

ANNAGH '90



Season's Greetings

A Spanish writer remarks that water has no memory: it is clean, without colour, without character! Ink, on the other hand, does have colour — from violet to red, and so it stores memories and communicates information. Memories and communication are the stuff of which “**Annagh**” is made, and that is why it is so important. I am grateful for the opportunity it offers to extend to the people of Ballyhaunis and its environs my good wishes for a blessed Christmas and bright and prosperous New Year. *Guidhimse beannacha na Nollag agus cumhdach Dé is na Maighdne Muire orraibh go leir.*

I wish to thank the parents and friends of the pupils of St. Mary's Primary School for their magnificent support and financial help in the building of two extra classrooms in the last year. I venture to say that Ballyhaunis and its hinterland are blessed with the educational facilities in both primary schools and the community second level institute with their competent and devoted teachers.

And so as we advance into the last decade of the twentieth century we can take courage and continue building for the future — a future worthy of our past in the confidence that we have the means of so doing and be worthy of the values and traditions of those who have gone before us.

*“Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time”.*

(Longfellow).

- Patrick O. Costelloe, P.P.

Front Cover photographs: Top, clockwise - (1), Pavement Art Competition. (2), A Drying Craft: Michael Mulrennon, Gurteen. (3), Annagh Rose '90, Attracta Greene; Padraic Gallagher and Patrick McGuire, Redford, and his daughter, Carmel. (4), World Cup Fever (left/right): Marguerite Moran, Sean O Domhnaill, Robbie Herr, Luke Murray, Tommy Moran, Tommy Eagney and Georgie Hannon. (5), Welcome Home, Mrs. Nora Sweeney and Mae Nally. (6), Fancy Dress: Lorraine Moroney and Claire Flynn. (7), First Communion: Paddy Coffey.

Back Cover - (1), Jarvey, Tommy Biesty. (2), All-Ireland Champion, Darren Conlon. (3), Christmas Lighting. (4), One-Way Street, Tommy Carroll. (5), Abbey Pattern, Mick Kenny and charges. (6), Old friends, Eddie Webb, Tom McCormack, Mikey Fleming (New York), and Emmett Keane. (7), Irish Dancers? Gallagher and Ciara Healy. (Thanks to Joe Greene and his contribution of photographs for the cover).

Contents

Editorial	4
Holywell	5 / 6 / 7
Tom Greally (OSA) / Ballyhaunis Rehab	8
Ballyhaunis Parish Choir / St. Patrick's Dramatic Society	9
A Fragment Of Football History (By Joe Kenny) / St. Vincent de Paul Society / Pioneer Society	10 / 11
Flying Carpets And Rice! (By Joan Laffey)	12
Ballyhaunis Bridge Club / Ballyhaunis Citizens' Information Centre (C.I.C.)	13
Letter From America (By Kevin Folliard)	14
History Of The Convent (Part II) (Sr. Assumpta Flannery) / Working In "The Hotel" (By Ita Morrison)	15 / 16 / 17
Ballyhaunis I.C.A./My First Time In Lourdes (By Tony Boyle)	19
Ballyhaunis Swimming Pool / An Impression Of Ballyhaunis Day Centre	20
The Curlew Mountains Cycle	21
Clare Street Was Home (Wherever We Lived) (By Pat Hunt)	22 / 23
Memories Of Kuwait (Deirdre Durkan)	25
St. Mary's Primary School, Ballyhaunis / Catherine Byrne — Sr. Clare Marie	26 / 27
"A Jarful Of Memories" (By James Cribbin)	29 / 30
Apostolic Work Ballyhaunis	31
Them Were The Days (By John Kelly)	33
The Early Years of the Emergency Defence Services (By Mick O'Connell)	34 / 35
Summer On A Kibbutz (By Ann Brennan)	36
Ballyhaunis Library	37
Ballyhaunis 1978 v. Ballyhaunis 1991 / Recent Visitor	38 / 39 / 40 / 41
Mickey Griffin (By John Cleary) / The Bird Brains	43
Jenny Herbert Celebrates Her 100th Birthday (By Pat Higgins)	44
The Annagh Bonfire (Revived After Twenty-Five Years)	45
The School Master / Market Day	47
Education Through A Hall Door (By Mick O'Connell)	48
Ballyhaunis A.F.C.	49
A Walk Down Memory Lane (On Lecarrow Circular Road) — (By Murt Hunt)	50 / 51
Farming 1914 - 1918 (Jimmy Cribbin)	52
Seamus Durkan Remembers	53
Ballyhaunis Hurling 1990	54
Ballyhaunis Boxing Club	55
Sound As A Bell / Olé, Olé, Olé (E. Murren)	56
Baptisms In The Parish Church, Ballyhaunis / Deaths In The Parish Of Annagh / Marriages In The Parish Church / Deaths	57
Temples And Towerblocks, Sea And Spices (By Sarah F. Huddleston)	58 / 59
Ballyhaunis Golf Club	60
Teaching In Dubaí (By Karen Keane)	61
Saint Joseph's Primary School	62
Reminiscences Of A Foot-Soldier (By Anthony Jordan)	63
Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club	64 / 65
Ballyhaunis In Times Past (David Dwane)	66
Arctic Voyage 1990 (By Mick Brogan) / "You Ould Daisy" / Ballyhaunis Rugby Football Club	68 / 69
Community Games / Erritt Lake	70
Ballyhaunis Summer Festival (By Martin Greaney)	71
Down Killunagher Way (By Joe Diskin)	72 / 73
Ballyhaunis And District Credit Union / St. Joseph's Convent & Primary School Choir / Chamber Of Commerce	75
Patrons	76 / 77 / 78
Isn't It A Small World?	79

Editorial

ON behalf of the Annagh Magazine Committee, it is my pleasant duty to put together another magazine for your enjoyment. This edition contains the usual mixture — trips down memory lane, recent experiences, a record of the past and photographs.

In this edition three of our young people have written of their experiences in the Gulf region — proof, surely, that we have emigrants in every corner of the world. More and more of our magazines are going to our younger emigrants; people who were born in the 'sixties and grew up in the Parish in the 'seventies. We would like to cater more for this group but can only do so if we get their contributions. (So let's hear from all of you going on "Thirty Something").

We thank our readers for their continued support; our contributors and our often hard-pressed patrons.

- JOHN CLEARY,
Editor.



Folliard Clan International Re-Union - The first Folliard Clan International Re-Union was held on Sunday, 19th August, 1990, in Churchfield House. There were Folliards from four different countries over the globe - America, France, England and Ireland. Such re-unions have been taking place in France, England and America for several years. The Irish Re-Union was such a success that it is now a permanent date on our calendar. We feel that there are some Folliards who, for whatever reasons, didn't know of the gathering. We would like at this point to extend an invitation to them to join us at next year's gathering. Details of this will be announced early next year.

Courtesy Eileen Grogan (nee Folliard).

Holywell

The village of Holywell is about a mile-and-a-half outside the town of Ballyhaunis on the Claremorris side. It is, like any other small West of Ireland village, basically a farming community and the people who reside there are as friendly and warm-hearted as you'll find anywhere, always quick with a friendly word and helping hand in times of crisis.

Holywell is steeped in history. It gets its name from St. Patrick's Well, which is in the middle of a field on the right-hand side leaving town, a few hundred yards past the Holywell crossroads. This is said to be one of the wells at which St. Patrick stopped to quench his thirst on his journey through Ireland. There is a stone slab at the well which contains an imprint of his knee. The well is sheltered by an unusual Ash tree and the water springs forth from its roots. The water is sparklingly clear and refreshing to drink. Also, to the side of the tree is an old stone cross, which is believed to be part of the old Church. The Church was called St. Patrick's Church and, although there is no sight of the Church there now, proof of its existence can be found in old maps of the area. Some of the stones were taken from the ruins of this Church when the Church in Began was being built. The stones were transported by donkey and cart. On one such journey en-route to Began one of the stones fell from the cart on the Carrowkeel road. The

workmen refused to re-load the stone because they said it had fallen in a direct line with the Church, and it would bring bad luck to move it, so it still rests there to the present day. The ruins of another Church can be

seen a few fields away from the well. This Church dated back to pre-Cromwellian times. It was his army which demolished most of the Church. Part of one wall is still standing. The Church is surrounded by a children's burial ground. Sill-born babies from as far away as Began were buried there. A few yards away from the ruins a hollow stone can be found; this was used as a holy water font and it's said that if a person with warts were to dip them into the font the warts would



The organising committee of the Holywell Ambush Memorial, right to left: Sean McNicholas, Dominick Byrne, Martin Forde, Tommy Flatley, Pat McNeive, Austin Tarpey, Pat Cloonan.
Courtesy John Forde, The Square.



Holywell students: Back row (left/right): Sandra O'Dowd, Anne McManus, Carol O'Dowd and Tony McManus. Middle row: Catriona Biesty, Catriona O'Dowd, Collette O'Dowd, Carol McManus and Conor McManus. Front row: Damian Waldron and Owen McManus.

disappear in a few days! Up until the late 'forties, villagers and townspeople alike went to pray and do the Stations of the Cross at the well and around the site of St. Patrick's Church.

Holywell was once famous for its annual Patterns. These were held up to the late 1930s. In the latter years the Pattern was organised by Mick Tarmey, Joe Tarmey, Paddy Carney and Brian McGovern, all from the village. They organised sports events and Irish Dancing competitions. A stage was set up at the well for dancers to perform on. This was an annual event which was looked forward to, and people came from all over to attend. It also attracted vendors from far and wide with their stalls of apples, oranges, sweets and penny bars. It was held on the first weekend in August and was regarded as a day of fun on which people had a chance to catch up with local news. But with the coming of World War II

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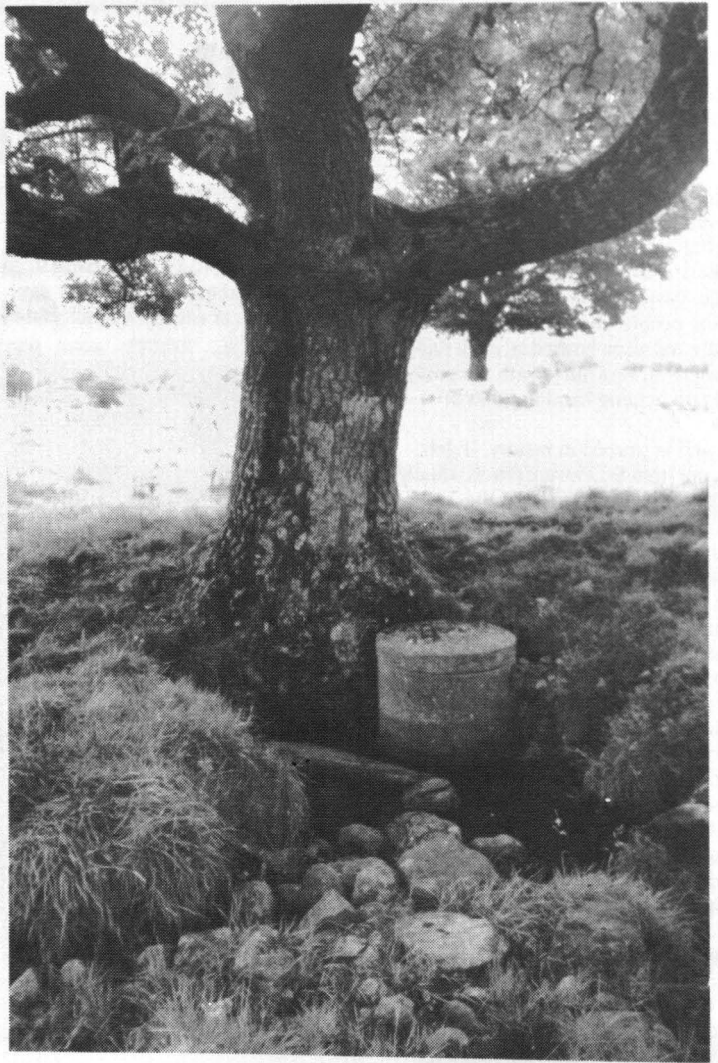
Holywell

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this tradition died and unfortunately was never revived.

Another tradition that faded with the coming of electricity and television was the kitchen dances. These were held mainly at weekends. Furniture was pushed back from the middle of the floor so there'd be room for dancing. Instruments were taken out and the Ceili began. Card games were also held on Winter nights. Men would chat about weather, the market prices of cattle, sheep and pigs and also the price of the pint!

The Black and Tans left their mark on Holywell. They raided many houses and terrorised the inhabitants. There are some stories told about these raids. Here is one of them: They raided Biesty's looking for documents connected with the I.R.A. The householders had been warned beforehand so, the daughter of the house had hidden the papers in the ash hole. The soldiers couldn't find them. Hanging on the kitchen wall was a picture of Thomas Ashe, the famous patriot. When the soldiers enquired as to who was in the picture they were told that he was a British soldier. They left without harming any of the occupants. The Black and Tans were also at the centre of the Holywell Ambush which took place in the early 1920s. There were some Black and Tan soldiers camped on Holywell bog standing guard over one of their trucks. The road between Ballyhaunis and Claremorris had been cut (a trench dug across the road), earlier in the day, thus preventing any traffic from getting by. The Volunteers wanted to find out the number of soldiers that were actually in the camp. All they could see was the sentry, so one of them volunteered to go to find out. He went up to the sentry and asked him for a light for his cigarette. The sentry sent him into the camp. As he lit his cigarette from the camp fire he looked around and counted eighteen rifles, so he figured eighteen rifles, eighteen soldiers. That same day there were sports down in Aughamore. When they were over, a crowd of men headed for Holywell. One of the men, P. Kenny, crept into the camp while the soldiers slept. He relieved the soldiers of most of their rifles and he also took one of the soldier's caps, which he put on. As he made his way out of the camp some of the soldiers woke and that's when the firing started. Kenny was wounded by a flying bullet, he would have been killed



The Holy Well.



Stations in Mary Healy's in Holywell, Autumn, 1990 - Mary Healy, Alacquoee McManus,, Lizzie Lyons, Mary Carney, John Healy, Eamon Healy.

Holywell

Continued from previous page.

had he not been carrying the guns close to his chest. The wounded man made his way to a house nearby, waking the occupant who, with the help of another neighbour, assisted him to Healy's — the Big House, as it was then known locally.

Meanwhile, back at the scene of the ambush, Kenny's friends lay low. There were a number of soldiers wounded, those that weren't were out combing the area and searching houses. Men were dragged from their beds and questioned about the whereabouts of the rebels but, of course, none knew what they were talking about.

The Healy's were aroused. The woman of the house lit the fire while the others helped the wounded Kenny. They changed his clothes and put the blood-stained clothes in a pig pot which was in the fireplace and covered the pot with a cleave. The two men who assisted Kenny then made their way to Dr. Smyth's house about half-a-mile away. They had to keep in the shadows and creep along the ditches in case they'd be spotted. Dr. Smyth agreed to help, but he said that he'd go the long way round to avoid suspicion. The two men made their own way back. The doctor was stopped and questioned as to where he was going. He told them that he had a confinement case at the Big House and was allowed to pass. P. Kenny was then taken to Galway hospital, where he later recovered.



The oldest citizen in Holywell, great grandmother, Mrs. Elizabeth Crogan (89), with her daughter, Mrs. Anne Lynch.

Holywell also had its own resident landlords. Up until the early 1900s most of the cottages and lands belonged to the Burke family. The remaining land belonged to Dr. Creyne.

The Burkes lived in the big house which now belongs to the Healy family and is now unoccupied. The villagers worked for the Burkes for about one shilling a day. The last of the Burke family to live in the area were brothers, John and Edmund. They left in the early part of the century and the land was subsequently taken over by the Congested Districts Board. They then divided the land up between some of the villagers and a few from neighbouring villages.

The population of Holywell has decreased dramatically over the past number of decades. At one time in the early part of the century, the village had as many as one-hundred-and-forty-eight inhabitants occupying the area's twenty-five houses. Many of those villagers have, sadly, long since gone. Names such as Lohan's, Morley's, Kenny's, Cagney's, Ryan's, Burke's, Mannions (Shoemakers), Culliney's, Scanlon's, Coyne's and Geoghegan's, which were household names, are now without trace.



Photo taken by Michael O'Flanagan at Tooraree Housing scheme, August, 1949. Back row (standing): Johnny Lynch, R.I.P.; Paddy Cassidy, R.I.P.; Paddy Fox, Tom Carney, Vincent Horkan, John Quinn, Anton Salmon, Jack Regan, R.I.P.; John T. Heneghan, R.I.P.; Owen Kilduff. Front row (left/right): P. McDermott, Ger Cribbin, Eamon Cribbin, Kevin Lynch, John Lynch, Chris Glynn, John Henry, Mark Waldron, Tony Cribbin.

Courtesy Tom Carney, Classeroe.

TOM GREALLY, O.S.A.,

Parish Priest, Maily Vale, Sydney, New South Wales.

When one is invited to write for "Annagh" a challenge is immediately presented. On two occasions so far I have side-stepped that challenge. This year I have been caught at an unfair advantage as Jack Halpin pinned me down and said: "You must write something". I'm pleased to do so but find it difficult to know what might be of interest. So . . . some rambling recollections. . .

Earliest childhood memories were centred in Drimbane, where I lived for the first seven years of my life. We lived with my grandfather, Harry Mannion. He was a gentle, industrious and faith-filled man and I rather suspect he had a greater influence on me than I realised at the time. He was a good story-teller, a keen reader and had a wide range of interests. Harry had an orchard which provided an abundant crop of apples. These he supplied to shopkeepers in the town, and I recall that James Waldron was an eager buyer. James and Harry exchanged reading material at regular intervals.

The Stations were significant in the life of the village and as well as the spiritual benefits to the neighbourhood, some additional outcomes were the re-decoration of homes and the overall sprucing-up of the place. The bringing together of people who shared, on a day-to-day level, in their own familiar working surroundings life, pain, loss, joy, toil and celebration. They shared water from the same well — "Horkan's Well or Lyons' Well" — whichever you preferred. Sometimes it was from "Drudy's Well", near the home of Eileen and Seamus Kelly. One thing was clear — the well was sacred! Holy Water. Water, life, refreshment and part of our ritual. The Station house combined the people of Drimbane, Churchpark and Bushisland, so in those days it comprised a sizeable population.

Alas, quite a few from the area were forced to emigrate due to the harsh economic climate of the times and the small holdings being able to sustain a limited population. My father, the late Tom Greally, was victim of the times and I often recall the agony of loved ones as they saw a spouse or parent leave after Christmas to work away from home and provide for those they loved. Drimbane saw its share of emigrants and in my own generation saw five of my cousins settle in England with wives and families now in the post school phase of their lives.

Devlis became our family dwelling place

in 1949. Fr. Jennings dedicated the home to the Sacred Heart on the first day of March that year. Two years later my brother, Frank, was born, now the Editor of "Irish Runner", he is married and has five children. He lives in Rialto, Dublin. Many locals have seen and heard him on R.T.E. during the Dublin Marathon. Many people helped us settle into Devlis. The neighbours were friendly and welcoming and soon a new identity was forged out without losing contact with Drimbane. My father, a plasterer by trade, was able to find work in various places after returning from England and finally spent many years working for the late Ted Phillips, whose wife, Mary, was a sister of my father. Finally, dad chose to move into caretaking the Abbey farm and grounds — a job he carried out for fourteen years.

It was during that time I joined the Augustinians. This brings me to a final reflection. The men who served at the Abbey impressed me in my youth as being close to God, compassionate, caring and close to people.

Towering like a colossus was Fr. Mansfield, about whom stories abound — some absolutely true, some possibly true and some just part of the folklore. I served his last Mass in Ballyhaunis. After his final Sunday sermon he turned to the Tabernacle, took out his handkerchief and cried. Then he gained composure and continued with the Mass.

Father Delaney called to our house for directions one day and asked if I was serving Mass?

He gave me a week to turn up! There began a long association. His encouragement has always been an inspiration to me and his presence here, for over forty years, a blessing to this area. I was delighted to see the statue, newly erected, which commemorates the Golden Jubilee of Ordination of both Frs. Delaney and Berrill.

Finally, a note on change. We know each new day brings change. We have only to observe in order to experience change. Ballyhaunis and the surrounds have undergone immense change in forty years. The older generation have lost nothing of their faith and profound sense of values. They find some change bewildering in the culture, in the world, and yes, in the Church. It appears to me that the initial prosperity, brought through E.E.C. generosity, started a new phase in Irish life.

The advent of t.v. made us a global village. Ireland finds itself now little different, in some aspects, from any advanced technological society. It still has managed to keep faith in God and not lose balance. It has the most educated people in Europe, has a heritage of culture and history which can only, in the end, contribute to the fabric of the nation if pondered, studied and celebrated.

Ireland is also in a time of crisis. It is grappling with the meaning of life, spirituality, the role of Government, economics, technology. People, I believe, profoundly seek the values our Christian faith proposes as the way to live and the way to God. The world will always provide a challenge to that message. In the end, it is that message that must challenge the world value system. The Chinese say crisis has two aspects to it viz danger and opportunity. I hope Ballyhaunis and Ireland "bring out of the treasury old things and new". Ireland and Ballyhaunis have given me much for which to give thanks. In the end it is the people who care, encourage support, are positive and true to themselves that leave their impression. May God give you all His peace!

Ballyhaunis Rehab

The Ballyhaunis Branch was formed in 1978 and since then we have been involved in fund-raising for the National Rehabilitation Institute. The money raised goes to workshops around the country to train people with disabilities in the skills required to work in industries.

At the moment we are running a Pub Talent competition which is sponsored by Connaught Scaffolding and Ryan Air. We raised £2,450 from the competition last year. The Committee would like to thank the sponsors, the contestants and pubs for participating.

Officers - Chairperson, Una Shields; Secretary, Teresa Keane; Treasurer, Rita Hannon; P.R.O., Maire Connell. Committee: Breda Burke, Mary Keane, Luke Lawlor Margie Gallagher, Joe Hosty, Maureen Hunt, Mary Walshe, Mary Dillon-Leetch, Sr. Dymphna, Mary Higgins and Mary Timoney.

- **TERESA KEANE,**
Secretary.

Ballyhaunis Parish Choir

The present Parish Choir came together in September, 1984. Noel Henry was the first Musical Director and Dr. Alan Delaney was the first Chairman. The Choir sings at Mass in the Parish Church on the first and third Sunday of every month and on other special occasions such as Christmas, Easter and Confirmation. When requested to do so, available Choir members sing at Funeral Masses.

After six years, most of the original Choir members are still with us. Noel Henry was succeeded as Musical Director by Anna Butler and Nuala Fitzgerald is the present Chairperson. We are fortunate in having had many excellent organists. Noel Henry, Ita Fahey, Aine Loughran, Niamh McGarry, Noreen Morley and Nessa Jennings. Other Choir members are Kevin Barry, Maura Burke, Caitriona Burke, Mike Byrne, Maureen Caulfield, Bill Curran, Norrie Dillon, Dermot Eagney, Caitlin Jennings, Morgan Jennings, Mary Kelly, Yvonne Loughran, Mary Lyons, Pat Martin, Rita Mooney, Matt O'Dwyer, Maura O'Neill, John O'Neill, Maura Patterson, Michael Smyth, Emer Thornton, Maureen Thornton and Noel Waldron.

During the past four Summer Festivals, the Choir, joined by the McHughs of Bekan, sang the O'Riada Mass. On each occasion, this was a wonderful celebration that extended out to the Church grounds afterwards with a special welcome home for visitors. A high point for the Choir in 1989 was our participation in the B.B.C. series, "Songs Of Praise", filmed in St. Muredach's Cathedral, Ballina, and conducted by David Byers of B.B.C., Northern Ireland. Many Choir members came across well on screen, when the programme was shown on B.B.C. 1 in March, 1989. This programme was watched by an estimated eight million people!

On a beautiful Sunday in May, 1990, the Choir, together with the Girls' Choir and some friends, sang in Knock for the Tuam Diocesan Pilgrimage. Soloists on that occasion were John O'Neill, Nuala Fitzgerald, Ita and Aine Fahey. We spent many hours preparing for that day but it was worth it. We did Ballyhaunis proud!

Choir practices are held in the Parochial Hall at 8 o'clock, on Monday nights. New members are always very welcome.

St. Patrick's Dramatic Society

St. Patrick's Dramatic Society has undergone many changes since its foundation thirty-four years ago. At present we are rehearsing "Translations" by Brian Friel. In this play the cast have to delve into many aspects of our history. They have to deal with the theme of the old order changing yielding place to the new.

Indeed, this is very relevant to the group's situation at the moment. We welcome several newcomers to the Society, who are traversing the boards for the first time. We also welcome several "old reprobates" who are proving that old wine tastes much finer. That they can play the part of Lazarus we need no convincing, whether they can adapt fully to Friel's characters we have, as yet, to be convinced.

Officers — President, Frank Leonard; Chairman, Pat Doyle; Treasurer, Mike Daly; Secretary, Maura O'Neill; Producer, Noel Lyons.



Members of St. Patrick's Parish Choir.

A Fragment Of Football History

- By Joe Kenny.

THE very fine history of Gaelic games in Ballyhaunis, which was published in 1981, revived many memories of people and events. It also brought together in one publication a remarkable collection of photographs . . . altogether it was a monument and a tribute not only to the people it commemorated, but also to the dedicated editorial team who produced it. Thorough and all as it was, however, it had one curious omission, in that it made no reference to a brief period when, after a lapse in which there was no registered club in the town, a Ballyhaunis team was affiliated and played in the Minor Championship of 1948 in the South Mayo Division.

The Doldrums

In 1947 active interest in football was very low in the town. Indeed Mayo football in general was in the doldrums. Over ten years had elapsed since the county senior team had contested an All-Ireland — an unusual thing in those years since the county had played in the finals of 1916, 1921, 1932, before winning in 1936. No senior provincial title had been won in ten years. Only three Clubs contested the County Senior Championship in those years,

and even in 1948 when the senior team were runners-up in the All-Ireland final only one or two of the team played with clubs in the county. Emigration was part of the problem, but in Ballyhaunis there was the added handicap that there was no football pitch. The land at

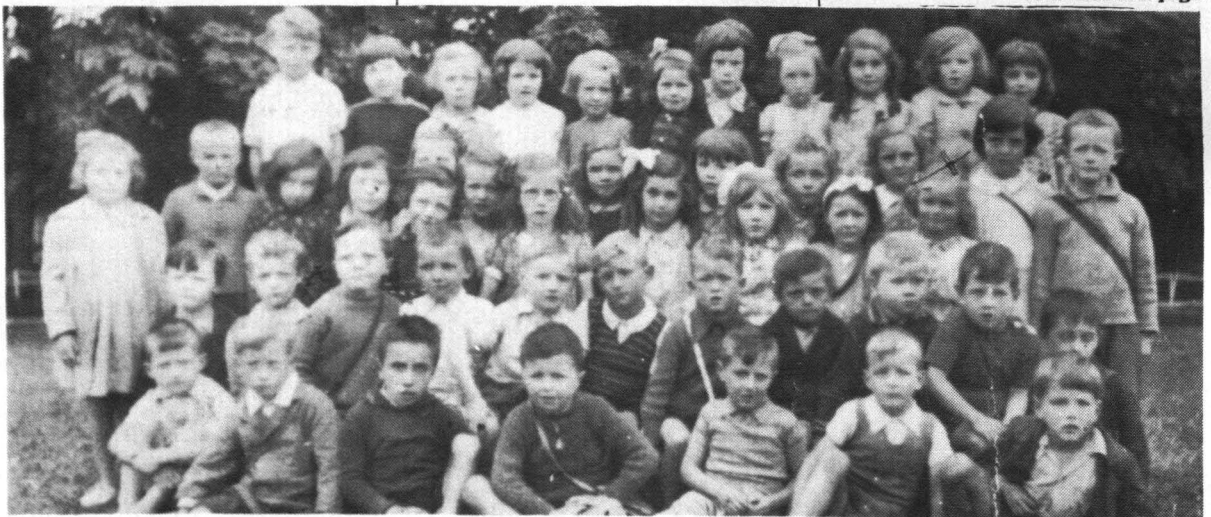


Joe Waldron, Knox Street Rovers, 1934.

Tooraree, where local matches were played, had been divided. Indeed, another factor which certainly did not help the cause of football in the town was that the last match played in Tooraree in 1946 had finished in turmoil with fists flying between players and spectators on the pitch and also on the road from the pitch up to

the main Knock road. For those and possibly other reasons, there was no affiliated G.A.A. Club in the town in 1947. The fire had gone out — almost. The man who drew the tongs across the gríosach and rekindled the dying embers was Joe Waldron of Knox Street. Joe was a son of Pakie (Golly) Waldron, Coachbuilder, Peace Commissioner and character. Joe was a football fanatic and had worked in business in Knockcroghery when the Murrays were in their heyday there. His name crops up in the autobiography, **“A Kerry Footballer”**, written by the legendary **Mick O’Connell** of Valentia. At this time he was involved in business in Ballyhaunis — an S. P. office in Bridge Street and a fowl business in Knox Street. He began to organise Sunday matches in John Gilmore’s field in Pollnacroghy — first among the locals of Knox Street, the Jordans, the Flemings, Tommy Joe Forde and others — and later attracting players from all parts of the town as far as Cherryfield, where Padraic Hannon lived. Paddy Jordan and Padraic Hannon later wore the Mayo jersey. The field was only a makeshift pitch but it sufficed when facilities for any games were scarce and alternative leisure activities were virtually non-existent. The games went on through the Autumn of 1947, into the Spring of 1948. At Easter, Joe organised a challenge game between a Knox Street selection and the youth of the area who were attending boarding colleges and were home on holidays.

- Continued next page.



Convent School (1940s) - Back row (left/right): Tom McGuire, Ballindrehid; Breda Morris, Veldon, Cherryfield; Maureen Cribbin, Drimbane; Janna Byrne, Bridge Street; Pauline O’Brien, Main Street; Mary O’Boyle, do.; Mary Eagney, Drimbane; Mary Dynes, Ulster Bank; Noreen Maleady, Devlis; Nora Greene, Knox Street; Bridie Walsh, Clagnagh. Second row (left/right): Mary Glynn, Clare Street; Paddy Ganley, Devlis; Peggy Daly, Upper Main Street; Monica Henry (R.I.P.), Gurteen; Martha Cassidy, Cherryfield; Kathleen Kelly, Lecarrow; Angela Coen, do.; Maureen Flanagan, Main Street, Cape of Good Hope; Detti Kelly, Devlis; Sheila Webb, Bridge Street; Angela Boyle, Carrowkeel; Nora Boyle, Carrowrea; Ursula Jordan, Main Street; Mary Foody, Clare Street; Mary Mulligan, Barrack Street; Bernice Grogan, Hazelhill; Seamus Cleary, Drimbane. Third row (left/right): Kieran Waldron, Main Street; Anthony Robinson, Clare Street; Sean Finn, Hazelhill; Bernie Rattigan, Polnacraogh; Bernie Lyons, Bridge Street; Donnie Phillips, Barrack Street; Paddy O’Flynn, Clare Street; John Joe Waldron, Cherryfield; Seamus Clarke, Devlis; Willie Kelly, National Bank; Brendan Freely (R.I.P.), Gurteen. Front row (left/right): Bernie Greeney (R.I.P.), Carrowrea; Nicholas Murphy, Hazelhill; Martin Connolly, Holywell; Mickey O’Shea (R.I.P.), Cherryfield; John Forde, The Square; John Waldron, Abbey Street; Robert Dignan, Cherryfield.

A Fragment Of Football History

Continued

The teams that lined out were loosely arranged, in that the colleges selection included people from Knox Street such as Fr. Albert Lyons — a fine footballer — Ado Kenny, another fine footballer and myself, a very bad one. Others on the Colleges' selection were Dr. Sean Mullins, Fr. Austin Cribben and George Delaney; while Knox Street fielded Padraic Hannon, Noel Waldron and Tommy Byrne, alongside natives such as Tom Fleming, Paddy Jordan and Tommy Joe Forde. The match was played in Morley's field, in Cherryfield, scene of Inter-County matches in previous years. The Colleges' side won easily but newspaper reports differ on the score. Depending on whether you read the "Connaught Telegraph" or the "Western People" the score was either 0-7 to 0-1 or 0-6 to 0-1. There was a replay as far as I remember the following Sunday and both matches aroused great interest in the town.

The Club

It was arising from those matches that a few weeks later a Club was formed under a new Committee, with Mick Tarmey in the chair, and it affiliated to the South Mayo Division and took part in the Minor Championship that year. Only three other Clubs fielded Minor teams in the Division — Ballygowan (really Claremorris); Balla and Kilmaine.

In June, 1948, Ballyhaunis met Ballygowan in Claremorris. The result was a draw and it is an indication of the poor organisation of the time that the replay did not take place until Easter Sunday, 1949. The replay was played in the field at Gurteen, where the present Ballyhaunis pitch is situated. It is almost impossible to find any written record of the game, but in my memory it was a dreadful display by a Ballyhaunis team. The final score was Ballygowan 6-11, Ballyhaunis 1-1. My recollection was that we did not score at all, but an account in the "Western People" (written, obviously, by a Claremorris supporter), gives the half-time score as level, 0-4 to 1-1, which means that Ballyhaunis did not score in the second half. The match was played on the day before the unveiling of the Kenny Memorial at Holywell. Ballyhaunis fielded no Minor team in 1949 and some of the locals played with a league of nations' team

organised by Martin O'Keeffe in Killasser.

By now Paddy Waldron had become the mainstay of the Club. He began to organise juvenile football with a team built around Johnny Biesty, Mal Nally, Sean Smyth, Bernie Lyons and others. This bore fruit in the 1950s, as can be seen from the records. Ballyhaunis had transferred itself to East Mayo and this can be seen as a very well advised

move. The great success of later years is well documented as, indeed, are the proud moments from the early years of the century.

I am very happy to have an opportunity here to record, however, imperfectly, the contribution made to Ballyhaunis football by Joe Waldron, who kept the flag flying for Knox Street and for the town.

St. Vincent de Paul Society

The Society continued its work for the needy in 1990. We are grateful to the people of Ballyhaunis and surrounding areas for contributing £2,000 to our annual collection, in addition to other donations and Church collection boxes. This money is used to provide food, clothes and fuel for the poorer members of our community. We welcome the new scheme from the Department of Social Welfare to help parents with September school bills.

However, our year was over-shadowed by the untimely death of our President, Oliver Levins. His death has been a grievous blow to the Society and to the community at large. Though his tragic passing took place while he was relatively a young man, his life was packed with achievements that one older would have been justly proud of, and would have enhanced any other Society dedicated to public service. He joined the Society at an early age and in the last seven years served as its President. His unobtrusive manner, gentleness and total dedication was an inspiration to all, especially to the poor, whom he served so well. To Bridie and her children, we offer our loving sympathy and prayerful support in their great sorrow.

We recently appointed Luke Lawlor as President. We now have eleven active members who attend our weekly meetings in the Presbytery on Wednesday nights. We need new members and we appeal to people of all age groups to answer the call every Christian receives — to seek and find those who are forgotten. Please contact any of the members or come along to a meeting and see what we are about. Our work is carried out in strict confidence. We look forward to your help again next year and wish you all the Blessings of the Season.

— CANON P. COSTELLOE, P.P.,
Spiritual Director,

— MATT O'DWYER,
Secretary.

Pioneer Society

Many things make it difficult for young people to lead temperate lives, peer pressure can be very strong and difficult to resist. Why should young people resist peer pressure? Why should they not follow the example of their peers? It is logical that a young person who does not see a good reason for resisting this pressure, will yield to it. If a young person is not convinced that there is a very good reason for being careful about the use of alcoholic drink that young person may indulge freely in alcohol, and run the risk of drinking to excess. Excessive drinking can lead on to all kinds of problems; experience teaches us that very often it does. Our young people need to be aware of the dangers of excessive drinking. Education is necessary. Who is going to educate? A certain amount can be done in schools. Parents have a most important role to play. It is up to parents to ensure that their children are fully aware of the dangers of indulgence in alcohol. That is not enough. Parents need to show by their example that strict temperance in the use of alcohol is necessary.

Pioneer Council members often complain that under-age drinking is prevalent at this time. They say that nothing is done to stop this practice. Easy availability of alcoholic drink does contribute to the current problem of under-age drinking. Citizens surely are entitled to have the laws of the land enforced. If the licensing laws are not enforced citizens ought to bring pressure on the authorities. Our vote is the only means of direct pressure we have. Why not use it in a way that will bring about enforcement of the licensing laws?

PIONEER OFFERING

"For Thy greater glory and consolation, O Sacred Heart of Jesus, for Thy sake to give good example, to practice self-denial, to make reparation to Thee for the sins of intemperance, and for the conversion of excessive drinkers, I will abstain for life from all intoxicating drinks".

Flying Carpets And Rice!

- By Joan Laffey.

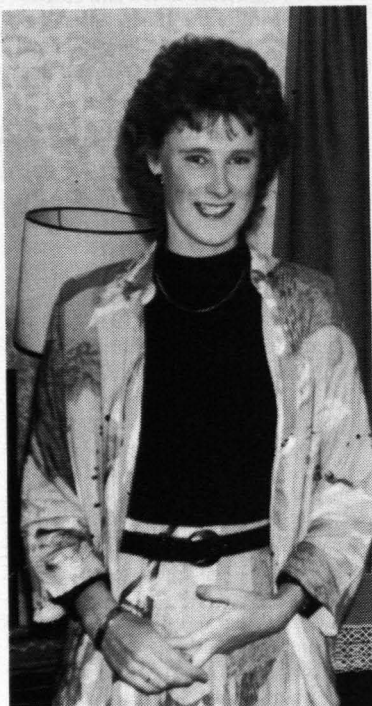
IT all started on the 20th of May, 1989, after weeks of heavy thinking and deciding, I finally landed in Baghdad, Iraq, for what was supposed to be a six months' trip. The first thing that struck me when it set foot on the tarmac was the similarity in the air of this country and the Canaries, that same tropical warm breeze was blowing and, in a way, my spirits picked up as I was reminded of a terrific holiday I'd spent two years' previous in the Canaries. But, as I soon found out, this place bared no resemblance to a holiday resort.

I had set out from Dublin on my own but soon met up with others on their way out to Iraq with the same Company and purpose as myself, and it wasn't long before we all got chatting, exchanging passed and future plans, while at the same, discovering how small this big world really is, by realising some people familiar to me at home were also familiar to my new-found friends.

We were met at the airport not only by the above mentioned tropical breeze, but by more very friendly Irish people who had come to make sure we got to our apartments all right. My first week consisted of a very thorough orientation to Iraq and the culture that I would have to learn to adjust to whether I wanted to or not, after all, I was a guest in their country. For the first few weeks home sickness and loneliness was never a problem, as there was so much to take in and see, and adjust to. A "culture shock" is only a mild description of what I went through in those first weeks and months.

The Way Of Life There

I discovered that despite media proclamation that Iraq is one of the new "Superpower Countries", I found this untrue. It is and always will be centuries behind the times. Dress sense, attitudes, availability of goods, facilities available to the people are all so primitive. The poverty of some of the families was horrific. It appears there are only two classes of people — "those who have it and those who don't". The "it" in this case being wealth. There's no middle man. The housing of these lower class people was more like run-down, dilapidated shacks having no sanitary facilities or running water. Those living around and in the city of Baghdad appeared to be slightly better off but by no means comfortable. To



Joan Laffey.

me, this was a small taste of what the Third World must be like, and to add insult to injury (I know it's hard to imagine this but) there was no Cadbury's chocolate to nibble on, no MacDonald's quarter-pounder, no H.B. ice-cream, no McVitee's biscuits to munch on and no Tayto crisps (some might say a Dieters' Heaven!). The list of unavailable items is endless and would take up too much time to print but I hope that gives you an idea of how things were.

Baghdad

The city of Baghdad itself is quiet interesting and if structural progress continues at its present rate it will be so much better. It's a city built by ex-Pats, in fact, the country, as a whole, is held together by ex-patriot genius. This includes everything from the intricate road system, the awesome monuments, the sturdy buildings, to the multi-million dollar Palace that is at present being built for the country's President, and military leader, Saadam Hussein.

Hospital Life

The hospital I worked in during my stay was excellent considering the conditions it was immersed in. It was newly-built, therefore, had all the

up-date equipment. Supplies were usually quite reliable, although I learned to improvise to perfection during my stay there! For instance, I worked on a paediatric unit and for two months we had no babies' nappies! The comradeship amongst all the staff and ex-Pats was terrific. You got great support from everyone, regardless of who they were, be it Consultants, Managing Directors or the Matron! Loneliness was never really a problem out there, in fact, it was hard, at times, to get a few quiet moments to yourself! People were always dropping into the apartment for a chat and a "cuppa", or there was always someone to visit in another part of the town. The social life was just as hectic. There were loads of outside activities to get involved in and I became a keen runner, having never run a mile in my life before going out. Tennis, squash and swimming facilities were readily available at the different hotels and, of course, there was always the "odd party" to keep things ticking over!

How People Live

We all worked hard out there and sometimes it was frustrating as you had to communicate through interpreters, as there was a bit of a language barrier. Having said that, it's amazing how quickly you pick up the lingo and the important phrases, be they medical or otherwise! The people were, for want of a better word, different. I suppose we were as strange to them as they were to us. And like every country there are nice people and not so nice people. It is a male-dominated country. No women's lib. out there! Most of the people are very religious, 90% of them being devout Muslim. Baghdad City was dotted with Mosques and these people pray or worship their God, Allah, five times a day, starting with morning prayers at 5 o'clock. All the Mosques simultaneously broadcast the day's prayers. So, until you get fitted for a set of decent ear-plugs, a lie-in on a Saturday morning or any morning, for that matter, was out of the question! Luckily, they didn't object to other religious practicing their beliefs. I believe in Saudia Arabia the people are not so lucky. The Muslims celebrate a tradition for forty days or less, depending on the rising and setting of the moons. They call it Ramadan and they Fast from food and drink during

Continued next page

Flying Carpets And Rice

the hours of daylight. Then, once the sun sets they can eat and drink water. This proved to be a problem with some of the patients who were devout Muslims and felt, regardless of their health state, their religious beliefs came first, but we managed to overcome situations like that.

Climate

The climate was heavenly 90% of the time. A Winter in Baghdad was like a fresh Summer here in Ireland, but with a crisp, frosty bite first thing in the morning. There was very little rainfall and when it did rain it poured for a few days and then disappeared. One thing I found most unusual was the lack of a sunset. One minute everywhere was bright and cheery and the next, zap, you were trying to locate the light-switch. But you got used to that after a while, and you didn't get caught out quite as often. Another thing I found unusual, yet comforting, was when you would gaze up at the sky, the star formations were all there except the plough, so you didn't feel all of three-thousand miles away from Ireland after all.

Food:

We ate quite well all the time. The hospital had a team of Irish cooks to cater for our needs, and they did their best to satisfy our taste buds. Granted, there was no bacon and cabbage, but what was on offer was always served as appetisingly as possible. Not a lot of spuds either, mainly rice and bread, not your 100% wholemeal but Pittas bread

Ballyhaunis Bridge Club

The Bridge Club meets every Tuesday night for the 1990/'91 season at 8 o'clock in "Billy's" of Main Street, and new members are always welcome. Last year was a very enjoyable year with almost sixty members. The Captain's Prize being won by Mrs. Dorothy Durkin and the President's Prize won by Mrs. Mollie Concannon. Officers for the coming year are as follows: Captain, Miss Marie Sharkey; Vice-Captain, Mrs. Maura Burke; President, Mrs. Peggy Cruise; Secretary, Mrs. Joan Flynn; Tournament Director, Mrs. Angela Joyce; Hon. Treasurers, Mrs. Breege Coyne and Mrs. Josephine Tighe. Committee members: Mrs. Sheila Forde, Mrs. Cait Dillon, Mrs. Mary Dillon-Leetch, Mrs. Peggy Henry, Mrs. Ina Freyne.

which was very tasty when freshly baked. There was an array of first-class restaurants around Baghdad catering for Chinese, Italian, Spanish, Lebanese taste-buds and the traditional Iraqi restaurants were in no short supply either, especially along the board-walk of the Tigris river. These were the fish restaurant's dishing their speciality, "Masgouff". Basically, this dish consisted of a whole fish which was freshly caught in the river, cooked on hot stones and served with salad and the infamous Pittas bread. The fish had a magnificently-fresh taste and all its flavours were sealed in, whether it was the way it was cooked or the particular type of fish used I'll never know. PARC people weren't the only ex-Pats in Baghdad. Several British, Swiss,

German and Canadian companies were set up out there, too (not to mention all the Irish U.N. Peace Keeping Forces there, too). So, at the end of my stay I had a very mixed bag of friends, and I'm guaranteed a home in any of those countries! I think meeting people from all those other countries was just as educating as the stay in hospital. The whole experience was just awesome, words simply can't describe it for me. It's most certainly been one I'll never forget.

I ended up staying fourteen months in total and I would, most definitely, go back, despite all its disadvantages. A place, no matter where in the world, is only as good as the effort you are prepared to put in.

Joan Laffey left Baghdad in May, '90.

Ballyhaunis Citizens' Information Centre (C.I.C.)

Parochial Hall. Tel.: (0907) 30212.

1990 has proved to be a very busy, successful and eventful year for the volunteers at the Citizens' Information Centre. Formerly known as the Community Information Centre, our new name and logo was officially launched by Mr Gay Byrne, at the Mansion House, Dublin, on October 3rd. To mark this important occasion in the history of Information Centres, the local office ran Citizens' Information Week from October 8th / 12th. During that week the Centre was open for four hours every day and the number and range of queries increased considerably. Throughout the year the Centre was open for business at the appointed times and manned by our efficient volunteers. Monthly meeting and training sessions were held and well attended.

The support of the National Social Service Board, our parent body, is invaluable to the Citizens' Information Centre. This public service body, under the auspices of the Dept. of Health, provides our information files which are constantly updated, expert back-up service, grants towards the running of our Centre and training for our volunteers which is constantly on-going. During 1990 our members attended training seminars in Sligo, Galway and locally in Ballyhaunis, all of which were organised and run by the National Social Service Board. Their booklets, "Entitlements For the Over-Sixties" and "Entitlements For Disabled People", contain a wealth of information, and are available free-of-charge at the Information Centre.

People in need of help or information on their entitlements in the areas of Social Welfare, Health Services, Income Tax, Education or Housing Grants and any of a wide range of services can be assured of efficient, courteous and confidential attention at the Citizens' Information Centre. A comprehensive range of application forms are available. As an extension of the valuable service we provide, we have recently succeeded in securing a weekly slot on Mid-West Radio. Contributions are being made by all the Centres in Mayo and the Tuam Centre. Personnel from each office, in turn, will deal with various aspects of Social Welfare schemes, health services, housing matters, taxation and benefits and entitlements in general. This will be broadcast each Wednesday on Henry McGlade's "Helpline" programme. Opening hours at the Parochial Hall are as follows — Tuesday and Friday, 11.20 a.m. to 12.30 p.m., and 5 p.m. to 6 p.m.; Saturday, 11.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.

The Centre is currently operated by the following volunteers: Johnny Lyons, Chairman; Kathleen McBride, Co-Organiser; Sr. Assumpta, Co-Organiser and Training Officer; Bridie Brennan, Co-Deputy Organiser; Mai Murphy, Co-Deputy Organiser and Secretary; Mary Donnelly, Publicity Officer; Mary Hopkins, Harry Lambert, Rita Murphy, Noreen Lyons, Nora Sweeney, Mary Folliard, Kathleen Waldron, Frances Maye, Bridget Regan and Noreen Kilduff. New volunteers are needed and would be very welcome.

- Mary Donnelly.

RETIREMENTS



Mr. John Hanley and his wife being toasted on his retirement from the Bank of Ireland by Mr. Pat Martin, Manager, Bank of Ireland, and Mr. John McNamara, General Manager, Bank of Ireland Area West.



Joe and Sally Regan on the day of their retirement. (August, 1990).



Joe and Sheila Conway on their last day of business in their shop at Clare Street (March, 1990).



Babs Donnelly.

History Of The Convent (Part II)

- *By Sr. Assumpta Flannery.*

IN the first edition of *Annagh*, 1978, Sr. Teresina Daly wrote about the early years of the Mercy Order in Ballyhaunis. That article dealt with the founding of the Mercy Convent in Ballyhaunis and the building of St. Joseph's N.S. Now Sr. Assumpta Flannery completes the history by taking the story up to the present day.

In the year 1928 Sr. M. Aloysius Heaney was appointed Principal of the National School, a post she held until 1940. It was during that time that Archdeacon Prendergast sought for a Secondary Top for the School. For anyone who may not be familiar with this title, "Secondary Top" meant that the pupils in the N.S. were allowed to continue their education there for three extra years and sit for Intermediate Certificate examination. As a result of the ceaseless efforts of the Archdeacon, the Dept. of Education granted the permission for a Secondary Top. This additional education section to the school was very successful. In 1940, Sr. Aloysius became

ill and had an operation and never regained her full health again. She was taken to the Mother House in Westport, where she was carefully nursed and cared for by the Sisters there for over thirty years.

On her departure, Sr. M. Mechtilde was in charge of Secondary Top and Sr. M. de Ricci Fitzpatrick was appointed Principal. All down the years the Archdeacon showed a keen interest in the school, staff and children. How often the Sisters told of his visits to the school when the classes would collect in one room. The Archdeacon would snap his fingers and say "Sing my favourite song", and immediately Sr. Agnes would have the children sing "The Hills Of Donegal", "Over In Killarney" or the "The West's Awake". Another favourite request of his was to ask a child to spell "chrysanthemum".

The Secretarial Class

In the early 'forties nothing exciting seemed to happen. Perhaps it is not out of place here to mention Sr. M. Dymrna's Secretarial class. The class was commenced by her under very difficult conditions. There was no spare room and she

conducted her class in a small corridor. The hard work done by her and the unceasing interest and care she had in securing jobs for her students is worthy of a great tribute. Whenever a girl secured a post in Dublin, Sr. Dymrna would help and guide the newcomer to the city. To this day many of her students write to her and there is always the occasional caller to the Convent to see her. She also taught piano.

A Secondary School

Around 1947 provision of a Secondary School was an important issue in Ballyhaunis. Only the families of comfortable means could afford to send their children to boarding schools to study for the Leaving Cert. Many of the girls from the Secondary Top attended the Secretarial class, others succeeded in training as nurses or secured posts for which Inter. Cert. qualified them. Archbishop Joseph Walshe asked Mother Evangelist, the Superioress of Westport, to undertake the task of establishing the Secondary School. Matt Cosgrave, Claremorris, was chosen as Architect and Patrick Dyer,

Continued next page



Aerial photograph of Convent Grounds (early '70s).

- Continued from page 15.

Brackloon, was the building contractor. The Sisters in Westport gave a loan of money which had to be paid back over a number of years. The uprooting of trees on the avenue leading to the National School and the demolition of Miss Canning's house were the first signs that the school was no longer something to be hoped for.

Saint Joseph's

The school opened its doors in September, 1950. Sr. Enda O'Malley came from Westport as Principal of the new school. Sr. Mechtilde, Miss Maher and Miss Prendergast were the other staff members. The school was named St. Joseph's Secondary School. During the early period Archbishop Walshe had to be consulted about any new teachers. A teacher was to be employed for one year only but the Sisters sometimes succeeded in getting a teacher for a second year and very occasionally for a longer period. Miss Maura O'Reilly joined the staff in 1951 but on her marriage to Sean Griffin, Clare St. (R.I.P.), had to retire from the teaching profession. She was back on the staff again in 1963 and, happily, is still going strong. In 1952 Sr. Assumpta Flannery, on graduating from U.C.G., was transferred to Ballyhaunis. Miss M. Haughey, now Mrs. Freeley of Derrynacong, joined the staff in 1953. After two years she was not allowed to stay on but was back again and was the first permanent teacher on the staff. In 1957 Sr. Mechtilde was transferred to Newport to establish a small Secondary School there. She was replaced by Sr. Dolores. In 1959 Sr. Kevin Gibbons joined the staff as Home Economics teacher.

The Bantile

In the early days of the school there would have been from ninety to one-hundred-and-ten pupils on roll: as many pupils finished formal education at Inter. Cert. The 'fifties were difficult years — numbers increasing; teachers coming and going; lack of proper equipment. Soon it was very evident that extra classrooms were needed. St. Patrick's College was being built in 1960 and the time was opportune to approach the Banagher Tiles Company with regard to an extension to the School. This Bantile building, consisting of two classrooms and a lunchroom, was a great asset to the school. Up to this time there was no staff room and no lunch room. Prior to this the staff made do at the end of a corridor. Now, at last, there was a place where teachers could keep books and exercises. Extra teachers had to be employed and the staff appreciated very much the odd free class, which was well utilised in preparation work and correcting homework. At this

stage the thirty-two hours a week teaching was down to twenty-six hours.

The National School

Around 1960 the condition of the National School was a cause of great anxiety. There was dampness and dryrot, in some of the woodwork, ceilings were very high and parts of the walls were in bad condition. There were two classes in some rooms. There were no proper facilities for children to hang their coats. The children were afraid, especially during the Winter, to enter the dark space allocated to them as a cloakroom. The only source of heat was the open fire. No doubt, many will remember Rosie Macken, who looked after the fires each morning. There were a few children who wanted to be in school early to help "take out the ashes" and light the fires. The toilets for children were in a separate building from the School. They were flush toilets but in bad weather it was very unpleasant for children going out in the rain. The playground was in a very poor condition, indeed, it was not fit for children to play in. Because of these conditions the Dept. of Education agreed to renovate the old school. Mr. Boyd Barrett, Chief School's Architect from the Office of Public Works, in consultation with Fr. Rushe and the Sisters, re-designed the old national school. Sr. de Ricci was transferred to Westport after twenty years as Principal of the School. She was replaced by Sr. M. Magdalen Quinn and Sr. Oliver was appointed Principal on September 23rd, 1963. The National School was vacated.

Alternative accommodation was acquired in the town to continue on with the education of the pupils. Sr. Magdalen Quinn and her sixth class were in the old library in the Parochial Hall, some of the classes were in the house now occupied by John Forde, Clare Street, and the rest were in Hunt's house, now Alma's Hair-dressing Salon in Clare Street. The renovation of the school took about two years. Great, indeed, was the joy of Sisters and children when the school was ready for occupation. What a transformation had taken place in the building. Each class now had a room for itself. The rooms were brightly painted and newly furnished, and electric light was installed. There was a corridor and toilets on each floor and the decor of the whole school spoke for itself. Now, too, there was a small staff room.

In 1969 Sr. Enda O'Malley and Sr. Kevin Gibbons retired from teaching. Sr. Kevin had taught Home Economics and Sr. Enda had taught Irish History and Religion.

Male Teachers

At this time Sr. Dolores was appointed Superioress of the Convent and Sr. Joan, Principal of the school. It

was around this time that male teachers were first accepted as staff — Tom Grogan, Ray Charles and Joe McNamara soon integrated into the school life. Numbers in the Secondary School were increasing and more classroom space was needed. It was also considered that Science should be introduced as a subject on the curriculum. With the approval of the Department a pre-fab building was erected at the back of the original building. This gave the Science Laboratory, a classroom and toilets. Matt O'Dwyer was appointed as the Science teacher.

The next addition was a mobile unit which consisted of two classrooms and a toilet. These classrooms were always painted a dull grey colour, but Pat Kenny, who was to do the painting, insisted that bright, cheerful colours be used and he won the day. Another one-room unit was bought by the Sisters. At first the units were frowned upon as destroying the natural beauty of the grounds, but the need for classrooms over-ruled all aesthetic arguments. In 1975 Sr. Ann O'Shaughnessy came to join the staff of the Primary School and Sr. Teresina Daly to the Secondary School staff.

The Community School

As the majority of readers know there were three Post Primary Schools in Ballyhaunis — Vocational School, 1940; St. Joseph's, 1950, and St. Patrick's, 1961. In the 'seventies a vision of one Post Primary School for Ballyhaunis began to surface. As there were many educational aids and much equipment required by each school it became evident that the Department would not supply three schools in a small town with the same equipment.

A system of co-operation between St. Pat's and St. Joseph's was initiated. The fifth year girls from St. Joseph's went to St. Pat's for the first three classes in the morning for Irish, English and Maths. The fourth year boys from the College came to St. Joseph's for the same three subjects. This was the beginning of co-education in Secondary Schools in Ballyhaunis. Vocational Schools also began to co-operate. This co-operation led to the sanctioning of the Community School. The School opened its doors to the staff in September, 1977, when Mass was celebrated by Fr. McMyler and Fr. Walshe. It was a day for the staff. Within a week all pupils from St. Joseph's were in the Community School and a new era had commenced. There were five Sisters on the original staff of the Community School, they were: Sr. Assumpta, Sr. Dolores, Sr. Joan, Sr. Teresina, Sr. Marguerite.

St. Joseph's Secondary School does not stand as a white elephant. The Department of Education took back their mobile unit for a school in the East of the

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The last teaching staff in St. Joseph's Secondary School - Back row, left to right: Ray Charles, Ann Warde, Mary Freeley, Chris Pratt, Sr. Assumpta, Sally Higgins, Anto O'Malley (R.I.P.). Front row, left to right: Tom Grogan, Sr. Joan Fahy, Sr. Dolores, Maura Griffin, Sr. Teresina, Brid Whyte, Matt O'Dwyer, Mary Neenan.

- Continued from page 16.

country. The unit owned by the Convent was given to Westport, and the pre-fab has been demolished. In time, the Primary School availed of the buildings left. The ground floor of the original building has been converted into a concert hall. The hall is on the small side but this does not prevent staff and children from making every possible use of it. A room is used as a special classroom. The A. A. and Alanon have the small rooms for their meetings. The Bantile is used as a lunch room and one section as a classroom.

Where Are They Now?

For many years there were ten or eleven Sisters in the community in Ballyhaunis. As the field of education expanded the number increased to sixteen and at present there are fifteen Sisters attached to this Convent. Past students are interested in the teachers and Sisters they have known during their school year.

For their benefit I give a list of where the different Sisters now live — Sr. Dympna Mooney, Ballyhaunis; Sr. Paschall Newell, do.; Sr. Enda O'Malley, do.; Sr. Assumpta Flannery, do.; Sr. Dolores Bowden, do.; Sr. Kevin Gibbons, do.; Sr. Eithne Nolan, do.; Sr. Rosario Waldron, do.; Sr. Evelyn Fahy, do.; Sr. Teresa Fahy, do.; Sr. Treasa Joyce, do.; Sr.

Maura Callaghan, do.; Sr. Mary T. McGing, do.; Sr. Maura Geraghty, do.; Sr. Perpetua Walshe, do.; Sr. Mechtilde Donoghue, Westport; Sr. Ignatius Killeen, do.; Sr. Oliver McDonagh, do.; Sr. Francis Mooney, do.; Sr. Margaret Mary

Dempsey, do.; Sr. Pauline Feeley, do.; Sr. Mary Concannon, Clifden; Sr. Angela Dempsey, Carna; Sr. Joan Fahy, Claremorris; Sr. Teresina Daly, Tuam; Sr. Ann O'Shaughnessy, do.; Sr. Mary Joe Cahill, Dunmore.

Working In "The Hotel"

Ita Morrison.

I was fourteen-years-old when I started working in The Central Hotel, in 1952. My job was to look after the children, which I enjoyed very much. When I first started there were only three children: Ann, Marie and Joseph, who was only three months.

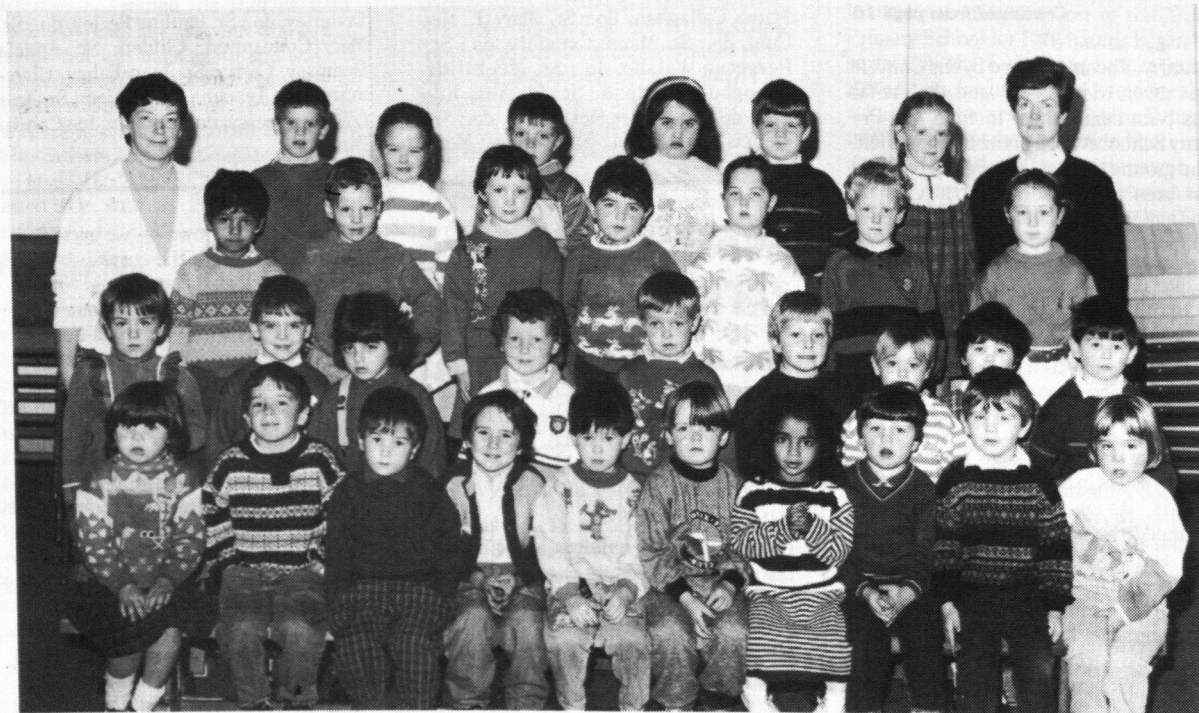
I used to take the children out daily in the pram. I walked all the roads going out of Ballyhaunis. We always had a picnic basket with us and were very often joined by the other children in Clare Street. Eventually, Mr. and Mrs. Freeley gave me a full-time job in the hotel.

All of us girls working in the hotel were in our late teens or early twenties and Mrs. Cora Freeley made herself responsible for us in every way. For instance, at one stage most of us got bikes from Lyons' in Bridge Street —

they cost half-a-crown — we cycled to Tooreen. We forgot the curfew. And were not back at the appointed time. When we did arrive back we were met by Mr. Mike Freeley and my father, Martin Morrison (R.I.P.). Well, as you may expect, Daddy had quite a lot to say to me, but that was only the half of it. Next day Mrs. Freeley had us in the office one at a time and told us what she thought of our behaviour. I was very sad when I recently heard of the death of Mrs. Freeley as was my own mother, now eighty-two-years old, who also worked in the hotel. I remember the Fair Days in Ballyhaunis. We used to have to push the sheep away from the front doors to get into the hotel. The children and I had a great time as we used to be given sweets and chocolates and were put into the small diningroom. From there we used to look out at everything that was going on in the street. I worked in the hotel for eight years and they were the happiest years of my life.



St. Joseph's Teachers - Back (left/right): Sr. Treasa, Mrs. Maire Byrne, Mrs. Theresa Leonard, Miss Karina King, Mrs. Kathleen Jennings. Front: Sr. Rosario, Mrs. Ita Nally, Sr. Theresa, Mrs. Sally Fahey.



1990 Junior Infants' Class - First row (left/right): Louise Kilcourse, Cian Higgins, Robert Potter-Coogan, Anthony Doherty, Jacintha Ward, Phelim Carroll, Iram Yousaf, Paul Kelly, Michael Jordan and Aileen Burke. Second row (left/right): Niamh Gildea, Darren Doyle, Houzama Kezze, Colm Gallagher, Derry O'Sullivan, William Nestor, Graham Egan, Siobhán McNamara, David Connolly. Third row (left/right): Tahir Adress, Martin Mongan, Mary Freeley, David Hannon, Lorraine Fitzmaurice, Michael Mullarkey and Sarah O'Connor. Fourt row (left/right): Mrs. Fahy, Albert Madden, Sarah Kelly, David Coffey, Aisling Finan, Liam Lyons, Siobhán Quinn and Sr. Teresa. Omitted from photograph: Patrick Heaney, Peter Maughan, Laura Freyne, Venetia Powers, Annie McDonagh, Carlamarie Allen and Mrs. Teresa Leonard.

Ballyhaunis I.C.A.

The I.C.A. is a Society which every lover of Ireland, country dweller or town dweller should help to encourage. It is one of the pioneers of rural women's organisations and is dedicated to furthering the education and quality of life for all women.

It is non-sectarian and non-political and is part of the Associated Countrywomen of the world.



Mrs. Veronica Freyne, Clare Rd., Ballyhaunis - This year Veronica, an outstanding craft worker, has been appointed on the panel of judges of Ireland for Domestic Arts.

The Ballyhaunis I.C.A. meet once a month at 9 p.m., in The Horseshoe Inn, and after the business of the meeting is over many topics and ideas are discussed. It is good for women to get together and have a chat and a laugh — it relieves the pressures of modern-day life and good friends are very precious. One does not have to be particularly interested in craftwork, although teaching in this area is provided. I.C.A. has many other aspects ranging from effective speaking to business studies all of which can be studied at "An Grianan", our Adult Education College. This year Mrs. Veronica Freyne has been appointed on the National Committee for Social Affairs for Women and the Family, and thus has given our Federation members a voice to take issue at Government level on any matter we consider to need attention. As a charitable organisation we support the good causes in our own community and do what we can to help. If you are over sixteen and think you would find something to interest you in the I.C.A., you are welcome to attend one of our meetings and see what we are all about! Elected Officers — President, Mrs. Margaret Kenny; Vice-President, Mrs. Ann McHugh; Secretary, Mrs. Mary Donnelly; Treasurer, Mrs. Maura Fitzmaurice.

— Catherine Carney, P.R.O.

My First Time In Lourdes

— Tony Boyle.

The good lady and I had no plans whatsoever to celebrate our fortieth Wedding Anniversary until it was announced at Mass early in the month of February that the Diocesan Pilgrimage to Lourdes would commence on our special day, June 30th, and we immediately agreed to take part. It would be our first time in Lourdes.

We were in the last of three planes to carry the almost four-hundred pilgrims who flew from Shannon. We were met at the French Airport by his Lordship, Most Rev. Dr. Casey, Bishop of Galway, and other priests, including the curate from our own parish.

The accommodation in the hotel was quite comfortable, and on the first morning we left early for the Grotto for Mass which was concelebrated by the Bishop and several priests. After Mass we had a photograph of all our Galway pilgrims taken in front of the Basilica. After lunch on the first day we had Benediction and Confessions, and we had our first procession that evening, in which there was up to a half-million people participating, including about five-hundred sick and thousands of priests and nuns. The chanting of the "Ave Maria" as the torch-light procession moved around the Esplanade and over the "Crypt of Bernadette" in a seemingly endless stream, was a truly magical experience. The recitation of the Rosary in so many different languages, including Irish, which became so familiar to us all

as the pilgrimage progressed was, indeed, a marvellous display of devotion to Our Lady. Our pilgrimage led this procession one evening and this was a source of considerable pride to us all. We all attended Mass in the under-ground Church on Sunday — a Church which holds twenty-thousand people, and it was full of all nationalities. On Monday we had Mass for the youth in St. Joseph's Church, concelebrated by twelve priests from our diocese. On Tuesday in Notre Dame Church I had a feeling of great pride again when Fr. Connaughton, a native of my home parish of Moylough, Mountbellew, gave a most impressive and, indeed, entertaining sermon.

Our pilgrimage also include a visit to the place where Bernadette was born; the Stations of the Cross on the hill (where the figures are life-size and over eighty-years-old); a bus tour to Bartres (where Bernadette lived for some time), and Lourdes Lake, where we enjoyed an impromptu concert, and the famous Lourdes Baths.

Lourdes Itself

Lourdes, apart from its religious aspects, is a very beautiful place. The organisation of all the pilgrimages there must be a tremendous task for all concerned. The extreme cleanliness of the whole town and district there deserves every praise. Any pilgrim or visitor there must be much impressed by this.



I.C.A., September, 1962 - Mrs. Tony Molloy, Mrs. Mary Freeley, Mrs. Kitty Freeley.

Courtesy Mrs. Freeley, Island.

Ballyhaunis Swimming Pool

- By Siobhan Byrne.

This Summer must have been one of the best for our Swimming Pool. We eventually opened it on Saturday, June 9th. The month of June, weatherwise, was not good at all. We couldn't organise activities because of this and also the pool was being used for the Community Games training as often as possible.

Community Games

This year was our first year entering in the Swimming competition in the Community Games. We started training on Tuesday, June 5th. Over fifty children turned up, so they had to be split into two groups. For the first week we had no pool in which to train, but who said you need a Swimming Pool? So for the week we started to build up their fitness by doing things such as a jogging, sprinting, jumping, hopping, sit-ups, squats and, wait for it — aerobics! By the end of that week they could have ran a marathon. When the Pool was open each group had training two to three times a week. During the session they practiced their diving and swimming strokes. We held the local Community Games Gala on Sunday, June 17th (the day Ireland played Egypt). The first person in each event would go through to compete for Ballyhaunis in Mayo. We ended up with eighteen children qualifying. We now had two-and-a-half weeks to train them as best we could. We trained in weather of all sorts — usually rain! The swimmers were timed in their event each day and their improvement was recorded. On July 3rd Sinead Freyne, Anna Butler and myself accompanied the eighteen swimmers plus twenty-five supporters to Castlebar Swimming Pool. Before they went into the Pool I remember saying to them: "I don't care whether we get a medal or not, just do your best, although I wouldn't mind if we won one". What a night! We were competing against Claremorris, Castlebar and Curry. At the end of the night we came out with not one or two but eleven medals! They deserved it so much and I was so proud of them. I would like to thank Ann Freyne and Sinead Freyne who helped with the training.

Heatwave

July was the month when the sun-caps and sun-tan lotion came out. It was fantastic. We decided to let people get as much use of the pool as we could. First of all, we organised beginners' and improvers' lessons for children in the morning — great crack! In the evening

we had what I think was the best decision made in a long time — adult beginners' and improvers' lessons. This session was enjoyed by all — swimmers and instructors. The improvement in swimming within the group was brilliant, and the beginners, well . . . after a week there were no beginners. For the lifeguards, the day still wasn't over, we held a session for teenagers, where they generally went to have the "crack" and the odd time a game of water-polo. Also popular on the pool deck was disco dancing, especially to "The Time Warp" and "Ooh Yeh". During the first week of July we held a Water Safety Course, where we had

about thirty doing an exam at the end of the week.

Water Safety Course

We also had two lifeguards doing the Instruction Course, which is something we desperately need in Ballyhaunis. We now have ten qualified lifeguards in our town, and all girls at that!

On Saturday, August 4th, we held a Pool Barbeque as part of the Summer Festival. What a day! The rest of August wasn't that great due again to the weather.

Personally, I would like to thank the Committee for a job well done, Sinead Freyne and Cathy Jordan and, of course, all the children of Ballyhaunis. Let's hope we see the same response next year.

An Impression Of Ballyhaunis Day Centre

I began working in the Ballyhaunis Day Centre on September 24th. While I had previous experience of the kind of work, each new group presents its own fresh challenge and with this in mind I began my first day at work.

My first task was to get to know everyone, after initial introduction the staff set about telling me how the Centre operates.

At present we have fourteen trainees and, therefore, the help of the volunteers is welcome to keep the Centre running smoothly. The trainees do all the tasks which have to be done in any household. At the moment they are very busy making jam, and collecting all the things that have been growing in the garden during the

Summer. There are also daily shopping trips down town.

Most afternoons are taken up with various craft projects such as making rugs and patchwork quilt-covers. Just now at the beginning of Autumn we are getting ready for Christmas by making candles and other novelties. Wednesday afternoon is especially looked forward to when we go to the swimming pool in Claremorris.

There is a great bond between all the trainees in the Centre and this was further strengthened by having a group holiday in Wales this Summer. Working in a place like the Ballyhaunis Day Centre helps one to understand life a little more. I really enjoy working with these people and I think both staff and trainees benefit from the experience of working with each other.

★ Fiona Golden participated on work experience in Ballyhaunis Day Centre.



Ballyhaunis competitors and supporters at the Special Olympics.

The Curlew Mountains Cycle

We didn't believe him, one-hundred-and-twenty-five miles over a weekend and carrying all our gear, including tents. This was our Scouting goal for 1990.

The plan was to leave Ballyhaunis after school on a Friday evening and cycle to Boyle, camp overnight in the Forest Park; cycle over the Curlew Mountains and on to Slish Wood on the shores of Lough Gill in Sligo on Saturday, and cycle home on Sunday — an that was without the midges! Oh, I didn't mention the midges — well he didn't either!

We were all well warned and some of us were well prepared. He gave us each a "cycling log" to record our training — mileage, times, progress, etc. One of us clocked up three-hundred miles in training, others well, we cycled to Ballinlough once or twice and did Knock / Claremorris once, a total of about fifty miles. But we didn't tell him that! We had a session in the Den doing "bicycle maintenance" and he tried to show us how to "slip-stream" and "gear low", but we went ahead anyway and cycled two abreast and never changed a gear at all!

Well the high pressure arrived in May and we set off at 6 p.m. from the Den — thirteen Scouts and two Leaders (himself and Terry Coleman). Boy, had we some gear! Wet gear, cycle repair outfits, spare tubes, stoves, pots, pans, sleeping-bags, tents, poles, everything except the kitchen sink.

We arrived in Boyle in fairly good time and without any major incident. We stocked up with grub in the town and headed out to Forest Park — and the midges! We pitched the tents and grubbed — rashers, sausages, spaghetti, soup, Ambrosia cream rice, ham, corned beef, cornflakes, tea and midges!

He had us in bed fairly early (midnight), but up very early (8 o'clock). Breakfast, break camp, bikes loaded and off. A Portal Dolmen, the Kesh Caves and the Bricklieve Cairn Graves. This was worse than a history class — we had to cycle! He told us we were going over Bricklieve Mts. We didn't mind, he had us on mountains before — but this time on our bikes! True, up one side and down the other. No wonder Brian got lost — cute move, Brian! Castlebaldwin — yes, Castlebaldwin! Food stop. Boy, can he pick places to stop for food — soup on



Before departure on the Curlew Mountains Cycle. Left/right: Niall Kelly, Terry Coleman, Derek Walshe, John Cleary, Lorcan Higgins, Mark Gallagher, Kevin Coleman, Jonathan Damron, Mark McCafferty, Paul Nolan, Fintan Byrne, Brian Byrne. Front row: Graham Cleary. Absent from photo: Fergal Kelly and Duncan Hannan.

a fire escape and burgers in a transport box! He made a 'phone call, he found Brian, we'd meet him at Slish Wood. Cuter move, Brian! Now the "crack" was wearing thin and the backsides wearing thinner. "Oh, why didn't I train like he said and low gear and slip-stream and free-wheel and, and . . . ?" Slish Wood at last and it is getting dark. "Oh, thanks be to God to be off the bike". Oh, no! The Midges.

"Midges on my butter, midges on my bread, Midges in my tea and midges in by bed".

Not much sleep between midges and mouths, "yap", "yap", "yap".

Sunday, head for home — forty-five

miles, but sore bums and tired legs. He pushes us from one town to another; nobody is allowed to fall behind; he waits for them and keeps them going — no stopping. Ballisodare, Collooney, Tubbercurry, food top, another grand picnic site — petrol pumps! Coke and cake, Fanta and Frankfurters, biscuits and bananas.

On to Curry, then Charlestown; the Airport; Tooreen, last stop, the Mart — back-slapping and boasting, plans, promises and photographs.

"Mighty"! "Deadly"! "No bother"! "Sound man"! He has the last word: **"See ye in school tomorrow!"**



The Melvin family, Ballindrehid - Photo taken in 1923 by the late Michael Flanagan, Ballindrehid, Logboy. Back row (left/right): Patrick, R.I.P.; Michael (Percy), R.I.P.; Mark, R.I.P.; Julia (New York); Bridget, R.I.P. Front row (left/right): Thomas (Timmy), R.I.P.; Mary (Mollie), R.I.P.; Parents, Thomas and Nora, R.I.P.; John, R.I.P. On parents' knees, Celia (Ballinlough), and baby, James (Manchester), on his Christening day. Nellie, who resides in Wales, was unborn at the time this picture was taken.

Photo: Mrs. Wallace (Ballinlough).

Clare Street Was Home

(Wherever We Lived)

- By Pat Hunt.

DURING my twenty years a'growing the Hunts lived in many different parts of the country, but only in Ballyhaunis did I ever feel "at home". Some sixty years after my first arrival there my feelings were confirmed when a man, whom I didn't know, said to me outside the Post Office: "You'd be Baby Haugh's boy from Clare Street"! Well . . . this could only happen "at home"! . . . the weight of the long, self-important years lifted "agus bhí me arist og".

My father, Jim Hunt, a native of Corrigeenroe, near Boyle, arrived in Ballyhaunis as a very young Police man in 1907. In October, 1916, he married the seventeen-years-old Baby Haugh and, on St. Patrick's Day, 1919, shortly after the start of "The Troubles", I arrived in Clare Street. (At Mary Griffin's wake, fifty-five years later, I was told, that with Brodie Beirne's death, I had become the oldest surviving Clare Streater). The Griffins, of course, are the only family living in Clare Street since the pre-twenties.

"The Troubles"

We had our share of "The Troubles" in the early 'twenties. My father resigned from the R.I.C. and joined in the movement to put an end to British rule. With two new Model T Fords he set up a hackney business. Gus Levins drove the second car. Dad was busy driving Austin Creen and others involved with the Republican Courts which were so successful in putting the British Court system out of business.

The cars were garaged in the sheds behind Brod Beirne's, where Paddy Donnellan had his carpentry and joinery business. Every night the ignition coils were removed to prevent the cars being commandeered by the Tans or the Auxies.

One night, in May, 1921, they raided our house to search for the coils. They tore up floor boards, ripped pillows and mattresses, broke up furniture and set a bedroom on fire. They took my father outside and stuck a bayonet in his belly. Then they dragged my mother out and told her that they would shoot him if they did not get the coils. She was then full-term pregnant with my brother, Jim. She went into shock and fainted and the Tans went away saying they'd be back later and then they'd make somebody talk.



August, 1930 - Back row, Charlie O'Gara and Lena McDonagh (Hunt cousins, Boyle); my father and mother, and Fr. Jim Mulrennan (my mother's cousin), Beken. Front, self (11 years old), Mary O'Gara and Marie Chambers (New York). Charlie O'Gara, then Chief of Police in New Jersey, is wearing my father's uniform (Garda Superintendent), which he thought was much superior to the New Jersey version. Father Jim Mulrennan began teaching history in St. Jarlath's Tuam, that year and was known to generations of students as "Webster".

My brother was born shortly after they left. He was born with severe neurological problems. He never learned to speak distinctly and his motor control was always defective. Small wonder I grew up thinking of him as a victim of "The Troubles".

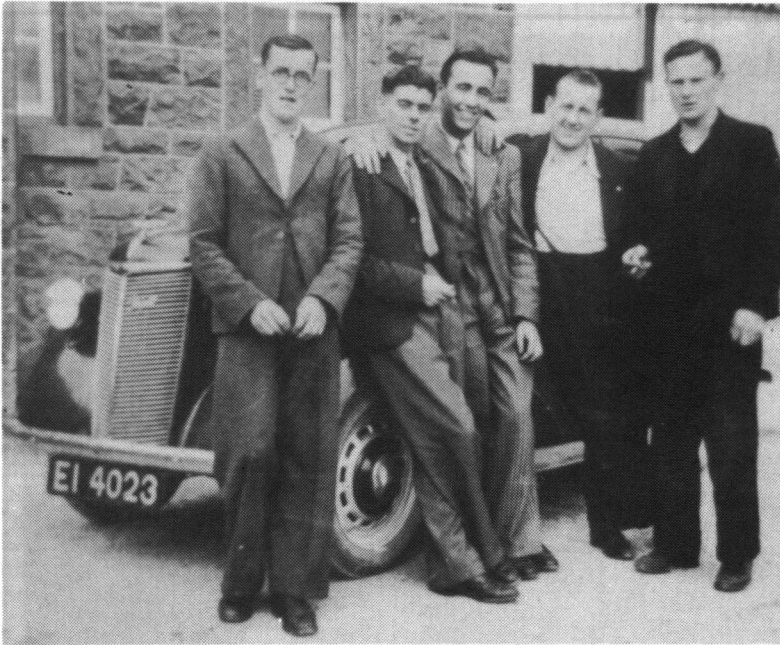
Late in 1922 I mounted my own offensive against the enemy. A couple of lorry-loads of troops en-route from Castlebar to Dublin stopped outside Donnellan's (now Byrne's), and dismounted to stretch their legs and wet their whistles. They doffed their web equipment and some went into the bar and others walked down to the corner. I "snuck" up on the unattended equipment and "commandeered" a bayonet and then managed to get back behind "my own lines" with the weapon which I sneaked upstairs and hid. But the operation was spoiled by "informers" and the enemy came after me. They enlisted the help of my grandparents and my mother and, eventually, using bribery, they got their

way and the British Army got back their bayonet. The Truce was saved, and the soldiers were on their way to Dublin to embark for England!

Dublin

That damned Truce and subsequent Treaty resulted in my first very painful exile from "home". When my father became a founding member of the Garda Siochana I was dragged off to Dublin to live in the Depot in the Phoenix Park. For me, it was banishment. After the nurturing warmth and freedom of Clare Street this was exile to a Siberian Stalag! In Clare Street I wakened to the burbling of the river behind the house; the looting of cows — our own little black Kerry among them, being brought in for milking; and, above all, to the lovely music of the anvil in Jack and Packie Waldron's forge. Not so in

Continued next page.



Easter Monday, 1939 - I left home for the last time when I returned to the Military College after Easter Holiday. I was commissioned a few months later and had my own home in Dublin shortly afterwards. At the station to see the back of me - my brother, Michael; Jack Halpin, Eugene Dolan, Danny Fitzgerald and Oliver Cooney.

Clare Street Was Home

- Continued from page 22.

exile, where the morning began with shrill whistles and bugles, and "hundreds" of men being shouted at and marched all over the place . . . up and down and back and over, again and again, and the men doing the shouting looking very fierce and very angry, indeed . . . as if they hated the marchers and wanted to drill them to death!

And outside our house in the Depot I was faced with bleak, severe-looking stone buildings and a great open square which I was not allowed to cross, never mind to play on. Everywhere there were squads of big men coming and going, all too busy with their own affairs to pay any attention to me. And everywhere I wanted to go was out of bounds. I was nobody and I was lonely and ached for the friends and the freedom of Clare Street.

Doing "The Rounds"

There, ever since I learned to toddle and walk, every door was open to me and I did my "daily rounds". I started at Auntie and Godfather Waldron's (now Conway's), and then crossed the street to Kate Alyward's, who always had canned sweets and words of encouragement. Then to McGreal's to see old Pat and sons, Mike and Jimmy, cutting and stitching and tapping, and to wonder as they held tacks in their mouths and never swallowed one. Mrs.

McGreal's hot, buttered currant bread was a big attraction, too! My mother would, sometimes, come after me, but was always told: "Leave him alone. Sure he's no bother". No wonder life in Dublin felt like banishment!

If I arrived later than usual at Austin O'Malley's harness and saddlery shop (now Fitzgerald's), he would greet me with: "And where were you all day"? I watched Austin make bridles and britching as I stretched in the lovely golden straw he used to stuff straddles and collars, and he patiently answered question after question.

Kate Snee's I visited ten times a day. I always wished that dear, sweet Rosaleen Carroll (Eagney), was my sister. She it was who took me by the hand to school on my first day at the Convent. Next door, Waldron's Medical Hall (since Glynn's and now Tynan-Dillon's), saw a lot of me. I used to play with Dermot in the kitchen, which was so much bigger than ours. This year, when we met in Halifax, Nova Scotia, I remembered my first petty larceny. I stole a bottle of Scott's Emulsion in the shop and quaffed it all. Dermot then admitted that he was hooked on the same "tipple"! Birds of a feather! We spent a couple of very happy afternoons reminiscing.

Austin Crean's Solicitor's Office (Meaths), I visited frequently until one day I slammed the big safe door on my fingers. After that I hurried by Crean's on my way to the forge to visit two of my all-time favourite people . . . Packie and Jack Waldron. They made sure that I learned to avoid the business end of

the horses, gave me bits of chalk, lifted me up to blow the bellows and made me believe I did it all myself!

Watching men at work was a full-time occupation for me in those days. On my way to and from Paddy Donnellan's carpentry shop I would stand and stare at the man who sat on the great heaps of big stones piled against the wall of Mack's meadow. There he sat plying his hammer all day long, breaking the stones down to a size suitable for road repairs. On wet days he draped potato sacks over his shoulders and continued to hammer away at what seemed to me to be an endless task. I think I made my first vocational choice back then as a very small boy . . . not be a stone-breaker!

And the day's activities didn't always end when I was put to bed. Left alone in the room I would get up again and go to the window and look for signs of life in the Griffin's upstairs. More often than not a Griffin would appear, Mickey or Maureen, and the dumb show would begin. Sadly, our parents withheld encouragement!

No place could compete with Ballyhaunis. We lived in Longford and Athlone before returning to Dublin again in 1926, but I remember little or nothing of them. My mind was elsewhere. Luckily, we returned to Clare Street for the Spring and Summer of both 1924 and 1925, and after that spent every Summer there until we went to Galway in '29. Leaving was harder each time, and I envied my life-long friend, Jack Halpin, who could always stay **"at Home"**.

Absence, however, had its merits, and I came to remember more vividly and appreciate more fully the wholesome, natural relationships, the generosity, patience and encouragement that enriched my growing days in the 'twenties. Now, in the 'nineties, and very far from home, "Baby Haugh's boy from Clare Street", remains enriched, full of happy memories and very, very grateful.

Alcoholics Anonymous and Al-Anon meetings are held in the old Secondary School, Convent of Mercy, on Sunday nights, at 8.30, during Winter time, and 9 o'clock in Summer time.

The Committee requested all Clubs and Associations to forward reports. If your Club's report is not published it is because it was not received in time for publication.



Orchestra for Friary Musical - Back, left to right: W. Flatley, O. Reilly, E. Egan, E. Lynskey, J. Doyle. Front, left to right: J. Gilmore, B. Comerford, E. Murray, Lady (Mrs. Comerford's niece.)

Courtesy Joe Regan.



St. Mary's National School Fifth Class, June 15th, 1972 - Back row (left/right): Mr. Brendan Forde, Michael Grogan, Sean Cribbin, Tom Cawley, Teddy Webb, Robert Herr, Clarence Grogan, Tom Carney, Stephen Durkan, Billy Phillips and John Joe Lyons. Front row (left/right): Gerard Grogan, Martin Mongan, Michael Regan, Ciaran Timoney, Denis Swift, Pat O'Brien, Gabriel Hebron, Tom Eagney, Kevin Joyce, Brian Murray.

— Courtesy Joe Regan.

Memories Of Kuwait

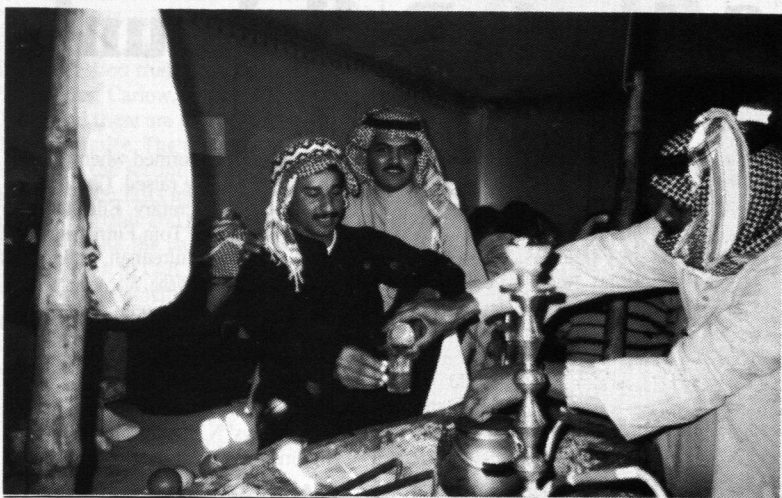
- By Deirdre Durkan.

WHERE were you the day that President Kennedy was shot? This is a question that I can't answer — because I wasn't even born! But ask me where I was the day Iraq invaded Kuwait, and I have no problem remembering. I was safely at home in Ballyhaunis, having left Kuwait exactly seven days before!

Naturally we were shocked, as even the experts on Middle Eastern affairs had confidently predicted that Iraq would not invade, the previous evening on the News. As time goes on we are more and more concerned for those caught up in the conflict. Fortunately, due to the timing of the invasion the number of Irish normally living in Kuwait had dropped sharply, with the majority being safely out of Kuwait on holidays. Thankfully, most of our friends are safe. As most of our belongings, souvenirs and photos are stuck in Kuwait, probably looted by now, all that Kenneth and I are left with are memories . . . happy memories. Kuwait has become a popular topic of conversation lately, and we are frequently asked about our experiences there. Contrary to popular opinion, Kuwait is not a big country, it can be driven north to south in three hours or less. The main populated area of Kuwait is the city, stretching along the coastline, with other areas being barren and inhospitable desert. The road network was fantastic, with three-lane motorways going in each direction, fly-overs, slip-roads and roundabouts, all designed to keep traffic moving quickly in the heat of the day. This network coupled with fast, expensive American and European cars led to what must have been the highest rate of road accidents in the world.

Lifestyle

Life was no hardship, however, with all mod-cons available in the high-rise, air-conditioned city. Life without air-conditioning would be inconceivable as the heat from May to September was tremendous. The best way to describe the heat is to say: turn your oven on full for an hour and then stand in front of the door! This is what it is like to step outside into the heat in July! But normally we wouldn't go out and about that much on foot unless it was by the beach or the pool. Cars, banks, shops, school . . . everywhere was air-conditioned. There were modern shopping complexes, and chain-stores like B.H.S., Safeways and hotel chains like Hilton and Sheraton. The population of Kuwait was made up



Bedouins we met in the desert in Kuwait who entertained a group of us in their tent. They made us very sweet tea, shared fruit and cigarettes with us. The funny looking object in the foreground is a "hookah" - a water pipe which all shared. We all had to remove our shoes before entering the tent, which was beautifully carpeted with all sorts of rugs.

mostly of non-Kuwaitis, with a large number of immigrants working in the oil industry and its spin-off projects. With large numbers of Britons, Americans, Arabs, Indians, etc., living there, the Irish were determined to make their own mark. On March 19th, two days late we'll admit, we celebrated St. Patrick's Day — or rather night! In a local function hall well decorated with green, white and gold, over three-hundred Irish and "would-be Irish", assembled for a great night of dancing, singing and music. The chief guest for the night was the Irish Ambassador for the area, Antoin MacUnfraidh, who travelled from Baghdad. A great night was had by all!

A "Dry State"

Kuwait, of course, was a "dry State", which means that like Saudia Arabia, there was no alcohol. Suffice to say that a prerequisite for social life in Kuwait, was to acquire a good knowledge of brewing techniques! And, of course, a good stock of plastic dustbins! Due to the absence of "pubs" in hotels and elsewhere, people usually had a breakfast counter in their own flat, where rarely was a breakfast served, rather it was used to serve late-night "liquid breakfasts", if you know what I mean.

Socially, people made a far greater effort than they would to entertain at home. You wouldn't think twice about doing a buffet and drinks for twenty people or more, depending on the size of your apartment. Parties were thrown every weekend and went on into the

small hours of the morning. Officially, a blind eye was thrown on these parties. Yes, life was good and, hopefully, the present hostilities will soon be settled with no loss of life. But I fear, whatever the outcome, we have seen the end of Kuwait as we knew it . . . but who knows at this stage?

Foreige Club

The annual general meeting of Ballyhaunis Foreige Club was held on Friday, September 21st. Twenty-two members then joined along with two Adult Leaders, Donal Ahern and Aine Murphy, without whose assistance we would not be able to run the Club. The Committee elected was: David Ahern, Chairman; Yvonne Flynn, Secretary; Samantha Flynn, Treasurer; Siobhan Walsh, P.R.O.

During the coming year we hope to go on a day trip to Dublin. There, we hope to visit the R.T.E. Studios and appear on the popular Saturday morning programme, "Scratch Saturday". We are in the process of collecting old newspapers to be re-cycled. Also we hope to issue Tourism leaflets on Ballyhaunis. We hope to have many guest speakers to give talks to the Club on interesting subjects throughout the year. Foreige has been a successful group in Ballyhaunis in the past and we hope it will continue in this way.

- SAMANTHA GLYNN.

St. Mary's Primary School, Ballyhaunis

As most readers will know St. Mary's Primary School opened in 1979 with one-hundred-and-sixty-five pupils replacing the old 1878 St. Mary's Primary School. The new six classroomed school proved too small as the numbers attending increased to over two-hundred-and-fifty during the 1980s. In June, 1990, a two-classroom extension was formally opened and blessed by Very Rev. P. Costelloe, P.P., Chairman of the Board of Management. This was the culmination of many years of effort by the Board of Management and the Parents' Committee, who got a truly generous response from the parents of the children and the people of Ballyhaunis when fund-raising. The Board of Management was, Chairman, Very Rev. Fr. P. Costelloe, P.P.; Treasurer, Mrs. Breege Coyne; Secretary, Mrs. Mary Higgins; Parents' Representatives, Delia Coen and Donal Ahern; Patrons' Nominee, Anna Butler; Teachers' Representative, Augustine Kearns and Principal, Jim Landon. The first Parents' Fund-Raising Committee was Chairman, John O'Dwyer; Eileen Nestor, Moira Patterson, Dr. Alan Delaney, John Mooney and Mrs. Mairead Flynn. In 1989 a new Parents'

Committee was formed when extra finance had to be raised. Chairman, Tony Nestor; Secretary, Eileen Nestor; Joint Treasurers, Tom Finn and Donal Ahern, Seamus Mulrennan, Betty Regan, Breda Burke, Della Webb, Alacoque McManus, Jim Landon, Delia Coen, Augustine Kearns. The builder of the extension was Joe Healy, Annagh. Among the attendance at the Blessing was Mr. William Mulligan, former Principal, St. Mary's Boys' N.S., and Mrs. Mary Higgins, a former teacher there.

TEACHING STAFF

Principal, Jim Landon, Vice-Principal, Augustine Kearns; Mrs. Peggy Cruise, Mrs. Betty Regan, Mrs. Kathleen Lyons, Mr. Jimmy Duggan (now on a career break, who was replaced by Miss Laura Finn during 1990); Miss Aisling Toal and Mrs. Margaret O'Flaherty. Mrs. Kathleen Jennings is the Remedial Teacher, who works jointly in St. Mary's and St. Joseph's Convent of Mercy Primary School.

VALENTINE'S DAY SOCIAL

The Third Annual St. Joseph's / St. Mary's social was held in Manor House Hotel, on St. Valentine's night and proved to be a very enjoyable evening.

BRIDGE DRIVE

Ballyhaunis Bridge Club, once again, in 1990, organised an open Bridge competition, in aid of both Primary Schools. It was held in Manor House Hotel. A sincere word of thanks to all the participants and sponsors who made it so successful.

"SCHOOL AROUND THE CORNER"

A recording of the "School Around The Corner", with presenter, Gerry Ryan, was made in Galway, in April. It was transmitted on R.T.E. 1 television, on Sunday, November 11th, 1990. The participants were: Aoife Potter-Coogan, Kenneth Broderick, Siobhan Kedian, Caitriona Fahey, David Murphy, Eoin Butler, Mark Patterson; Singer, Conor McManus; Tin Whistle players, Fergus McGuire, David Laffey, Brendan Waldron, Oliver Jordan, Seamus Landon, Mark Curley and Michael Freeley.

SPORT

Boxing A number of pupils joined the newly-reformed Ballyhaunis Boxing Club and were coached by Peadar Kilcourse and Michael Conlon. Mayo Champions — Darren Conlon, David Conlon, Brian Hannan, Patrick Maughan and John Nolan. Connacht Champions — Brian Hannan, David Conlon and Darren Conlon. All-Ireland champion, Darren Conlon. All-Ireland runner-up, David Conlon.

Hurling - Coached by Peter Higgins, John Joe Hoban and John Joe Kelly, St. Mary's won the Mayo Primary Schools' County Championship for the second

- Continued on page 27.



June, 1990: Very Rev. P. Costelloe, P.P., opened and blessed the two-classroom extension to St. Mary's Primary School. Included in the photo are (left/right): Anna Butler, Board of Management; Jim Landon, Principal; Augustine Kearns, Vice-Principal; Kay Healy, representing her husband, Joe Healy, Builder; Canon Costelloe, Tony Nestor, Chairman, Building Fund Committee; Delia Coen and Donal Ahern, Board of Management. Children included in the photo are: left/right: Shane Conlon, Denis Moroney, David Conlon, Lorraine Moroney, Denis Moroney (altar-boy); Annette Healy, Richard Vahey, Shay Walshe, Joanne Butler, Seamus Landon, S. Butler, Darren Conlon (altar-boy); Cian Higgins.

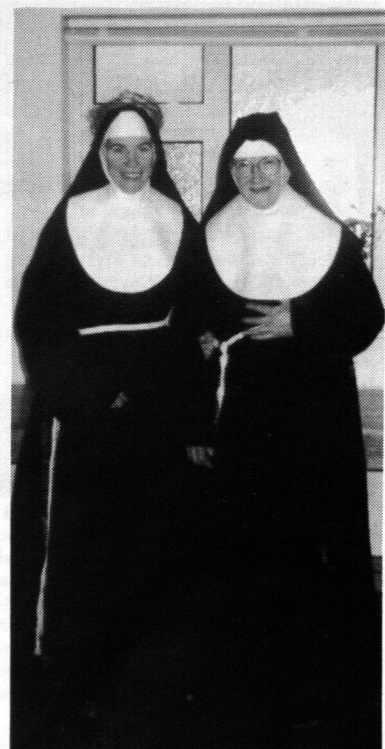
Catherine Byrne - Sr. Clare Marie

On Sunday, October 14th, 1990, Catherine Byrne of Johnstown, Ballyhaunis, made her Solemn Profession as a member of the Poor Clare Order in Graiguecullen Parish Church, Co. Carlow. Catherine took the name Clare Marie. Sr. Clare Marie was the first Poor Clare to be professed in Carlow in twenty years and was the first-ever to be professed in the local Parish Church.

Sr. Clare Marie is the daughter of Michael and the late Lena Byrne, Johnstown, and sister of Tom Pat, Tim, Mary, Michael and Joseph. She is the second youngest of the family. Catherine attended Derrylea National School and St. Joseph's Secondary School. On completion of the Leaving Cert. in 1971 she joined

the Irish Sisters of Charity. She trained as a nurse in St. Vincent's Hospital, Dublin. In 1973 she went to Zambia. She returned to St. Vincent's and made her final profession in 1982. Catherine then worked in the Hospice in Harold's Cross. In 1985 she entered the Poor Clare Order in Carlow and made her final profession this year.

Poor Clares, Carlow, is a contemplative Order, and there are fifteen Sisters in the community. The first one is a postulant, the second step is that of a novice, which lasts for two years. They receive the habit and a new name, thus leaving behind the past. The novice gives all back to God, even her name. The two years' novitiate is a time of spiritual formation and living of the rule of the Poor Clares. One is taught the ways of prayer and given an understanding of the vows. After two years as a novice the white veil is exchanged for a black one, and vows of poverty, chastity, obedience and



Clare Marie and Mother Agnes.

enclosure are taken for three years. After a total preparation of six years permanent vows are made, and she receives the right of a bride of Christ. (Solemn Profession).

The Sisters have Perpetual Adoration of The Blessed Sacrament, where there are always two Sisters before the Blessed Sacrament throughout the night as well as the day.

The Sisters support themselves in various ways — some monasteries make hosts. For their subsistence they grow vegetables and depend on the donations of friends and benefactors. Each Sister shares in the work and upkeep of the monastery. Every God-given skill or talent is put to very good use.

The Sisters have the great privilege to chant the praises of God in the Liturgy of the Hours at intervals throughout the day.

Poor Clares who constitute the second Order of St. Francis, take their name from their foundress, St. Clare, the first spiritual daughter of St. Francis. St. Clare, born in Assisi in 1193, became a Poor Clare in 1212.

The Poor Clare community came to Carlow from England in 1893 on the Feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel, April 26th. They will be celebrating their one-hundred years in 1993. They are attracted to the Parish Church of Graiguecullen. As a Poor Clare one can help an unlimited number of people through a life of prayer far more than one could as a busy nurse. Prayer reaches all ends of the earth.

St. Mary's Primary School,

- Continued from page 26.

year in-a-row. The Captain was Peter Healy, who received the "Conradh Na Gaeilge" trophy in MacHale Park.

Gaelic Football - The year brought triple success. Coached by Michael Webb, Pat O'Connor and Paddy Waldron, St. Mary's won the Mayo County Primary Schools' Championship for the third time in-a-row. The Captain was Simon Webb. Three players were on all three county winning teams — Simon Webb, John Burke and Pierce Higgins.

St. Mary's won the Connacht seven-a-side I.N.T.O. / G.A.A. Football competition, captained by John Burke. Two players were selected to play in Croke Park before the All-Ireland semi-final and final — Brian Flanagan and Simon Webb — played before the Cork v. Roscommon game, while Simon Webb played in Croke Park before the Cork v. Meath All-Ireland final. This team was voted "Sports Stars of the Month" (June), 1990, and the School received the First National Trophy at the "Connacht Telegraph" Awards Concert in October.

At Under-12 level Ballyhaunis coached by Jimmy Walsh, Michael Webb and Pat O'Connor won the Mayo County title. The Captain was Simon Webb.

Swimming - All pupils in the school get an opportunity to be coached in swimming for six lessons each school year.

Community Games - Pupils from the school competed in Draughts, Art, Athletics, Swimming, Pitch & Putt,

Hurling in the 1990 Ballyhaunis and Mayo Community Games. Music, Irish Dancing and Speech and Drama classes are also available to pupils in the school.

First Communion - Fifty-seven pupils from the school received their First Communion from Fr. M. Greany, C.C., on May 20th, in St. Patrick's Parish Church. The teachers were Mrs. Betty Regan and Mrs. Margaret O'Flaherty.

Educational Tours - Different classes visited Lough Key Forest Park, Galway, Dublin and Co. Clare.

School Concert - The annual School Concert was held in the Scouts' Den with a large attendance. Thanks, once again, to Seamus Dúrkán and the Scout Den Committee for the use of the hall.

New Board Of Management

In October a Board of Management (1990 - 1993), was appointed — Chairman, Very Rev. Fr. P. Costelloe, P.P.; Archbishop's nominees, Tony Nestor, Treasurer; Donal Ahern; Alacoque McManus; Elected Parents: Delia Coen, Secretary, and Dr. Michael Brogan; Teachers' Representative, Augustine Kearns and Principal, Jim Lundo.

End Of An Era - It was with great sadness that the pupils, past pupils and teachers of St. Mary's learned of the death of Mr. William Mulligan, former Principal of the School. He was a regular visitor to the school and was hale and hearty at the Blessing of the School extension. Ar dheis lámh Dé go raibh a anam dílis.

- Jim Lundo.



First Communion, May, 1990, St. Mary's N.S., Ballyhaunis. Front row (left/right): Michael Fitzmaurice, Gerard Kirrane, Enda Nestor, Paddy Coffey, Eoin Murphy, Tadhg Buckley, Alan Freeley, Cathal Lyons, Mark O'Neill, Alan Healy, Derek McConn, Christopher McCrudden, Edward Murphy, John Freeley and Kenneth Broderick. Second row: Aoife May Potter-Coogan, Orla McGarry, Jennifer Egan, Martina Dillon, Anne Marie Neenan, Carmel Regan, Anne Marie Mullarkey, Rachel O'Connor, Sara Coen, Delia Tighe, Karen Morley, Sheena Kirrane, Sheila Tarpey, Padraic Gildea and Mark Webb. Third row: Mrs. O'Flaherty, Aoife Curran, Roseann Freyne, Orla Donnelly, Catriona Boyle, Sinead Vahey, Noelle Barrett, Lisa O'Dowd, Bridget McDonagh, Anne Marie Madden, Natasha Higgins, Yvonne Byrne, Sinead Greally, Canon Costelloe, Mrs. Regan. Back row: Ronan Healy, Jason Powers, Fintan Moran, David Kilcourse, Martin Kilbride, Ciaran Costello, David Gallagher, Seamus Mongan, Damian Lyons, Anthony Lyons, Jonathon McNamara, MurtyHunt, Andrew Rabbitte, Eugene Quinn, Paul Cunnane and Michael Plunkett.

(Photo: Pat Glynn).



Coolnafarna Boys' National School (1947) - Front: Padraig Folliard, S. Freeley, Seamus Sloyan, F. Regan, Frank Murtagh, T. Lyons, J. Lyons. Second row: Kevin Devaney, Christy Devaney, T. Healy, ???????? M. Regan, S. Tynan, A. Robinson. Third row: M. Kelly, S. Regan, N. Dalton, P. Healy, C. Jordan, Dick Mayers (R.I.P.); D. Phillips. Fourth row: M. Robinson, S. Moran, J. Flynn, P. Quinn, M. Murphy, M. Quinn and Joe Rattigan.

Photo courtesy Columba Jordan.

“A Jarful Of Memories”

- BY JAMES CRIBBIN.

I cannot remember when I was last asked; “Are you going for a jar?”. I can remember the first time I went for a jar. While it’s no great claim to fame, this is a claim few can make. The first time I went for a jar I brought my own measure. A two-gallon jar with a broken handle and I have got the jar to prove it.

It’s dust-covered and empty now except for the memories it holds of a trip we made together into Ballyhaunis Town. There were two men, now long-gone, who had a vested interest in the matter. We will talk about the men before we go on the journey with the jar.

My father and Jack Lyons of Churchpark, were not exactly near-neighbours. Their two farms were situated back-to-back. If they met in town and started for home together they parted at the railway bridge, starting as Jack once put it: “a pincer movement”. My father taking the high (Cloonfad) road and Jack the low (Logboy) road.

They were young and had grown up at the same time. They never grew old. They were comparatively young when

they both went the same road, one not far behind the other. Jack first, then my father in his fifty-seventh year.

They worked in “Co” for a number of years. They were cutting meadow on our “Long Field” one very hot Summer’s day, with a mowing machine, drawn by a team of horses, when my father called me, gave me some money and told me to get the jar and go to town for a gallon of porter. The jar was rinsed out by my mother, who also tied a piece of string around the “slug” to facilitate carrying. The string proved to be neither comfortable nor convenient, and the jar seemed to get heavier and heavier as I went along. Come to think of it, that jar was heavy. Our generation was not brought up to whinge about trifles. Excuse me! The scale says, 15 lbs.!

There were some men at the bar doing what men still do when they stand at a bar. The manner of service was different then. The glasses were filled from a large, white enamel jug which, in turn, was topped up from time to time from a wooden barrel with a brass tap. I

stood back a couple of feet from the edge of the counter in order to be seen. The barman passed up and down inside the counter a couple of times. I tried a few times to get his attention. The bar was not crowded. After what seemed like ages he finally condescended to give me a sully look. I made my request. As to his reply. The grammar was passable, but it lacked civility and I had reason to believe truth — “We have no porter”. The time was the end of the War or immediately afterwards and customers had become accustomed to being told: “We haven’t it”. Sometimes they got what they asked for; sometimes they got half; sometimes they got nothing, depending on who they were and where they were. There is no denying that scarcities existed, but there were instances when lines from a popular song of the times said it all: “Under the counter are the things she would like to buy”. I could have taken my jar and tried my case elsewhere. I headed for home.

It’s far enough going home from town with nothing if you had come into town with nothing. I had to lug home a heavy, empty jar. Although I did not think of it at the time, the refusal was a blessing in disguise. A gallon of porter would have added at least another ten pounds to my burden. I have no ways now of ascertaining exactly how much weight would have been added. Even if I had a gallon of loose stout to throw on

- Continued on page 30.



Cribbin Family (Johnstown) Reunion. Back row: Pat, Carmel, Margaret, Ann, Monica and Jim. Front row: Kitty, Theresa and Mary.

“A Jarful Of Memories”

- Continued from page 29.

the scale, there would still be a question mark hanging over the matter. Porter was reputed to be heavier than stout. It is said that it could be used instead of tar for branding sheep.

There were two men sitting in the kitchen when I got back. Two pairs of eager eyes were fired on the jar as I planted it in the middle of the floor. My mother, who was a Pioneer, did not gloat over their disappointment. She made some tea. Jack remained silent. The only time in my life I can recall him doing so. My father made a prophesy that the young barman would never make a business tycoon. Unlike the jar the prophesy was fulfilled.

They kept a horse apiece, which were yoked together to form a team for mowing, ploughing and other heavy farm work. The earliest useful task I recall performing for farming was acting as “dispatch rider”, shuttling the horses

between the two farms. They kept me going around in circles; on foot in a beeline across the fields between the two houses; on horseback in a round-about way along the “newline”; clockwise if I was going to collect Jack’s horse; anti-clockwise when our horse was needed in Churchpark. Galloping the horses along the “new line” was forbidden. The clattering of iron-shod hooves on the roughly gravelled road tended to create over-time for Brod Boyle with his anvil and bellows.

If it made a shower or threatened to make a shower, and sometimes if it was doing neither, the horse was left outside Jack’s door with the reins loosely attached to the door knob. Inside Jack and I pondered over imponderables. He was a crossword fan. We would study the vague clues given in the Sunday Paper. In those crosswords two or more words differing in one letter could provide a possible answer. The problem was which word to choose. We discussed the possibilities of a hare running faster than a mare or whether, at times, a cat might prefer heat to meat. We very nearly picked all the right words on one occasion. This can be checked out in the newspaper archive section of the National Library. We won a small runners-up prize. Doing the crosswords took nothing from our health and added little to our wealth. My father probably knew what we were at as he never asked

me to relay any excuses about the delay nor made comment wry or dry.

As well as being well-read and articulate, Jack was a very neat workman, who took pride in every task he undertook. The rows of stooked oats, cocks of hay or clamps or turf were arranged to form not only straight rows but very often diagonal rows as well. Bringing in the hay was usually a nightmare for Jack. The crew that turned up to give him a hand usually came for the crack. Left to themselves it would be an untidy fork-full here and an untidy fork-full there. Under Jack’s watchful eye and constant direction the rick was made according to proper procedures.

Once when the job was progressing well Jack relaxed his vigilance momentarily, in an instant an iron plough was deposited in the middle of the rick and quickly covered with a few forkfuls of hay. Everyone praised and admired the finished rick. It was a work of art and the worst storm that was likely to come

would not take a wisp out of it. There was an added bonus that nobody mentioned, the plough would not need painting that Winter! He had great problems with geometry the following Spring when cutting hay from around the plough. He had great problems with restraint as well. When the rick of hay was half-used, half the plough was sticking out of one end. What had started off as a work of ordinary art was, by now, a work of abstract art. I have been reliably informed that out there at the end of “The Oregon Trail” there is a priest who is in a position to give an eye-witness account of this whole affair, and is also in a position to name the engineers and artists who were involved in this unique exercise of steel reinforcing and abstract art.

Jack was not much of a man for abstract subjects. It goes without saying that his appreciation of the aforesaid masterpiece was not very enthusiastic. His criticism was muted. He did not want to give the boys any more fun than they already had. He was a man for facts and figures. If you asked him how many rivets were used in constructing the railway bridge and if he did not know, he would probably try and count them.

- Continued on page 31.



Tom and Margaret Ruane, Derrintogher, who celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary on November 21st, 1990.

“A Jarful of Memories”

- Continued from page 30.

On the other hand, I recall asking him about the ruined church from which Churchpark gets its name. This ruined Church is located along the mearing fence between the Lyons' farm and Mrs. Horkan's farm. Jack did not go on about tradition and folklore. He just said there were little facts known about it and how one of the Augustinians from the Abbey had, at one time, put a lot of effort into researching its origins and history. Efforts which were not rewarded with success.

Jack could expound at length over a range of subjects as diverse as the defence of Stalingrad and Waltzing. If he thought you had an enquiring mind, there is no length he would go to put a piece of knowledge across. He would arrange cups and saucers on the table in “offensive” and “defensive” positions to illustrate how a particular battle was lost and won. We fought a few battles on that table and never broke a cup! When we were given a demonstration of waltzing he spun around the kitchen floor humming “The Homes Of Donegal” with a wooden and humourless partner — a long-handled brush!

For one entire Summer the pet subject was swimming. He had a niece who was a champion swimmer. She was having a very successful year, and we were kept informed. I was giving him a hand at cocking some hay and we conversed as we cocked. With more conversation than cocking taking place, it may be more correct to say we cocked as we conversed. Eventually, we got around to the swimming. We talked about it for a while. Jack left the field, returning shortly and called me over to the hedge. He had a bucket of water with a bewildered looking frog floating around. “If you want to know anything about swimming this is the fellow to teach you”. The frog was not that happy about being used as a guinea pig. He had to be tickled fore, aft and on the back before he was induced to do a few circuits of the bucket. Jack gave a commentary on the various strokes. We had no success when we tried to get him to swim backwards. You will travel a fair bit before you meet another man who can claim to have received a swimming lesson at a hedge school. (Or was it an open university?). The ploughman poet, Robert Burns, would have approved of the curriculum:

*“Give me a spark of nature's fire;
That's all the learning I desire”.*

Mention of the frog recalls to mind a solution that was once proposed for a particular problem. It was a very wet year and doubts were being expressed as to whether any turf would be got out of the bogs. Jack went on a reconnaissance

mission. When he returned home he was asked if there was any hope, at all, of getting the turf out. “There would be, if you had an amphibious ass and cart”. was the reply.

We will remain with the subject of water. My father was draining a field, there were drains open all over the place, some straight, others following depressions in the ground. Jack came across to have a look at the job: “It's like the map of Ireland”, and he proceeded to point out the Shannon and its tributaries and other rivers. The drains were shored with stone and back-filled. “The Three Sisters” have been hidden for a long time, but I can still point out where they are.

He liked to keep up with the news. On one occasion he got ahead of it. He was, as far as I know, the only man in Churchpark and Drimbane to have advance information about the dropping of the first Atomic Bomb on paper. I can recall him sitting in our kitchen quoting from a letter he had received from a relative in the United States to my father. I had only a vague idea of what they were talking about. He laid great emphasis on one particular sentence which has remained in my mind ever since. “The Japs. are foul but soon they will be treated foul”. Jack got his knowledge from various sources. It was a cat he got from John Joe Cleary that showed him how “the best laid schemes of mice and men” can sometimes count for nothing. He had a plague of mice in his barn. Their plans for the oats stored there didn't coincide with Jack's. If you wanted information at that time you asked the postman. In this instance the postman did better than supply information, he supplied a cat. Jack knew that no mature or semi-mature cat ever leaves home without a return ticket. He had a well-laid scheme to keep the cat in comfortable confinement until it got over the home-sickness.

However, a few mornings later, when John Joe opened the door he let in more than sunlight and cool morning air! When he called on Jack later on he made a discreet enquiry as to the cat's welfare. Jack was unaware that the cat had absconded. As in the case of the priest we mentioned earlier on, we leave the rest of the story to the person who is in a position to give an eye-witness account of what transpired.

As far as I am concerned, the jar is empty, but the full story is not yet over. Over to you, Fr. Austin and John Joe. Life, too, would have been emptier when we were young had it not been for great characters like Jack Lyons of Churchpark.

Apostolic Work Ballyhaunis

(October, '90)



Mary Lyons displaying some of the handiwork of the Apostolic Workers.

Officers — President, Miss May Moyles; Vice-President, Mrs. Kathleen Finn; Secretary, Mrs. Bridie Brennan; Treasurer, Mrs. Peg Byrne.

Once again, Ballyhaunis Branch of Apostolic Workers have a very successful year to look back on. Our annual exhibition, which was held in June, was very well supported and our branch is very grateful to all those who helped in any way to make our display such a success.

The Mini-Vigil for the Tuam Archdiocese was held in Knock, in June. It was given by the Columban Fathers and the large attendance at same was very encouraging. Hundreds of letters are received each year from Missionaries who have benefited from apostolic work and here is an excerpt from one —

Sr. Bernadette Freyne, Addas Abbaba:
“What a lovely surprise to get the chalice from you. We have just opened a new Mission and one of the rooms in our house is a little oratory. It is small, so it's nice to have a small chalice in keeping with everything else in the room. Of course, I was extra proud as this chalice has greater significance for me, as I come from Ballyhaunis — just up the road (Coolnaha). So you can imagine how pleased I am to know that our chalice has come from Mayo. We are all praying for peace and hope that all the trouble will soon be over and the poor people can get on with a normal life. It is sad to see so many families disrupted. Please pray for them. Good Bless you, always”.

It is very encouraging for active and honorary members to receive such letters, and we would welcome new members, the branch meets every Monday in the Parochial Hall from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m. - **Bridie Brennan.**



Ballyhaunis Convent, 1946 - Rita O'Connell, Mary Shiels, Pauline Hunt, Evelyn Kelly, Patricia Finn, T. Durcan, Maura Kelly, Mary McCallig, Chris Godfrey, Ina Hunt, ? Kenny, Una Glynn, Kathleen Campbell, Carmel Smyth, Marie Lyons, Noreen Healy, Jenny Foudy, Ann O'Brien, Kathleen Morley, Patsy Hamilton.

Courtesy Austin Grogan.



Second Class, 1969 - Front row (left/right): Teresa Jordan, Nuala Kenny, Marie Caulfield, Bernadette Hebron, Patricia O'Gara, Bernadette Connolly, Sandra Hannon, Genevieve Morrissey, Kay Lyons and Joan Connell. Back row (left/right): Celia Finn, Margaret Mary Waldron, Marina Levins, Cora McGarry, Patricia Hopkins, Sr. Peter, Regina McGuire, Dilly O'Reilly, Patricia Biesty, Ann Caulfield and Clodagh Byrne.

— Courtesy Kay Lyons.

THEM WERE THE DAYS

- By John Kelly.

I sat in the Cusack Stand in September, 1989, on the great occasion of Mayo's appearance in the All-Ireland final. I listened to the roar from twenty-five-thousand Mayo throats that rended the air as Mayo took the field, I thought, not for the first time, what it meant to be a Mayo man.

I thought of my childhood growing up in that hilly town of Ballyhaunis and the one thing that keeps coming back to me was the "crack" (we invented that word before the yuppies took it over), and the great characters that were around.

My earliest memory is of hunting rabbit in Hazelhill with the evergreen Gerry Cribben with his two beloved dogs, "Prince" and "Rex". Oh how he loved those dogs!

I got an early indication of the power of Kerry men from Garda Con Coakley. One day the "young lad" (Aiden), Robert and myself were helping him cut grass. He marvelled at the way Con could pull up the nettles without being stung. When we enquired he told us that nettles don't sting Kerry men. No wonder they win all those All-Irelands, I thought. What a wonderful, patient man he was with us. We cried the day he left Ballyhaunis.

My first vivid recollection of school was the last time the Sam Maguire came to the school. Mrs. Fahy was escorting the cup out to Mac's class when one of the greatest scraps I have ever saw erupted. Frank McKenna versus Michael Connolly. You can have your Ali / Frazer or Tyson / Douglas fights but that scrap, to me, is still the greatest. Our time in Mrs. Fahy's was all too short. There was nothing about Oisín or Finn McCumhail I did not know about when I left that gentle lady.

School

We spent our next three years in Mr. McNicholas's — talk about going from "The Sound Of Music" into "The Bridge Over The River Kwai". We went from that into Mr. Mulligan or "Bill" as we called him. Now there are those who visibly shake when they think of their time in Bill's, but I must admit the man had a marvellous sense of humour and, to me, that was everything.

I remember one day my old sparing partner, Dermot McGuire had taken a fairly long sabbatical ("on the hop" to the uninitiated). When he came back Bill asked him where he was.

"Spreading manure on the land, Sir", answered the bould Dermot. "How much land have you?", asked Bill. "Twenty-five acres", came the reply. "My God, McGuire, you could manure all the land in Texas in that time". Very quick on the cupla focail was Bill. Another day I had persuaded a very long-time "hop man" to come to school. When Bill saw him he said: "I thought you were in England". Somehow I knew he was not going to further his academic career in that academy.

To this day when I see a bird on the window I want to shoo it away. Many got into great trouble simply because he could not name the said bird. When I see the way children of today look forward to their Confirmation I often smile to myself. The last thing I remember before going up to face the great man for my question was "Kelly", if you miss, I don't miss you tomorrow".

Bill loved the bit of music and in particular the song, "Poor Old Joe". There was not a word of that song I did not know. I often sang that song for him. Boy, did I put feeling into it! I learned self-preservation early.

Raiding Orchards

We also had extra-curricula activities. The one I remember best was raiding Prenty's orchard. This was the ultimate test. We had been raiding the Tech. — it was no challenge at all. What you had to do was to watch Paddy Cassidy going to his dinner and you were in. But Prenty's was a different matter. Ned had warned me if he ever caught us he would shoot us, that plus a bull they kept made it a real challenge. The three musketeers, Vinny Healy, Dermot McGuire and yours truly set out on our mission. We came up through where Johnny Biesty's house is now built. We came in through a hole in the hedge at the bottom of the orchard. Our hearts were thumping when suddenly the door of the house opened. I was always fairly quick off the mark and was out first. The two boys arrived together and cracked their heads. Dermot was convinced he was shot. I can still see Vinny in his own diplomatic way explaining what happened. Very cool under pressure was our Vinnie.

Football

Football was not a religion in Ballyhaunis, it was much more important than that! One great memory I have was down in Bruff (what a graveyard that place was). Aughamore had very big under-age players in those times — as Johnny Biesty once said: "they are either over-age or very well fed". Well, anyway, Mr. Football himself, Paddy Waldron (what a great character), was our mentor. Mick Duignan from Cherryfield, was playing. Now Mick had only two ways of playing — brilliant or desperate — this particular day Mick was not brilliant. Paddy sent the word into Mick to come off. Now this was the time when a player had to be injured before being replaced. Mick inquired whether he should feign injury. "If I go into you", said the bould Paddy, "you will have to be carried off".

Yes, indeed, although we did not know it then, they were great days. Playing in Rattigan's field with such great pals as John P. Petie, the twin Fordes, McNaughts, Pudsie and Sean Mulhern and the two young lads, Robert and Aidan, and the great occasions when we used to beat the "lard" out of those up-starts.

Yes, indeed, "them were the days".



Larry Freeley, Denise Sweeney, Peter Hannon. Courtesy Mrs. Nora Sweeney.

MICK O'CONNELL RECALLS . . .

The Early Years Of The Emergency Defence Forces

IT is now fifty years since the Local Security Force was formed, and those of us who were members of some Branch of the Emergency Forces in the early 'forties, and who have survived to the present day, are not now as light in the step as we were during this eventful period.

WHEN the Second World War (1939 - 1945) commenced, Ireland (twenty-six counties), adopted a neutral stance and the Government of the day, backed by the opposition parties, firmly asserted that Ireland would resist aggression or invasion by any of the belligerent nations.

EARLY on, a Local Security Force was formed, which was under the supervision of the Gardai, and the members of the Force were provided with brown uniforms which were of the dungaree or fatigue type.

BALLYHAUNIS was quick in responding to the call, and quite a large number of volunteers from the town and country areas rallied to the colours. Sergeant Pat Nally was the principal organiser and the first chaplain was Rev. Fr. E. A. Mansfield, O.S.A. The first O. C. was Andrew Egan and others who figured prominently in the fledgling Force included Thomas Byrne, Peter Lynch, Patrick Regan, James O'Dwyer, Michael "Dalgan" Lyons, Mickey Griffin, Joe Tynan, Ml. A. Keane, Ml. Carney, Eddie Biesty and many more.

AFTER some time, following the stepping up of recruitment to the National Army, it was decided to form a new Force at local level to be known as the Local Defence Force, under

the jurisdiction of the National Army.

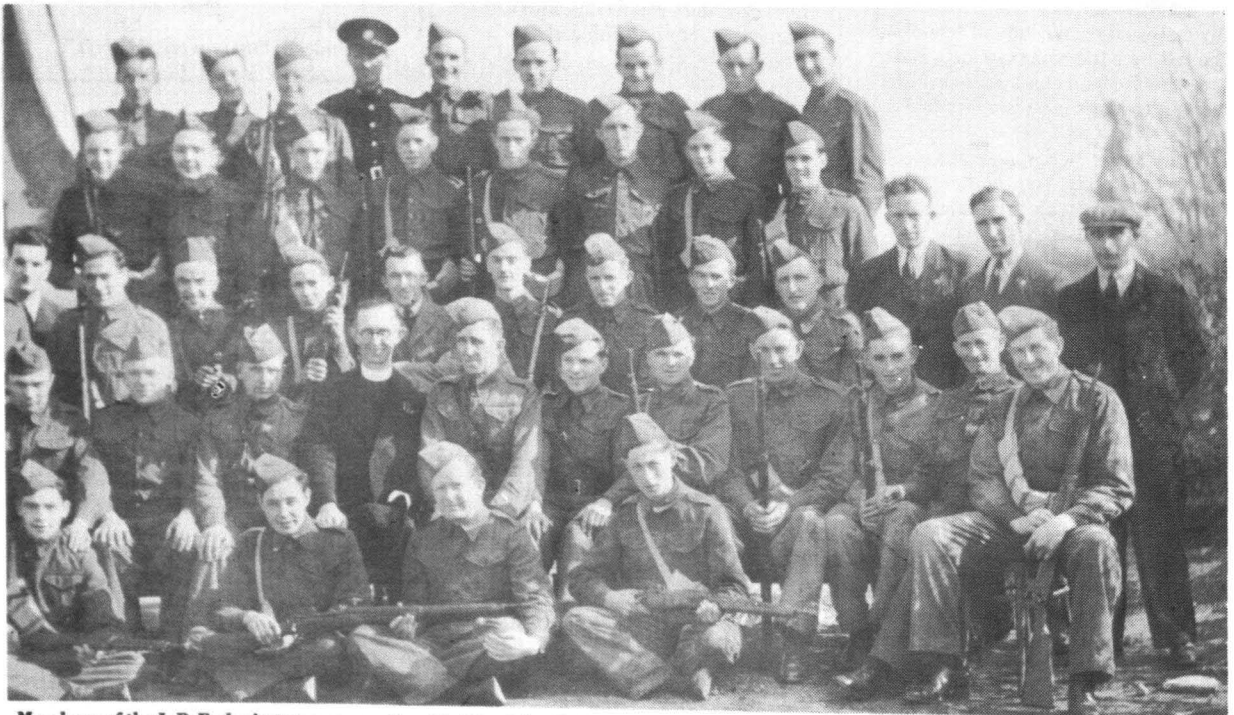
THE L.S.F. was retained, but membership was confined to the more mature members of the male population, their duties being restricted to guarding local vital installations and other matters pertaining to local security. Most of the younger members of the L.S.F. transferred to the new Local Defence Force and they, and new members, were required on joining, to take an oath of allegiance to the country and the Army Command.

THE members of the new Force were issued with good-quality green uniforms with beret-type caps and, of course, heavy Army boots. Later, webbing equipment and rifles were issued. The first issue of rifles was of the American Springfield variety. These rifles were later replaced by the lighter British Lee-Enfield rifles. Both types were of First World War vintage.

WHEN I joined the L.D.F. in 1942, Michael Dalgan Lyons was Group Leader and Seamus Salmon of Coogue was, as far as I can recollect, Quarter Master. I remember that Michael Corbett from the then National Bank was Adjutant and Mickey Griffin from Clare Street, was Intelligence Officer.

TOMMY Byrne from Barrack Street, was Drill Master for a time, but then regular Army personnel took over. I can recall at least two Sergeants — A Sergeant Flanagan and a Sergeant

Continued next page



Members of the L.D.F. during war years - Front left to right: K. Moran, J. Waldron, M. Lyons, P. Naughton. Second row: J. Cassidy, P. Lynch, A. Egan, Fr. Mansfield, T. Byrne, M. Griffin, P. Cassidy, M. Tully, J. Lyons, J. Carney, T. Greene. Third row: T. Hannon, A. Boyle, J. McGreal, S. Lambert, J. Murphy, J. Cunningham, B. Ludden, J. Byrne, T. Morley, R. Keane, P. Barrett, L. Boyle. Fourth row: -----, A. Waldron, T. Morley, J. Keane, J. Coyne, J. Gannon, F. Herr, M. Lanigan. Back row: -----, S. Sammon, S. Lyons, P. Nally, M. D. Lyons, M. Prior, P. Forde, -----, P. Hopkins.

- Continued from page 34.

Marsh — from the Regular Army, being posted to Ballyhaunis at different times for the sole purpose of training the local Defence Group.

Patriotic Fervour

THE most abiding memory I have of the time I spent in the L.D.F. was the genuine patriotic fervour of the members, who put the country first and allowed their political affiliations to remain dormant. During all the times that I attended training Sessions, Field Days, Battle Drill Courses, etc., not once did I hear the word politics mentioned. I think it would be fair to say that the banding together of so many different viewpoints into one unified Force prepared to sacrifice all for the good of the State did much to bring about political maturity in this country.

IT would be impossible to list from memory in any kind of chronological order the activities of the Force during those years in the early 'forties, which had come to be termed "the Emergency", when rationing was the operative word and movement was severely restricted because of the scarcity of petrol. I will recall some happenings which remain firmly etched in my mind, but lest I forget I would like to put on record the great contribution which the Defence and Security Forces made to the sporting and social life of the area in those uncertain times. Gaelic football matches were arranged; a boxing club was formed; dances and concerts were organised, and athletic events were to the fore, in what were aptly described as "Step Together" weeks held from time to time.

MY first recollection is of attending a Battle Drill Course in the Military Barracks, Castlebar, in 1943. Commandant Mickey Murphy was the Officer in charge and the Officers assigned to our section were Lieut. Owen Curtin and Second Lieut. Sloane. We travelled by train and, on arrival, we were directed to the Mess Hall, where we were given typical Army fare for dinner, mainly composed of corn-beef. The dish, not being very tasty, some of us just nibbled at the food, which prompted the Army attendant to remark that we would be glad to eat all put before us on the next day.

HOW right he was! We were up at 6 a.m. Then we were put through some rigorous training, going over and under barbed-wire, running long distances, clearing obstacles and climbing over high walls before going for "the kill" with fixed bayonets. Following all that it was little wonder that our appetites improved considerably and we ate heartily for the remainder of the course.

BALLYHAUNIS, being attached to the Swinford District, I remember cycling, with several others, to Swinford on one occasion for the ceremonial Blessing of the Colours. Tony Morley (Abbey Street), and Seamus Salmon were cycling along with me, and we envied John Dyer (Derrinacong), who had Group Leader, Michael Dalgan Lyons, a pillion rider on his motorcycle.

5p Subsistence Allowance

ON another occasion the L.D.F. from all over the county were drafted into Ballina for a monster parade, which was reviewed by top Army Brass. There was a massive turn-out, and it took the parade a very long time to pass the reviewing stand. What will give some indication of the state of things at the time, is the fact that at some stage during the long day, the Ballyhaunis contingent were brought together and each member was handed the princely sum of one shilling (5p) subsistence allowance for the day. Such a paltry sum would be inconceivable in present day circumstances.

WHILE attending the pictures in the Parochial Hall on a particular Sunday night, a notice was flashed on the screen

telling all members of the L.D.F. to present themselves in full uniform at the Garda Barracks without delay.

ON arrival at the Garda Station we were briefed that a parachutist had landed somewhere in the West. I was assigned with Seamus Salmon, Joe Keane, Paddy Devaney, Paddy McCormack and others to the Cave-Coolnaha area. After questioning some dancers on their way home from the Tooreen Club, we decided to suspend operations and adjourned to Devaney's house in Coolnaha, where we were warmly welcomed by Mary Devaney (now Mrs. Folliard, Upper Main Street), who plied us with large amount of newly-baked soda-bread and lashings of tea.

SOME Ballyhaunis members who were with me at the Battle Drill course, in Castlebar, in 1943, included Fred Herr, Tommy Donnellan, Aiden Waldron.

THERE were many in the Defence Forces during that Emergency period and the only black blot was the numbers who left to emigrate because of the stringent economic conditions.

IT would be impossible to remember all who served, but in addition to those already mentioned, I remember John Tarpey (Bekan); Archie and Sean Lambert, Peter Regan, Paddy Barrett (Island); Ned Judge, Oliver Foudy, Bernie Ludden, Jimmy Flatley (Gurrane); Willie Coppinger, James Gannon, Martin Mongan, James Leo Boyle, James McGreal, Michael Hopkins, Pat Forde, Tim Robinson, Michael Prior, Sean Regan, Tony Morley, Jack Coyne, Joe Keane, Joe Byrne and Hugh Mahon.

FIFTY years on, the L.D.F. is still very much in existence and thriving. Centre Leaders in Ballyhaunis since the Emergency period included Jack Eaton (who served in Tuam during the War years); John Cleary (Johnstown); Joe Keane and Oliver Hannon.

Service Medals

THOSE of us who served in the 1940 to 1945 period were afterwards issued with bronze Service Medals by the then Minister for Defence, Dr. T. F. O'Higgins, and if my memory serves me right, the year was 1948. It remains one of my proudest possessions.

THE L.D.F. in the early 'forties was the base on which firm friendships were founded, some of them remaining to this day.

SADLY, quite a number have passed to their eternal reward and it is to those deceased comrades that I dedicate this article.

GO ndeanaigh Dia trocaire ar a n-anam.

The L.S.F. And The Goodfellowship Connection

AFTER the Emergency period ended the L.S.F. was disbanded but the Ballyhaunis members felt that they should continue to meet in a social capacity. They named the new group "The Goodfellowship Club".

AS time went on the members of the Club began to dwindle and those remaining felt no useful purpose would be served in continuing to meet, so it was decided to disband the Club.

WITH the funds remaining at their disposal they decided in 1956 to present a cup to be known as the Goodfellowship Cup, to Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club. Hence the origin of the Goodfellowship S.F. tournament, which has been held annually since 1957. Members of the Fellowship Club of that period included Michael A. Keane, Pat Nalley, Michael Carney (Forthill); Eddie Biesty, Jim Forde, George Delaney and Peter Lynch.

SADLY, only two survive to this day, Michael Carney and Eddie Biesty, and to all who have gone to their eternal reward — go ndeanaigh Dia trocaire ar a n-anam.

Summer On A Kibbutz

Seeking an alternative way to spend my Summer this year, I found myself in early July at Ben Gurion Airport, Tel Aviv, en-route to a kibbutz in Northern Israel where, in return for food, accommodation and basic pocket money, I would work six hours per day for the next six weeks. Crazy? Maybe. Good fun? Definitely.

My previous knowledge of Kibbutz life was based on reports from friends and acquaintances who had worked on (and survived!) a kibbutz, thoroughly enjoyed it, and returned home proud of their newly-acquired skills in cow-milking, manure-shovelling, avocado-picking and other such illustrious and rewarding occupations. I had heard that it is brilliant fun, a great way of seeing Israel and also an opportunity to meet and work with young people from all over the world. It is often said, however, that "ignorance is bliss", and as I ventured out to face the unknown on that day in July, I was blissfully unaware that I would be rising at 5.30 each morning, six days a week and, even better, that somewhere on a kibbutz in Northern Israel, sixteen-thousand chickens were eagerly awaiting my arrival.

"From each according to his abilities; to each according to his needs" is the basic philosophy behind the kibbutz movement. The origins of the movement date back to the late 19th and early 20th centuries. The Jewish people, dissatisfied with life in exile and with the wave of anti-semitism prevailing in Central and Eastern Europe, banded together to form the Zionist Movement. The Zionist ideal was to return to nature and live a simple life based on membership and brotherhood. They decided to return to Palestine to reclaim the land through physical labour. The first kibbutz was established by a group of farmers in 1909. Today there are over two-hundred-and-fifty kibbutzim scattered throughout Israel which are home to over 3% of the Israeli population.

The needs of the members (termed kibbutzniks), of which there were about two-hundred-and-fifty on our kibbutz, are met almost entirely by the kibbutz as regards food, housing, clothing, education and health care. Thus, on any kibbutz there would be doctors, nurses, engineers, teachers, cooks, etc., as members are ultimately assigned one permanent job to which they are best suited.

It is a well-structured, highly organised system, yet one which generally faces labour shortages. This is due to military

- By Ann Brennan.

service, commitments (three years being compulsory for males and two years for females), as well as the kibbutz sending its members away to help set up new kibbutzim. Over the years a system has evolved which enables the many young people who travel to Israel from all over the world, to live and work on a kibbutz, thereby affording them a unique insight into the workings of a kibbutz community. These people are known as volunteers.

At Kibbutz Yasur there were thirty-five volunteers and we were quite a mixed bunch: two Irish, several English and Americans and the rest from far-flung corners of the world. The group included South American students, a Crocodile Dundee-type Australian (complete with hammock), and sombrero — sporting Mexicans, among others.

Our accommodation consisted of rooms shared between two or three people, decorated by previous volunteers by means of colourful graffiti and paintings on the walls and ceilings — though not quite of the Sistine chapel variety!

Our Work

The work is varied as some of it is seasonal. Most kibbutzim still have their roots in agriculture, but they have also diversified into industry. Factories produce a range of goods from footwear and simple tools to sophisticated electronic equipment, both for the home market and for export. After spending a few days on the production line in an electronics factory which I found extremely monotonous, I opted for a change when I heard that the chicken season was about to begin I started to imagine a nice, easy time (looking after cute yellow, fluffy chicks of the variety seen on all good Easter cards).

There were about twelve of us working in the chicken houses — a mixture of kibbutzniks and volunteers. It was very interesting working alongside the kibbutzniks as many of them had very interesting life histories, especially the elder people. There is no retirement as we know it on the kibbutz and the old people take great pride in working, even if only for one hour per day. Some of the elder kibbutzniks who came originally from Germany, Austria, Poland or Hungary had actually been in concentration camps and still had their camp numbers tattooed on their wrists.

Speaking with people who had survived Auschwitz was a most educational but frightening experience.

The first few days at work were spent preparing for the arrival of the chickens — wiring cages, preparing foodstuff, etc. We were actually beginning to look forward to the arrival of the feathered creatures. My closest previous encounter with a chicken would have been when it formed part of a curry or a sandwich, and so I was a little shocked, to say the least, when the first consignment of two-thousand fully-grown (and fully fierce!) roosters arrived. On three subsequent days the female contingent arrived making sixteen-thousand chickens in all, which would be used for breeding purposes. After I got over the initial shock, work began. These creatures had to be lifted out of the crates by grabbing them by the legs and holding them upside-down — a method which, incidentally, did not stop them pecking at you. They were then transported (a few in each hand), to the chicken houses. By the time chicken number 15,999 had been housed you could say that my knowledge of chickens had improved. Once they were accommodated the work was not too difficult, sometimes only lasting for two hours per day. I actually began to enjoy the work, to tolerate the smell and to consider myself an eligible entrant for the world chicken-catching competitions. I also spent some time working in the kitchens preparing food. The dining hall is the main focus of kibbutz life, for it is here that hundreds of people (on some kibbutzim up to a thousand), eat three times a day. Food is plentiful and meals are a great social occasion, particularly on Friday night, the eve of the Sabbath, when a special celebratory meal is prepared, usually followed by music, Israeli dancing or a disco. Kibbutz Yasur did not belong to any religious movement, so the food was not Kosher, although pork sausages were not very plentiful!

Our Day

As work commenced each day at 6 a.m. we were free from mid-day for the rest of the day. The afternoons were spent at the swimming pool, visiting beaches or nearby Arab villages or taking a bus to do some sight-seeing. Nightlife was catered for by the Kibbutz pub, occasional discos and generally the volunteers creating our own entertainment through pool-side parties, etc. The kibbutz also ran occasional outings for volunteers and

Continued next page



Some of the Annagh Magazine Committee on the night of the presentation of bound volumes of Annagh to the library. These are available in the library for reference. Back row, left to right: Michéal Smyth, Jim Lundoon, Joe Hosty, Peter McCafferty, Jack Halpin, Fr. John O'Connor, O.S.A., Mike Byrne, Noel Waldron, Pat Higgins. Seated, left to right: John Cleary, Ann Curley, Frankie O'Malley, Johnny Biesty, Mary Gannon (Assistant County Librarian), and Tom Finn (President, Chamber of Commerce).

Summer On A Kibbutz

(Continued)

there was also weekend camping trips to the Dead Sea and other scenic places.

The image most Western societies have of a kibbutz is that of a life of austere poverty. That may have been true of the kibbutzim when they were first founded, but they are now becoming increasingly luxurious and members' houses would contain many of the modern conveniences we have in our homes. Formerly, the children were brought up in children's houses and saw their parents only for a few hours per day, but now most would be living with their parents — a system which was only just coming into operation on our kibbutz while we were there.

As all jobs are considered equal each member receives the same allowance from the kibbutz, with which he or she can purchase clothes and other requirements or save towards a holiday. Although kibbutzim do not generally have a large surplus of funds an opportunity is provided for each young person to go on to third level education. There is a problem with young people finding kibbutz life too enclosed and leaving to emigrate or to live elsewhere in Israel, thus diminishing the workforce. This is compensated for, however, by a number of volunteers who go to Israel initially

for a few weeks, become addicted to the way of life and stay for good. This occurred frequently in the heyday of the Hippy movement, when such a laid-back, return-to-nature type lifestyle would have appealed to many people. I thoroughly enjoyed my kibbutz experience although the work was sometimes difficult and boring. It is a great base for touring Israel and Egypt, which we subsequently did and also a way of getting to know people from all over the world. Although Israelis are not the most popular people in the world at the moment, we encountered nothing but friendliness on our travels throughout the country, both from Israelis and Palestinians. Luckily, we did not witness any trouble, although our venture into occupied territory is not to be recommended.

For me, as a volunteer, the kibbutz experience was viewed as an enjoyable working holiday, but for the kibbutznik it is a committed, structured way of life. It was a great novelty for me, but the novelty of getting up at 5.30 a.m. to milk cows would, I'm sure, soon wear off.

Looking back, it was a great experience and one which I would easily recommend, although for some strange reason, chicken sandwiches have never tasted quite the same to me since!

Ballyhaunis Library

The Editor,
"Annagh" Magazine,
Ballyhaunis,
October 12th, 1990.

Dear Editor,

I wish to thank you most sincerely for your splendid gift of bound volumes of the "Annagh" magazines. I want to assure you that they are in safe keeping for the benefit of the community. They will prove to be an invaluable asset to the research student.

Since I came to Ballyhaunis it has been my pleasure to see the readership at the branch grow. I have always found the people here most courteous and friendly. Indeed, I have made many good friends here. It would be my wish that the local history section should be developed. Your interest, and that of your readers, could help to bring this about.

Do not forget that I am always available, should anybody require help. Do not hesitate to request any assistance your projects require from the library.

Thanks again for the priceless gift of the bound volumes. I wish your wonderful magazine continued success.

The opening hours of the Library are — Tuesday: 12 to 5; Wednesday: 3 to 8; Friday: 3 to 8; Saturday: 12 to 5.

Yours sincerely,

Ann Coyne,

Branch Librarian,
Ballyhaunis Library,
Clare Street,
Ballyhaunis.

Ballyhaunis 1978 v. Ballyhaunis 1991

Annagh Magazine, 1978

"Ballyhaunis - A Town On The Move", by Seamus Forde. That article in Annagh of 1978, describes an active town, full of hope and promise. Our town was growing at last; it was a town of optimism, confidence and hope. This new era of growth and confidence in Ballyhaunis followed on decades of stagnation, years during which emigration was the fashion and those who remained in Ballyhaunis campaigned and begged for a factory for our town.

During the 1950s a group of Ballyhaunis businessmen worked tirelessly to bring employment to the locality and a substantial amount of money was invested in an effort to persuade Liga Foods Industries to establish a manufacturing unit in Ballyhaunis.

The Town Improvements Committee went on delegations to the Minister, Ballyhaunis pleaded for an industry which would provide local employment and to help stop the emigration drain. In 1960 ten local people invested £50 each in a small industry. The employment of two people in this venture was regarded as a major breakthrough. Ballyhaunis was very proud of its new industry.

Rising Tide In 1970s

Then, during the 'seventies the big factories came, hundreds of jobs, Ballyhaunis was on the crest of the wave. A rising tide was also lifting up our town. So writing in Annagh 1978, Seamus Forde described the industrial social and commercial fabric of a community which had taken an active role in improving their town and district. Junior Chamber are credited with providing a leadership nucleus for the Ballyhaunis Community. The local effort was supported by various State Agencies.

So Annagh, 1978 was published in a town with three-hundred-and-sixty-eight industrial employees, strategically located at the centre of Connacht and enjoying a variety of social, recreational and educational services provided by an extraordinary number of very active voluntary and social organisations. The 1978 article ends on an optimistic note and states that "Ballyhaunis is on the

- Gerard McGarry.

crest of a wave with a wide range of job opportunities on the way".

1984 - Boom Town

That the 1978 prediction was correct is evidenced by the 1984 Community survey carried out by the newly-formed Chamber of Commerce, in association with AnCO. That 1984 professional survey describes Ballyhaunis as a vibrant community with over eight-hundred industrial employees and a thriving commercial sector.

The social and cultural organisations were varied and thriving and fuelled by a young and enthusiastic population. The number in employment in Ballyhaunis in 1984 was almost equal to the total population of the town, a statistic that captured the imagination and, perhaps, the envy of other less-fortunate centres.

The Ballyhaunis success story prompted Muinntir Mhuigheo in Dublin to award the 1984 Meitheal of the Year Award to the people of Ballyhaunis.

Annagh 1990

Now Michael Smith has asked us to write a 1990 Annagh follow-up, to compare the Commercial and Business activity in Ballyhaunis 1990 with the 1978 and 1984 findings and, perhaps, more important, to examine the trend in 1990. Is Ballyhaunis 1990 on the way up or have we passed the peak, are we losing trade and business to other towns, have we lost our status as the major employment and industrial and successful town in Connacht. It cannot be denied that the trend has been downwards over the past few years. New challenges have appeared, challenges and obstacles which must be overcome if Ballyhaunis is not to lapse back to the old pattern of decline, emigration and stagnation.

Perhaps the good times are over. Just look around, many households which, in 1984, enjoyed large, young families are now reduced to two parents. The traffic jams and confusion may not be as bad as it was six years ago, and that may not be due to a sudden out-burst of common courtesy or respect for traffic laws and the rights of others.

Ballyhaunis appears to have fallen from its peak and the economic, commercial

and industrial activities are declining, then it is only a matter of time until the social, sporting and cultural organisations will also feel the pinch. Social and cultural organisations depend on a steady in-flow of new and active members, in particular, young people with the energy, time and resources to contribute and to make the organisations work. For example, you cannot expect to put out a winning team if you are short of players.

Ballyhaunis Follows National Trends

Now it may be argued that Ballyhaunis came up on a Rising Tide of general prosperity and economic expansion and that we really have no control over our fortunes.

We all remember the good times that followed Ireland's entry to the E.C. in 1972 and the rise in farm incomes. That was a time when Ireland offered many advantages to foreign firms seeking a foothold in the E.C.

Ballyhaunis does not exist in isolation from the rest of the world. We cannot exist independent of the greater economic forces and trends which are controlled at a National and, indeed, a global level.

So if we came up with a rising tide should we not accept that we must also decline when there is a general recession and when there are restraints on the National Budget?

For example, we are now facing the 1992 E.C. Single Market which will draw people and capital to the E.C. Centre, away from the small rural towns and "Ballyhaunises" of Europe. Support for farming, under the Common Agricultural Policy, will be reduced, farm incomes are falling, and the small rural towns on the periphery of Europe, towns like Ballyhaunis, will be first to lose.

There is also increased competition closer to home, more cars and better roads bring Galway, Castlebar and Sligo within shopping distance of Ballyhaunis. Emigration removes forty-thousand young people from Ireland each year. Is it inevitable that Ballyhaunis will continue to lose many of its young people to the cities of Europe and America?

What About A Ballyhaunis Comeback?

The terrible truth is that matters could get even worse, if we do not do something to prevent it. What is even more certain is that the first move must come from within Ballyhaunis. When we decide to help ourselves and

- Continued on page 39.

Ballyhaunis 1978 v. Ballyhaunis 1991

- Continued from page 38.

when we show the determination to make progress for our own community, then and only then, can we expect support from others.

So can Ballyhaunis make a comeback? And this time the comeback will be against the tide. The year 1990 offers no rising tide to help Ballyhaunis. This plan is that it cannot do it alone, There is one organisation at least which is determined that Ballyhaunis will not slip any further. Ballyhaunis Chamber of Commerce is working on a "Ballyhaunis Comeback" plan which will rank our town at least among those which did not go down without a struggle.

How Can We Do It

The first principle in the Ballyhaunis Chamber of Commerce "Comeback" plan is that they cannot do it alone, everybody and every organisation in the parish must join in the effort, because a prosperous Ballyhaunis is everybody's business and is everybody's responsibility.

If social, sporting and cultural organisations are to survive then they need a steady inflow of new members. Likewise, it would not be practical for an organisation like the Chamber of Commerce to promote a town which did not offer a wide range of social and cultural activities. As far as the Chamber of Commerce is concerned, we are all in it together, everybody must be involved.

Ballyhaunis has a tradition as a shopping and market town, but now that tradition is under threat. The competition facing every trader is now much greater than the old, friendly rivalry among the shops in Ballyhaunis. Our town must now compete for trade with the attractions of cities and bigger towns for trade.

There are many problems and difficulties which must be overcome if the Ballyhaunis Comeback Plan is to succeed, and the solution to many of these difficulties is within the control of the people of Ballyhaunis.

So here are a few examples of obstacles which can be easily overcome by the local community:

— Illegal and selfish parking habits. Customers who purchase goods in Ballyhaunis must be more deserving of parking place than those who collect money from Ballyhaunis, such as delivery van drivers. This could be

explained to those who cause the obstructions.

— The 1970 loss of the two main roads serving our town is now having a serious impact, we have lost passing trade. We might partly recover some of this business if we take advantage of through traffic to Knock and the Airport. Ballyhaunis can be promoted as a tourism centre.

— The Local Authorities and State Agencies have a very important role to play and they will be asked to give their full support to the effort to bring Ballyhaunis back to the No. 1 position in the Centre of Connacht.

— The Authorities are guaranteed the co-operation and support of the local community in the implementation of rules and legislation designed for the common good.

And there are many more ideas and the Chamber of Commerce want to bring all the ideas together.

One such idea was launched at an enthusiastic public meeting, under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday, October 23rd. John

Dillon-Leetch gave details of the Ballyhaunis Business Co-Operation Project — a positive campaign to make Ballyhaunis a major attraction for Christmas Shopping.

The Ballyhaunis Business Co-Operation Project, targeted at Christmas shopping received unanimous support from the capacity attendance at that meeting. That was the start of the Ballyhaunis comeback, now it's onwards with confidence into the 1990s. Ballyhaunis will do it again.

Annagh 1990

- Look Forward

We can learn from the past. If we have lost a little over recent years, can we now learn from that experience in order to better plan for the future.

The renewed spirit of optimism and co-operation which is again evident in our town brings hope and confidence for another period of growth and activity in Ballyhaunis.

We can build on the co-operation and community spirit which was always present but, at times, dormant in Ballyhaunis. This spirit will help us to compete with other towns, and individually to be as good as the best. 1978, 1984 and now 1990. An all-out effort every six years, that's no trouble to Ballyhaunis.

Recent Visitor

My mother, Martha Walsh-Cunningham, and her nine brothers and sisters, were born and raised in Ballyhaunis. Having heard so many stories about the place as I was growing up in the States, I decided to have a look for myself. My mum has been dead for over ten years and the last of her family left here over thirty years ago, so I didn't know what to expect. A travel brochure I had identified Mrs. Breda Burke's "Little Brook House" as a Class 'A' B.&B. in Ballyhaunis, and it was 100% correct. I had a lovely three-day stay.

Purely by co-incidence I wandered into Jack Halpin's Bar and asked if anyone might remember my mum or her family. To my great surprise, I was informed that my Aunt Deirdre was a bridesmaid at Jack's wedding and the best man, Kevin Flanagan, was sitting right next to me. Furthermore, the house that my mum was born in was only two doors away. Jack and all of the natives that remembered my relatives spoke kindly of them, particularly my grandfather,

Pat Walsh, whose grave I was able to find in the cemetery.

Jack gave me the "grand tour" of the town and accompanied me to Knock Shrine and Knock Airport. Mrs. Finn, who now owns the house my mum lived in, was nice enough to let me in to look around. Mrs. McHugh, who lives next door, spoke highly of my grandmother, Nellie Murray-Walsh, and my Aunt Anne. Jack's son and daughter-in-law, John and Breege, and their family, treated me, a total stranger, with kindness and hospitality you seldom, if ever, experience in the States.

I'll be leaving Ballyhaunis after my short visit, with fond memories, a greater understanding of my heritage, and my own stories to pass on to my family at home. I hope to return to Ballyhaunis some day with them. Having seen, first hand, the beauty of Ireland and experienced the warmth of her people, it's difficult to understand why my mother ever left, but for my sake I'm glad she did.

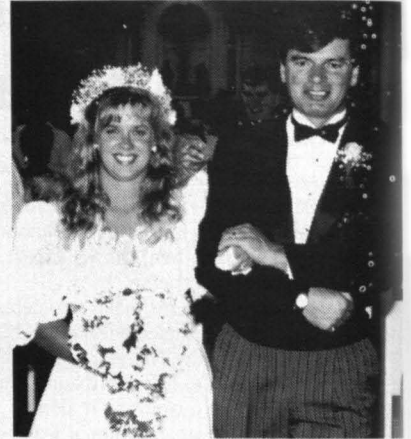
— HAROLD CUNNINGHAM.



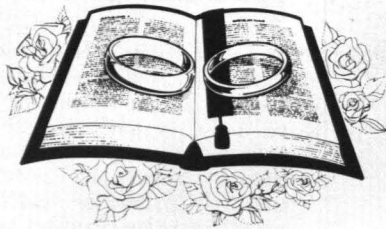
Tom Kelly, Castlebar, and Regina Biesty, Ballyhaunis.



Mr. John Gillespie, Tubbercurry, and Miss Mary Cribbin, Togher, Ballyhaunis.



Mr. Francis Joseph Mulligan, Devlis, now living in Tampa, Florida, and Judi Elizabeth Gregory, Massachusetts, USA. The wedding took place in Swansea, Massachusetts, on July, 28th, 1990.



Triple Wedding - Mrs. Winnie McDonagh, wife, Kathleen McDonagh; Thomas McDonagh, his wife, Rosie McDonagh; M McDonagh, Terry McDonagh, his wife, E...



Thomas Cunningham, Abbey Street, married Pauline Walshe, Virginia, Co. Cavan, on the 25th of July, 1990, in Virginia, Co. Cavan.



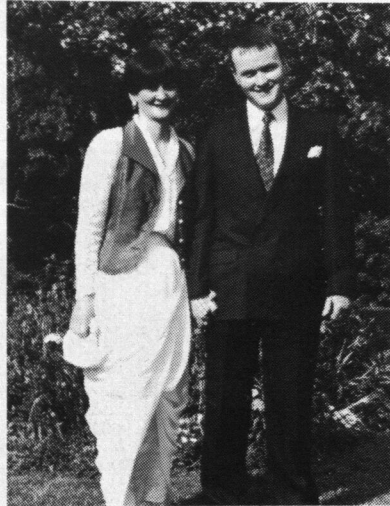
John Dillon-Leetch, Ballyhaunis, and Helen Boyle, Claremorris.



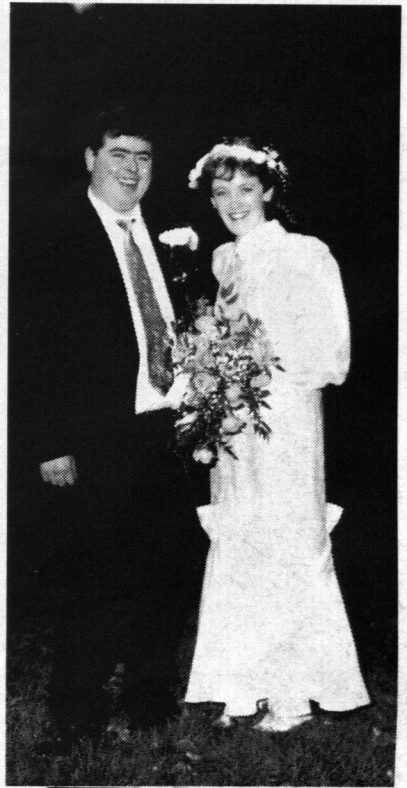
Marie Caulfield (Ballyhaunis), and Brian McNamara, USA.



Miss Mary Conway, Glencastle, Belmullet, and Mr. Ray Waldron, Knock Rd., Ballyhaunis, who were married recently in the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Norwich, Norfolk, England.



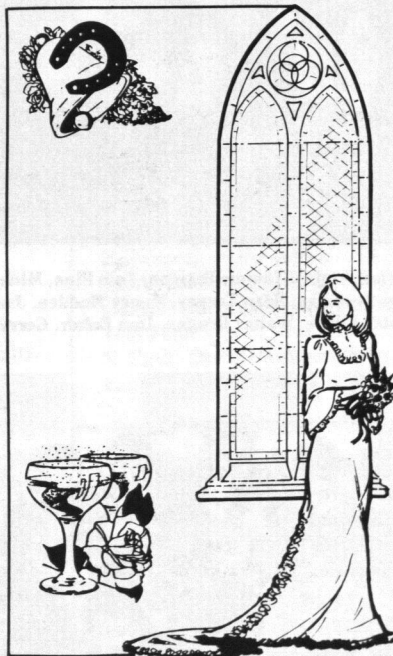
Miss Anne Caulfield, Ballyhaunis, and Mr. Tim Healy, Dublin.



Anita Waldron, Cave, and Eddie McDermott, Erriff.



Mrs. Mary McDonagh, John Maughan, his Donagh, Mrs. Bridget Maughan, Thomas Martin Maughan, Thomas McDonagh, Bernie Eileen McDonagh, and Rose McDonagh.



John Ronayne, Clagnagh, and Ita Brady, Cavan.



Dave and Marie Jordan, Lecarrow.



Aiden O'Connell, Dublin, and Mary B. O'Sullivan, Bridge Street.



Ballyhaunis National School Class of 1948 - Back row (left/right): Tommy Ratigan, Tom Finn, Micheal Ratigan, Patsy Flanagan, Gerry McGarry. Middle row (left/right): Jimmy Mulligan, Joe Freeman, Séan Tarpey, Henry Madden, James McManus, Donie Hynes. Front row (left/right): Kevin McMorrough, Harry Benson, Patsy Keane, Walter Grogan, Don Baker, Gerry Mulligan and Tom Barry.

— Courtesy Patsy Keane.



First years and staff, St. Patrick's College, 1970-'71 - Front row (left/right): Jarlath Fahey, Fr. Des Walsh, Michael Glynn, Canon P. Costelloe, John Cleary, Terry Coleman, Morgan Jennings, Very Rev. Fr. Francis McMyler, P.P. (Balla). Middle row (left/right): Tommy Prenty, Gerard McDonnell, Joe Byrne, Gerry Joyce, Paul Murphy, Sean Healy, Jimmy Duggan, John Griffin, Eamon Dwane, Hubert Boland, Tommy Moran, Tom McHugh and John Gilmore. Back row (left/right): Eamonn Glynn, Mike Lyons, Mike Hegarty, Michael Grogan, Declan Forde, Joseph Grogan, Philip Waldron, Rory O'Connor and Kevin Fitzmaurice.

Mickey Griffin

Among the many visitors to the town this Summer was Mickey Griffin. Mickey has been a regular visitor since he first left for London in 1944. But what made this visit different from all the rest was that Mickey is now in a wheelchair. Yet, this trip for Mickey was both his most difficult and most important.

It was his most difficult because Mickey, the once All-Ireland champion athlete, would now be seen as an invalid in a wheelchair!

He went to St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, in 1932. In 1934 he won the first of his All-Ireland medals when he won the 100 yards' Junior Championship and finished second in the 220 yards. In 1935 he won the All-Ireland Colleges' Senior Championship in the 100 yards and repeated the same feat in 1936. In those years St. Jarlath's had another All-Ireland champion in Jim Brett of Robeen, Hollymount, who won the Long Jump and Shot Putt. Jim afterwards was ordained a priest and served on the American Missions. On leaving Jarlath's, Mickey went to Dublin to study Accountancy. He joined St. James's Gate Athletic Club and had many successes with that Club. His most memorable success at that time was in winning the prestigious 100 yards in the R.U.C. Open Sports held in Queens University, Belfast, in 1937. He defended his title successfully the following year.

There is a story attached to one of those successes. The R.U.C. Sports was held in May of each year. Mickey was supposed to be studying for his Accountancy exams so he didn't tell anyone from home that he was going to compete. However, the following week Laurence Kilroy walked into Griffin's and congratulated his father on his fine win in Belfast. The Sports were featured the night before on Pathe News in Waldron's Hall — almost next door! That's wasn't the only surreptitious trip by Mickey. In 1938 he borrowed money from his sister, Maureen, who was also in Dublin, and travelled over to compete in a Sports in the White City, London.

While he was a student in Dublin (incidentally and hardly surprising he didn't finish his Accountancy studies), he spent his Summer holidays in Ballyhaunis. During these holidays he always did the "tour" of Sports meetings — Castlerea, Hollymount, Westport, Boyle and even Limerick. Like every competitor of his day he cycled to the Sports, ran and cycled home. Although when he cycled to Limerick he confessed that after the

- **By John Cleary.**



Mickey Griffin.

Sports he cycled back to Ennis, visited his cousin, Fr. Tom Dooley, who was then in St. Flannan's College. Fr. Tom fed him and put him up for the night. He remembers two Sports meetings in Ballyhaunis in the 'forties. The Town Sports held in June in the Fairgreen; planned and organised in a room in Tom Forde's by Fr. Hugh Curley, C.C.; N. Egan, Dermot Waldron, Mixie Eaton, Eugene Dolan. The second

Sports was the Abbey Pattern Sports held in late August in the field behind the Friary house, and remembers among those already mentioned in the organising of the Town Sports, Pat Lyons Skeaghard, Capt. Lynch and Tom Forde and Tim O'Malley.

He ran for the last time, while home on holidays in 1944, although he had retired at that stage. He was involved with the L.D.F. locally during the early years of the War and joined the Army in Dublin in 1943. He emigrated to London in 1944.

The day after his last visit to Ballyhaunis in the Summer of 1987, Mickey suffered a severe stroke. He spent months in hospital. Then, gradually, he began the process of recovery. It was painfully slow and, at times, depressing. At some stage in his recovery Mickey decided that he wanted to visit Ballyhaunis again. Everybody told him he would be able to — some day! But nobody took him seriously — doctor, family or friends. Mickey was serious and to cut a long story short he eventually persuaded his doctor to let him make the trip. He told me that when he was doing his physiotherapy, in his mind he was back training again the long, hard slog! This time it wasn't for an All-Ireland medal, it was for a trip home. That's why this visit was so important.

But Mickey still hasn't finished with goals. In Knock Airport before he went back he said to me: "Next time I come I'll walk unaided through your mother's front door" — You know, he probably will — that's my Uncle Mickey!

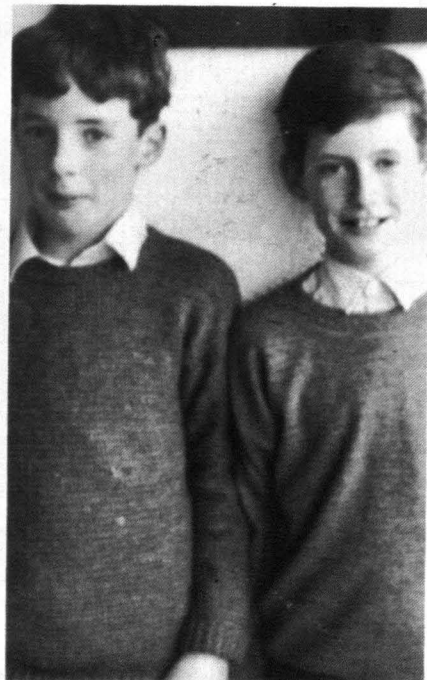
The Bird Brains

- **By Simon McCafferty & Eoin Butler.**

On January 16th, we (Simon McCafferty and Eoin Butler), were walking home from school. On the Doctor's Road Simon spotted a dead starling. Then we noticed that there was a ring on the bird's leg. We looked at each other. After a lot of trying Eoin got the ring off the bird's leg. We read it. It said: "**Estonia, Matsalu, H-16279.** A Russian Spy?"

We went home to wash our hands. Later that day we wrote to Michael Viney, "The Irish Times", and told him what we found. He wrote back to tell us to write to the I.W.C. The next day we were interviewed live on MWR by Henry McClade. There was also an Ornithologist on the 'phone, called Dr. Tony Whilde.

The ring didn't bring us fame or fortune as we thought it would. The day after we were on the radio we still had to go to school. But that's life! We had a bit of crack and excitement anyway.



Eoin Butler and Simon McCafferty.

Jenny Herbert Celebrates Her 100th Birthday

"I'm thirty-nine, the same as Jack Benny", said Jenny Herbert, jokingly to the Press, as she celebrated her 100th birthday on February 18th, at Brockton-Ridge Long-Term Care Centre on Quincy Avenue, Brockton, near Boston.

Jenny was surrounded by nephews, nieces and their families for the celebration and there was a birthday card from the **White House**, from George Bush and his wife, Barbara, and a citation from the State House of Representatives.

Having received a newspaper cutting about the celebration from a family friend, Joan Ross of Taunton, we determined to visit Jenny during our Summer U.S. trip. So, in late August, when Sally, Conal, Cian and I arrived unannounced at the bed-side of Jenny, now blind and unable to walk because of a broken hip, and when we introduced ourselves as being from Devlis, Ballyhaunis, Jenny said, incredulously, in as Irish an accent and idiom, as you'd hear any day on an Irish street: "Go on out of that! What are you saying?" Quickly we convinced her of our veracity and she displayed an alertness of mind which anyone would envy.

We were right away discussing Ballyhaunis and mutual acquaintances. She asked if I knew the Dawson sisters and I was able to tell her how, as kids,

- **By Pat Higgins.**

we bought penny's worth of Bull's Eyes, in the thatched-roofed kitchen / shop, which Miss Lilly Dawson or her sister, Mrs. Sharkey, would wrap in newspaper-cone packages. I explained that the sisters are no longer with us and that a member of a former neighbouring family of the Herberts, Seamus Coen, now owns a garage on the site of their home. She recalled the Griffin, Clarke and Murray families, and the kindness of the Sisters of Mercy. She told of how, as children, they loved to be sent from the school at the bottom of the hill to the Convent above, and how, inevitably, there would be "goodies" from the kitchen. She enquired if anyone still works Tony Griffin's carpentry workshop, and was disappointed when I told her that it no longer exists but that Freyne's driveway and garden now occupy the site. Jenny was born to Celia (Keane of Cloontariff), and William Herbert at the Herbert home in Lecarrow, on the site where Mrs. Mary Horan's home now stands, on February 18th, 1890. It was William's second marriage. Two of the children of the first marriage emigrated to Australia, one migrated to Longford, and Margaret stayed in Ballyhaunis and married postman, Tommy O'Malley. Jenny visited Maggie

and Tom in their Devils cottage home thirty-four years ago — her last visit to Ballyhaunis. Several of my neighbours clearly recall that visit. Mrs. Emily (Clarke) Dempsey and Mrs. Kathleen (Mannion) Greally recall, in particular, her lively humour. Says Mrs. Greally, "she would call for a chat on her way to visit 'cousin Margaret', and she was always joking". 'Cousin Margaret' was Margaret Jordan, who lived in the roadside house, which is now a ruin, opposite Greally's. Margaret had returned from the States to look after her mother, with her brother, Frank. Indeed, it was with interest that Jenny heard from me that our house is built in Jordan's field.

In the second Herbert family there were sisters, Jenny, Bridie (O'Connor); Julia (Di-Giammo), and Celia (Fogarty), and brothers, Walter and John.; John had asthma and lived with Maggie and Tom O'Malley. The four sisters and Walter emigrated to Brockton, Mass. Celia Fogarty, 96, now resides in a nursing home in Braintree, South of Boston. Mr. Paddy Kearns, Upper Main Street recalls working with Walter on the supply cart from the Station to Flannagan's Abbey Street (now Delaney's), prior to his emigrating. Paddy has many happy memories of his teenage years in Flanagan's with fellow workers, Rosie O'Malley of Killamena, and 'Watt' Herbert. He remembers Watt as a happy, humorous man and paints a picture of him and his friend, the late John Buckley, enjoying a mulled pint of stout at Flanagan's fire and the devilment and banter between "Watteen" and Mrs. Flanagan as she departed to deliver a baby. The affectionate 'Watteen' is an indication of the pleasant, humorous person that Walter was.

Jenny emigrated in 1916, and like so many Irish ladies of that time faithfully served in domestic positions for several well known New England families. First, there was the Hamilton family of the Hamilton-Wade Manufacturing Co. at their mansion, which is now Brockton Masonic Temple and then Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hornblower — a position which Jennie says she enjoyed very much. Mary O'Connor-Waldron, Jennie's niece, recalls that Jennie always had her own quarters at the Hornblower home, where she entertained family and friends. Mary recalls visits to 'Aunt Jennie' at the Hornblower Summer estate home in Plymouth, beside the famous Plymouth Rock — the landing spot of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Hornblower estate is now the site of the famous Plymouth Plantation (Folk Park). Mary also recalls that Jennie used to do a lot of knitting for the U.S. boys in the Service



Pat Higgins visiting Jenny Herbert.

Continued on page 45.

The Annagh Bonfire

(Revived after twenty-five years).

We met in our gang hut on April 14th, 1990. William said: "Why don't we set up a Bonfire"? We said: "Okay, we've settled this, we are going to have a bonfire. We'll start tomorrow. But we have to think of the place we are going to get wood from". We thought for a while and then we said: "Curran's Wood, yea, we'll start tomorrow and bring the wheelbarrow". Everyone agreed. Over the following weeks we collected an awful lot of wood and kept it in a secret shed.

We got John Meehan to help us to get wood. We went in his tractor getting wood. We went around on our bikes to each house in the village to ask them if they could come to our bonfire at 9 o'clock. Everyone agreed to come to the bonfire and some said they

would bring things to eat and things to drink.

On the Wednesday before bonfire night we all set off cycling down to town.

First, we collected money and then we set off. When we were finished in town we went back home.

Then we took out the barbeque from the garage and brought it up to the hill. We had sausages, sweets, Rice Crispies, buns and other goodies.

All the ladies in the village brought something.

We collected and collected. As the night approached we got really excited.

Nearly everyone from Annagh Village was there. The oldest was eighty-two and the youngest was two. At nine o'clock on the dot, Sylvester McBride lit the bonfire. Then John

Dillon-Leetch brought up his car. It had a radio and we all danced to the music.

Jimmy Duffy danced for us as well. Everybody ate and drank as much as they could. Micheál Murphy and his

friend brought their guitars and played songs for us. Then they played some pop music. All the kids danced to it. Then we did party pieces. We sang songs and said poems and played the tin-whistle. We also made up a play called: "The Late Late Show". It was very funny and everybody laughed. By then the fire was getting low and we threw the last few logs and sticks in. They lasted about another hour. In that hour we had a game of "Catch" around the field and sang songs. At half-one it started to drizzle. It got heavier and heavier. Everybody started to go home and the little ones were tired.

Everybody had gone home except us. We brought back all the left-overs and tidied up the field. It was a great night and I think we will never forget it. We are also going to have one next year and it is going to be much bigger.

Contributors: William Dillon-Leetch (age ten years); Laura Healy (age nine years); Geoffrey Dillon-Leetch (age nine years); Alan Healy (age seven years).

P.S.: To all the people in Annagh — Please keep your Christmas trees, we will collect them and keep them for next year's bonfire.

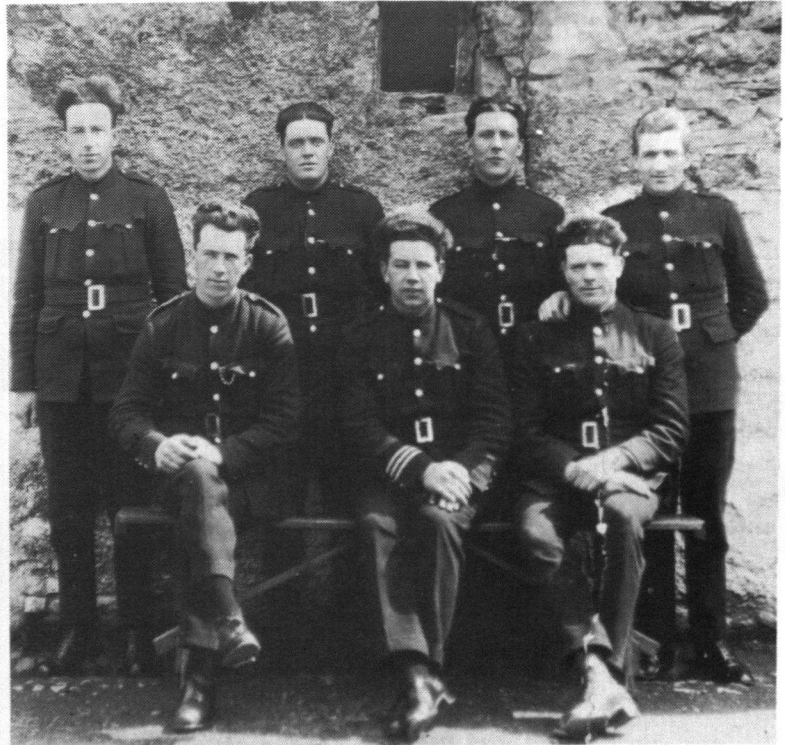
Jenny Herbert Celebrates Her 100th Birthday

- Continued from page 44.

during the War. After the death of the Hornblowers Jennie worked for Alvan T. Fuller, former Governor of Mass. In 1958 she moved back to Brockton. At first she had her own apartment; then went to live with her niece, Mary, and her husband, Robert. She entered the Care Centre eleven years ago and lost her sight only recently.

Family members present at the 100th celebrations were: Mary and Robert Waldron and their children, John, Leo, Maureen, Mark and Kathleen, and daughter, Kerry; Patricia (O'Connor) McGillis; the Fogarty family — Alfred, Kevin and Mary (Brienzo); Jane Weathers and daughter, Kerry; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Taylor, and son, J. J., and daughter, Mary Catherine; Nancy O'Connor, Oriola, and daughter, Shannon; Rosemary O'Connor and Margaret Waldron.

Lisa O'Connor, Charge Nurse of the Care Centre, describes Jennie as a "truly remarkable woman", and niece, Eileen Herbert, says: "We get energised when we go to see her", and that's just what Mary Waldron tries to do every day. Jennie attributes her longevity to "good spirits" and long-time friend and frequent visitor, Mary Byrne (formerly of Gurrane), with whom I had the pleasure of speaking on the 'phone, concurs. It was, indeed, a pleasure to meet with such a person who, although blind, could overlook her disability and say: "everybody looked so good".



Early Gardai in Ballyhaunis, 1923-'26. John Pigott, James Murphy, Maurice Foley and Michael O'Leary were the first Gardai at Station - Back row, left to right: John Pigott, James Murphy, Edward Ryan, Maurice Foley. Front row: -----, Michael O'Leary, Hugh Mulligan. The following is a list of Gardai who served in Ballyhaunis in the '20s - Maurice Foley (8/3/'23), John Pigott (8/3/'23), James Murphy (8/3/'23), Michael Duggan (8/3/'23), Peter Brennan (17/1/'25), Edward Dominick Ryan (4/6/'25), John Glynn (5/2/'26); Bartley Donohoe (6/5/'26), Michael Mahony (6/8/'26), Hugh Patrick Mulligan (17/11/'26), William Joseph Farrell (25/7/'27).

Photo courtesy, Mrs. McGillicuddy. Names supplied by Eddie Biesty.



Convent N.S. - 1964 - Back row (left to right): Dolores Freyne, Ann Cribben, Bernie Webb, Anne O'Dwyer, Teresa Joyce, Monica Connolly, Flavia Hannon, Jenny Fitzgerald, Mary Moran and Sister Mary of the Sacred Heart. Seated: Eileen Dempsey, Heather Conway, Anne Marie Donoghue, Bridget Regan, Mary Freeley, Patricia Kenny, Noreen Folliard, Catherine Hopkins, Bernadette Knight.

Courtesy Jenny Fitzgerald.



Ballyhaunis N.S., 1912 - Back row: J. Lyons, J. A. Gilmore, M. Donlon, P. Healy, J. Freeley, P. Grogan, ----- J. Smith, L. Moran, M. Fitzgerald. Middle row: E. Murphy, P. Rattigan, J. Byrne, M. O'Dwyer, P. O'Malley, M. Morley (Brod), ----- J. Freyne, T. Murphy, T. Mulligan. Front row: J. Murphy, G. Dillon, M. Flynn, B. Hartigan, P. Hartigan, M. Hunt, J. O'Malley, P. McGreal, J. McGreal, D. Mulligan.

Courtesy Maria Cribbin.



Pig Fair Day in Ballyhaunis - Brian Ruane, Lurgan.

Courtesy Josie Morley.

The School Master

(Extract from "The Gosepl of St. Thomas of Stanville Ave. - Ramblings of an Old Time",

by Tom Keane, formerly of Coolnafarna).

The Master's still with us; 'tho. the old school has gone:

*In its place, a fine house now stands;
His knowledge is spread all over the world,
With the pupils who passed thru. his hands.*

*It makes us sad that the old school has gone,
Which was, for ages, so gay and alive;
It was there we were taught, in our far-off youth,
That two-and-two never make five.*

*Protestant and Catholic went to that school,
A friendly and closely-knit bunch;*

*We used to envy our Protestant friends,
Their half-an-hour extra for lunch.*

*A necklace of neighbours lived all around,
Their like you'd not find anywhere;
No one had much, but what little they had,
They were always willing to share.*

*I must take care of my spelling, alas,
That's why I can't go any faster;
For believe it or not, 'tho., I'm
seventy-three,*

*'Twill be checked by the self-same School
Master.*

Editor's Note: The above was received for publication before the regretted passing of "The Master", Mr. Bill Mulligan, in September, at the great age of nine-three).



Fair Day - Mickey Lyons (R.I.P.), Lurganboy.

Courtesy Josie Morley.

Market Day

(Extract from "The Gospel of St. Thomas of Stanville Ave."

by Tom Keane, formerly of Coolnafarna).

*As we drew near to Boyle's old forge,
We could hear the Smith's anvil ringing;
The smith hummed a tune, as he hammered
away,
But was better at the "gab" than the
singing.*

*That dusty old forge was a friendly place,
And always good for the crack;
No matter how often we chanced to call in,
We were always inclined to call back.*

*The town was another friendly place,
I oft' heard the old people say;
That most of the travellers, who wondered
there-in,
Nearly always decided to stay.*

*One Knight-of-the-Road by the name of Mike
Joyce,
Rambled in for a January Fair;
For the next twenty years, every funeral there
was,
The bould Michael was sure to be there.*

*Tuesday was Market Day, for the country-
around,
And the bonhams kept squealing away;
In The Square, Cooper Byrne's would be
selling their wares,
Can Any' make a churn today?*

*A well-known tumbler was sure to be there,
A real showman, born and bred;
He could throw a big turnip up in the air,
And smash it in bits, with his head.*

*Then he'd stroll o'er to a donkey-cart,
And quietly pull out the lynch-pin;
A pull, a lift, and up went the wheel:
Then he'd balance it there, on his chin.*

*Many tall-tales were told in those days,
In the street, or around the turf fire;
There was rivalry between two men in the
town,
As to which was the biggest liar.*

Education Through A Hall Door

- **Mick O'Connell.**

The Vocational School at the Knock Road, Ballyhaunis (now the Manor House Hotel), opened its doors to students in 1941, but only those of us who are getting long in the tooth recall that Vocational Education, in a more or less restricted form, was provided in Ballyhaunis for several years prior to the opening of the new school, with all its modern facilities at that time. As far as I know, prior to the introduction of Vocational Education, there was complete segregation of the sexes in the matter of second level education. The Diocesan College, St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, catered for the boys, while the various convents provided educational facilities for the girls. These were, in the main, boarding schools, and the fees, though very low, by present-day standards, were beyond the reach of most at that time. Colleges and convents situated outside the Archdiocese had also their own complement of students from the area but they were in the minority.

Archdeacon - A Pioneer

The Vocational Education or Technical Educational system had the effect of making a form of second level education available to all, and one of the pioneers of the system was Venerable Archdeacon G. J. Prendergast, late Parish Priest of Ballyhaunis, who chaired the Vocational Education Committee in Mayo for many years, and during whose term of office many Vocational Schools were built throughout the county. The Archdeacon was, if anything, a forthright, forceful character, who endeavoured to unravel "red tape" if not dispense with it altogether, so as to get matters moving swiftly. He was an ardent believer in the Vocational Education curriculum and worked long and arduously to encourage its availability with top-class facilities in well designed, spacious schools. The Vocational School at the Knock Road was a prime example of what Archdeacon Prendergast strove to attain, and though the War clouds were hovering at the time building commenced, it was completed, nevertheless, despite the outbreak of hostilities.

The reason, however, that I am penning these lines is to look back with some nostalgia to the 'thirties, when I had my first taste of second level education which was not, as one would expect, in a modern building but in a structure



Sunday, 23rd July, 1944 - Mick O'Connell.

with a galvanise roof, situated at the rear of Forde's Ltd., The Square, Ballyhaunis. Compared to present-day standards it was little better than a glorified shed, but that did not concern us, who looked on it as a seat of learning.

It contained one storey with one room on the first storey which had a temporary partition so as to provide two classrooms. On the ground floor was the kitchen, where the girls learned all the culinary arts. The other subjects included Commerce, Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typing, Irish, English, Maths., Music and Religious Instruction. All the subjects with the exception of cooking were open to the boys. The Religious Instruction related to the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, and the classes were conducted, in turn, about twice a week by the late Rev. Hugh Curley, C.C., Later Monsignor Curley, P.P., Claremorris, and the late Rev. Fr. Tom Burke, C.C. There were no toilets in the

building, the students availing of the excellent toilet facilities provided for those frequenting the bar in Forde's premises.

Bicycles

Bicycles were the only mode of transport for the students, the norm being five or six miles a day, but in some cases, extending to ten or twelve miles. Much time was spent mending punctures because of the poor condition of the tyres which, probably because of the economic conditions, would not be replaced in many cases until practically threadbare.

Play space was restricted, but the high wall which separated Forde's Ltd. from Coyne's Stores, provided a "make-do" ball alley, and the girls, as well as the boys, joined in games of handball. On occasions the proprietor of Forde's Ltd. Mr. Tom Forde (R.I.P.), a former Mayo and Connacht footballer, took part with the lads in a game of handball. A feature of Mr. Forde's play was his nimble footwork, and we watched in amazement as he retrieved the ball from almost impossible positions and propelled it alleywards with well-timed deft kicks.

Every Wednesday, weather permitting, the after-lunch period was devoted to outdoor sports when all repaired to Laurence Reilly's field in Tooraree, where the girls played camogie and the boys played Gaelic football, under the watchful eye of the Principal, Padhraic O Gabhlain (R.I.P.).

When the school at the rear of Forde's got under way it was attended by girls only. Later, one boy attended — my brother, Seamus — and for some time he was the only boy amongst a large number of girls. Later, a number of boys, including myself, attended, and thus started one of the happiest and most satisfying periods of my, such as it was, scholastic life. It was not the fact that the other lads and I were in the company of so many girls, pleasant though that was, rather was it the relaxed atmosphere completely devoid of stress, which was, to say the least of it, conducive to good learning.

Gaelic Scholar

A few words about the teachers would not go amiss. Padhraic O Gabhlain from Tooreen was the Headmaster who, as well as being one of the country's

- *Continued on page 49.*



1989/'90 Under-13 Soccer, from left: Jimmy O'Boyle, captain for Mayo Cup; John Burke, captain for Connacht Cup; Cormac O'Connor, captain for League.

Education Through A Hall Door

- Continued from page 48.

leading Gaelic scholars, and a recognised authority on the Irish language, possessed many other attributes which made him a postmaster in the art of imparting his vast store of knowledge to the willing and eager pupils. He had a passion for Irish culture, and promoted Irish music and Irish dances, as well as the language, even to the extent of bringing his own violin to school so as to better facilitate the teaching of Irish airs and ballads, and the intricate steps of the dances. I have had occasion in the past to refer to the excellent teaching capabilities of Miss Kathleen Cunningham (R.I.P.), who had charge of the Commercial class. It only remains for me to further endorse that view, and to add that she got excellent results by her method of gentle persuasion; timely words of praise and little or no admonishments. Miss Mescal and a Miss Loughrey taught Domestic Economy, and the kitchen could be likened to an operating theatre because of its clinically-clean condition.

Great Strides Forward

Great strides forward in education have been made since those far-off days when we went to school through Forde's hall door. I think that few, if any, can deny the great impact that Vocational Education has made in the moulding of minds and the shaping of careers over the years.

Neither can one forget the massive contribution of those like Archdeacon Prendergast, who spearheaded and promoted the "Secondary Education For All" concept.

Ballyhaunis A.F.C.

Ballyhaunis Youths' Soccer Club continued their great run in the 1989/'90 season with their Under-13 team when they won the Mayo Division One Championship, the Mayo League Cup and the Connacht Cup, and were only beaten once in the season by St. Kevin's Boys' Club of Dublin, in the last sixteen of the All-Ireland Cup. The Under-13 panel for that season was David Beirne, John Burke, Shane Burke, Michael Curley, Owen Finn, Brian Flanagan, Brian Delaney, Stephen Glynn, Pierce Higgins, Paul Hunt, Patrick Keane, Tom Lyons, Jimmy O'Boyle, Cormac O'Connor, Mark Patterson, Daniel Tarpey, Derek Walsh, Michael Swords, Ian Webb and Simon Webb.

The 1990/'91 season saw a huge growth in interest in Soccer at all ages

and the Ballyhaunis Club entered teams in Under-13, Under-14, Under-15 (two teams), and Under-18 level. In all, there are one-hundred playing members with the Club.

The Under-18 team has not enjoyed much success yet, but most of these players are eligible again next year, and with the experience gained, should be able to compete at the highest level.

The Under-15 team are joint second in the League at present and have registered good wins over Galway teams in the Connacht and All-Ireland Cups so far. The Under-14 team beat Mervue United of Galway in the Schoolboys' F.A.I. Cup by six goals to nil.

The Under-13 team are 4 pts. clear in the Division One League and also have registered good wins in the Connacht and All-Ireland Cups and must have a good chance of retaining some of the trophies won in the '89/'90 season. Simon Webb has scored a total of thirty-eight goals in thirteen competitive games for the Club this season, which must surely be a record (keep it up, Simon).

We would like to thank all those who have helped the Club to date and we look forward to the continued support of the community as the Club progresses. Special thanks must be extended to the Ballyhaunis Community School and Cloonfad Soccer Club for the use of their pitches. It is hoped to secure a site adjacent to the town in the near future for pitch development.

Club personnel are: Chairman, Chris Pratt; Vice-Chairman, Michael Curley; Treasurer, Michael Daly; Secretary, Pat O'Connor. Team Managers: Under-18, Eugene Collum; Under-15, Pat O'Connor; Under-15 'B', David O'Connor; Under-14 and Under-13, Michael Webb.

— PAT O'CONNOR,
Secretary.



Brenda Moran, Ann Hynes, Finola Dillon-Leetch, Margaret Moran, Denise Sweeney, Bernadette Gallagher.
Courtesy Nora Sweeney.

A Walk Down Memory Lane

(On Lecarrow Circular Road)

I walk my greyhounds every night on what has become known as the "Circular Road" and has become very famous in the last few years as a jogging and walking centre. A few years ago I was about the only one walking this scenic route but what with the new fitness mania and Paul Claffey's "Keep Fit" programme on Mid-West Radio, it has become quite a busy thoroughfare. The "Circular Road" starts at the Coen Monument at the beginning of the Lower Lecarrow Road (or Plunkett's Mill), and continues around until it comes out on to the main Galway Road again near Michael Regan's house. It is roughly two-and-a-half miles from the Monument until one gets back to the Monument again.

As I said I have been using it for years but my secret is out now and myself and my hounds have to share the limelight with teachers, bank clerks, office clerks, priests, nuns, etc. As I stroll round each evening or night my mind reflects on many things — the price of cattle; the cost of drink; how the kids are functioning at school; how Mayo are faring in the football or how the wife put up with me all these years through thick and thin.

One particular moonlight night recently, however, I seemed to stop at each house on the route and think back to the olden days and how things used to be and, unfortunately, in most cases, are no more. I usually take about an hour or so to do the walk, but this particular night I must have been well over two hours on the road.

The first house I reflected on was my next-door neighbours and best friend's house, J. P. Murphy, I thought on how lucky I was (and still am), to have a neighbour of his quality, who would literally turn on his head to help out. He can always be depended on, night or day, in any emergency. His cooler was still purring away in his milking parlour and I thought on how years ago, as a young boy, I used to hang up the chains in the cow house for his father and get a three-penny bit each weekend for my trouble. His father, John, is now confined to a wheelchair. He supplied milk to Ballyhaunis and surrounding areas for years.

Next I came to Jordan's and I thought on all the happiness and sorrow that had been in this house also. Davy was renovating his house as I passed and building an extension, and I hoped that the weather would stay fine for him and

that himself and his wife and family would have much happiness in the future, unfortunately, old Dave had recently passed away.

Joe Cribbin's dog was out to greet us in his own special way until Joe came out and told him where to go in no uncertain manner. We discussed the football game of the weekend before and I told him Johnny was worth his place on the Mayo team, and should have been selected long before now. Joe can talk about any sport and, indeed, watches all sorts of sports on television. I enquired about Fr. Jim, who used to work with me at Irish Ales at one stage, and I was glad to hear he was getting on fine.

Next I came to the old house once owned by "Booser" McDonnell. He died some years ago but I still can imagine him coming out and greeting me. He did not get his nick-name because he partook of alcoholic beverages, but it clung to him down the years. He was a despatch rider with the Old I.R.A. in trouble times and, indeed, an old faded Republican flag still flutters from the chimney of the old house. The next house on my travels is also closed up, I stood and thought long and hard about Jack Cribbin and his sister, who used to live here.

I headed off again through what is known as the "mountain". Everyone in

the village has a bit of land here and there are no houses here for about half-a-mile. I came to my own particular bit of land and stood and thought of the hard struggle I had reclaiming it and picking the stones. It took me nearly two years to complete the job and I laughed at the thought of me lifting giant boulders that my grandfather had buried years ago.

I proceeded on my walk until I came to the first house in Currie's Village. Jim Moylette lives here now. He was due to host the Stations any day now and was busy getting ready. I thought of all the fine men reared in that house, many now dead, including Austin and Tom, both fine boxers and all-round sportsmen in their day. I thought of all the Sundays I spent, as a boy, out hurling with Jim, Pat and Tom (R.I.P.), and coming home in the evening and playing football until night-fall.

The hounds were getting restless now and could not understand my delaying, and they strained at the leashes as if to say "hurry up, Murt". However, I pulled up again at Pat Higgins' house and thought of all the times we had in the olden days going to the bog together, and sharing the work. His own family are growing up now and able to help with chores. I looked in across the

- Continued on page 51.



Lecarrow Rovers with Manager, Murt Hunt, winners of the Street Soccer Town League, 1990. Runners-up, Station Rise. Front row (left/right): Michael Lyons, Sean Hunt, Des Lyons, Tom Wallace, James McGuire. Back row (left/right): Michael Regan, Alan Regan, Adrian Cregg, Gerard McGuire and Don Regan.

Courtesy Mary Lyons.

A Walk Down Memory Lane

- Continued from page 50.

fields to McGrath's house and Ruane's, and the ruins of the Plunkett's houses and thought of all the happy times I spent in and out the booreen leading to the bog in Scrigg. There were plenty of our own age group there then but times have changed. So Monica and Michael, I hope you soon move down to your lovely new house and keep the population up in Currie's. Kieran might give us all a day out soon as well!

I continued on the main road and passed two houses both unoccupied now. Hilda Gildea passed away last year and there is no one in her house, and the Lyons' have moved to a new house. I could not help thinking of Malachy Tarpey, who once owned Gildea's house — he was an outstanding character altogether and one could write a book on him alone. His land and Lyons' next-door were our football pitches of the time, and anything up to fifty youngsters would gather there on Sundays to show off their football skills. The Lyons' lads, John, Tom and Michael Joe, were my football buddies of the time and many is the hour I spent in their house. Their father had died recently. R.I.P.

As I passed Rattigan's I thought of the night-out we had recently for Tom and Eileen on their 25th Wedding Anniversary, and it certainly did not seem like twenty-five years since they were married. Mike Rattigan is still hale and hearty, although he is very advanced in years. He was a great character and used to be out watching us playing football years ago and giving us hints.

I passed John Kelly's house but I had to smile when I thought of Tony Cribbin, who used to live there. Everyone in the town and surrounding areas knew Tony for his hearty laugh and great stories, and his love for children. He always made time no matter where he was to chat with the youngsters and they seemed to flock around him everywhere.

The traffic was busy on the main road so I had to get a move-on with the dogs, so I moved along to Austin Murphy's house. He lives alone now — his wife having passed on last year (R.I.P.), but his son, John A., comes to see him regularly.

I could see in the bye-road to Maguire's house and the light was just going on. They would be settling down now watching the t.v. for the night. They are the only family in that road now.

Mary and Denise Moran were out after cattle, well, I could hear them shouting down the land and I presumed it was cattle they were after. The Lyons' boys were out playing football and I thought to myself — where would they leave it? Football was bred into that family. Tom Lyons and family live in what used to be Finn's or Hunter's shop one time, and I had to halt again and think of the times I bought bull's eyes and marshmallow mice there. It was a great meeting house and manys the good match that was made there. Mrs. Hunter and her daughter, Ann, and family, are still hale and hearty in London. Michael Joe lives with his family in a new house across the road and Michael Joe was out getting one of his buses ready for school the next morning.

At last, I was at the end of the road again and as I turned in home at the monument I thought of all the fun and craic we had here at the cross-roads in years gone by. It was here the day's events were discussed night-after-night, and if it was raining or cold we called into Tom or Michael Coen's cosy cottage. It was here many a young lad found out about the facts of life and was told many a one that did not exist! The other Michael Coen was a regular here at night, and I thought to myself that he was the only one living in that particular bye-road now.

As I passed the old well I thought of all the people that drew their drinking water from it down through the years. We have the town supply now in the village and there is water on tap in every house, but it was hard to beat the well water, and a few old people still draw from it.

Pat Hunt passed away last year also, and there is no one living in his house. He was a lovely man and I used to do messages for him all the time. I miss him popping out to chat or ask me to bring him the paper or a few fags. He loved to see me coming with the hounds as he had a great love of horses and greyhounds.

I came to John Hunt's house and I thought of how I remembered when he got married, and his family are nearly all grown up now, I had to admit to myself that I was getting old. On I sauntered by Kelly's house, now vacant also, since Julia died. R.I.P. I thought especially of Joe Kelly (now in Canada), who was a good mate of mine when we were growing up. Yes, I had spent a lot of my time, as a youth, in the Kelly household.

At last, I was back at my own abode and the kids were out wondering what took me so long tonight to get the dogs walked. All I could tell them was that I was walking down memory lane on the Lecarrow Circular Road. They looked at one another as much as to say: "Dad's been drinking again".

— MURT HUNT,
Lecarrow, Ballyhaunis.



Lena Shields, Linda Dyer, Catherine Dyer, Joe Dyer, Jim Kenny, Mary Hunt (about 1970).
Courtesy Jerry Cribbin.

Farming 1914-1918

Those farmers who can recall the depression of the 'thirties and later decades would, if shown farm account books for the 1914 - 1918 period, hardly believe their eyes, or turn green with envy.

While Europeans were tearing Europe apart and killing one another by the millions, those who worked the soil of Ireland, in addition to the blessings of peace, enjoyed a period of relative prosperity.

There was a hungry market for all farm produce at increased prices. Hay and oats were commodities that were in demand for War purposes — "fuel" for cavalry requirements; horses drew artillery and supply wagons on the battlefield. It goes without saying that horses were in demand.

There is a story an old-timer once told me about a man from the Tulaughane area, who had an old horse that had out-lived its generation. As its race was all but run the horse was brought to Claremorris to be sold. There was a recruiting meeting taking place there of the Fair Day as well. Speeches from a platform and some music from a military band was the routine at those meetings. The journey to Claremorris had not improved the appearance or gait of the old nag, but when the band struck up a martial air it raised its head, cocked its ears and started prancing around like a two-year-old.

There were enquiries as to how much he wanted for "the lively thing". The more enquiries the more independent the seller became until a neighbour of his who obviously had an ear for music

- By Jimmy Cribbin.

as well as the horse advised "sell quick they've come to the end of the tune". With the help of an account book, we will try and catch a glimpse of that brief period while "the music" lasted for Irish farmers. The record books is for the year 1916. It shows income for the year to be £173.13.10. Outlay: £155.3.10; Surplus: £18.10.0. There is one word written down after those calculations — recovery — Products listed as having been sold include: "Two fat pigs: £33.0.0".

Tow store bullocks	£34. 0.0.
12 cwt. potatoes	£ 2.10.0.
Five store lambs	£13.16.6.
10 cwt. turnips	14.0.
Oats per cwt.	£ 1. 7.0.
Hay per cwt.	7.6.
Egs per 120	£ 1.10.0.

There were sales of wool and butter and some items that for the modern reader may require some explaining, for example, "Isac bag of hair, 7/6". This was horse hair, cut from the horse's tail at regular intervals and purchased for brushmaking. As to who "Isac" was I have no idea. Another revealing item of income: "Interest of capital, £1". The section headed payments indicates a very high degree of self-suffering. There were just two instances of meat having being purchased. In the luxury class there were purchases of whiskey, tobacco, bees-wax at 2/7 for use in a bee-hive, and 7/6 to Wm. Power of

Waterford for strawberry plants. Land amunities to the Irish Land Commission: £7.16.0; Rates: £4.0.0 and an item for December 12th: "Taxes: £1.18.06". There is an item of historical interest which may need explaining to the younger generation. Half-way through the War an attempt was made to have conscription extended to Ireland. A campaign was mounted to resist this move. No doubt as to where the man who kept the accounts stood on the matter. An entry reads: "No conscription £1". (This entry is in the 1917 accounts). The ladies of the time seem to have been mainly occupied in keeping the home fires burning. Just one payment made to a lady.

"Mrs. Plunkett Miller: 10/-". Plunkett's Mill was located in Lecarrow near the bridge. Little trace remains. From other sources we get information that a lot of money was made not only by farmers, but by other sectors as well. With memories of hard times and evictions still fresh in their minds they were very thrifty with this extra money. In 1914 deposits in Irish Banks amounted to £66,168,000. By 1919 it had risen to £136,134,000. Is there a moral there somewhere? On reflection, there was no D.I.R.T. Tax in 1919. On further reflection there were no E.C. subsidies either.

My thanks to Mr. Seamus Walsh, Johnstown, for making the account book available. It was kept by his grandfather, who was also my grandfather. I bear his name.

National Fun Day

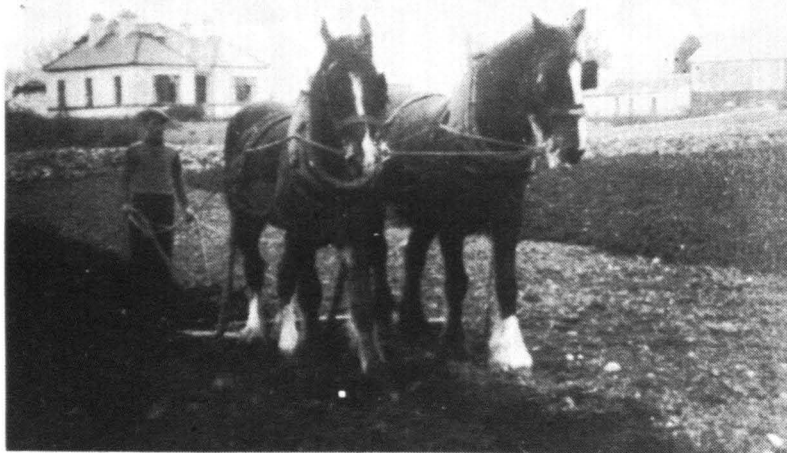
(Sunday, April, 4th, '90).

The parents of children who, at some stage, have been treated in Our Lady's Hospital for Sick Children, Crumlin, organised locally this year's **National Fun Day**.

Events such as a Treasure Hunt, a Fun Run, a No Uniform Day and a Penalty Shoot-Out were organised by parents and teachers, from both national schools and children who participated were sponsored.

Other fund-raising events were organised by the Bridge and Golf Clubs. Eugene Collum also raised sponsorship by cycling twenty miles. A total of £1,072 was raised and forwarded to the Children's Research Centre.

Kay Curley, on behalf of the organising parents and St. Mary's Hospital, wishes to extend thanks to the many sponsors, the children, their parents and teachers and, indeed, all who helped make Sunday, April 4th, a truly Fun Day.



Tony Morley, Clagnagh.

Seamus Durkan Remembers

Moylett's Hall . . . Fr. Peggard, O.S.A. . . . Variety Shows and Plays — October Annual Dudley Nurses' dinner-dance — the social event of the season; Stephen Garvey's Orchestra. Admission: 5/- (25p). Monday Night: Scrap Dance — What was still left after the supper, adm.: 1/- (5p).

Fr. Crowe, O.S.A.: 1928/'31 . . . Lining up the men coming out from Mass and forming Meicheals to clean up the Abbey graveyard. First Carnival — 1932, August, three days; the first string of coloured, electric lights to be seen in Ballyhaunis, from the Friary gates almost to the Railway Bridge. Three nights of fireworks.

Fair Days . . . Shops open 5 - 6 a.m. mostly employed taking in heavy coats and lanterns. Train-load of cattle dispatched, mostly to the Midlands. Pigs, second Tuesday of each month, first dispatched by rail, later loaded onto lorries in Abbey Street, later Town Improvements Committee erected a loading bank in The Fairgreen.

Relaying Railway Tracks . . . a big operation in 1928. Work was carried out during the night, powerful lights for the period, work started after the last down train about 11 p.m.; crowds from the town went out onto the

railway banks to watch the progress. The work gang had railway coaches parked on the siding at the signal cabin, they lived and dined in these.

War rations . . . ½oz. tea, ½ lb. sugar, ½ st. flour, coupons for clothes, footwear, soap, petrol, paraffin oil and there wasn't much else. Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a train went to Dublin; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, it came back down.

Roscommon were in the All-Ireland final, Ballinlough lads made a deal with the Railway Co., to supply timber for a special train.

Ganseys . . . boys wore ganseys, a woollen jersey with collar, three buttons at the neck, it covered the bits and pieces and patches of inner clothing and the sleeve was an emergency handkerchief.

Wild Pigeons . . . There were no wild pigeons in the Ballyhaunis area in the late 'twenties or early 'thirties, Jimmy Byrne, Devlis, had a dozen or so tame pigeons, then a pair of wild birds nested in a high ivy-covered tree at the lower corner of the Friary graveyard. It was a very high tree and I remember making a short ladder four or five feet long to take us up to the first branch to start the climb to the very top to see a nest made of sticks with two large eggs in it.

After the young were reared the family left the district, returning each Summer for several years before finally settling into the area.

Bikes . . . Now they take cars for joy riding . . . while people were at 11.30 Mass, which that time would be more than an hour long . . . we took bikes for a few miles of a spin, making sure to have them back in the right yard before the crowds came out from Mass.

See-go-guicney? That shook you. Two wooden hand trucks inter-locked, you steered with the front one as you free-wheeled down the Station Road.

Games . . . Tippy Cat — a three or four-inch piece of a twig handle, pointed at both ends and a baton from the same handle about fifteen or eighteen inches long — the short piece lying on the ground, you gave it a sharp tap, it jumped up and generally went forward a short distance, if you were quick enough and hit it you got it further forward, first to get it across the road won. You didn't have to worry about the traffic, at most it would be a horse and cart . . . tops, marbles, hop-scotch, to mention a few.

Gas Lamps . . . I remember them at the Railway Bridge, opposite the Abbey Gates, on the River Bridge.

Coynes' Corner . . . On a Winter's night we would be watching for Felix Duignan to come and refill the lamps, while he would be up at the lamp we would try and swipe a small piece of carbide, put it in a flash of water and put a match to it.

If you remember a lot of those things you must be getting old!



Bridge Street, Ballyhaunis.



St. Mary's Primary School, Ballyhaunis - 1990 County Hurling Champions. Front row: Paul Finn, Hugh McKermitt, Gerry Neenan, Keith Higgins (mascot); Peter Healy (Captain); Johnny Burke and Seamus London. Middle row: Kenneth Kirrane, Mark Neenan, Simon Webb, Pierce Higgins, Mark Patterson, Michael Nolan. Back row: Peter Higgins (Selector); Ian Webb, Darren Conlon, Michael Freeley, Michael Regan, John Nolan, Michael Curley, John Joe Hoban (Selector), Missing: John Joe Kelly (Selector).

Ballyhaunis Hurling, 1990

Having just completed our second year of existence, we can look back, with pride, on our achievements and look forward to the future with renewal optimism.

At National School level, Ballyhaunis was, once again, the shining jewel in Mayo. In the preliminary rounds, our good friends and neighbours, Knock and Tooreen, were duly accounted for. In the East Mayo N.S. final Knock were our opponents but, once again, Ballyhaunis captured the title. A resounding victory against Westport in the county semi-final paved the way for a show-down with Culleens — in a repeat of last year's county final. Ballyhaunis emerged triumphant with a score of 5-3 to 1-1.

We were beaten at Under-14 and Feile Na Gael competitions by Ballina and Castlebar. However, when the Community Games competition began, Ballyhaunis exacted sweet revenge with their best-ever performance in a close win over Ballina. With their tails up they trounced Castlebar in the Mayo final.

Unfortunately, in the Connacht final, Ballyhaunis were beaten by an

excellent team from Athenry — who, in turn, were just pipped by one point in the All-Ireland final.

A feature of the Summer past was the generous time and commitment given by Tom Phillips in coaching and training a large number of children. He had a great turn-out every day in spite of some inclement weather. Prizes were presented to Declan Byrne, Ger Neenan, and Patricia Gaffney for consistency and excellence.

Fund-raising is an essential part of the game of hurling because of the high costs of helmets, sliotars and hurleys. Last year our calendar, featuring the Ballyhaunis N.S. hurlers and footballers, was an outstanding success. Our Table-Quiz was also very well supported. We would like to thank those who supported our calendar with sponsorship and wish them well in the future. The Hurling Committee would also like to express thanks to Paddy Ryan, Tadgh Buckley, Fr. Matt Cooney and Denise Nolan for their sponsorship and help. A special thanks also to Tom Phillips, Dave McConn and Jim London for their support.

If anyone or any child would like to get involved with hurling, they may contact Peter Higgins (0907) 30393; John Joe Kelly (0907) 30497, or John Joe Hoban (0907) 30363. On our second birthday here's looking forward to continued success.

- Peter Higgins.



Broddy Benson (R.I.P.), delivering batch loaves from James Waldron's bakery van in the 1930s. In those days there were seven bakeries in the town. Photo by courtesy of Mrs. Eileen Hopper (nee Benson), London.



March, 1990 - This photo includes the ten Mayo champions with Trainer, Peadar Kilcourse, and Coach, Michael Conlon - Back row, left to right: John Waldron, Michael Conlon (Coach), Terry Maughan, Michael Lyons, Kevin Waldron, Eugene Brennan, Peadar Kilcourse (Trainer). Middle row: Bryan Forde, John Coffey, John Paul Kilcourse, Patrick Waldron. Front row: Brian Hannan, Sean Fitzmaurice, Darren Conlon, David Conlon, John Nolan.

Ballyhaunis Boxing Club

What a year it has been for the Club! One year in existence and already the best Club in Mayo and Connacht. The first big hurdle was the Mayo Championships with the Club taking ten titles — John Waldron, Brian Hannan, Michael Lyons, Patrick Maughan, Darren Conlon, David Conlon, Kevin Waldron, John Nolan, Michael McDonagh and John Coffey.

Next in line came the Connacht Championships when we took seven titles from seven entries — Brian Hannan, Kevin Waldron, Michael Lyons, John Coffey, John Waldron, Darren Conlon and David Conlon.

The goal was reached when the Club got the All-Ireland Championships in the National Stadium, Dublin, for the first time-ever. It was a very nervous and exciting time for both boxers and coaches. The Club did extremely well in coming away with one All-Ireland champion, Darren Conlon. Narrowly defeated in their finals were David Conlon and John Coffey, on majority decisions. Beaten in the semi-finals were Brian Hannan, Michael Lyons, Kevin Waldron, John Waldron. All the boys put on a great show and did their Club and county proud. At the present moment the Club is

back in training hoping, please God, to do as well as last year.

In the off-season the Club lost their President, Mr. Tom Glynn. R.I.P. Tom will be sadly missed, as he was loved by all.

The Club wishes to thank Joe Greene and Denis Hannan for their commitment and help over the last year.

A sincere "thank you" to Seamus Durkan for the use of the Scouts' Den. Thanks also to Dr. A. Delaney and Dr. M. Brogan for their time, giving medicals to the boys. Grateful thanks to all our

sponsors, supporters and anyone who helped us in any way over the last year.

Committee — President, Fr. M. Cooney, O.S.A.; Vice-President, Seamus Waldron; Chairman, Michael Conlon; Vice-Chairman, Michael Nolan; Secretary, Geraldine Conlon; Treasurer, Jim McKermitt; P.R.O., Paddy Fitzmaurice; Coach and Trainer, Peadar Kilcourse; Medical Officer, Dr. A. Delaney; Chaplin, Fr. M. Cooney, O.S.A. Sub-Committee: Michael Moran, Jimmy Waldron, Rose Nolan, Maura Fitzmaurice and Margaret Kilcourse.



Left to right: Tom Buckley, Sean Corcoran, Sonny Lyons, F. Dolan (apprentice chemist in Mickey Curley's, and nephew of Mrs. Curley, Upper Main St.).

Courtesy Tom Buckley.

Sound As A Bell



The late Jimmy Noone.

Courtesy Val Rattigan.

Ten years ago this month, the Parish of Annagh bade farewell to Jimmy Noone, regarded by many as one of the finest of what we, in Ballyhaunis, affectionately describe as "Characters".

Jimmy, who was a native of Athenry, Co. Galway, was one of a very large family. Having worked for a time in Edgeworthstown, Co. Longford, and for a number of years in our neighbouring town of Claremorris, Jimmy Noone arrived in Ballyhaunis in the early 1930s, when he found employment at Johnny Conway's on Bridge Street. Other people for whom Jimmy worked during his illustrious life in Ballyhaunis were John A. Moran, Lavallyroe; Tom Morley, Mannion, and Roddy Healey, in Ballindrehed. Among Jimmy's favourite past-times was having the little flutter on the horses. Rarely would a day of the week pass that Jimmy would fail to wager a bob each-way with Mai Moyles, his friendly Turf Accountant. He was frequently heard to say, when his particular nag would fail to oblige: "Hump the horses, I'll back no more". However, no sooner would Jimmy have uttered the remark than he could be seen, pipe firmly fixed in his mouth, selecting his choice for the next race. Who could forget his unique renditions of songs like: "Genevieve", "Somewhere In The West" and "Moonlight On The Lake". Whenever he was called upon to perform from his repertoire Jimmy would always be happy to oblige, particularly when the occasional Yank would be present and the "auld glasheen" would very often be the end reward.

In the intervening years since his death, the name of Jimmy Noone has frequently been the subject of fire-side chat or bar room reminiscence, recalling the ever-cheerful pipe smoking little character who was, as he himself would say: "a sound man, sound as a bell".

— MICHAEL BYRNE.

Olé, Olé, Olé

- By E. Murren.

Place: Ballyhaunis; date: June 11th, '90; time: 9.36 p.m. — A sudden crescendo hits the town. Is it an earthquake? Is it a bomb? Seconds later this thunderous sound is followed by the singing of "Olé, Olé, Olé". All of a sudden the mystery is solved. Kevin Sheedy has just equalised for Ireland against England in Italia, '90. The final score is: Ireland 1, England 1, and to all Irish men this meant that Ireland won the match! Six days later we drew 0-0 with Egypt and to all Irish men we lost that match! Yes, Ballyhaunis, like all other towns and villages, was caught up in the euphoria of the World Cup. The powerful effect of the modern media meant it was impossible to escape.

Cascarino, Gazza, Milla, Maradonna and, of course, Schillachi, became household names. Packie Bonner came near to being canonised; Eamon Dunphy came near to being ostracised. In Ballyhaunis quite a lot of pubs and business houses had their hostelrys and windows dressed in green. Everybody who wore a tee-shirt had some reference to the World Cup printed on it, and the local MWR Radio pounded out songs about "Jack's Army".

The matches themselves saw all pubs packed. The atmosphere was electric, Sheedy's goal against England shook the town; Quinn's goal against Holland shook the county, and O'Leary's penalty against Rumania shook the

country; add in Packie Bonner's penalty save from Timofte (could you remember his name?), and the throats of the fans were dry from cheering. The publicans, to their credit, helped make the atmosphere — some provided large screens to watch the matches; others charged a mere £1 a pint; while others treated their customers to pizzas, cocktail sausages and sandwiches. For Irish fans the highlight had to be the quarter-final match against Italy. The game took place on a Saturday night. Fair play to the priests of the parish, they brought forward the Mass times. It was rumoured that this directive came straight from "His Holiness" who, himself, is an avid football supporter.

I recall coming out of the church that evening and hearing two old ladies discuss the match. One lady hoped that "that Scarlachy fellow doesn't get the ball". The other lady confessed that she had lit a candle for Packie Bonner. It is history now that Toto Schillachi did score the goal that knocked Ireland out of Italia '90, but to lose just 1-0 to the host nation was a great feat. And as the curtains drew down on the World Cup, one's mind dwelt back a few months previous when the euphoria and hype was about Mayo and Sam Maguire. Yes, 1989 and 1990 were great years for Sport supporters in Ballyhaunis. What brings 1991? Perhaps a county senior title for Ballyhaunis footballers.



Birthday party - Back row (left/right): Eileen Lyons, Paddy McDonnell, Sadie Bolingbrook, Maria Cribbin, Mrs. McDonnell, Mrs. Baker, Brendan Burke. Front row (left/right): Irene Morley, John Gallagher, Bernard Gallagher (foreground); Willie Cribbin, Mike McQueeney, J. J. Cribbin, Ronan Garvey. Standing (left/right): Noel McDonnell, Tom Cribbin, Mary Halpin and Fin Baker.

Pic.: Mary McQueeney.

Baptisms In The Parish Church, Ballyhaunis

(Nov. 5th, '89 - October 31st, '90).

To Paschal and Geraldine Keegan, Aisling Drive — a daughter, Samantha Elizabeth.
 To Patrick and Anne Corrigan, Devlis — a daughter, Lisa Anne Josie.
 To John and Teresa Griffin, Knock Road — a son, Enda Michael.
 To Tim and Margaret Byrne, Johnstown — a son, Noel Martin.
 To William and Catherine Frayne, Bargarriff — a son, Robert Francis.
 To Denis and Bridie Sloyan, Brackloon — a son, Darragh John.
 To Joe and Deirdre Diskin, Killunagher — a daughter, Breda Lunecharia.
 To Cyril and Geraldine Maloney, Aisling Drive — a son, Adrian Brendan.
 To Thomas and Breege Waldron, Cave — a son, Brian Thomas.
 To John and Mary Flatley, London — a son, Jonathon Patrick Thomas.
 To Michael and Brigid Lyons, Spaddagh — a daughter, Catherine Maria.
 To Michael and Mary C. Brennan, Gurteen — a daughter, Michelle Maria.
 To Joseph and Sandra Jordan, Johnstown — a daughter, Joyce Brigid.
 To John and Ursula Lilly, Johnstown — a son, Robert John.
 To Michael and Mary Hunt, Derrynacong — a son, Brian Michael.
 To David and Margaret Cleary, Station Rise — a daughter, Caroline Elaine.

To Kevin and Joanna McNamara, Knockbrack — a son, Kevin Michael.
 To Brendan and Mary O'Hagan, Abbeyquarter a son, Conor Patrick.
 To Vincent and Agatha Higgins, Knockbrack — a son, Paul Vincent.
 To Paul and Tina O'Kane, Tooraree — a son, Sean.
 To Michael and Rose McDonagh, An Lochán — a daughter, Angela.
 To Martin and Winifred Mongan, Tooraree — a son, Christopher Jason.
 To Martin and Josie Cunnane, Carrowkeel — a son, Sean Patrick.
 To Michael and Mary O'Connor, Tavanaghmore — a son, Gavin Vincent.
 To Patrick and Shannon Webb, Knock Road — a son, Conor Patrick.
 To Michael and Martina Gallagher, Hazelhill — a son, John James.
 To Tony and Anne Nestor, Island — a son, Kevin Anthony.
 To Chris and Cecilia McIntyre, Island — a daughter, Laura Agnes.
 To Gerard and Angela Smyth, Aisling Drive — a daughter, Leeanne Catherine.
 To John J. and Gabrielle Lyons, Knockbrack — a son, John Edward.
 To Abed and Patricia Asilia, Station Rise — a son, Niall.
 To Francis and Breege Kenny, Aisling Drive — a daughter, Melissa Frances.
 To Patrick and Laurena Freeley, Hazelhill — a son, Patrick Joseph.
 To Martin and Mary Finan, Brackloon — a son, Ruairi John Damien.
 To John and Kathleen Maughan — a son, Martin Joseph.
 To Bernard and Bernadette Lyons, Skeaghard — a son, Joseph Brian.

Marriages In The Parish Church

(Nov. 11th, '89, to Oct. 31st, '90):

Edward J. McDermott, Erriff, to Anita J. Waldron, Cave.
 Terence McDonagh, Castlebar, to Eileen M. McDonagh, Tooraree.
 Thomas F. McDonagh, Tooraree, to Rose McDonagh, Castlebar.
 John J. Maughan, Tooraree, to Kathleen McDonagh, Tooraree.
 John P. M. Gillespie, Tubbercurry, to Mary M. Cribbin, Togher.
 John McDonagh, Cork, to Margaret Maughan, Tooraree.
 Thomas Grogan, Doctor's Road, to C. Patricia Curran, Doctor's Road.
 Brian G. McNamara, Arlington, U.S.A., to Mary C. Caulfield, Carrowkeel.
 Thomas Kelly, Castlebar, to Virginia Biesty, Carrowkeel.

MARRIAGES IN ST. MARY'S ABBEY

Aidan M. O'Connell, Dublin, to Mary B. O'Sullivan, Bridge Street.

David J. Jordan, Lecarrow, to Mary J. Whelan, Castledermot, Co. Kildare.

MARRIAGES ELSEWHERE

Susan Melley, Upper Main Street, to Joseph McKay, Castledaly.
 Owen McDonagh to Kathleen Ward, Ballyphelane, Co. Cork.
 John Ronayne, Clagnagh, to Ita Brady, Cavan.
 Raymond Waldron, Knock Road, to Mary M. Conway, Norwich.
 Patricia Greally, Upper Main Street, to Robert Kelly, Longford.
 John W. Dillon-Leetch, Doctor's Road, to Helen Boyle, Claremorris.
 Harry Thompson, Tooraree, to Anne-Marie Duggan, Ballina.
 Joseph Brendan Kelly, Derrynacong, to Julia Lynn Warren, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, England.
 Thomas Eagney, Curries, to Ann Hefferon, in Ballintubber Abbey.
 Anne Caulfield, Upper Main Street, to Tim Healy, St. Catherine's Church, Meath Street, Dublin.
 Mr. Francis Joseph Mulligan, to Judy Elizabeth Gregory, in Swansea, Mass., U.S.A.

Deaths In The Parish Of Annagh

Gerard Freeley, St. Gerard's Crescent.
 Mrs. Mary Sloyan, Forthill.
 Mrs. Norah Ruane, Johnstown.
 Mrs. Margaret Connolly, Holywell.
 James Fitzmaurice, Togher.
 Patrick Nally, Upper Main Street.
 Mrs. Bridie Carney, Carrowkeel.
 Sean Dowdall, Devlis.
 Philip Morley, Knox Street.
 Philip Hunt, Forthill.
 John Hosty, Devlis.
 Mrs. Mary Byrne, Barrack Street.
 John Moran, Annagh.
 Mrs. Nellie Carney, Mountain.
 Michael Lyons, Lecarrow.
 Michael Kneafsey, Mountain.
 David Walsh, Classaroo.
 Christina Grogan, Classaree.
 Mrs. Ellen Connolly, Killinagher.
 Patrick O'Brien, Knox Street.
 David Jordan, Lecarrow.
 Norah Carney, Knox Street.
 Kate Lynskey, Gurteen.
 Oliver Levins, Clare Street.
 Mrs. Lena Fadden, Doctor's Road.
 Patricia Freeley, Main Street.
 Mrs. Cora Freeley, Bridge Street.
 Patrick Logan, Doctor's Road.
 Mrs. Catherine Levins, Upper Main St.
 Bill Mulligan, Coolnafama.
 Martin Mongan, Tooraree.
 James Kenny, Gurteenbeg.
 Michael Finn, Classaroo.
 James Moran, Coolnafama.

Deaths

The following is a list of natives of the Parish who died elsewhere:

Martin Byrne, Devlis.
 Mrs. Josie Masin, Devlis.
 Mrs. Monica Morley (nee Eagney), Churchpark.
 Mrs. Joanne Ozbele (nee Cunnane), Carrowkeel.
 Helen Waldron, Knox Street.
 Mrs. Margaret Michell (nee Hunt), Derrynacong.
 Mrs. Delia Hughes, Hazelhill.
 Mr. James O'Boyle, Carrowkeel.
 Mrs. Rose O'Flynn (nee Regan), Hazelhill.
 Mrs. Eileen Kilgariff (nee Finnegan), Bohogue.
 Mr. Joseph Cleary, Drimbane.
 Mrs. Rose Lyons, Erriff.
 John Finnegan, Derrintogher.
 Austin Waldron, Derrylahan.
 Mrs. Sarah Fitzgerald (nee Mullarkey), Tullaghane.
 Mrs. May Parsons (nee Naughton), Cooloughra.
 Mrs. Eileen Kilgariff (nee Finnegan), Bologue.
 Fr. John Buckley, O.S.A., Abbeyquarter.

Temples And Tower Blocks, Sea And Spices

- By Sarah F. Huddleston.

WOULD you apply for a job in a place you had scarcely heard of? I had to look up the locations of both my overseas jobs as a teacher of English as a foreign language, but came to know the countries more intimately than a tourist or visiting businessman ever could. A note of caution intrudes here — tourists have more time and money to see the sights than teachers ever have. However, this is amply compensated for by being able to get to know people and join in the life of the host country.

My first job was in Indonesia and it fell from Heaven into my lap. The Director of the College, where I was finishing my training course came into the class one day with a letter in his hand and explained that he had details of a vacancy in Jakarta. My heart jumped at the idea and as soon as I got out of the class, out came the atlas (to check just where Jakarta was), writing paper and a copy of my C.V.

I arrived in Jakarta, the capital of Indonesia, in September, 1983, and was overwhelmed by it. Towerblocks loomed over shanty towns, expensive cars were watched over by servants, whilst across the road children sailed paper boats in the open sewers. Mosques and temples jostled old colonial Dutch bungalows and, above all, the heat was exhausting, the air was heavy with humidity and I still remember the smells of sewage, decaying rubbish and cooking which hung over everything else.

As well as absorbing the facts of life in a throbbing Asian City, I had also to learn my job. My working day could start at 8 a.m. and end at 9 p.m. since, as well as teaching school children, I also had evening classes of executives, secretaries and technicians who needed English in the office. At least I only worked four days a week unless I had to attend a meeting or seminar and so had time to find my legs in the largest and fastest-growing country in the Muslim world.

After a spell in school housing, an American friend and I rented a lovely old bungalow with red, tiled floors and cool wooden shutters surrounded by a lush garden shaded by fruit trees — fruits which I had never seen before, belimbing, jambu, rambutan — the very names bring their tastes and colours flooding into my mouth. Housekeeping in Jakarta proved a challenge, despite our excellent maid. Water had to be boiled and filtered to



Ms. S. Huddleston in Indonesia

make it drinkable, water supplies were sporadic in the dry season, flooding was a problem in the rainy season (twice our house was completely flooded). Above all, food and other commodities had to be bargained for in the market and the shops and few Indonesians spoke any European language although, in fact, most of my pupils spoke at least two languages, Bahasa Indonesia and Javanese or Sumatran, Balinese or possibly Chinese or Arabic. Indonesia had large influxes of Chinese in past centuries, and Arab spice and slave merchants settled in a green land which seemed like paradise on earth to the desert-bred.

Religion is an equally colourful mixture. Most Indonesians are Muslims but Indonesian Islam is richly tingled with elements of the older, Hindu culture which preceded the coming of the Arab merchants and their vital new faith. Some Indonesians, indeed, are still Hindu (particularly in Bali), there is a sizeable Buddhist population and a few people were converted to either the Roman Catholic faith or to the Dutch Protestant Church during the Dutch colonial period (seventeenth century to mid-twentieth century).

Eating is a wonderful experience in Indonesia — indeed, it is never necessary to cook at all. Apart from the superb restaurants, varying from the very cheap to the extremely expensive, there are mobile food stalls (warungs). These congregate in the market place

or tour the streets and each vendor has his own cry, rattle or banging signal so that you can identify your favourites as they come down the road. Neatly laid out on the stall are the calor gas stove or charcoal grill, and all the ingredients and implements needed to produce the stall's speciality. Fast food Indonesian style is cooked on the spot as you watch and then wrapped in a banana leaf for you to take home or munch on the spot, whilst you chat to your friends and neighbours. My neighbours were all friendly people, sometimes a little overpoweringly so, and I soon forgot to think of myself as "foreign". My holidays had new delights in store. I visited Central Java, Bali and other exotic places. I looked down the craters of several volcanoes and understood why temples had been built on their slopes to propitiate the angry god inside the crater; I saw lakes at their feet change colour from green to yellow; I saw the Ramayana which is the oldest ballet in the world and tells the Hindu creation myth, I found shadow puppet shows in villages and best of all; I witnessed the silent vigil which takes place on a special Friday night of the Javanese calendar. The final holiday treat, just before I left Indonesia, was a trip on a sailing ship. Schooners are still the inter-island trading vessels of Indonesia and sail out

- Continued on page 59.

Temples And Tower Blocks

Continued

of the port in Tanjung Priok. I had always loved to watch them sail out of the harbour and away to the spice and tea plantations of the outer islands. I had my own chance to stand on the deck and feel the ship come to life as the sails unfurled and she slipped through the waves. I held the wheel and was

and was surprised at the ease with which she could be steered. Time seemed to slip out of joint as I remembered the family history of my great-grandfather, who sailed a ship like this one to Bilbao, Batavia and Shanghai, then home to Lancaster, Liverpool or Glasgow. I had already found records of him and his ship in the Batavia Museum (Batavia is the old Dutch name for Jakarta).

When I left Indonesia, I was weighed down with excess baggage, the accumulation of two years' shopping expeditions and students' gifts. What remains with me is not excess baggage but an enrichment of my life which will never fade and be discarded. After two years back home, life was becoming routine and I decided to go on my travels again. This time, I went to the Seychelles as a technical college instructor in business English and Secretarial Studies. In complete contrast to Indonesia, the Seychelles are tiny islands with a small population of mixed French / Africian / English people with a smattering of Chinese and Arab blood. As in Indonesia, the language situation is complex — there are three official languages — Creole (a mixture of French and Africian languages); French and English. French is, perhaps, more widely understood than English and Creole speakers generally understand French quite easily.

I was housed in a complex of ex-holiday flats built in a coconut plantation right next to a lovely beach. I had a ground floor flat and ate my breakfast on the balcony every morning listening to the sougning of the waves and watching the branches of the palm trees waving gracefully in the breeze. As the workers went by on their way to work on the plantation, they called a cheery "Bonjour, Mademoiselle", and when I saw the last stragglers hurrying up the path I knew it was time for me to run for the bus to work.

The journey to college was a daily joy. The old bus followed the road around the coastline, mountains and jungle rising up on one side and the sea washing the beaches on the other or beating against high, steep cliffs — the



Mr. Tom Buckley with Presidential Candidate, Mary Robinson, and Dick Spring, during Mrs. Robinson's visit to town.

four-mile journey offered many contrasts and there was always a superb view of the sea, blue and calm in the dry season, grey and stormy when the winds and rain blew in during the monsoons.

My students were a lively lot and showed great enthusiasm for their work, although teaching prospective secretaries to address an envelope correctly with street, town, county postcodes, etc., is a challenge on an island where "Miss Sarah, Anse aux Pins", was sufficient for a letter to find me, and where everybody knows everybody else and where to find them. I don't think my students ever saw the point of many of the things I trained them to do to pass their RSA and Pitman examinations but they dutifully did them nonetheless.

Shopping I found difficult in The Seychelles, although Creole cuisine is justly famous. The islands are small and don't produce most daily necessities, which were expensive. The shops were mostly small shacks by the road and had, say, a whole shelf of hand cream or biscuits but no rice or potatoes. I made my own bread, since I found the shop-bought variety unsatisfactory, and you may imagine my horror at finding the bread meal full of wiggling weevils. My Nigerian neighbour rushed across to find the cause of the commotion and showed me how to sift them out. She assured me that after cooking the flour would be quite safe to eat. I obeyed her, being sure that "bought" bread had been through a similar process, and sure enough I never suffered any ill-effects. The fish on the islands is superb, bought straight off the boats as the fishermen come in, and is extremely cheap (if you haggle). Tropical fruits and vegetables were available in season, but distribution was poor — my local shop always had bananas. I had to go elsewhere for anything else.

In general, life on the Indian Ocean was a fairly leisurely affair. I went to work at 7.30 and was home by 3.30. There was ample time to go down to the beach, forage for food supplies, read or just sit. It was partly out of boredom that I joined the island's drama group and took part in a performance of "Aladdin". Thanks to the shortage of members, I made costumes with the costumer (a pharmacist by profession); danced and sang in the chorus, and played a mad rickshaw coolie, a magican's assistant and a love-struck teenager. The whole English-speaking population turned out to see the performance, and loud cheers greeted the teachers in the cast as our students saw through our disguises. I was known as Lick Shaw behind my back until the day I left.

It is easy to become a star or an "expert" in such a small place, and I felt that the trouble with expatriates who stayed for too long was that they acquired rather too great an idea of their gifts and importance. By the time I left I felt it was time to rejoin the rest of the world outside the closed island community.

I am often asked whether I find Ballyhaunis quiet — even, too quiet. I don't because I haven't yet had time to do so. I have plenty to occupy me with my work, my house and garden, my family and my friends, new and old. Among other things, I am running a course in T.E.F.L. for Mayo V.E.C., both here and in Castlebar.

I do hope that some of the students who are studying T.E.F.L. (Teaching English as a Foreign Language), will use their new skills to travel and work overseas, and it would be especially nice to hear that someone had given the developing world a year or two of their lives. They may find it develops them — I came away loaded with gifts more precious than any I was able to give.



Young Golfers, 1950s - Back row, left to right: Peter Waldron, Patricia Jordan, Anne Dillon-Leetch, Mary Biesty, Frankie Cormican, Tom Dillon-Leetch, Margaret Webb (R.I.P.), Pauline O'Brien, Mrs. Mary Dillon-Leetch, Redmond Teevan, John Dillon, Mrs. M. Webb, Oliver Jordan, Frank Webb. Second row: Celine Webb, Marie Webb, Joan Fahy, Helen Lynch, Pat Waldron, Margaret Dillon-Leetch (standing). Front row: Geraldine Webb, Mary Elizabeth Dillon-Leetch, Finola Dillon-Leetch. Courtesy Pauline Curley, Clare St.

Ballyhaunis Golf Club

Ballyhaunis Golf Club completed another successful season in 1990 under its Captain and lowest handicap member, Vincent Freyne. His principal Officers were: Stephen Tarpey (President); John Forde (Hon. Secretary); John Mooney (Hon. Treasurer); Tom Prenty (Competition Secretary); Michael Glynn (Handicap Secretary), and Seamus Conboy (Vice-Captain).

The membership reached an all-time high of one-hundred-and-eighty-nine, covering all classes of membership. There are members from Dunmore, Kiltimagh, Kilkelly, Swinford, Cloonfad, Tooreen and many other districts making up this number. There is also a growing trend for local people living away from Ballyhaunis to become members and use the facilities of the course during holidays — a reflection of the difficulties in joining Clubs in larger centres of population. Club competitions were well supported and most Sundays saw a full time-sheet and over one-hundred competitors for the major prizes. The Captain's Prize was won by Paul Walsh, a relatively

new member, but whose skills have been rapidly improving during the last two seasons with a reduction in handicap from 18 to 12. The President's Prize went to a veteran member, Michael Gallagher, who proved that accuracy is just as important as distance.

In the Ladies' Section there was also excellent support for Breege Coyne (Captain); Norrie Dillon and Peggy Henry (Joint Hon. Secretary); Susan Laffey (Hon. Treasurer). The Captain's Prize was won by Phil Glynn and the Dillon Mixed Foursomes was won by Rita Hannon and Pat Curley.

In the Inter-Club Competitions, Ballyhaunis had an excellent run in the Pierce Purcell Foursomes for players ranging from 12 to 15 handicaps, reaching the Connacht semi-final and being beaten very narrowly by Oughterard, who went on to become All-Ireland champions in the final stages held in Westport.

Another major success was heading the Qualifiers in the Carroll's Irish Open Pro-Am. Connacht section in Galway Golf Club. The Ballyhaunis team of Denis Charlton (Jnr.); Pat Martin and Noel Patterson went on to Portmarnock to partner former Ryder Cup player and leading European Tour Professional, Eamonn D'Arcy.

Ballyhaunis has a remarkable record in

this major All-Ireland competition, appearing in the final round four times since its inception, and winning twice, a feat yet to be repeated by any other Club.

The condition of the course during the 1990 season has won high praise from members and visitors alike, and the Club Groundsman, Liam Devaney, can be singled out for his untiring and skilled efforts on behalf of the Club. The Club looks forward to 1991 under Seamus Conboy with great confidence and eager anticipation.

- By Michael Mahoney, P.R.O.

THE COMMITTEE

President: Jim Landon.
 Editor: John Cleary.
 Assistant Editor: Peter McCafferty.
 Chairman: Johnny Biesty.
 Vice-Chairman: Jimmy Cribbin.
 Secretary: Matt O'Dwyer.
 Assistant Secretary: Ann Curley.
 Treasurer: Noel Waldron.
 Assistant Treasurer: Gerry Cribbin.
 P.R.O.: Mike Byrne.
Committee: Jack Halpin, Maisin Meade, Pat Higgins, Martin Forde, Michael Smyth, Joe Hosty, Linda Biesty, Lorraine Gaffney.

Teaching In Dubaí

ON September, 1989, I went to Dubaí, U.A.E., to teach for a year. Dubaí seemed very attractive for a number of reasons — lack of permanent teaching post available in Ireland (I had spent four years as a temporary teacher in Dublin), combined with a tax-free salary, paid accommodation, all bills paid (except 'phone, alas); flight out and back paid also — all combined to make up my mind.

Many countries in the Middle-East such as Saudai, Kuwait, Bahrain, etc., offered similar packages but the United Arab Emirates seemed the best. The U.A.E. has a population of just under two million people, of which less than 25% are nationals, and the highest per capita income in the world. For Westerners, Dubaí is the most attractive Gulf State to live in as it is very relaxed about its Islamic code and alcohol and entertainment are not prohibited. This year, for the first time ever, pubs were allowed to remain open during the Muslim Fasting period of Ramadan — as people from every other State in the Gulf flocked to Dubaí for the month.

Pastimes

Apart from the pubs, what else had Dubaí to offer? A very pleasant, Mediterranean climate from October to March, very little rain (the little rain that does fall occurs between January

- By Karen Keane.

and February); fantastic beaches which are kept clean by a diligent municipality; water sports of all kinds — wind-surfing, water skiing, jet-skiing, scuba diving, sailing, fishing, etc. There are also various desert-related activities — dune-bashing (driving jeeps around the desert); wadi-bashing (driving along dried-up river beds, often through very scenic areas with oases, etc.), and hashing — no, not the dry kind. The Hash involves walking or jogging 8k. - 10k., in the desert and sounds very strenuous, but is actually great fun. Generally, a group of forty / fifty people take part and everyone completes the course at her own pace. Afterwards a barbeque and sing-song takes place around the fire.

Schools

School itself proved to be very enjoyable. The children in the school were all local Arabs and the curriculum was a joint Arabic / English one. I taught twenty-two four-year-olds and had an aide, an Indian girl, to help me in the classroom. She helped in group activities, brought children to the toilet, assisted me in making charts, posters and teaching aids. I taught English, Maths., P.E. and Art. The

school day was quite short, 8 a.m. to 1 p.m., and generally I taught for no more than two-three hours daily, as I shared the class with an Arabic teacher, who taught the class the same subjects in Arabic. The children were lovely, very generous and affectionate; and because they are raised to respect their elders there was never any discipline problem in the Primary section of the school. (The Secondary school was similar to the Secondary schools in Ireland — moody teenagers are the same world-wide!).

Dubaí

My lasting impression of Dubaí is of a cosmopolitan city, but without the crime and unemployment found in most modern cities. Walking around the gold souk (or market), I was amazed at the lack of alarms or security shutters. The shop windows glistened with gold and precious stones — yet not a reinforced pane of glass was in sight. This sense of security permeated life in Dubaí. It was not unusual to forget a purse or bag in a shop — but it was always there when the owner returned to claim it, a day or a week later. I remember another street in the city centre, where it was particularly difficult to get a parking space. A convenient solution had been found — cars double-parked on both sides of the road. But the cars which blocked others had their keys still in the ignition. So, if the owner of the blocked car returned first, he would simply drive the outside car down the road a little, move his own car, and then replace the first car. I found it hard to imagine this system working in Dublin city centre.

As I write this, the Gulf is in a state of turmoil. It is hard to know how it will all turn out, but I hope there is a peaceful solution. I left Dubaí with a great sense of respect for the Arabs and their way of life. They are a very generous, caring people and are doing their best to come to terms with their new-found wealth and the increasing Westernisation of their lives. Twenty years ago, most of them were nomads, living in the desert. Today, they own property in the U.S., England or the Mediterranean. Their children go to Harvard or Oxford for University education. They drive Mercs., Ferraris, Porsches. But despite all of this, they remain true to their Islamic faith — they still fulfil their prayer obligations, give 10% of their money to charity, Fast for the month of Ramadan, make the annual pilgrimage to Mecca. Certainly, when the present Gulf crisis eases, I would look forward to returning to Dubaí and spending another couple of enjoyable years there.



Karen Keane (second from left), with some of her pupils.



Sixth Class, 1989-'90 - Back row: Sr. Rosario, Angela Flanagan, Hilary Mooney, Maree Healy, Julie Clibbins, Suzanne Kilcourse, Tara Caulfield. Middle row: Tara Higgins, Alma Gallagher, Sharon Murphy, Barbara Plunkett, Sinead Byrne, Anne Murphy, Josephine Waldron. Front row: Eibhlín Murphy, Nathalie Collum, Imelda Flynn, Denise Byrne, Sorcha Hannon, Una Butler, Aine Fahey. Missing from photograph Maria McGarry.

St. Joseph's Primary School

It was a good year for St. Joseph's. September is always the same and always different. It's "getting to know you" time. New classes meet new teachers. There are totally new faces in the Junior Infants' room. We are very glad to see them and we count them anxiously hoping we will have enough of them.

The fear of losing a teacher through inadequate numbers haunts every September in every school. But the work's the same. We're quickly down to it. It shortens the Winter, as we say, and then we had our Christmas to brighten the darkest days.

This year the concert was staged by 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th, and it was most enjoyable. They enjoyed it, we enjoyed it, and their parents and friends enjoyed

it. We are grateful for the wonderful support of the aforementioned parents and friends.

There's much more to school nowadays than formal instruction and the lessons, important though they are. Our senior Choir went to Cár Fhéile in Athlone in Mayo and were highly commended. Many pupils took Speech and Drama examinations with the Leinster School of Music. Many others made music — learning piano, guitar, accordion and recorder. And in the cold months at the beginning of 1990 we went swimming by the bus-load in Claremorris.

We had a Parenting programme in Spring. It was a great success. The parents involved enjoyed it. They shared views and problems and learned new ways to cope with the situations which arise in every family. We hope to have more of this later.

Summer and young people's fancies lightly turn to tours. This year we went to Custume Barracks in Athlone, visited the Milled Peat Power Station, in Shannonbridge, and walked through

Clonmacnoise and the runs of one of the great European Universities of the past.

St. Valentine's night social was special in that it was shared by parents and friends of St. Joseph's and St. Mary's Primary Schools and a wonderful night was had by all. Red roses will come again!

Education means many things — development of mind and body, of gifts and also the development of the heart. We turned our minds towards others and the needs of the less-fortunate. We raised funds, had cake sales, jumble sales, skipathons for Missions and the Third World, and for the Irish Heart Foundation.

As the year drew to a close Community Games brought many to the track and playing fields and others to their easels and draught boards and many enjoyable hours were shared.

We had a good year and much to say thanks for, so our year ended with a thanksgiving liturgy for all the blessings received throughout the year. Mile buíochas do Dhia.

Reminiscences Of A Foot-Soldier

- *By Anthony Jordan.*

“Left, right, left; I had a good job and I left. The reason I left, I couldn’t be kept, so left, right, left. Left Jordan, left; lift your feet and they’ll fall themselves; left, right, left. You’re not on Knox Street now, Greene, march on, quick. Morley, have you got two left feet? Left, right, left. Cleary, what sort of gentlemen have you in Ballyhaunis? The Swinford Battalion will win this cup, despite being infiltrated by South Mayos, or else you, gentlemen, will go home in coffins”.

I first felt the call to serve my country while a hungry student at St. Jarlath’s College. If you gave a few hours of a Sunday morning to your country’s cause, then your country fed you afterwards in a local Tuam cafe. You also got a pair of big boots which were useful for clearing all the other pupils off the College Walks, which the Ballyhaunis Brigade were wont to do. But I discovered that one could also serve one’s country from Ballyhaunis via Swinford. This is what I then did, going to such exotic places as Finner Camp, in Ballyshannon, and Custume Barracks, Athlone, for a fortnight’s training each June.

Our branch of the Army was called, An Forsa Cosanta Aitiula (Local Defence Force). Some cynics, who did not answer the call, dubbed it the Free Clothing Association, for F.C.A. But we were always above that mercenary attitude. In those days in Ireland, no shots were being fired in anger, so we could afford to be brave, as we headed for annual camp.

“Fall in for inspection, gentlemen. We’ve got two minutes to get it right. Are we all here? Line up in a straight line. Never mind, what’s a straight line, Mulhern? Just line up, please. The two Regans, one; Jordan, two; Greene, three; Morley, four; Cleary, five; Forde, six; Mulhern, seven; Moran, eight. There’s one missing. We should have nine. We’re one gentleman short. We’re always one gentleman short. Why do they always give me the gentlemen from Ballyhaunis to make soldiers of? What have I done to deserve you, gentlemen? Morley, I heard that remark about my mother. You are the biggest gentleman in the barracks. I went to school, too. Look out, here he comes. Ready for inspection, Sir”.

“Good morning, good morning, we’ve danced the whole night through. Good morning, good morning, to you”. Midnight had just passed at the Astoria



1960 Battalion winners - A. Jordan, S. Mulhern, P. Moran, Michéal Regan, P. Forde, T. Greene, Officer; S. Cleary, S. Forde.

Ballroom in beautiful Bundoran and we were engaged in that most important purpose of our mission: getting as close as possible to those Scottish lassies, who flocked to Donegal for their, pre-Northern Ireland Troubles, holidays. They taught us the Gay Gordons and the Highland Fling and were pure Heaven to touch.

“Is this deep enough?”, Sean Mulhern asked me, as he stood knee-deep in a trench we had just dug on a Sligo hillside.

“Can we both lie in it”, I asked. We could so, we judged it finished and proceeded to camouflage it with shrubbery and line it with grass, to protect our uniforms”. Which side is the enemy coming from?”, Sean asked. “I don’t know”, I said, “I thought you were at the briefing”. “I thought you were”, he replied, “which side of the war are we on?”. “Oh dear”, I said, “at least I brought the grub. We’ll join the winning side afterwards”. “How will we know which side has won?”, he said. “Sean Cleary is dug in at the top of the hill. We’ll keep an eye out for him. He’s a serious soldier. I need to get some sleep now. Will you go on guard first?”, I asked. “What do I guard?”, he asked. “Our trench, it could be the last line of defence or attack, depending where the enemy is coming from. This is a war situation”, I said.

My view of Army service in Athlone

consisted of piled-high dinner plates, which I had to wash in the Cook House. What I had done to deserve this fate, I cannot recall, but I spent two weeks serving my country in that capacity. I made tomato soup, cut up pan loaves, and washed dirty plates. But I did escape one Sunday to hitch-hike my way to a first visit to Croke Park for a major game.

The tired gentleman was in a very deep sleep, oblivious to the effects his snoring was having on his fellow-soldiers. They tried shouting at him, throwing things at him, all to no effect, within their wooden billet. At last they could take no more. They slid the bedclothes gently off him. Gingerly they lifted the mattress and its occupant off the frame and carried it out of the billet towards the barrack square. “Get a table and black polish”, one whispered, as they rested their load momentarily. “He’ll waken, the gentleman will waken” another cautioned. “No fear, he’s in another planet”, a third said, as the polishing began. Very soon they deposited their load upon a high table in the centre of the square. They returned to their billet to pass a peaceful night, minus one soldier.

The letter said: “You have received an honourable discharge from An Forsa Cosanta Aitiula”, when another career beckoned me away.



Ballyhaunis Under-12 team - 1990 County Champions. Front row: Michael Lyons, Eoin Butler, Steven Glynn, Simon Webb (Captain), Johnny Burke, Edward Webb, P. C. Curley, Paul Finn. Middle row: Michael Regan, Karl McManus, Sean Hunt, Shay Walsh, Darren Conlon, Michael Nolan, Ian Webb, Niall Tighe. Back row: Jimmy Walsh (Selector); Michael Coen, Patrick Keane, Conor McManus, Seamus Lundon, Simon McCafferty, Brian Hannon, Alan Delaney, Darragh Eagney, Micheal Webb, Peter Higgins (Selectors).

Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club

Once again 1990 has been a very successful year for Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club, both on the playing fields and in the provision of facilities for our members and supporters. On the football field, our senior team started off the year in very convincing style by winning both the Goodfellowship Trophy and the Centenary Cup, and hopes were really high within the Club that the team could do very well in the Senior Championship. However, this was not to be, as they were narrowly beaten by the eventual county champions, Hollymount, in what was a very exciting match.

Once again the great efforts made by a lot of parents, teachers and club members in training under-age players, have been very rewarding and highly successful. These young footballers and hurlers were responsible for the Club winning no less than four county titles during the year, namely under-12 'A' County Championship, under-14 'A' County Championship, National School Division One County Championship and National School Hurling County Championship. The National School

football team have now completed the hat-trick in this competition, having been the County Champions for the past three years, while the National School hurling team completed the double, having won the county title for the second year in-a-row. Also the national School "sevens" won the county and provincial football titles, truly a great

achievement. On behalf of our Club, I wish to congratulate all the teams on their success; all the team mentors and parents for their help and support, and we sincerely hope that they will continue with the good work. During the year a number of major

- Continued next page.



Ballyhaunis Under-14 'A', County Champions - Front, left to right: Dan Tarpey, Mark Gallagher, Mark Patterson. Centre: Pierce Higgins, Derek Walsh, John Burke, Tom Lyons, capt.; Shane Tighe, Cormac O'Connor, Jimmy O'Boyle. Back: Kevin Waldron, Joe Healy, Micheal Lyons, Fergal Kelly, Mark McCafferty, Paul Nolan, Thomas Lyons, Simon Webb.



St. Mary's Primary School Connacht Seven-A-Side I.N.T.O./G.A.A. Skills Award winners, 1990. Front: Paul Finn, Ian Webb, Simon Webb, Johnny Burke, P. C. Curley. Back: Micheal Webb (Selector); Stephen Glynn, Brian Flanagan, Jim Lundo (Principal); Niall Tighe, Patrick Keane; Pat O'Connor (Selector).

Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club

- Continued from page 64.

developments which were undertaken by the Club over the past number of years were completed, namely a second football pitch, a new stand and the amalgamation of the handball and squash courts. The second pitch should be of great benefit to all our players. Our new stand, which is capable of holding one-thousand people approximately, should be a great benefit to our loyal supporters who have had to watch our games in all kinds of weather without covered accommodation. The amalgamation of handball, squash and racquetball is also of immense importance to the Club, and we sincerely hope that the people of the area will make full use of this facility.

Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club were well represented on Mayo teams during the year. Martin Regan, David Nestor and John Greally were members of the Mayo Under-16 team which won the Ted Webb Memorial Trophy in August. David Burke represented our Club on the Mayo Minor team, which was

narrowly beaten by Galway in the Championship. Tony Morley represented Mayo in the Under-21 Connacht Championship. We are also delighted that two of our most promising footballers are now members of the Mayo senior football panel, namely Tony Morley (Jnr.) and David Fitzgerald, and on behalf of our Club I

wish them the very best of luck for the future, and congratulate them on their selection.

Finally, I wish to thank our supporters and sponsors who never let us down, and to wish you all a very Happy Christmas and a prosperous and successful 1991.

— JIMMY WALSH.



Padraig Waldron and sister, Theresa Lyons, taken in Padraig's shop (now Mace), in the early '60s.

Ballyhaunis In Times Past

Once again the past catches up with us as, at the request of the Editor, and with the assistance of "**Western People**" researcher, **Anne Burke**, I delve into the microfilm files of the "**Western People**" and extract some nostalgic notes of memorable happenings in my home town in decades past.

1970 - October: Ballyhaunis teacher, Micheal Smyth, was conducting classes on decimalisation for traders, clerical staff and all interested people at the local Vocational School.

Newly elected Officers for the coming year at Ballyhaunis Bridge Club were: President, Tom Buckley; Captain, Mary Dillon-Leetch; Vice-Captain, Tom O'Malley; Hon. Secretary, Micheal Smyth; Hon. Treasurer, Susan Laffey; Tournament Director, Mrs. T. B. Joyce, and Tournament Director, Mrs. Murphy.

July: Local man, J. J. Cribben, a senior county Gaelic footballer, was ordained to the priesthood in Tuam Cathedral, and bonfires burned at The Square on his return home. Present at the ordination reception in the Central Hotel was Minister For Lands, Sean Flanagan.

Two Devils girls, Pauline Connolly and Anne Larkin, qualified as nurses at St. Michael's Hospital, Dun Laoghaire. It was reported that William Flatley, then aged seventy-seven, was probably the oldest Civil Bill Officer and Summons Server in the country, having taken up that position in 1923.

1960 - October: Garda John Marrinan was transferred from Crossmolina to Ballyhaunis to replace John Byrne, who was transferred to Donegal on promotion.

An inquest recalled the tragic death of six-years-old Francis Byrne, as a result of drowning. The child had fallen into the Clare River at Bridge Street when the river was in flood. Bertie Curley, a member of the search party, recovered the body at Agloragh.

August: The 18th annual Livestock, Horticultural and Home Produce Show took place in the Vocational School on Thursday, August 25th, with a special sheepdog demonstration by Val Waldron.

July: Amongst the delegation to Most Rev. Joseph Walsh, Archbishop of Tuam on the subject of providing a Secondary School for boys in the town were: C. O'Brien (Chairman, M.D. Lyons; Noel Waldron, M. A. Keane, J. O'Connor, J. A. Gilmore, M. A. Waldron; B. Curley and M. O'Connell. An appeal was launched to raise funds for necessary renovations to St.

- By David Dwane.

Patrick's Church by the Archbishop, Dr. Walsh. He opened the fund with a personal contribution of £300.

March: The Artane Boys' Band played two concerts in The Star Cinema, but the local Scout Troop, organisers of the visit, expressed disappointment at the poor attendance.

1950 - March: A number of matters were discussed at a meeting of Ballyhaunis Town Improvements Committee, chaired by Denis Sweeney, including on-going discussions on the provision of a boy's Secondary School in the town and a demand that the Fairgreen be cleaned up. It was also reported that a meeting with an official from the Department had resulted in the Post Office appointing a second official to staff the counter on Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, and from 6 to 7 on remaining evenings.

Ballyhaunis Boy Scouts presented two one-act comedies to a packed house in the Parochial Hall, on St. Patrick's Night. Taking part in "One Hundred Pounds Reward" were Rosaleen Garvey Paddy McGuire, John Morley and Joe Lynch, while Bertie Curley, Paddy Forry and John Morley starred in "Caveman". There was also a campfire scene, and conjuring feats by Seamus Durkin and Bertie Curley, with an exhibition of dancing by The Flatley School.

April: Ballyhaunis Town Improvements Committee purchased a town park, with the main intention to provide a football pitch for the youth of the town.

May: Ballyhaunis F.C.A. took the honours by a small margin at the F.C.A. Shooting Competition in Swinford. The Ballyhaunis section was represented by Sergeant Lyons, Ptes. Lambert, Regan, Keane, Moran, Cunnane, Horkan and Forde.

1940 - January: The annual Ballyhaunis Scout banquet was presided over by Liam Mulligan, N.T., the Troops' first Scoutmaster and now Deputy Diocesan Commission. Special guests, invited because of their unflagging interest in the Scout Troop included J. Dynes, Postmaster; P. Gill, Post Office; J. J. Cunningham, Peter Lynch and M. J. Fitzmaurice. A report praised the Abbey Choir, Orchestra and Actors for a delightful concert on St. Stephen's Day, under the direction of Mr. Redmond.

Mary Cooney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Josephine Cooney, N.T., secured her pre-registration certificate at The College Of Surgeons.

April: Residents in the town and district were shocked by the sound of explosions — it seems the military were disposing of a "dump" found locally, though Gardai refused to comment.

June: Slight damage to clothing was caused by a fire which broke out in the premises of Dominick Byrne, Main Street. The fire was discovered by Sonny who, along with Guard McMorrow and residents, helped extinguish the blaze.

1930 - December: There was criticism at a meeting by Dr. A. Waldron of the inadequate lighting in Ballyhaunis Town. There were only four of the thirteen lights working and, in fact, one of the standards had been knocked by a motor lorry. "From once you leave the chapel there is no light, but I notice there is plenty in the Dardanelles", claimed Dr. Waldron. "There's one outside Fordes at the corner of Knox Street suffering from influenza. It coughs now and again", added the Chairman, Mr. P. J. Waldron.

November: Though the attendance was not quite as large as that at last year's function, the annual dance of the Ballyhaunis Golf Club was very enjoyable. About seventy couples danced to the music of Murphy's Dublin Band. Ballyhaunis Fair saw prices of from £20 to £27 for springer cows; £17 to £22 for milkers; £15 to £18.10.0 for two-year-old cattle and upwards; £11 to £15 for one-year-old horses and £4 to £6.10.00 for foals. Members of the cast of the Dramatic Society's production of George Shiels "Paul Twynning" were Anthony Griffin, Tom Maguire, Gerald Dillon, Martin Lyons, Thomas Moran, J. Leo E. Biesty, Dolly Donlon, Annie Kennedy and Bridie Fitzmaurice.

The Whitethorn Theatre Company

This Company was formed in September, 1990, and is made up of former members of various Drama Groups in East Mayo. At present in production is an English one-act comedy, "The Choristers", by John Reason. Taking part are Finola Morley, Stella Morley, Margaret Niland and Frankie Ralph O'Malley. The Company has ambitious plans and intend having at least two one-act shows on stage in Ballyhaunis before Christmas.

Other members of the Group are Seamus Boyle, Noel Armstrong, Martin Niland, Julia Morley, Joan O'Malley and Patrick O'Malley. Producer is Frank Heraghty

Letter From America

(No Money Enclosed).

WEST-of-Ireland man grows up on a sporting diet of Gaelic football, soccer and athletics. He helps to produce three kids in whom he has tremendous aspirations for becoming sporting giants — going down in Irish history and fulfilling their father's dreams. Then fate moves man and family to the United States, the land of opportunity. Having arrived in Minnesota, the State of ten-thousand lakes (actually there are fifteen-thousand-two-hundred), still wet behind the ears, he spends his first year acclimatizing himself to this country's strange customs — economic, cultural and sporting — not to mention the poor state of the beer and the very unsociable hours of the pubs (Hochi's would make a fortune in this environment!).

Dear Lads — I spent much time trying to teach and sustain the notion that Gaelic football could survive and prosper in this pioneering land. Having attempted to explain the finer points of this ancient sport for the 500th time, I finally gave up. It was time to follow the old maxim: "When in Rome, do as the Romans do". So with a vengeance, I immersed myself in American football, baseball and ice-hockey.

Treading occasionally on thin ice, and never having had anything more sophisticated than a pair of old boots on, I decided ice-skating and hockey were not for a thirty-four-year-old. For American football I decided I was about one-hundred-and-fifty pounds too light; and possessing a very strong desire to retain whatever few brain cells were left intact after enjoying many good nights on the town in Ballyhaunis and Galway, I decided that it, too, was going to remain a spectator sport.

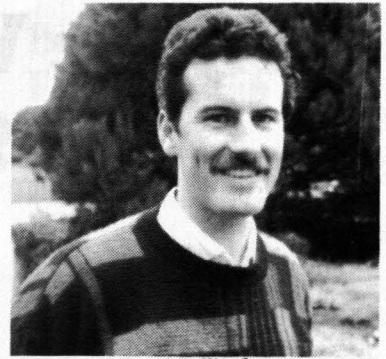
My first introduction to baseball came after being drafted to be the Assistant Coach position on my daughter Vienna's T-ball team (kids' baseball). Practice sessions went very well, everybody was very patient with yours truly, the Foreigner, in explaining the rules of the sport. Having been subjected to a number of outbursts from my son, Shea, as he questioned my aforementioned quantity of brain cells, I began to pick up on the finer points. Feeling very confident I went to my first game and acted as First Base Coach. The game wasn't five minutes old when I had a sudden rush of memories, anxieties and sheer trepidation. A number of my decisions were questioned in a very aggressive manner by a very aggressive bunch of parents on the sidelines. Floods of memories came back from the old pitch on Clare Road; playing Under-14 / Under-16 and Minor football. Many of you will under-

- By Kieran Foliard.

stand the feelings. I still laugh to this day when I remember outbursts, like: "Roll out another barrel"! (Sorry, Ned!).

There are some differences. The spectators in those days were predominately male and all had played the sport and were unquestionably experts (at least in their own minds). Here the spectators are probably evenly balanced between male and female, and whatever about throwing abuse back at a group of males, my Irish heritage somewhat inhibits me from displaying this kind of outburst with the female population. I could imagine the spectators replying: "Damn Foreigners! They're everywhere! Not only do we drive their cars, but they own half of our businesses, and now they're trying to teach us how to play baseball!".

From there on in I decided to be a good participant, keep my mouth closed and **get even**. Here came to mind a second maxim: "He who goes on the path of revenge, should dig two graves". So I decided to disguise my revenge. I did so by signing up to be the Soccer Coach for my son, Shea's team, in the Autumn League. Now **here** was a whole new ball of wax. "Ha", I smiled to myself, as I saw the parents gather. I saw them fumble with the terminology, I saw them ask all of the ridiculous questions and my heart swelled with pleasure. All the practices went very smoothly. I coached, I gave orders, I motivated. The parents were quiet, and did what they were told. Suddenly I was reminded of a quote (a third maxim?) by Sun Tzu, an ancient Chinese philosopher who wrote: "If you know the enemy and know yourself, you need not fear the result of one-hundred battles".



Kieran Foliard

Well, by now I have had my dozen battles, and can honestly say without any exaggeration that we are firmly propping up the bottom of the League. So much for ancient Chinese philosophers!

All I ask for now is an opportunity to coach them in Gaelic football! I'd really show them!

At least now I am quietly confident that in **soccer** the challenge has been removed and our superiority in this sport was witnessed in the World Cup by Jack's Army.

Your's without wax,

Foll,

West-of-Ireland man has learned some lessons from living in America. He knows that one must take certain responsibility for changing the perception of Ireland and the Irish people — that each of us, when abroad, acts as an ambassador for our country. He has learned that, like every nation, the average American citizen is a decent, congenial and hard-working individual. What is missing, like in so many other countries, is the expression at the political level of the same set of values. And he knows that the environment in which he was brought up and the values he was taught growing up in Ballyhaunis have stood to him as he has gone out into the world. And, thank God, for the removal of the Ban!



Norrie Anderson (nee Lanigan), with her two daughters, Mandy (13), and Jane (21).

Arctic Voyage 1990

By Mick Brogan

On June 20th, 1990, my diary reads:

"Crossed the Arctic Circle at 18.00 hrs., today, June 20th".

The crew cheered and shook hands as we crossed the magic imaginary line between N. E. Iceland and the tiny Island of Jan Mayen.

Cooked three full cod in white sauce with spuds — no wine or beer as three of our crew members are feeling unwell". We had left Seydisfjörður in N. E. Iceland 48 hrs. previously in force 7 headwinds aboard the 1911 Connemara-built hooker, the "St. Patrick", which had once carried Padraic Pearse to the Aran Islands. We had already travelled from Dublin to Starnaway in the Outer Hebrides, and from there to Iceland in foul weather conditions. The forty-foot hooker had taken more of a hammering than I thought she would ensure, so now I was not worried when we left for Jan Mayen about the boat's performance. I had read up a lot about this tiny island between Iceland and Siberia, and I felt this was going to be the most trying part of the voyage.

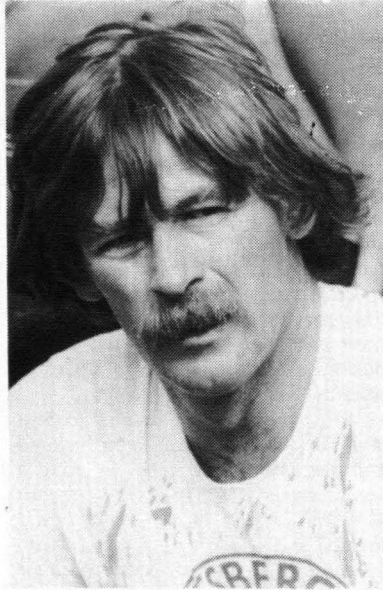
A Dr. O'Hanlon in 1970 visited this little island, where the chain anchoring his boat broke in a storm, cutting her adrift. The explorer, Tillman, left his boat, "Mischief", here. Five members of a British Scientific expedition lost their lives when their boat capsized here in 1961.

The island is in the shape of a lamb chop with the high volcanic mountain, Beerenberg, on the north-west end. This 8,000 ft. high mountain creates unpredictable and severe weather changes in the area, as we were soon to find out.

We had left behind the civilisation and friendliness of Iceland, where we arrived on June 14th. We were not to see the darkness of night until we came south of the Lofoten Islands in Norway on the homeward leg of the journey.

Log: June 14th, 1990, 17.00 hrs.:

Arrived here at the mouth of this fjord into Seydisfjörður in the midnight sun at 12.00 midnight. Into the village at 2.00 a.m. Had 24 hrs. of gales and huge seas breaking on the boat day and night. Good to get this shelter. Spectacular scenery. Coastline of 4,000 ft. high volcanic peaks with snow down to sea level. A beautiful, friendly village of 500 people. I am going to



have a hot shower and shave in one hour — bliss!

Beer was £4.00 per bottle, but after playing a few jigs and reels in the local hotel, we were not allowed to put our hands into our pockets. Of course, the locals thought we were crazy to be heading north from there. I must admit to feeling a little apprehensive myself, but there was no going back".

Log: Friday, June 22nd, 1990, 05.40 hrs.:

On watch from 2 - 6 p.m. Very cold with snow blizzards at times. Dense fog all around. Cannot see past two boat lengths. Very strange to be surrounded by fog for days on end. Wind dead ahead, force 6 - 7. Very big seas. Reading a book by Bruce Chatwin, entitled: 'What Am I Doing Here'. Crackers and Mrs. Weigh's cheese for breakfast at 1.00 a.m."

June 24th: 70°N - 8° West:

The journey to Jan Mayen not only lived up to but exceeded our expectations. As we approached within five miles of the island, Mt. Beerenberg (the highest in the Arctic), appeared mysteriously out of cloud and fog. The wind changed from north to north-east, force 6 - 7, so we had to head out to sea again and sail all around to the north of the island to find the safe anchorage of Walrus Bay. I was full of admiration for Skipper Paddy Barry, who navigated the

boat safely around the island in foul weather and dense fog. We got anchored with great relief at 12.00 midnight G.M.T. The winds eased a little and the Skipper and myself launched our dingy to go ashore. On the dark volcanic beach it looked like an untidy builder's yard. On closer inspection we were looking at huge amounts of driftwood blown in from Siberia and also whale bones. Two crosses made of driftwood marked burial sites of previous tragedies. A man and a woman from the Norwegian weather base came across the island to greet us. We learned very quickly from the man that this was his woman and that they had no supplies for three months; they were also out of beer. In exchange for twenty-four cans of beer we obtained about 250 litres of diesel. Later that morning we went to the weather station for showers and hot food.

When I went to go outdoors with my camera, one of the twenty Norwegians living at the weather station came running after me with a big semi-automatic rifle. He explained that we had to carry these everywhere because of the "ice-bear" (polar bear). It seems that when the ice flows receded a few weeks previously, some bears got left behind and were now hungry and dangerous. I took the gun and went off about my business. About two miles from the base it suddenly occurred to me that I had no idea how to operate the weapon. On reflection, I hoped that any sensible bear would run the other way if faced with the threat of a gun! We spent three days on anchor in a storm in Walrus Bay, Jan Mayen, when we could not leave the boat as it would have been too dangerous to launch the dinghy. We had to set a second anchor to stop us drifting."

Log: June 25th, 1990, 23.00 hrs.:

On anchor 40 metres from shore. Another day sitting tight in a storm. Very difficult even going up on deck. Snow all day. Two anchors holding. Talked to Iceland on radio at 19.30 G.M.T. Our soccer team are through to the last six in the World Cup — celebrated with one can of beer each — thinking of the family".

On June 28th the weather improved for a few hours. We saw our opportunity and departed with relief tinged with sadness as we all felt something for this little island. We left Walrus Bay at 12.00 hrs. heading 65° north-east for Long Year Bay. The weather remained reasonable but very cold. We crossed the Greenwich Meridian at 20.27 hrs. on June 29th. Weather Fax shows a deep depression over Ireland. Reading a book on "Shackleton's Boat Journey from Elephant Island to South

Continued on page

“You Ould Daisy”

BEING a man who engages in an occasional flutter, I am often amused by the comments and actions of my fellow-punters in the Bookie Offices. Indeed, I often wonder what a person entering a Bookie Office for the first time thinks of the set-up. It would, I think, make a fascinating study for a behavioural psychologist.

The first impression on entering the office is of people staring at walls. It is only when you are in the office for a few minutes that you realise that they are reading the “form” from the newspaper.

The second thing, to strike one is the constant information from the “blower”. This device relays information such as “at Hackney the hare is running”; the Curragh they are going down; Ascot they are at the post; they're off at Galway, at 3.01; they bet Devon 6/4 the field”.

Then, of course, there are the characters in the Bookie Office. The ones who cheer on their winners with shouts of: “Get up there, you ould daisy, ya”, and also those who mourn their losses by blaming the jockey and stating: “He's not a strong as a glass of stout”.

You also have the “loyal punter”, who

would back Pat Eddery riding a donkey, and who, over the jumps, would always back “Scu.”, and “Pipeen”.

But the real big problem the first-time visitor will have, is understanding the racing jargon and slag. Let me translate a few sentences for you: —

“The jolly wasn't off a yard”, means the favourite didn't try to win.

“I had a score on the gamble”, means I had £20 on a well-backed horse.

“He has the rogue's badge on today”, means the horse is wearing blinkers.

The regular punter also refers to horse no. 1 as “the top”, and the last numbered horse in the race as “the bottom”.

If a horse does not enjoy its racing or is inclined to throw in the towel it is referred to as being “ify” or “a dodge”.

A favourite that duly obliges and wins is referred to as “a good thing”, while a favourite that loses is a “pig”.

Other terms are “a monkey” (£500); “pony” (£25); “a skin” (£5).

So now that you have got a little insight into what happens in a Bookie Office, why not pop down and have “a monkey” on “the jolly”, and here's hoping that he's “a good thing”.

— **E. M.**

Ballyhaunis Rugby Football Club

The Club now looks forward, with confidence, to the development of their recently-purchased grounds on the Ballindrehid Road. It is hoped that this development will be a major additional amenity to the community at large.

The Club at present fields a junior side in the Connacht League, Under-18, Under-16, Under-14 sides, as well as coaching for Under-12s. The people mainly responsible for taking care of the under-age teams are Alan Delaney, Hugh Curley and Brendan Morrissey. Again, we appeal to parents, especially, to help reduce the workload involved and give a hand in whatever way they can.

Under-age coaching takes place on Saturday mornings.

The publication of a new Telephone Directory will be launched shortly. The Directory will include numbers in the Ballyhaunis and surrounding areas. It will prove to be a most valuable reference for all who utilise the 'phone service.

Membership for the current season costs £10.00 payable to the Treasurer.

Officers for 1990/'91 season:

President, Hugh Curley; Vice-President, Tom Quinn; Treasurer, Pat Martin; Asst. Treasurer, Alan Delaney; Hon. Secretary / P.R.O., Eamonn Healy; Club Delegate, Hugh Curley; Fixtures Secretary, Bernie Jennings.

Arctic Voyage 1990

Georgia”, Shackleton took with him one Tom Crean, a relation of the Creans of Ballyhaunis, who subsequently saved Shackleton's life, but that's a story for another day.

The journey north to Spitzbergen was a pleasant one with favourable winds, although we had engine and rigging failure, both within one twenty-four-hour period”.

Log: July 1st, 78° N. (Greenland Sea):

Gary cooked tabasco soup and carrots for dinner — Air is bitterly-cold. First sighting of the mountains of Svalbard. Svalbard is the name given to a group of islands located between 10° - 35° E and 74° - 81° N. Two-thirds are covered by ice and glaciers. The largest island is Spitzbergen and most of the 3,400 people here are employed in coal mines, operated by the Norwegians and Soviets. It is dark for twenty-four hours from October 28th until February 14th, and there is midnight sun from April 21st to August 21st.

We arrived into Long Year Bayen on Monday, July 2nd, at 2.30 p.m. local time. There was pack-ice at the mouth of the fjord which gave off a beautiful blue-white glare all around. I was

looking forward to a hot shower, a shave and a good steak. Johnny Rooney and myself had a meal that evening in the only restaurant. I had seal steak, which although a bit on the oily side, tasted quite good.

There were herds of reindeer roaming around the island but we did not get to see Santa Claus!

There were large colonies of Arctic terns which swooped on our heads if we approached their nesting sites.

We were joined in Long Year Bayen by two climbers from the Irish Mountaineering Club, and they, with Paddy Barry and John Rooney, succeeded in climbing some previously unscaled mountains in the north of Svalbard at 80° N.

I bade farewell to the St. Patrick in Svalbard as some new crew members were joining for the homeward leg of the journey. This was to take until September 1st.

I took a plane to Tromso, Norway, and by good fortune found a tall ship whose Russian Skipper liked Irish music. The ship was a three-masted barque-built by the Germans in 1912, and subsequently bought by the Norwegians. She is said to be the world's oldest and biggest

barque and looked to be straight out of “The Onedin Line”. I learned the traditional names of the sails on these tall ships — names such as Upper Gallant, Main Course, Royal, etc. It was amazing to watch the young crew climb 50m. to the top of the main mast and out along the yards to set the sails. On board this ship I crossed the Arctic Circle going south again and got my first sighting of a school of killer whales and two huge sperm whales off the Lafoten Islands. The crew, mainly made up of Norwegians, Swedes and a few Soviets, was extremely friendly and helpful. In the evening they sang shanties in Norwegian and English as they hoisted and lowered the sails. It was like turning the clock back 150 years!

A week later I suddenly found myself on board a plane bound for Dublin. I was back in the 20th century. A point had been proven; the boat which had been built to transport turf and supplies to Aran had conquered the Arctic. A special word of thanks to my wife, Laura, and children, Emma, Darragh and Janice, for being so patient.



Community Games, 1990 - Jennifer McCafferty became the first pupil in Ballyhaunis to win the gold medal for Mayo in the art section of the Community Games County Final held in Castlebar during the Summer.



Ballyhaunis Pitch and Putt team at Community Games finals in Mosney. Back: Caroline Tighe, Hilary Mooney. Front: Pauline Madden, Catriona Curley, Aine Fahey.

Ballyhaunis Community Games - 1990

There was great activity in Community Games events of the Summer months around Ballyhaunis. There were local competitions in Athletics, Art, Cycling, Draughts, Pitch and Putt and, for the first time, in Swimming. The winners went on to compete at county level and Jennifer McCafferty and the girls' Pitch and Putt team of Cathriona Curley, Hilary Mooney, Caroline Tighe, Aine Fahey and Pauline Madden, represented Mayo at the All-Ireland finals, in Mosney, in early September. The Pitch and Putt team finished fifth overall and with a little more coaching from Pat Curley, who knows, but they might get into the medals next year! The swimmers set out for the county finals in Castlebar expecting little but in true Ballyhaunis competitive style arrived back with quite a few medals. Hilary Mooney and Fintan Byrne won silver medals, both being just pipped for the gold. Bronze medals were won by Evelyn Murphy, Samantha Glynn, Gillian Keane and Vincent Freyne, as well as the Boys' Relay team of Cormac Cleary, Diarmuid Cleary, Ciaran Murphy and Brian Forde. Much of this success must be credited to Siobhan Byrne, who trained the swimmers — thanks, Siobhan. Graham Cleary won a cycling bronze medal and should have a good chance

of improving on that next year. In Draughts the two teams competed at county level and won silver and bronze medals. In Soccer the girls took part, for the first time, and were very unlucky to lose against Garrymore 1-0, especially as they scored only to have it ruled out for off-side. The boys won through to the county final only to lose to a very well-organised Castlebar team. The Gaelic football team were withdrawn because the players were tied up in so many other G.A.A. competitions. The Under-14 Hurling team won the county final against Castlebar and went on to compete in the Connacht final only to be beaten by a very big and skilful Athenry side. Athenry only lost the All-Ireland final by one point. The panel was: Simon Webb, John Neenan, Peter Healy, Mark Neenan, D. Conlon, Brian Delaney, Daniel Tarpey, Derek Walsh, Cormac O'Connor, John Burke, Paul Hunt, Jimmy O'Boyle, Hugh McKermitt, Robert Gildea, Sean Fitzmaurice, Gerry Neenan, Michael Curley. Thanks must be extended to all who helped in any way, especially the teachers, sports clubs, parents, etc. Community Games is a great way of expanding the participation of children in activities within their community and county, so it is up to the parents to come out next year and assist in running the events.

- PAT O'CONNOR.

Errit Lake

*I sit on an upright concrete block,
On a shore of Lough Errit in the
Borders of Roscommon and Mayo.
In Summer, eighty-nine, we swam here,
Bernard Freyne, Donal Moran and I.
Today's New Year's Day, nineteen-ninety,
The lake is almost as beautiful.
Long snake of water stretches to the
Distant hills of Barr Na Cuige.*

*Tractor splutters momentarily,
Cuts out, returning the old silence
To some chirping feathered friends and
me.
A gentle breeze pushes the water on
Wooden jetties, new pier stand alone.
Sinking sun hangs on Harrington's
house,
Lighting a cool reluctant lake and me.*

*A robin arrives from the water,
Tripping daintly towards my way;
As if encouraging me to leave.
I belong here just as much as you.
The cheeky robin is not impressed.
The tractor starts up again engine revs.
Harrington's house has trapped the sun,
It's cold and the magic disappears.
I must re-trace my steps to Knox Street.*

(By Anthony Jordan).

Ballyhaunis Summer Festival, 1990

The opening meeting of Festival '90 was in January. Plans were set in motion, sponsorship was sought, budgets were looked into and we heard about "Bros" and "King Creole" and "The Sawdoctors".

Ten days of events were put in place and we are grateful to our major sponsors, publicans, shopkeepers and traders for their generosity. So thirty different events in the sporting, religious and other fields were planned. Seventeen premises entered the talent competition, twenty-six people took part in the Annagh Rose Finals.

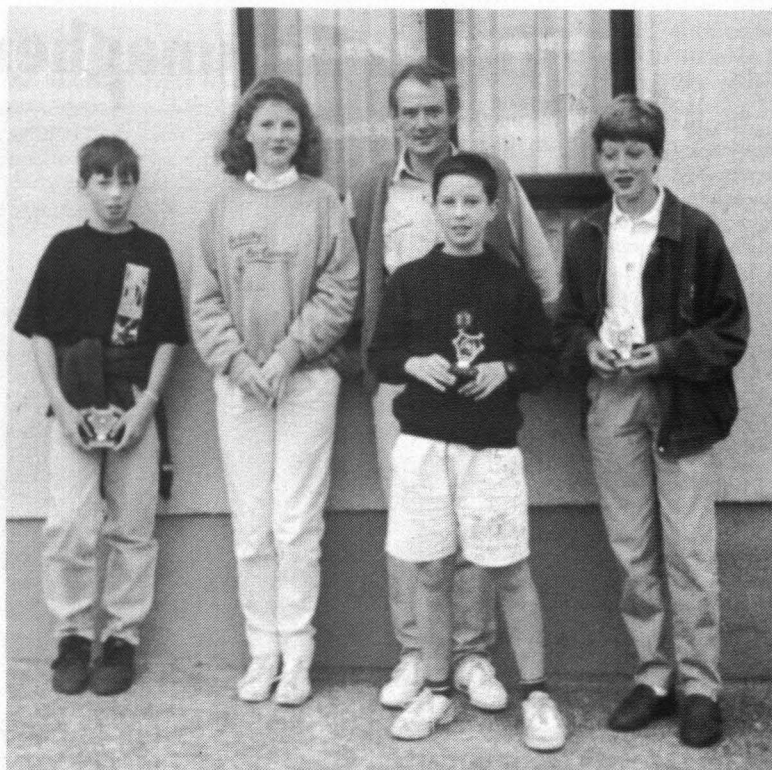
And we even thought about booking "Bros", "King Creole" and "The Sawdoctors".

A Festival is a joyful celebration of a people at home with itself, and caring for one another, and sharing that joy with the visitors and the holiday-makers.

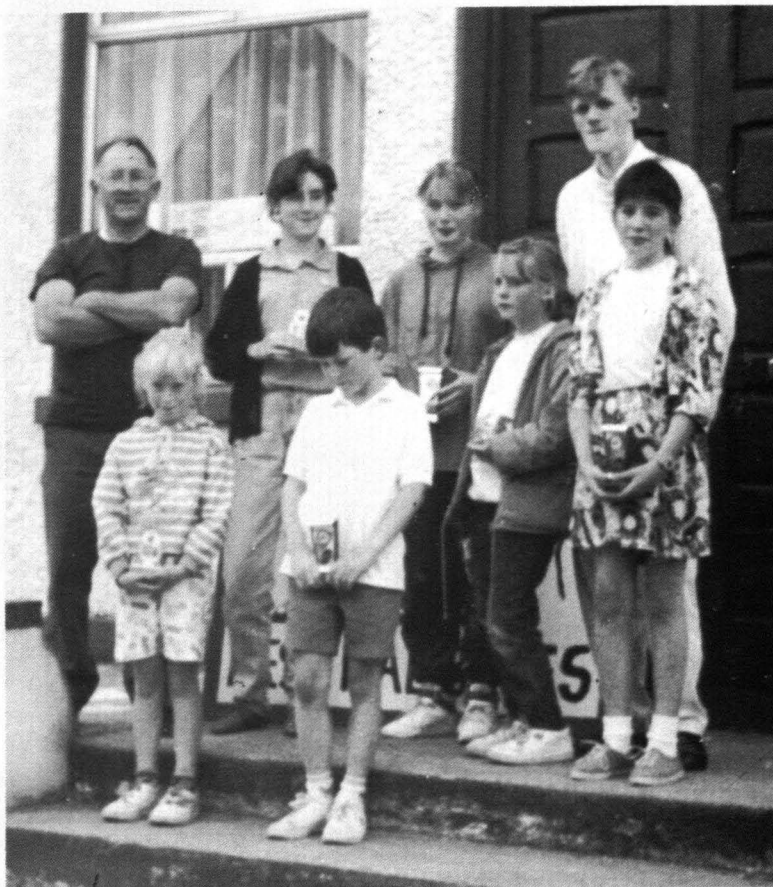
A Festival reaches to the heart and soul and spirit of a people; a Festival is the story of people in over-drive. A Festival needs people to become involved and I know if you get involved you maybe criticised for a thousand reasons, or maybe for more. And it is said a Festival is all about drinking and shouting and noise and rackets and so on, and so on, and you should have this, and that and the other, and "why didn't ye do this and that". So now, if you dare, go and get involved and contact Ballyhaunis Chamber of Commerce, and offer your ideas, your time but chiefly yourselves. By the way, we did book Paddy Cole and Brose Walsh and the sensational Sawdoctors . . . and on the night of August 8th, the famous five played in the Midas Night Club.

"Come west to Ballyhaunis when the days are long and bright and companionship and music will make short the Summer night. Come back to capture something of the place where you first grew and see the changes in the streets you know".

Finally, sincere thanks to John O'Connor for the above lines. And especially to the Committees who have worked so tirelessly over the years to make the Festival occasion worthwhile — and good wishes to Annagh people, everywhere and anywhere.



Primary School Quiz winners, Summer Festival, 1990, left to right: Oliver Cleary, Hilary Mooney, Mark Donnellan, Daire Eagney. Back: John Cleary, Editor, Annagh Magazine, the quiz sponsors.



Street Art winners with John Biesty, Chairman (Festival, 1990), Annagh Magazine, the sponsors, and adjudicator, James Waldron.

Down Killunagher Way

The townland of Killunagher is situated North in the Parish of Annagh. To the North it borders the Parish of Loughlinn in the Diocese of Elphin. To the East it borders the Parish of Ballinlough in the Diocese of Tuam. To the West is Loughanboy Lake, with an area of sixteen acres, known as the Lake where the three townlands meet — Killunagher, Brackloon and Derrylahan. Within the townland there are two place-names locally known as Newtown and College Green.

The Killunagher place-name originated from an early Christian Saint named Luneeharia. The seventeenth century Franciscan scholar, Fr. John Colgan, in his *Acta-Sanctorum-Hiberniae* on the Latin life of St. Mochua (written in Louvain in year 1645), mentions a Holy Lady named Luneeharia being honoured in a church called Kill-Luneehair in the Diocese of Elphin, her Feast Day being on June 7th. As Killunagher borders the Elphin Diocese it may have been part of that Diocese in the early Christian times.

- Continued next page.



Mrs. Ann Greally (nee Hansboro), R.I.P.; Michael Durkin, Killunagher.

Courtesy Joe Diskin.



Members of the Killinaughler Gambling and Rambling House Float, overall winners at the Tooreen Parade. Back row (left/right): Thomas Regan, Geraldine Connelly, Angela Wallace, Judith Regan, Kevin Diskin, Thomas Fitzmaurice, John Connelly. Front row (left/right): Joseph Diskin, Marion Regan, Carmel Regan and William Comer.

Down Killunagher Way

According to local folklore an unknown priest in the Penal Times who was found saying Mass in the area was hanged in Killunagher.

Viscount Dillon's 1805 Book of Leases refers to only one tenant — Thomas Kelly & Co. This Lease, dated 1794, had an annual rent of £62-17s-10d.

In the primary valuations of 1850 Killinaugher is shown as the property of Lord Dillon. It contained 555 acres, 1 rood, 15 perches, of which 5 acres, 1 rood, 28 perches are water and 306 acres are bog. The annual valuation for land and buildings was £82-19s-0d.

HOUSEHOLDERS IN 1850s

1, James Geraghty; 2, Patrick Connolly; 3, John Hansboro; 4, Michael Comer; 5, Patrick Grogan (Michael); 6, Patrick A. Grogan; 7, John M. Grogan (of 14); 8, James Casey; 9, Patrick Doory; 10, Patrick Harkin; 11, Patrick Grogan (Margaret); 12, Michael Regan (of 17); 13, Patrick Grailey; 14, John M. Grogan; 15, William Grogan; 16, John S. Grogan; 17, Michael Regan; 18, James Boyle (Jnr.); 19, James Boyle; 20, Patrick Comer; 21, Mark Kelly; 22, Patrick Kelly; 23, Austin Kelly; 24, Patrick Giblin; 25, Martin Cuddy; 26, John Doory; 27, Thomas Hunt.

1901 CENSUS OF HOUSEHOLDERS

Householder	No. of Persons in each house
1, James Murphy	5.
2, Michael Connolly	3.
3, John Hansboro	4.
4, Martin Comer	4.
5, Michael Diskin	3.
6, Bridget Grogan	5.
7, Michael Grogan	5.
8, John Doory	4.
9, Pat Doory	4.
10, Michael McGarry	7.
11, Michael Grogan	5.
12, John Regan	9.
13, John Grailey	5.
14, Thomas Regan	7.
15, Thomas Murphy	4.
16, John Sibbie Grogan	0.
17, Francis Rogan	10.
18, Catherine Greally	4.
19, Thomas Boyle	7.
20, Michael Comer	7.
21, M. Regan	5.
22, Thomas Kelly	10.
23, John Kelly	10.
24, James Giblin	4.
25, Andrew Moran	5.
26, Bridget Brown	6.
27, Bridget Hunt	3.

Total population in 1901 was 137. No. of householders: 27. The oldest person in 1901 was Mrs. Bridget Grogan, aged 82 (no. 6). She was mother of

Jamsey Grogan. The following children were Under-2 years: Catherine Regan, one month; Parents were Francis and Marie Regan (no. 17); Thomas Grogan, one month; Parents were Michael and Maggie Grogan (no. 7); John Regan, one year; Parents were Martin and Catherine Regan (no. 21); Patrick Comer, one year; Parents were Michael and Bridget Comer (no. 20); Bridget Murphy, one year; Parents were John and Catherine Murphy (no. 1).

In 1901 out of the population of 137, 41 of these were under the age of 18. In

1990 the population is 39; 14 of them are under the age of 18. The number of householders is 12. The oldest person in 1990 is Michael Diskin, aged 86 (no. 5).

Children Under-2 years: Lisa Marie Regan, 1 year, 10 months (no. 12); Breda Luneharia Diskin, 10 months (no. 5).

From the Famine times to 1901 one house was deserted — John Sibbie Grogan. From 1901 to the present day over fourteen houses are deserted or in ruin. There were seven Grogan householders recorded in the 1850 valuations, only one Grogan householder remains in 1990.



Confirmation Day, 1914 - right, John Diskin (R.I.P.), and Michael Diskin, Killinaugher. Courtesy Joe Diskin.



Boys' National School, 1952. Back row: Tony Greene, Joe Mannion, Michael Flemming, Vincent Freyne, Seamus Mason, Patrick Freeley, Donal Mulcahy and Sean Ruane (R.I.P.). Middle row: Tom Ruane, John Murphy, Kieran Benson, Tom Murphy, John Connolly, Paddy Fitzmaurice, Michael Biesty and Emmet Keane. First row: John Morley, Liam Hannon, Maxie O'Shea, Liam Baker, Ted McMorrow, Hugh Curley.
 — Courtesy Paddy Fitzmaurice.



St. Mary's Primary School, County Champions, 1990, three-in-a-row - Front row: Michael John Kilcourse, Pierce Higgins, Hugh McKermitt, Simon Webb (Captain); Johnny Burke, Peter Healy, P. C. Curley, Paul Finn. Middle row: Pat O'Connor (Selector); Stephen Glynn, Eoin Butler, Kevin Cleary, Brian Flanagan, Edward Webb, Ian Webb and Niall Tighe. Back row: Patrick Keane, Mark Patterson, Michael Freeley, David Beirne, Simon McCafferty, John Paul Coen, Michael Curley, Jim Lundon (Principal); Micheál Webb (Selector). Missing: Paddy Waldron (Selector).



Credit Union Wheelathon winner, Terry Coleman, Graham Cleary for John and Mike Cleary, Maura Fitzmaurice, Maura Murphy, Credit Union.

Ballyhaunis And District Credit Union

Ballyhaunis Credit Union, once again, has grown with the passing year with its membership now standing at over six-hundred-and-twenty. It has served the local area well with over £300,000 given in loans to its members for productive purposes. These same six-hundred-and-twenty members have saved over £320,000, which would not have been saved had it not been for the services of the Credit Union. To save money in these difficult times is not always an easy task but with the loan service in the Credit Union you can borrow money and pay it back at your own pace and at low fixed interest while not having to touch your savings. All Credit Union Directors and Tellers are volunteers, and work together to ensure that all members using the Credit Union get a quick, friendly service. **"Credit Union is run by you for you".**

CREDIT UNION OFFICERS 1990

Chairman, Peter McCafferty;
 Vice-Chairperson, Maura Fitzmaurice;
 Secretary, John Touhy; Treasurer, Rita London; Asst. Treasurers, Pat Fitzgerald and Mary Freyne;
 Membership Officer, Paddy Brennan;
 Credit Committee: Terry Coleman, Aiden Kelly and Benny McCarrick;
 P.R.O., Maura Murphy; Supervisors, Pat O'Connor, Barry Butler and Ina Freyne.

St. Joseph's Convent Primary School Choir

The sixth class Girls' Choir was very active this year. On the Sunday before Christmas we performed at the Carol Service in the Friary. Pupils of the fifth class the Boys' Choir and ourselves took part. It was a memorable and beautiful occasion, both for the choirs and the congregation.

On May 13th, we went to Knock for the Diocese Pilgrimage. We sang the Parish Choir for the Mass, which was celebrated by the Archbishop Joseph Cassidy and concelebrated by a number of priests, including Canon Costelloe. There were about four-thousand people, both from the Archdiocese and abroad, present in the Basilica.

The following Sunday the sixth class Choir joined Choirs from all over the Archdiocese in a special Mass in Tuam Cathedral. It was celebrated by Archbishop Cassidy.

To conclude our Choir year we travelled to the Cor Fheile in Athlone. We sang five Irish songs and members of the class accompanied us on various instruments. About ten other local Choirs took part. We were privileged to meet the Minister for Education, Mrs. Mary O'Rourke, after our performance. We owe our success to our teacher and conductor, Sr. Rosario Waldron. Her hard work and co-operation in preparing us for these events are greatly appreciated by every member of the Choir.

- Aine Fahey and Una Butler.

Chamber Of Commerce

(Secretary's Report)

The Vice-President of the Chamber of Commerce in 1989 — Tom Finn, was elected to the position of President, in January of this year, on the retirement of Barry Butler. At the same time the position of Treasurer was taken over by Dermot Eagney, on the retirement of Pat Martin.

Firmly based in the commercial life of the town, Tom Finn's year to date has been spent in attempting to improve the infrastructure of the town in order to project a better image of the town to those visiting it while, at the same time, attempting to get the commercial people in the town to band together and put their best foot forward with a view to holding existing business and generating new business.

From the infrastructural point of view, the Chamber of Commerce has, therefore, during the year, concerned itself with all of the town's difficulties: traffic, parking and bad odours, to name but a few. From the other viewpoint a concerted effort is now under way to get the commercial interests of the town together and a new project has been launched called "Ballyhaunis Business Co-Operation" (B.B.C. for short). The immediate objective of this group is to put together a package in order to project a good image of the town during the Christmas period, and for that purpose, two persons have been employed. It is to be hoped that the project will be successful and that a successful Christmas season, under the commercial belts, will spur things on to bigger and greater things. The Chamber, continuing its review of the local situation, is now turning more of its attention to benefitting the commercial life of the town and its surrounding area, and is particularly seeking ways of improving the rural lifestyle and retaining the rural population.

On this theme also the Chamber is very conscious of the need for new members, and in addition to making an active approach to those setting up new businesses in the town and surrounding area, also wishes to appeal to young and vigorous people already in business (including farming), and professions, to join and become active in the Chamber and, thereby, participate in moulding the future of this area.

- ROBERT POTTER-COGAN.

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.

A.I.B. BANK , Bridge Street	30464/30726
ALMA'S Ladies' and Gent's Hairdressing Salon, Clare Street	30354
ANGLING CLUB , Ballyhaunis & District: permits from Michael Nolan	30205
AUGUSTINIAN FATHERS (Hon.), The Abbey	30031
BALLINLOUGH REFRIGERATION CO. LTD.	(After 7 p.m. 30426). Fax 40230 - Tel. 40045
BALLYHAUNIS TYRE CENTRE: Kieran Dyer (prop.)	Car: 88569155 - 30573/late at 30677
BANK OF IRELAND , The Square	30073
BILLY'S BAR & NITE CLUB , Main Street (Parties and Functions)	30443
BINGO CLUB , Scout Den	30649
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BURKE, D.H. , Supermarket, Upper Main Street	30482
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CLOCK TAVERN , Knox Street	
COEN, SEAMUS , Garage, Devlis	30087
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CONCANNON'S Ladies' and Gent's Fashions, Main Street	30051
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CONROY, PAT: Gent's Outfitter, Household Goods, Knox Street	
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CREHAN, MARTIN , Clare Street, Concrete Products	30328
CRIBBIN'S , Victuallers, Main Street	30029
CUNNINGHAM, PADDO: Londis Foodmarket, Abbey Street	30162
CURLEY'S BAR , Clare Street	30077
CURLEY'S CHEMISTS , Main Street	30110
CURLEY'S Jewellery & Cosmetics, Bridge Street	30110
CURRAN'S PUB , Bridge Street	30357
DELANEY, PADDY , Select Bar & Lounge, Abbey Street	30024
DELANEY'S LTD. , Hardware, Wallpaper, Paint, Household, Gifts, Bridge Street	30296
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DOHERTY'S Betting Office, Main Street	30628/30738
DONNELLAN'S Joinery, Undertakers, Funeral Home	30045
DURKAN'S , Drink Distributors, Devlis	30034
ELECTRICAL & PUMP SERVICES LTD. , Ballyhaunis	Fax 30761; Tel.: 30226
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FARAH EXPORTS (IRL.) , Ballyhaunis	30101
FINN, TOM , Footwear Specialist, Main Street	30141
FITZGERALD'S: Grocery & Confectionery, Bridge Street	?????
FORDE'S LTD. , The House for all the Family, The Square	30013
FREYNE, BERNARD , Welding Centre, Tool Hire, Knox Street	30152
FREYNE'S GARAGE and Filling Station, Clare Street	30043

G.A.A. SPORTS CLUB , (Chairman, Gerry Lyons)	30737
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HALAL MEAT PACKERS , Clare Road	30555
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HOPKINS, TOM , Grocer and Newsagent, Upper Main Street	30076
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HORSE SHOE INN , Abbey Street.	30178
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MORAN, DONAL K. & SONS , Building Contractor	30079
MORAN, TOMMIE , Sweets, Ices, Fancy Goods, Fuel Merchant, Main Street	30493

MORLEY, P. J. , T.D., Bekan	(094) 80217
MORLEY, TONY & SONS , Exterior and Interior Decorators, Knox Street.	
MULHERN, EDWARD , Bar and Taxi Service, Clare Street	30249
MULRENNAN, JAMES & SONS , Fitted Kitchens & Bedroom Specialists, Keane Kitchen Centre	30038
MUNRO, BRIAN & SONS , Insurance Broker	30343
MURPHY'S AUTO SALES : Main Hyundai Dealer, Dublin Road	30307
M.W.R. F.M. 96.1 , Abbey Street	Ads. 30553: Requests 30169
N.C.F. LTD. , Mart and Stores	30166
NESTOR & CO. , Accountants, Upper Main Street	30005
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ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT OF MERCY Primary School, Abbey Street	30505
ST. PATRICK'S DRAMATIC SOCIETY.	
SOPHISTICUT HAIR SALON , Ladies' & Gent's, Abbey Street	30492
SQUASH CLUB , Sec. Ann Curley, Clare Street	30077
T.C. FAST FOODS , Main Street	30357
TRENA'S UNISEX HAIR SALON , Abbey Street	30837
TYNAN DILLON & CO. , Chartered Accountants, Clare Street	30261
ULSTER BANK LTD. , Abbey Street	30049
VAL'S LOUNGE , Bar Food Specialists, Main Street	30068
WALSH, M. J. , Trailers, Knox Street / Knock Road	30693
WEBB, JAMES & SON , High-Class Victualler, Main Street	30063
WEBB, M. J. , Master Butcher, Main Street	30003
WESTERN BRAND CHICKEN LTD. , Fresh and Frozen Daily	30069
WINSTON, GERARD , Family Grocer, Devlis	30395

Isn't It A Small World

When Brian McNamara and Marie Caulfield, both of whom reside in Washington D.C., decided to make their marriage vows in Ballyhaunis this Summer, it provided the ideal opportunity for the Caulfield family from Carrowkeel, to hold a family get-together - their first family reunion in over thirty years.

When the young couple met by sheer co-incidence in Washington a couple of years ago little did they realise, either, what they had in common or what lay in store for them. Marie, daughter of Gus and Kathleen Caulfield, from Carrowkeel, emigrated to the U.S. in the mid-1980s, in search of work. After some time working in the States Marie met Brian McNamara, a native of Arlington on the outskirts of Washington. When the newly-acquainted youngsters conversed with one another it emerged that not only did Brian's mother happen to be a Caulfield, also, but that she, too, was Irish and a native of none other than Carrowkeel, in Co. Mayo. His mother was the former Nuala Caulfield, daughter of the late Delia and William Caulfield, and sister of Martin, who currently resides there. The chance meeting led to romance and eventually to wedding bells in St. Patrick's Church, Ballyhaunis. Did somebody, somewhere, at one time, say: "Isn't It A Small World".



The Caulfield family from Carrowkeel on the occasion of their re-union this year. Back row, left to right: Martin, Gregory, Tom, Michael. Front row, left to right: Chris, Brigid, Nuala and Pdraig.



1971 Military Ball - John and Mary Higgins, Dermot and Ann Marie Eagney.
Courtesy Sean Freyne.



Joint Ballyhaunis Persons of the Year, 1970 - Maria Cribbin and Mr. Michael Curley, being presented with their trophies by Mr. Michael A. Keane (R.I.P.).

Courtesy Sean Freyne.



Mr. and Mrs. Mulligan, taken at the blessing of the extension to St. Mary's Primary School (June, 1990).

ANNAGH '90

