born July 7th, 1987.  
 Andrew Michael Halpin-O'Brien, Melbourne, Australia, born March 2nd, 1987.

# MARRIAGES

*(1st November, 1986 to 31st October, 1987)*

## Parish Church

William P. McCormack, Curries, Ballymoe, Delia P. O'Reilly, Holywell.  
 James A. Culliney, Flavian Curley, Clare Street.  
 William P. Lyons, Grace J. O'Connor, Doctors' Road.  
 Kieran FitzMaurice, Gurteenbeg, Teresa Jordan, Johnstown.  
 David Cleary, Ballinrobe, Margaret Maughan, Cherryfield.  
 Charles V. McDonnell, Stewarton, Ayrshire, Mary B. Brennan, Upper Main Street.  
 Mike Griffin, Clare Street, Mary T. Carroll, Drimbane.  
 Patrick J. Ryan, Glenisland, Anne Jordan, Knox Street.  
 James McGarrigle, Camdonagh, Marie Curran, Doctors' Road.  
 James Finnegan, Bohogue, Kim de Martino, Bohogue.  
 Dominick Murphy, Dublin Road, Geraldine Stacey, Station Rise.

## St. Mary's Abbey, O.S.A.

James Byrne, Knockcroghery, Anne Griffith, Clare St.  
 Anthony Phillips, Orlar, Bernadette McGarry, Drimbane.  
 Edward Mooney, Scrigg, Rita Waldron, Scrigg.  
 Conor Harrington, Dublin, Joan Hannan, Bridge St.  
 James Tarmey, Ballymoe, Margaret Waldron, Lisduff.  
 Martin Tarpey, Cloonlara, Claremorris, Fiona McKermitt, Bridge St.  
 William Joseph FitzHarris, Derrynacong, Alta Regan, Aghgloragh.

## Elsewhere

Ivan Freeley, Main St., Ann O'Brien, Claremorris.  
 Desmond Burke, Doctors' Road, Mary Beatty, Galway.  
 Liam Campbell, Devlis, Michele Mollereau, France.  
 Gerard Plunkett, Forthill, Patricia O'Shaughnessy, Dublin.

Jarlath Ronayne, Clagnagh, Carmel Healy, Holywell.  
 David Byron, Castlereah, Caroline Levins, Clare St.  
 John J. Lyons, Knockbrack, Gabrielle McGee,  
 Tulrahan.  
 Stephen Nolan, Knox St., Nuala Lyons, Granlahan.  
 Clarence Grogan, Clare St., Valerie Ryan, Dublin.  
 Michael Webb, Tooraree, Kathleen Cleary, Ballinrobe.  
 Philip Varrallo, U.S.A., Imelda Cribbin, Lecarrow.  
 Nicholas Kenny, Skehard, Dymphna McGrath, Galway.

Paschal Keegan, Holywell, Geraldine Casey,  
 Ballinasloe.  
 Damien Webb, Devlis, Joanne Atwell, London.  
 Jarlath Jordan, Johnstown, Fionnuala Carroll,  
 Ballinlough.  
 Diarmuid O'Sullivan, Dublin, Deirdre Curran, Doctors'  
 Road.  
 Oliver Cribbin, Togher, Marie Lawler, Knock Road.

## DEATHS

*(Deaths: 1st November, 1986, to 2nd November, 1987)*

### Parish

Mrs. Brigid Kelly, Devlis.  
 Mrs. Margaret Coen, Redford.  
 Michael Morris, Abbey Street.  
 Mrs. Delia Fitzgerald, Johnstown.  
 Freda Fahey, Abbey St.  
 John FitzMaurice, Mountain.  
 Mrs. Hannah Coffey, Station Rise.  
 Ellen McDonagh (infant).  
 Mrs. Mary Kelly, Derrynacong.  
 Michael Mulkeen, Knockbrack.  
 Mrs. Ellen Lambreth, Devlis.  
 Michael FitzMaurice, Togher.  
 Mrs. Mona Lyons, Dublin.  
 Rose Walsh, Johnstown.  
 Mrs. Lil Caulfield, Drimbane.  
 Catherine McGovern, Holywell.  
 John Mongan (infant).  
 Christopher Mongan (infant).  
 William Tarpey, Barrack St.  
 Mrs. Kathleen Kearns, Upper Main St.  
 Brian McGovern, Holywell.  
 Mrs. Elizabeth Eagney, Churchpark.  
 Mrs. Margaret Mullarkey, Tullaghan.  
 Mrs. Catherine Boyle, Island.  
 Nora Cruise, Spaddagh.  
 James Hunt, Tullaghan.  
 Mrs. Kathleen Folliard, Cooloughra.  
 Patrick Caulfield, Castlereah.  
 Mrs. Florence Dillon, Devlis.  
 Mollie Dwyer, Barrack St.  
 Thomas Smyth, Abbey St.  
 Mrs. Eleanor FitzMaurice, Lisbane.  
 Joseph Dunleavy, Carrowrea.  
 Mrs. Christina O'Connor, Doctors' Rd.  
 Mrs. Margaret Lyons, Spaddagh.  
 Mrs. Mary M. Jordan, Lecarrow.  
 James Kelly, Bargarriff.  
 Michael Lyons, Annagh.  
 Mark Skeffington, Barrack St.  
 Mrs. Mary A. Grealy, Drimbane.  
 Mrs. Annie M. McDonagh, Lisbane.  
 Peter Connolly, Holywell.  
 John Melvin, Ballindrehid.  
 Michael Folliard, Upper Main St.

### Elsewhere

Mrs. Mary Nestor, Irishtown.  
 Mrs. Annie Gallagher, Kiltimagh.  
 Francis Regan, Clooncan.  
 Mrs. Kathleen Brennan, Claremorris.  
 Michael Browne, Killinaugher.  
 Mrs. Mary Hyland (née McDonagh), Lisbane.  
 Mrs. Margaret Rea, Bracklagh.  
 Mrs. Celia Garavan, Galway.  
 Mrs. Julia Laffey, Ballyglunin.  
 Mrs. Eileen Wilson (née Freeman), Tooreen.  
 Alan Perry, Birmingham.  
 Edward McLoughlin, Claremorris.  
 Mrs. Mary Agnes O'Brien (née Curley), Classaroe.  
 Vincent McHugh, Castlebar.  
 William Kirrane, Bekan.  
 Mrs. Mary Mannion, Granlahan.  
 Very Rev. Fr. John Glynn, P.P., Crossboyne.  
 Mrs. Mai Forkan (née FitzGerald), Bridge St.  
 Seamus FitzMaurice, Bridge St.  
 Mrs. Maureen Lyons, Logboy.  
 Mrs. Anne Vincent (née Hopkins), Larganboy.  
 Cpl. Dermot McLoughlin, Sligo.  
 Mrs. Brigid Burke (née Hunt), Lecarrow.  
 Mrs. Catherine Geraghty (née Ruane), Derrintogher.  
 Gerard FitzMaurice, Ballinlough.  
 James Kilduff, Larganboy.  
 Thomas Cruise, Boston.  
 Mrs. Moira Lyons, Dublin.  
 Michael Flynn, Clydagh, Ballinlough.  
 Rose Walsh, Johnstown.  
 Very Rev. Fr. Michael Sammon, P.P., Crossboyne.  
 Martin Murphy, Kilmaine.  
 Mary O'Connor, Swinford.  
 Culbert Malone, Bohogue.  
 Mrs. Mary Wooley, Hollymount.  
 Mrs. Margaret Kelly (née Connolly).  
 Mrs. Catherine Grogan, Aghamore.  
 Catherine Kennedy, Aghamore.  
 Mrs. Kate Moran, Newport.  
 Mary Lyons, Annagh.  
 Arthur Freyne, New Jersey.  
 Sister Angela, Knock.  
 Mary Byrne, Brickens.  
 Thomas Regan, Cloonfower, Castlereah.

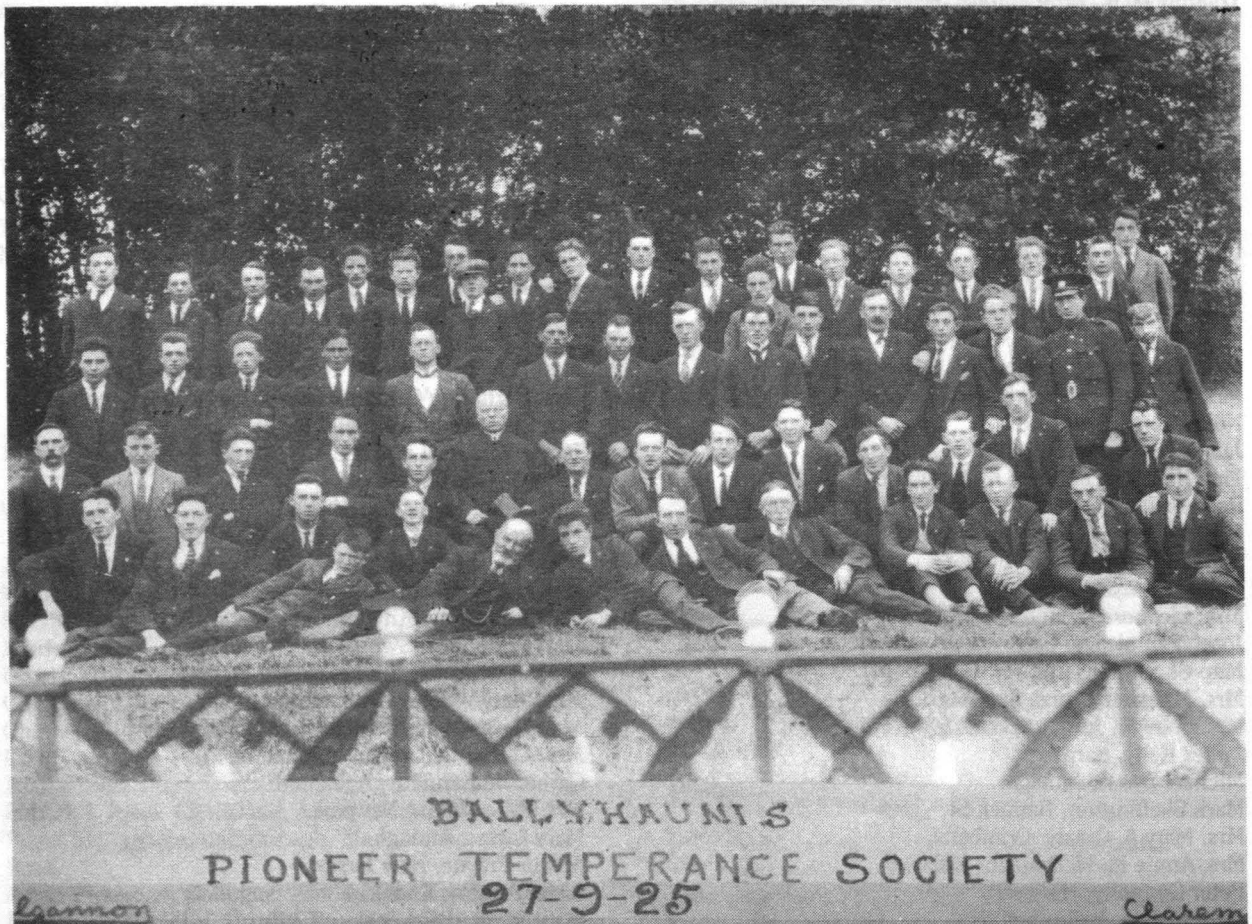


# DEATHS

(Deaths: 1st November, 1986, to 2nd November, 1987)

Bernard McGuire, Ballykilleen.  
Fr. Domnic Morley, Bekan.  
Eugene Gilhawley, Ballymote.  
John Rodgers, Ballybeg.  
Mrs. Mary G. Lyons, Bekan.  
Patrick J. Dyer, Brackloon South.  
Very Rev. Fr. Patrick Gullane, P.P., Moore.  
Thomas J. Kedian, Moneymore.  
Michael Cuddy, Claremorris.  
Edward Byrne, Carraun, Brickens.  
Martin Eagney, Churchpark.  
Patrick Dunne, Kiltimagh.  
Andrew O'Halloran, Galway.  
Fr. Charles O'Malley, Menlough.  
Teresa O'Donnell, Cooloughra.  
Mrs. Delia Satchwell, Castlereagh.  
Mrs. Molly Waldron, Aghamore.

James Cassidy, Tooraree.  
Dr. Linda Hynes-Duignan, Galway.  
John O'Malley, Ballinasloe.  
Martin Lyons, Knocknafolia.  
Mrs. Mary Patterson, Granlahan.  
Patricia Boyle, Clagnagh.  
Mrs. Delia Lyons, Spaddagh.  
Thomas Glynn, Lavalleyroe.  
Tony Connell, Redford.  
Tony Donoghue, Belmullet.  
James Lynskey, Station Rise.  
Terence Flanagan, Main St.  
Garda-Det. John Walsh.  
Canon Desmond FitzSimon, Carnacon.  
Denis Gavagan, late C.I.E.  
Mrs. Elizabeth Keeley (née Finnegan), Derrintogher).  
Mrs. Joan Tynan (née Coyne), Bridge St.



Local Pioneer Temperance Society with Canon McHugh, 1925. (Photo courtesy of Mr. Seamus Clarke).

*The Committee of Annagh Magazine are grateful to the following businesses for their continued support which has helped to defray our production costs.*

Abbey Dry Cleaners, Abbey Street .....	30308
Allied Irish Banks, Abbey Street .....	30464
Alma's Ladies' and Gent's Hairdressing Salon, Clare Street .....	30354
Ballyhaunis and District Credit Union, Upper Main Street .....	30034
Bank of Ireland, The Square, Ballyhaunis .....	30073
Beirne's Mace Supermarket, Main Street .....	30172
Billy's Nite Club, Main Street — Parties and Functions .....	30443
Burke D.H. Supermarket, Upper Main St. ....	30482
Byrnes Bar and Foodmarket, Clare Street .....	30039
Campbell, Bill and Eddie, Auctioneers and Insurance Brokers .....	30082
Central Hotel, Main Street .....	30030
Churchfield House Hotel, Knock .....	(094) 88281
Colleran's Pharmacy, Knox Street .....	30028
Concannon's, Cloonfad: Light Hardware, Veterinary Supplies, Undertaking Service .....	46156
Concannon's, Ladies' and Gent's Fashions, Main St. ....	30051
Coyne's Grocery, Off-licence, Toys, Bridge St. ....	30033
Crehan, Martin, Concrete Products, Clare St. ....	30328
Cribbin, Victualler, Main St. ....	30029
Cribbin, Tom, The Gift Centre, Bridge St. ....	30029
Cunningham, Paddo, Centra Foodmarket, Abbey Sreet .....	30162
Curley's, Chemists, Main St. ....	30110
Curley's Jewellery and Cosmetics, Bridge St. ....	30110.
Delaney's Oak Bar, Select Lounge, Bar Food, Bridge St. ....	30099
Delaneys Ltd., Select Gift Shop, Bridge St. ....	30096
Delaney, Paddy, Select Bar and Lounge, Abbey St. ....	30024
Dillon's, Builders' Providers, Clare St. ....	30179
Dillon's Travel Agents, Fancy Goods, The Square .....	30021
Donnellans Joinery, Undertakers, Funeral Home .....	30045
Durkans, Drink Distributors, Devlis. ....	30034
Electrical and Pump Services Ltd., Knox Street .....	30226
Eugene's Fast Foods, Bridge St. ....	30354
Farah Exports (Irl.) Ltd., Ballyhaunis .....	30101
Finn, Tom, Footwear Specialist, Main St. ....	30141
Forde's Ltd., The House for all the Family, The Square .....	30013
Freeley's Household Goods and Gifts, Main St. ....	30200
Freyne's Garage and Filling Station, Clare Street .....	30043
Freyne, Bernard, Welding Centre, Tool Hire, Knox St. ....	30152
Gallagher's, Builders' Providers, Furniture, Main St. ....	30020
Greensprint, Main St. ....	30597
Greene, Attracta, Dressmaking, Hand Embroidered Irish Dance Uniforms, Carrowrea. ....	30072
Grogan, Austin & Sons, Concrete Products, Cave .....	30555
Halal Meat Packers Ltd., Clare Road. ....	30012
Halpin, Jack, Bar and Lounge, Main St. ....	30443
Harvest Fresh, Fruit and Veg, Main St. ....	30036
Hannans Electrical, T.V. and Hi-Fi., etc., Bridge St. ....	30076
Hopkins, Tom, Grocery and Newsagent, Upper Main St. ....	30076
Horse Shoe Inn, Abbey St. ....	30130
Irish Ale Breweries .....	30019
Johnstons Machinery, Farming Community Specialists, Knox St. ....	30025
Jordan, Austin & Sons, Upper Main St. ....	30038
Keane Kitchens Ltd., Kitchen and Bedroom Furniture, Clare Rd. ....	30089
Kelly, Padraic, Furniture Manufacturer, Drimbane .....	30443
Kenny's Restaurant, Main St. ....	30352
Lilly, John J., Plant Hire, Johnstown .....	30395
Lyons, Frank, Catering Services, Horse Shoe Inn, Green Parrot .....	30323
Lyons, Gerard, Wisebuy Foodstore, Abbey St. ....	30347
Lyons, Michael J., Bus Hire, Lecarrow .....	



Manor House, Restaurant and Accommodation .....	30700
Meadow Farm Eggs, Carrowkeel .....	30183
McGarry's, Ladies' and Gent's Outfitters .....	30084
Mid-West Radio on 1332 KH, 1233K and F.M. on 106 F.M. and 98 F.M. ....	30169
Micheal's Meats, Bridge Street.	
Moran's Coaches and Mini-bus Hire, Knock Road .....	30346
Moran Tommie, Sweets, Ices, Fancy Goods, Fuel Merchant, Main St. ....	30493
Moran Television and Electronic Services, Knox St. ....	30569
Moran, C., Garvey, School Supplies .....	30079
Moran, Donal K., Building Contractors .....	30079
Morley, Enda, Agricultural Contractor, Aghamore .....	(094) 67246
Mulhern, Edward, Bar and Taxi Service, Clare St. ....	30249
Mulrennan, James & Sons, Fitted Kitchen and Bedroom Specialists .....	30038
Munro, Brian & Sons, Insurance Broker .....	30343
Murphy's Garage, Vehicle Sales and Service, Devlis .....	30307
N.C.F. Mart and Store .....	30166
Nolan, Michael, Publican and Undertaker, Funeral Home, Knox St. ....	30205
Nuala's Gift and Toy Centre, Main St.	
O'Brien, John, Auctioneer, E.B.S. Agent, Main St. ....	30088
O'Connor's Pharmacy, Main St. ....	30037
Phillips, Charlie, Shoes and Drapery, Main St. ....	30368
Phillips, Eamon, High-class Victualler, Main St. ....	30381
Phillips, Paddy, Publican .....	30118
Rattigan's Bar, Knox St. ....	30157
Rattigan, Tony, "The Singing Cowboy", for parties, weddings .....	30507
Regan, Shaun, Painting Contractor, Methuen, Mass., U.S.A. ....	683 - 9328
Rochford Motors, Main Mitsubishi Dealers .....	30163 / 30350
Ruane, P., Radio/T.V. dealer, repairs, Knox St. ....	30700
Ryan's Super-Valu Supermarket, Main St. ....	30359
Scott's Hot Bread Shop, Main St. ....	30633
Sophisticut Hair Salon, Ladies' and Gent's, Abbey St. ....	30492
Sloyan, Seamus, Building Contractor, Tully, Carrowbehy .....	49209
T.C. Fast Foods, Main St. ....	30357
Val's Lounge, Bar Food Specialist, Main St. ....	30068
Waldron, James and Sons, Spar Supermarket Lr., Main St. ....	30023
Webb, M. J., Master Butcher, Lr. Main St. ....	30003
Webb, James, High Class Victualler, Main St. ....	30063
Western Brand Chickens Ltd., Fresh and Frozen daily .....	30069



**The retired Archbishop of Tuam, Most Rev. Dr. Joseph Cunnane, seen here with a group of priests, when he visited the Friary for a celebration to mark the 16th Centenary of the conversion of St. Augustine. Front (left to right): G. Cunnane OSA (brother of the Archbishop), M. Berrill OSA (Prior), Very Rev. P. Costello, P.P., Dr. Cunnane, Very Rev. T. Cooney OSA (Provincial), B. Delaney OSA, S. McGearailt OSA. Back (left to right): J. King, OSA, J. O'Connor OSA, D. Walsh, M. Molloy (Archbishop's secretary), M. Kelly OSA, M. Gleeson, C.C.**



**Bicycles, donkeys and carts and long skirts . . . Ballyhaunis of the mid-1950s, captured by Peter Keegan of New York.**



# ANNAGH '87

