

# Annagh '88



**BALLYHAUNIS ANNUAL MAGAZINE**





BY PATRICK O. COSTELLOE, P.P.

**I**T gives me great pleasure to greet the people of the Parish of Annagh and, indeed, all the people of East Mayo, who look to Ballyhaunis as the focal point of their economic, social and religious life. The anniversary of Christ's birth turns our thoughts to family, friends and home. It is in this context that I wish each and every one, at home and abroad, peace, joy and health at Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year.

The passing year has brought its share of sorrow, bereavement and parting of friends; death and emigration have taken their toll on our dwindling population. It has, however, seen many useful achievements that give hope

and encouragement to those who are left. "Annagh" is now firmly established and its new committee of management guarantees the permanence of this useful journal: we must never forget or fail to appreciate the good work done by Junior Chamber in launching it, nursing it in its infancy and laying down standards of excellence that are at once a challenge and a support for the future.

The parish mission preached in October by Fathers Patrick Murphy and Michael Whelan of the Society of the Sacred Heart, was a happy event and, please God, will be an influence for renewal among us. The Summer Festival was, once again, an unqualified success and we look forward to another one this Summer.

And so I again wish you the joy and peace of this Holy Season.

## Editorial

**W**ITH this, our eleventh edition, we start a new decade of "Annagh". It is with regret that we note the passing of Ballyhaunis Junior Chamber under the auspices of which "Annagh" was first compiled and produced. We salute all the people who gave so unselfishly of their time and energy, through their involvement in Junior Chamber in the service of our community. We feel that few, if any, organisations have served their communities as Ballyhaunis Junior Chamber served ours. We celebrate the commencement of the new decade by recalling the first Editorial,

as the late Anto O'Malley and his team explained "The Reason Why . . ."

We salute Very Rev. Patrick Canon Costelloe, P.P., on his appointment to the Cathedral Chapter of the Archdiocese of Tuam, and we are pleased to celebrate this auspicious happening with our cover photograph. It is proper that we should do so since it was he who first prompted Junior Chamber to produce "Annagh". During his twenty-seven years with us, from 1961 to '77 as President of St. Patrick's College, and since 1977 as Parish Priest, he has become known as a kind, affable teacher, minister, adviser and confidant. It is, indeed,

fitting that a Costelloe should hold such a position among us because his family name is, historically, synonymous with Ballyhaunis: the ancient Barony of Costelloe having derived its name from his ancestors.

It is significant and a signpost of the times that the themes of emigration, immigration and migration surface or are alluded to so frequently in this issue, while they are almost totally absent from those of earlier years. These pages spotlight, too, the uniqueness of our relatively small, rural community in its ethnic and cultural diversity. These themes face our community with a challenging future.



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Captions for Cover Photos — Front (clockwise) — Sarah O'Connor as Bosco; Johnny Biesty with the largest catch; Mr. and Mrs. O'Callaghan adjudicate at the Dog Show; "Annagh Rose, 1988" Ingrid Tighe, accompanied by competition organisers, Nulla Fitzgerald and Micheal Smyth; Canon Costelloe on the occasion of his being appointed Canon.

Back cover (clockwise) — Anna McKermitt and Mickey Coffey at the Dog Show; Jim Donnelly and Jim Higgins finish the 10k. Road Race; Mark Patterson; Laurel & Hardy; Jennifer McCafferty, Mary Nolan, Lisa Webb, Michelle Deacy, Paul Claffey, Michael Webb, Shane Buckley, Maria Rochford, Ciara Buckley in Children's Fancy Dress; Rita Mooney and Micheal Smyth "Stepping it Out".

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# Bill Naughton — Famous Ballyhaunis-Born Author

BY PAT HIGGINS

I am sure it will come as a pleasant and exciting surprise to the Ballyhaunisians who have enjoyed "Coronation Street" over the years, and to the students, past and present, of the Community School who have enjoyed "The Gift of the Gab" in their first-year English reader or have been inspired by snippets of the film, "Alfie", into a more active discussion and a deeper awareness, of the multiplicity and nature of their personal relationships that the originator of such characters as Albert Tatlock of Coronation Street; the perceptive author of the strikingly sensitive story of Dickie Flitt; and the creator of the problematic Alfie was born in Devlis seventy-eight years ago.

"Reading this wise, tender, perceptive book is like being there and no writer can achieve more than that" — proclaimed the *London Evening Standard* about one part of Bill's autobiographical trilogy. The "there" is — the Devlis of his childhood; the Bolton of his youth; the Carrowkeel, Tubber, Lismegan, Aughamore, Ballinacostello and Knock of his mother's and his relatives' reminiscences and of his return visits of 1945 and 1948; as well as his war-torn London.

These books are a marvellous social history of the Ballyhaunis area, its natives at home and its emigrants abroad. The very title, "On The Pig's Back", is rooted in the cliché language of hope of an area which until about 1972 could offer little other than the emigrant boat to the major part of its young population. The author tells us its title-origin in the tear-jerking anecdote about his mother attempting to console a distraught, tearful four-year-old Bill, as he clung to the door of his Devlis home on the morning of the family's emigrating to England, claiming that when they joined his father in Bolton they would be "on the pig's back".

His story in "On The Pig's Back" and in its sequel, "Saintly Billy", is told in such strikingly vivid detail and honesty; such as the embarrassment of the flea-bites noticed at school, or the humiliation of the discovery of nits in his hair by his older neighbour; that we, as it were, live the experience with the author — the joys, the sorrows, the frustrations, the aspirations. We experience the effect



BILL NAUGHTON AND HIS WIFE, ERNA

of a heavy-drinking, stern-disciplinarian, domineering father on a young boy. The honesty through which we learn of his resentments of his father; his love of and dependence of his mother is moving: as in — "Although I put on a tearful show at his going (to England), and felt a sense of loss for a time, I was secretly overjoyed, for now I could claim my place in bed beside my mother every night." Or later — "The relief of seeing my father go off to work on a Sunday evening . . .", together with much evidence of his father's domineering ways.

The other side of the coin is the portrait of his mother and her various relationships. She is the hardworking, silent kind, generous, caring mother-peace-maker, heroised in such literature as "The Trimmings Of The Rosary", who, when the father was dictatorial, remained silent; but who, because of her lively humour and pleasant personality in her own quiet way, was the real "power" in the circle of family and friends. When I put it to Bill that his writings imply a uniqueness about the depth of the gulf in his relationship with his father, he assured me that the story told is from the child perspective and a clear case of the oedipus complex, and in a statement that must carry much hope for both parent and child,

now experiencing such tension, he further assured me that his later relationship with his father was "the warmest, dearest, most affectionate".

We experience and sympathise with the young Bill's need to be hugged and acknowledged by his mother and his Uncle Willie and his deep let-down at, seemingly, being rejected for his baby brother, Jim.

We experience the trauma of an Irish emigrant family in the alien environment of an English industrial town: "Worse at times than the ever-present noise were the ever-present smells"—which he vividly contrasts with the fresh air and brisk winds of Mayo; and the upsetting picture of an Irish child, used to the silence of a rural Irish night, waking from a nightmare that he was going to hell because the "terrible clanging and rasping seemed to fill the little bedroom".

We experience the sense of identity and the meitheal-like support system that existed and, indeed, still exists among our emigrants; and the sense of depression or exaltation at the bad or the good, at the worrying or the hopeful news from Ireland. "The gloom of the war didn't affect me much, but what did was the aftermath of the Easter Rising of 1916." We experience the sense of horror that was generally felt at the Rising.



"Uncle William was shocked that the Irish would rise at a time when the English were fighting a terrible war. Even my father was dismayed, much as he admired James Connolly and his Citizen Army."

We experience the change of heart that came gradually and, indeed, not so gradually at the news of the executions and the importance, in that change, of the circumstance of Connolly's execution: "Soon these men were seen as the heroes they were, and the Irish longing to be free from England was inflamed," with the inherent difficulties that such proved for an Irish immigrant in England. "When at school we were gathered to sing 'God Save The King', I would sing 'God Save Ireland' to myself. . . what made it all the more difficult for me was that it seemed I had to keep everything to myself; my misery and tribulations had to be masked with a smile and my Irish patriotism with a traitorous assent to what was going on around me."

We experience the terrible sense of let-down, accentuated by geographical distance and even more so by British triumphalism at the Civil War. "Irish who had fought together, now killing each other and it proved almost as ruthless and brutal as the conflict with the British forces . . . it was mortifying that the British could now point out that the Irish were, as they had claimed, an irresponsible people, unfitted to govern themselves."

It is the story of generations of unskilled Irish country people surviving in an alien environment, constrained and constricted by their lack of industrial skills and tolerated by their bewildered but uninterfering English neighbours. Most enjoyable is when the author theorises on behavioural patterns such as the Irish, almost innate, sense of human needs, as in sensing in the very crowded world of the small industrial terrace-house, the need of two parents for privacy; (to "dialogue" in modern relationship parlance); which sense, according to Bill was developed at a very young age by the necessity, in rural Ireland, as there was no toilet in the house, to "sense" that the "quiet place" at the end of the garden was already occupied.

Also very enjoyable are the stories of such local characters as Tom Towey, alias "Tom the Basket" (unusually he got the name wrong here — calling him Pat), who was well-known to my mother and her generation in the Aughamore area and who would enter the house, place his basket on the table and go down on his knees, hands over his eyes, reciting the Rosary. The family would have to do likewise of course, as the



BILL NAUGHTON SAVING TURF FOR "AUNT MAGGIE" IN 1948.



BILL'S COUSIN, BILLY KERRANE, AT THE BOG THE SAME DAY.

woman of the house would be putting eggs and butter into the basket. It seems that all the while Tom would be peeping through his fingers and would not stop praying until he felt there was enough in the basket. When commented to that he was "a great prayer", he replied: "and why wouldn't I be, isn't it me job." This type of local Ballyhaunis anecdote percolates through these books so that we relive the 'twenties, 'thirties and 'forties in this area.

Such detail is possible because Bill is a scrupulous keeper of a journal which amounts to seven trunks of almost ten million words. Says Bill: "Recording life is the one thing that counts; all conversation must be recorded exactly, either you do it exactly or you don't do it at all."

Dervla Murphy in her review of "Saintly Billy" in the *Time's Literary Supplement* put it this way: "Bill Naughton neither sentimentalises nor dramatises his boyhood, we can believe everything he records, whether of personal emotions, school happenings, family moods or the complex relationships of the street corner. Ending this book is like waking from a particularly vivid dream."

## PROFILE

Bill Naughton now lives in the Isle of Man. He was born on 10th June, 1910, in the family home of Devlis, Ballyhaunis.

His father, Tom, was born in Carrowkeel on a small holding now





PADDY JOE AND KATE TIGHE, COUSINS OF BILL NAUGHTON.

owned by Jack and Delia Regan. His mother, Marie Fleming, was born in Tubber, Aughamore. Her sister, who stayed in Tubber, is the Aunt Ellen of the book.

Tom Naughton served his time at Henry's (now Forde's), and worked later at Foody's (now Delaney's). When he married Marie they lived in Devlis, where all the family were born except Jim (born in Bolton). Marie ran a little shop to supplement Tom's wages from the railway, where he worked after they were married.

I wish to acknowledge the great help received in compiling this article from Paddy Joe Tighe, Arderry, Aughamore, and his mother, Kate, formerly Kate Naughton of Ballinacostello, whose father, Michael, was a first cousin of Bill's father, Tom; and whose mother, Briget, was a second cousin of Bill's mother, Marie.

Much assistance was also received from Billy Kerrane, Carrowmore Guesthouse, Knock, whose grandmother is the Aunt Maggie of the books.

My thanks is also due to Tom and Noreen Hopkins of Upper Main St., who first informed me of Bill's Ballyhaunis connections.

## PUBLICATIONS

**PLAYS** — *My Flesh, My Blood* (broadcast 1957). London, French, 1959; revised version, as *Spring and Port Wine* (produced Birmingham, 1964; London, 1965; as *Keep It In The Family*, produced New York, 1967). London, French, 1967. *She'll Make Trouble* (broadcast 1958). Published in *Worth A Hearing: A Collection of Radio Plays*, edited by Alfred Bradley, London, Blackie, 1967. *June Evening* (broadcast 1958; produced Birmingham, 1966). London, French, 1973. *All In Good Time* (as *Honeymoon Postponed*, televised 1961; as *All In Good Time*, produced London, 1963; New York, 1965). London, French, 1964. *Alfie* (as *Alfie Elkins And His Little Life*, broadcast 1962; as *Alfie*, produced London, 1963). London, French, 1964.

*He Was Gone When We Got There*, music by Leonard Salzedo (produced London, 1966).

*Annie And Fanny* (produced Bolton, Lancashire, 1967).

*Lighthearted Intercourse* (produced Liverpool, 1971).

Screenplays: *Alfie*, 1966; *The Family Way*, with Roy Boulting and Jeffrey Dell, 1966.

Radio Plays: *Timothy*, 1956; *My Flesh, My Blood*, 1957; *She'll Make Trouble*, 1958; *June Evening*, 1958; *Late Night On Watling Street*, 1959; *The Long Carry*, 1959; *Seeing A Beauty Queen Home*, 1960; *On The Run*, 1960; *Wigan To Rome*, 1960; '30-'60, 1960; *Jackie Crowe*, 1962; *Alfie Elkins And His Little Life*, 1962; *November Day*, 1963; *The Mystery*, 1973; *A Special Occasion*, 1982.

Television Plays: *Nathaniel Titlark* series, 1957; *Starr And Company* series, 1958; *Yorky* series, with Allan Prior, 1960-'61; *Looking For Frankie*, 1961; *Honeymoon Postponed*, 1961; *Somewhere For The Night*, 1962; *It's Your Move*, 1967.

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*Alfie*. London, MacGibbon and Kee, and New York, Ballantine, 1966.

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*The Bees Have Stopped Working and Other Stories*. Exeter, Wheaton, 1976.

**OTHER** — *A Roof Over Your Head* (autobiography). London, Pilot Press, 1945.

*Pony Boy* (for children). London, Pilot Press, 1946.

*A Dog Called Nelson* (for children). London, Dent, 1976.

*My Pal Spadger* (for children). London, Dent, 1977.

*On The Pig's Back: An Autobiographical Excursion*. Oxford, Oxford University Press, 1987. Awarded the Portico Literary Prize for 1987.

*Saintly Billy: Autobiographical* (Vol. 2), Oxford University Press, 1988.

## Martin Moogan

"'Twas be the grace of God and the power in my two punching fists."

THIS statement was made by Martin after he beat up the lads from Cork and Dublin. The out-of-town boys were working on the Electricity scheme in Ballyhaunis and their conduct was below the standards as set by the young men of the town. When the lights were turned on for the first time Martin went hunting and the boys hit the road back to their native counties. As a young man Martin was rated the strongest man in all of Connacht. He served in India with the Connaught Rangers and participated in the great Irish Mutiny. After escaping the firing squad Martin returned to his beloved Ballyhaunis and there lived out a long and happy life. Beneath the rugged and muscular appearance Martin Moogan was a fine gentleman who touched his cap in respect of every lady and young girl in the town.

This great son of Ballyhaunis left us the memory of a gentle soul who loved life, loved his pint, loved people and loved his country.

Go dneanaigh Dia trocaire ar a anam.

**Eugene Dolan**  
(Long Island, USA).



MARTIN MOOGAN ENJOYING A "PINT" AT THE REAR OF GALLAGHER'S, MAIN STREET.



# St. Mary's Dramatic Society

BY TONY BOYLE

WHO remembers St. Mary's Dramatic Society in Ballyhaunis, which was formed on May 1st, 1946, and its one and only production, "Cupboard Love" (by Bernard Duffy)? The group consisted entirely of those engaged in the distributive trades in Ballyhaunis at the time and they had their first staging of the play in the Parochial Hall, Ballyhaunis, just two weeks before the Christmas of 1946, when they had a packed house, and the drama was supported by concert items.

The then Parish Priest, the late Archdeacon G. J. Prendergast, P.P., was Patron of the Society and the well-known Father Mansfield from the Abbey was Producer of the play. Paddy O'Connell, who worked in McGarry's at the time was the Society's Chairman and had an important part in the play, and Vera Biesty, the girl he was to marry a few years later, also participated in the production of "Cupboard Love".

Another male part in the play was taken by Jimmie Grennan — now in business on his own in the little village of Kilmovee — and later to become a member of Mayo County Council. Another young lad, who was later to become a prominent member of that same body, was Willie Costello, who was also a founder-member of the dramatic society, but had left to take up a position in Ballinasloe before the play was produced. Willie now lives in Galway and is the current Chairman of Muintir Muigheo there. Amongst the others who made up the cast of that play was Jackie Gibbons, who had the principal role (his father was caretaker in the Parochial Hall), and Jackie now lives in Limerick city. Teresa Caulfield from Carrowkeel, Baby Johnston from Erriff and Bernardine Geraghty from Leow. Tom Coppinger (now in business in Athenry), and Martin Lydon from Kilkelly (now in business in Dublin), contributed to the concert items which preceded the performance of the play. As far as I know the admission charge to the Parochial Hall on that December night in 1946 was one shilling and the programme was two old pence.

We also staged the play in Cloonfad and Dunmore during the months of January and February, 1947, to packed audiences and in late March it was staged in Ballintubber, near Castlebar.

For everyone of us it was our first experience on the stage and we enjoyed it. We also enjoyed the fraternity, friendship and fun we experienced during rehearsals. No doubt it did us all good, and a few of us graduated to bigger parts in other groups in later years.

## Souvenir Programme

INITIAL PERFORMANCE OF

*St. Mary's Amateur Dramatic Society, Ballyhaunis,*

(Formed May 1st, 1946)

PRESENTING

## Cupboard Love

(A Comedy in Three Acts, by Bernard Duffy)

**Wednesday Night, December 11th,**  
1946,

Commencing 9 p.m. sharp.

Preceded by Concert Items contributed by Members of the Society.

Programmes

2d. Each.

"WESTERN PEOPLE," BALLINA.

The following is the remainder of the contents of the souvenir programme shown above:

Concert Items: Song by Bernardine Geraghty. Recitation by Jackie Gibbons. Song by Martin Lydon. Recitation by Tony Boyle. Duet by Bernardine Geraghty and Tom Coppinger.

Thanks: The members wish to record their sincere and grateful thanks to Pastor, the Very Rev. Chancellor, G. J. Prendergast, P.P., for so kindly consenting to act as Patron of the Dramatic Society. We are also deeply indebted to Rev. Father Mansfield, OSA, whose painstaking efforts made this performance tonight possible. Our thanks also goes to the Parochial Hall Committee for leaving the hall at our disposal.

The Play: The scene is laid in Clarrity's Shop. Three weeks pass between Act I and Act II, and ten days

between Act II and III. Time — the present.

Characters: 'James Aloysius Clarrity', a provincial draper (Jackie Gibbons); 'Anastasia Clarrity' (Bernardine Geraghty), 'Susan Clarrity', his sisters (Baby Johnston), 'Valentine Reardon', chemist's assistant, their nephew (Tony Boyle), 'Nan Crillon, their milliner (Vera Biesty), 'Joe Doonan, their man-of-all-work (Paddy O'Connell), 'Mrs. Fahane, a widow (Teresa Caulfield), 'William Glasson, retired schoolmaster (Tom Coppinger), 'Patrick Hessery', a retired clerk (Jimmie Grennan). Producer: Rev. E. A. Mansfield.

"Cupboard Love": It is interesting to note that the first performance of "Cupboard Love" took place at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, on November 4th, 1929. The play was presented on that occasion by Lionel Cranfield and was produced by Gabriel Fallon.



# G'day Pat And Annaghs

THANK you for your letter.

**Y**OU ask me to write of memories Pat! Who would understand my memories? During my holiday I had to take an Australian to the Knock Museum to see a churn, a spinning wheel and a few other household utensils of my day.

In my day the sacred mystery of conception and birth was explained by the head of cabbage. But I discovered that in the Ireland of today a head of cabbage is more of a mystery than conception and birth. I wouldn't be surprised if my nephews in Johnstown thought it grew on some exotic tree somewhere in the tropics. Anyhow, my nephews are good lads, and at least they still know that milk comes from cows and, of course, goats.

How does the Irish teacher of today explain Patrick Kavanagh?

"The axle — roll of a rut — locked cart

Broke the burnt stick of noon in two".

The imagery is almost self evident to somebody who took his place in the long procession of carts laden with turf for the Winter fires of Johnstown and Gurrane. There was John Greene, Jimmy Flatley, Matt Griffin, the Finns. There was Jim Moran of Classagh, who seemed to believe that his donkey's performance depended on the vehemence of his expletives. John Flann, barefooted, beard and unkempt, he, too, was blessed with a richness of maledictions to urge on his cleaved donkey. Michael Delaney, precariously perched on the shaft of his cart, clinging on with his arthritic legs, defying gravity at every axle roll of his rut locked cart. Larry Murphy, laconic and dry. Honest Jim Culiney, they were the wielders of the slane in Brownie Fitzmaurice's bog of my day.

As I write I have on my desk an inkwell from Derrylea School. It was given to me by Kay Waldron (Kelly). What thoughts this inkwell conjures up! If my memory is correct it would have been in use in Derrylea since 1894. It would have been used by every family in Johnstown, Derrylea, Gurrane, Ballyglass and Redford. Tomorrow, the Feast of All Saints, an appropriate time to recall their memory, and on All Souls I must offer a Mass for all the users of the inkwell. Now they are seated at the Well of Life. It is a privilege to have been pilgrims with them.

Another thought about the inkwell! Ink money! Joe Cooney had imposed on all alumni of Derrylea School an ink levy of a halfpenny per two months. Ink money "day" was like judgement day. Shades of the landlord and eviction. The only source of income in those days

BY REV. FR. PAT RUANE



FR. PAT RUANE WITH HIS MOTHER NORA. PROFILE: FR. PAT IS A NATIVE OF JOHNSTOWN. HE IS AT PRESENT PARISH PRIEST OF A LARGE PARISH IN NEW SOUTH WALES, HAVING EARNED HIS STRIPES IN A CHALLENGING MINISTRY IN NEW GUINEA.

were the pennies you would be given when you shared the tit bits of a slaughtered pig with neighbours. After Christmas there were a few pennies to be had from jam pots. The trapped or snared rabbit was a land slide.

So you can imagine the impending doom at the end of every two months when the ink levy was due. There was a lot of borrowing and lending, and I'm sure there must have been some unsettled debts. If I still owe any of you, my dear friends, a halfpenny, Paddy and Kay Waldron, Kitty Moore, Seamus Walshe, P. G. Greally, Martin Conway, Dymphna Connell, Noreen and Babe Lyons, Maíneah Costello and Gerry Coen, well I now ask for a remittance. I'd hate to go to hell for money.

Well the worst is still to come! About 1946 poor Joe Cooney, after a long struggle with escalating post war prices, and a long dialogue with consumer price index, decided that the Derrylea ink levy would no longer be a halfpenny per two months, but rather a halfpenny per month. This decision was a milestone in the history of the fiscal development of the Derrylea community. The existence of a vibrant and resilient financial community in Derrylea today can only be explained by the fortitude and courage with which they faced up to the ink levy back in 1946. I had to muster up all my courage to break the news to my mother, who was the financial manager in my house.

Actually there should be in existence somewhere in the neighbourhood an ink levy ledger, containing records of payments. It was a small well-bound note book. Posterity might be interested in it.

Talking about ledgers! I recall that when I was home we discovered in an archaeological dig in Johnstown the ledger for Maggie and Johnnie Judges' shop. It contained a list of their debtors over the years. It had no blackmail value. I found there my father's name, entry was something like this — 4/3/1943 Tom Ruane — bottle of castor oil, 4½d. Family integrity was preserved. He had paid for it. I hope the beast lived. Tom had no reluctance about buying a dose for a calf but he would never waste fourpence halfpenny on himself.

I wonder if Michael Waldron remembers as well as I, a 14th of May fair in Ballyhaunis when my Father bought seven or eight lambs from his father? Well he did, whether Michael remembers or not. Tom and Mickey had a verbal contract early in the morning and both parties acquiesced on a price. Later that day when Tom enquired about delivery of the animals, to his consternation Mickey informed him that he had sold them again! In an irascible moment expletives were exchanged. However, when Mickey explained that the second price exceeded the first by a half crown per head, Tom was quick to acknowledge Mickey's entrepreneurial skills and Tom was more than placated when Mickey offered to share profits with him. The climax was, the two adjourned to George Delaney's pub and I'm sure George enjoyed another good story.

Memories! I recall coming home from school, a source of entertainment was to try and throw a stone through the little window (no glass), in the gable of Uncle Byrne's house. It demanded skill. One day John Joe Cleary fluked one through the hole in the gable, through the inside loft, through the aperture in the loft, through the kitchen and hit Uncle smoking his pipe by the fire. It is not surprising that John Joe went on to win distinctions as a marksman in the FCA and a corporal in the Swinford Battalion. But he didn't know of this reward when he had to face Johnny Higgins in school that next day.

Well, I have been rather nostalgic about the Ireland of the past. What about the present Ireland? Well I'm sure that my Australian parishioners and Australian friends who have visited Ireland, love the country and its people as it is. They have been everywhere, they have seen it all, but the one place they want to return to is Ireland. We treasure our memories and I suppose there are two mistakes we could make about them, the first would be to repeat them, and the second would be to ignore them.

Mo beannacht leat a scriobhan go Hinnis Aibhan Ealga.

ONCE upon a time every town had its own colourful characters. **Mick O'Connell** recalls that dying breed and cites as an ideal example . . .

## Taudy Devaney Of Ballyhaunis

**B**ACK in the not-too-distant past there was hardly a town in Ireland which did not have one or two individuals who were usually referred to as "characters".

They are, fortunately or unfortunately, a dying breed and in most towns they are now non-existent.

This is due, in some measure, to the rapid advancement in recent years in the quality of the standard of living, together with the much-improved Social Welfare benefits and because we have become more of a caring society than in less affluent times.

I hasten to add that there were quite a few people in the "bad" times who were extremely generous to the local "characters" and in some cases these good people more or less adopted them as far as the necessities of life were concerned. The members of the local Conference of St. Vincent de Paul were to the fore in looking after their needs on an ongoing basis and the unobtrusive manner for which its members are noted. These "characters" were colourful in their expressions; they could pick blandishments out of the sky; they could praise one by invoking the intercession of all the saints or they could cut one down to size with invective of the blistering variety.

They were, for the most part, neglected by the populace and they could be said to have encountered nearly every vicissitude. They were forlorn, dejected, outcasts of society and palpably neglected by the State, yet, they all accepted their lot resignedly, displayed a lively sense of humour and, what is more important, they never seemed to suffer from one of the main maladies of the present self-indulgent era — depression — being never anything less than cheerful.

As well as being brimful of humour, they were pastmasters of the art of repartee, and had their unabashed "tongue in cheek" innocence of bringing rays of brightness into our own rather drab and dreary world at that time.

Those of us who were around in those times should always remember those great "town characters" who were regarded as more or less an institution in their own right.

Take, for instance, Thomas "Taudy" Devaney of Ballyhaunis, whose mother, Biddy Devaney, sold camphor on the street and who could be said to turn from blessings and



PHOTO COURTESY MICHAEL WALDRON (CAVE).

invocations to bitter and colourful worded denunciations at the drop of a hat.

Biddy's husband, Joe, was before my time, but I think he was, at one period, the local bell-ringer or town crier and lamplighter.

I knew Taudy, Sharkey and Sherald Devaney very well and because of their stature these three brothers were in demand as jockeys.

I remember Sharkey telling me that he spent some time working in the stables of a well-known racing establishment in England and how "he took the rap" for a North of England jockey in relation to a larceny offence. The jockey in question later became one of England's most successful riders.

To get back to Taudy — he was, I suppose, the epitome of all small-town characters. He had a word for everyone and became more expansive when treated to his favourite tipple — a glass of stout.

At the annual flapper race meetings in Tooraree in the '30s Taudy rode Paddy Smyth's white horse, "Bow Wow", to victory in the Farmer's Plate on successive occasions and whenever there was a donkey derby in aid of a local charitable organisation, Taudy added to the occasion by mounting an ass with professional skill and taking part in the race.

Taudy was not attached to any trade on a permanent basis, he was essentially an "odd job man", but on the eve of the Connacht football final each year, Taudy established his own business when he became the sole seller

of the Mayo colours — the green and red. He had some opposition in later years, but I remember that Taudy was completely partisan for rarely, if ever, did I see him sell the colours of the opposing team.

How Taudy entered into the "business world" without capital or surety is, in itself, an interesting sidelight. He would approach a local shopkeeper — usually the late Tom Forde, The Square — where he would purchase the cloth "on tick", together with a quantity of miniature safety pins. One of the shop assistants would cut the cloth into tiny ribbons, attach the safety pins and, "hey presto", Taudy was in business.

Around about this time of year as the young men came home for Christmas from Britain it was "harvest time" for Taudy as he met up with them on the street and in the local pubs where the glasses of stout were on the counter in front of Taudy more often than usual.

Taudy, it could be said, had a talent for acting which would do justice to a professional. He had the distinction of being able to play the part to suit any occasion and what made his performance all the more praiseworthy was the fact that he did not altogether put on a show for the amusement of his "audience", but for his own personal benefit in the matter of cash and extra glasses of stout.

Taudy was quiet, inoffensive and well disposed towards others. The fact that he had no visible means of support was not of great consequence because he never went short. He had numerous friends who quietly saw to it that he was clothed and fed. Those people had a genuine regard for Taudy and they showed their friendship in a practical sense.

In the social scale Taudy remained, to use racing parlance, an "also ran", but I think it can be said that he could be described as a town possession not often fully appreciated but who will live long in the memories of those who knew him at first hand and who had vivid recollections of the manner in which he expostulated on occasions.

He really was a kindly soul.

The sayings of Taudy Devaney are many and varied and will, no doubt, be remembered, but I would like to conclude by quoting a saying of his which gives us all cause for reflection at this time of year: "It is the one Christmas Day we will all have."



# The Boston-New York Walkathon

BY UNA SHIELDS &  
BREEDA BURKE

ON the 1st October, 1988, we set out on the first leg of our Boston-New York Walkathon. County Mayo was well represented with a total of six people participating: from Kiltimagh, Mrs. Monica McNicholas; from Castlebar, Adrian King, Mick Morgan and Kevin Bourke; from Ballyhaunis, Una Shields and Breeda Burke. In all, there were one hundred walkers from the four provinces.

Many of the group had never met before and some had never taken part in a "walkathon". But the spirit of togetherness was quickly evident as Aer Lingus flight EI 117 headed westwards for Boston. A delighted welcome awaited the walkers in Boston. A neon sign just outside the airport carried greetings from the mayor — extending to the walkers a special welcome to the city. The group was also met by Rehab's Vice-President in America, Tom Murphy, and Rehab's tours guide, Christine Flynn, both of whom were instrumental in organising the advance overseas arrangements. We were coached to the Sheraton Tara Hotel, Braintree, which is owned by a Mayo man, Tom Flatley from Kiltimagh. Breeda Ryan-Seifeith took us to the Limerick's Bar, where we met so many Irish it was like being at home. Amongst those were Patricia Curran and Tommy Grogan, Doctor's Road, Ballyhaunis, who were looking well and enjoying life in Boston.

## BOSTON

Next day the group was taken on a walking tour along Boston's Freedom Trail, which is the name given to a planned walk that links the city's most historic points of interest by a series of footprints or red bricks that are permanently embedded into the pavement. In this way we saw places like Paul Revere's house, the famous Quincy Market and the U.S.S. Constitution, the oldest commissioned ship in the world.

An invitation from Senate President, William Bolger, brought us to the Massachusetts State Capital Building. A

heated debate on the Presidential election was suspended while Senators heard Rehab Chief Executive, Mr. Frank Flannery, outline the organisation's work and future plans.

The news that "the Irish were in town" had been gradually gathering momentum. The Americans were fascinated at the idea of anyone wanting to walk from Boston to New York. It was an unheard of event in a society where people drive their cars to the corner store two hundred yards away. They responded wholeheartedly to the idea of walking to raise money for the disabled.

The day we arrived in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, members of the Metropolitan Police and the Middlesex Sheriff's Department arrived at the hotel, not as it was feared to query the group's collecting permit, but to welcome everyone!

From Pawtucket, Massachusetts, we trekked to Mystic C.T., which is a beautiful seventeen-acre seaport where one virtually steps back in time. At this stage feet were blistering so we were given a welcome day-of-leisure, which was All-Ireland day back home. On Monday morning, blisters soothed, we headed off for Norwalk. From Norwalk we attended the walkathon's biggest fund-raising event, a dinner at the prestigious Covely Club in Rye, New York State. The event was organised by John Bastible, Aer Lingus Chief Executive in North America, and was attended by many of the glitterate of Irish society in America such as Niall Miller, Chief Executive of the Irish Tourist Board in North America; Martin Ronayne, Ireland's Deputy Consul General in New York; sports stars, Eamon Coghlan and Hugo McNeill.

## "THE BIG APPLE"

There was palpable excitement in the air the morning we left Connecticut and headed for the Big Apple. There is nothing quite like New York City. No matter what you've heard about it, no matter how many television series and films it has featured in, despite its seamy side, its high crime rate; it's an awesome experience! The following morning, in brilliant sunshine, we crossed Brooklyn Bridge accompanied by the Irish Consul



BREEDA BURKE AND UNA SHIELDS ON BROOKLYN BRIDGE, N.Y., DURING THE BOSTON-NEW YORK REHAB WALK. THE FAMOUS CRYSLER BUILDING AND TWIN-TOWERS ARE VISIBLE IN THE BACKGROUND.

General, Daithi O Ceallaigh, to meet Mayor Ed Koch at the City Hall. Mayor Koch made a personal donation to Rehab and praised the walkers' achievements. The event was covered in no less than four television channels that evening.

## THE FINAL NIGHT

On our final night in the Big Apple and the States, we were joined by Mary Timoney, Knock Road, Ballyhaunis. We had dinner in the Fiddlers Green and afterwards a sing-song. Timoney (as we call her), was not behind the door when it comes to a verse! At 2.30 p.m. we took a tour of New York on pony and trap. The driver informed us that Sean Moran, Ballyhaunis, was his boss. Incidentally we could not contact him or Junior or Mary Geraghty, who by now are well settled into life in the Big Apple. On our final day Tommy Makem personally hosted a special lunch for the group at his pub and restaurant on East 57th Street before we set out for Kennedy Airport and home. The venture exceeded all our expectations. By the time we touched down at Shannon in the early hours of Sunday morning we were very tired but also very happy at what we had achieved.

## THANKS

We would like to take this opportunity to thank everyone who supported us with our fund-raising, which has gone to the new centre in Castlebar. We would also like to congratulate Mrs. Mary Garvey, Claremorris, who won the Lada car and Mrs. Rita O'Sullivan, "The Wimpy", who won £100 in our draw.



THE MAYO WALK REHAB WALKATHON TEAM — ADRIAN KING, UNA SHIELDS, MICK MORGAN, BREEDA BURKE, MONICA (WEBB) McNICHOLAS, KEVIN BURKE.

# Faislabad Knows Of Ballyhaunis But Never Heard Of Ireland

BY SHER IMRAN RAFIQUE

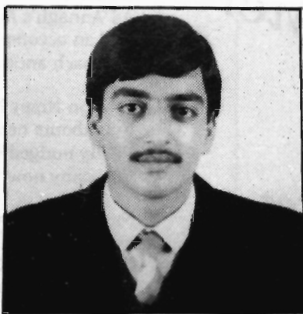
SINCE the 1960s, emigration has been a major problem for Pakistan. Her problems were typical of an under-developed country — rapidly expanding population, poor social infrastructure, etc. At first, only a handful emigrated, to the Gulf and U.K. They returned with the fruits of their labour overseas — and so a myth spread of the untold riches available beyond Pakistan's shores. The floodgates opened, and the trickle increased to a flood. This situation can be compared with that of Ireland in the past and present. Pakistani emigration was concentrated in two areas — U.K. and the Gulf, with both of which Pakistan has close ties.

Generally, the majority of these immigrants came from the poorer areas of Pakistan, i.e., Baluchistan, Azad Kashmir. However, in Ireland's case, most of the Pakistanis are Punjabis — Punjab being Pakistan's richest province. It is estimated that there are some 300 Pakistanis in Ireland (excluding Northern Ireland). Of these, approximately 30 are from one family. This family is of course the Sher family (of whom I am proud to be a member), who have many large business interests in Ireland and elsewhere, most notably in beef and lamb (Halal and United Meat Packers), and fish (Unifish), etc. The Pakistani community in Ballyhaunis are all descendents of Sher Mohammad which is the reason for the closeness of Pakistanis in Ballyhaunis.

Our family comes mostly from the village of Faislabad — one of Pakistan's major cities. Sher Rafique, the third youngest of Sher Mohammad's offspring, came to England in the early '60s for his education. In 1973 he came to Ballyhaunis and purchased a small abattoir. More family members joined him and this small abattoir became the base from which our family catapulted itself into the ranks of mega-business. However, while our family has spread over England, Wales, Ireland and Pakistan, the twin "headquarters" have remained in Faislabad and Ballyhaunis. Indeed, a link has been formed — Faislabad knows Ballyhaunis very well, but has never heard of Ireland and has no idea as to its existence.

Because we are all of the same family, the Pakistanis in Ballyhaunis form a very closely-knit community. In Pakistani society, there is what is called a "braderi" structure, whereby the family is regarded as an essential unit, whose honour and unity must be preserved at all costs. (Note that in Pakistani society, the word 'family' encompasses what people in Ireland would regard as distant relatives and is similar to the 'Darbh Fine' of ancient Celtic Ireland).

What about the difficulties which a newly-arrived Pakistani faces when trying to settle in a Western society. Of course, there are many. Pakistani society is very different to that in the West, and there are many features of Western society which contravene the



SHER IMRAN RAFIQUE

"laws" of Pakistani society. I shall quote Imran Khan's (the famous Pakistani cricket captain), account of his first days in England: "I was dazzled by the shops, restaurants, discos and nightclubs. I felt that 24 hours in one day was not enough as I was bent on discovering everything in the quickest time possible." Many other Pakistanis have also been swamped by the "bright lights". This culture clash is heightened by the fact that over 98% of Pakistan is Muslim. There is an obvious clash between Western society and the dictates of Islam. This dilemma is most obvious in Britain, where Pakistanis are trying to adhere to two totally different value systems. The problem is especially worrying for the younger generation, whose heritage is Pakistani culture and who yet have been brought up in a Western society.

However, the closely-knit family structure goes a long way towards alleviating such problems. Whenever a person emigrates to (for example), Britain, he would go straight to any relatives already living there. In this way, the "braderi" system is maintained to some extent. It is much easier to assimilate when one has a family and friends upon whom one can rely.

In Ireland, I am happy to say, there has not been any major difficulty for Pakistanis settling here. Ballyhaunis is no exception. An Islamic Centre has been set up to cater for the needs of the estimated 300 Pakistanis in Ireland. After Dublin, Ballyhaunis hosts the second largest Pakistani community. The importance of Ballyhaunis was emphasised when a function was held here on 14th August of this year to commemorate Pakistan Independence Day. This function was attended by over 400 Pakistanis, including dignitaries from the Pakistani Embassies.

If there is one difficulty which Ballyhaunis Pakistanis face, it is regarding the practice of certain aspects of their religion; or to be more precise, the lack of a Mosque. In Muslim countries, and Pakistan is no exception, the Mosque is generally regarded as the hub of activity.

Mosque's are not only used for prayers, but they also provide facilities for religious instruction and education ("Medresseh" schools). Therefore, it can be easily realised

that the Mosque occupies a very important place in Pakistani society. There is an Islamic Centre in Dublin, but the Ballyhaunis Pakistanis cannot avail of this because of the distance. The consequent lack of adequate religious education has been a source of worry, especially concerning the younger generation — in Islam, there is no greater sin than ignorance. However, this problem is being rectified by the building of a Mosque in Ballyhaunis. This Mosque will cater for approximately 300 people, as well as possessing full "medresseh" facilities (religious education). It is planned that a "Mullah" will be instated who will look after all religious activities. This Mosque is due to be opened officially in the near future — an event for which the Pakistani community is anxiously waiting.

With the opening of this Mosque the major fears of the Pakistani community will be quashed.

One can see no other major obstacle facing Pakistanis and one is hopeful that this status quo will be maintained. The Pakistani community in Ballyhaunis and elsewhere enjoys stable, happy relationships with the Irish people, and we pray to Allah that this relationship will be maintained in the future.

## SHER FAMILY

Background: The Sher Family originated in Iraq and settled 150 years ago in Indian sub-continent, at present known as Pakistan. The immediate family consists of 4 brothers and 3 sisters, the writer being an offspring of one of the brothers — Sher Rafique. All are equal partners, shareholders in family businesses in Pakistan, Far East and Europe.

The third youngest of the family is Sher Rafique who is at present Chairman and Chief Executive of Halal Group of Companies in Ireland and United Group of Companies in U.K. and France. Other members of the family are nephews of Sher Rafique, who are also shareholders and directors, representing their fathers and mothers in Europe.

The family has recently acquired majority shareholdings in Millford Bakery plc. As it stands, the family is well established in all aspects of food — slaughtering and processing of beef and lamb, 14 units; fish, 3 units; flour milling and bakers, 3 units, and stake in wholesale, 12 units. Total employment is 2,200. In addition some members of the family are sub-shareholders in wholesale businesses in Europe also.

At present the family has Issued Capital invested in plant in Europe of about £100 million, excluding wholesale businesses. Turnover is approximately £350 million, excluding whole businesses. Wholesale business has a turnover of £500 million approximately.

Future Plan: The Group has a plan — an investment programme of £200 million over the next five years — to extend facilities towards value adding, atmospheric packing using high technology available today, as well as adding poultry processing to the red meat, fish and other food businesses.



# Poet's Corner

## Questions and Fences

Should cattle with pedigree  
And instincts wild and free  
Breaking out to have a spree  
For once be overlooked? you agree.

Tumbling cocks of hay asunder,  
As daily back they saunter  
Tramping crops and plants down under  
Ponder on how to stop that plunder.

No use saying boo or Parlez vous to them  
Call on 'Him' and drop this message in  
'Cattle growing fatter, decency growing thin  
Only ten? Hmm did the rest not givin'?

Lying on the lawn chewing the cud.  
Like a rural scene painted good  
A simple question to test your mood.  
Why get worried over a trampled rood?

Driven out with blackthorn stick  
Heads hanging loosely on their neck.  
(Bit like prisoners when they hear the click).  
Could the flowers have made them sick?"

When pointing out the fences flaws  
How quickly patience thaws  
Speaking like a blunted saw  
He quotes to you some ancient law.

Want an antidote for a broken fence?  
Mix this cocktail at small expense  
A toll of barbed wire pulled tense  
Thorn bushes, and a little common sense.

I often stand corrected  
But this can't be rejected  
Friendships remain connected  
By fences well erected.

James Cribbin

Autumn now, nearing Advent, Great Hurrah,  
As 'Annagh's Able', Awful authors,  
And an accomplished Augustinian  
Approach another alphabetical Affray.

Now on Nippy November nights,  
Neighbours nearing ninety now,  
Neatly nudged for native narratives  
Not many now, narrative notes on nineteen nine.

Names of new-bown so nicely selected  
Neatly noted nuptials and  
Nasty news and Naughty nouns  
Never Never more neglected.

from archives abroad,  
And an ancient Abbey's annals  
Artistically arranged and mailed away.  
Admire on arrival or Australian abodes.

Greeting gentle folk going grey  
Greasing gossip grave and gay  
Garnishing guides for grocers golfers  
Girl guides and Gaelic Games.

Hunting history high and low  
Honest hectic helping hands  
Helter-skelter to the haggard  
Another new number of Annagh goes home.

James Cribbin

## Dedicated to Ann Byrne and family

Since the day in the church yard we left you,  
The day that God called you his own,  
Our memory won't let us forget you,  
It's the only friend grief calls its own.

Gone to God now was that noble lady,  
A good wife and a mother so kind.  
I know that in heaven you are praying  
For the dear one that you left behind.

How young from this world God called you  
When only your real life began.  
When life's journey is ended we'll meet you,  
So God rest you, our dear mother, Ann.

Michael Godfrey

## The Boys in Blue

(Theme song for the All-Ireland U-12 Community Games Soccer team).

We are the boys in blue  
The best you ever knew  
We've just made history  
We've been to Mosney  
We've had to wait 'til now  
Big Mike has shown us how  
And you'll know what to do  
When you see the boys in blue.

Chorus:

And you'll say 'Haunis, 'Haunis  
Show them what you've got  
'Haunis, 'Haunis, you've just beat the lot  
'Haunis, 'Haunis we can celebrate  
'Haunis, 'Haunis we won Mosney '88.

We are the boys in blue  
The best you ever knew  
And everyone will see  
Us on a video screen  
We had a lot to prove  
We thought out every move  
And you'll know what to do  
When you see the boys in blue.

Chorus:

And you'll say 'Haunis, 'Haunis  
Show them what you've got  
'Haunis, 'Haunis you've just beat the lot  
'Haunis, 'Haunis we can celebrate  
'Haunis, 'Haunis we won Mosney '88.

We are the boys in blue  
And now you've seen us do  
Just what we said we would  
Though we didn't know we could  
So listen to our song  
And you can sing along  
And here is what to do  
When you see the boys in blue.

Chorus:

Just say 'Haunis, 'Haunis,  
Show them what you've got,  
'Haunis, 'Haunis you've just beat the lot  
'Haunis, 'Haunis we can celebrate  
'Haunis, 'Haunis we won Mosney '88  
'Haunis, 'Haunis we can celebrate  
'Haunis, 'Haunis soccer champs of '88.

Cormack O'Connor  
Hazelhill (Aged 12).

# Life In The Slow Row (Priming The Weed)

BY PAUL G. WALDRON

**I**F, by chance, you are a student (or were a student, or if working Summer vacations in distant lands happen to be a perennial occupation of yours), then this article might be of passing interest to you. It is a brief account of one student's most recent meanderings.

Where did you work last Summer? What did you do? This year I went to Canada. It is an odd experience to harvest a crop that cannot be eaten, either by man or animal; yet, many people cannot do without it. After curing, processing and packaging, it is finally bought by the consumer for burning. Have you guessed? My job was harvesting tobacco — in CANADA, of all places!

I went on a programme, set up through the Canadian Embassy in Dublin. The organisation was poor (a number of unforeseen difficulties had to be surmounted). It was open to other European students as well as the Irish. Only six Irish males (including myself), availed of the opportunity. One was from Donegal, a second from Laois and one Dubliner. (We all ended up on the one farm). The other two Irish guys were from Trinity College — both named John incidentally. (We did not see much of them).

This year's American drought affected the Canadian tobacco crop mainly situated in Southern Ontario and there was a delay of about ten days before the harvesting of the crop could commence, as a result. There was not a lot to do to pass the time on a Canadian farm "in the middle of nowhere." So we set off to Toronto for a few days. I thank Ted Webb for his hospitality to me during my visit. Toronto is a place I wouldn't mind working in. It is a lively, friendly city with a hotchpotch of different races nationalities. A Caribbean Festival was in full swing when we arrived. It is called a "Carribana" and for a short time everybody became neo-Caribbean — now even a few 'tropical' rainstorms dampened the spirits!

We never did get a chance to visit Niagra Falls (only thirty miles away), or the great lakes or any such interesting sights. The work (when it began), was a seven-day week job and all one was fit for at the end of the day was a good bath, an appetising meal and a sleep. The social scene was not hectic but, come pay-day, we usually made time to travel the ten miles or so to the nearest small town (with the boss, his wife or father-in-law) to do our weekly shopping and have a few drinks!



PICTURED AT A RECEPTION HELD TO ANNOUNCE THE WINNER OF THE DES O'MEARA & PARTNERS DESIGN AWARD 1988 WERE (LEFT TO RIGHT): DES O'MEARA, MANAGING DIRECTOR, DES O'MEARA & PARTNERS; PAUL WALDRON (WINNER), FROM BALLYHAUNIS, AND ADRIAN O'BRIEN, ART DIRECTOR, DES O'MEARA & PARTNERS. PAUL IS A FINAL YEAR STUDENT AT THE COLLEGE OF ART & DESIGN IN LIMERICK.

Most of the Summer residents around us were tobacco workers — "primers" (the pickers), sorters, rackers, "boat-drivers", who took the harvested tobacco back to base. Locals were heavily outnumbered by "blow-ins", few of whom were Canadians (they have more sense than to spend their Summers harvesting tobacco). At this time, the area "suffers" a massive influx of Jamaicans, foreign students and French-Canadians (who prefer not to call themselves Canadian anyhow!) — all of whom combine to make an odd mix of labourers. In the pubs on pay-day ("invariably Friday"), Jamaicans were the most numerous and loud, foreign students were wide-eyed and cheerful, and the Quebecans (most of whom were tobacco "veterans"), were definitely the noisiest. The Quebecans spent their time boasting of their prowess with tobacco harvesting, drink and the women; Europeans mostly stayed among themselves, and goodness knows what the Jamaicans went on about!

We Irish were lucky to have a decent boss; we heard some hairy stories first-hand about mean and bad bosses. "Our" family, as well as taking us to the local town allowed us to take phone calls from "the Mammie" and gave us the use of their swimming pool now and then; father-in-law lived a few hundred yards away and, being a wealthy man, indulged in horse training and took us to a few track meetings, when there was free time. His

horses were not always winners but still he always came home with good wins on the betting — perhaps he had inside information he did not share with us.

Our boss employed French-Canadians only, we four and Jake (a Mexican, who claimed he was forty-five, but who looked sixty-five), this Summer. Locals had names invariably such as Brett, Brad, Chad or others, all ending in "y" like Sindy, Tammy and Judy. Family surnames were unprouncable. In all, about fifteen of us worked on the farm. The Irish shared a bunk house, having all modern conveniences, with two others.

It was attached to a barn and the ozone of freshly-cured tobacco permeated throughout our very comfortable quarters. Curiously, though I do not smoke and do not relish the stale smell of tobacco generally, I never grew tired of the scent on the farm.

The tobacco section of our bosses' land measured about forty-five acres of unfenced fields, all surrounded by unevenly-spread clumps of large trees, their size though great, belied the vastness of the open spread. Near the farmhouse were grouped large barns, old sagging wooden kilns for curing, new steel kilns and a large greenhouse. During the harvest we seldom saw dusk but always the dawn, which was splendid in the open fields of rolling mist.

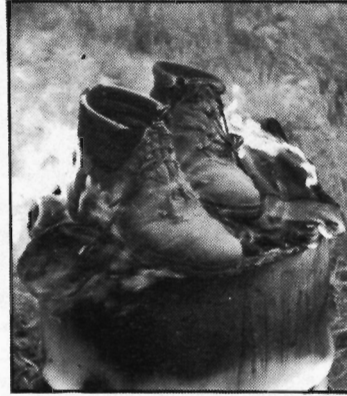
There were five (later six) "primers"; we sat all day on metal "carts" ♦



trailing from a large metal structure on wheels which loomed over five (or six) rows at once. We picked a number of the large leaves off each plant as the machine crawled slowly through the rows; I continually thought of it as a grossly overweight preying-mantis gobbling up the chosen leaves as it moved, too big to move any quicker.

It was said that one had to have a weak mind and strong wrists to be a good primer — having said that, one wouldn't know whether to say one was a good primer or not! One kiln had to be filled every day come rain, hail or shine. As the season progressed the working hours got greater and greater in number; each day was tougher than the last because we had to pack the kilns more and more and because of the very early morning cold, the dew, the mid-day heat and sometimes the rain. I hated the dew; it lay on the leaves for hours until the hot sun removed it, and it found its way through all waterproofing to every inch of one's body.

For those of you who smoke! the tar, like nicotine, is a natural element of tobacco. However, unlike the latter, tar is not invisible at the harvesting stage, but very obvious on the fresh damp green leaves. Each morning and as the day progressed one had to rub one's hands together regularly to peel off whatever tar one could — otherwise the hands stuck to the leaves and slowed up the work. Our clothes soon became jet-black all



THE RITUAL BURNING OF PAUL'S TAR-COVERED CLOTHES AND BOOTS.

over and tattered from the crop and it took a long time for the scratches on our black hands to heal. If you are a smoker you have probably stopped reading by now!

Many of the locals spent the rest of the year working in cigarette factories and most of them were so devoted to the "weed" because it meant a livelihood, they also smoked it as well. Indeed, everyone on our farm (except dogs, children and the Irish), smoked profusely!

The harvest finished the day before I took the plane back to Dublin — on the journey out we flew from Belfast. That night we had the traditional burning of the clothes and boots and a great big party.

While my plane was over the Atlantic, Ben Johnson ran a winning race, which the world thought was his victory. It is now history.

Where do you think you will go next Summer? I might find myself catching kangaroos or picking tulips, or harvesting . . . one Summer immersed in tobacco was more than enough for me! Still, it was a wonderful experience, thank God.



CONVENT SECONDARY SCHOOL, 1969 — (LEFT TO RIGHT): TINA COYNE, DYMUNA CUNNANE, MARIAN MEEHAN, HELEN FREELEY, MARY GRIFFIN, ANN HALPIN.  
COURTESY SR. ASSUMPTA

# Collectors' Vehicle Club

By Tom Waldron (Crossard)

**D**URING the Autumn months of 1987, whenever a few of us older car enthusiasts would meet, the conversation was usually about the different cars that were in the process of restoration in the area.

Dom Murphy was restoring a 1948 Prefect, which was in fairly rough condition and required a lot of work. John Kenny was planning to restore a 1961 Austin A.40. Eddie Mulhern was working away on his 1935 Morris Eight. Joe Cunnane of Knock, was putting the finishing touches to his 1936 Model Y (Baby Ford). Austin Henry, Knock, and Martin Niland of Kilkelly, were taking good care of their 1951 Anglia's.

As for myself, I was right in the middle of rebuilding an 1952 Fordson Major tractor. It was then we got the idea, why not start a club in the area, with the possibility of members coming from outside the area at a later date. So it came to pass that six of us met in the Central Hotel, Ballyhaunis, on the 4th November, 1987.

People who attended that meeting: Martin and Kevin Niland, Kilkelly; Joe Cunnane and Austin Henry, Knock; Eddie Mulhern and Tom Waldron. Arising from this, a further meeting was arranged for November 18th when eighteen people turned up. A committee was then elected as follows:

President, Joe Cunnane, Knock; Chairman, Tom Waldron, Tooreen; Vice-Chairman, John Clancy, Claremorris; Secretary, Basil Brennan, Knock; Asst. Secretary, Eddie Mulhern, Ballyhaunis; Treasurer, Austin Henry, Knock; Asst. Treasurer, Dom Murphy, Ballyhaunis; PRO, Martin Niland, Kilkelly.

Then a discussion took place as to what the club would be called. It was decided to call it a Collectors Club as some of the cars were not old enough to be classed as vintage, but were very much collectors' items. Also some of the members were owners of old tractors, so the word "car" could not be used. Therefore, the club would be known as the "Collectors' Vehicle Club".

## AIMS OF THE CLUB

It would provide an opportunity for members to come together once a month to discuss their cars and the projects they were working on, to help each other get spare parts, and pass on information about the location of old cars and tractors, also the older members could give help and advice to the younger members.



THE OLD AND THE NEW TAKEN OUTSIDE MURPHY'S GARAGE, DEVLIS, IN APRIL, 1988.

Social events, outings and Sunday drives could also be arranged.

At the present moment there are twenty-eight members in the Club, seventeen of those are owners of cars ranging in age from 1929 to 1965.

During the last number of years there is a great interest in the vintage and classic car movement in Ireland and it is only right and proper that all car clubs should do everything possible to restore and preserve the cars, tractors, lorries and vans of a by-gone era, even though it may cost two or three thousand pounds to restore any of those vehicles.

In Ireland, we are at a disadvantage compared to members of clubs in England, as the numbers of cars in this country per head of population was much lower than in England during the 'twenties, 'thirties and 'forties.

So with the idea of discovering some more old cars, our club would like to call on the general public to help out in any way possible, if you have an old car or tractor lying up in a garden or shed for, perhaps, twenty or maybe thirty years, please let our members know about them, even though they may be gone beyond restoration, they might provide some valuable spare parts for our restoration projects.

The vintage rally season is now over for 1988, and all the cars are safely stored away for the Winter. Our club members can look back on a successful and enjoyable year, which

started with our first rally on St. Patrick's Day, which was held in conjunction with the Tooreen parade.

We also took part in the following rallies and parades in 1988 — Killala, March 20th; Easter Sunday drive, April 3rd; Ballycastle weekend rally, May 7th/8th; Eyrecourt, Co. Galway, Steam and Vintage Rally, June 19th; Sligo/Donagall, June 25th/26th; Ballyhaunis Festival Parade, July 31st; Castlerea and Kilkelly festival parades, 5th and 14th August; South Mayo drive, Sept. 11th; Kiltimagh, October 24th.

The club's Annual General Meeting took place in the Central Hotel, Ballyhaunis, on Wednesday night, November 9th, 1988. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Joe Cunnane; Chairman, Tom Waldron; Vice-Chairman, John Clancy; Secretary, Eddie Mulhern; Asst. Secretary, Sean Clarke; Treasurer, Dom Murphy; Asst. Treasurer, John Kenny; PRO, Martin Niland.

The club meetings are held on the second Wednesday night of each month at different venues. It is not necessary to be the owner of a vehicle to become a member, people who have an interest in old cars, tractors or stationary engines are welcome to come along, more information can be had by contacting the Secretary, Eddie Mulhern, Ballyhaunis.

Our club is now affiliated to the Irish Veteran and Vintage Car Club.



## Golden Years

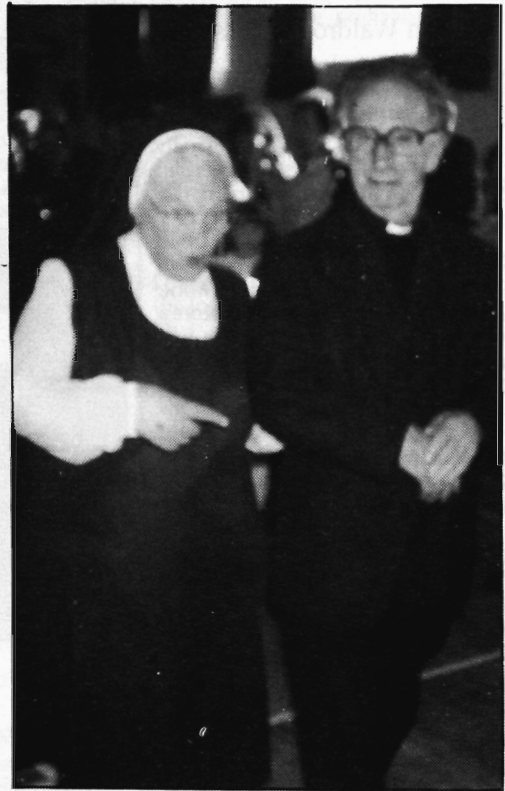
ONE of the happy occasions at the Friary here in Ballyhaunis this year was the celebration of the Sacerdotal Golden Jubilee of Fr. Michael Berrill, O.S.A., and Fr. Bartholmew Delaney, O.S.A. Both priests were ordained on the same day in Rome — on 10th July, 1938. Since then Fr. Berrill did all his priestly work in Ireland, spending the past fifteen years in Ballyhaunis. Fr. Delaney was in London during the war years, but then came here to the Abbey and has since given forty unbroken years of service to the town and the Archdiocese.

The Friary celebrations for Fr. Delaney and Fr. Berrill took place on 29th May. In the afternoon there was a lunch in their honour, and at 6 o'clock a Concelebrated Mass of Thanksgiving. The Abbey Church was crowded with people from the town and countryside, together with relatives and friends of the two jubilarians. Many of the local clergy and fellow Augustinians joined Very Rev. Canon Costello, P.P., and Very Rev. Fr. Thomas Cooney, O.S.A. (Augustinian Provincial), for the Mass. Representatives from the local choirs sang. Gifts were presented to the two priests on behalf of the town and of the Order, and they received the blessing of the Holy Father. Later, the celebrations continued in the Scout Den, during which the Jubilee Committee presented Fr. Delaney with a further gift to mark his forty years in the town.

Through the work of the Jubilee Committee, and the generosity of the people of Ballyhaunis and the locality, a new carved statue of Our Lady is to be sited at the Friary, as a tribute to Fr. Berrill and Fr. Delaney. The *Annagh* magazine committee members extend their congratulations and prayerful good wishes to these two well-loved priests.



FR. MICHAEL BERRILL WITH DR. JOSEPH CUNNANE, FORMER ARCHBISHOP.



SR. ASSUMPTA AND FR. DELANEY.

## Archbishop Cassidy's Wishes



I regret very much that owing to Confirmation commitments I am unable to be present at the Golden Jubilee Mass of Thanksgiving for Fr. Berrill and Fr. Delaney. I send my apologies to both and my warmest congratulations. They have fifty years of dedicated priesthood to celebrate. I hope that the appreciation of the people of Ballyhaunis and of many others elsewhere will help make today a truly Golden Day.

I say "thank you" to Fr. Berrill and Fr. Delaney for the example and inspiration they have given to us all.

May God give them his peace and joy.

+ Joseph Cassidy  
Archbishop of Tuam.

## Fine Gael — Jim Gets The Toughest Job

BY MARY BUCKLEY

**A** MAN with the toughest job in Irish politics today," was how John Bowman introduced Jim Higgins, T.D., on a recent "Questions and Answers" programme on television.

John Bowman was referring to the fact that Jim had just been appointed Chief Whip of the Fine Gael parliamentary party and that at present we have a minority government.

As Chief Whip Jim is responsible for negotiating all the business to come before Dail Eireann each week. He is also responsible for negotiating voting patterns with all the parties in the Dail and for Fine Gael voting discipline; and as such, in the present tight voting situation with the government being a minority one, he could very well be the person who will "call the shots" on the timing of the next general election.

The promotion of Jim, by Fine Gael leader, Alan Dukes, to a position demanding such gruelling hard work and nail-biting tension is seen as a recognition and just reward for his constant hard constituency work. The news was greeted locally with delight.

### ON AN ELECTION FOOTING

In an non-election year political activity is usually subdued; but with the knife-edge Dail voting situation the party, locally, has kept itself on an

election footing. The party leader, Alan Dukes, received a tumultuous reception at the constituency dinner in Julian's of Midfield and Joe McCartin, M.E.P.; Senator John Connor, Deputy Avril Doyle, Agricultural Spokesperson, and other prominent party personalities, attended various branch functions. These functions and other major fund-raising efforts, such as the national collection and the national draw have been a great success and are evidence of the high esteem in which the work of Deputy Higgins is held by all.

Congratulations are due to Rita London, whose trojan work with the national draw tickets meant that Mayo East had one of the highest rates of sale in the country.

The Ballyhaunis branch is delighted to record that Branch President, Bill Mulligan, has just completed seventy years of political activities.

The organisation suffered the loss of a loyal members with the untimely death of former Derrylea Branch President, P. J. Moran (R.I.P.). We offer condolences to his family and to all who have been bereaved during this year.

Branch officers: President, William Mulligan; Vice-Presidents, Pat Cribbin, Joe Webb; Chairman, Tony Cribbin; Vice-Chairman, John Dillon; Secretary, (Mrs.) Mary Buckley; Treasurers, Joe Byrne and Michael Webb; PRO, (Ms.) Aine Whelan; Organisers, John Joe Lilly, James M. Waldron, Peter Moran.

## Ballyhaunis & District Credit Union Ltd.

1988 has seen the continued expansion of the Ballyhaunis & District Credit Union with a growth of 40% in share capital and loans and a major milestone was reached with the issuing of our 500th loan during the year.

### What is a Credit Union?

A Credit Union is a non-profit making co-operative owned and run by the members, where the members' money is pooled together and issued out in loans, when required, with as little formalities as possible, at very low cost.

Some of the advantages of becoming a Credit Union member are: Dividend on savings, easy loan terms, withdrawal on demand, life savings/loan protection insurance coverage at no extra cost, late opening hours, total confidentiality, deposit interest retention tax (DIRT) does not affect Credit Union members' savings.

Ballyhaunis & District Credit Union: Hours of opening — Friday, 1.30 p.m. to 6.30 p.m.; Saturday, 8.00 p.m. to 9.00 p.m.; Sunday, 12 noon to 1.00 p.m.; also Tooreen School Sunday, 12.00 noon to 12.30 p.m.



MICHAEL WEBB, JIM HIGGINS, T.D., AND AINE WHELAN PRESENTING A £100 SPONSORSHIP CHEQUE ON BEHALF OF BALLYHAUNIS FINE GAEL TO SUMMER FESTIVAL DIRECTOR, JOHN DILLON-LEETCH.



# My Visit To Brazil And Chile

BY SEAMUS DURKAN

I HAVE always marvelled at the ingenuity of man that can get a hunk of metal, baggage and bodies off the ground and up to thirty or forty thousand feet, but I have never had any great desires to be with him. It was, then, with some reticence that I accepted the invitation of Paddy Cully, my brother-in-law, to visit his son, Fr. Patrick, in Brazil. The thoughts of fourteen hours couped-up in a plane were not attractive. It was, therefore, with some relief that we arrived in San Paulo.

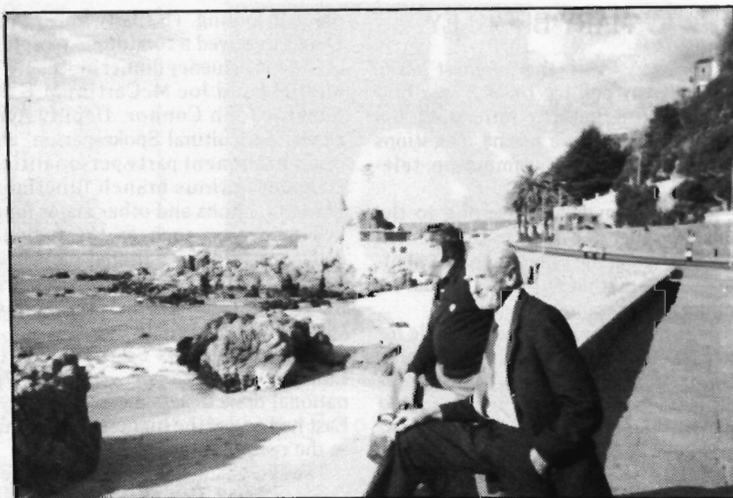
Fr. Patrick and Fr. Hugh Boyle (Donegal), packed us into their old-fashioned Volkswagon for our journey to their place, a comfortable but simple home, where we were looked after so well by Br. Vincent Dealy and housekeeper, Sedia.

We were very impressed on our way from the airport by the motorways, flyovers, underpasses, tunnels — a criss-cross of streets and roads beyond my comprehension but we soon experienced another side to life in Brazil. The society can be seen as clearly divided into the wealthy, the working class and the poor. Our experiences were among the latter two; among whom our clerical hosts worked and ministered.

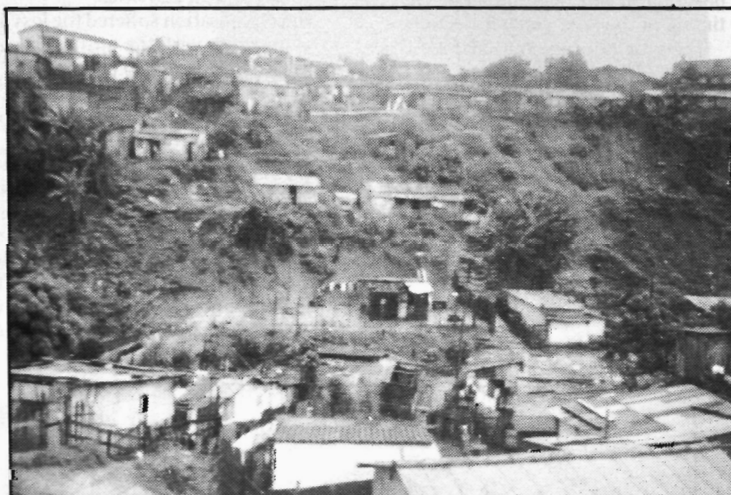
In the working class areas the houses start small and are added to, bit by bit, over the years — owner-built on Saturdays and Sundays. Poor sanitation was evident with the overflow running into the street channels, causing a noticeable aroma.

We also visited the Favellas, the name for the shanty houses of the poor. They are situated along the banks of the rivers — pretty much "no man's land". Built from car boxes, scraps of timber and other scavenged material, they are usually two or three rooms about six feet high. Sewage flows down to the rivers in open drains. We visited one elderly lady, paralysed by stroke, who lived in these kind of conditions with her husband whose face was a mass of what looked like a cancerous sore — yet their faith was striking. It is estimated that nearly one million people live in those conditions and another two and a half in poor housing.

One has to be impressed by the cleanliness of the working class people both in appearance, clothes and homes and by their great hospitality. But one suspects that this is due in no small way to the unselfish service which our priests and nuns give to them. These have to be very careful of their meagre funds. It may well be because of this that Fr. Patrick was reluctant to partake of the fare, in the rooftop restaurant of San Paulo's tallest building describing



ENJOYING THE SUN IN VALPARAISO — SEAMUS DURKAN AND BROTHER-IN-LAW, PADDY CULLY.



FAR FROM AN IRISH BUNGALOW — THE FEVELLAS OF BRAZIL.

the cost as "an arm and a leg". Paddy and I wanting to view the lights of the city insisted, deciding that it would be my leg and his arm. The "arm and leg" worked out at £7 each.

## NEARLY SHOT

The mosquito was my worst enemy and nobody had mentioned him to me before I left; but he didn't give me my greatest fright. That occurred as Paddy and I sauntered at our ease through the grounds of a college as Fr. Patrick was attending a conference. A young man and a friend came up beside me and spoke. When I looked he was pointing what looked like a gun at me and pointing to my camera. I turned and walked away, refusing to hand over my camera, as Paddy backed away keeping an eye on them. They must have sensed we were near the top of the avenue and just walked away. Was it a real gun? — I will never know.

## CHILE

I was not enthused going to Brazil but I was even less so about Chile, which reluctance was not lessened by the searching and hassle we got from customs on arrival. Here we were hosted by Sr. Lourdes, a small Brazilian nun who had served in Fr. Patrick's parish. Her home was a small wooden house.

We visited Sandiogo and I was surprised by the variety of the make, colour and shape of the buses — some would appear to have pre-dated the horse — but, in fairness, they gave a good service.

A notable feature of the cityscape was its flatness. It seems that the lack of skyscrapers is the result of earthquake possibilities. There were a lot of army personnel and guns to be seen but despite a pretty hectic election only two weeks previously, there was a quiet normal appearance. We did pass a rather

gruesome-looking building where, we were told, political prisoners were kept. Fr. Patrick Munguvan, a Columban Father, introduced us to his community, who were celebrating the centenary of the birth of our fellow Mayo man and their founder, Fr. John Blowick.

The land was absolutely flat and intensely cultivated with, as far as the eye could see, vines, lemon, oranges, potatoes, etc. They have natural storage of water in the snow on the mountains and, usefully enough, the hotter the weather, the more water they had.

**Did you ever hear of Valpareso?** I didn't but everyone else seemed to have. When we arrived it seemed to be deserted but I soon learned the cause — siesta time (1 to 4 p.m.). Later that evening it was a different scene; with teaming crowds in stall-lined markets. A visit to the Pacific was a necessity and I dipped-in — but only my hand as the water was quite cold having come from the Antarctic. It was while here I had my second experience of robbery. As five of us walked along to visit friends of Sr. Lourdes I felt a hand slip into my pocket. I shouted. A Chilean friend was after the thief in a shot. Fr. Patrick and Sister were on his heels knowing the danger. The thief rounded a corner; so did the pursuers — there was a man with a knife; that ended the chase. It was the only time in two weeks I had carried money. However, we found great hospitality there also. The working class in Chile were proud of their recent



ONE OF FR. PATRICK CULLY'S CHURCHES, WITH ITS GARAGE-LIKE UP-AND-OVER DOOR.

victory against Penechoe and took great pride in being Chilean.

#### ROBBED AGAIN

On a brief return visit to Brazil in transit home we enjoyed the spectacle of the Shrine of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, Brazil's national Shrine, which dwarfs Knock. We spent our final night in Rio de Janeiro where we climbed the famous Sugar Loaf and watched the lights of Rio being switched on. While relaxing over an enjoyable meal our car was quietly opened, the infamous camera removed and the car door locked again — it was difficult to believe it was gone.

#### A SMALL WORLD

Journeying far from home one little expects to meet people one knows; but the Irish are a far-flung race as was brought home to us. Relief from my mosquito distress came from a Sister who told me she knew Muriel Murphy — her sister is married to Muriel's brother, Tom. One of the priest, Fr. Louis Casey of Charlestown, has a brother married to a daughter of Mrs. Mulhern of Upper Main Street. Another priest at the Columban Centre told us his people came from Ireland but he had never been. "What part?", we asked. "Knock", was the answer — a small world, indeed.



CONVENT SCHOOL (SECOND YEAR), 1960 — FRONT (LEFT TO RIGHT): HELEN FREELEY, MARY MURPHY, MAIREAD McNAUGHT, PATRICIA LYONS, HELEN CORR, UNA RONAYNE. SECOND ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): MARY WALDRON, MARY MARGARET LYONS, MARY McDONACH, TRIONA MULHERN, AGNES LYONS, HANORA GLYNN, MIRIAM MURPHY, MARY MCGUIRE, MARGARET CLEARY. THIRD ROW (LEFT AND RIGHT): PATRICIA WALLACE, PAULINE CARTY, RITA CONCANNON, BREEGE BYRNE, EILEEN LYONS, MARY FREELEY, IRENE MORLEY, PATSY KELLY, MAUREEN BURKE, TERESA HENRY, MARY LOWERY, EILEEN HOBAN, MARY SWEENEY. BACK (LEFT TO RIGHT): PAT HENRY, CASSIE CAULFIELD, FIDELMA DEVANEY, EILISH HOLMES, BRIDIE LYONS, KATHLEEN WALDRON, RITA WALLACE.

PHOTO COURTESY MARY TIMONEY



# Drama Diary 1988

BY FRANKIE O'MALLEY

**S**T. Patrick's Dramatic Society started 1988 with T. C. Murray's "Autumn Fire". A worthy vehicle for the talented people involved in bringing the play to the stage. Performances in the Parochial Hall for the home audiences were followed by the group's participation in five Drama Festivals. Seven acting awards were won — two best actor awards went to Tony Carney for his highly charged but controlled performance as "Owen Keegan". To Jack Green went two best supporting actor awards for his sensitive portrayal of "Morgan Keegan". Also on two occasions best supporting actress was awarded to Maura O'Neill for her ability to bring the scheming intuitive "Ellen Keegan" to life. While a special award was won by Margaret Lyons for her vivacious playing of "Molly Hurley". Other members of the cast were: Noel Lyons, Margaret Niland, Moira Noone and Michael Daly. The play was produced and directed by Frank Herraghty.

## BALLYHAUNIS SUMMER FESTIVAL

A short rest until early Summer when the group's new production of J. B. Keane's "Sive" went into rehearsal. Directed by Pat Doyle and Kit Keane. It must be mentioned that drama is

usually a part of dark Winter nights rehearsing in the Parochial Hall and then on to Paddy Phillip's for a jar, a few songs and stories — all very pleasant. Going to a rehearsal on a bright Summer night can be a different matter. We must give special praise to the members of our group who gave up many Summer nights in order to present "Sive" for the Ballyhaunis Summer Festival. The cast included newcomers Mary Caulfield, Patrick O'Malley and Robert Keane, as well as thespians Jack Green, Tony Carney, Padraic Lyons, Frank Leonard with Finola Morley as "Nana" and Margaret Lyons as "Sive".

The A.D.L. week-long drama course in Gormanston College this year was attended by Patrick O'Malley, Margaret Niland and Frank Herraghty, who enjoyed the week filled with mime, improvisations and games, and all among people who love drama. I'll be back there myself next year.

In late September rehearsals started for the one-act play, "The Time Of The Whitethorn" by Bryan MacMahon, directed by Frank Herraghty. At the same time the group decided to hold a series of theatre workshops. The first of these workshops was held in October. Frank Herraghty dealing with stage craft and improvisation, while Margaret Niland worked on reactions through

games, demanding quick thinking. A very rewarding, as well as enjoyable night was had by all. We hope to hold our next theatre workshop in the very near future.

Something new from St. Patrick's was our move into pub theatre with "The Time Of The Whitethorn", staged in the Horseshoe Inn. As most one-act drama festivals are held in hotels and pubs, we felt very much at home. On the festival circuit Margaret Niland won best actress for her sincere and haunting performances as "Mary Kish". That was Bundoran, then on to Kiltimagh where "The Time Of The Whitethorn" won the New York Cup for the play with the best Irish ethos. Longford next gave us our win with special mention for Margaret Niland and Finola Morley as the cunning Dublin girl, "Betty Carrigan". Also in the cast were Frankie O'Malley and Tony Carney.

As we come to the end of 1988 with readings for next year's three-act play, as well as plans for another workshop we wish to welcome our new members. Thank you to the stage crews who built, put up, as well as transport the sets. Thank you Kit for everything! Thank you to our audiences! Please grow in numbers! See you all in the New Year!

Officers: Chairman, Pat Doyle; Secretary, Maura O'Neill; Treasurer, Mike Daly; PRO, Frankie O'Malley.

## LATE NEWS

Our one-act play, "The Time Of The Whitethorn", has qualified for the All-Ireland final in Carlow in the first week in December.



DIRECTOR AND CAST OF "THE TIME OF THE WHITETHORN" — FINOLA MORLEY, TONY CARNEY, MARGARET NILAND, FRANK HERRAGHTY (DIRECTOR), FRANKIE O'MALLEY.

# The Dancehall "Of Pure Chance"

MARY F. (Creighton) CLEARY

**M**Y earliest memories of reading a newspaper are as an eight or nine year old, lying across a circular kitchen table over a copy of the "Western". It must have been a Thursday night. My interest then was in the pictures in Kiltimagh for the coming week. Being that the advertisements for the dances were inserted in huge calligraphic capitals down the centre of this same page I couldn't miss out on who was to play in Tooreen on the Sunday night. Little did I know then that this page would still hold for me the same sense of excitement for many years to come.

The Summer of '63 brought the usual number of visitors to our house. It was over tea in the front room one such evening the clanger was dropped by a relation. "What age is she now? She'll soon be off to the dances! How would you like to go to Tooreen on Sunday night?" Even though the final question was directed at me I daredn't answer. I wanted to be truthful and say 'no'. I wasn't yet ready for this giant step, not to mention quick step. On the other hand it was an opportunity not to be missed. Wouldn't it be a great boast when I'd get back to the convent in September!

Accompanied by the four cousins I made my debut in Tooreen the following Sunday night, music was by the Melody Aces, admission was 7/6. Behind the stage was the ladies' cloakroom. I folded my coat and had it checked in for 6d. The next trick I learned was that you put your ticket in your shoe. The "seasoned campaigners" were three deep around small mirrors busily backcombing their hair into beehives and applying lots of lacquer to hold the shape. At that stage I wondered at the wisdom of ironing my long locks in what I believed to be the latest fashion.

Down in the ballroom packed to capacity the music was fantastic but the heat was intense. All those cool looking girls amazed me but I was yet to discover Max Factor Pan Stick that gave crimson cheeks and deathly pallor which was to be the look of the 'sixties! I imagine it would become evident once I took the floor that it was my first dance. After all I couldn't dance. The few ceili lessons in the school hall did not equip one with the rudiments of fancy footwork required for such an upmarket establishment, but what if nobody asked me!! However, having been walked backwards around the hall for what seemed like a lifetime, by a fellow



24th OCTOBER, 1951 — FIRST GALA BALL IN TOOREEN DANCE HALL — HANNAH O'DWYER, JIMMY GILMORE, ANGELA JOYCE, MAY MOYLES, NORA SWEENEY, MADGE SWEENEY. Photo courtesy Angela Joyce.

with a Marian Year badge swaying on his left lapel, I figured fairly quickly that ballroom dancing didn't require any astounding artistry!

I'm sure it wasn't that night that I first noticed Fr. McHugh with his window pole which he frequently used to open windows high up on the side walls and on occasion used to draw the attention of certain couples to a notice on the back wall which read: "Dress modestly, dance modestly, enjoy the dance!"

Whatever I have said earlier about dancing I realised jiving needed practice and being fortunate in having a "willing" young sister we practised at home at every opportune moment. Little did she appreciate how she benefitted from my reconnaissance trip to the local dance hall. For reconnaissance trip it truly was. Six months later I was back in Tooreen again. In the intervening time we talked of nothing else, we shortened the dresses, practiced the jiving, booked our seats with the local hackney driver for St. Stephen's Night and again, The Melody Aces.

The mineral bar and supper room in Tooreen held little interest for me in the beginning. I believed them to be there to satisfy the thirst and culinary needs of the patrons. Little did I know the significant part playing by both in the development of relationships. Any couple seen heading in the direction of either were said, to put it in geometrical terms, "squared" and at about this time I also discovered the significance of the request "will you stay on?"

To begin with we danced in Tooreen during school holiday time

and later returned from Dublin practically every weekend to do so at the expense of a half day's annual leave to travel back on Monday morning. An unusual feature of dance hall advertising in the '60s was that you never knew who was booked to play on Sunday nights until the "Western" appeared on Thursday. For the culchies in Dublin this important item of information could be extracted from the pages of the said newspaper on Eason's stands. You are hardly seated in the train at Westland Row on a Friday evening when someone was sure to ask: "Who's playing in Tooreen?"

It was on one such weekend that my answer to this usual question was "Art Supple & The Victors". Art who? Who cares. You were assured of a good night in Tooreen anyway. Little did I know that it was to be on this Sunday night, 11th August, 1968, that I was to meet, by pure chance, the "father of all my children".

## Population Trends In Ballyhaunis 1981-1986

THE population of Ballyhaunis (including suburbs and environs), in 1981 was 1,403.

The population in 1986 was 1,338 of which 644 were males and 694 females.

The drop in population from 1,403 to 1,338 represents a decrease of 4.6%

(Source: Census 1986, vol. 1, Central Statistics Office).



# Enjoyable Language Learning

BY BERNARD FREYNE

**P**LEASE, before you say in frustration "Oh no, not another one of those articles on twinning", allow me to outline my thoughts and impressions, with the help of a few little anecdotes, on twinning.

It is my opinion that, with the advent of 1992, and the fact that each year we seem to be coming into contact more with mainland Europe, we need more and more to be able to communicate without friends there. Failure on our part to be able to do that will have us, and our future, handicapped right from the start. In fact, I would support it being brought a step further, the idea of making contact with a town in each of the major countries of Europe. But let's save what we have first. Our children, if they are to survive on this side of the Atlantic, will have to learn European languages and the onus is on us, the parents, to encourage and facilitate them doing so. Ours is a little island, isolated out here in the Atlantic, and nobody is going to help us so that we have to help ourselves. The future is in our hands, yours and mine. Think about it.

Having got the more serious bit off my chest I would like to tell the afore-said few anecdotes of what happened to me and my friends in the course of our being twinned with our friends in Guilers. The fact that I went to Guilers was in itself an accident. I must have had our tour organiser up the wall, because one week I was going and the next week I was not. Eventually two weeks before I was able to make up my mind. It is an accident I would not wish to have avoided.

The boat journey alone was a very pleasant, social event. The sea was

calm; the food was good and the drinks were cheap. Inevitably the seisin and sing-song started up, we got into Roscoff Port at 6.30 a.m., bloodshot and bleary-eyed. Our friends were at the port en masse to meet us. When we got to Guilers we were each allocated a family that was to be the host for the remainder of the week.

At this point I would like you to imagine yourself in my position — there I was, raw from Ireland, having forgotten every word of French I learned at school approximately twenty-five years beforehand. "What in the hell am I doing here anyway?" It wasn't too bad on the boat, at least you could speak English and be understood; but now here I am in a situation where the granddaddy or the mammy and daddy of the house couldn't speak a word of English, even if it was to save their lives. You can imagine the sigh of relief I let when the son of the house said "Hello, how are you?" Now let your imagination run a little bit more and in your own mind picture the scene where you have three French people with no English; an Irishman with no French; and a French lad with plenty of French and a little English; all sitting round a table and feeling a little bit uncomfortable. So what better way to relax among such new-found friends but with a little drink. A bottle of Ricard was produced and "une boisson" was offered to me which I duly accepted, and being one of those people who does not pamper with perfection, I refused the water when it was passed around. That was my mistake. Weak-eyed, though I wasn't aware of it at the time, they watched me take a sip, or should I say, a mouthful of the aniseed tasting liquor. In fact it was just



MAYOR OF GUILERS, LOUIS BALLARD, OFFICIALLY NAMING THE SQUARE DE BALLYHAUNIS IN GUILERS.



FRENCH STUDENTS SAYING "AU REVOIR" AFTER A HECTIC WEEK IN BALLYHAUNIS, OCTOBER, 1988.

like those aniseed sweets we used to eat long ago (alas where are they now?).

Everything was fine until the liquor hit "the spot". Oh boy! the burning feeling started somewhere inside and it grew and grew. It eventually welled up around my neck and continued up my face. Worried looks were being exchanged among the French. When my face had reached the ultimate degree of crimson, my French friends held an impromptu conference and decided to pass a glass of water to me. I eventually got the message. I never dreamed that water could taste so good. When I regained my composure and settled down I was offered another Ricard, this time, need I say, I took the water — much to the relief of my French hosts. You know it's funny but after one or two or maybe even three of those Ricards one does begin to relax and feel at home — no matter where they are. I asked Pascal, the son, what his parents names were — mama was Marie Teresa, and papa was to the best of my interpretation, "Hosè". Now I ask you, what was a guy in the North West of France doing with a Spanish name; but sure we were on the mainland Europe and "what the heck — everything goes". So, for the rest of the week each time I called "Hosè" to the man of the house I got a funny look; as did his wife and son — as much as to say, "what's wrong with this Irishman, that he can't understand simple French?" To make a long story short I discovered at the end of the week his name was Roger. Despite these difficulties or more probably because of them that week was the beginning of a wonderful friendship between my family and that French family. It has grown to the extent that I would class my French friends almost as brother and sister. The story of that week is one about how we Irish "put our feet in it" at different times.

There was one story about one lady who wished to purchase a centre-piece for a table for a friend of her's back home. She eventually found herself in a department store in Brest — the nearest big city to Guilers — a young lady



"MORE FRENCH THAN THE FRENCH"

attendant came up to her, very anxious to make a sale and asked if she could be of any help. "I want to buy a 'centre-piece' for a table, you know, a centre-piece." The young lady tossed the two words "centre-piece" around in her mind and at last the penny dropped and her fact lit up. "Ah, oui madam," says she, "a CEN-TRE-PIECE." And off she goes into the depths of the store. Five minutes later she arrives back with a very brief pair of panties . . . red cheeks again and much cause of laughter later. I must say, however, that it was not only the Irish who we caught wrong footed. On a return visit to my home Marie Teresa, Roger and two other friends, plus myself, were on a day trip to Achill

Island. Marie Teresa, who by now is studying English decides she is going to put all her efforts to the test, goes to the counter to order. "may I have five cups of coffee and five children sandwiches."

I could go on and on with different stories that happened to me and others during visits by the French to Ireland and by the Irish to France, but if I did this article certainly would not be finished by the deadline.

I have told those few stories because I want to outline that there is an enjoyable side to twinning. At the same time it is a serious matter and should be treated as such. The twinning has been very good to me as to others. It has given me exceptionally good friends and it also has given me knowledge that hitherto I did not have. My children are communicating regularly with other children in France, which means that my twin base in France is forever getting bigger and stronger. I am a committed European and I make no apology for it. I believe we have an awful lot to learn. I believe that if we let our twinning relationship with Guilers die, and believe me, it is dying, we will have lost one of the best opportunities for advancement both culturally and economically. Opportunities, not for ourselves but for our children and grandchildren and, indeed, their children. I suggest it is not our right to let it die. I believe that if our children do not speak the languages of Europe when they enter the fray of commercial life then we might as well throw in the towel and agree to stagnate in our own little cocoon.

Is there anybody who feels as strongly about twinning's importance as I do? If so let's get together and salvage it before it's too late. Many readers' children have benefitted from student exchange but its life span is limited without an adult dimension. I know that the Guiler Twinning enthusiasm is still as strong as ever. It is up to us! I hope to go back in the near future. Who will join me?



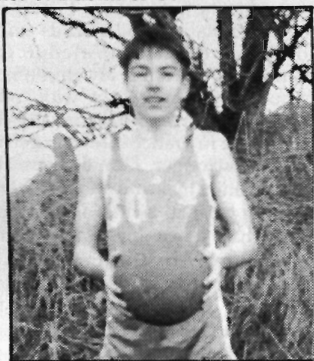
JOHN MOONEY, PAUL WALDRON, BERNARD FREYNE, YVONNE DOHERTY, LOUISE O'CONNOR AND GUILERS FRIENDS IN THE GROUNDS OF THE MARIE IN GUILERS.



# International Basketball Comes To Ballyhaunis

BY AINE WHELAN

**W**HO would have thought when Ballyhaunis basketball was in its infancy ten years ago that the town would be hosting international matches within a short time. This year saw this happen with the staging of the Ireland versus Wales international in the Community School gymnasium. This was all the more a special occasion since it was the first time the event was hosted outside the cities of Dublin or Cork.

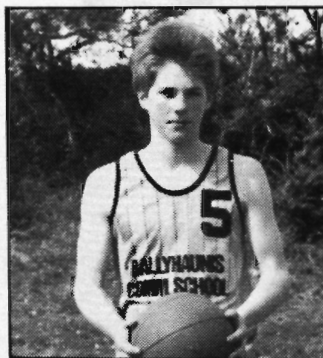


LORCAN HIGGINS, WHO WON A SILVER MEDAL WITH CONNACHT IN THE RECENT INTER-PROVINCIAL IN CORK.

The gradual lead-up to the event began two years ago when we hosted the Mayo finals for the first time. The following year we hosted an inter-provincial and the guests were really impressed with the standard of organisation. It took lots of hard work and could not have been done without the sponsorship of Mr. Pat Martin and the Bank of Ireland. To Pat we are deeply indebted since, not only did he arrange the sponsorship of the official reception and the momentos presented to each player, but he also helped organise and publicise the event. Of course, having one of our own, Peadar Walsh, playing made it all the more enjoyable for the Ballyhaunis supporters, who did us proud. We were pleased to have among our guests Mr. Donal Creed, Minister for Sport.

The smoothness of the operation led to our being asked by the Irish Basketball Association to host the Wales v Ireland international. The project was set in motion with approaches to Mr. Rafique of Halal; Mr. Pat Martin of Bank of Ireland, and Ballyhaunis Chamber of Commerce for sponsorship and help, which was gratefully received.

The Welsh team flew into Knock Airport where they were hosted at a reception by Mr. Ryan and the Airport Management. By Saturday excitement around the town was at fever-pitch as we plodded our way through the snow to the Community School gymnasium.



PEADAR WALSH, WHO PLAYED FOR CONNACHT IN THE 1986 INTER-PROVINCIAL IN THE COMMUNITY SCHOOL.

## VICTORY TO IRELAND

Over five hundred people from all over Ireland and Wales watched in awe at the skill with which Ireland defeated the opposition and, indeed, went on to win the Triple Crown for the first time ever. The after-match official reception in the Community School assembly area was attended by politicians and other dignitaries and was a very enjoyable event. One hundred and thirty sat down to a piping hot meal prepared by Mr. Frank Moynihan. The hospitality, however, did not stop there. Bank of Ireland presented the visitors with sports bags as a memento of Ballyhaunis and the Chamber of Commerce presented beautiful Galway Crystal glass to the best player. Midas Nite Club hosted everyone that night and a very enjoyable time (into the early morning hours), was had by all.

## WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

Basketball is now regarded as one of the fastest growing sports in Ireland and when we consider the local talent —

that Peadar Walsh was a Connacht team member last year and that five of the top twenty boys in their age-cohort are from Ballyhaunis — Lorcan Higgins, Patrick McGarry, David Burke, Adrian O'Boyle and Johnny Kelly; together with the same type of rating for the girls such as Mary Tarpey, Margaret Feeney, Marie Flynn (of last year's North Eastern Connacht squads), and Maura Daly, Hilary Madden and Yvonne Byrne of this year's, we can confidently predict that we will, once again, be cheering an Irish team to victory and this time with one of our own giving a dazzling display of talent — when it does Ballyhaunis with its various hard-working organisations and good community spirit, will triumph once again.

## Ballyhaunis Ladies' Basketball Club

**OFFICERS for 1988/'89** — Chairperson, Angela Morley; Secretary, Mary Henry; PRO, Mary Caulfield; Treasurer, Finola Morley; Coach, Michael McNamara.

The club again had a successful year finishing in the prominent position of joint leaders with Carrick-on-Shannon of the Sligo & District area basketball league.

Three of our members were elected to the area board this year — Mary Caulfield and Stella Morley as Joint Secretaries and Finola Morley as Fixtures Officer.

Looking back, it has been an eventful year, not just on court. We held a 'Sixties Disco in the Central Hotel and had a fund-raising venture in



CONNACHT REGIONAL TEAM MEMBERS 1988 — MAURA DALY, YVONNE BYRNE, HILARY MADDEN.

## BASKETBALL CONTINUED

Commiskey's, which proved to be a great success — thanks to the owners who co-operated so willingly with us. We made presentations through the year to Mary T. Madden, Mary Caulfield and Stella Morley on the occasions of their 21st birthdays; and to our coach we presented a plaque in appreciation of his hard work and dedication.

Again, this year we travelled to Killarney to compete in the All-Ireland tournament. This, undoubtedly, is the highlight of our basketball year and though we didn't win any trophies, we all had a fantastic weekend as there is always plenty of "sport agus crack" among the teams. We did, however, reach the quarter-finals, a repeat of last year, so we are anticipating a case of "third time lucky" next year!

We also bade farewell to a few members who have taken up posts elsewhere. One in particular deserves special mention for her great commitment to the club since it began — that is Margaret Conboy, who is now working in Dublin. Au revoir, Margaret — see you in Killarney! But we also welcome new members — Moira Flynn, Julia Morley, Mairead Brennan and Cora Lynch. Welcome back also to Teresa Fitzmaurice. With these on the panel we have high notions!

Like all clubs, we, too, suffer



BALLYHAUNIS LADIES' BASKETBALL TEAM — BACK (L. TO R.): MICHAEL McNAMARA (COACH), JOANNE MORLEY, MARGARET MORLEY, MARGARET CONBOY, ANGELA MORLEY. FRONT (L. TO R.): MARY CAULFIELD, BERNIE FORDE, STELLA MORLEY, MARY HENRY, FINOLA MORLEY.

financial hardships. In the coming year we hope to hold a "100 club" limited draw and look forward to a good response. Very many thanks to all who have contributed to our basketball marathon in the past and to those who sponsored our trip to Killarney.

At the time of writing we are in Division One of the area league and have played the first round of matches with a fair degree of success, so we are still in there with a hope of winning our first major tournament.

**Mary Caulfield.**



BALLYHAUNIS U-10 TEAM WINNERS OF THE CASTLEBAR MITCHELS' ANNUAL BLITZ IN CASTLEBAR FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER — FRONT (LEFT TO RIGHT): SEAMUS LUNDON, ALAN REGAN, IAN WEBB, SIMON WEBB (CAPT.), JOHN BURKE, PAUL FINN, SEAN HUNT, SIMON McCafferty, DON REGAN. BACK (LEFT TO RIGHT): DARRACH EAGNEY, NIAL TIGHE, EDWARD WEBB, PATRICK KEANE, EGIN BUTLER, BRIAN FLANAGAN, JAMES McGARRY, ALAN DELANEY, CARL McMANUS, BRIAN HANNON, P. C. CURLEY, CONOR McMANUS, MICHAEL REGAN. BACK: MARTIN CARNEY, MAYO FOOTBALLER, WHO PRESENTED THE TROPHIES TO BALLYHAUNIS FOR THEIR FIRST EVER WIN IN THIS COMPETITION. THE TEAM MANAGER WAS PATSY KEANE. SELECTORS, PADDY PHILLIPS, DAVID MORLEY AND EAMONN MURREN.



## Bargarriff

BY (Mrs.) AGNES HEANEY

THE village of Bargarriff is situated approximately three miles from the town of Ballyhaunis. Today it's a small village of only six families, but I can remember when there were fourteen, with at least six or seven people in each house. But all that has changed, as many of its senior citizens have "passed on", the low marriage rate, the impact of emigration and the drift from the land over the years has had a devastating effect here, as well as in other rural areas. Most of the remaining houses are scattered across a valley, which is divided by the main road from Ballyhaunis to Granlahan. At a sharp bend on this road the remains of the Bargarriff ball-alley can be seen, erected about 1916 by local lads and where many a good "match" was played in my father's time and later. It was also extremely popular with dancers from all over the locality who came there to enjoy themselves at the "open-air" ceilis on Summer evenings, to the music of the local musicians.

The oldest antiquity in the village is the double-ringed fort, like most forts, of this type it is situated in an upland area and in an out of the way place that is now easy of access. The inner ring, which is about six feet high is almost perfect, but very much overgrown with brambles and small

trees. These trees are of the thorn and hazel kind. The outer ring is not as well preserved and is separated from the inner ring by a ditch about ten feet wide. Standing on the outer ring of this rath, you may enjoy a splendid view of the surrounding countryside. There's a fine bog beside it where the people of this village have been getting their annual supply of turf for many years. I remember going there to help my father with the gathering of the turf or with the "tea" when I came home from school.

One particular cottage was the home of the Bailey family and was very popular in the district as a visiting house for many years. Here the neighbours would gather and, sitting around the blazing turf fire, the affairs of both the nation and the parish were nightly discussed. Andy was a great man to tell stories, he had been much of a rambler in his day and had passed some years of his youth in England, returning to join in the "Fight for Freedom". The tales we liked best were the ones about the "little people" for he knew every hill and every "scoig" bush in the neighbourhood that was sacred to "them" and knew many people who had actually seen "them" time and again. I can see him now sitting in an old armchair, cradling the bowl of his pipe in his palm and looking into the fire on the hearth, while he recounted wonderful experiences to audiences that, like myself, listened entranced.

Though many of these stories were almost ancient history to us, we would not be tired hearing them again and again. His sister, Biddy, was also a great story-teller and would have the kettle singing on the crook and before everyone left for home they received large mugs of strong tea with slices of home-made golden-crust bread, lavishly buttered. Long before television came the visiting house was a great source of pleasure and entertainment on long Winter evenings.

Now this particular "visiting house" has gone forever, for both of these dear neighbours have been called to their eternal reward. On this golden tranquil evening as I sit on the loose stone wall near their deserted cottage, the door shut tight I sadly reflect no wisp of smoke will ever rise from its solitary chimney again. The silence is heavy all around me, only a stream gurgling unseen by the boreen. Late bees buzzing in the blackberry bushes; the ancient rook-haunted trees overhead and away over the bogs the curlews sounded their sweet shrill notes as I gazed on that lonely scene a few lines of a verse came to my mind:

The swallow oft beneath your  
thatch  
Did twitter from her clay-built  
nest  
Oft did the pilgrim lift the latch  
And shared your meal — a  
welcome guest.



G.A.A. U.S. TRIP, 1981 — FRANK MULLIGAN, EAMON HEALY, BRENDAN MORRISSEY, GER LYONS, SEAN MORAN, PETER GILMORE, MICK MURRAY, JANETTE DUGGAN, SEAN WALDRON, SEAN CRIBBIN.

# Ballyhaunis Summer Festival 1988

BY JOHN DILLON-LEETCH  
(Festival Director)

**A** PARTICULARLY severe strain of "Festival Fever" hit Ballyhaunis and its environs on Friday, the 29th July, 1988. It afflicted all those who entered the town in the ten days which followed and was finally eradicated on the night of Sunday, 7th August.

Local doctors are predicting a further outbreak in 1989 and the best estimate is that it will strike again on Friday, 28th July, and Ballyhaunis will, once again, be in the grip of "Festival Fever" until Sunday, 6th August, 1989. Various theories abound as to the source of this outbreak but the most reliable explanation is that it started at a committee meeting last January of the Chamber of Commerce and rapidly spread to other organisations and individuals. The recognisable symptoms include dancing and singing at The Square, entering pub talent competitions, insomnia, playing golf, fishing and spending money. There are, however, numerous other signs and side effects and it is possible only in this article to identify the major symptoms and to deal briefly with their origin.

## MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT

Live music on a generous and colourful stage at The Square proved to be popular with young and old and the lively entertainment covered all musical tastes. The Festival opening

was graced with the traditional sounds of "Siamsa Tuaithe", led by Jimmy Duffy from Aughamore, and as the evening gave way to night the blue grass sounds of Chris Meehan and his Redneck Friends from Dublin charmed the feet off the young to make our first open-air barn dance a memorable occasion.

Marian Egan from Tavrane ensured that the very high entry and busy programme for the Feis Cheoil which took place on Saturday, the 30th July, was completed on time and the very high standard of entry from locals and not so locals alike impressed the adjudicators and gave them much to think about. The unique sounds of "Dorachadas" from Wexford provided a very pleasant backdrop to the Festival Rose competition on Saturday evening at The Square and the haunting music of "Dorachadas" was again appreciated at the impromptu session on Sunday.

Anne Byrne put her best foot forward and had a huge entry for her "Feile Rince" at the Scouts' den on Bank Holiday Monday.

The open-air music continued on Sunday evening at The Square with the Northern based group, "Skylark", whose music blended very well with the famous fiddlers from Sligo, Seamus and Manus Maguire. No traditional music session would be complete without a sean nós song and this was provided by Josie Sean Jack from Carna. Traditional music lovers had to abandon the streets and take to the pubs on the nights of Monday, Wed-

nesday and Thursday when disco and rock music shook The Square and musical vibrations were felt out in Johnstown as well. Although the programme intended that the "Aftermath" would support the Tuam based "Too Much For The White Man", the local enthusiasm and reception for the aspiring rock stars in the "Aftermath" gives rise to the belief that we will be hearing a lot more of them in the future.

Traditional music returned and the traditional music lovers emerged from the pubs on Saturday night when the "McHugh family" from Began again proved their popularity and professionalism with a very lively concert at The Square. A balmy sunny Sunday afternoon proved an ideal setting for an open-air jazz session featuring the "Jazz Lads" from Sligo and the warm evening which followed meant that there was an ideal setting for a Ceili Mor at The Square which brought the musical entertainment of this year's festival to a close.

Many impromptu sessions featuring talented musicians from near and afar added to a busy programme and, indeed, it is known that one of the festival committee members was persuaded to put on the stage lights at a late hour to facilitate music, singing and dancing in The Square.

## YOUTH ACTIVITIES

Children were very much to the fore during this year's festival. The festival committee planned many



FESTIVAL ROSES, 1988 — FRONT ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): OLIVIA HIGGINS, PATRICIA COEN, VICKY FITZGERALD, KAY STENSON, HELENA BIESTY, JOANNE MORLEY, ATTRACTA GREENE. SECOND ROW (L. TO R.): OLIVE BIESTY, CAROLINE WALSH, COLLETTE JORDAN, ANNE HEALY, MARY WEBB, BARBARA DILLON. THIRD ROW (L. TO R.): ASSUMPTA BIESTY, MAGGIE FEENEY, JUDY DAVITT, PATRICIA FITZGERALD, JOANNE BYRNE. BACK ROW (L. TO R.): ELAINE COX, EAVAN WEBB, DEIRDRE DEACY, MICHELLE SMITH, INGRID TIGHE, AISHLING WEBB, MARITA WEBB, ANNA COEN, MICHELLE DEACY. MISSING FROM PHOTO: GERALDINE HIGGINS, BRONAGH MCKERMIT, PATRICIA CURLEY.



activities for them and as expected they were enthusiastic participants. As a result of the great efforts of the Angling Club, fishing at the White Lake has been revived and the stands and boats were fully occupied throughout Saturday, the 30th day of July, for the open fishing competition. Indeed, this event proved to be so popular that it had to be repeated on the following Saturday.

The children's fancy dress parade and the competition again proved to be a marvellous success and Monica Carr from RTE was a very popular adjudicator. Model car racing at the children's car park provided an unusual spectacle for young and old and we are greatly indebted to the Model Car Enthusiasts who came, at their own expense, from Dublin having being invited by Rory O'Connor. They were very pleased with their outing and have promised to come back next year.

Although they missed their train and arrived with traditional bedlam and entertainers, "Laurel and Hardy" won the hearts of young and old during their two-day visit to our Summer Festival. Hilarity and confusion were the order of the day with these two gentlemen from God knows where but not only did they provide a marvel for the children but they also attempted to sort out Ballyhaunis traffic problems as well.

The dog show gave an opportunity to many a child to lead out their pups or was it that the pups were leading the children.

Our first tennis tournament for boys and girls got off to a shaky start and in the boys' competition our local hero was narrowly beaten by an intruder from Cork. Children's sports day at the GAA grounds was again well attended and some more unusual competitions provided ideal entertainment for Thursday afternoon.

The not so warm waters of the swimming pool did not deter fun and games at the swimming gala on Saturday. The young and old football enthusiasts were well catered for with the finals of the Vincent Caulfield Memorial Cup at the GAA pitch on Monday and an exhibition match by the Mayo team in preparation for the All-Ireland semi-final, which, unfortunately, they subsequently lost to Meath.

#### SPIRITUAL MATTERS

There were occasions during the ten days of Festival activities when one could be touched not only by the music and entertainment but also by



HOME FOR THE FESTIVAL — "ON THE STREET WHERE WE LIVED" — STEPHEN WALDRON, PAT RATTIGAN AND JOHN KEANE ON KNOX STREET.

the spiritual elements of the programme. Our "O Riada Mass" in the Parish Church was a solemn pageant of spiritual music and colour. The after-Mass cup of tea was gratefully received and many visitors used the opportunity to renew old acquaintances. The McHugh family from Began again provided the musical background to an exhibition of dancing which was arranged in the churchyard by Anne Byrne of Cloonfad. The sunny atmosphere which descended on the churchyard during the morning continued for the afternoon and early evening when a Rosary Peace rally was organised and took place under the auspices of the Legion of Mary. It was appropriate that the stage, which was later to lend itself to music, was equally fitting for simple prayers and a very touching ceremony.

Our spiritual activities concluded on the final Sunday with a Choral Mass hosted by our Priors in the lovely setting of the Friary.

#### EXHIBITIONS AND FAIRS

Due to circumstances beyond everybody's control our annual exhibition of arts, crafts and memorabilia had to be accommodated in a confined location and notwithstanding this major upset, the organisers managed to put together a very interesting exhibition which was opened on Sunday by Monica Carr of RTE. Monica was very impressed by the craftwork and was very appreciative of the warm welcome of the ladies of the ICA. This exhibition continued for the week and it is hoped that next year it will return to its more popular and usual surroundings.

A parade, led by a Brass Band and featuring about 30 vintage cars, floats, football teams and children in fancy dress, wound its way around the town on Sunday afternoon and on the closing Sunday "The North Galway Hunt"

provided a very colourful spectacle with horses and hounds galloping about to the acclaim of estatic onlookers.

A sunny Tuesday morning ensured that the traditional Fair Day, incorporating a car boot sale, together with lavish offerings of organically home-grown vegetables and dairy produce, provided a fine spectacle on The Square. Tommy Biesty's elegant horse and carriage, face painters, a shop window treasure hunt, the arrival of Laurel and Hardy and the glamour and razmatazz of the occasion made this a very lively day in the calendar of the festival.

#### DOG SHOW

Many local heroes of the canine variety (and with dubious family histories), were to be seen on bank holiday Monday keenly licking themselves in blissful anticipation of the coveted title "Champion of the Show". However, by late afternoon the same fellows were to be seen taking to the streets again, tails between their legs, having failed to pass the careful scrutiny of the experienced judges from Roscommon.

The work of Eamon Burke and John Robinson ensured that this show was a huge success and with over 120 entries there was keen competition for all the prizes. This show again benefited from the Summer sunshine and a large gathering of spectators.

The "Champion of the Show" was a Kerry Blue from Galway and some of the local favourites (with well documented family trees), came quite close to claiming the coveted title. It must be said that this show managed to create a very pleasant harmony between the serious dog owner and those who joined in for a laugh or was it a bark!

### REVIVAL OF BOXING

One of the aspirations of the Festival Committee has been to revive some of the traditional entertainments which were enjoyed in Ballyhaunis in the old days. One of the strongest traditions was that of exhibition boxing and the lower part of the Friary Field was a natural venue for this popular sport. On Sunday, the 7th August, we revived this tradition with a visit from the Antrim Boxing Club, who sweated it out against local opposition and a Connacht selection. Once again the sun shone as the boxers battled their way through the bouts, while the spectators lazily sat in the grass and enjoyed the spectacle. The boys from Antrim were also afflicted with the "Festival Fever" and have promised to return next year.

### FESTIVAL ROSE

If you were a visitor to Ballyhaunis on Saturday evening, the 30th July, you could well have been forgiven for thinking that you were in Tralee for the "Rose of Tralee" finals. Thirty very pretty girls in very glamorous outfits courageously ascended the stage at The Square and submitted themselves to detailed questioning from Paul Claffey as to their love lives, ambitions and interests in competition for the title "Annagh Rose 1988". Their spirited responses were conveyed over the air waves by Radio Mid-West and were warmly received by the huge crowd which had gathered on The Square. All of the ladies partook in a spirit of fun and festivity and the well deserved recipient of the title "Annagh Rose" was Ingrid Tighe of Carrowreagh. In keeping with the spirit of the festival Ingrid was immediately afflicted with a very bad dose of "Festival Fever" though recent reports suggest that she is making a good recovery.

### SMITWICK'S PUB TALENT AND SPORTS QUIZ COMPETITIONS

For the second year the Festival Committee has organised a competition for those who have voices and a separate competition for those who know that God did not grace them with musical talents. The pub talent competition for the former attracted another huge entry and a very high standard of entrant. In the face of such high standards, the adjudication proved extremely difficult and everybody who put their nose inside one of

Ballyhaunis' pubs throughout the week had a favourite whom they believed was certain to win. The very talented Guilfoyle family were the outright winners and no doubt the Smithwick's '88 trophy will hold pride of place amongst the other trophies which have already been secured by them.

The final of this competition, with a capacity audience, took place at Midas Nite Club and was followed by the Gala Festival Dance to the music of Johnny Carroll.

The efforts of Johnny Biesty and Ned Murren ensured that there was a keen interest for the Smithwick's-sponsored sports quiz competition, which again took place each night in the pubs and the final of which were held at the Horse Shoe Inn on the night of Saturday, the 6th August. The overall winner here was Jarlath Patterson from Swords, Dublin.

### DRAMA

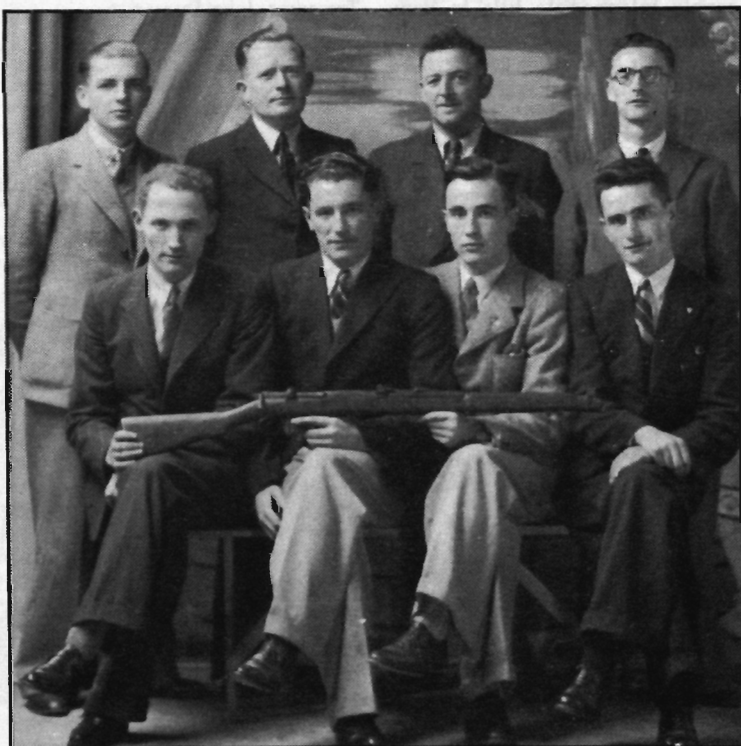
It takes a very considerable effort for a drama group to make preparations throughout the Summer for the staging of a play towards the end of Summer. The enthusiasm of St. Patrick's Dramatic Society must be complimented and their considerable efforts were greatly appreciated by the Festival Committee in staging the

John B. Keane's "Sive" on the night of Thursday, the 4th August. A number of the members were making their first appearance on the stage and their individual performances gave great depth to this play. Other members of this group gave impromptu performances during the week and added to the enjoyment of the festivities.

Ballyhaunis Chamber of Commerce is proud of the success of our second Summer Festival. We recognise that this success is attributable not only to our efforts but to the support and involvement of a great number of individuals, clubs and organisations. We are extremely grateful for their assistance. The Festival could not take place without the generosity of our sponsors and patrons and, once again, we express our gratitude for their financial support.

The 28th of July, 1989, will mark the opening of our "Summer Festival 1989" and plans are already afoot for another ten days of family entertainment.

So: "Come West to Ballyhaunis  
when the days are long and  
bright  
And companionship and  
music  
will make short the Summer  
night".



SEPTEMBER, 1940 — BALLYHAUNIS L.S.F. TARGET TEAM, WINNERS OF THE MAYO COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP FOR MUSKETRY, DRILL AND TARGET SHOOTING AT THE COMPETITIONS HELD IN THE MARQUESS OF SLIGO'S GROUNDS AT WESTPORT. STANDING FROM LEFT: DOCTOR DERMOT WALDRON (CANADA), MARTIN LYONS (R.I.P.), MIDO CUNNINGHAM (R.I.P.), JOHN CUNNINGHAM (R.I.P.). SEATED FROM LEFT: MICHAEL WALDRON N.T. (RETIRED), GARDA JAMES McMORROW (R.I.P.), EUGENE DOLAN (U.S.A.), DOM MORAN (R.I.P.), DRAPER, BALLYHAUNIS.

Photo courtesy Maissin Meath.



# Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club

**1**988 will surely go down in history as being the most successful year the club has ever enjoyed, both on the field of play and on the provision of facilities for our members. Ballyhaunis GAA Club have had a number of very lean years on the football pitches of Mayo and I'm sure any of the clubs in the county will not begrudge us our successes this year. The club fielded teams in all grades this year from U-12s right through to Intermediate. U-12s, National Schools and U-14s provided us with three East Mayo titles and three county titles. U-16s and U-21s reached East Mayo finals but were defeated.

Our senior team had their best year ever and pride of place surely rests with them. Early in the year they had their first success when they won the Byrne/Morley trophy for the first time. After some wonderful performances in the league, the team made sure of promotion to Division One football next year and were only very narrowly beaten in the final match, which would have secured the league title. The highlight of the year, however, was when this fine young team succeeded in bringing the county Intermediate title to Bally-

haunis after a lapse of twenty-one years.

County titles do not come easy and it takes a lot of time, effort and commitment from both players and mentors for a club to be successful.

1988 also sees the return of hurling to Ballyhaunis after a long number of years.

On the provision of facilities for our members, the new pitch for underage football is almost complete.

Drainage, embankment and general maintenance of existing pitch, dressingrooms, press box and scoreboard are at an advanced stage, while the final plans for covered accommodation are almost complete. Our recent fund-raising draw proved to be a huge success and in total £30,000 worth of prizes, including two Mitsubishi Colt cars, were presented to the lucky winners; also the club donated £1,000 to local branches of charities. The club wish to thank most sincerely all the people who supported our draw, our very generous sponsors, our numerous supporters and all the team mentors, parents and friends for all their effort and commitment during the year.

List of officers: Chairman, Gerry Lyons; Secretary, Jimmy Walsh; Treasurer, John Durcan.

Player of the Year 1987, Tommy Moran; Clubman of the Year 1987, Tony Morley; Goodfellowship winners 1987, Ballaghaderreen.

**Jimmy Walsh (Sec.)**

## Society of St. Vincent de Paul

PRESIDENT, Oliver Levins; Vice-President, Luke Lawlor; Secretary, Matt O'Dwyer; Treasurer, Sr. Dympna; Spiritual Director, Canon Costelloe, P.P.

The weekly meetings are held on Wednesday at 9 p.m. in the Parochial hall. By contributions to central funds we help conferences in the cities which are very short of funds in areas where there are large-scale unemployment and poverty. The conference wishes to thank the people of Ballyhaunis for the generosity shown in 1988.

We thank the friends of the Society for their fund-raising social every Christmas. Any person who wishes to help the conference in any way are most welcome to do so.

We arrange a special party in St. Mary's Hospital every year for patients from our locality.

**Oliver Levins.**

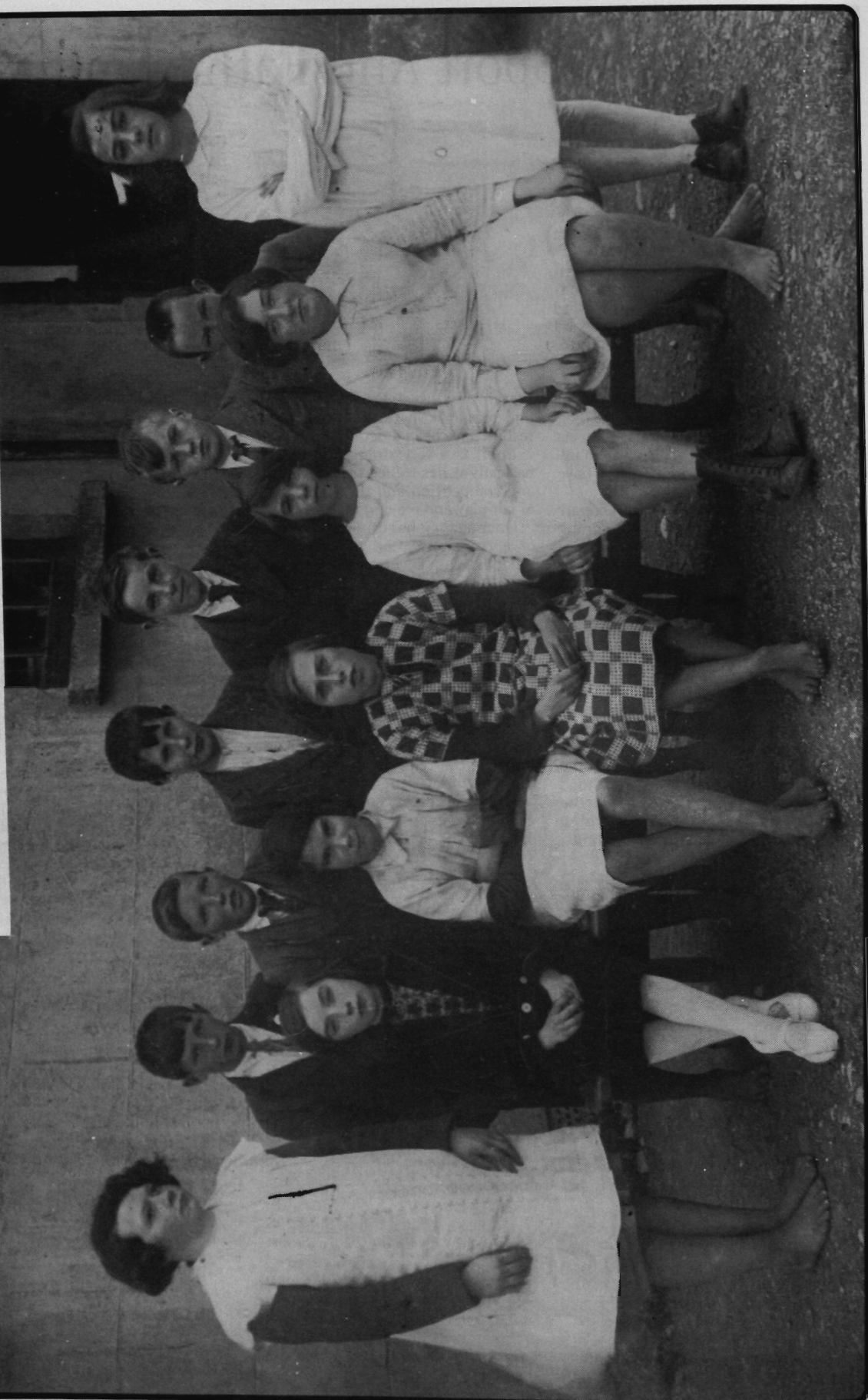


COUNTY INTERMEDIATE CHAMPIONS, 1988 — BACK ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): M. PHILLIPS, R. PHILLIPS, T. CAULFIELD, B. O'HOGAN, P. PHILLIPS, D. FITZGERALD, E. CUNNANE, T. MORLEY. FRONT ROW (L. TO R.): I. FREELEY, J. READY, V. BYRNE, T. MORAN (CAPT.), B. MURRAY, B. PHILLIPS, J. CRIBBIN.



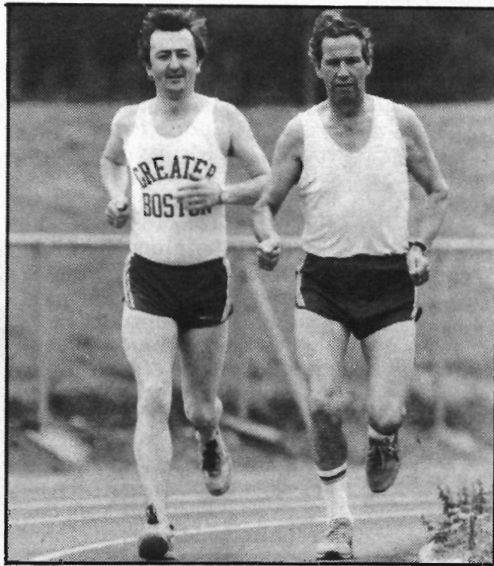


BRACKLOON N.S., 1927 — STANDING: MARY CONNOLLY (R.I.P.), MARTIN HANNAN, TOMMY SLOYAN (R.I.P.), MICHAEL McNAMARA, MICHAEL SLOYAN, JOE REGAN (R.I.P.), JOHNNY SLOYAN (R.I.P.), CATHERINE DYER. SEATED: BRIDIE MAUGHAN, JULIA DYER, DELIA WALDRON, MOLLIE DYER, MARY SWIFT (R.I.P.).  
Photo courtesy Catherine Dyer.



# Frank The Runner

*His Irish record still stands eighteen years later*



FRANK GREALLY AND LEGENDARY RUNNER, BERTIE MESSITT.

BY MICHAEL JOYCE

I entered the Human Race 36 days before Frank Greally, in 1951. However, I did not meet the Devil's wizard until four years later in Sister Carmel's babies' classroom. We immediately struck up what has become a lifelong friendship.

It was a friendship which could easily have been terminated a year later when, with the nonchalance of a child, I struck him on the head with a hammer because he wouldn't vacate an empty well and let me in. Mrs. Greally produced the red card and I was banned from the Devil's house for a while. But soon all was forgiven and I was back tasting her lovely brown bread and homemade butter (with sugar on it), and her sweet tea.

## ALWAYS ENTERPRISING

Frank was always enterprising and with a little help from myself, he scooped numerous prizes at Agricultural Shows in the early '60s, mainly with produce from his father, who worked in the Friary. We went into the Jam Jar and Bottle business later when, despite the long hours spent washing the goods, Joe Waldron always found a reason to give us less than the top dollar. Our most successful venture was probably the Refuse Bin Collection Service, undertaken after Johnny Lanigan went to Scotland for a time. The County Council, understandably worried at this competition, eventually forced us out of business.

About 1967, a barber called Mick Nestor opened a shop in Bridge St. Whatever about me, he changed the course of Frank Greally's life. Mick started a boxing club based at Hannon's in Abbey St. and Frank was one of the first to join. While he had no great success at that sport, the training helped him to develop physically and he gained substantially in weight, rising from about 5 st. to over 8 st.

## FROM BOXING TO ATHLETICS

As often happens with boxing clubs, the members developed a liking for the running, which is so much a part of a boxer's training. Another great friend, the late Pat Joe Cribbin, along with Frank, was encouraged by Mick Nestor to enter some Cross-Country races. BLE, the national athletics association, was formed in 1967 and as a result there was, at that time, a great spirit and enthusiasm in athletics.

In his first year of athletics Frank did not meet with much success. It was to his great credit that he continued to train nightly, often alone and receiving no encouragement. I competed a fair bit with him in 1968. It was clear that he was getting better and better. I recall meeting him at the train station one Saturday evening upon his return from a three-mile time trial in Dublin. He was elated. He had beaten Mick Guilfoyle, noted athlete from Hollymount, and recorded a time of 16 minutes, 17 seconds.

In October of that year Frank and I were on the Ballyhaunis team which won the youths' team prize in a race from Dromore East to Easkey in Co. Sligo. When we got home that night the Olympic 10,000m. final in Mexico was on television. To say that Frank was enthralled would be an understatement. He seemed to know every one of the finalists, their personal best times and even the lap times necessary for a world record. It was apparent that Frank's whole life centered on athletics. In the twenty years that have passed since he hasn't changed.

## IRISH RECORD

County and provincial championships came easily to him. He was working as a postman and was transferred to Dublin, where he joined Donore Harriers. He left Dublin in no doubt of his arrival with a famous victory over Eamonn Coughlan in the Guinness Junior 3,000m. at the Iveagh Grounds. He then (in 1970), broke the Irish Junior 10,000m. record with a time of 30 minutes, 17 seconds. That record still stands, eighteen years later — it is the longest-standing Irish Junior track record. Not even John Treacy could break it a few years later.

## SPOTTED BY U.S. SCOUTS

The quality of his running inevitably attracted the U.S. college scouts and soon Frank was signed up by East Tennessee State University, not least of whose attractions was the fact that two of Frank's heroes, Eddie Leddy from Leitrim and Limerick's Neil Cusack (soon to win worldwide fame as winner of the Boston Marathon), were already there. At 21 Frank was "old" to be taking a U.S. scholarship, but he found no difficulty in combining four years of academic study with the onerous demands of the athletics coach. In fact, he graduated in journalism with honours. Athletically, he broke the American Freshman's three-mile record in his first year and was a member of the East Tennessee team which finished second in the All-American championships.

Frank's writing ability surfaced while in America and he soon had a regular column in a local newspaper. He also held down a job with a local radio station, announcing world news to the inhabitants of Tennessee in a pronounced Mayo brogue!

Time flies, as they say, and it wasn't long before Frank was back in Dublin and working for a fellow Mayoman, Pat Ruddy, on *The Irish Bystander*. He later worked for *The Sunday Tribune*.

## "IRISH RUNNER"

About 1980 Frank started thinking seriously about starting his own magazine. I was a regular tripper to Dublin from Cork on legal business and I had got some ideas on what was needed after competing in the New York marathon that year. Frank said: "Form a company, we have nothing to



## Frank the Runner continued

lose." Neil Cusack promised to let his name be used to promote the magazine.

It wasn't difficult to think of a title for an Irish running magazine and *Irish Runner* was born. The first issue of 1,200 copies rolled off the presses in hope and excitement, yet with a certain amount of doubt about the likelihood of a second issue. That was in May, 1981.

The reaction from the running public was terrific — the magazine had come at just the right time — at the start of the running boom in Ireland. Frank courageously gave up his secure job with the *Tribune* to work full-time as editor of the *Irish Runner*; my brother, Martin, returned from abroad to join Frank in developing the magazine and giving it a sound commercial base; very soon, the



FRANK GREALLY AND HIS WIFE, MARIAN.

print run had increased tenfold and *Irish Runner* was being recognised as the most informative and most professionally-produced magazine in the country. Now, some eight years later, it is seen as an example to other would-be publishers. Not content to stand still, Frank and Martin recently formed a new company, Sports Promotions and PR, which has initiated a multitude of other projects, including organising a highly successful tour to the recent Dublin Millennium Marathon from the U.K. Frank Greally is regarded as the most informed Irish athletics journalist. He is also, as many of you will know, the most affable of men. Every runner in the country seems to know him. How often I have been approached at sports meetings in Munster by runners who refer to him as "a friend of mine". Frank is a proud Ballyhaunis man; Ballyhaunis should be proud of him.



ST. PATRICK'S COLLEGE FIRST YEAR CLASS 1963-64 — BACK (LEFT TO RIGHT): TOMMY WALDRON, JOHN FEELEY, TOMMY MORAN, MICHAEL HOBAN, KEVIN KELLY, JOHN O'BRIEN, TOM CAULFIELD, FRANCIS JUDGE, BRENDAN CREGG. SECOND ROW: SEAN CUNNANE, DENIS HANNAN, PADRAIG CAMPBELL, ANDREW FORDE, PADRAIG COMER, MICHAEL DOHERTY, PADRAIG CARNEY, TOM McMANUS. THIRD ROW: JOHN GORMLEY, BRENDAN HOPKINS, EAMON McDONALD, JOHN CARROLL, DERMOT LYONS, HENRY BYRNE (R.I.P.), MICHAEL JOYCE, FRANK GREALLY, JOE BYRNE. FRONT: KIERAN BYRNE, JOHN KILDUFF, FR. KIERAN WALDRON, FR. FRANCIS McMYLER, FR. PATRICK COSTELLOE, FR. JOHN KENNEDY, PATRICK (JUNIOR) CONNOLLY.



BALLYHAUNIS RED CROSS, 1944 — BACK ROW (L. TO R.): KITTY MITCHELL, KATHLEEN SMYTH, LILLY (BYRNE) MORAN, MAUREEN (GRIFFIN) CLEARY, BRIGID (BYRNE) O'TOOLE, KITTY O'MALLEY. FRONT (L. TO R.): AUDREY HEALY, BETTY FLATLEY, AGNES (BYRNE) GILMORE, BRIGID MARY (CAULFIELD) HALPIN, BREDÁ WALSH, NOREEN (CUNNINGHAM) MOORE.



BALLYHAUNIS U-14 TEAM WINNERS OF THE COUNTY B' CHAMPIONSHIP — BACK ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): A. KELLY (CHAIRMAN, BORD NA BOG), S. RUANE, E. LOUGHRAN, J. KELLY, M. LYONS, B. FREYNE, E. O'DWYER. MIDDLE: J. COSTELLO, J. MORLEY, V. FREYNE, D. NESTOR, J. KELLY, R. BYRNE, N. KELLY. FRONT: P. GALLAGHER, J. WALDRON, A. McNAMARA, K. WALDRON. MISSING FROM PHOTO: M. REGAN (CAPT.), O. DAVITT, F. KELLY, M. LYONS, T. LYONS, J. GREALLY.





MAY, 1950 — BALLYHAUNIS HOSTS A FIRST — A SECTION OF THE AUDIENCE AT THE RADIO EIREANN LIGHT ORCHESTRA'S FIRST PERFORMANCE OUTSIDE ITS DUBLIN STUDIO. AMONG THOSE PRESENT WERE — SECOND ROW: BREEGE JORDAN, MAMIE CURLEY, MOLLY CURLEY, RITA WALDRON, PATRICIA WALDRON, PEG MULLINS. THIRD ROW: MISS SULLIVAN, BRO. SULLIVAN, ANNE WALDRON, EAMON WALDRON, BEBE CURRAN, MARY FREELEY. FOURTH ROW: CISS HYNES, HANNAH O'DWYER, BILL HYNES, PAT O'DWYER, CHARLOTTE COYNE. FIFTH ROW: ANNIE FLANAGAN, STANNIE FLANAGAN, PADDY McDONAGH. SIXTH ROW: MAURA MCGREAL, MARGARET DILLON-LEETCH, TOM DILLON-LEETCH, JOHN DILLON-LEETCH, MICHAEL FAHY, MADGE FAHY, BRENDAN BYRNE.

## Ballyhaunis Foroige Club

BY LORRAINE GAFFNEY &  
LINDA BIESTY

**B**ALLYHAUNIS Foroige Club commenced this year with its Annual General Meeting on the 7th October. It is the intention of both members and leaders to make this year as enjoyable as possible. The committee elected was: Chairperson, Brian Freyne; Secretary, Sheena Forde; Treasurer, Niall Kelly, and PRO, Fintan Byrne.

One of our main aims this year is to serve the community with our projects. We hope these will be as successful as the projects which we did last year. They included painting the swings and see-saws in the playground, doing some tidying in the Friary graveyard and brightening up the swimming pool walls with a colourful mural.

We also intend to go on some day excursions as "all work and no play makes Jack/Jill a dull person".

Special thanks to our dedicated and diligent leaders, Mr. D. Ahern, Sr. Assumpta, Miss M. Phillips and Mrs. M. Kelly. Without their help, co-operation and advice there would be no Foroige Club in Ballyhaunis.



FOROIGE MURAL — SUMMER, 1988 — (LEFT TO RIGHT): AINE MURPHY, MARY CARNEY, SHARON WALSH, LORRAINE GAFFNEY, LINDA BIESTY, GABRIEL PRATT, EAMONN LOUGHRAN, ALISON AHERN, CHRIS PRATT, CAROLINE MADDEN.

# "Failte" Murcheen Durkin!

BY EDWARD 'TED' MORAN

THE crowded railway platform, with intense and tearful partings, was a common feature of life in Ballyhaunis in my young years growing up there. As youngsters we didn't go there to gawk but we all saw it at some time and that was enough to imprint the picture as a permanent part of the furniture of our memories. I suppose we took it for granted that, like the "wake house", it was a normal and inevitable part of life which we neither questioned nor talked about. It was just a fact of life — though a grim one, for all that.

I joined the outflow of emigrants myself just one week after doing my Leaving Cert. There was no thought of waiting for results — they'd come in their own good time — and so atoned were we then to emigration that it was taken naturally as the logical next step when schooling finished. Some would return in September for "Uni" or "the call", but the majority stayed gone. According to the statistics of the time 50-60,000 per year were leaving Ireland — about as many as sit the Leaving Cert each year now!

## THE TRIAL RUN

So much did we take it in our stride that several of my "year group" took off from Ballyhaunis the Summer prior to taking our Leaving Cert as though to check out the emigrant trail "on the other side of the water". There was Chris Greene of Abbey Street, Tommy Moran and Petie O'Malley of Upper Main Street, as well as a Des Sheridan from Foxford, and Kevin Allman from Wicklow. We had visions of making "a packet" in London nad, if all went well, we planned in our more optimistic moments to take in a bit of the Continent before returning for our Leaving Cert year!

Well, we didn't make our fortune that Summer in London though, God knows, we went well enough prepared with notebooks full of addresses of where every previous emigrant who had ever left Ballyhaunis had got a job. Nor had we confined our interest to London but took in the whole range of possibilities from hotel work in Llandudno in N. Wales, to pea-picking in Kemt(?), and bus conducting in the Isle of Wight! Had we only been smart enough to publish these notebooks as a "job seekers' directory" we'd have made our fortune then and there! However, we didn't and as it turned out, after travelling overnight on the ferry and spending all of the next day tramping the streets of Llandudno in vain, we were beginning to subside a little in optimism after another overnight trip, this time down to London.

The third day, therefore, saw us ready to settle for less than the magical £20 a week. In fact, we were willing to skip any address in our notebooks that sounded like it was more than five miles from Euston Station, where we had arrived at about 6.00 a.m. with our "address book", a London guide A-Z and self-confidence that seemed capable of evaporating at an amazing rate!

By the end of that day we settled for less than £10 a week. We made our way on foot through the strangely quiet streets of Lon-



don shortly after 6.00 a.m. before it was invaded by the stampeding feet of the morning rush hour. We got delayed along the way: there were magazine covers and pictures on display in many shop windows the likes of which were not to be seen (in public at least) at home. The novelty of these slowed our progress and, added to this, the distances between the places listed in our "address book" seemed to grow to unmanageable proportions as the day wore on. We were glad to settle for jobs as porters in the deep down "dungeon" kitchens of the magnificently impressive Cumberland Hotel at Marble Arch by evening time.

Not only had we settled for less than half our magical target figure of £20 a week but, if the full truth must be told, we were only approaching the £10 a week mark by making full allowance for the free meals we'd get while "on duty"! But we enjoyed the Summer and quickly forgot our dreams of "making a packet" and, as for the Continent, sure that had only been an added-extra in case we had time and money left over! We had a great Summer — we enjoyed the freedom of organising our own flat in Cricklewood — after nearly getting eaten alive in our first two-to-a-bed, six-to-a-room accommodation in Kilburn. We explored the city in our "off time": got the hang of the "tubes"; got "red rover" sightseeing tickets for marathon bus journeys on our days off to far away places like Kene and Camden Town and Elephant Castle and God knows where else. We found our way to the Irish dance clubs on the weekends and Charlie Mack's Catholic Dance Club in the famous "West End", not far from the almost infamous "bright lights" of Soho.

## SURVIVAL

We couldn't claim any great victory at the end of that Summer, and we didn't. However, we had "tested the water" and found that we could hold our own in distant parts. Also, we had made our mark in that we were the first "students" from our part of the country — at any rate — to have "headed off" before doing our Leaving Cert year. We had come through the inevitable encounters with connmen who'd trick us out of our few pounds or introduce us to "set ups", that were at best dodgy, at worst criminal; we had learned to

recognise pimps, prostitutes and "queers"; and we got to see much that was forbidden to us at home in Ireland at that time in the line of films, magazines, shows, etc.; and, of course, we had experienced the anonymity which makes access to pubs not only easier but almost compulsive for those to whom it had been out-of-bounds.

When listed like this it may seem as though we were through the wars but, in fact, these were actually isolated experiences over a period of months such as all who emigrate (and many who do not!), almost certainly encounter — and most survive without a scratch. However, at a time when emigration has climbed back up again and is once more being accepted as almost inevitable by many of our young people, it is right and proper that we should take stock of the situation. Progress should occur on all fronts and even in relation to such an essentially unpalatable area as that of mass emigration.

## THEN VERSUS NOW

The present generation of young emigrants are, in many respects, at least as well prepared as those of previous generations: in some respects they are better equipped and in some they are less well fore-armed. Possibly because we had such rigid training in religious matters, etc., and were not "exposed" through television to "foreign" influences, we were "harder to crack" for those who make that their lines of business. Over-confidence can be an awful handicap. Also we had witnessed the tears of emigration in its old form. That hardened us against the onslaught of home sickness and which, like sea sickness, is not real for any who have not experienced it. Sentiment can run so high for the home country among immigrants that violent outbursts are not uncommon and extreme consequences are not so rare.

## EMIGRANT EQUALS POTENTIAL BENEFICIAL IMMIGRANT

Having clocked up over 12 years' experience myself as an emigrant in such diverse cities as London, New York and Nairobi (three very different countries), I'd have no doubt that our young emigrants today are meeting the challenges of travel with as great a sense of adventure and achievement as ever, while parents and families strive to maintain contact with as much understandable concern and apprehensiveness as ever. However, there has always been a sizeable proportion of casualties, as all who have spent time abroad well know, and I can't help but feel that the problems and pitfalls, as well as the opportunities and advantages of emigration could be addressed in a more active, organised and sophisticated manner in this day and age, with a clearly defined policy to encourage as many as possible to return in time bringing skills, experience and resources back, commensurate with those they took away.

May the day come, and soon, when every Irish emigrant may be truly regarded as a potential immigrant as much worthy of cultivation and encouragement by a government agency as today they are wooed by Bord Failte as foreign currency bearing tourists!



1960 SCHOOL TOUR TO DUBLIN — AMONG THOSE PRESENT WERE: JOHN PLUNKETT, TOMMY REILLY, JOHN HALPIN, FRANKIE DILLON, TOM FITZGERALD, LEO HEALY (TOOREEN), PAT HALPIN, TONY MORLEY, JAMES TOOLAN, ALBAN CARNEY (WOODFIELD), FINIAN CARNEY (WOODFIELD), MICHAEL CARVEY (WOODFIELD), JOHN MORAN (WOODFIELD), TOMMY GILMORE, MARY WALDRON (AUGHAMORE), M. McHUGH, GREG CAULFIELD, MIKE REGAN, PATTY FREYNE, MARK JORDAN (TOOREEN), JOHN KILDUFF, JOHN HIGGINS, MIKE HERR, JOHN CONWAY, BERNIE GLAVEY (AUGHAMORE), MICHAEL ROBINSON (TOOREEN), TONY CRIBBIN, AL MADDEN, ANNE WALDRON (WOODFIELD), KATHLEEN WALDRON (WOODFIELD), MAJELINE CARVEY (WOODFIELD), M. MURPHY (CAHIR), MARY DOYLE (WOODFIELD), EVELLEEN DOYLE, TOMMY LARKIN, TIM BYRNE, JOHN LYONS, PADDY JUDGE, OLIVER RUANE, VINCENT BAKER, PADRAIC KELLY, JACINTA FORDE (BEKAN), BERNIE FREYNE, FINIAN GLYNN, BERNADETTE JUDGE (AUGHAMORE), MARTIN JORDAN, MRS. MARY HIGGINS (N.T.), MRS. PHIL O'REILLY (N.T.), MRS. HALLERAN (R.I.P.), IRENE HEANEY, EAMONN FREEMAN (TOOREEN), PAT CASSIDY, SEAN McNICHOLAS (N.T.), SEAMUS CASSIDY, JAMES MARTIN TICHE (AUGHAMORE), MARK COMMINS (TOOREEN), CHRISTY FREYNE (AUGHAMORE), PETER GLAVEY (AUGHAMORE), TOMMY FINN (AUGHAMORE), NICHOLAS CARNEY (N.T.), PAT GLAVEY (AUGHAMORE), M. KEANE (URLAUR), TOM MULDOON (AUGHAMORE), PADDY JOE MURPHY (AUGHAMORE), SEAN LOFTUS, MRS. SARAH FORDE (N.T.), BRECE DUFFY (AUGHAMORE), MARGARET BYRNE (AUGHAMORE), KATHLEEN HUSSEY, MARGARET WALDRON (TOOREEN), LIAM FORDE (BEKAN), JOHNNY MORAN, RITA MORAN, MAUD CUNNIFFE (TOOREEN), NOEL MULLARKEY, JOE ROBINSON (TOOREEN), JOHN GRADY (TOOREEN), DENIS DOHERTY (AUGHAMORE), NOREEN SLOYAN (BEKAN).



# Ballyhaunis Community Games

BY MICHAEL CLEARY

**S**INCE its foundation in 1967 Community Games has enjoyed phenomenal growth and development nationally. A very small group of men and women with a firm set of ideals, aims, objectives and dedication has helped to spread the movement from very small beginnings in Dublin to the four corners of Ireland, reaching out and captivating all sections of the communities without fear or favour of religious or political divides. Its founder's dream of a movement providing an opportunity for young school boys and girls to make better use of their leisure time during Summer holidays has been truly fulfilled.

In 1988, the 21st anniversary year of Community Games, over a half a million young people participated in twenty-eight different disciplines of sport and culture from 816 community areas, truly a remarkable achievement!

This year saw the re-birth of Community Games in Ballyhaunis after twelve years. The credit for re-awakening the dead movement must go to a dynamic lady whose name nobody seems to remember. This whirlwind of an organiser from the national organisation made a short, well-planned attack on Ballyhaunis. Getting permission to speak in the schools, she whetted the children's appetites for a video (the magic word), and meeting that night in the Parochial Hall, and children would

only be admitted with a parent! Naturally a full house was guaranteed and after a short pep talk and video on the 1987 Community Games finals a local committee was appointed on the spot by our no-nonsense convenor, in the manner of "I want you, you and you!"

The press gang committee had the task of getting the Community Games off the ground again and the start of the season was fast approaching. We wished to offer a wide range of activities to the children so that each would have an opportunity to develop their particular talents but did not wish the undertaking to fail due to an over ambitious start. The result was we ran events for which there was an organisation already in the town with expertise to organise it, i.e., rugby, G.A.A., etc., there were people at hand on the committee to organise it, i.e. choir, soccer, or for which no great skill in coaching, etc., was required: e.g., draughts, athletics, art. Once it was announced to the children their enthusiasm provided the momentum which kept it going throughout the year.

The full list of events which we participated in are as follows: Art, Athletics, Basketball, Choir, Draughts, Gaelic Football, Rugby, Cycling, Pitch and Putt, Soccer.

**Art:** Art competitions were held in the local schools and kindly judged by Mr. Chriss Pratt. The winners in each age group qualified for the county finals.

**Athletics:** On a glorious Saturday in June the Ballyhaunis Community Games Athletics were held in Ballyhaunis GAA Pitch — kindly given for the day. The winner in each event qualified for the county finals in July. Fintan Byrne, Siobhan Byrne and Ian Webb won county medals. The organisers were Michael Cleary, Peig Byrne, Breege Cleary, John Cleary, Donal Ahern.

**Basketball:** The girls' U-13 Basketball team were defeated by Knock in the opening round. They were coached by Sister Rosario and Miss Aine Whelan.

**Choir:** Ballyhaunis Choir won the Mayo county final, which was held in the Convent of Mercy. The choir, conducted by Sr. Rosario, represented Mayo in the National Community Games in Mosney and was placed seventh — an outstanding performance for a Primary School Choir in an under-16 competition. The choir was accompanied to Mosney by Sr. Rosario, Sr. Teresa, Principal of St. Joseph's Convent of Mercy; Mrs. Frankie O'Malley, Mrs. Sheila Byrne and Mrs. Eileen Regan.

**Draughts:** Thanks to the co-operation of Mr. Seamus Durkan one hundred and six children took part in Draughts competitions in the Scouts' Den. Ballyhaunis entered an under-10 and under-14 team as a result. The under-14 Mayo county final was held in the Scouts' Den with Ballyhaunis winning a silver medal as beaten county finalists. The late



MAYO, CONNACHT AND ALL-IRELAND U-12 SOCCER CHAMPIONS — JIMMY WALSH, MICHAEL WEBB, JIM LUNDON (MANAGERS). BACK ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): PATRICK KEANE, BRIAN FLANAGAN, SHANE BURKE, MICHAEL CURLEY, IAN WEBB, DAVID BEIRNE, DEREK WALSH, JIMMY O'BOYLE, P. C. CURLEY. FRONT ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): PIERCE HIGGINS, CORMAC O'CONNOR, MARK PATTERSON, TOM LYONS (CAPT.), JOHN BURKE, SIMON WEBB, SEAN McNAMARA.





PHILADELPHIA BAND BEING ENTERTAINED BY COMMUNITY SCHOOL CEILI BAND — FRONT ROW (L. TO R.): JOANNE FITZMAURICE, ROSEMARIE CURRAN, JOHANNA MORLEY, KAREN McMANUS, JOEY RUANE, MARIE WALSH, MRS. DEVINE. SECOND ROW: SIOBHAN HARTE, LORRAINE HURLEY, PAULINE HENRY, EILEEN FEENEY, KAREN HENRY, TERESA GRADY, THERESA GODFREY. THIRD ROW: MARTINA STENSON, DENISE NEARY, AISLING WEBB, MARY HUNT, LAURA BURKE, CAROLINE MARY WALSH, ANNA COEN, FREDa McHUGH. FOURTH ROW: LAURA DELANEY, PHILOMENA PHILLIPS, M. FRANCIS BYRNE, BERNIE HUNT, A. MARIE FREYNE, KAREN HUNT, CIARO MORAN, DAIRE LOUGHRAN, NIAH McHUGH, KAREN COYNE. FIFTH ROW: EMMETT KEANE, TOMMY GLYNN, NIAL DELANEY, GARY CLARKE, THOMAS COEN, PATRICK BIESTY, OISIN MURRAY, SEAMUS GARRITY, DONAL DELANEY. BACK ROW: ROBERT FINN, TONY CRIBBEN, JAMES FORDE, AUSTIN JORDAN, BRENDAN DONNELLAN, ULTAN CRUISE, GABRIEL MORLEY, THOMAS RUANE.



COMMUNITY SCHOOL SENIOR CHOIR ON THE VISIT OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAND — FRONT ROW (L. TO R.): FREDa McHUGH, TERESA GRADY, ANNE MARIE WALDRON, EILEEN FEENEY, KAREN HUNT, IAN DALY, SEAMUS COMER. SECOND ROW (L. TO R.): LAURA BURKE, ANNA COEN, SIOBHAN HARTE, JOANNE FITZMAURICE, FIONA KNEAFSEY, TRIONA MORLEY, KAREN HENRY, BARBARA DILLON, MICK CASEY, EAMONN THORNTON. THIRD ROW (L. TO R.): CAROLINE DAVITT, MARY WEBB, CAROLINE M. WALSH, KAREN McMANUS, THERESA GODFREY, MAIRE WALSH, NOREEN BOYLE, CIARA MORAN, PADRAIC JENNINGS, NAOISE HUNT, DAIRE LOUGHRAN, OISIN MURRAY. BACK ROW (L. TO R.): MAEVE McMANUS, MICHELLE SMITH, MORGAN JENNINGS, EMMETT KEANE.

## COMMUNITY GAMES CONTINUED

Siobhan Cleary, Johnstown, was a member of that team. The under-10 team competed in the county final in Ardagh. The under-14 organiser was Donal Ahern and under-10 organiser was Sr. Perpetua.

**Gaelic Football:** Ballyhaunis under-13 footballers defeated Kiltimagh and Charlestown but lost to Ballina in the third round. Manager, Jimmy Walsh. Selectors, John Lyons and Paddy Waldron.

**Rugby:** Ballyhaunis under-11 Rugby team competed in the county blitz, which was held in Castlebar. The organiser was Dr. Alan Delaney.

**Cycling:** Following the local competition Ballyhaunis Cyclists competed in the county finals in Claremorris.

**Pitch and Putt:** Ballyhaunis competed in the county final in Kiltimagh organised by Rita Lundon.

**Soccer:** Ballyhaunis under-12 Soccer team defeated Kiltimagh, Manulla, Westport and Ballina to become Mayo champions. As Mayo champions they defeated Carrick-on-Shannon (Leitrim), Roscommon Town (Roscommon), and Rosses Point (Sligo), to become Connacht champions. Then it was Tullamore (Leinster), in the All-Ireland semi-final in Mosney and finally Letterkenny (Ulster), in a penalty shoot-out to bring the All-Ireland title home to Ballyhaunis (and Mayo), for the first time. The team was accompanied to Mosney by Micheal Webb (Manager), Jimmy Walsh (Manager), and Jim Lundon

(Manager), and by all the parents of the panel. Ballyhaunis Community School is to be congratulated on providing the use of a pitch for the home games.

### COMMUNITY GAMES MEDAL WINNERS

**Art:** Boys' U-8: 1, Diarmuid Cleary; 2, Paul O'Neill; 3, not awarded. Girls': 1, Orla McGarry; 2, Eilish Murphy; 3, Anne Doherty.

Boys' U-10: 1, Michael Regan; 2, Oliver Jordan; 3, Alan Caulfield. Girls': 1, Clare Flynn; 2, Saima Aslam; 3, Emma Brogan.

Boys' U-12: 1, Cormac O'Connor; 2, Glenn Freyne; 3, Declan Byrne. Girls': 1, Catriona Curley; 2, Tara Higgins; 3, Suzanne Hannon.

Boys' U-14: 1, Mark McCafferty; 2, Kevin Waldron; 3, not awarded. Girls': 1, Sharon O'Dowd; 2, Fiona Sloyan; 3, Anne Marie Coffey.

Girls' U-16: 1, Fidelma Keigher; 2, Jacinta Brennan; 3, Lorna Higgins.

**Gaelic Football U-13:** Mark McCafferty, Terry Maughan, Tom Lyons, John Burke, Jimmy O'Boyle, Tom Lyons, Cormac O'Connor, Fergal Kelly, Kevin Waldron, Simon Webb, Michael Lyons, Pierce Higgins, Hugh Curley, Shane Tighe, Derek Walsh, Joe Healy, Daniel Tarpey, Paul Nolan, Mark Gallagher, Ronan Byrne, David Beirne, Michael Donahue, Michael Curley, Liam Rochford, John Coffey, Tommy Moran.

**Draughts U-10:** Eoin Butler, Ciaran Murphy, Amar Javid, Margaret Burke, Sheena Flanagan, James Healy, Aiden Cleary.

**Draughts U-14:** (County Silver Medallists): Tommy Moran, Tom Lyons, Michael Lyons, Martin Donahue, Oliva Lyons, Siobhan Cleary, Timothy Plunkett.

**Pitch and Putt:** John Higgins, Liam Rochford, Shane Tighe, Sheamus Lundon, Shane Mooney.

**Rugby U-11:** Cormac Cleary, Sean Fitzmaurice, Alan Delaney, Mark Curley, John Burke, Patrick Freyne, Brian Hannon, Patrick O'Dwyer, Ciaran Murphy, Eoin Butler, Peter Healy, Simon McCafferty, Paul Morris, John Nolan, Michael J. Nolan.

**Soccer U-12:** (Mayo, Connacht and All-Ireland Champions): Ian Webb, David Beirne, Tom Lyons (capt.), Michael Curley, Simon Webb, John Burke, Pierce Higgins, Sean McNamara, Derek Walsh, Mark Patterson, Patrick Keane, P. C. Curley, Brian Flanagan, Jimmy O'Boyle, Shane Burke.

**Choir:** (Mayo champions and All-Ireland finalists): Catherine Doherty, Ciara Shields, Clare McDonnell, Catherine Healy, Irene Byrne, Ruth Gaffney, Noreen Flanagan, Yvonne Flynn, Noreen Freyne, Niamh McGarry, Sheila Byrne, Sinead Lundon, Grainne Ryan, Oliva Gallagher, Clare O'Malley, Michelle Regan, Michelle Coffey, Tanya Collum, Rosemary Nestor, Collette Byrne.

**Basketball U-13 Panel:** Norma Fitzgerald, Samantha Glynn, Olivia Gallagher, Sheena Curran, Ciara Shields, Mairead Murphy, Tanya Collum, Yvonne Flynn, Clare O'Malley, Michelle Regan, Sheila Byrne, Irene Byrne, Rosemary Nestor, Noreen Freyne, Sandra Laffey.



GIRLS' U-13 BASKETBALL TEAM — BACK ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): RUTH GAFFNEY, CLARE O'MALLEY, SHEILA BYRNE, SAMANTHA GLYNN, MICHELLE REAGAN, IRENE BYRNE, MAIREAD MURPHY. FRONT ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): NORMA FITZGERALD, SANDRA LAFFEY, NOREEN FREYNE, TANYA COLLUM, YVONNE FLYNN, ROSEMARY NESTOR, OLIVIA GALLAGHER.



## COMMUNITY GAMES CONTINUED

**Athletics:** U-8 60m. Girls': 1, Michelle Moore; 2, Karen Gildea; 3, Brigitta Burke.

U-8 80m. Girls': 1, Michelle Moore; 2, Brigitta Burke; 3, Karen Gildea.

U-8 60m. Boys': 1, Thomas Murphy; 2, Paul O'Neill; 3, Fergal Ahern.

U-8 80m. Boys': 1, Paul O'Neill; 2, Thomas Murphy; 3, Noel Freyne.

U-10 100m. Boys': 1, Ian Webb; 2, Cormac Cleary; 3, Patrick Frayne.

U-10 200m. Boys': 1, Ian Webb; 2, Cormac Cleary; 3, Diarmuid Cleary.

U-10 100m. Girls': 1, Geraldine Maughan; 2, Evalynn O'Connor; 3, Noelle Waldron.

U-10 200m. Girls': 1, Geraldine Maughan; 2, Noelle Waldron; 3, Claire Flynn.

U-12 100m. Boys': 1, David Beirne; 2, Cormac O'Connor; 3, Patrick Keane.

U-12 600m. Boys': 1, David Beirne; 2, Kieran Burke; 3, Cormac O'Connor.

U-12 100m. Girls': 1, Caitriona Curley; 2, Clare Moore; 3, Colette Waldron.

U-12 600m. Girls': 1, Colette Waldron; 2, Yvonne Murphy; 3, Deirdre O'Connor.

U-13 600m. Girls': 1, Mairead Murphy; 2, Sandra Laffey; 3, Yvonne Flynn.

U-13 600m. Boys': 1, Fintan Byrne; 2, Fergal Kelly; 3 (tie), Cormac O'Connor and Mark Gallagher.

U-14 100m. Girls': 1, Yvonne Flynn; 2, Murma Walsh; 3, Michelle Regan.

U-14 100m. Boys': 1, Timothy Plunkett; 2, John Waldron; 3, Graham Cleary.

U-14 800m. Boys': 1, Mark Gallagher; 2, Fergal Kelly; 3, Timothy Plunkett.

U-14 800m. Girls': 1, Murma Walsh; 2, Yvonne Flynn; 3, Sheila Byrne.

U-16 100m. Boys'/Girls': 1, David Beirne; 2, Geraldine Madden; 3, Brian Freyne.

U-16 1500m. Boys': 1, John McQueeney; 2 (tie), David Beirne and Kieran Flynn.

Relays: U-12 Girls': 1, Clare Moore, Clare Flynn, Yvonne Murphy, Deirdre O'Connor; 2, Maria Higgins, Geraldine Maughan, Anne McManus, Sharon Murphy; 3, Colette Waldron, Noelle Waldron, Tara Higgins, Caitriona Kelly.

U-12 Boys': 1, David Beirne, Diarmuid Cleary, Hugh Curley, Sean Fitzmaurice; 2, Cormac Cleary, Patrick Moore, James McGarry, Jonathon Moore; 3, Cormac O'Connor, Eoin Butler, Alan Delaney, Karl McManus.

U-16 Girls': 1, Yvonne Flynn, Michelle Regan, Irene Byrne, Teresa Byrne; 2, Ruth Gaffney, Olivia Gallagher, Siobhan Cleary, Caroline Madden; 3, Murma Walsh; Mairead Murphy, Sinead London, Sheila Byrne.

U-16 Boys': 1, David Burke, Hugh Curley, Mark Gallagher, Thomas Heneghan; 2, Timothy Plunkett, Niall Kelly, Fintan Byrne, John McQueeney; 3, Brian Freyne, Graham Cleary, Fergal Kelly, Martin Donoghue.

U-15 Boys' 12-mile Cycle: 1, David Burke; 2, John McQueeney; 3, Eamon Loughran.

County Medals — Boys' U-10 100m. Bronze, Ian Webb. Boys' U-13 600m. Walk: Finlan Byrne. Girls U-17 6000m. Road Race Bronze, Siobhan Byrne.

Community Games has to be seen first and foremost as a local movement allowing children to develop their personality and skills in as wide a range of activities as possible in friendly competition. Our aim is to involve as many children in the locality as possible. Representing the town in outside competition is an added bonus for some children and an incentive to local competition.

Most of the children in the locality were involved this year and judging by the end of the year prizegiving in Midas Nite Club in September, very few households went without a trophy. Given this primary success, it was an enormous bonus to achieve silver medals in boys under-14 draughts, two bronze and one silver medal in athletics, the county championship and the national finals in the choir and, of course, the All-Ireland title in Boys' Soccer. These victories will be remembered and recounted many years from now and, hopefully, will be an inspiration for greater things in the future.

The future is where the organisers must now look if the re-birth of the Community Games is not to be a flash in the pan. We would hope for an expanded programme next year with more local competition in the team events and participation in more activities. This will make demands on personnel and finances. We were fortunate in very generous response to financial appeals this year from the general public, companies and organisations. Many people also gave a great deal of their time and our sincere gratitude goes to them. We hope that we will have an increased adult participation next year.



COMMUNITY GAMES CHOIR — BACK ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): SINEAD LONDON, SHEILA BYRNE, CATHERINE HEALY, NOREEN FREYNE, GRAINNE RYAN, MICHELLE COFFEY. MIDDLE ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): CLARE O'MALLEY, MICHELLE REAGAN, COLETTE BYRNE, CATHERINE DOHERTY, IRENE BYRNE, NIAMH MCGARRY. FRONT ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): RUTH GAFFNEY, NOREEN FREYNE, TANYA COLLUM, YVONNE FLYNN, ROSEMARY NESTOR, OLIVIA GALLAGHER.

## COMMUNITY GAMES CONTINUED

The spirit of community games can be best summed up in the pledge of the participants:

*WE PLEDGE ourselves to the ideals of the Community Games in a spirit of friendly rivalry. We shall strive to participate with honest endeavour. Our aim shall not be victory at any price, but we shall genuinely seek to unite our community in a friendly, sporting competition. By competing fairly and honestly, we, the children of this community, shall attempt to make our (village, town, etc.), a happier place in which to live.*

The committee which was hastily convened in the Parochial Hall on that night last year was: President, Fr. M. Greaney, C.C.; Chairman, Jim Lundon; Vice-Chairman, Donal Ahern; Hon. Secretary, Dr. Michael Cleary; Treasurers, Sr. Teresa and Rita Lundon; PRO, Terese Cunningham; Registrars, Sr. Rosario and Micheal Webb. Committee: Peig Byrne, Mary F. Cleary, Sr. Perpetua, Ainne Whelan, Dave Clarke. Many, many people helped during the year in the various events . . . to them all a sincere thanks.



CONGRATULATIONS TO AIDEN FLATLEY, CLARE STREET, ON WINNING THE CONNACHT SILVER "CHEFS OF IRELAND" MEDAL. AIDEN IS NOW ON THE STAFF OF HAYDEN'S HOTEL, BALLINASLOE.

## Ballyhaunis Rugby Football Club

**A**PPROACHING the 12th year of our existence we have recently launched our most important venture to date. This takes the form of a limited members' draw for a prize fund of £25,000. Membership of the draw is £20, and first prize is a choice of a Deutz DX 3 tractor, supplied by Johnston's Machinery, which is on display at Johnston's Machinery Yard, or the magnificent new Mitsubishi Lancer 1500 with electric windows, etc., which can be seen at Rochford Motors, who also supplied the second prize of a Mitsubishi Colt. There is a U.S. holiday for two adults and two children with seven nights in New York and seven nights in Miami, supplied by Dillon Travel, plus £500 to spend as third prize. There are ten other prizes for £2,000 cash. The draw for all the prizes will take place at a dance in Midas Nite Club on Friday, 17th February. Interest in the draw is high with its value for money prize and superb prizes, and we expect to reach our target of 2,000 in advance of the date.

Proceeds from this draw go to paying for the grounds recently purchased from Mr. Joe Greene at Doctor's Road, where the club intend to develop a Community Sports Facility available to all. We are particularly happy to have the site in the town, as we are having difficulty in getting suitable transport for the fifty or more underage players at Under-10, 12, 14 and 16 who currently train with us

on Saturday mornings, to the present grounds at Coolnaha. This is, indeed, a suitable time and place to thank Mark and John Murphy for the use of these grounds since our formation as a club.

It is envisaged that we will develop two full-sized rugby pitches, with a 400 metre running track around one of the pitches, and two tarmac tennis courts, as well as permanent long jump and high jump pits. We would like to develop a community park with walks and shrubs which would be used by all of the community during the Summer months when rugby is not played.

Sadly we lost a great friend and former player with the tragic death of P. J. Keane from Cloonfad. P. J. had sold exactly 100 of our £20 tickets at the time of his death and his dedication to the project had been an inspiration to the rest of our members.

We expect that by the time you read this we will still have some tickets left, and any of the undersigned will be happy to help you towards ownership of the tractor or cars.

Signed: Peter Gallagher, Hugh Curley (0907-30110/30140); Michael Curley (49036); Alan Delaney (30128/30704); Eamon Healy (30399); Bernard Jennings (0907-30315; 094-88340); Pat Martin (30495).

**Alan Delaney.**



BALLYHAUNIS NEW YORKERS WELCOME MAISIN MEATH. FRONT: FRANCES DALTON, MAISIN MEATH, MURIEL (HIGGINS) SWEENEY, ANITA (DALTON) QUARRY, SEAN TYNAN. BACK ROW: BERNIE (CONNELL) REYNOLDS, JOSEPHINE (HIGGINS) BEIRNE, ROSEMARY (DALTON), KECK, ROSALEEN (CAULFIELD) DOWNEY, AND EUGENE DOLAN.

# For Cystic Fibrosis Children

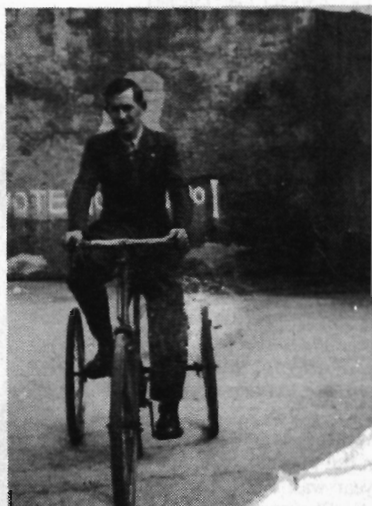
BY T. C.

**C**YCLING is the simplest mechanical forms of transport — it's a type of geared walking. A bicycle today is a sophisticated piece of machinery and a long way from the machines used down the ages. Many peculiar two-wheel balancing machines were built before the modern cycle, for example, 1760 there was the "travelling chaise without horses"; 1816 the french "swift-walking" machine; 1860 the hobby horse; 1869 the "bone-shaker", and, of course, the "penny-farthing" of the 1870s. The modern cycle was probably born in 1867 in France with the invention of the "Velocipede". Later the modified model of T. K. Starley that had equal size wheels and a rear chain drive. By 1888 T. B. Dunlop had introduced the pneumatic tyre to the bicycle.

Exactly 100 years later a large number of "geared walkers" had gathered in Ballyhaunis for a special reason. It was not to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the invention of the pneumatic tyre, but to support a very worthy cause — Cystic Fibrosis children, and no better way than a sponsored cycle.

Fifty cyclists and a back-up of about twenty people came from Galway, Dublin and Ballyhaunis. They brought all sorts of machines from "bone-shakers" (of the modern type), to super-models to tandems.

The cycle started in Ballyhaunis and the route included Foxford, Ballina, Crossmolina, Newport, Westport, Castlebar, Claremorris and back to Ballyhaunis. This route proved most enjoyable — the fine, natural scenery sprinkled with sunshine and snippets of conversation kept the group moving along.



IGNATIUS DAVITT PICTURED IN THE HANDBALL ALLEY AT BRACKLOON RIDING THE UNUSUAL THREE-WHEEL BICYCLE HIS FATHER HAD USED TO COMMUTE TO HIS JOB AS MANAGER OF CLARE-MORRIS OIL DEPOT.

Having to live with the usual (mishaps), like punctures, sore knees and the like, our brave team arrived back in Ballyhaunis to a very warm welcome from a large crowd that had gathered at the town square. The Central Hotel provided the venue for an enjoyable evening to relax and give the bikes a rest.

Resulting from the generosity of sponsors, cyclists, collectors, people along the way and everyone involved, a grand total of £7,000 was collected. This sizeable collection will go to help the Cystic Fibrosis children and the causes of the C.F. Association. It is much appreciated.

P.S.: Did you know that the gear of a bicycle is calculated by multiplying the number of teeth on the chainwheel by the diameter of the rear wheel and dividing the answer by the number of teeth on the sprocket!

## Tales To Jog The Memory

BY EAMONN MURREN

**O**N the night that the late Bernie Byrne was laid to rest a story came back to me that my late father once told me concerning "Bernie's" establishment. It so happened that the Gardai knocked on "Bernie" one night just after closing time. Bernie quickly ushered his customers, including my father, out the back door. The only escape was over a rather high wall and into Eddie Fitzgerald's yard. My father, being short in stature, eventually got over the wall with the rest and escaped the wrath of the law.

The following day, however, he was passing down by the Garda Barracks, Sergeant Bill Curran was standing at the door and, always being a good man with the slag, Bill quipped: "Well Johnny, I hear you've taken up the pole vault for the Olympics."

Another story about "Bernie's" concerns two men drinking there, who did not like each other. "Do you know," said the first fellow, "they're are two tortures in this town?" — "I suppose I'm one of them," said the other. "No, you are the two," came the reply. The language I'm told was a little stronger than that used above.

Another house, of course, where tales abounded was Pat and Laurence Kilroy's. A story is told of Pat Rattigan

Snr. coming home on holidays a good few years ago. Pat walked up the street wearing a crombie coat. Now crombie coats were a rare sight in those days. Pat Kilroy was standing at the door with a friend of his: "Tell me," said Pat, "who's yer man gone up the street with the crombie?" — "Oh", came the reply, "that's the sailor Rattigan, that man has been all over the world and several other places, too."

I'm sure some of our older readers will have memories of the crack in "Kilroy's". Memories, too, of Mike McGreal's and Padraic Waldron's, of matches made in Jack Dillon's Bar, and matches of another type discussed in Tom Forde's; of cattle bought and sold in Paddy Phillips. Larry Moran's, Tom Murphy's and other pubs. Of stories, too, from Jack Morley's where a lady was once asked what age her husband was and to which she replied: "If he was another year he'd be a great age."

Tales, too, from Michael Curley's, Peter Hannan's, Joe Regan's, Mick Mulhern's, Tom Concannon's and Sonny Phillip's, to name just a few.

But I will finish my story from the Central Hotel. A number of years ago a reporter, who shall remain nameless, was having a drink with some friends in the Hotel. He was suddenly interrupted by an American tourist who asked him if he worked for the "Western People". When the reporter answered "Yes", the American burst out "That paper is full of rubbish. I bought it yesterday and it was full of rubbish and I bought it again today and the same bloody stuff was in it."





FR. M. WHELAN, M.S.C., AND FR. P. MURPHY, M.S.C., WHO GAVE THE RECENT ANNAGH PARISH MISSION.



ON A RECENT VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND WITH CHRIST'S BAPTISMAL PLACE IN BACKGROUND MRS. KIT FREELEY AND SR. ETNA NOLAN.



THE 1947 BLIZZARD — A WILLING HAND — MICK DYER, BRACKLOON.

Photo courtesy C. Dyer.



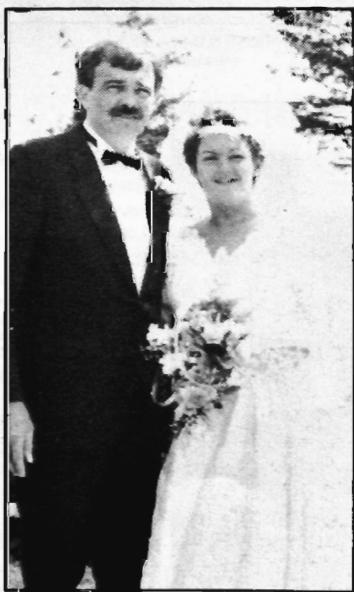
UPPER MAIN STREET — KATHLEEN CAULFIELD GREETS A RETURNED NEIGHBOUR, JOSIE (GREALLY) RIORDAN. THE "YES" POSTER ON THE POLE IN THE BACKGROUND IS A REMINDER OF A RECENT NATIONAL REFERENDUM.

Photo courtesy Tommy O'Malley.

# Wedding B



REGINA CRIBBIN, TOGHER, AND JARLATH FAHY.



CATHERINE FEENEY, ERRIFF, BALLYHAUNIS, AND WALTER WALDRON, HOLYWELL, BALLYHAUNIS.



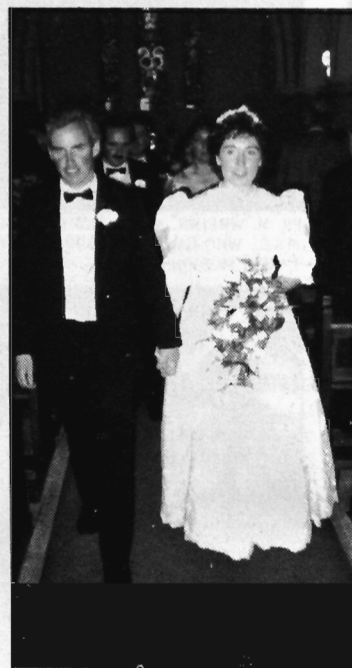
JAMES TOOLAN, KNOCKANARRA, AND DEBBIE CONWAY, HOLYWELL.



AUDREY RONAYNE AND MICHAEL MOONEY.



PATRICIA CONBOY, DEVLIS, AND HUGH FRIEL, MILFORD.



JOHN DURKAN AND ANN O'REILLY.



GABRIELLE MORAN, LECARROW, BALLYHAUNIS, AND SEAN RUANE, MOATE, BALLYHAUNIS.



# Bells



CHRISSIE O'REILLY, HOLYWELL, AND MICHAEL SHALLY, DUNMORE.



BRID MORLEY, ISLAND, AND CONOR IRWIN, GALWAY.



EAMON HEALY, HOLYWELL, AND HELEN BRADY, CLAREMORRIS.



MARY REGAN, AGLORAGH, AND PAUL SYKES, CAVE.



HARRIET O'REILLY, HOLYWELL, AND JOHN SMYTH, KILTEVNA.



JOANNA DOWDALL AND CHRIS HAMNETT.



FLORENCE SWIFT, TAVANACHMORE, AND PADRAIC BANCE.





THE 1947 BLIZZARD — CLEARING A WAY TO BRACKLOON: WELL-KNOWN POSTMAN, BUD WALDRON, ABLY-ASSISTED BY CATHERINE DYER.

Photo courtesy C. Dyer.



THE 1947 BLIZZARD — CLEARING A PASSAGE FROM BARRACK STREET: EDDIE McHUGH, DAVIE MULLIGAN, JIMMY KEARNS, PADDY MULLIGAN.

Photo courtesy Tony Boyle.

## Summer '88

Emigrate, Emigrate,  
It's not too late,  
What a fate!  
Tear up your roots from this earth,  
Heartstrings tug, bodies hug,  
Break, Break,  
Mind and soul cry out to Heaven.

**Micheal Smyth**



BALLYHAUNIS COMMUNITY GAMES SQUAD

## To Boston And Back . . .

BY AINE LOUGHRAN

**T**HIS Summer I decided to go to the United States along with many thousands of Irish people, do work and see what it was like. After receiving my J-1 working visa, which is valid to students only, I left Shannon in mid-June and stayed in the States for four months. My destination was the Irish-American city of Boston, which is a lovely city, a bit smaller than Dublin.

The initial thing to do on my arrival was to find accommodation. The first night of my stay USIT put myself and hundreds of other students up in Boston College and after that we were on our own.

Fortunately I had friends in the Irish area of Brighton who I stayed with for my entire stay. After settling in, it was time to go job-hunting, which isn't exactly the best thing to be doing in your spare time! The only way to look for jobs was either going from door-to-door or by looking in the daily newspaper such as the *Boston Globe*. For the next two weeks I was wandering around the streets filling out application forms and ringing up places from the paper. These were probably the most off-putting weeks during my entire stay. The reason for this is because there are so many students looking for jobs at the same time that you feel as if you don't stand a chance, when, in fact, you do!

Eventually I found myself working in an insurance office, which I got through a temporary agency, doing basic secretarial duties. I loved the work, which was from 9.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m., five days a week. The only off-putting thing about it was the early hours of the morning which I had to get up. In order to make work for 9.00 a.m. you had to be up at approximately 6.30 a.m. and then get a bus or the underground to work. This means that on returning to your apartment after another hour and a half's journey, you're simply exhausted. But, like everything else, it is just a matter of getting used to, it, and I did!

I soon got used to this hectic way of living and working in Boston; the Americans always seem to be on the go! Their week days are entirely concerned with work and having early nights, while their weekends are spent relaxing or going to Cape Cod, a very popular seaside resort.

During my stay in Boston I found that it wasn't that expensive to live comfortably. Accommodation, when sharing with seven other people in an apartment, worked out at \$22 each,

and food and clothes were cheaper than at home. As a result I found it comparatively easy to save some money each week. The fact that I was on a student J-1 working visa and claiming exempt from all taxes, also made it easy to find work.

On the other hand there is the question of all the illegal Irish living in the States. In Boston alone there are literally thousands of illegal Irish. Most of these are young people who are mainly engaged in restaurant work or working on the sites. In talking to some of them I asked them how they got jobs without papers and found out that a lot of them work under false identity, or, as in the case of those doing construction work, one isn't asked for papers at all. Their main downfall is being illegal, makes it impossible for them to open a bank account, because they don't have the necessary papers. Nevertheless,

despite this and other problems, they seem very content, although a good deal of them would love to go back to Ireland for a while and then return to the States, which in turn arises the problem of immigration. Hence a lot of them don't have much choice but to stay where they are. However, the Irish spirit is undoubtedly kept alive in many of the Irish pubs, such as the "Black Rose", "The Kinvara", "The Emerald Isle", and many more, where Irish bands play frequently. I found that the best entertainment was to be found in such places rather than the American bars.

Hopefully, in the near future, something will be done to secure the Irish people in America so that they can lead a normal life as they would in Ireland.

For me it was a fantastic experience and would, without any hesitation, go there again.



NORTH AFRICA, 1934 — IN TRANSIT TO ROME — DERMOT WALDRON, JACK HALPIN, EDDIE WEBB.

Photo courtesy Jack Halpin



LIAM GREALLY RECEIVING THE THOMAS JOHNSTON MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP FROM MR. TOMMY JOHNSTON. ALSO IN PHOTO MR. GERRY O'NEILL, BALLINAFAD AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, AND MR. EDDIE THORNTON, COMMUNITY SCHOOL.

Ph. Pat Glynn

## Ballyhaunis Squash Club — 1987-'88

**T**HIS club is now in its sixth full year. It continues to be the leading club for Winter sport in Ballyhaunis. The Four Counties League was founded by Ballyhaunis under the chairmanship of John Biesty three seasons ago. Last year it was the turn of Ballyhaunis to run the league. Ladies' and men's teams from Galway, Roscommon, Mayo and Sligo competed. Our club won two divisions — the ladies' 'A' team of Della Webb, Breege Cleary, Ann Freeley, Maura Noone and Mary Francis Cleary were victorious. In the ladies' 'C' team Margie Phillips, Karina King, Maria Byrne, Siobhan Lynskey and Anne Henry won.

The club also entered a men's 'B' team. Rochford Motors sponsored the league. The Moran brothers, Donal and Enda, continue to be in the top twenty in Connacht. Galway-based Gavin Dwane is also among the top players in Connacht. In the Leinster league Paul Walsh, a former employee of Coen Motors, Devlis, and now a member of the Irish Army, carries the flag across the Shannon.

This year, as usual, there are coaching and training sessions for men and women. The men's team from 7-8 p.m. on Mondays and the ladies' team from 6-7 p.m. on Fridays. Everybody is welcome to those sessions.

One notable trend this year is a big interest amongst students in the



MEMBERS OF THE LADIES' 'A' AND 'C' SQUASH TEAMS, WINNERS OF THE FOUR COUNTIES SQUASH LEAGUES. BACK ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): SIOBHAN LYNKEY, MARGIE PHILLIPS, KARINA KING, JOHNNY BIESTY, LEAGUE ORGANISER. FRONT ROW (L. TO R.): MARY F. CLEARY, BREEGE CLEARY, MOIRA NOONE. MISSING FROM PICTURE ANN HENRY, ANN FREELEY, MARIA BYRNE, DELIA WEBB.

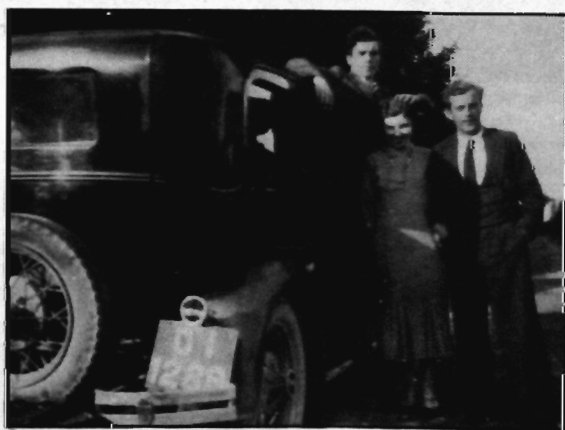
game. The club will not charge any membership to students this year but they must get permission from Johnny Biesty or John Durkan first.

For adults the club runs leagues during the Winter. People who wish to join a league can give their names to John Durkan, Shea O'Callaghan, Sean Freyne, Breege Cleary or Mary Francis Cleary.

The metre is 50p x 2 for a forty-minute session. Booking sheets are put up three days in advance.

Officers: Chairman, John Durkan; Vice-Chairman, Shea O'Callaghan; Secretary, Sean Freehan.

**John Durkan (Chairman).**



PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OUTSIDE BRACKLOON NATIONAL SCHOOL IN JUNE, 1936, SHOWS BUILDING CONTRACTOR, JIM DYER, BRACKLOON, STANDING ON THE RUNNING-BOARD OF HIS 14.9 FORD. THE PICTURE INCLUDES JOE DYER, R.I.P., AND MOLLY DYER, ALSO FROM BRACKLOON. AFTER A LONG AND SUCCESSFUL CAREER IN THE CONSTRUCTION INDUSTRY, JIM DYER IS NOW RETIRED AND LIVES IN DEVLIS.

PHOTO COURTESY CATHERINE CARNEY.

## Awakening Landscape

There is a wild grandeur  
About the O'Connor Pass,  
The likes of which the world  
Can hardly boast of,  
But for me the real impact came  
When my family shared it with me.  
The same holds for the sight  
Of wild geese flying south  
To their sloblands,  
One November evening,  
When we looked up and saw them  
By the merest chance,  
My nephew and I.  
Or again the gossamer threads  
On the grass in the high field,  
One utterly calm evening,  
When the placid waters below  
Looked like a Japanese scene  
In what seemed like a heat-haze,  
Or the unforgettable drives  
Around nooks and corners and heights  
Which skirt a southern bay of beauty.  
Landscape, sea, sky, nature,  
All make meaning, and serve  
A private purpose, but for me  
It is in the sharing of them  
That they truly come alive,  
It is then I like them best of all.

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



# Ballyhaunis Community Information Centre (C.I.C.)

Parochial Hall. Tel. (0907) 30212.

JOHNNY LYONS

**A**S 1988 draws to a close, volunteers attached to Ballyhaunis Community Information Centre can look back on yet another busy and successful year. Throughout the year the centre was open for business during the appointed hours, and the number of queries dealt with was one of the highest recorded in recent years.

Other activities included staff meetings held on a monthly basis, training sessions, organising a successful "welfare rights week", and taking part in the National Social Service Board seminar held in the Corrib G.S. Hotel, Galway.

Considered by many as the most

important event of the year, the Organisers' Conference took place on October the 8th and 9th in Gort Mhuire Conference Centre, Dundrum, Dublin, and, as on previous years, Ballyhaunis Centre was ably represented by two excellent delegates.

The C.I.C. is staffed by trained volunteers who provide free and confidential information on a wide range of subjects such as Social Welfare, Health Services, Housing, Income Tax, Pensions, etc. A comprehensive range of application forms for various entitlements is also available.

Opening hours are as follows — Tuesday and Friday, 11.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m., and again from 5 p.m. to 6

p.m.; and on Saturday from 11.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

The centre is currently operated by the U/M volunteers: Sr. Assumpta, Co-Organiser and Training Officer; Kathleen McBride, Co-Organiser; Bridie Brennan, Co-Deputy Organiser; Mai Murphy, Co-Deputy Organiser and Secretary; Betty Regan, Publicity Officer, Johnny Lyons, Chairman; Mary Donnelly, Nora Sweeney, Noreen Lyons, Mary Waldron, Rita Murphy, Harry Lamberth, Frances Maye, Mary Hopkins, Delia Regan and Mary Buckley.

New volunteers wishing to be associated with this valuable service to the community are always welcome.

## Philadelphia Quaker City String Band Visits Ballyhaunis



THE STRING BAND IN KILTILMAGH FOR ITS SPLENDID ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE. VISITED BALLYHAUNIS COMMUNITY SCHOOL ON MARCH 16TH AND GAVE A VERY APPRECIATED PERFORMANCE. EVEN THOUGH THE RESTRICTIONS OF STAGE MEANT THAT IT WAS WITHOUT THEIR BRILLIANT PARADE. COSTUMES OF OSTRICH PLUMES, WHITE SHOES AND MASKS. THE STUDENTS TREATED THEIR GUESTS TO RECITALS FROM CHOIRS, A CABARET GROUP, IRISH DANCING AND A CEILI BAND.

## The Day The Cup Came Back

BY TOMMY CAULFIELD

**I**T seemed that the entire population of the town and parish had turned out and was present as captain Tommy Moran accepted the James Sweeney Memorial Cup from County Chairman, Mick Higgins. A gap of 21 years had been bridged and Ballyhaunis were, once again, the Mayo Intermediate football champions.

Many of the Ballyhaunis greats from the past watched as their team put paid to Shrul's hopes of a county title. Players like Philip Morley and Eddie Webb who contested a final against Shrul in 1946, Mick O'Connell and John "Doc" Healy, who wore the club colours in the '50s; Al Madden, Robert Kelly, Johnny Biesty and, indeed, most of the 1967 team were there.

The dream had been realised. The months of hard training had paid off. The cup was coming home. Loyal supporters was Mike Grogan, Michael Waldron and Tom Eagney, were first

home as usual and had the bonfires blazing at The Square. Cars carrying players and supporters regrouped outside the town in that great GAA village of Cave and the cavalcade, bedecked in the red and black, made its way through the town. The reception was rapturous, the whole town wishing to share in our triumph.

It was fitting that the cup should make its first stop in Val Byrne's. Young Val had just played his best game of the campaign and contributed handsomely to the Ballyhaunis tally with his three second-half points. But County titles are no novelty in the Byrne household. Val Snr. captained Ballyhaunis to minor success in 1952.

From Byrne's the cup took a circuitous route to the Central Hotel where the team was feted. Club Chairman, Gerry Lyons, congratulated the players and paid tribute to the team selectors, Ned Murren, Denis Hannan, and team manager, Tony Morley. Tommy Moran replied on behalf of the players and hero of the day, Paddy

Phillips, spoke on the quality of Ballyhaunis beef! The sense of brotherhood among the players, built up on the playing field, now became obvious as Dave Fitzgerald led us in an antiphon of thorough-bass syncope.

We caught up with the main body of supporters in the Oak Bar on Bridge Street where proprietor and team selector, Denis Hannan, filled the cup (which at this stage had sprung a leak), with an appropriate potion. Mothers, wives and girlfriends were thanked for their patience and support throughout the year and a memorable sing-songs was not getting under way in the front lounge.

Ballyhaunis GAA Club is back in the big time. The foundation for future success has been laid. 1989 beckons and the privilege to play senior football is ours once again. It is a prospect to which we look forward.

I have no doubt that our youthful team will deliver the goods — a string of senior championships in the '90s is very much on the cards.



BRACKLOON N.S., 1926 — BACK ROW: MABEL KEDIAN (R.I.P.), ELLIE HUNT, MOLLIE DYER, DELIA WALDRON, SALLY DYER. FRONT: CATHERINE DYER, BEA REGAN, CELIA FINNEGAN, MARY CONNOLLY (R.I.P.), MARY SMITH, MOLLIE DYER, MOLLIE GANLEY (R.I.P.).

Photo courtesy Catherine Dyer.

## Emigration — A Guarantor Of Continuity

**L**IKE Oscar Wilde who said he could resist everything except temptation, we are, I think, a people who can adapt to anything except change. Reading the Cork *Evening Echo's* devastating survey of young people's attitudes to emigration reminds us again of the fatalism which impels us to accept anything, any amount of dislocation and disruption rather than face up to real and fundamental change at home.

Almost all of the young Corkonians see their future as bleak. But equally, most of them think of their way to avoid that bleakness in terms of escape, of emigration to a wide variety of places, from Austria to Australia. Irish young people, it seems, are prepared to put up with any amount of personal discontinuity rather than contemplate a radically altered future in their own country.

One of the things this should teach us is to stop using the word "conservative" about ourselves. We are not a conservative people; we are a fatalistic one. If conservatism means anything it is about holding on to traditional values, maintaining a way of life, keeping in touch with whatever you perceive to be your roots. And in this sense we are not an overly-conservative people, but a feckless and profligate one.

We will give up anything, adapt to any new circumstance, if only we are allowed to live in peace and comfort. We will tolerate anything short of the utterly intolerable. If Ireland was invaded by Martians tomorrow, it wouldn't be long before we started wearing antennae and telling each other that the Martians weren't such bad fellows, so long as you didn't get on the wrong side of them.

I was, for instance, in Ballyhaunis, Co. Mayo, a few months ago. Ballyhaunis is the essence of what we would think of as conservative small-town Ireland, the usual huddle of buildings on the main street invaded and enclosed by the surrounding countryside. It is monumentally stable in its politics and overwhelmingly against abortion and divorce. And yet when you look at the way people live, **not only is it not conservative, it is a positively surreal mixture of cultures and influences.**

Most of the town's workforce spend their days in the Halal meat factory

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*Extract from "Irish Times"*

*article by Fintan O'Toole*

*on November 17th, 1988.*

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where mullahs (real live Middle Eastern Islamic mullahs), intone Koranic prayers over the beasts which are to be slaughtered. There is a mosque at one end of the town. In the Midas Nite Club on a Sunday night, the main entertainment is a live Ballyhaunis version of a British version of an American game show called "The Price Is Right", compered by a man in a bow tie that lights up in pink and yellow. For the Irish emigrant, **New**

**York probably seems by comparison a model of cultural orthodoxy and cohesion.**

What sustains this ability to adapt to almost anything is fatalism. Irish fatalism is peculiarly paradoxical. It is the element of continuity which allows us to accept almost any discontinuity. The continuity comes in accepting that things are rotten here and will always be rotten, and if you accept that then you put up with all the disruption that emigration brings. And even more ironically, emigration itself is a big factor in establishing that continuity. The thing which causes so much and such painful change in our individual lives at the same time convinces us that change itself is really impossible.

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### A YOUNG PERSON'S PERSPECTIVE:

## "Look Back In Anger, Look Forward In Apathy"

BY TRIONA R. MORLEY

(5th Year in B.C.S.).

**B**ALLYHAUNIS today has a population of about 1,500 people and if we are to go by the national figure almost 50% of that total are under 25. So what does Ballyhaunis have to offer to the young people? It is often said that the young people are the future. If that is true what future lies in store for Ballyhaunis? To the casual onlooker passing through our town, Ballyhaunis looks like a boom town, full of industry and commerce; untouched by unemployment, emigration or recession. But in actual fact nothing could be further from the truth. Like other parts of rural Ireland Ballyhaunis exports her youth to Dublin, London and New York. There is nothing for them here. Over the last thirty years demographic studies have shown the big rise in numbers of people leaving the land for the city. **Young people are no longer willing to stay at home and scrape a crust from the hard and infertile land like their forefathers. They aspire to greater**

things. They want to live, not exist. They want to be able to choose not to be in a situation where opportunities for work, entertainment or just experiencing life just aren't there. Sure Ballyhaunis doesn't have a drugs problem or a violence problem, vandalism is rare — but so also is excitement. The reason that Ballyhaunis doesn't have these problems is that there are no young people around to perpetrate these crimes against society. Ballyhaunis is and will be in years to come a town where one can get educated to go out into the world, and then return to end one's days in calm surroundings, secure in the knowledge that there won't be any young people around to terrorise or upset one. Each day will be the same, nothing changing, just a gradual winding down process into the grave.

Yes, Ballyhaunis has a grey future, "people leading grey lives dying into grey clay."





PARISH CHURCH MALE VOICE CHOIR, 1937 — BACK ROW: PADDY HENRY, MICK O'CONNELL, SHAMIE O'CONNELL, SEAN CONWAY, BILLY HAYDEN, PADDY FREELEY, JOHN CRUISE, JOHN HUNT, LIAM SMYTH. THIRD ROW: MICKEY GAVIN, STEPHEN HUNT, SEAMIE WALSH, CUSSIE FORRIE, PAT SMYTH, TOMMY CONWAY, MICKEY BRENNAN, BERTIE MULLIGAN, CYRIL COYNE, SEAN MUGAN. SECOND ROW: TOMMY DONNELLAN, JOE GRIFFIN, PADDY HARTY, GEORGIE CONWAY, JIMMY PLUNKETT, KEVIN GREENE, BERTIE CURLEY, TOMMY GAVIN, KEVIN FINN, PAUL MEATH, LOUIS HYLAND. FRONT: JOHNNY HENRY, ALBERT MADDEN, MARTIN COFFEY, DILL (EATON) HUGHES, REV. G. J. PRENDERCAST, PADDY GILL, JACK HALPIN, MICHAEL EAGNEY.

# MEN OF LETTERS

By regular "Annagh" contributor, Jimmy Cribbin.

**W**HAT is the connection between a pick, a shovel and a pen?

I am confused now myself, having asked the question. I will come up with some kind of an answer, or else drop this sheet of paper into the range along with the rest, and start again.

It is with some encouragement I recall that even artists have sometimes to drop stuff into the range. I recall it was the day of the last Co. Council election that Pat Kenny, the painter, docked into my place. He seemed a bit distressed, told me he had been working in a Church.

I gave him a good glass of whiskey and he took me into his confidence. "My angel fell", says he, and "Paradise will have to be recreated."

If I were a politician, I would have got away without answering the question that was asked earlier on. Remember, pick, shovel and pen. The best answer I can come up with is this, in the hands of men of ability, those three tools can be used to drop very deeply. While in the hands of ordinary people they can be used to scratch lightly.

Our present venture calls for no deep digging, a fairly heavy scratch will do nicely.

## WHERE PEOPLE WRITE

But why is it so hard to get scratching? In theory at least at home, alone, with no distraction, should be the ideal place to write. On the other hand distractions did not deter Thomas Gray from writing an excellent poem. The best works seem to have been done in places that are reasonably quiet and where people behave themselves properly. Thomas Gray wrote in a Country Churchyard; Oscar Wilde in Reading gaol, and Owen Judge wrote in Jim Smyth's public house. As I entered the premises he was seated at a table with his back to the window, writing away in a world of his own. Not wishing to break the spell I closed the door after me as if it were booby trapped. I gave him another glance and in my mind gave him some encouragement "Keep her moving. Let her rip"! Jim Smyth also appreciated that in this situation silence is golden. We greeted one another by exchanging nods. Out of respect for the writer, I conducted myself as if I were in Mount Mellary, ordering a pint and a cigar by means of sign language and handling my loose change

like a fistful of detonators. Having made a quick calculation that a cigarette lighter makes only half the noise of a striking match, I indicated towards a cigarette lighter that was on the shelf.

Owen Judge never raised his head or spoke. While he wrote he took no drink, neither hot nor cold, like "the man from God knows where". I contemplated on how well he had positioned himself at the window. Years ago

I had watched another man writing. That time the writing was being done on a block of limestone and was being done 'back to front'. It is not easy to ask a question of some people, but it was easy to ask a question of the late Johnny Gilmore. Unlike the writer at the window, he talked freely as he worked, his words in rhythm with the 'tap tap' of his hammer and chisel. He explained why it was important to



BALLYHAUNIS FAIR DAY, 1940 — AGGIE BYRNE TAKES THE REINS.



JULY, 1940 — RETURNING FROM MASS ON THE SIDE-CAR — THOMAS FREELEY (SCRIGG), MICHAEL McNAMARA (TULLAGHANE), JOE REGAN (IN FOREGROUND). TAKEN OUTSIDE HANNON'S (MORRIS). PRIARY TREES IN BACKGROUND.

Photo courtesy Muriel Murphy.

have the light behind you, and because the block of limestone was not easily moved, he was working from right to left to avoid a shadow being thrown on the letters he was carving.

Jim Smyth was at the other window reading the newspaper, the racing page as I ascertained by standing on tip toe and peeping into the mirror at the back. Of course when I looked in the mirror I saw two Smyths, and for the next five minutes or so my mind was occupied in trying to recall a poem about a goldfield in Australia where everyone called themselves Smyth whether they were entitled to it or not. All I could recall about 'this prevalence of Smyth' which caused 'much mystery and myth'. 'If you threw a stone at sundown you were sure to hit a Smyth'.

Another pint, this curfew is lasting longer than I thought. I wish Kevin Eagney would come in. It was not likely that our present abstinence from talk would break any records. It was hard to tell since no record has been done to find out what two neighbours hold the record for not talking to one another. I have known of two who did not speak for twenty years, but they are now disqualified, having spoken to one another by mistake one foggy evening.

### PLOUGH OR PLOW

The silence was broken by Owen Judge who left us speechless by asking us how to spell an awkward adjective. When it transpired (without having to look in the mirror) that the writing was destined for America, a very important question on the subject of spelling came up, i.e. when writing to America how should 'plough' be spelt. Plough as it is spelt in the country where the letter is written, or plow as it is spelt in the country where the letter will be read. I thought an agricultural contractor should know the answer to that one. Writers being a temperamental lot we did not ask him why he selected those premises to write in, we can only speculate, and three possible reasons crop up: 1. An understanding management and clientele. 2. Proximity to the Post Office. 3. Where in town is there a premises more apt by name for writing to the land of cowboys than 'The Western Bar'.

It could be argued that the Silver Dollar is also aptly named, but the traditional musicians, pool players and talkative people from Redford and Clagnagh who patronise those premises, devalue the dollar somewhat



THE CONSTRUCTION OF MARTIN DOYLE'S HOUSE, DERRYLEA, 1935. (LEFT TO RIGHT): PATRICK MOORE (CARRABEG), MARTIN DOYLE, JOHN FITZMAURICE, R.I.P. (TONRAGEE), JOHN NAUGHTON (BRICKENS), WILLIE MEEHAN, R.I.P. (GARRANE), TED DOYLE (BIRMINGHAM), PADDY DOYLE (BIRMINGHAM), MICHAEL NAUGHTON, R.I.P. (CARRAMORE).

for literary purposes, by cancelling out the peace and quiet so desired by all men of letters, with the possible exception of postmen.

### LATIN DEBATED IN BYRNES

One of those men of many letters, Dominick Murphy, maintains that the only place for any kind of enlightenment is The Lantern. Indeed I recall many enlightening and enjoyable evenings there with the aforesaid Dominick Murphy and persons unknown. Divulging information about where married men drink contravenes some section of the Secrecy Act! Poets and men of letters being excluded enables me to recall my last meeting with Lecarrows leading literary figure Murt Hunt. We met in Mike Byrnes.

It was intended to be a literary discussion, but we got 'bogged down' trying to read the Latin motto on the Byrne Family Crest which hung inside the bar. Our efforts were confounded by reflected light from a mirror at the back. There are those who will advance other nefarious (I had to make a put-stop-reason; to consult the dictionary and check the pressure of that word). We were half successful. We eventually managed to read the two words, but we could not translate them. Tom Caulfield and Dave Judge at the start were part of our 'Confederacy', but were now in a state of their own, having seceded on the grounds that people should only attempt to read what thine eyesight and thine education allows them to do easily. Pouring neutrality down the sink, Eamonn Murren endorsed the new state by taking down the

plaque, glancing at the back and letting us have the troublesome translation in a jiffy. There are two sides to everything. It is not for me to say who was in the best state, this being a function of the Minister of Propaganda! This is the fourth pub we have been in, and exhibitions like this have left many a cow unmilked! We're back where we started with a 'lowing herd winding slowly o'er the lea'. When you start repeating yourself it is time to stop drinking and writing. A poet gave a better reason when he wrote:

What matter if the crack is high,  
The cash alas runs down,  
A very sure and certain sigh,  
We're long enough in town.

### PUB — WHAT IS IT?

Don't ask me to give my definition of a pub. You can read Mick O'Connell's and Mick Fermoy's definitions any time you call into John Forde's. I only set out to write a few lines, but if I or anybody else were to write about all the pubs in Ballyhaunis and all the characters who patronise them, all the yarns spun in them, the possible end result boggles the imagination!

I know now why there are so many pub scenes in Glenroe, Coronation Street, and indeed all the 'Soaps'. Pubs are easy to write about.

This was demonstrated in the last edition of 'Annagh', when Johnny Lyons managed to squeeze a lengthy and enjoyable article out of a Miserable 'Meegum'.

### BY THE WAY . . .

If you want to know if pubs are easy to write in . . . Owen Judge is your man . . .



## Ballyhaunis I.C.A.



1950s I.C.A. CAPERS — SCOUTS WITH A DIFFERENCE — HANNAH O'DWYER, MARY BUCKLEY, MAY HOLMES (R.I.P.), TERESA McGARRY, BEATRICE FLYNN (R.I.P.).

**T**HE past year has been a very active and successful one for Ballyhaunis I.C.A. Guild. The monthly meetings, which are frequently addressed by visiting lecturers on subjects of interest such as health care and crafts, are held on the second Wednesday in the "Horseshoe Inn" at 9 p.m.

What proved of great interest to members and, indeed, non-members, were the set dancing classes during

the Winter months. The annual outing this year to Bunratty by coach was a very enjoyable occasion. The Federation meetings which occur about four times a year are important educational and social occasions.

A variety of courses at An Grianán were attended by members. The Guild is very happy with the success of its exhibition of work during the Summer Festival, which to their great delight was officially opened by jour-

nalist and television presenter, Monica Carr. We wish to thank Mrs. Maria Cribbin for presenting silver cruets for the raffle and Mrs. Burke for providing the venue. New members are always welcome.

Officers: President, Mrs. Veronica Freyne; Vice-President, Mrs. Patsy Flanagan; Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Ann McHugh; Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Margaret Kenny; PRO, Miss Kitty Mitchell.



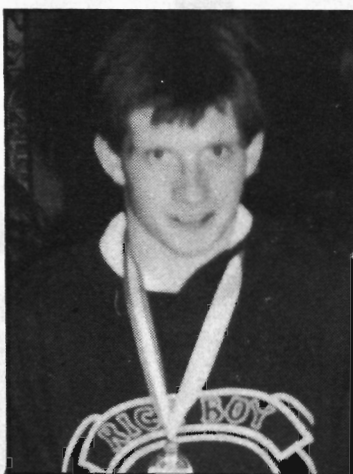
LEFT TO RIGHT: KITTY MITCHELL, PRO; ANN MCHUGH, HON. SECRETARY; VERONICA FREYNE, PRESIDENT; MARGARET KENNY, HON. TREASURER.

# A First For Cloonfad Handball

**I**N a week when world-class athletes bid for gold in Seoul, Paul Regan of Cloonfad made his own piece of local history when he became the first handballer from the area to win an All-Ireland title. He defeated the Leinster champion in a nail-biting final in Croke Park, which ended 15-9, 4-15, 15-12, to become the 60 x 40 Under-16 Champion.

This was Paul's second time to compete in an All-Ireland handball final. He was narrowly defeated in the 40 x 20 Under-16 final in May, but this time he made no mistake and his family and friends who travelled to the match were well rewarded by a skillful game of handball.

Paul is the eldest of four children of Ger and Maureen Regan, Cloonfad. He is a past pupil of Cloonfad National School and I.W.C., Dun-



ALL-IRELAND HANDBALLER  
PAUL REGAN

more. His interest in handball began at an early age. He has been a member of the local handball club for three years, but only came to the fore in championship handball in 1988.

On route to the final Paul became Roscommon champion in August; defeated the Ulster champion in the semi-final in early September, and went on to win the final in September.

After his win the Cloonfad people prepared a victory celebration for the return to their local hero. Bonfires lined the route to the village as excited supporters eagerly awaited his homecoming.

In 1989 Paul will progress to minor level where the competition will be stiff, but if Paul continues with his present dedication to the game we are sure he will attain further acclaim next year.



BALLYHAUNIS BRIDGE CLUB PRESIDENT'S PRIZE — MRS. RITA LUNDON (PRESIDENT), PRESENTING PRESIDENT'S PRIZEWINNER, MRS. TERESA CONWAY, WITH A BEAUTIFUL SILVER CUTLERY SET.

Officers elected for 1988-'89: Captain, Corrine Flatley; Vice-Captain, Shelia Forde; President, Breege Coyne; Secretary, Maura Burke; Treasurer, May Moy-

les; Tournament Director, Angela Joyce; Committee: Delores Jordan, Yvonne Loughran, Rita Lundon, Peggy Henry, Patricia Waldron, Joan Delaney.

## Ballyhaunis Branch Western Care Association

**OFFICERS:** Chairperson, Mrs. Frances Murphy; Secretary, Mrs. Nell Byrne; Treasurer, Mrs. Maureen Devaney. Council Delegates: Mrs. Maureen Devaney, Mrs. Frances Murphy, Mrs. Nell Byrne and Mr. Chris Pratt.

The branch holds monthly meetings and all the members are very dedicated and active. Most of the members are also volunteers at the training centre and take part in all the programmes run there. The committee organise two fund-raising socials and a twenty-four hour fast during the year. The future aim of the branch is to provide a bigger and better centre so that they will be able to provide a more efficient and higher standard of service to a greater number of people in the area.

During the past year the monies raised by the branch were as follows:

Annual Social .....	£ 274
Marathon .....	£ 555
Private Donations .....	£ 250
Anonymous Subscription ..	£ 500
Annual Collection .....	£3,500
<b>TOTAL .....</b>	<b>£5,079</b>

The members of the branch would like to thank all their helpers and sponsors and the members of the public for their generous support.

**Nell Byrne (Hon. Sec.)**

## Obituaries

### Siobhan Cleary

(R.I.P.)

#### A Tribute To Siobhan

Born: 7/7/1975  
Died: 14/6/1988

**S**IOBHAN'S bright golden hair, sweet smile and happy face will always remain in my mind. She was very helpful and always considerate towards people. She would always lend a hand to help her parents, John and Mary, and always cared for her sister, Louise, and brothers, Padraic, Kevin and Aiden. She was involved in many different activities and always attended and had interest in her work. She loved to meet people and tried to get to know them.

But to me there was one thing special about Siobhan. She was very special to God. She was very generous and too kind to be left on this world. I feel she is a true saint in heaven and I know and believe she is helping her mother, father, brothers and sister, uncles and aunts, cousins and grandparents to cope with the situation. I always know and can feel that she is helping me in school and I am sure she is helping everyone she knew. Siobhan was very helpful and kind towards her grandads and she loved to cycle and see her grandmother and grandfather Doyle. I know and hope



she is happy in heaven. She will be dearly missed by her family and friends and all her relations.

During the past year she was very involved in the Community Games. In the draught contest she came second in the county final, and in the athletics she ran the 100 metres, 800 metres and the relay. On the Tuesday of her death she said to me when I was getting off the bus, "See you tomorrow." But that tomorrow never came for her.

I sincerely hope whoever reads this will know how special Siobhan was to me and she will always be special throughout my life.

**Sheila Byrne.**

### I Remember Siobhan

**A** BLONDE head, a smiling face and a soft spoken voice, Siobhan was always at ease with everyone and treated all people equally. She was active and willing and yet she never imposed herself on anybody. She loved sport and was interested in the boys' games as well as girls.

As a neighbour she was always there to talk to and go for a walk. Babies loved her as she was so mild and easy with them.

Siobhan will never be forgotten. She left her image on everybody's heart, and all loved her. I know I have lost a very dear friend and someone that can never be replaced.

**Collette Byrne.**

### 1988 — A Sad Year For Clare St.

**F**OR the small, closely-knit community of Clare Street, 1988 was particularly cruel. Taken from us were five people who had trodden its pavements for the greater part of the last half century.

"Mrs. Smyth", arguably the smallest physically, but, without question, the lady with the largest heart.

Eddie Fitzgerald, affectionately known as "Fitz", who was seldom seen in anything but a jocular mood as he spritely marched his greyhounds to fitness.

"Clarence" (Grogan), for whom, in Clare Street, there was no need to use the surname; ever equipped with his pipe and whose wit added to the humour of our street.

My father, "Bernie" (again no need for a surname), who, only months ago, celebrated fifty years of married happiness in Clare Street.

Add to this list the death of Paddy McGarry, another quiet-spoken, genial pipesmoker, who, while he didn't live in our street, was so much a part of its social and commercial life; you have a litany of felled pillars of our society which an even less close-knit community would find difficult to come to terms with.

May they rest in peace.

**Mike Byrne.**



THE CAST OF THE GAELIC LEAGUE PRODUCTION OF "THE HOOK IN THE HARVEST" OF 1944. BACK ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT): DOMINIC MORAN (COOLNAFARNA), JIM SMYTH (CLAREMORRIS), CARMEL (SMYTH) REIDY, ABBEY STREET; TOM MURPHY (COOLLOUGHRA), TOMMY SMYTH (ABBAY STREET), HUGH MAHON (KILTULLAGH), MICHAEL TARMY (HOLYWELL). FRONT: ROSALEEN (GARVEY) DWANE, SEAMUS O'DONNELL, MARY HOPKINS.

Photo courtesy Seamus O'Donnell.



## Obituaries

### P. J. Moran (R.I.P.)

**I** FIRST came into contact with P. J. Moran of Lavallyroe through our association with Gaelic football in the late 'forties. The Ballyhaunis GAA Club was revived in late 1948 and team building commenced at once. Right from the start P. J. was a member of the Ballyhaunis panel. It is difficult to visualise a more resolute and full-hearted player than he.



P. J. MORAN

In those lean years P. J.'s loyalty and dedication to the club and team was an inspiration to others, for not alone did he perform brilliantly on the field, but more often than not, he provided his lorry to transport players to "away" matches, which was of great benefit to the club in those less than opulent days.

As a tribute to this unswerving loyalty and utter dedication, P. J. was afforded the honour of being appointed captain of the first senior team in Ballyhaunis since the early part of the century — an honour which he deeply appreciated and did not regard lightly. Under his captaincy the Ballyhaunis senior team left an indelible imprint on the Mayo football scene, going on to become the Mayo senior champions by defeating the mighty Ballina Stephenites in 1958 and few who witnessed that encounter will forget the sterling display of the captain, P. J. Moran.

A sportsman to his fingertips, he was throughout his all too short life, good natured, considerate, kind and generous in the extreme; a devoted husband and father.

Deepest sympathy is extended to his widow, Kathleen; family and relatives.

Go ndeanaidh Dia trocaire ar a anam.

**Mick O'Connell.**

### Paddy McGarry (R.I.P.)

**T**HE late Patrick J. McGarry was a man who epitomised all that is good in human nature. He was the inspirational head and driving force of a firm, the extent of the trade transactions of which were vast by any standard and he was regarded as being in the forefront of the commercial life of the province. He established a high code of ethics in his business dealings, never deviating from "old world" values.



PADDY MCGARRY

It was as a trail-blazer in the entertainment sphere that he will be remembered. In the "dark days" of the 'thirties, "McGarry's Hall" was the centre of all social activities and there are many people in Ireland and in far-away places nursing fond memories of the dances and "hops" there. He also provided facilities for billiards, snooker, boxing, drama, etc., before setting the entertainment world alight by his decision in the immediate post-war years to build the modern Star Cinema and Eclipse Ballroom. It took considerable finance, vision, courage, fortitude, confidence in his own judgement and in the future of the area to carry such a project through; and resulted in Ballyhaunis being dubbed "the entertainment centre of the West", a epithet which the area still enjoys.

He was a founder member of the Ballyhaunis Town Improvements Committee and a principal in "the modern Building Society". Yet, though, he expended energy at an astonishing pace, he still found time for the simple things in life. An inveterate pipe smoker he could ponder, reflect and relax. He will be remembered in the Ballyhaunis area also as a man whose kindness and thoughtfulness touched the lives of many.

Paddy was, however, essentially a family man; a devoted husband and father, for whom family ties superseded all other considerations. He is survived by his wife, Teresa; sons, Gerard (Ballyhaunis), and John (Missouri); daughters, Cora (Tuam), Mona (Dublin), Yvonne (Longford); sister, Sr. Jarlath (North Carolina).

Deepest sympathy is extended to the bereaved. Go ndeanaidh Dia trocaire ar a anam.

**Mick O'Connell.**

### Kathleen Smyth (R.I.P.)

**W**HEN Mrs. Kathleen Smyth died on 15th January, 1988, Ballyhaunis, lost a gentle lady and a sterling friend. A native of County Donegal, Mrs. Smyth spent most of her long life in Ballyhaunis. Her husband, Willie Smyth, N.T., who taught in Brackloon N.S., died twenty-three years ago.



KATHLEEN SMYTH

Mrs. Smyth helped the poor, the old, the lonely and the sick. This work was done so quietly and unobtrusively that it might have passed unnoticed. Gratitude embarrassed her and it was quickly brushed aside with a query about ones health or an absent member of the family. To parade her virtue was not Mrs. Smyth's style. A virtuous woman, she combined a life of prayer and self-sacrifice with her works of mercy and kindness.

Ballyhaunis Junior Chamber, nominated here "woman of the year" in 1974. Characteristically, she didn't think there was any special reason why she should be chosen.

Mrs. Smyth was a highly intelligent and well-read woman, who had her own opinions on every aspect of life. It was a privilege to have known her. We offer sincere sympathy to her son, Micheal; his wife and family.

Ar dheis Dé go raibh a h-anam fial.

**Maura Griffin.**

# Deaths

From 2nd November, 1987, to 2nd November, 1988.

*"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Apoc. 14:13*

Dominick Moran, Knox St.  
 Ted Healy, Holywell.  
 Michael Sullivan, Island.  
 John Judge, Johnstown.  
 Kathleen Grogan, Spaddagh.  
 Catherine Cunnane, Carrowkeel.  
 Michael Comer, Bargarriff.  
 Thomas Meehan, Curries.  
 Patrick Finn, Carrowkeel.  
 Kathleen Smyth, Clare St.  
 James Lyons, Island.  
 Delia Mulkeen, Cloonbullig.  
 William Murphy, Knox St.  
 Delia Lyons, Bunadubber.  
 Thomas Neenan, Coolnafarna.  
 Marcella McHugh, Chapel St.  
 Anne Byrne, Main St.  
 James Morley, Knox St.  
 Edward Fitzgerald, Clare St.  
 Ellen Finnegan, Derrintogher.  
 John Moran, Lecarrow.  
 Patrick Hunt, Lecarrow.  
 Mary McHale, Scrigg.  
 William Forde, Moneymore.  
 Thomas J. Kedian, Moneymore.  
 Catherine Fitzmaurice, Cloonfad.  
 Lily Wilson, Abbey St.  
 Clarence Grogan, Clare St.  
 Brigid Stokes, Castlebar.  
 Joseph Horkan, Churchpark.  
 Sean Ruane, Station Rise.  
 Agnes Murphy, Lecarrow.  
 Patrick McGarry, Abbey St.  
 Siobhan Cleary, Johnstown.  
 Alice Caulfield, Upper Main St.  
 Brenda Moran, late Abbey St.  
 Margaret Lyons, Classaroe.  
 Michael Webb, Brickens.  
 Margaret Moran, Coolnafarna.  
 Hannah Biesty, Pattenspark.  
 Michael Regan, Gurteenbeg.  
 Margaret Egan, Clagnagh.  
 Teresa O'Brien, Knox St.  
 Peter Boyle, Coolnafarna.  
 Michael Plunkett, Mountain, Forthill.  
 Mary Walsh, Johnstown.  
 Bernie Byrne, Clare St.  
 Anne Farrell, Doctors' Road.

## Deaths Elsewhere

Bernadette Kearney, Castlereagh.  
 Mary E. G. Grogan, Tavanaghmore.  
 Thomas O'Boyle, Main St.  
 Mary de Vito, née Waldron, Knox St.  
 Michael Grealy, Tooreen.  
 Bridie Monroe, Dunmore.  
 Maisie Smyth, Swinford.  
 Olive Ahern, née Moran, Chicago.  
 Linda Colgan, Dublin.  
 Maura Cullen, Dublin.  
 Una Mooney, Dunmore.

Kathleen Spellman, née Biesty, Pattenspark.  
 Helen Lyons, Tulrahan.  
 John Byrne, Clare St.  
 Thomas Moylette, Curries.  
 John Greene, Gurrane.  
 Michael Waldron, Logboy.  
 Beatrice Flynn, late Ulster Bank.  
 James Maxwell, Louisburgh.  
 Michéal O Cleirigh.  
 Fr. Thomas McEllin, Knock.  
 John Freyne, Aughamore.  
 Martin Finn, Facefield.  
 Nora Gilmore, Brickens.  
 Fr. Jarlath Canney, Menlough.  
 Michael Morley, Bekan.  
 Delia Cregg, Cloonlough.  
 John Madden, Ballykilleen.  
 Sara Gavin, Tooreen.  
 Annie Fergus, Louisburgh.  
 Mary Kelly, Bekan.  
 Celia Minard, St. Gerard's Cres.  
 Patrick Mulkeen, Tulrahan.  
 Fr. Laurence McHugh, United States.  
 Rita Keane, Galway.  
 Michael Finn, Bekan.  
 Michael Killeen, Carrownedan.  
 Rita Rutter, née Folliard, Coolnaha.  
 Bridie McLoughlin, Mountain.  
 Noreen Crawley, née Freeley, Island.

Chris Barry, Bekan.  
 Thomas Mangan, Gorthaganny.  
 Delia Finn, Gurteen.  
 John Waldron, Aughamore.  
 Molly Gunnigan, Aughamore.  
 Sr. Otteran, Cappaquinn.  
 Nora Corcoran, née Connolly, Killinagher.  
 P. J. Moran, Lavalleyroe.  
 Sr. Mary Carmel Waldron, O.D.C., Cloonbook.  
 Celia Patterson, née Durr, Churchpark.  
 Delia Newell, Kilmaine.  
 John Perry, Birmingham.  
 John Lyons, Gurrane.  
 Finbar McGuire, late Cherryfield.  
 Mary Donald, née Finn, Mountain.  
 Joseph Molloy, Ballyvary.  
 Catherine Davey, née Fitzmaurice, Forthill.  
 Fr. Peter O'Reilly, Kiltegan.  
 Michael Lyons, late Devlis.  
 Josephine McNulty, St. Gerard's Crescent.  
 Martin Jennings, Leenane.  
 Fr. William Clarke, P.P., Clarran, Headford.  
 James Conway, Newport.  
 P. J. Keane, Cloonfad.  
 Kathleen Moran, London.  
 Leslie Park, London.

## Ballyhaunis Community Pre-School Playgroup

LEARNING about life and growing up means mixing with other children and having access to lots of things to do.

Pre-school Playgroup is the answer. Here your child may learn for the first time what it means to play "properly" with other children and how to share and cope with disappointment.

The Playgroup is a place of fun with lots of different toys to play with — sandpit, climbing frame, modelling clay, etc., dressing up, making a zoo from plasticine, working together with jigsaws or paints are only a few of the varieties of interests for your child.

Through play and with pleasure your child learns the difficult lessons

of independence, of being sociable, sharing, sitting still and waiting his turn. Games and activities help him to learn skills and accept discipline.

The main advantage of playgroup is that they are run by parents who encourage all the mothers to become involved in anything from helping to run the sessions to organising fund-raising events.

At the end of the day, when you come to collect your child, he will be quite proud to show you some of his morning's work; paintings, dripping with bright, bold images, collages made with lentils and pasta. Laden with trophies you'll make your way home, satisfied you have helped your child take one of his biggest steps towards independence.

We are in the Scouts' Den each morning (Mon.-Fri.), from 10.00 a.m. until 12.30 p.m. and look forward to meeting you and your children.

Officers — Chairperson, Mary Ann Lyons; Treasurer, Maureen Lilly; Secretary, Marina Coyne; Group Leader, Eileen Prendergast.

## Obituaries

### Clarence Grogan (R.I.P.)

**I**F one was asked to describe the late Mr. Clarence Grogan, Clare Street, who died following an illness bravely borne, one would have a wide range of superlatives to choose from, but I think he can best be summed up in one terse statement — "He was a quiet, dignified, gentle soul."



Though he was not a contemporary of mine, I knew Clarence Grogan for a number of years, and having had the pleasure of being in his company on many occasions, I was able at first hand to assess the traits and characteristics of this likeable, good-humoured man, who modelled his life on the Christian virtues.

Coming from good farming stock he was apprenticed at an early age to the cabinet-making, joinery and carpentry trades. Soon, his adeptness began to become evident and he was later recognised over a long span of years as an expert craftsman of great precision. His work, like the hallmark of all good tradesmen, will endure for many years to come. His work as Station Officer in the local Fire Brigade brought to the fore his leadership qualities and he was instrumental in transforming an untrained crew into a highly efficient fire-fighting unit.

He also played his part in having an ultra-modern Fire Station erected and in having the latest in fire-fighting equipment allotted to the area. He delighted in seeing youngsters enjoying themselves, and for that reason the excellent work he performed at the local swimming pool, was, for him, a labour of love.

He was essentially a family man — a devoted husband and father — who upheld his Christian principles at all

times and who was always there to be counted when needed.

I will remember him most for his quiet, dignified, gentle demeanour.

Deepest sympathy to his widow, Delia; family and relatives.

Go ndeanaidh Dia trocaire ar a anam.

**Mick O'Connell.**

### Eddie Fitzgerald (R.I.P.)

**O**NE of life's greatest pleasures for me, without doubt, was living next door to Eddie Fitzgerald for the greater part of my life in Clare Street. Originally a native of Bridge Street, Eddie was truly one of the best loved characters that the town has ever known. Although his work and life were taken seriously he was a man who was unable to carry on a prolonged conversation without having an underlying flavour of humour mixed throughout. Having inherited his father's haulage business early on in life, he travelled the length and breadth of the country where he became widely known and respected through his business.



Throughout his illustrious life Eddie had a never-ending passion for greyhounds. Together with Vinnie Caulfield, Johnny Murren and Brod Moran he visited most of the tracks in the country always dreaming of the "big one".

There is a sense of emptiness in our street since the daily parade of Fitz and his precious canine pack are no longer to be seen.

To me the passing of Eddie Fitzgerald is a sad loss. Always a man to make lighthearted the greatest of woes on long Winter nights.

On a visit to Eddie in hospital shortly before he died he was in his usual jocular mood — the lads, the slow dogs, we could have been sitting at a bar counter — it didn't matter, Eddie was still the same.

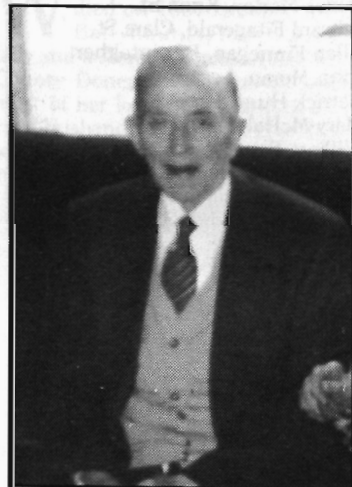
On parting from Eddie that Sunday evening one knew that underneath the crack there was an underlying sense of appreciation for the visit. On my departure his parting shot was "Thanks, I won't forget it for you."

I know you won't, Eddie.

**Mick Byrne.**

### Bernie Byrne (R.I.P.)

(In memory of the late Bernie Byrne — One of life's true gentlemen)



A kind and gentle man known both near and far,  
Worked for many years in his grocery-cum-bar.

A quiet man, and yet he loved to talk,  
Which he did all day, with men from every walk.

A man whose opinions were valued and taken,  
Who in his judgements was rarely mistaken.

Indeed, at farming, he had no peer,  
To judge and price a noble steer.  
At football, too, he knew the par,  
"Come on Mayo, over the wee bar".  
But what God has given He can take away,

Bernie, on earth, enjoyed his stay.  
God has called him to His heavenly team,

The end we all do daily dream.  
In the Garden of Eden, Bernie does glow,  
He'll be filling a drink for Fitz.  
and Co.

**Eamon Murren.**



## The Fishing Competition

**W**E had taken holidays a week early to enjoy the Ballyhaunis Festival. All week Paul had been asking about the fishing competition. Would we go, would we go? "I think so" is no answer for a lad.

We turned up on the day, Paul, his brother, Ciaran, and myself. It didn't look too promising. We didn't know how to set a float and our hooks were too small. Mark MacCafferty, Hugh Martin and John Dameron were already there on the fishing platform and there was no more room; we would have to fish through the reeds. Rain was threatening and there seemed more chance of a soaking than a fish. John, Hugh or Mark didn't make us feel ignorant when we asked for help but gave us hooks and set our floats, which were a pencil type they admired. We had done something right.

Johnny Biesty arrived. "Heads down boys" he roared as he cast far out beyond their floats. You could sense our envy which was well justified. First fish to Johnny, and the next.

Paul's float went down! There was his first fish swirling at the end of the line, flashing silver-brown as it was turned unnaturally by the mouth, the float dancing through the reeds. Hugh lent his net to land it; no ordinary first trout this but a competition fish — Mississippiful of pride.

Young John showed Paul and Ciaran how to despatch a fish, an uncomfortable lesson for the two boys.

John Biesty had to do the decent thing. He retired—he caught that many fish. He didn't leave though, but stayed on to keep an eye and enjoy the crack. He handed his rod to me, until then a non-competitor. Next thing there I was with my own first trout. I was surprised how deep a hook is swallowed. Before I could recast, Paul's second fish was on and his line was stuck in the reeds. Definitely a father's duty. The all-conquering Biesty rod was handed to Mark, who never let it go and caught two beauties. Would he or Paul have the bigger catch? John, Hugh and Ciaran had no luck but there was no complaint, only an expert examination of each fish landed and a natural acceptance of the day's luck.

Time for the weigh-in. On the way back we admired a nine pound pike, bigger than the arm of the proud, prize-winning boy who caught it, a beautiful, deep-bellied fish, its eye yet unclouded, undulating in its stillness over the contours of the boat, mouth agape.

The official scales were broken, but a competition has to be judged. Nothing for it now but to wait for Tommy Glynn's scales to arrive from town. Hoping and waiting for an age can double a disappointment when it comes. Another lad elsewhere on the shore had the best bag. Poor Paul, poor Mark. After all the expectation! And then, joy of joys the boys' prize for biggest fish from the shore — Paul Flanagan at 1 lb. 3¾ ozs. The Mississippi was back in flood carrying two boys and their father home to tell all.

And tell it all we did. We had had more sport than at a Connacht final that afternoon, a great day in a great Festival week. It felt good to be home.

Strange how a boy can torment you with his longing for something and then fill your day with more adventure than Huckleberry Finn.

MICHAEL FLANAGAN  
Lancaster, England, and  
Ballyhaunis, Ireland.

**I**T was 11.30 on Saturday, August 6th, and I got ready for the fishing competition. When I got to the White Lake there were too many people on the fishing platform so I had to fish from the bank. I got my first competition fish at 12.30. What happened was that as soon as I got it, someone dashed down from the platform and gave me a landing net. It was too far in for me, so my Daddy went and got it. When he was getting it he filled his wellies with water. When I caught my second fish, the same thing happened. When the competition finished Mark had caught two fish as well. Then we made our way back to the hut to get them weighed. I thought I had a very good chance. When it came to giving the prizes out I was disappointed when someone else got the prize for the biggest bag. But I got the prize for the heaviest fish. My fish weighed 1 lb. 3¾ ozs. I gave that fish to my grandmother to eat when she came back from Canada.

PAUL FLANAGAN (9),  
Lancaster, England, and  
Ballyhaunis, Ireland.



JOHN BURKE WITH HIS 18 LBS. PIKE CAUGHT IN THE WHITE LAKE.

# Ballyhaunis 1894

By Paul Waldron (Cave)

**T**HE list of business people in Ballyhaunis in 1894 is taken from "Slater's Directory" of that year. The names of the streets where these people lived and worked were not given in the original, therefore, only the few that are known are added in. If any readers know the location of any of the business houses, the Heritage Society would be very pleased with the information.

**Post Master:** James Delaney.

**Gentry and Clergy:** Henry O'Neill-Burke, Hugh Burke (Holywell), L. S. Crean (Ballinvilla), Mrs. Sarah Davis (Ballyhaunis), Rev. William Doran, OSA (Ballyhaunis), James Jordan (Devlis), Rev. Michael O'Donohue (Ballyhaunis), Patrick D. Tyrrell (Annagh House), Rev. Canon James Waldron (Ballyhaunis).

**National Schools:** James O'Gara, Master; Bridget Heavey, Mistress.

**Bakers:** John Healy, Dorinda McConville (Knox St.).

**Hibernian Bank:** Henry Stewart Killery, Manager.

**Blacksmiths:** Michael Waldron (Knox St.), Thomas Waldron.

**Boot & Shoemakers:** James Devine, James Greally.

**Butchers:** Peter Hackett (Main St.), John Smith (Main St.).

**Carpenters:** Patrick Curley, Michael Cusack (Clare St.), John C. Fitzmaurice (Bridge St.), Michael Infant (Clagnagh), Darby Kenny.

**Egg Merchants:** James Caulfield (and fowl); Thomas Caulfield, James Lyons (and butter) (Main St.).

**Emigrant Agents:** Thomas P. Cassidy, Richard Henry (The Square), Michael M. Waldron (Main St.).

**Grocers and Dealers in Sundries:** Ann M. Beavin (Knox St.), Thomas P. Cassidy, James Caulfield, Michael Connolly, Patrick McConville (Main St.), Michael Cusack (Clare St.), Michael Delaney, Patrick Delaney, Richard Dillon, Mary Doyle, Timothy Fitzmaurice (Clare St.), Conor Flynn (Main St.), William Flynn, Thomas Glavey, Patrick Greally, John Healy, Richard Henry (The Square), James Jordan, Edward Judge, James Lyons (Main St.), Thomas Lyons, Michael Lavan (Bridge St.), Patrick Lavan, Dorinda McConville (Knox St.), Mary McConville (The Square), John McHugh, Anthony Morley (Knox St.), Thomas Neary (Main St.), Timothy O'Malley (Clare St.), Patrick Rattigan, Michael Rattigan & Co.; Catherine M. Reedy, Michael Regan, Denis Sloyan, Michael A. Waldron (Main St.), Michael M. Waldron (Main St.).

**Hotels:** Commercial, prop.: James Lyons; Railway, prop.: Michael Lavan (Bridge St.).

**Ironmongers and Hardware:** Thomas P. Cassidy, Patrick Delaney, Richard Henry (The Square), Michael Lavan, James Lyons, Dorinda McConville (Knox St.), Thomas Neary (Main St.), Michael Rattigan & Co., Michael Regan, Michael M. Waldron (Main St.).

**Linendrapers & Haberdashers:** Conor Flynn (Main St.), Richard Henry (Millinery and dressmakers); James Jordan, Michael A. Waldron, Michael M. Waldron.

**Provision Dealers:** Thomas Caulfield, Peter Hackett, John Healy, Patrick Murphy, Henry O'Flaherty, Patrick Rattigan, Michael Regan, Timothy Snee (Knox St.).

**Seed and Guano Merchants:** Richard Henry (The Square), Michael Lavan, James Lyons.

**Spirit Dealers:** Ann M. Beavin (Knox St.), Thomas P. Cassidy, Michael Connolly, Michael Delaney, Patrick Delaney, Richard Dillon, Timothy Fitzmaurice, Conor Flynn (Main St.), William Flynn, David Forde, Thomas Glavey, Patrick Greally, Richard Henry (The Square), James Jordan, Edward Judge (Knox St.), Michael Lavan,

Patrick Lavan, James Lyons, Dorinda McConville (Knox St.), Anthony Morley (Knox St.), David Morley, Jordan Neary, Thomas Neary (Main St.), Patrick Rattigan, Michael Rattigan & Co.; Denis Sloyan, Michael A. Waldron (Main St.), Michael M. Waldron (Main St.).

**Surgeons:** Charles E. Crean, M.D.

**Tailors:** William Cooney, Austin Lyons, Thomas Waldron.

**Timber and Iron Merchants:** James Lyons (and slate), Michael M. Waldron (Main St.).

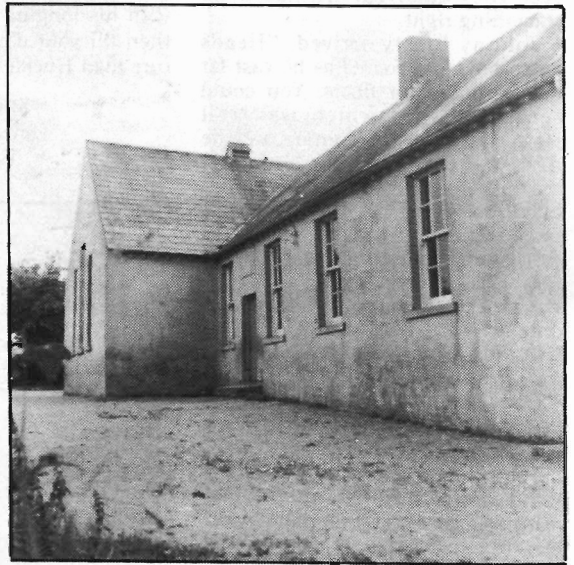
**Miscellaneous:** Ann M. Beavin, stamp distributor; Thomas P. Cassidy, agent for Prudential Insurance Co.; Mary A. Flanagan, glass and china dealer; John Healy, corn and potato factor; Henry S. Killery, agent for Scottish Provincial Insurance Co.; Patrick Moylan, Pawnbroker; Thomas Neary, marine-store dealer; Patrick Smith, saddler.

**Constabulary Station:** James McDermott, constable.

**Dispensary:** Charles E. Crean.

**Petty Sessions Court:** Every second Thursday, Hubert Davis, Clerk.

**Station Master:** Michael Gill.



BOYS' SCHOOL, 1968, BEFORE DEMOLITION.

## Dedicated to Anne Byrne and family

Since the day in the churchyard we left you,  
The day that God called you his own  
Our memory won't let us forget you  
It's the only friend grief calls its own

Gone to God now was that noble lady  
A good wife and a mother so kind.  
I know that in heaven you are praying  
For the dear ones that you left behind.

How young from this world God called you  
When only your real life began  
When life's journey is ended we'll meet you  
So God rest you, our dear mother, Ann.

Michael Godfrey.

# Ballyhaunis Of Old . . . As Seen Through The "Western People"

BY DAVID DWANE

**T**HE physical appearance of Ballyhaunis has changed quite dramatically over the past fifty years, but one thing that has remained constant through the half a century is an insatiable desire by its residents — and indeed by human nature at large — for news.

And the "Western People" has been satisfying those needs through countless columns and thousands of weekly issues — indeed, for as long now as one hundred and six years.

Relentless newshounds have contributed millions of words about life in and around Ballyhaunis, depicting the good, the bad, the pleasant and the unpleasant, but always the interesting!

Its local notes, Court cases and sports reports were devoured and ruminated more fervently than any gossip columnist could ever hope for!

Having scoured a plethora of dusty files, I've chosen some random excerpts from past editions of the "Western People", decade by decade, from 1938 onwards (thanks to colleague, Ann Bourke, for her assistance with research).

**1938 - FEBRUARY:** And our reporter was having a difficult time of it at a Connacht Convention of the Irish Registered Traders' Association in McGarry's Hall. Chairman, Mr. P. Hannon, objected to the presence of the press, for unknown reasons. But Mr. Patrick O'Brien, Ballyhaunis, leapt to the defence of the press, assisted by Mr. Thomas Forde, Ballyhaunis, who requested that the matter be put before the full house. This did not happen and our reporter left. Delegates from Ballyhaunis present at the meeting included business people such as Messrs. T. Coyne, J. Durkan, T. Johnston, J. Dillon, P. O'Brien, T. Forde, J. Halpin, E. Byrne, D. Healy, T. Moran, M. Fahy, J. Conway, P. Hannon and P. J. McGarry, plus representatives from Ballygar, Galway, Creggs and Castle-rea.

**MARCH:** A branch of the CYMS was established in the town, following a meeting in the local school house, chaired by Rev. G. J. Prendergast, P.P. Officers elected were: President, Dr. M. F. Waldron; Vice-President, Mr. J. Cooney, N.T.; Secretary, Mr. Seamus Dwyer, N.T.; Treasurer, Mr. W. J. Mulligan, N.T. Committee: Messrs. A. Madden, M. P. Freeley, P. Phillips and J. Gilmore.



**FEBRUARY:** And the talk was of a new Parochial Hall, £1,200 having already been raised locally. Very Rev. G. J. Prendergast, P.P., spoke of the need for such a hall in the parish where "the boys of the locality could gather and recreate themselves amidst healthy surroundings."

I wonder what the girls of the locality got up to in those days?

**JUNE:** Very Rev. E. A. Mansfield, O.S.A., Prior of the Augustinian Abbey, was urging people to exercise their franchise during the forthcoming general election.

**JULY:** The Ballyhaunis Races were held over the new Tooraree course, with Mr. P. Byrne acting as Honorary Secretary for the day. The Ballyhaunis Plate, the day's main event, had a total prizefund of £20, and was won by a horse called "Old Pybus".

**1948 - JUNE:** Our edition of June 19th, 1948, carried an advertisement for the Ballyhaunis Carnival, run in conjunction with the Sixth Century Celebrations of the Augustinian Abbey. Events included a Monster Rag on Sunday, 20th, and a Gymkhana and Horse Jumping in Waldron's Field, Devlis, on Thursday, 24th. On Sun., 27th, there was a Radio Eireann Questiontime, followed by a celebrity concert in the Star Cinema. On the bill was Tuam's wonder-boy soprano, J. Egleton; violinist, Kevin Flanagan, and baritone, Willie Lemass; with orchestra under the direction of Charlie Worrall. Tickets were five shillings, three shillings and two shillings, with Miss Mary Lynch, MPSI, Abbey St., responsible for reservations.

**JULY:** The Superior-General of the Augustinian Order, Most Rev. Dr. J. Hickey, O.S.A., was present at a Mass in the Abbey, celebrated by Very Rev. D. B. Redmond, Prior, on the occasion of the 600th anniversary of the founding of the Abbey.

**MARCH:** Michael P. Waldron, Ballyhaunis, had written a letter to the Editor dealing with the great work of Very Rev. John P. Canon Canning, P.P., who died twenty-seven years previously and had served as P.P. since 1893.

**FEBRUARY:** Mr. P. J. Caulfield, involved with the drive to raise the quality of breeding and egg-laying hens in the county, had just installed new incubators.

**1958 - AUGUST:** Pigs were the topic of discussion at the major conference in the town, which was representative of the Committees of Agriculture from the five Connacht counties, the Bacon Curers, the National Farmers' Association, and Pig Producers.

**JANUARY:** A function took place in the Central Hotel when the local branch of the INTO entertained retired teacher members. INTO Chairman was Mr. P. J. Fahey, N.T. Other members present included Mr. P. J. McDonagh, Mr. J. Cruise, Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Lyons. Also there were Rev. T. Rushe, C.C., and Rev. J. Horan, C.C. (Tooreen).

**JANUARY:** Following ten hours of argumentative session the Mayo County Board of the GAA finally decided that Ballyhaunis had legally won the 1957 Mayo Junior Championship. Losers, Garrymore, had made a number of official objections. One objection was that M. O'Ryan, who had played with Ballyhaunis, was resident in the parish of Knock, a parish not adjoining Ballyhaunis. However, it was pointed out by the Ballyhaunis side that Began is in fact the adjoining parish to Knock, but that, when O'Ryan began playing for the Ballyhaunis Club in that year, there was no club in Began. Therefore, he was entitled to play with Ballyhaunis.

**MAY:** The annual general meeting of Ballyhaunis Golf Club elected the following officers and committee. Captain, Mr. J. P. Roughneen; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. C. Coyne; Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. P. Eaton. Committee: Dr. T. Gleeson, Messrs. J. A. Darcy, J. O'Brien, J. O'Connor, J. Connell, P. Flanagan, C. O'Brien, J. Byrne, C. Lydon.



**1968 - OCTOBER:** Fifteen employees of Guinness, Dublin, travelled to Ballyhaunis to pay tribute to Mr. Vincent Savino, the Guinness Despatch Officer for the West of Ireland, who was the recipient of a wallet of notes to mark the occasion of his retirement after fifty years service. The function took place in Jack Morley's Lounge Bar, and Mr. Ollie Byrne, the Irish International Boxer, made the presentation.

**JULY:** A 300% to 400% increase in the water rate for the town drew angry reaction from local people, during the specially convened meeting in the town, chaired by Mr. John O'Dwyer. In the presence of Mr. Dalgan Lyons, T.D., and Mr. P. J. Morley, M.C.C., it

was pointed out that if people decided not to pay the water rate, the Council had the power to cut off supply. But Dr. E. A. Waldron disagreed, and said that the County Manager had not the power to cut it off, unless he accepted responsibility for what might happen from the public health point of view. All present agreed to withhold payment for the time being.

**SEPTEMBER:** A front page story lacerated the state of the town's 'phone service, and all 120 subscribers signed a petition of complaint, to be sent to the Minister concerned. It was noted that there was just one line out of the town, and that this has to go through Claremorris and Castlerea.

**SEPTEMBER:** Ballyhaunis athletes who did well at a number of important athletic events included Joe Freeley, Frank Grealley and Pat Cribben.

**1978 - JULY:** And Mr. Joe Greene was demanding that the area of the Fairgreen close to The Lochain be converted into a children's playground. The call came during a public meeting convened by Ballyhaunis Junior Chamber at the Central Hotel to discuss the report of the 1977 Tidy Towns Competition. He also asked that the top half of the Fairgreen be retained as a car park.

**NOVEMBER:** The Swan Model Agency provided some stimulating entertainment at a Fashion Show in the Scouts' Den. Responsible for the promotion was the local Rehab Committee, under the Chairmanship of Dr. Declan Shields. Secretary was Nell Rochford, N.T., and Treasurer, Mary Higgins. Local male models included Oliver Jordan, Tony Carroll, George Hannan and John Morley, while child models were Liebel Mooney, Laura Finn and Tom Forde.



SERGEANT PAT NALLY, HELPED BY EDDIE FITZGERALD (R.I.P.), TOM HENRY AND T. MOLLOY, ATTEMPT TO CLEAR A LARGE SNOW-DRIFT DURING THE BIG SNOW IN MARCH, 1947.

PHOTO COURTESY ANNIE KENNEDY.

# Where The Streets Have No Name . . .

BY JOHN GAVIN (FR.)

**I**T was -28F when we finally touched down in New York in January. Looking out as we flew along the Mass. coast, the absence of colour was very evident. A light blanket of snow gave a stark image to the landscape — a hostile landscape. Was it a glimpse of the frosty reception we could expect on disembarking?

The plane was packed with young Irish people returning after a Christmas visit home. The normal buzz of conversation one expects on nearing one's destination was noticeably absent. Visions of immigration officials refusing entry quickly replaced fond memories of family reunions. Only native-born Americans wore any U.S. made clothes or shoes. If you are arriving with a temporary visitors visa you take every possible precaution to avoid detection of intent.

An all-American caucasian male instructed aliens to follow the yellow line. Everyone did.

Bundles of the *Connacht Tribune*, *Cork Examiner* and *Donegal Democrat* were being wheeled in by the baggage handlers. For many who didn't make it home this Christmas it was a precious cargo. The Pan Am terminal at Kennedy stocks a better selection of local papers than Easons in O'Connell Street.

*Fr. John Gavin, a priest of the Tuam Diocese, is Secretary to the Episcopal Commission on Emigration. His late grandfather, Tommy Moran, N.T., was from Coolnafarna.*

Meanwhile, our all-American hero urged us to keep in two lines as we approached those who would examine our passports, visas, return tickets and baggage before we were declared fit to walk in the promised land. The forced wry smile on his face led one to assume he disliked those who were the cargo of flight EI-105 intensely.

We moved along and arrived in a shed-like structure — it reminded me of a cattle crush. Such a structure would be condemned if it were pressed into service at any European airport. It wasn't Ellis Island — but it came close, it was spartan, cold and unwelcoming but regarded as quite suitable for "aliens". We were confronted by three officials who spoke broken English. We had difficulty understanding their precise instruc-

tions but no one asked any questions.

Next. Mmmm — How long are you staying? What is the nature of your business? Where are you staying? Ok — Next! Customs — I must have looked all right — straight through. It was a fairly intimidating experience — it must be hell for a youngster. Some are sent home each week, failing at the first fence, so to speak.

Where do I go now? Get out the guide book and consult Buses to City. Stop 8, just outside the door. It's cold. It's snowing. Next bus due in twenty minutes. God is smiling on me I thought.

The bus driver was big, black and grumpy. The fare is \$8. I won't change a \$50 bill — find \$8 or get off! Well, it was 4.30 p.m. and I suppose he was on his final trip of his shift.

We finally got under way. 500 yards out of Kennedy heading towards the city we stop and remain in that same position for twenty minutes. Our driver breaks his silence — "Persons, we seem to have a p.m. residual situation here" (could he mean a traffic back-up?). Everyone laughed. We knew we had arrived.

Thomas sat in the seat directly in front of me. From Recess, he had worked "illegally" in the construction business up and down the West Coast for four years. He was doing well but had an accident at work and had to fly home for treatment. One week's stay in a US hospital would have wiped out all his savings. Insurance is expensive — he didn't have any. Like thousands of others, he saw himself as an economic refugee. He was unlikely to return to live in Ireland. If caught by immigration he'd try his luck elsewhere.

During the next few days I met many young and not so young from Mayo and Galway.

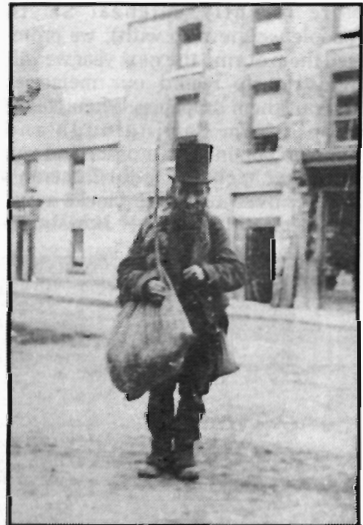
Jim, from the Westport area, had been in New York since 1958 — he had his own business, qualified for the amnesty, had settled, was happy and grateful for the chance he'd got. Some of the younger emigrants were less enthusiastic. Living in New York is fast, exciting, dangerous, expensive (it costs \$350 per month to park your car outside your front door), accommodation prohibitive.

The Mecca for the new arrivals are the pubs and clubs. Misinformation is rampant — a report (without foundation), that thirty Irish "without status" had been deported was all the talk within hours. Their lack of status means they must be careful to avoid detection. Welfare is non-existent — public housing unavailable. Raceteering and exploitation rampant.

The older generation who headed for the U.S. in the 1950s don't understand these sophisticated youngsters. The age of Count John McCormack is passing — long live U2. The new Irish are white, speak English and completely socially acceptable. Even though, in the main, better educated than the older generation, they are not superior (or inferior) to them. Americans in general, tolerate them.

During my stay people died of cold and hunger on the sidewalks while jet setters walked poodles (complete with coats), down Madison and Park Avenues. People were murdered, mugged, drugged and robbed. People lost and made millions on Wall Street. Young Irish arrived in their hundreds daily.

**New York is a tough, mean city. Some make it - many don't. Should you decide to go - good luck. You'll need it.**



KNIGHT OF THE ROAD IN THE SQUARE, RALLYHAUNIS — EDDIE BIESTY SAYS ITS JOHNNY CLARKE. TOM HOPKINS SAYS IS JOE DEVANEY. WHO DO YOU THINK IT IS?

## October, 1988

Emigrate, Emigrate,  
It's not too late,  
What a fate!  
Pull your roots up from your earth,  
Heartstrings tug,  
Bodies hug,  
Break . . . break,  
Mind and soul cry out to heaven . . .

**Micheal Smyth**

## In Exile From Ballyhaunis — 1988

ONE of the great delights of the holiday season has to be the arrival of the magazine, "Annagh". With all the hustle and bustle of New York City, one still can't wait for a quiet moment to first leaf through the pages and later at night, when time is more available, to finally be able to read it. As you go from page to page memories come rushing back and twenty-thirty-four years fall away and you're young again. You're amazed what a little jog to the memory can conjure up. You start to remember from Upper Main Street to the Railroad Station, Knox Street to Clare Street and beyond — and the precious memories of everything between these points.

You know things have changed drastically from an occasional trip back home — but your memories of the past help to ease you into present.

Having met Maisin Meath and, more recently, Micheal Smyth (people we grew up with), we promised them during the next year we will industriously record our memories and put them on paper. When young people from Ballinglough and Tooreen pop into your office and you learn that Michael (Dinjo) Cameron's brother lives just three blocks away, you get to thinking — **how many**

**people from home live in your neighbourhood or city?** Why not start an address list with a brief summary (again to jog the memory), so that we could get together? What a wealth of stories could be gleaned from this!

In closing, we must congratulate those who first conceived "Annagh", and all who have worked to make it a success over the years. You should truly be proud.

**The Dalton Sisters  
(Clare Street).**

### Died At 106

THE death took place during the year of Mrs. Catherine Fitzmaurice at the age of 106 years. She was born in Carrowkeel, Dunmore, on 26th March, 1882. She trained as a teacher, though she never formally taught. She married a Ballyhaunis man, Andrew Fitzmaurice, who ran a hackney business. They had a family of twelve, of whom Mrs. Fitzmaurice outlived nine. Her husband, Andrew, died in 1933. She was a first cousin of the late Very Rev. Canon J. G. McGarry, P.P., Ballyhaunis.



NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1988 — THE DALTON SISTERS: ANITA QUARRY, ROSEMARY KECK, PATSY GIBBONS, FRANCIE DALTON, WITH CHILDHOOD NEIGHBOUR, MICHEAL SMYTH.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** "Annagh" would be delighted to provide the service to our emigrants requested above by compiling and printing a directory of our emigrants in our next issue. If you wish to be included write to us today, giving your name, address and telephone number.

## Ballyhaunis & District Angling Club

BY BERNARD WALDRON

THE Ballyhaunis & District Angling Club was formed in the Autumn of 1987, and has succeeded in reviving widespread awareness of the interest in the rich freshwater fishing resources which exist in the town's hinterland.

The club has over seventy members and has embarked on a development programme at Lough Caheer (The White Lake), at Cave, Ballyhaunis. A boat slipway has been laid, a number of fishing stands have been erected and the lake has been stocked with brown trout. A number of successful fishing competitions have been held during the year, including two during the recent Summer Festival.

Ongoing fund-raising activities are in progress, and the club plans further improvements at Lough Caheer during 1989. The club may also, funds permitting, develop facilities at other local lakes. Lough Caheer will also be restocked for the 1989 season.

New members are always welcome, and anyone interested in joining the club should contact the Secretary. Young members are eligible for membership, though parental supervision is encouraged.

The following comprise the Club's Committee: President, Tom Buckley, Abbeyquarter; Chairman, Bernard Waldron, Cave; Hon. Secretary, Mr. Michael Grogan, Doctor's Road; Treasurer, Mr. Michael Nolan, Knox Street.

## Prayer For Youth Renewal

DEAR Jesus, You love Your youth with an everlasting love and You always have time for them even though they don't always have time for You. We ask that You help us to grow in faith and in love so we may realise the importance of our youth in the Parish Community. Help us to turn away from sin and inspire us to search out and find ways to bring our youth closer to You. We pray for all our youth that together we may be strengthened and renewed. All of this we ask through the intercession of Mary, our Blessed Mother, and in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

(Popular prayer for youth in Boston churches)

Courtesy of Mrs. A. Heaney.



## Marriages

### **St. Patrick's Parish Church, Ballyhaunis.**

John Smyth, Kiltevena, and Harriet O'Reilly, Holywell.  
 Patrick Bance, Manchester, and Florence Swift, Tavanaghmore.  
 Kieran J. Fahey, Tuam, and Mary Regina Cribbin, Togher.  
 Christopher A. Hamnett, Manchester, and Joanna M. Dowdall, Devlis.  
 Michael J. Shally, Dunmore, and Christine O'Reilly, Holywell.  
 David Cloke and Clare Gibbons, Station Rise.  
 John J. Keane, Four Roads, and Helen M. Waldron, Tavanaghmore.  
 Cornelius J. M. Irwin, Galway, and Brid Morley, Island.

### **St. Mary's Abbey, O.S.A.**

Patrick Freeley, Main St., and Lorena M. Burke, Doctor's Road.  
 Gerard Mel Devlin, London, and R. M. Sandra Hannon, Devlis.  
 Michael B. Mooney, Hollymount, and Mary Audrey Ronayne, Bunadubber.

Paul Sykes, Cave, and Mary Regan, Agloragh.

### **Elsewhere**

Kieran Carney, Classaroe and Ann Cummins, Ballindine.  
 Bernard Lyons, Skehard, and Bernadette Lily, Carrowbehy.  
 Thomas Noel Morley, Woodpark, and Christina M. Meehan, Ballindine.  
 Eamon Healy, Holywell, and Helen Brady, Claremorris.  
 Eugene Freeley, Clagnagh, and Martina Sweeney, Drimbane.  
 Denis Sloyan, Brackloon, and Bridie Fox, Carrowbehy.  
 Patrick Lyons, Holywell, and Frances Finn, Ballintubber.  
 Mary Majella Maguire, formerly Knock Rd., and Capt. Ray Flanagan, Army Air Corps, Baldonnell.  
 John Durkan, Abbey St., and Anne O'Reilly, Glenamaddy.  
 Tommie O'Connor, Kilmaine, and Anne Marrinan, Knock Road.

## Births

Baptisms in St. Patrick's Church, Ballyhaunis — 7th November, 1987, to 30th October, 1988.

To Raymond and Martha Lucey, Aisling Drive, a son, Kieran Patrick.	To John and Geraldine Connolly, Killinagher, a son, James Timothy.
To Thomas and Mary Finnegan, Ballybeg, a son, Thomas Patrick.	To Michael and Catherine Webb, Main St., a daughter, Lisa Ann.
To John and Margaret Finnegan, Dublin, a daughter, Marion Margaret.	To Gerard and Beatrice Brennan, Devlis, a daughter, Jacqueline Martha.
To Edward and Ellen Maughan, Cherryfield, a daughter, Martina Martha.	To Kieran and Teresa Fitzmaurice, Gurteenbeg, a daughter, Ciara Ann.
To Gabriel and Sally Caulfield, Aisling Drive, a daughter, Rachel Agnes.	To Hugh and Statia Carney, Classaroe, twin daughters, Lisa Marie and Elaine Marie.
To William and Sheila Broderick, Brackloon, a daughter, Alma.	To James M. and Christina Waldron, Station Rise, a son, Michael Mark.
To James and Bernadette Quinn, Classaroe, a daughter, Carol Marie Natasha.	To Michael and Mary Hunt, Derrynacong, a daughter, Maria Michelle.
To Gerard and Angela Smyth, ????????, a daughter, Marie.	To Oliver and Mary Cribbin, Togher, a son, Luke Anthony.
To Joseph and Sandra Jordan, Johnstown, a son, Neil Joseph.	To Joseph and Catherine Healy, Annagh, a son, David James.
To Albert and Ann Madden, Hazelhill, a son, Mark Anthony Patrick.	To Patrick and Kathleen Higgins, Curries, a son, Kevin James.
To Seamus and Mary McGuire, Johnstown, a daughter, Tara Maria.	To Thomas Austin and Ann Cribbin, Lecarrow, a son, Padraig James.
To David and Clare Cloke, Station Rise, a daughter, Christina Brigid.	To Michael and Ann Fitzmaurice, Forthill, a daughter, Lisa Marie.
To Paschal and Geraldine Keegan, Aisling Drive, a daughter, Jennifer Maria.	To David and Margaret Cleary, Cherryfield, a daughter, Louise Rita.
To Sean and Joan Kilboyle, Dublin, a son, Shane Patrick.	To Michael and Bridie Lyons, Spaddagh, a son, John Martin.
To Murt and Ann Hunt, Lecarrow, a daughter, Aine Maria.	To John and Marie Brennan, Gurteen, a son, Adrian John.
To Thomas and Fiona Prenty, Knock Road, a daughter, Clare Mary Brigid.	To Noel and Dympna Folliard, Kiltaboe, a daughter, Janice Teresa.
To Michael and Marian McNamara, Tullaghane, a daughter, Marian Brigid.	To James Jarlath and Catherine Carmel Ronayne, Bunnadubber, a son, James Timothy.
To Joseph and Bernadette Tighe, Tooraree, a daughter, Eithne.	
To David and Caroline Byron, Dublin, a daughter, Danelle Andrea.	

## Ballyhaunis Legion Of Mary

**T**HE work of the Legion of Mary continued during 1988. This work involves distribution of the Catholic papers, house-to-house visitation and conducting the Rosary each Sunday. The junior branch delivers papers and brings miraculous medals to new babies. They visit old people and run "messages" for them. Their commitment involves a meeting every first Saturday where they say the Angelus and Rosary in honour of Our Lady of Peace. The membership undertakes to do one hour of work at home for their parents and in honour of Our Lady.

**Officers — Senior Branch:** President, Helen Hoban; Secretary, Mary Lyons; Treasurer, Margaret Johnson. **Membership:** Nora Keane, Noreen Lyons, Agnes Henry, Philomena Ryan, Olive Waldron, Kathleen Ruane, Kit Freeley, Bernie O'Toole, Cora Costelloe, Chris O'Neill, Mairead Brennan, Francis Maye.

**Junior Branch:** Spiritual Director, Fr. Greaney; President, Mary Dillon-Leetch; Vice-President, Helen Hoban. **Membership:** Paula Jordan, Imelda Flynn, Aileen Nestor, Tara Caulfield, Soirse Hannon, Elaine Webb, Patricia Finn, Olga O'Connor, Niamh Doherty, Riona Rochford, Regina Moran, Margaret Nestor, Aine Delaney, Deirdre O'Connor, Evelyn O'Connor, Aine Fahey, Joanna O'Connor, Jennifer McCafferty, Clare Flynn, Clodagh Shiels, Karen Morris, Sharon O'Dowd, Michelle Conlon, Patricia Mulhern.



HELAN HOBAN, PRESIDENT LEGION OF MARY.

### Ballyhaunis Badminton Club

**1987/1988. Scouts' Den. Members:** Eamon Dwane, Patsy Glynn, M. Aslan, Maura Murphy, Kay Higgins, Mary Kedian, Mary F. Cleary, Breege Cleary, Emelda Callaghan, Martina Donavan, Orla Loftus, Pat McConn, Claire Hannon, Eileen Lynch, Jenny Glynn.



MRS. ANNIE FLEMING, MRS. SIMMS AND MISS MARGARET FINN ENJOYING A WELCOME BREAK ON THE LEGION OF MARY TOUR. COURTESY: SR. ASSUMPTA.

## So Many Irish — It's Like Home Away From Home

BY JARLATH HENRY

**G**OING to America I didn't know what to expect, I'd heard so many stories about the place, some bad but mostly good. My own experience of America was great and I'm looking forward to going back again sometime in the future.

I was in Boston for the Summer and it's hard to find anything bad to say about it. On my first night arriving there I went into a pub with a few of the lads and met five lads from Ballyhaunis that I didn't even know were in Boston. Every now and then throughout the Summer I'd bump into people from Ballyhaunis or its environs whom I had not seen in ages. The social life in Boston was great, provided you were over twenty-one. There are very strict laws in Boston as regards drinking in pubs and everybody was "carded" going into pubs, with very strict fines for being underage and on the premises.

Work was not too hard to find although a lot of Irish lads were saying that it was a bit slower to pick up than the last few years due to increasing numbers of Irish each year. It seemed to me, although it may not be so, that illegals (especially males), were at no disadvantage when it came to getting a job compared with people who were legal.

I met a lot of lads over there who had come over as students for the Summer about two or three years ago and hadn't gone home since. It makes you wonder when you hear people at home feeling very sorry for all the Irish who have to go to America to find jobs. Almost everyone I met over there was having a great time making a lot of money and had a high standard of living. I'd say that if they had the choice of a job at home or in America most of them would stay in America. It would have to be a great job in Ireland to compare with the wages that even the lowest-paid workers were getting in Boston.

Accommodation was expensive in Boston. Most students there for the summer, including ourselves, packed ten or fifteen into three or four bedroom apartments.

Homesickness did not seem to be a problem for those who hadn't been home for a long time. There are so many Irish over there that it's like home away from home. G.A.A. is very big over there with a very high standard. This Summer all the provincial and All-Ireland finals and semi-finals were shown live there.

# More Than Just Radio

BY JOHN DUGGAN

THE 25th of November, 1985, is hardly a date which rings a bell with many people in this part of the country but it may in time become a landmark in the history of Ballyhaunis. At ten o'clock on that morning Paul Claffey sat in front of a microphone in the Midas building and said his first "hello" to the listeners of Mid-West Radio. Although he had some experience on local radio it was, nevertheless, a step into the unknown for Paul and his colleague, Chris Carroll, and I'm sure that, not even in their most optimistic moments could they have envisaged the phenomenal success of that venture.

For four months Paul and Chris kept the station going for nine hours a day playing "everything from Beethoven to Big Tom". Then in March, 1986, Gerry Glennon joined the station and in July of that year John Edwards, alias John Edward Duggan, came along. Mid-West was on its way.

From the outset the people involved in Mid-West recognised a vacuum which need to be filled, which was that the people of the West of Ireland were being denied an opportunity to enjoy the music and song which is so much a part of our heritage — so much a part of what we are. The national radio and television had shown scant interest in that aspect of our culture. The older people had a longing to listen again to the music and song which they had grown up on. The youth had heard little of their native music.

It was obvious from an early stage that the listening public found Mid-West Radio to their liking. The 'phone calls and letters increased daily and it was not all music that was required. Soon the "Buy and Sell" corner became very popular and everything from goose eggs to trailers of turf and from wedding dresses to Ferguson 35s were changing hands daily through the medium of Mid-West. The commercial world were quick to see the value of advertising on a medium which was broadcasting to their customers and so the life blood of the station was soon flowing freely.

Parish communities benefitted and local charities could now have their fund-raising functions advertised in thousands of homes at little and, in some cases, no cost. The dogs that went missing and the cattle which strayed from their owners land were restored to their owners through Mid-West. Even the young lambs lives were saved because a foster mother

was found for them when the natural mother had died. Motorists were warned about the patch of oil on the road at such and such a bend and told to be careful. The last minute change of time or venue of local events or an additional flight from Horan International Airport could now be communicated to the public in a matter of minutes. All that was required was a local 'phone call.

It was recognised by the public that local radio is a tremendous vehicle for fund-raising for good and necessary causes and also for informing people of the services provided for them by various bodies.

From the original broadcasting hours of 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. the station now broadcasts from 8 a.m. to 1 a.m. the following day. Michael Neary gets the day off to a start and later comes Paul Claffey, Chris Carroll, Johnnie Oosten, Gerry Glennon and John Duggan bringing the programmes up to 10 p.m. The late show runs from 10 p.m. to 1 a.m. and is hosted by various people like Henry McGlade, Michael Cummins or some of the other regular presenters. A charming young lady from Ballyhaunis, named Barbara Dillon, presents a lovely show each Saturday evening from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. and on Sunday Terry McGowan sets the feet tapping with a rousing programme of traditional music.

One might be forgiven for thinking that sitting in a radio studio for three hours each day presenting a radio programme is a lonely business. On the contrary. There is a rapport between presenter and the listening audience which is truly remarkable. One can feel the listeners' presence on each programme and this can be a most exhilarating experience, and makes the programmes enjoyable for the presenter as it, hopefully, is for the listener. Make a mistake on the radio and you will be told about it immediately. Do a good job and you will equally be told about it. The listeners of Mid-West want the programmes to do well. They are involved with what they see as "our own radio station".

For thousands and thousands of people in the Western part of this island Mid-West is more than just radio. It has become a way of life.

At the time of writing new legislation is being introduced to formalise and regularise local broadcasting. This is a move which is welcomed by the people in Mid-West. The law now requires that all existing non-licensed stations must close on December 30th, 1988. A commission has been set up to grant licences after that date. The people in Mid-West

Radio are confident that they will be back on the air at a later date.

What is causing great concern to many people is that this Commission may move very slowly, as Commissions sometimes do, and that the people of the West of Ireland may be left without a local radio service for year or more. I think that would be a real hardship on very many people, especially on the elderly and people who suffer loneliness. I also think that it is unnecessary to have to wait so long but the ball is in your court. You will get the service which you demand from those in authority. Your voice must be heard loud and clear.

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## The U.S.A.: Once The Land Of Golden Opportunity — Is It Still?

BY JAMES REIDY

TO land at Logan Airport in Boston, be greeted by a person holding a sign with one's name on it, hop in the back of a pick-up truck and be landed in a bar for the evening is the accepted norm. Being a student, this didn't bother me. I was there to play football for the Summer and earn a few dollars for college and because all expenses were being paid I couldn't complain when nine of us were in the one apartment.

The next day I started work roofing: No jumper or jacket required there. The heat was a killer (so was the height we were off the ground), but I was told "you'll get used to it." Luckily I stood on a nail and was taken to a cool hospital for the evening and a tetanus shot.

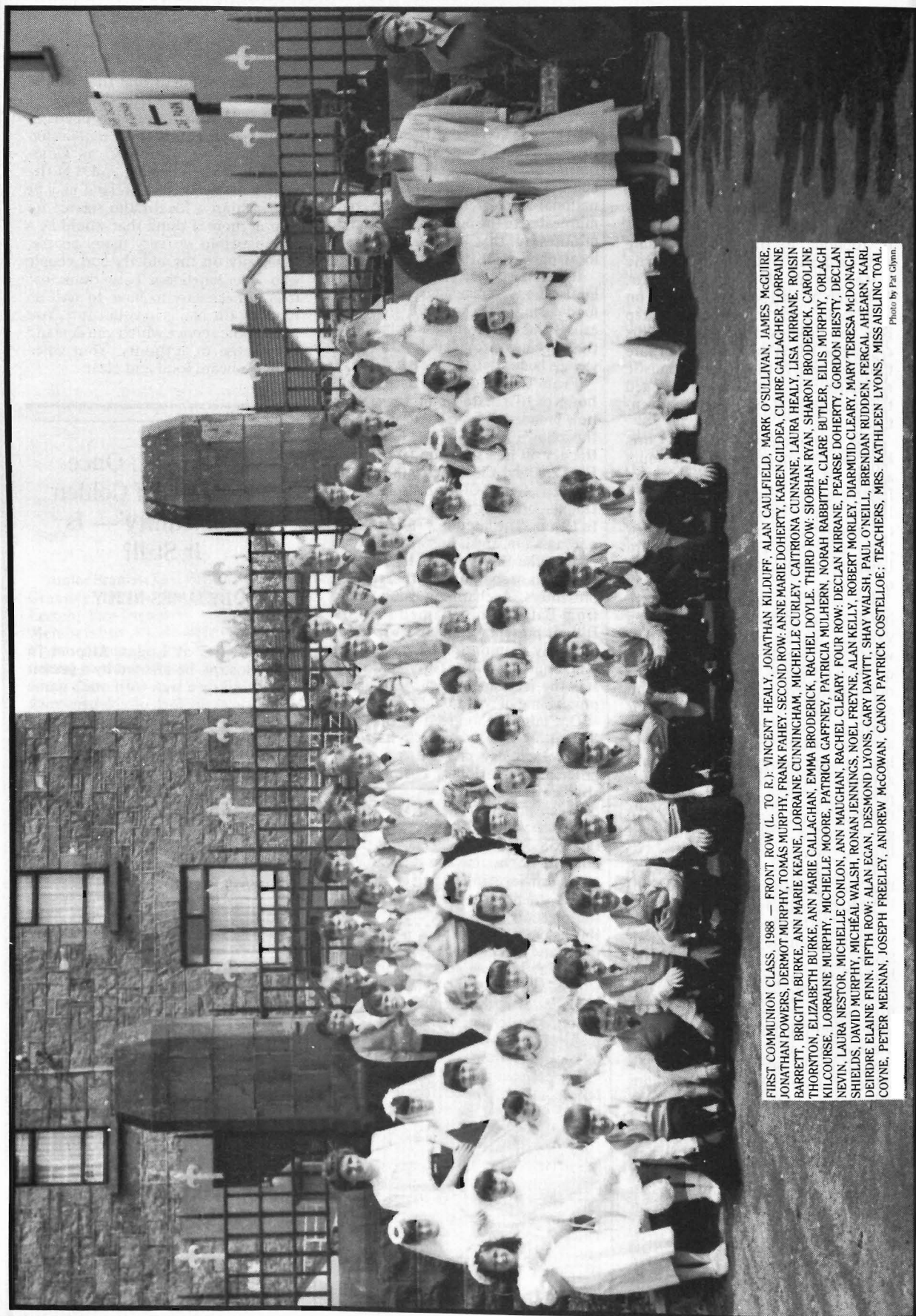
The job continued and so did the heat. Then a union job came up in Chinatown (the combat zone). I got it. The crack was mighty and so was the pay. The football was good as well.

I parted with the promise of the same job and the football again the following Summer and so it transpired. But for the other new Irish immigrants things had dragged. All you could hear talk of now was the "green card".

The fast lane had finally caught up with the illegal Irish Immigrant.

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FIRST COMMUNION CLASS, 1988 — FRONT ROW (L. TO R.): VINCENT HEALY, JONATHAN KILDUFF, ALAN CAULFIELD, MARK O'SULLIVAN, JAMES MCGUIRE, JONATHAN POWERS, DERMOT MURPHY, TOMÁS MURPHY, FRANK FAHEY. SECOND ROW: ANNE MARIE DOHERTY, KAREN GILDEA, CLAIRE CALLAGHER, LORRAINE BARRETT, BRIGITTA BURKE, ANN MARIE KEANE, LORRAINE CUNNINGHAM, MICHELLE CURLEY, CATRIONA CUNNANE, LAURA HEALY, LISA KIRKANE, ROISIN THORNTON, ELIZABETH BURKE, ANN MARIE CALLAGHAN, EMMA BRODERICK, RACHEL DOYLE. THIRD ROW: SIOBHAN RYAN, SHARON BRODERICK, CAROLINE KILCOURSE, LORRAINE MURPHY, MICHELLE MOORE, PATRICIA GAFFNEY, PATRICIA MULHORN, NORAH RABBITTE, CLARE BUTLER, ELLIS MURPHY, ORLAGH NEVIN, LAURA NESTOR, MICHELLE CONLON, ANN MAUGHAN, RACHEL CLEARY. FOUR ROW: DECLAN KIRKANE, PEARSE DOHERTY, GORDON BIESTY, DECLAN SHIELDS, DAVID MURPHY, MICHEAL WALSH, RONAN JENNINGS, NOEL FREYNE, ALAN KELLY, ROBERT MORLEY, DIARMUID CLEARY, MARY TERESA McDONAGH, DEIRDRE ELAINE FINN. FIFTH ROW: ALAN EGAN, DESMOND LYONS, GARY DAVITT, SHAY WALSH, PAUL O'NEILL, BRENDAN RUDDEN, FERGAL AHEARN, KARL COYNE, PETER MEENAN, JOSEPH FREELEY, ANDREW MCGOWAN, CANON PATRICK COSTELLOE. TEACHERS, MRS. KATHLEEN LYONS, MISS AISLING TOAL.

Photo by Pat Glynn.

# Ballyhaunis Day Centre — Volunteers

## HISTORY

By Chris Pratt

**A** VERY vibrant enthusiastic branch of Western Care existed in Ballyhaunis many years ago involving parents, friends and other interested people. Branch members felt at the time that being one of the counties highest collectors and having a big number of people with handicaps living in the area, it did not have a day service in the region. Many of the people needing a service travelled to other areas in the county.

The branch approached Western Care Association and requested a Day Service for Ballyhaunis. When this was not taken up immediately by the association members of the branch insisted that they, themselves, would not only seek a premises to serve as a centre for trainees to attend, but would also volunteer to supervise and maintain the centre until such time as the association would acknowledge their need. A problem of transport arose, some trainees living 5-6 miles away needed transportation. This problem was soon overcome when a pool of drivers was organised to provide transport on a rota basis for trainees to attend the centre.

A premises was located one mile from the town centre, owned by the Diocese of Tuam. Two priests lived in the house, which, they felt, was too big for both of them. Fr. Des Walsh offered the use of three rooms on the ground floor. This was to be on a temporary basis only.

Local people, mostly young, and not so

young married housewives, volunteered to assist at the centre. This was organised on a rota basis with volunteers attending one morning/afternoon per fortnight. This venture commenced in October, 1983.

Since the Western Care Association has acknowledged the need for a day service in Ballyhaunis the number of trainees attending the centre has increased from three to twelve. The entire ground floor of the house has now been made available to Western Care Association, consisting of seven rooms, also the surrounding grounds. Two permanent positions have been allocated to the centre; principal instructor and assistant instructor. The centre now has its own independent transport; a twelve-seater bus donated to the branch by the Variety Club of Manchester and a driver for this bus is employed on a temporary capacity.

Volunteer drivers still provide transport for trainees taking part in a friendship scheme. Training courses have been provided by staff in Western Care. Volunteer assistants now attend the centre on a weekly basis instead of once a fortnight. Each assistant is allocated specific duties.

Ballyhaunis Community School has made the use of its facilities; basketball courts, gymnasium, football pitches, available to the trainees. A half-acre of land has been donated by a local volunteer and has been used in a gardening project for the past number of years. Many local business people have offered

their facilities as training grounds for individuals to partake in work-experience programmes.

The Day Centre held its first Annual Dinner-Dance in the Central Hotel on 21st December, 1987. A very successful inaugural function was enjoyed by 100 guests.

A number of trainees participated in events connected with the special Olympics in Clarenbridge on February 8th. The special Olympics themselves were held in Ballinasloe in June. Our trainees, under the watchful eye of coach, Eddie Campbell, won several medals and rosettes. In the national Olympics competition Michael Drudey won two silver medals in the swimming competitions.

Nine trainees, accompanied by two staff and two volunteers, headed off in July for a holiday at Butlin's in South Devon. The party flew from Dublin to Gatwick and will have fond memories for a lifetime.

Our centre supervisor, Ms. Bernie Walsh, left us in July on a four-year leave of absence. She has taken up a place at McGee College, Derry, where she will be studying psychology. We wished her all the best at an end of term Social in the Summer and we look forward to seeing her again in the not too distant future. Kathryn Collins, a teacher from Charlestown, has been appointed as principal instructor in Bernie's place. She is assured of the co-operation and support of all those connected with the centre.



STAFF AND TRAINEES AT THE ANNUAL DINNER-DANCE. BACK ROW (L. TO R.): TOM FLATLEY, ANNETTE RATTIGAN, SEAN PHILLIPS, PADDY DISKIN, JEROME MURPHY, BERNIE WALSH, FRANK BYRNE, MARY RATTIGAN. FRONT ROW (L. TO R.): ROSEMARY ROGERS, MICHAEL DRUDEY, SARAH KEADIN, MAURA MOONEY, MARY JORDAN, CARMEL DELANEY.



# The Annagh Magazine Society

**A**NNAGH Magazine has been published over the years under the auspices of Ballyhaunis Junior Chamber. Regrettably the chapter is now defunct. The new Annagh Magazine Society was formed this year to perpetuate the magazine. The Society's Constitution, which is printed here, gives ultimate control to the people of the parish. The annual general meeting will be held in the last week of March/first week of April. All are welcome.

## CONSTITUTION & RULES

### NAME

1. The name of the Society shall be Annagh Magazine Society.

### OBJECT

2. The object of the Society shall be to produce and publish the annual magazine "Annagh" in trust for the people of the Parish of Annagh.

### MEMBERSHIP

3. The membership of the Society shall be: (i) persons who attend a general meeting of the Society; (ii) such other person(s) as shall be co-opted by the Editorial Committee in the interests of the Society; such co-option shall be on the proposition of a member of the Editorial Committee, duly seconded and agreed to by not less than two-thirds of the Committee, who are present and voting. (iii) Membership shall be until the termination of the succeeding annual general meeting, unless terminated under Rule 3 (iv) or by resignation. (iv) [a] Membership shall be terminated by any person found guilty of conduct injurious to the interests of the Society; [b] termination shall be declared by a special general meeting called for that purpose under Rule 7; [c] each member whose membership is under consideration under this Rule shall be given the choice of pleading his/her case, or have it pleaded by another member on his/her behalf before such meeting.

### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

4. The annual general meeting shall be the governing body of the Society.
5. The annual general meeting shall be held annually during the last week of March/first week of April. The time, place and date shall be determined by the outgoing Editorial Committee.
6. The Chairperson of the outgoing Editorial Committee shall preside over the annual general meeting; in his/her absence the chair shall be taken by the Vice-Chairperson or by a Chairperson elected by those present at the appointed time.
7. The annual general meeting or other special general meeting shall be called by giving ten days notice of the time, place and date in writing to each person who had attended the previous annual general meeting and to each person co-opted in the intervening period and by notice read at each Mass in the Friary Church and the Parish Church on the weekend prior to the proposed date.
8. The business of the annual general meeting shall be: (i) to review the work and business of the Society; [a] the outgoing Secretary shall give a detailed report of the work of the Society for the year ending; [b] the outgoing Treasurers shall present each member present with a full and accurate written statement of income, expenditure and state of all bank accounts and other deposit and investment accounts registered in the Society's name or held on its behalf; (ii) to elect the

Editorial Committee; (iii) to consider and decide on any resolution, duly proposed and seconded, other than pertaining to matters demanding a special general meeting.

### SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING (S.P.G.)

9. A special general meeting shall be called as per Rule 7: (i) by the chairperson of the Editorial Committee; (ii) by a requisition of not less than two-thirds of the Editorial Committee; (iii) by a requisition of ten members of the Society as per Rule 3; (iv) by a requisition of 20 residents of the Parish of Annagh.
10. The business of any special general meeting shall be solely the business for which it is called; such business shall be stated in each written and public notice as in Rule 7. A proposition for termination of membership shall be stated in general terms except to the member concerned.

### THE EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

11. The Editorial Committee shall consist of: (i) each person elected to it at the annual general meeting; (ii) each person co-opted by the Editorial Committee for the benefit of the Society. Such co-option shall take effect from the termination of the meeting at which such proposal is adopted.
12. The members of the Editorial Committee shall hold office until the termination of the annual general meeting succeeding their election or co-option except: (i) where there is voluntary resignation(s); (ii) where an special general meeting shall decide to remove any or all members. Such special general meeting shall be called under Rule 7 and shall elect replacement members; (iii) where there is termination of Society membership under Rule 3.
13. (i) The Editorial Committee shall at its first meeting elect a Chairperson as its first and under that Chairpersonship shall elect the following officers from among the members: President, Vice-President, Vice-Chairperson, Editor, Secretary, two Treasurers, Public Relations Officer; (ii) each officer shall hold office until the termination of the annual general meeting succeeding election unless removed from such office; (iii) [a] any officer's term of office shall be deemed to be terminated by a special meeting of the Editorial Committee on a majority vote of not less than two-thirds of the Committee who are present and voting. Not less than seven days' notice in writing of such proposal to terminate shall be given to each member of the Committee; [b] such special meeting shall immediately elect a replacement office-holder from among its members present whose term of office shall terminate, unless otherwise removed, at the termination of the succeeding annual general meeting.
14. The duties and responsibility of the Editorial Committee shall be (i) to carry out the legitimate instructions of the general meetings of the Society; (ii) to manage, superintend and direct the affairs of the Society in the fulfilling of its Object/Rule 2; maintaining the highest standards of justice, fair play, objectivity and balance.
15. (i) All material, whether printed work, photographic, or other form, shall be considered and approved by the Editorial Committee, at a properly convened meeting, before being included in Annagh Magazine; (ii) Established practice, pertaining to publication of "Annagh", in such areas as form, lay-out, type of content, shall be deviated from only on the decision of a general meeting of the Society; or the Editorial

Committee on a two-thirds majority vote of those present and voting.

### DUTIES OF OFFICERS

16. (i) The Chairperson shall preside at all general meetings of the Society; at all Editorial Committee meetings; except where this is negated by other provision of these Rules. (ii) The Chairperson shall be an ex-officio member of each select and other sub-committee of the Editorial Committee.
17. The Treasurers shall be responsible to the Editorial Committee and the general meetings of the Society for the finances of the Society and shall report as in Rule 8 (i) [b] and shall give a detailed up-to-date report on all financial matters of the Society to each properly convened meeting of the Editorial Committee.
18. (i) Each and every transaction in the Society's name or on the Society's behalf shall be by cheque drawn on an Annagh Magazine Bank Account; (ii) cheques for the withdrawal of monies from the Society's accounts shall be signed by two Treasurers, or by one Treasurer and the Editor; (iii) all monies received on the Society's behalf shall be lodged to an Annagh Magazine Bank Account within two weeks of receipt; (iv) only accounts approved by the Editorial Committee shall be deemed Annagh Magazine Accounts; (v) monies received on the Society's behalf shall be receipted in duplicate. One copy shall be given to the payee; one copy to the Treasurers.
19. (i) The Secretary shall be responsible for the official correspondence of the Society and for the recording and safe-keeping of the minutes of its meetings; (ii) all letters written on the Society's behalf shall be in duplicate. A copy of each shall be lodged with the Secretary.
20. (i) The Editor shall be responsible for the day-to-day administration of the business of the Society; (ii) a duplicate copy of each letter written on the Society's behalf shall be lodged with the Editor; (iii) the Editor shall give a detailed up-to-date report on all administrative matters of the Society to each properly convened meeting of the Editorial Committee.

### SELECT COMMITTEES

21. (i) The Editorial Committee may set up, by resolution, a Select Committee to: [a] consider and advise on any matter referred to it; [b] carry out any work under Editorial Committee instructions; (ii) a Select Committee shall be deemed to be dissolved when it has fulfilled its purpose; or by resolution adopted by majority vote of the Editorial Committee.

### ALTERATION OF RULES

22. These Rules or any of them shall be altered, amended or rescinded by a special general meeting of the Society on a majority vote of not less than two-thirds of the members, who are present and voting.

### SUSPENSION

23. (i) The Society shall be suspended by a special general meeting on a majority vote of not less than two-thirds of the members who are present and voting; (ii) such special general meeting shall arrange for all monies belonging to the Society to be lodged in interest-accruing accounts, in trust, for a future active Society; (iii) Such special general meeting shall appoint three Trustees to implement Rule 23 (ii) and to care for the accounts, in trust for a future active Society. A vacancy/vacancies shall be filled by co-option by survivor(s); (iv) suspension may be lifted by resolution of a special general meeting called under Rule 9 (iv).

### DISSOLUTION

24. The Society shall be dissolved by resolution of a special general meeting on a majority vote of not less than five-sixths of the members who are present and voting.



# Ballyhaunis Golf Club

BY JIM LUNDON (PRO)

**B**ALLYHAUNIS Golf Club had another very successful year in 1988 with an Open Week in June and a Ballyhaunis Festival Open Week during the Festival.

## MEN'S COMPETITION WINNERS

Bankers Cup: John Mooney. Veteran's Cup: John Scarry. Harp Tankards: Milo Henry and John Dillon. Ballyhaunis Cup: Christy Freeman and Brendan McGrath. Dillon Mixed Foursomes, Norrie Dillon and Mike Webb. Toyota Fourball v Par: Christy Freeman and Brian Hunt; Committee Cup: Mike Webb; Cassidy Cup: Mike Webb; Smithwick's Cup: Brendan McGrath. County Cup: Ballyhaunis retained the County Cup. County Scratch Cup: Pat Curley (Ballyhaunis). Kiltimagh Day: Enda Gurren. Archbishop's Cup: Alex Eaton. Dillon-Leetch Memorial Day: Micheal Webb. Open Week, Golfer of the Week (Paddy Brennan Memorial Prize): Seamus Swift. Fr. Raftery Memorial Day: Laurena Freeley. Captain's Prize: Anthony McNicholas; Coolnaha Cup: not completed. Ted Webb Memorial Day: Tom Fanning Snr. President's Prize: Brendan McGrath. Lifeboat Competition: Kay Keane. O'Connor Cup: Martin Walsh. Knock Memorial Day (Mons. Horan Trophy): Paddy Laffey. Charlie Lydon Trophy: John Jordan. Harp Lager Trophy: Tom Prently.

Stephen Tarpey Day: Kevin Henry. Golfer of the Year: Tom Prently.

## JUNIOR GOLF

Over thirty boys and girls played each weekend in the Junior Golf competitions, organised by Tom Prently, Jim Lundon and Seamus Conboy. Captain's Prize for Juniors: Shane Mooney presented by Alo Reddington. Dillon-Leetch Cup for Juniors: Simon Webb presented by Mrs. Mary Dillon-Leetch. Lady Captain's Prize for Juniors: Caroline Tighe presented by Mrs. Josephine Tighe. President's Prize for Juniors: John Kelly presented by John Dillon.

## COUNTY CUP WIN

Ballyhaunis retained the County Cup in Ballyhaunis this year. Pat Curley won the Scratch Cup to complete the Ballyhaunis double. The victorious team was Pat Curley, Noel Henry, John Mooney, Milo Henry, Christy Freeman, Michael Glynn, Tom Prently, Mike Webb, Micheal Webb and Alo Reddington.

## CONNACHT SHIELD FINALISTS

Ballyhaunis Connacht Shield team had fine wins over Athlone, Roscommon, Ballinasloe and Tuam to reach the final of the Connacht Shield against Westport. Ballyhaunis were defeated in the two leg final by Westport. The Ballyhaunis panel was Ned Curley, Vinnie Freyne, Tom Prently, Dinny Charlton Jr., Eddie Thornton,

Noel Henry, Pat Curley, Christy Freeman, Mike Webb, Michael Mahoney, Pat Martin, Eamonn Freyne, Matt O'Dwyer, Mike Glynn and Milo Henry. The selectors were John Mooney and John Dillon. The Jimmy Brien team were beaten in the second round by Galway. The Pierce Purcell team lost to Tuam. The Cecil Ewing team lost to Enniscrone having beaten Strandhill and Belmullet. Ballyhaunis played in the Junior Cup Qualifier and the Carrolls Qualifier in Athlone.

## GOLF CLUB OFFICERS 1988

President, John Dillon; Vice-President, Stephen Tarpey; Captain, Alo Reddington; Vice-Captain, Michael Mahoney; Hon Secretary, Brian Munro; Hon. Treasurer, John Mooney; Competition Secretary, Tom Prently; Handicap Secretary, Michael Glynn; PRO, Jim Lundon; Registrar, Joe Burke; Trustees: John Dillon, John Forde, Milo Henry, John O'Brien, Noel Waldron.

## LADIES' GOLF

Lady Captain, Mrs. Josephine Tighe; Vice-Captain, Mrs. Mary Dillon; Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Emily Chambers and Mrs. Joan Flynn; Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Angela Joyce; Handicap Secretary, Miss May Moyles.

## COMPETITION WINNERS

Susan Laffey's Prize: Helen Cleary. Hazzar Vodka Foursomes: Mary Dillon



THE 1988 LADY CAPTAIN'S PRIZE WINNERS WITH MRS. JOSEPHINE TIGHE, LADY CAPTAIN. FRONT (L. TO R.): MRS. JOAN FLYNN, MISS NORRIE DILLON, MISS LORRAINE TICHE (RUNNER-UP), MRS. JOSEPHINE TIGHE (LADY CAPTAIN), MRS. KATHLEEN FANNING (WINNER), MRS. PHIL GLYNN. BACK (L. TO R.): MRS. MARY DILLON, MRS. EMILY CHAMBERS, MRS. LAURENA FREELEY, MRS. SUSAN LAFFEY, MRS. MAURABURKE, MRS. PEGGY HENRY, MRS. ANGELA JOYCE, MISS PATRICIA WALDRON, MRS. KATHLEEN CURLEY, MRS. JOAN DELANEY, MRS. INA FREYNE.

## BALLYHAUNIS GOLF CLUB CONTINUED

and Joan Flynn. Mrs. Kay Nolan's Prize: Emily Chambers. Mrs. Hoare's Cups: Patricia Waldron and Joan Flynn. Breege Coyle's Prize: Peggy Henry. Breege Coyle's Cup for Beginners: Phil Glynn. Australian Spoons Foursomes (Norrie and Cait Dillon's Prizes): Josephine Tighe and Emily Chambers. Peggy Henry's and Joan Flynn's Prize: Mary Webb and Ina Freyne. Miss Patricia Waldron's Prize: Ann Mahoney. Men's Captain's (Alo Reddington) Prize: Emily Chambers. Lady Captain's (Josephine Tighe's) Prize: Kay Fanning. Miss Freeley's Cups (Miss May Moyle's and Mrs. Ina Freyne's Prizes): Kathleen Fanning and P. Waldron. President's. (John Dillon's) Prize: Susan Laffey. Kirby Cup Day (Mrs. Helen Cleary's Prize): Maire Burke. Kirby Cup, day 2 (Mrs. Emily Chamber's Prize): Kay Nolan; Kirby Cup Winner: Kay Nolan. Pauling Flannery's prize for Beginners: Rita Mooney. Mrs. Maura Burke's Prize: Norrie Dillon. Ms. K. Fanning's Prize: Helen Cleary. Lady Bankers' Prize: Phil Glynn. Time Cup: Kay Keane. Medics Prize: Kathleen Fanning. Teacher's

Prize: Maura Burke. Christy Freeman Prize: Kay Fanning. Beginners: Ita Fahy. Kathleen Flynn's Prize: Ann Mahony. Cassidy Cup: Josephine Tighe. Miss B. Snee's Prize: Angela Joyce. Golfer of the Year: Kathleen Fanning.

Mrs. Josephine Tighe and Mrs. Emily Chambers qualified in Connacht to play in the All-Ireland final of the Australian Spoons in Baltray, Co. Louth.

## OUTSTANDING YOUNG GOLFER

Lorraine Tighe, aged thirteen, was runner-up in the Lady Captain's Prize in 1988. No doubt we will be hearing more about this promising young player in the future.

Finally, new members are always welcome to join Ballyhaunis Golf Club one of the finest nine hole courses in the country.

## Fianna Fail

ONCE again we have pleasure in reporting on a very successful year. We had regular meetings and many new members joined the organisation over the past year.

### P. J. - 21 YEARS IN POLITICS

The cumann would like to take this opportunity to congratulate Deputy P. J. Morley on his 21 years in politics.

We take this opportunity also to express condolences to all those who suffered bereavements during the past year.

We would also like to wish a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year to all.

Officers elected at 1988 annual general meeting: President, Johnny Lyons; Vice-Presidents, Mark Waldron, Gus Caulfield, Joe Conway; Chairman, Brian Hunt; Vice-Chairman, Pat O'Malley; Secretary, Nuala Murphy; Joint Treasurers, Hugh Rudden, Seamus O'Boyle; PRO, Tommy Eagney. Delegates to Comhairle Ceanntair: Patrick O'Malley, Dermot Eagney and Bernard Waldron.

**Nuala Murphy (Sec.)**



CONFIRMATION DAY, 1985 — LILLY BIRNIE, AGNES BIRNIE, ELLEN BIRNIE, MARGIE DOHERTY, NOREEN SMYTH, VONA WALDRON.

BOYS' INDENTURE.

Printed and Sold by G. P. Warren, 1, Canal St. Dublin



Witnesseth that *Michael Jordan*

of his own free will and accord, and with the consent of his *brother Anthony and friend John Jordan*  
doth put himself Apprentice to *Edward Carney*  
*Shoemaker* } *Comer & Rhamore*

to learn his art, and with him (after the manner of an Apprentice) to dwell and serve from the *5th* day of *May 1886* until the full end and term of *3 1/2* Years from thence next following to be fully completed and ended. During which term, the said Apprentice his said Master faithfully shall serve, his secrets keep, his lawful commands everywhere gladly do. He shall do no damage to his said Master, nor see it to be done by others, but that he to his power shall tell or forthwith give warning to his said Master of the same. He shall not waste the goods of his said Master, nor give or lend them unlawfully to any. He shall not commit fornication, nor contract Matrimony within the said Term. Hurt to his Master he shall not do, nor cause or procure it to be done by others. He shall not play at Cards, Dice, Tables, or any other unlawful games whereby his said Master shall have loss with his own or others' Goods, during the said Term. Without licence of his said Master, he shall not buy nor sell, he shall not haunt or use Taverns, Alehouses, or Playhouses, nor absent himself from his said Master's Service Day or Night unlawfully; but in all things as an honest and faithful Apprentice he shall behave himself towards his said Master, and all his, during the said Term. And the said Master, his said Apprentice in the same Art which he useth, by the best way and means that he can, shall teach and instruct, or cause to be taught and instructed, with due correction; finding unto his said Apprentice *(who this day has paid £3 and agrees to pay £3 more at 12 months from this date)*

*Meat, Drink and Lodging*

befitting such an Apprentice, during the said Term, according to the custom of the

*Shoe-making trade*

And for the due performance of all and every the said Covenant and Agreements, either of the said Parties bindeth himself to the other by these Presents. IN WITNESS whereof the Parties above-named to these INDENTURES have interchangeably put their hands and Seals, the *fifth* day of *May* in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and *Eighty Six*

*Ed Carney*

*Michael Jordan*

(Signed, Sealed, and Delivered in the Presence of

*Michael Hillen*)

*John Jordan*

*Anthony Jordan*





BALLYHAUNIS U-12 FOOTBALLERS, MAYO COUNTY CHAMPIONS (1988). FRONT (LEFT TO RIGHT): MARK GALLAGHER, HUGH CURLEY, PATRICK KEANE, IAN WEBB. SECOND ROW (L. TO R.): DAVID BEIRNE, DEREK WALSH, FERGAL KELLY (CAPTAIN), THOMAS LYONS, JIMMY O'BOYLE, CORMAC O'CONNOR, DANIEL TARPEY, MICHAEL DONOHUE. THIRD (L. TO R.): SHANE BURKE, PIERCE HIGGINS, MARK McCAFFERTY, TOMMY MORAN, MICHAEL CURLEY, JOHN BURKE, EDWARD WEBB, SHANE TIGHE. BACK (L. TO R.): KEITH HIGGINS, PETER HIGGINS (SELECTOR), AIDAN KELLY (MANAGER), THOMAS LYONS, MICHAEL LYONS, KEVIN WALDRON, TERRY MAUGHAN, SIMON WEBB, JOSEPH HEALY, JIM LUNDON (SELECTOR).

Photo by Pat Glynn.



ST. MARY'S PRIMARY SCHOOL, BALLYHAUNIS, DIVISION ONE MAYO PRIMARY SCHOOLS' CHAMPIONS, 1988, WHICH WAS PLAYED FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER THIS YEAR. FRONT (LEFT TO RIGHT): PIERCE HIGGINS, HUGH CURLEY, JIMMY O'BOYLE, CORMAC O'CONNOR. SECOND ROW (L. TO R.): THOMAS LYONS, DEREK WALSH, FERGAL KELLY, JOHN GREELY, THOMAS LYONS (CAPTAIN), SIMON WEBB, MICHAEL CAMERON, DANIEL TARPEY. THIRD ROW (L. TO R.): JOHN LYONS (SELECTOR), PADDY WALDRON (SELECTOR), SHANE TIGHE, MARTIN DONOHUE, MARK McCAFFERTY, JOSEPH HEALY, JIMMY WALSH (MANAGER), JIM LUNDON (PRINCIPAL). BACK (L. TO R.): MICHAEL LYONS, KEVIN WALDRON, RONAN BYRNE, TERRY MAUGHAN, TIMOTHY PLUNKETT, THOMAS HENECHAN, JOSEPH COSTELLOE.

# From Munich To Ballyhaunis

BY MARY FINAN

**W**HILE thousands of young Irish people are applying for visas and boarding planes for Europe and America in a desperate attempt to escape from the stagnation of rural Ireland; many Europeans are taking the reverse route, shunning the much-sought-after "good life" and heading for the boglands of Ireland. One such couple are Peter and Susan Wiegel, who came to Ireland from Bavaria in 1983.

The Wiegels owned a small farm a couple of hundred kilometres from Munich, which they wanted to run in a traditional way. They became disillusioned with what they saw as the increasingly commercialised mechanised nature of German agriculture with its emphasis on high productivity at all costs. They were concerned by the excessive use of pesticides and chemicals and their inevitably detrimental long-term effects to the environment.

Peter, a former Primary Teacher, having lost faith in the value of formal schooling, had sometime earlier decided to avail of a three-year paternity leave in order to become more involved in the running of their small farm. Finding the work satisfying and fulfilling they began to dream of attaining a better quality of life for themselves and their children. Around them they saw the disadvantages of agricultural progress, pollution, mental stress, lack of individual freedom. In the words of Jean Jacques Rousseau they concluded that "Man is born free but is everywhere in chains". They began to share the views of the 17th century Romantics who believed that real happiness could only be achieved by returning to nature and relying on one's own intuition. They felt that children could learn better from experience in the countryside than from reading books.

So, they decided to opt out of the "rat race". They dreamed of finding a small isolated plot of land with a house, where they could become self-sufficient, producing their own food and isolating themselves from a materialistic consumer-orientated society which they now realised could not bring them fulfillment. They now realised that their small traditional style farm could not survive indefinitely in the German agricultural climate of the time; surrounded as it was by large expanding maize-producing farms and they feared that if they remained they would unwillingly be sucked into a system, which they abhorred. They knew that they would have to move abroad if they hoped to realise their dream. The price of agricultural land in Germany would prohibit them from finding a suitable property. Having acquired a romantic idealised and, as it turned out, distorted image of Ireland from the Bord Failte

brochures, they came here in pursuit of their dream.

They arrived in Rosslare full of great expectations and travelled Northwards searching vainly for the white-washed cottages and unspoilt countryside they had been geared to expect. Passing through the Golden Vale they were quite taken aback by what they saw — the large, modern farms reflected the same lifestyle and values they were hoping to shun. After their initial disappointment, however, they were encouraged in their quest by meeting another German couple who had "fallen in love with Ireland" and who advised them that they would be more likely to find the kind or property they were seeking in Mayo.

Arriving in Mayo the Wiegels noted with relief that the overall quality of the soil there would ensure that it would never become part of the highly mechanised, profit-orientated agricultural spiral. They had many humorous encounters with over-zealous smooth-talking estate agents, who, ignoring their precise instructions that they were interested in small isolated farms with an old house in need of repair, insisted on bringing them to view what they, themselves, considered were more suitable properties complete with bungalow and all modern conveniences.

Incidents like these soon made Peter and Susan realise that the differences between Germany and Ireland were not only romantic and cultural, but psychological as well; that the mentality of the Irish was different to that of the German. They began to accept that an appointment arranged for 3 p.m. sharp might not take place until 3.30 p.m., something unheard of in their efficiency orientated fatherland. This casual attitude to time might be termed lackadaisical by many European but for the Wiegels it was an attractive feature reflecting the traditional values of the

Irish. In spite of these mishaps Peter and Susan eventually found what they were looking for in Derrylahan — a small village about three miles from Ballyhaunis. This isolated, neglected 22-acre holding with a large proportion of bogland, would certainly not inspire the faint-hearted with optimism. But for this young idealistic German couple it represented a challenge.

For the local people who have been familiar with this small farm and its history for generations, the changes brought about by this young couple have been dramatic to say the least. Several members ran this tiny farm from which a large family emigrated in the late nineteenth century. The Wiegels, through hard work and resourcefulness, have succeeded in gleaning a living for themselves and their two young children. They organically grow all kinds of fruit and vegetables; they make their own cheese, wine and beer, and raise their own cattle and sheep. In effect, they have become almost completely self-sufficient. They spin their own wool and weave many of their own garments, which they dye from the leaves of the sirrel and blackhead. They also make extensive use of herbs, which they use both in cookery and as herbal remedies. Although they have no formal training in carpentry or construction, they have transformed the once dilapidated cottage into a very attractive, cosy family home.

The glowing good health and serenity of the Wiegels is certainly a shining advertisement for their way of life. However, both Peter and Susan are at pains to point out that although this lifestyle works for them, it might not work for everyone. In these days of materialism, stress, unemployment and emigration, maybe it is time for us all to reassess our own values and consider the words of G. K. Chesterton, who said: "The golden age only comes to those who have forgotten gold."



MAN IS BORN FREE BUT IS EVERYWHERE IN CHAINS.

## "The Grand Old Man Of Ballyhaunis"

**M**OST of my most vivid memories as a child growing up in Ballyhaunis seem to focus around my father, Frank Glynn of Clare Street, after whom I was named. Young people now do not know about the rationing and shortages during the war years and immediately after. My father had been a POW in Germany during the First World War and knew about survival — so he was pretty good at fundamental nutrition. Of course, we children, there was six of us, turned our noses up at many of the things he would eat and seem to enjoy.

I was eight (8) in June, 1944, when the D-Day invasion of Europe took place and as my father followed the progress of the war closely, I can still see him running up the street with the paper, I believe it was the *Independent*, in his hand and yelling to my mother — "They've invaded Europe — Hitler is finished now." Of course there was a certain ambivalence in Ireland about the war — we were afraid of the Germans and did not want them to win, but we did not want the Brits to win either. I remember the end of the war and my father telling me about the death camps. He blamed them on the Nazis and excused the German people at large.

At Easter, 1945, the war was over and my father decided there should be a party for the children. My birthday was at the end of April and those of my two sisters, Mary and Patricia, were in May. So we had a combination event on a Sunday and had thirty children in the house. My father presided and my mother performed miracles in the kitchen. I wonder how many people remember that party — it was the event of the Summer on Clare Street, at least for the children.

I remember the rationing of bread, which lasted for two or three years after the war. And I remember the Spring of 1946, when the first lorry loads of bananas arrived in Ballyhaunis. We kids followed the lorry around town and ate our first banana as if it was manna from heaven. Some of us actually climbed on the lorry, threw bundles onto the road, where they were scooped up and children ran in every direction with them. We were somewhat crazed by the sight. I also remember the Big Blizzard of '47. It hit in March and we had snow like we had never seen before. Piles and drifts six feet high in places. There were huge drifts in front of our house on Clare Street. Bread was still scarce and when loads arrived I recall lining up at Coyne's. A few days later my father and I walked to Balindrehid, where we traded bread for potatoes and eggs from Roger Healey. It was rather exciting for us kids; the schools were closed for two weeks and even though we were always hungry, it was fun to play in the huge drifts. Some of the drifts lasted until the end of May, when we had a beautiful Summer that lasted until September.

Always I remember the Summers: on Sundays my father would get out his big Ten Gallon hat and would stroll around town. The "hat" was like a beacon of Summer and a sign that all was well with the world. It also conjured up visions of far away places and exciting events. In the Summer of 1955, after I finished high school in Claremorris, it was time for me to go. My first stop was England, of course, to raise the passage onward. My father took me to the station and whatever sense of regret he might have felt at losing another son to emigration, he kept it to himself. His last words to me were — "Don't stay in England. Keep going and don't stop until you reach the Rockies Mountains in Canada." He was not a man to stand in the way of someone else pursuing an adventurous life, as he had done.



FRANK GLYNN OF CLARE STREET (WEARING HIS FAMOUS TEN-GALLON HAT), WITH HIS BROTHER, TOM, AND HIS SON, JOHN, AND DAUGHTER, MARY.

Less than two years later, at the end of April, 1957, I had graduated from the RCMP Academy in Regina, Saskatchewan, and was on a train travelling through the Rockies Mountains on my way to my first post on the Pacific Coast near Vancouver. My thoughts were with "the grand old man of Ballyhaunis" and I knew he wished me well. I felt that I was sharing the experience with him, even though we were separated by five thousand miles and whatever I saw I was seeing what he had already seen before me. I wrote to him and told him all about it: it was like sending a report card home. The message was simple: "You were right, it was worth the trip."

When my father died in Ballyhaunis in 1975, I wondered how many lives he had touched over the years. He had certainly shaped mine and I can only hope that when I pass on there will be a Mick O'Connell somewhere who will pay me half as good a tribute.

### Heaven Replies

Sunday morning,  
Coming down,  
Bayonne town,  
Leaves green and brown,  
Somehow home seems far away,  
Perhaps we'll stay.

Micheal Smyth



## Our New York Ambassador

BY MICHEAL SMYTH

**K**NOX Street-born Tony Greene must be one of the most dedicated people involved in Gaelic football. As a youngster he played for Ballyhaunis juvenile and minor teams and later on for the junior and senior teams. In 1960 he emigrated to New York and he's since been deeply involved with Gaelic football there. He played with the New York seniors at Gaelic Park and won junior championship medals with Westmeath in 1961 and, 17 years later in 1978, with Connemara Gaels.

He comes home regularly and on one of these trips he togged out with the touring New York-Mayo senior team against Ballyhaunis in 1987, while on another trip home, he



20 YEARS AGO — HUDSON, THE CATSKILLS, NEW YORK, 1968 — TONY EVEN TRIED INTRODUCING THE EDITOR TO GAELIC FOOTBALL.

toggled out for the Ballyhaunis O-30 team against Ballina — nearly 30 years after he had first played with Ballyhaunis.

When I met Tony last November in New York he was as enthusiastic as ever — he still trains two or three nights a week so as to be fit to referee matches. This Fall he refereed the New York junior 'A' final and was highly commended for the way he controlled it.

Tony's hospitality for anyone he knows, but especially for Ballyhaunis people when they are in New York, is well known. Whether on their own, in groups, as students on Summer work, as first-time emigrants or as visitors he held an open door for them.

No doubt he is one of our finest ambassadors.

## Do You Know Ballyhaunis

1. How many public 'phone booths are there in the town of Ballyhaunis?
2. Which family live at "St. Aidan's" in Upper Main Street?
3. Who is the Chairman of Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club?
4. After whom is St. Gerald's Crescent named?
5. What is "Mack's Hill" now called?
6. Who was the Festival Queen for 1988?
7. Who is the principal of St. Mary's National School?
8. What is the official name of the Ballyhaunis ladies' basketball team?
9. What year was the Augustinian Abbey founded?
10. In what year was the Parochial Hall built?
11. What is "Dinjo's" real name?, i.e., our Dinjo.
12. Which Ballyhaunis team won a gold medal at 1988 Community Games in Butlins?
13. Who was C.C. in Ballyhaunis before Fr. Greaney and Fr. Gleeson?
14. What is the telephone number of Mid-West Radio?
15. How many water pumps are there in the town and district of Ballyhaunis?
16. Who was the last official Station Master in Ballyhaunis?
17. Which family in Abbeyquarter reside in "May Grove"?
18. Which local personality is nicknamed "Bamey"?
19. Prior to Farah what company occupied the factory in Tooraree?
20. Which Ballyhaunis public house once bore the nickname "Dunkirk"?

ANSWERS: (1) Four (Upper Main St., Square, Abbey St., Clare Rd.); (2) Curran's; (3) Gerry Lyons; (4) Canon McGarry, R.I.P.; (5) Guilers Park; (6) Ingrid Tighe; (7) Jim Landon; (8) Farah Rangers; (9) 1430; (10) 1940; (11) Michael Cameron; (12) Under-12 Soccer; (13) Fr. Williams; (14) 0907-30169; (15) Five (Tooraree, Upper Main St., Courthouse, Knox St., Devlis); (16) Denis Gavigan, R.I.P.; (17) Buckley; (18) E. Murren; (19) Blue Bell (Wrangler); (20) Mulherns.

## Cantairi Bheal Atha Amnais

THE Ballyhaunis Choral Group, Cantairi — Bheal Atha Amnais, has continued to achieve notable successes this year. Whilst continuing our Wednesday night practices we have participated in Choral Masses, Choral Festivals, Feiseanna, and have held our own very successful concert in the Parochial Hall.

Christmas, 1987, saw us once again in the Friary where we gave the Carol recital to the fullest attendance ever. The National School Choir also participated.

Easter saw us win the mixed voice choir competition at the Sligo Feis. In May we won the National Competition for mixed voice choirs at the Cork International Choral Festival for the second time in four years. This was a great achievement. We gave a concert to celebrate in the Parochial Hall. The Community School Choir also performed. We are now preparing for the Christmas Concert in the Friary for 1988, which promises to be even more enjoyable than last year.

Our repertoire consists of madrigals, sacred music, traditional and Irish songs, light opera and musical numbers.

The choir now comprises of: Noel Waldron, Seamus Forde, Terry Coleman, Chris Pratt, Oliver Jordan, Vinnie Healy (Basses); Paul Donnellan, Luke Murray, Tony Flynn, John O'Neill (Tennor); Laura Brogan, Anne Marie Eagney, Maureen Thornton, Mary O'Connor, Una Shields, Zanthé Pratt (Alto); Grainne Morris, Moira Delaney, Eva Johnston, Karina King, Margaret Hannan, Ita Fahey, Mary Quinn, Frankie O'Malley (Soprano).

# Annaghwor

Compiled by Eamon Murren — £10 to first correct entry drawn on December 31st, U-16s only.  
Don't cut out the Crossword. Entries (only one per person), on a postcard to the Editor.

## ACROSS

1. He skippered a crew of 15 to victory on October 2nd (5)
4. He has appeared in more Westerns than John Wayne (7 but six will do).
7. Wife of Devlis Jim, has a golden voice (5).
8. Wingo is due (5).
9. This is buried on December 26th (4).
10. Local firm has changed Allah (5).
13. The Lantern shines on this pub (6).
16. Mrs. T. C. himself (6).
19. Surname of lass who reigned over the town during festival (5).
22. Local bank official from Offaly (4).
23. Place in Clare St. with golden touch (5).
24. Sean Freyne and his brigade are always on this (5).
25. Fr. Costelloe's assistant (7).
26. One might get one in maths (5).

## DOWN

2. Name of park on which county title was won (5)
3. Frank and Noel might have this as patient (6).
4. John O'Neill and Oliver Jordan might have starred in one of these (5).
5. Local expert on Medjugorje and football (7).
6. Famous volcano sounds like local nun (4).
10. Many students do this from Devlis to Galway (5).
11. This local firm may have a unit in your kitchen (3).
12. This is the eleventh ——— of Annagh (5).
14. ——— Patrick was once the home of Joe Greene (3).
15. He made sure dad got the right numbers (4-3).
17. Tim Robinson had this occupation (6).
18. Sounds like a medical man was on the Mayo team in the early '60s (5).
20. He performed miracles around Knock (5).
27. There is one of these at the White Lake (4).

## Jill

The cold wind echoes silently through the streets of Dublin  
silently echoing through the lonely pines where Jill lies  
the convent stands brooding on the hill  
Tower of Ivory.

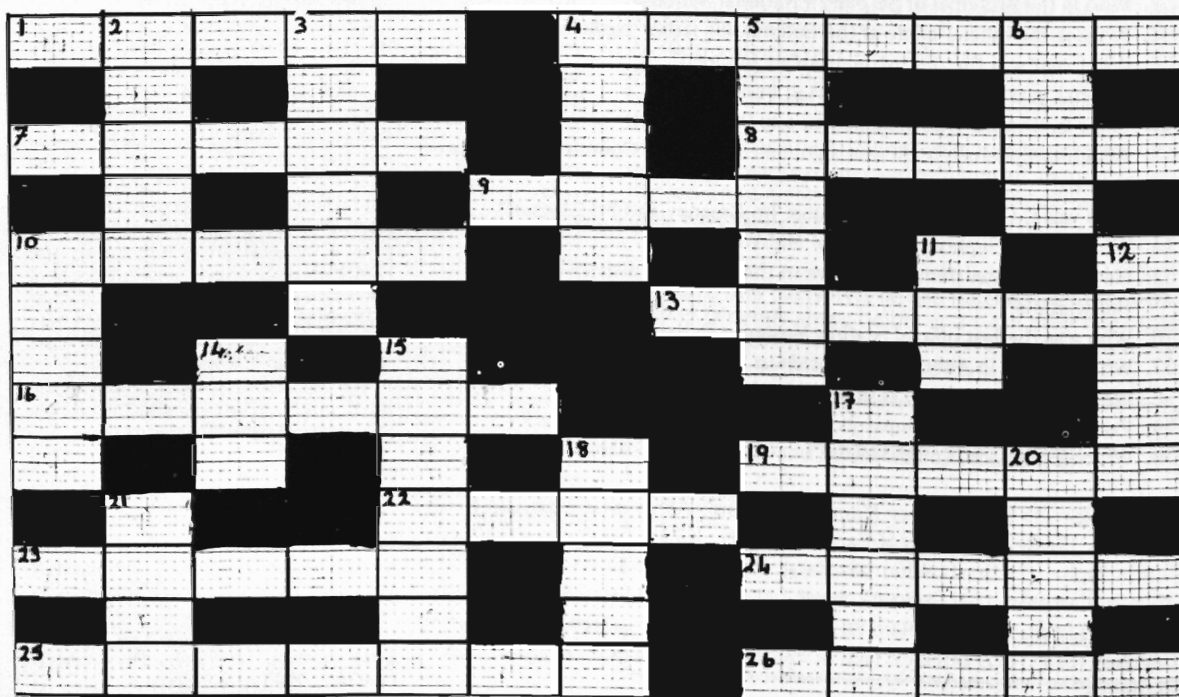
The wind carries the fumes and smoke from the factory in the  
valley as it belches out its dark promise of a better world —  
the darkness enfolds us.

White flowers from our childhood grow nearby:  
daisy chains for our hair  
bluebells in Curran's wood  
swimming in Annagh Lake  
my father's golf cup filled with lemonade  
hot potato cakes in butter  
my mother's porter cake  
and Maggie dancing through all the years.

Today I bring her three flowers which bloom and grow  
and as we kneel and pray  
the scent of the pines enfolds us  
the wind dances through its branches  
echoing the song of the robin  
my sister loved the robin  
and so do I.

We walk away  
she has gone before us  
we follow her  
we are not afraid.

**By Anne Roche-Quinn**  
(formerly of Bank of Ireland and Devlis,  
on the death of her sister, Jill).



# Memories Of Christmas 60 Years Ago

BY HANNAH O'DWYER

**W**HY, oh why isn't Christmas like it used to be in my day? — perfect in every way — before the affluent society and PROGRESS changed it into the money spinner it is today. I venture to say that quite a few of my contemporaries regret the passing of those happy years also. The date on the calendar didn't mean an awful lot to me — there were other things that indicated to my impressionable mind that Christmas was around the corner; one was when the flock of turkeys were taken in, in turn to the kitchen at night and given the "forced feeding" treatment. There was a container of mash made up — Indian meal and potatoes — rolled into shapes (in later years I realised it was like a sausage). The unsuspecting birds' mouth was opened and the sausage popped in — of course there was no option but to swallow. Every bird got its ration and this ritual continued for about a fortnight before "big market day" in the hope of adding a few more pounds of weight.

## TURKEY MARKET

As the turkey market drew nearer anxious enquiries were made as to how much the hens and cocks were making that year at the surrounding markets. If the housewife had some satisfied customers from previous years she was assured of getting rid of the bulk of her flock early. The sale of the last few dragged out somewhat and at last she was ready to come home and do "her sums" — the amount in her purse would determine how much she could afford to spend on buying the "Christmas things" that year.

Another custom was the Four Thousand Hail Marys. My aunt, God rest her, started on the last day of November — St. Andrew's Day. She had a piece of paper and a small stub of pencil in her apron pocket and at intervals I was asked to add one hundred or two hundred. I never questioned where she found time to say all those prayers but she never failed to achieve her goal on Christmas Eve: this was a reminder of the four thousand years the world waited for the coming of the Messiah.

## SCHOOL HOLIDAYS

The day we got the school holidays was a red letter day, we knew there would be a can of sweets from our teacher for the infants, first and

second, and how good those hard sweets tasted.

A day would be set aside when our parents went to town to buy the "Christmas"; the gallon or two gallon jar would be brought out rinsed and aired and taken along for some of the "black stuff", to have in the house for the neighbours, who called after Christmas. One year a woman took a jar of buttermilk to a publican, who shall be nameless, as a gift and when another customer called for his jar — yes, you guessed it, he was given the buttermilk instead of the "porter". That poor publican earned himself the name of "Buttermilk Jack" for his remaining years.

## SHOPPING

One member of the family got his or her turn to go to town with our parents and we really looked forward to this trip. Every shop got a "turn" and there was always a Christmas box and something for the child, a Christmas stocking perhaps or a bag of sweets. The shopkeepers must have had a lean time for the following few months. While the money lasted the people kept buying, but I now know that money went further in those days. We would have currants and jam, etc., 'til St. Patrick's Day. I still remember these big purple raisins: I must confess they didn't all end up in the oven baked cakes and we often filled ourselves with them.

## CHRISTMAS EVE

Christmas Eve dawned at last. There was an air of expectancy that you couldn't really explain. Mid-day confessions were a must for the children and on our way through the town we looked longingly at the toys in the shop windows and hoped silently that Santa Claus would send some of them our way. It never occurred to me anyway to ask for anything specified, I was happy with my lot and happier still with what I got.

On Christmas Eve even the cows were not forgotten and were given a sheaf of oats instead of the usual straw. Legend had it that they went down on their knees at midnight to adore the Infant Saviour, but as sleep had always overcome me by that hour I cannot vouch for that. There was a fire put in each bedroom and, of course, the parlour. The candles were put on each window and then we would go round the village to see which house had the biggest number of lights. After a lovely roast goose dinner on Christmas Day it was time

for a visit to the crib, this time in the care of the bigger family members. We entered wide-eyed and wondered; trying desperately to understand to the best of our ability the tableau before us. We dropped in our pennies and hoped that the Infant in the manger would realise that he had all our pocket money.

## CHRISTMAS DAY

One Christmas Day will always remain in my mind. Having hung up my stocking as usual, I opened it up and was so pleased that I had a bite of the apple and a small square of chocolate. They tasted so good, but in my rush to get ready for six o'clock Mass I forgot to cover up my misdeemeanour. All who were able to walk set off in the dark and were joined along the way by the neighbours calling out greetings to each other. In later years, when doing *losagain*, I could identify with Padraic Pearse when he wrote "na gearr bhodaigh ag rith is ag léimnigh, na cailini ag sioscach cainiste go meidhreac na mná ag cómhra ós íseal agus na fir ina dthost."

The church was filled to capacity, men on one side, women on the other. To depart from this practice was unheard of. Mass over we retraced our steps homeward. This time we could see a little better where we walked; we were so exuberant that even the potholes on the untarred roads didn't seem to matter as much as they do today. On the particular Christmas morning that I had broken the Eucharistic Fast I was soon brought to my senses. The tell-tale evidence was detected and it didn't occur to me not to own up — well! I got such a lecture that I never forgot it.

Didn't I know I should fast from midnight, etc., etc.? Not only was I told, in no uncertain fashion, that I was to tell the priest at my next confession but my older sister was also told to tell him the terrible thing I had done: what a relief it was to me when in later years the Eucharistic Fast was reduced to one hour. I felt I had done my penance in the intervening years and was now forgiven.

Even though we didn't have expensive decorations, Christmas trees or fairy lights, radio or television, we didn't miss them, we were still happy. What a pity Christmas has become so commercialised. To me the Christmas of fifty or sixty years ago had a quality and fascination which, I fear, will never be recaptured.



# Ballyhaunis And Its Environs



COURTESY PAULINE MORLEY

THE following merely indicates the Irish origin of the local townlands. As you will see some of the townlands (villages), have no known Irish name — Pattenspark and Woodpark being two.

I hope that this introduction to the history of the names of local villages will spur others on to a more detailed study.

**Annagh:** Eannach — low marshy ground. A marsh.

**Abbeyquarter:** Ceathramh na Mainstreach — Monastery quarter. The quarter of the Monastery.

**Agloragh:** Ath Glórach — noisy ford.

**Bracklaghboy:** An Bhreacloch Bhui — the yellow speckled land.

**Carrowkeel:** Ceathramhadh Caol — narrow quarter.

**Carrownluggan:** Ceathrú an Logain — the quarter of the little hollow.

**Carrowreagh:** An Cheathrú Riabhach — the striped quarter.

**Cave:** An Chéibh — the long grass.

**Cherryfield:** Gort na Silíní — Cherryfield.

**Churchpark:** Churchpark.

**Clagnagh:** An Chloigneach — the place of the skull-shaped hills.

**Cloonbullig:** Cluain Builg — lawn or meadow of the sack.

**Derreens:** Soirnidhe — little Derries or oak woods.

**Devlis:** Duibhlios — black fort — (enclosure).

**Friarsground:** Friarsground.

**Gorteen:** An Goirtin — the tilled field.

**Grallagh:** Greallach — a miry place. (Johnstown).

**Hazelhill:** Cealdrach — an old burial place.

**Holywell:** Tobar Phádraic — Patrick's Well.

**Island:** An tOileán — the island.

**Kilmannin:** Cill Mhainín — Mainín's Church — an old burial ground in this townland.

**Knockbrack:** Cnoc Breac — speckled hill.

**Lecarrow:** Leath-cheathramh — half quarter. The quarter is an even older division of land than the townland and many townlands take their names from these divisions.

**Lisduff:** Lios Dubh — black fort.

**Pattenspark:** Patten's Park.

**Pollnacraoaghy:** Poll na Cruaiche — the hole of the stack. The hollow of the hills.

**Togher:** An Tóchar — the causeway.

**Tooraree:** Tuar an Fhraoigh — the pasture of the heather.

**Woodpark:** Woodpark.

## Our Raleigh Dealer 90 Years Young

**T**HERE are but few people in the parishes of Annagh and Began who have not heard of Mrs. Mary Ellen Murray of Clare Street (or Mrs. Murray as she is apparently known by, I suspect, those of the younger generation). Seldom has anyone forgotten her once they have encountered her strength of character and, as she says herself, "everybody knows me".

She was born as Mary Ellen Cunnane in Lissaniskea, Began, on the 15th March, 1898, where she spent the first two decades of her life. She began school at the tender age of five where a two-mile trek was required daily in order to reach Began's National School. Her first two teachers she remembers as Mrs. Helbert, Ballyhaunis, and Mrs. Prendergast, who resided very near the school.

After her school studies had ended she was required to "serve her time" dressmaking for a Miss Madge Bourke, Knock, for three years. The day that she left home to go to Knock was the day that the First World War began, in August of 1914. Mrs. Murray was then sixteen years old.

She continued dressmaking for a further two years on her own, when she returned home, until she decided to start up her own business. She rented a cottage that belonged to the Crean family in Brickens and began her own grocery shop. It was while running this shop that she met her husband-to-be; although she didn't know it at the time. A man had stopped by her store asking for a certain piece of equipment. Mrs. Murray, being the business woman that she is, said that she would get it. It was a fortnight later that word reached her that the parcel had arrived at the station (in Ballyhaunis). So she got on her bicycle and came to town for it. It was while in town that she realised she needed some carbide oil for the lamps

BY BRONAGH McKERRMITT

at home, so she headed for the nearest garage, which was in Devlis. Unfortunately there was no oil to be got so the mechanic asked if he could send her a card in order to let her know when it arrived. The mechanic's name was Tom Murray. Before leaving the garage Mrs. Murray mentioned to Tom that there was a dance in Brickens the following Sunday night, and that he was to "tell all the boys in Ballyhaunis".

On the Sunday night who arrives at Mary's shop but Tom and his friend, Jack, in order to take Mary and her sister to the dance. The following Sunday Tom was at Mary's parents home for dinner... fourteen months later they were married. In those days there was not as much fuss as there is now. Mrs. Murray made her own costume and tote. In fact, she wanted another week in which to finish her dress but Tom would allow her "not one hour more". So in the year 1930 Miss Mary Cunnane wed Mr. Tom Murray. The ceremony was in Began and afterwards the couple had their "wedding breakfast" in Mary's mother's house. They spent the rest of the day at Claremorris Races, driven there by Paddy Kearns, one of the few people who had the fortune to possess a car then.

Tom was a mechanic by trade but he also was the main Raleigh bike dealer in the Ballyhaunis area. For the first four years of their marriage they lived in Brickens, Tom continuing to work in the garage in Ballyhaunis. But by 1934 their house was built and ready for them to move in. Unfortunately in 1937 Tom Murray died. He was sadly missed by all the people who knew him.

As history tells us there was yet another War to be faced. It began in

1939 and stretched into 1945. Mrs. Murray remembers that these years were severe on everyone, everything was rationed and you were lucky to survive on the meagre provisions allocated, let alone make a living. But it is of the First World War years that Mrs. Murray has her most vivid recollection. She recalls that she and a friend of hers had been visiting another friend one day. It was beginning to get dark and they had a long cycle ahead of them. By the look of the clouds that evening it would not be long before there would be rain and lots of it. Together they set off home. It wasn't long before their fears held true; the sky clouded over, the first drops of rain fell, the distant thunder rolled. Ten minutes later the rain had completely drenched them and the storm was overhead. They were still a long way from home and far from giving in and taking shelter — they mutually agreed to continue on. With the rain harshly pelting on their skin and the sudden eerie darkness engulfing them, their visibility was practically nil. Suddenly they both plunged into the pitch black earth. That day soldiers had come that way and "cut" the road leaving behind a hole, big enough for Mrs. Murray, her friend and two bicycles to disappear into. They thought they were both dead. It was a long time after before they were recovered enough to set off on their way again. Needless to say they were very late getting home that night and aching all over the next day. But it is an event that Mrs. Murray "will never forget".

Mrs. Murray has had a very long and fruitful life. She still lives in the shop that her husband and herself built over fifty-five years ago. She has endured many hardships, many trials but also many joys and loves. Here's wishing many more happy years to our Raleigh dealer...

## Earliest Registered Cars In Ballyhaunis Area

BY DERMOT EAGNEY

- IZ 96 — Richard James Cane, Kilkelly: 6 h.p. Phoenix Quadcar, 25th May, 1910.
- IZ 163 — Wm. F. White, Ballyhaunis: Premier Motorcycle, 10th July, 1912.
- IZ 195 — John Lyons, M.B., Kilkelly: 2 h.p. Humber Motorcycle, 17th April, 1913.
- IZ 230 — John Lyons, Kilkelly: 8 h.p. Humbrette, two-seater cycle car, 21st August, 1913.
- IZ 239 — Thos. Dillon-Leetch, Ballyhaunis: 15/20 h.p. Overland Motor Car, 5th June, 1915.
- IZ 301 — Joseph Higgins, Kilkelly: 2½ h.p. Douglas Motorcycle, 12th June, 1914.
- IZ 341 — Thos. Walsh, Kincora Villa, Ballyhaunis: 2½ h.p. Motorcycle, 6th March, 1915.
- IZ 352 — Bernard T. Lynch, Ballyhaunis: 20 h.p. Ford Car, touring body, 28th April, 1915.

- IZ 353 — John C. Murray, Ballyhaunis: 3 h.p. Motorcycle, 30th April, 1915.
- IZ 397 — Dominic Finnegan, Lurgan, Ballyhaunis, 20 h.p. Maxwell, five-seater, 8th September, 1915.
- IZ 404 — John F. Coyne, Ballyhaunis: L.M.C. Motorcycle 1915.
- IZ 439 — Bernard T. Lynch, Ballyhaunis: 20 h.p. Ford Touring Car, 3rd April, 1916.
- IZ 455 — Patrick Moylett, Ardpatrick, Ballyhaunis: 20 h.p. Ford Van, 24th January, 1916.
- IZ 479 — Mrs. Ellen Cunningham, Ballyhaunis: 20 h.p. Ford, 7th February, 1917.
- IZ 400 — Phillip Waldron, Drimbane: 3½ h.p. Triumph Motorcycle, 22nd September, 1915.
- IZ 38 — Felix P. Murray, Devlis, Ballyhaunis: 20 h.p. Ford, van body, 8th March, 1918.



BALLYHAUNIS VOCATIONAL SCHOOL, 1939-40 (AT BACK OF FORDE'S). FRONT (LEFT TO RIGHT): T. MORRIS (R.I.P.), PHILOMENA CUNNANE, ANNIE CARNEY, PADRAIG FORKIN (R.I.P.), KATHLEEN FORRIE, CHRIS JENNINGS, MAY HENRY. MIDDLE (LEFT TO RIGHT): EILEEN FEENEY, M. LYONS, T. CAULFIELD, MARGARET MARY FORKAN. BACK (LEFT TO RIGHT): JOSIE GROGAN (R.I.P.), JOSEPHINE McGARRY, BRIDGET GLYNN, BABY LYONS, MOLLY FOLLIARD, AGNES MULLARKEY, BRIDIE FOLLIARD.

PHOTO COURTESY AGNES HEANEY.



FRIARY CHOIR, 1961 — FRONT: ANNE O'DWYER, YVONNE McGARRY, MARY DILLON, NORA SWEENEY, BRIDGET JOYCE, ANNE FREELEY, PATRICIA GRIFFIN. SECOND ROW: MARY TOOLAN, MARGARET MORAN, FR. JOHN BUCKLEY, MRS. MARY LYONS (R.I.P.), MARY O'DWYER, SERENE CONNOLLY, KATHLEEN SULLIVAN, ANN LARKIN. THIRD ROW: MARY CONWAY, BREDIA TOOLAN, PAULINE CONNOLLY, RITA DILLON, MARGARET MORLEY, MARY HOLMES, BETTY WALL. BACK: CYNTHIA HANNAN, PATRICIA GROGAN, MARY DEMPSEY, AUDREY WALL, RITA CONCANNON, BRENDA MORAN, DENISE SWEENEY, MOLLY CONNOLLY, IRENE WALL, EILISH HOLMES.



# The Ballyhaunis Heritage Society

BY PAUL WALDRON (Cave)

**M**EETINGS of the above society were held on the first Friday of every month in "The Manor House". At these, items of local historical and archaeological interest were discussed. Several important archaeological remains were brought to the attention of the society, including millstones, a deer skeleton, examples of bloom, an ancient cooking place and a double ring-fort, along with further deer bones and antlers and traces of a crannóg.

At the end of March this year Gerry Cribbin located a number of old millstones which were used as paving in front of Higgins' house in Lurgan. They belonged to a corn mill which functioned there over 80 years ago. With the co-operation and help of Michael and Pat Regan, Derrynacong, they were moved to the barracks in Ballyhaunis where they will be kept until a museum is started in the town where they can be shown to their best advantage.

In May, Peter Flanagan discovered a skeleton of a deer in the bank of the Glone River in Ballindrehid. Gerry Cribbin dug it up and cleaned it. With it was found a bone axe-head which is of great interest to the National Museum, whose experts are at present examining and trying to date the find. This find was on display in Abbey St. during the Festival this Summer.

In August two archaeologists from the office of Public Works, along with Bernie Freyne, examined the Island in the White Lake, they confirmed what had long been tradition in the area, that it was a crannóg, which is a man-made island made for human habitation. On it they found deer bones and antlers. They also found the remains of another crannóg nearby which is now flooded.

In September Mr. Rynal O'Flynn from the National Museum, Dublin, visited the area. He saw the deer bones and brought some to Dublin to be analysed. With Joe Greene he went to Jimmy Cribbin's in Johnstown where he was shown some examples of what is known as "bloom". This is the remains of iron ore after it has been "smelted" and turned into iron, and it proves that iron was probably mined and worked in this area long ago. He was also shown a "fulacht fian", which is an ancient cooking place where meat could be boiled in a trough of water dug in the ground, the water being heated by dropping heated stones into it. Then Jimmy showed Mr. O'Flynn a double ring fort in Barganiff. Mr. O'Flynn described it as one of the finest examples of its

type he had ever seen. The outer ring of soil is faced with stones and both rings have a line of trees along them.

The meetings are held on the first Friday of the month and new members will be very welcome.

Officers: Patron, Canon P. Costello; Chairman, Joe Greene; Secretary, Paul Waldron; Treasurer, Fr. John O'Connor, OSA; PRO, Gerry Cribbin.

## Ballyhaunis

### Apostolic

### Work '88

BRIDIE BRENNAN (Secretary).

DURING the past year work at the Ballyhaunis branch proved satisfactory. All the members were very saddened on hearing of the death of Mrs. Lily Wilson, late of Abbey St. Lily was a founder-member of the branch and contributed in no small way to making it so successful. She will be sadly missed by all the members who regarded Lily as a real lady. I am sure she will be thinking of us and praying for our success.

The branch held the annual exhibition in June. To display the year's work is very vital as it shows honorary members and benefactors how the money is spent.

A mini vigil was held in Knock in June for all branches in the Diocese. It was conducted by Fr. Brian O'Reilly, S.V.D., and it was very well attended.

We are happy to have recruited a few new members since the exhibition and hope that many more will follow in their footsteps. The branch meets every Monday night in the Parochial Hall from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m.

A special "thank you" to the parish and Abbey priests, Sisters of Mercy, active and honorary members, and all who helped to make the display so successful.

Officers: President, Miss May Moyles; Vice-President, Mrs. Kathleen Finn; Secretary, Mrs. Bridie Brennan; Treasurer, Mrs. Peg Byrne.

## Ballyhaunis

### Rehab.

BY TERESA KEANE

THE Ballyhaunis branch was formed ten years ago. Since its inception in 1978 the committee has been very active in fund-raising for the National Rehabilitation Institute. These funds go to workshops around the country that train physically and mentally handicapped people towards full employment.

This year two of our members, Breda Burke and Una Shields, took part in a 200-mile walk between Boston and New York to help raise money for different projects, one being a new centre near completion in Castlebar.

In the past year we have collected £1,500 through a pub quiz, church gate and an American Tea Party. We wish to thank all those who have helped and supported us down through the years.

Officers: Chairperson, Nell Rochford; Secretary, Teresa Keane; Treasurer, Rita Hannon; PRO, Maire Connell. Committee: Breda Burke, Mary Keane, Mary Walsh, Luke Lawlor, Joe Hosty, Teresa Conway, Mary Dillon-Leetch, Sr. Dymphna, Mary Higgins, Una Shields, Margie Gallagher, Ann O'Dwyer.

## Ballyhaunis Public Library

### OPENING HOURS

MONDAY	Closed
TUESDAY	12.00-5.00
WEDNESDAY	3.00-8.00
THURSDAY	Closed
FRIDAY	3.00-8.00
SATURDAY	12.00-5.00

New members, adults and children, are always welcome. The membership fee is £1.00 for a year. A person can borrow books as often as required. However, we do ask that they are returned within a reasonable period. If you require more information, call to the Library at Clare Street, or telephone us at Ballyhaunis 30161.



# Patrons

**THE "Annagh" Magazine Society is grateful to the following for their support: thanks is also due to the patrons who wish to remain anonymous.**

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<b>SOPHISTICUT HAIR SALON</b> , Ladies' & Gent's, Abbey Street .....	30492
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<b>WINSTON, GERARD</b> , Family Grocer, Devlis .....	30395

## REMEMBERING THE BEGINNING OF THE FIRST DECADE — 1978

### “Annagh” — A Ballyhaunis Magazine

Christmas 1978

#### THE REASONS WHY . . .

**T**UIGE iris pobail? Dar linne is beag an dlisteanu ata de dhith ar iarracht mar seo ach ina dhiaidh sin fein is maith an rud i gconai ag tus aon fhiontar a leagan amach go soileir c'en aidhm ata leis an bhfiontar sin.

The publication of a yearly community magazine can contribute to the life of that community in a number of different ways. Besides the more obvious benefits of helping to keep the public informed, and perhaps entertained, such a publication can promote a heightened awareness, both within and outside the area, of the richness of life as it is lived in a small, and in some ways, self-contained section of our country. Nor should it end there: a well-balanced magazine can present an overall view of community life which many, in the day-to-day ordering of their affairs, would fail to perceive.

It is in the nature of a community magazine to look towards the past: for it often happens that our surroundings can only be fully appreciated by reference to bygone times, or that our attitudes and values have been shaped by almost forgotten events. The past is the great repository of our culture: the revivifying of old memories, while awakening our sense of history, leads to the development of that most precious of things: a sense of national and personal identity. Furthermore, contemplation of the past and the obstacles overcome by earlier generations promote an awareness of what, with effort and determination, is possible achievement.

But we must be careful to guard against our justifiable pride in the community degenerating into a narrow and exclusive parochialism: it is well to remember that every local event has its counterpart in the greater world outside. And we should, at all times, welcome contact with

that greater world and extend to its representatives the neighbourliness that we hope our native sons will find in strange cities and in foreign lands.

With these thoughts in mind we present the first of what we hope will be a long-running series of annual editions of “Annagh”. Like so much else, its survival will depend on peoples' interest and support, neither of which went lacking while this magazine was in the planning stages. We are happy to entrust its future to the people of Ballyhaunis.

Agus is feidir leis an todhchai sin a bheith ar fheabhas, mar leas thair-bheach soisialta, ar choinnioll go dtabharfaidh siad seo a bhfuil se ar a gcumas an chabhair riachtanach don iris tre altanna a scriobh 7rl. Ta muinin againn gur mar seo a bheidh an sceal.

**Editor**

## Annagh Editorial Committee

WE wish to extend to our readers, at home and abroad, greetings for Christmas and the coming year.

We hope that “Annagh '88” provides for you a valuable record of things past, diary of the present and impressions of things to come.

We thank all who made this magazine possible by writing articles and providing photographs. It is essential that you continue to do so if this magazine is to survive.

We wish to thank our patrons for their support without which the magazine would not be viable.

We invite anyone who wishes to contribute material for future issues to contact any member of the committee.

We invite anyone who wishes to be involved in the future to attend the forthcoming annual general meeting of “Annagh” Magazine Society.

Officers: President, Jim London; Vice-President, Fr. John O'Connor; Chairperson, Johnny Biesty; Vice-

Chairperson, Mary Finan; Secretary, Matt O'Dwyer; Asst. Secretary, Bronagh McKermitt; Joint Treasurers, Noel Waldron and Anne Curley;

PRO, Micheal Smyth; Editor, Pat Higgins. Committee: John Cleary, Joe Hosty, Donal Ahern, Shay O'Callaghan.

## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

### OF “ANNAGH” MAGAZINE SOCIETY

on Tuesday, 4th April, 1989.  
at 8 p.m.

at Manor House Hotel.



# Annagh '88

