

# Annagh '91



**Ballyhaunis Annual Magazine**



# Season's greetings

*THROUGH the pages of Annagh Magazine I wish to extend to all the people of the parish and the surrounding district my warm good wishes for a happy Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year. A New Year can bring thoughts of sadness: sadness is part of our human condition, and is the result of many causes – death, parting of friends or other losses. This year Fr. Cooney of the Abbey has left us after a brief but fruitful stay: his going is tempered by the knowledge that he has recovered from his illness and will soon be completely well again. We thank him for his generous help in the parish: we wish him health and happiness. He is replaced by Fr. Vincent McCarthy, who has already made many friends amongst us. We welcome him and wish him a fruitful and successful ministry in Ballyhau-nis. And so sadness has its opposite in joy, and the one cannot be experienced without the other: no cross, no crown, no thorn, no palm! Sadly, too, this year I have to note the recent death of Fr. Michael Anthony Berrell, O.S.A., who spent so many fruitful years amongst us as a member of the Augustinian Community, and its Prior for a period. He was a man of great intellect, a pastoral Friar, and a warm and sincere friend. I should like to express my deep appreciation of his help in the parish, and our prayerful sympathy to his family and Augustinian brethren. In his latter years he bore his illness with great fortitude and resignation and, as was underlined in the tributes paid him at his obsequies, his ministry was that of suffering. In that patience and self-giving he was in the authentic tradition of the Friars of the Penal Times whose martyrdom is woven into the rich tapestry of the history of the parish. May his gentle soul rest in peace.*

*Patrick O. Costelloe, P.P.*

## COVER PHOTOGRAPHS

### FRONT COVER, clockwise:

- Annagh Rose, 1991, Louise Cribbin (now in London).
- Dorchester, Boston – back, left to right: Martina Comiskey, Bronagh McKermit, Mary Ruane, Teresa Griffin, Margaret Con-boy, Ann Marie Freyne. Front row: Ann Marie Raftery and Rita Garvey.
- Central Park, New York – Vinnie Caulfield and the Moran brothers, Enda, Tommy and Tony, with their horse and carriage.
- Agricultural Show, Melbourne, 1990 – Bernard McBride, son, Padraic; daughter, Kathleen; wife, Mary (Fitzmauride), Gurteenbeg.
- Morrison sisters from Clare – Bridle (Manchester), Nancy (Canada), Martina (Birmingham), Ita (Manchester).
- Joan Munnick, Halmond, Holland (formerly Joan Keegan), Pattenspark, with her sons, Kieran and Ronan.
- The Channel Tunnel – left to right: Declan Wallace, Killinaugher; Frank Healy, Ballindrehid; Dominic Hunt, Urlaur.

### BACK COVER, clockwise:

- St. Patrick's Day, New York – Vinnie Caulfield, Paul Timoney, John O'Connor.
- Rosemary Timoney in New York.
- Plymouth Rock – Teresa Griffin (nee Freyne, Coolnaha), with sons, Kieran and Enda; Maura Griffin and Eithne Wood (nee Griffin, now living in Wales).
- The Maguire family get-together in London, back, left to right: Michael, Kevin, Tommie, Brendan, Paddy, Dermot. Third row: Josephine, Nuala, Imelda; Second row: Colette, Mrs. Maguire, Martha. Front row: Bernadette, Yvonne, Teresa. (Missing Joe, Brisbane).
- New Zealand – In a Convent garden in Inverargile, left to right: Sr. M. Coleman, Sr. Bridget and Sr. Ann. Sr. Bridget Cribbin left Johnstown over sixty years ago.
- Mary Halpin-O'Brien with her children, Emma and Andrew, and her father, Jack, in Melbourne, Australia.



# Contents

Editorial .....	4	Ballyhaunis & District Credit Union .....	60
Brackloon .....	5	Sr. Kevin's Golden Jubilee .....	61
Cuan Mhuire .....	9	Michael Glavey's Basketball Club .....	61
Citizens Information Centre .....	10	The Melody Lingers .....	62
Confessions of James Augustine .....	11	Golden Wedding Anniversaries .....	64
The Coventry Connection .....	13	Fr. Patrick McCarthy.....	64
Ballyhaunis Bridge Club .....	13	Ballyhaunis ICA .....	65
Were Those The Days? .....	14	Ballyhaunis Boxing Club.....	65
Ballyhaunis Rugby Club.....	18	NSPCC Cycle or 1991 Cycle .....	66
Shahran, Saudi Arabia.....	19	Baptisms '91 .....	66
St. Patrick's Dramatic Society.....	22	St. Jarlath's College.....	67
Ballyhaunis Revisited .....	23	A Meeting in 1984.....	69
Major John MacBride .....	24	St. Vincent de Paul Society .....	69
Scouting Through The Decades.....	26	Dear Editor .....	69
Festival '91 .....	33	Cloontumper - The Stalker Connection.....	72
Cór Na nÓg, 1991 .....	34	Annagh Wishes Happy Retirements to.....	72
The National Concert Hall .....	34	An Elderly Resident Remembers .....	73
Marriages in Parish of Annagh .....	34	Ballyhaunis Fire Service .....	75
The Golfing Life of Alf Hudson .....	35	Frequent Visitor .....	75
Ballyhaunis Golf Club .....	37	St. Mary's Primary School .....	78
The Tuck Shop Trail .....	38	Fr. Matt Cooney, O.S.A.....	78
Macra na Feirme .....	38	My Ballyhaunis Connections .....	79
Mrs. Dill Hughes.....	39	Ballyhaunis Rehab.....	79
Alternative Life Styles.....	40	Impressions of an Outsider.....	80
Memories of My Village, Agloragh .....	41	Down Memory Lane .....	81
Ballyhaunis Hurling Activities, '91 .....	42	Well That's It For Another Year!.....	82
Days Gone By .....	43	Ballyhaunis Youths' Soccer Club .....	83
Ballyhaunis Pool Camp '91 .....	47	32-County Cycle Tour '91 .....	84
Wedding Pictorial.....	48	The Card Game.....	85
From Out Of The Mists of Memory .....	50	Deaths.....	85
The NWR/MWR/WNW Link-up .....	53	A Few Thoughts on Lifestyle '91 .....	87
Changes in the Farming Scene		Credit Unions in Ireland .....	88
During the Past 13 Years.....	55	Cumann Luthcleas Gael.....	90
Apostolic Work .....	57	Michael Byrne (Johnstown) Remembers.....	91
Mrs. Dyer .....	58	Alice's Kitchen .....	92
The Hanging Tree .....	60	Patrons .....	93



# *Editorial*

This is the 14th edition of Annagh magazine. This year our cover features sample photographs of our emigrants all over the world. As usual we try to record some of the events of the past year. For this we are thankful to the different organisations who sent us reports and photographs. We interviewed a few people about their lives and times past and let them tell their stories 'in their own words'. Brackloon is our featured village. We have a special feature on Scouting to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the founding of the 4th Mayo Troop CBSI.

I would like to thank all who made this magazine possible; those who wrote articles and supplied us with photographs, the hard-working committee, our loyal patrons and you, our readers, for your continued support.

Finally, I hope that wherever you are you will find something in these pages that will give you pleasure and enjoyment. To all of you I wish good health and contentment.

John Cleary,  
Editor

## **Annagh Officers**

Chairman, Johnny Blesty.

Vice-Chairman, Jimmy Cribbin.

Secretary, Matt O'Dwyer.

Treasurer, Noel Waldron.

Editor, John Cleary.

Asst. Editor, Peter McCafferty.

Committee: Mike Byrne, Gerry Cribbin, Ann Curley, Martin Forde, Jack Halpin, Pat Higgins, Joe Hosty, Jim Landon, Maisin Meath, Michéal Smyth, Paul Waldron.



# Brackloon

By Mary Finan

The townland of Brackloon, in the parish of Annagh, is situated three miles north of Ballyhaunis. It is bordered by the villages of Lisbane, Gurteenmore, Gurteenbeg, Killinagher, Tavanaghmore, Derrylahan and Tully (Co. Roscommon). Its periphery is marked by Lough Iomaire, Lough Doirenaslignigh and Lough An tSeoinín.

The closure of the local Post Office in the 1920s and the later closure of the local National School in 1971, due to the decline in population means that the now neglected handball alley remains the only stark reminder of a once vibrant and self-contained community. Local man, Thomas Ryan, recalls that the "alley" was once the centre of social and sporting activity in the district, attracting patrons from as far away as Cloonfad and Loughlynn. Proceedings were

conducted with the harsh survival code of the period, which ensured that only the biggest and strongest lads could get a game, while the younger, smaller ones

had to be content to watch from the sidelines, and while away the time playing pitch and toss, a game which involved tossing a coin towards a stub or spud, the stake usually being the tuppence a man. This game, it is said aroused such enthusiasm, and lasted so long that, very often, the winning toss would have to

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



1991 - Children walking to school - Emma, Sharon and Cathy Broderick, Frances Murphy, Aisling Finan, Stephanie Murphy, Oliver Davitt, Gary Davitt and Kenneth Broderick.



Brackloon N.S. (Scoil Phádraigh) 1912 - Back row: Jim Murphy, James Anthony Grogan, Martin Devaney, John Waldron, Jack Murphy, Johnny Fitzmaurice. Middle row: Jim Tully, ? Curley, John Regan, Tom Cribbin, Jim Cribbin, Jim Cribbin, Johny Regan, Anthony Waldron. Front row: Jimmy Kenny, Mick Hoban, Eddie Hoban, Tommy Flatley, Jack Kenny, John Joe Fitzmaurice, Johnny Mullen, John Smith and Pake Fitzmaurice.



CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

be examined by an objective onlooker, with the aid of a lighted match. The ball alley was built in 1921, the result of a major community effort. The site was donated by Patrick Lyons, and built for the most part by voluntary labour with Pake Dyer as contractor. The building work involved was quite arduous, the site being cleared by wheelbarrow. The walls were built completely of mass concrete, the cement for which was bought from John Conway, Ballyhaunis, for 39 shillings a ton. The late John Joe Kelly, John Thomas Freeley and Michael Hoban were actively involved in the fundraising and were instrumental in organising a boxing tournament in Erritt Lodge, the highlight of which, was the fight between Jim Coffey (world title contender) and Pat McAllister. There were many talented players who displayed and honed their skills to perfection in Brackloon ball alley, players such as Sonny McDermott, Cloonlough, and Jim Byrne, Ballyhaunis, who later became the open wall handball champion of Ireland.

The local Post Office, run by the Waldron family, was a centre of social contact for many years during the early 1900s. The postmistress was Nora Waldron and her brother, Bud Waldron, was the well-known local postman. Bud Waldron and the other postmen of the period, like Jimmy Byrne, would have to cycle up to thirty miles a day, no matter how inclement the weather. Myles



1913 – John and Delia Maughan, Lisbane. The late Mrs. Maughan was Brackloon's oldest inhabitant; she died in 1976, aged 103 years. Ar dheis Dé go raibh a h-anam uasal.

Waldron was the local tailor, and was famous for the hard-wearing quality of his serge suits, and particularly, for his buttons which were reputed never to fall out. Of course, the fact that the Post Office was situated beside the tailor shop was good for business, as many the pensioner, after collecting his five shilling pension, popped into the tailor shop and got himself fitted out with a new suit. Near the Post Office, was the busy forge, established by Sean Ruá Waldron, a skilled local blacksmith. This

forge was later taken over by the Quinn family, who ran the business successfully for many years. In this age, before the advent of television, Michael and Dehliá Ganley's home was a very popular rambling house, where locals were assured of a friendly welcome.

There were many colourful characters in the area, like Peter Cafferkey, who was famed for his penchant for Bryl-Cream and pride in his youthful appearance; Pat Hoban, the local eccentric intellectual, who had theories on topics ranging from astronomy to forestation, long before they became fashionable; Sailor Smith, who always carried a blackthorn stick, smoked a clay pipe, wore his sailor's cap and entertained people with witty accounts of his adventures on the high seas. Another popular figure was Patrick Waldron (Esker), who was renowned for his hard-work and supplied lime from his own kiln to the townspeople of Ballyhaunis. He also acted as guide for the late Canon Greally, who enjoyed going hunting with his hounds. Also, there was the local wit and prankster, Pake Harte, who, it is said, placed an open bottle on a ditch near his house, at a strategic angle, for the wind to whistle through and



Brackloon Stations, 1970 – Sally Waldron, Kitty Sloyan, Geraldine Sloyan, Mary Hunt, Ann Hoban, Mary Hunt, Eileen Nolan and Jimmy Sloyan.

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

convince his gullible neighbours, that it was the banshee. . . !

There are several places of archaeological interest in the townland. There are twin forts, situated in Lyons' and Sloyan's and joined by an underground tunnel. Evidence of the existence of this tunnel, is the fact that the hooves of the horses passing on this part of the road, were believed to make a hollow sound. It is said, that during the penal times, Mass was celebrated at alternate times in both forts, to avoid suspicion. There is also the remains of a Mass rock, in John Austin Freeley's land. It is situated in a hollow sheltered area in the field, now known as the clover field. On the land now owned by the Davitt family, there is the remains of a "caldaire" or burial ground for unbaptised infants, which was used during the last century. The word "caldaire" according to Dr. Cauldfield, from U.D.C., is derived from the Irish word "céiliúradh", meaning ceremony.

The old Brackloon school was a thatched building and part of the original wall now acts as a fence along the road. In the late 1800s, Jimmy Barlowe donated the site for the "new" school, which



Brackloon Stations, '91 – Mairead Murphy, Geraldine Sloyan, Kitty Sloyan, Patricia Davitt and Celia Murphy.

opened in 1874, and was in operation until 1971. Some of the early teachers in this school were Master Flatley, Willie Dwyer, Frances Morley, Willie Smyth, Mrs. Flatley, and Miss McDermott, with Mrs. Margaret Cruise and Mrs. Teresa Leonard being the last to teach in the school. Sadly, as in many rural areas, the declining population led to the closure of the school and present day children are bussed to school in Ballyhaunis. The decline of this one small village, in the West of Ireland, over the past hundred years, could be seen as

a microcosm for the changes which have taken place throughout rural Ireland during the same period and bring to mind the lines of Caoimhín O Conghaile, in his poem "An tOileán Tréigthe"

"Coiníní ar an Oileán Tiar  
I measc na dtithe creachta  
Dromanna briste na ndíonta  
Ag ligean anuas an cheatha  
Ar fhuaire na dtintéan"  
Dia leo go deo!

Thanks to sources: Mary Finan, Bridie McGuire, Catherine Dyer, Michael Dyer, John A. Freeley and Thomas Ryan.



Brackloon Girls' National School, 1912 – Back row: Margaret Fitzmaurice, Mary Lizzie Fitzmaurice, Mary Murphy, Molly Fitzmaurice. Middle row: Mary Kate Deasey, \_\_\_\_\_, Katie Fitzmaurice, Mary Kate Waldron, Julia Devaney, Annie Dyer, Brigid Fitzmaurice, Mary Agnes Waldron, May Lyons. Front row: Delia Fitzmaurice, Katie Fitzmaurice, Mary Kate Flatley, Maggie Ellen Connolly, Bridie Murphy, Mary Finan, Bridge Kenny, Kathleen Grogan, Mary Kenny Hung, Marion Dyer, Abbey.





**Pupils attending Irish class in Brackloon N.S., in 1925. The teacher was the late Pádraig O Gabhlain. Back row (left/right): John Maughan, Martin Dyer, Johnny Dyer, Patrick Dyer, Patrick Fitzmaurice, Tim Dyer, ----- Michael Smyth (Sailor). Second row: Bobby Dyer, Eddie Dyer, Josie Waldron, Annie Dyer, Norah Smyth, Agnes Dyer, Mary Lizzie Fitzmaurice. Third row: Tommie Fitzmaurice, Julia Devaney, Mary Murphy, Agnes Devaney, Ellie Fitzmaurice, Mollie Fitzmaurice, Maggie Fitzmaurice, John Joe Kelly, Dominic Dyer. Front row: Johnny Fitzmaurice, Patrick Waldron (Bud); Bridget Smyth, Sally Waldron, Ellie Smyth, Nancie Fitzmaurice, Mary Agnes Fitzmaurice, Patrick Fitzmaurice.**



**At the Perks' Amusements in the '60s – Mrs. Perks, Mrs. Sweeney, Miss K. Byrne, Mrs. Cribben and Mr. R. Perks.**

*Pic.: Courtesy of Kathleen Byrne.*

# Cuan Mhuire

## A Re-Habilitation Centre for People with Drink & Drug Problems

**A**BOUT fifteen years ago, while I was teaching in Belmullet, I became very aware of the suffering caused by the abuse of alcohol.

(A) To the people directly involved, who were using the stuff as a pain-killer.

(B) To the families, friends, and loved ones of those afflicted.

There is no end to the suffering caused by this problem. Very often, I came close to it through involvement with the children I taught, whose homes were affected by the problem.

At that time, I was helped by a small group of people, to get A.A. and Al. Anon. revived in Belmullet. A friend of mine, Sr. Benigna, was doing a lot of work quietly, visiting the homes of people stuck with this problem. At one of our community meetings, within the Convent, it was suggested that a Sister should go to Cuan Mhuire during the Summer and spend some time with Sr. Consilio. I volunteered to go with Sr. Benigna.

That is a week, I will never forget. I was deeply touched by the "miracle of Cuan Mhuire". At that time, Sr. Consilio didn't have much help, there wasn't a lot of material comfort there, but there was a lot of unconditional love and a great bond between the members. I wasn't surprised to hear from Sr. Consilio very early on that Cuan Mhuire was run as a family. The whole place was looked after by the people who came there for help - the kitchen, the coffee bar, the farm, the gardens, the de-tox unit, house maintenance and cleaning, the saving of turf. Sr. Consilio and a few helpers lived and worked and prayed side by side with the wonderful people who came there for help.

Listening to these wonderful people share their difficulties, and their pain, I was amazed at how in touch they were with their feelings, and how well they were able to express them and their deep aspiration towards a better way of life. It was an inspiration.



By Sr. Helen Greene

When I left, I decided that any spare time I had, would be dedicated to helping Cuan Mhuire, so I started my first fund-raising effort, which was to raffle a doll. I made a hundred pounds and felt like a millionaire. I sent it off and after that there were many more, mainly childrens' concerts. The children of Belmullet were magnificent. They also helped me to sell second-hand clothes on fair-days - more raffles. But fund-raising wasn't enough.

Something deep within kept calling me back full-time so I looked for permission. My superiors were very patient and understanding, but also very slow and cautious. Eventually, I got here and am now in my sixth year here in Athy.

At this stage, I would like to tell you how it all started. About thirty years ago, Sr. Consilio, a native of County Kerry entered the Mercy Convent, in Athy. She had just finished her training as a nurse. She spent some time working in the local hospital and later, there was a shortage of help in the kitchen and Sister was asked to step in, which she did willingly. While she was working there, a number of road men used to call at the kitchen door for something to eat. Sister would sit and listen to them and she discovered that many of these men would never have been on the road were it not for alcohol. This was Sister's first encounter with people having problems with alcohol, who were poor and destitute.

About this time, she attended an open A.A. meeting in Athy. She borrowed a pen from a businessman who was sitting beside her. He and a few other began to visit the Convent regularly and she would keep them there until the pubs closed. I don't know how she managed it, because, in those days, in all Convents, lights were out at 10 p.m. in a very short time, the group of visitors to the Convent increased and it began to dawn on Sister that, if she had a place where she could take these people out of their environment, in order to give them a chance to get their lives together, they could be helped. Her superior was very supportive and she let her have an old dairy. She had no money, but she gathered up a few bits and pieces and her newly-found friends helped her to get the place in order. Some of her "friends of the road" were among this group and this is how the "work therapy programme" began.

The first group of people, who went through the "old Cuan" as they affectionately called it was made up of people from all walks of life, as indeed it is to-day. It included roadmen, a few farmers, a priest, a doctor, a barrister, tradesmen and carpenters. Many of these people got well and went back to their families.

After a short while, there were about thirty people in the "old Cuan", so it was time to look around for more space. A farm of land in the locality went up for sale. Sister went to her superior for permission to "buy" the farm. She got the permission, on condition, she didn't ask the community for the money to pay for it. She was delighted and she said "Our Lady will help us". Next day, she went to the Bank Manager and she told him, she wanted to buy the farm. "Have you got the money?" he asked. "No, but Our Lady will send it". The Bank Manager tells this story very well. There was a rich farmer in the locality, also interested in the farm and naturally, the Bank Manager hoped he would get it. The day of the auction, he was sitting in his office waiting for news. The phone rang and it was the farmer. "Well", said the bank Manager, "how did you get on?" "I didn't" replied the farmer "the little nun got it". The poor Bank Manager nearly

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



had a stroke. Sister went to see him next day. "Look here, Sister, I didn't sleep a wink last night, thinking about you". "Well", she said "I didn't stay awake thinking about you, but I think we ought to start off by trusting each other". In due course, the debt was paid and the thirty people who were in the "old Cuan" got to work and built our present lovely little home in Athy.

People have come from every county in Ireland for help, from the U.S. and G.B. and at the moment, we have a little German girl.

It is important to remember that, at the time, Sr. Consilio started her place in Athy, the only specialised alcoholic units in the Republic of Ireland were private fee-paying institutions. These were not only private, but also expensive. For all other alcoholics, who lacked sufficient money, the only provision was mental hospitals, where alcoholics could be mixed with seriously mentally disturbed

patients. This was the reason, she said "We will start something on our own".

In 1977, another house was acquired in Bruree, Co. Limerick.

In 1983, a third house was opened in Newry, Co. Down.

For some time, the original house in Athy has become inadequate, especially the sleeping quarters, which were second-hand or third-hand acquired from schools the first day ever. Last October, a complete new building was started. As with the first Cuan Mhuire, the work has been done by our own men. Our Lady still looks after us. Before the work commenced, on this new building, Sister said, one day, "we'll start anyway. We may have to stop for a bit, if there's no money, but somehow, I don't think Our Lady will let that happen". We expect it will be complete by St. Patrick's Day.

If there is anybody out there, who reads this story, who needs help, with drink or drug problems, there is help available at Our Lady's Harbour, Cuan Mhuire, or any of our three centres.



1971 Military Ball - Seamie and Bridie Webb, Main Street.

National Social Service Board, a public service body which promotes information and access to social services. Everybody has information needs and, therefore, everyone is equally encouraged to use the service. We provide information on topics like social welfare, health services, redundancy, income tax, consumer affairs, and various schemes and services administered by government departments, health boards, county councils, etc. We also provide a wide range of application forms and help in filling them in if required. An important feature of the service is the comprehensive nature of the information we supply. For instance, a social welfare question is likely to have an implication in the taxation area, health entitlements, housing problems, or redundancy.

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

The under-mentioned volunteers operate the centre at present: Johnny Lyons, chairman; Kathleen McBride, co-organiser; Sr. Assumpta, co-organiser; Mai Murphy, co-deputy organiser and secretary; Mary Donnelly, P.R.O.; Harry Lambert, Rita Murphy, Mary Hopkins, Frances Maye, Kathleen Murphy, Mary Folliard, Kathleen Waldron, Anne Flanagan, Mary Waldron, Nora Sweeney, Deirdre Diskin, Marian Regan. Anyone wishing to become a volunteer should contact any of the above. New members would be most welcome.

Mary Donnelly.

## Citizens Information Centre (CIC)

Parochial Hall, Ballyhaunis. Telephone: (0907) 30212.

Approaching the 16th year of its existence in Ballyhaunis, I am happy to report that the Citizens Information Centre continues to provide a confidential and impartial information service on any subject to anyone who asks.

Throughout the year, the volunteers were fully occupied with the activities of the centre and the many changes which Government legislation, and particularly the budget, brought about.

In January this year, as in 1990, the National Social Service Board provided a special budget information pack, giving details of all the changes announced in the budget, in areas of social welfare, health service, taxation, etc. This was of enormous help to the volunteers in dealing with the considerable amount of queries which followed.

In May, a group of volunteers attended a training seminar in Sligo, and in September, the centre was represented by two mem-

bers at the Annual Conference in Dublin. In October, a special Citizens Information Week took place during which the centre was open for a number of hours every day and numerous queries were dealt with.

In between these events, monthly meetings and training sessions were held and the volunteers attended for duty once a fortnight.

The National Social Service Board, as always was outstanding in its professional back-up service. It provided such supports as frequent up-dating of information files, monthly information bulletins, training material for volunteers, specialist support with queries, a grant towards running costs and publications such as "Entitlements for the Over Sixties".

The Citizens Information Centre is the local branch of a nationwide network of nearly 80 centres. It is registered with the

# Confessions of James Augustine

By Jimmy Cribbin

The editorial committee has been informed, through the chair that a committee member and sometimes contributor has been served with a censorship order. The same committee has further been informed through the same channels that the same committee member has, by his failure to accept a monetary contribution, caused financial loss to the said committee.

A commission of inquiry has been set up to inquire into those and related matters under the chairmanship of Mr. John Beisty. Gerry Cribbin, declining the post, as he felt that his surname might come into conflict with his impartiality.

Meanwhile, the person concerned has been grounded, but has agreed to give a brief interview. The following is transcribed from a tape recording – this is a matter of “sub judice” so they say but ‘tis no joke sitting here in limbo guilty until proven innocent, restless for news and Dom Murphy on strike, trying to keep body and soul together, and trying to keep abreast of the markets worldwide, by reading “The Western” and “The Far East”.

The toilet roll is gone, they took the lot, anything that could be used as paper. There are just two pieces of parchment they may find useful in their effort to incriminate me with regards to the censorship issue – a postcard my brother sent me from “surfers paradise” (the one used on stage in an attempt to get Pat Doyle and John George laughing) and a letter from a dearly departed bank manager clapping a censorship order on me, prohibiting me from engaging in literary endeavours relating to matters of writing out cheques. The prose was dull and uninspiring, but crystal clear the message. It repeated some advice I got many years ago from a namesake and senior citizen of Togher “Be hell and be hell, if you can’t pay for a thing do without it”.

It is when the commission starts attempting to establish the facts surrounding the shortage of figures that I will be calling my first witness, in the person of my

sometimes, next-door-neighbour, Michael Griffin. To establish his credentials as a credible witness, here is a profile of the man – Galway by birth, Mayo by adoption, since he married Bridie Lyons of Redford. His business interests are in Manchester, where he is engaged in the motor trade. His holiday home is in Johnstown. Its situation gives him a good view of the locality. His keen intellect gives him a good view of the locals, he makes several trips home each year with his wife and members of his family. It is not unusual to get advance notice of his coming. I have been enthusiastically informed on more than one occasion and by more than one person that “Griffin is coming home”. He is a sociable man who likes to socialise. It was during one of his recent trips home that he organised a night out for his friends and neighbours. The venue was “McSuirtings”. The menu would have left no unpleasant after-effects had it been treated with circumspection. The drink led to lively banter, which, in turn, led to a sing-song. As to the singing, well, I agree with Jim Fitzgerald, who was present and with whom I discussed the “recital” when we met a few days later, “the less said, the better”.

Michael’s proposals for dealing with the problem of bachelor farmers attracted more silence than his singing. He is well in tune with the fact that many of the activities in the countryside at the present time are influenced by directives and incentives of the E.C. The introduction of some form of E.C. headage payment as an incentive to those gentlemen to get married was one of the many ideas he put forward. Many of his ideas are not unworthy of further consideration. Michael Griffin talked a lot on the subject, but he will talk a lot more before he convinces those concerned that they should exchange the limited certainties of single life for the unlimited uncertainties of married life. The beaurucrats in Brussels will fill many a waste paper basket with balls of paper before they come up with a formula that will con-

vince those same gentlemen that benefits can be reaped by ceding title to half their land and at the same time doubling their responsibility and dismantling their independence. Michael indicated that he would love to have a picture of those fellows standing in the spotlight as the organ plays “Here Comes The Bride”. He has a better chance of acquiring a Picasso. The entire evening was not confined to discussing one subject, we even talked about “The Magazine”. He was complimentary in his remarks and is a regular reader. In common with other members of the committee, I am always on the lookout for witty people who might write a few paragraphs for us. I thought I had stumbled on to something (everybody was stumbling at this stage). An inquiry was made as whether he would let us have a contribution, “certainly” putting the hand into the hip pocket and producing the wallet. Now the wallet did not contain the kind of paper I had in mind and I explained that it was a literary contribution, rather than a money contribution that I was interested in and declined his offer.

It is here, we revert back to fiction, as the commission resumes its inquiry – enquiries about money – nothing new – as the amount of money in circulation increases, the number of inquiries increase proportionally.

In the present case, the editorial committee of Annagh Magazine claim to have lost revenue by my action, and/or inaction. I maintain I had no authority to accept – they maintain I had no authority to refuse. I make a distinction between literary contribution and monetary contribution. They make no such distinction, claiming that, since a literary contribution cannot be “put to bed” without a monetary contribution, and that the two are thus the parents of a publication. Consequently, no distinction can be made between the two parents, they rank as equal and that since I had a right to accept literary contributions, I had the right to accept a monetary contribution. That the production of a wallet constitutes a contract is the motion presently being debated. The old cow nods her head, she is probably in contempt – I’ll milk her yet, even though she can kick like a ballet dancer. We must move along

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE





Cast of 1969 production of comedy 'Dry Rot' by the pupils of St. Patrick's College, Ballyhaunis. Back row: Padraic Comer (Ballinlough), Padraig Brennan (Gurteen), John Kelly (Knock), Ray Folliard (Coolnaha), Henry Byrne, R.I.P. (Knock). Front row: Ger Lyons (Abbey Street), John Canty (Knock), Michael Cleary (Clare St.), John Glavey (Aghamore), Seamus Connell (Devlis).

Photo supplied by Fr. Kieran Waldron.

## Confessions of James Augustine

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

quickly, the budget for this is £2 and when its report is published, the question will be asked "how could so little cost so much, and why inquire so much without first making a little inquiry as to whether the amount involved was very much or very little"? This is easily answered. Because there is no answer.

It is my contention that Mr. Griffin, being a long established and prudent businessman would have opened his wallet, taken a proper audit and then made up his mind as to the size of his monetary contribution. Many witnesses will be produced to prove that on this occasion he did not open his wallet.

At the commencement of the evening, he had opened his wal-

let on three separate occasions to buy three rounds in rapid succession. The locals still have something that is rapidly going out of fashion - a sense of decency. When we are in the company of decent people, we expect them to buy their round and no more. When we are in the company of other categories of people, we expect them to buy their round and no less. After he had bought the third round we elbowed one another and decided that if necessary, strong arm tactics would be used to restrain him from further interfering with his wallet. It did not cross our minds at the time that, involved here were issues related to the constitutional rights attached to private property. That will give the old cow something to chew on, but

she is not a bad old girl. Indeed, there are times when she is a great girl. When truth and justice are abandoned, she becomes their foster-mother,

"Turn that thing off". I have told you more than I should and a lot more than I thought I would. I must rush now and join the queue to post my U.S. visa application. Spain was a popular spot with our crew once, but I am out of that league now. That bank manager put me out of liquidation before I could afford to go into liquidation. I could have given my envelope to that politician who is taking sackfuls of them to Virginia. He seems to be an honest kind of politician who cannot be accused of engaging in a cheap vote catching exercise unless he intends to stay over there.

You are only trying to draw me out now, like Michael Griffin, and you haven't even bought a round yet!!!

# The Coventry Connection

By Bernie Keane

There has been a close connection between Ballyhaunis and Coventry for many decades, but perhaps, an even closer tie began to emerge from 1963 onwards.

Mick Meehan and I travelled to England under the supervision of our guide and mentor, Kieran Benson, who stage-managed our travel arrangements from "The Station" to the middle of Coventry, at that point my late aunt, Mrs. Christine Spellman took over the mantle.

With our arrival to the Midlands city in the October of that year, a base was established, albeit unknown to ourselves, for many more Ballyhaunis people to follow. We soon acquainted ourselves with Tom Glavey, Donie Mulcahy, John Greally and Bernard Forde, who, at that time, held a prominent position with Coventry Building Society, and played a big part in offering his sound advice and also in affording mortgage facilities to any Ballyhaunis person who approached him.

Tom Meehan, Michael and Sean Waldron followed in 1966 and shortly after, John Meehan snr., Tom Forde and Ebb Waldron, R.I.P., appeared on the scene. About that time, John Meehan jr. came to Coventry, indeed it was with deep regret that we learned of his untimely death last March, which caused tremendous sadness to all who knew him here in Coventry

(R.I.P.). With the arrival of Denis Hannon, Mike Herr, Kevin Jordan, Bernie Waldron, Kevin Meehan and Martin Grogan, to the city, we surely felt we now had a formidable force from our home town in our midst. For better or worse, all those mentioned played their part, in no small way to proceed to change the skyline of Coventry, I know there are those who would say, for worse, but all the buildings are still standing today, only just!

The closest tie an emigrant can have with his/her background and culture is by getting involved with a G.A.A. club, and the Roger Casements club provided such a platform for us here in Coventry. Shortly after joining the club in 1964 we visited Ireland annually to play different clubs in hurling and football. With the strong contingent of Ballyhaunis players and officials within the club we secured an invitation to play Ballyhaunis in Coventry in 1967, little did one realise, that that was the start of a close and lasting friendship between both clubs, which I am pleased, exists to the present day. Many trips between both clubs ensued, and each one holds particular happy memories of events which continue to be a focal point whenever our club members meet. With the chairmanship of Roger Casements club being held at present by

Martin Grogan, I am sure that many more such trips will take place in the future.

Over the years, a number of the aforementioned have returned to Ballyhaunis to take up employment there, and while it is gratifying to see emigrants returning from whence they came, one cannot but feel a tinge of sadness at their departure from here.

It is often highlighted to us here that the Ballyhaunis people are very "clannish" because you rarely, if ever, see one without another, perhaps that is the best compliment of all that the Coventry citizens could pay to us.

I am well aware of the many more Ballyhaunis people residing in Coventry that have not been mentioned in this short treatise, all of whom have played their big part in promoting the town of Ballyhaunis to the people of their adopted city.

Due to the forthcoming second generation, the Coventry connection looks secure and still stands firm in the present day. Who knows? perhaps there may be a twinning in the offing, some day in the future

## Ballyhaunis Bridge Club

The Bridge Club meets every Tuesday night in Billys Night Club, Main St. at 8 o'clock. At present we have about 60 members and new members are always welcome. The captain this year is Mrs. Maura Burke and the President is Mrs. Kathleen Lyons. Treasurer is Mrs. C. Flatley and Tournament Director is Mrs. Angela Joyce. The 'Bridge year' usually lasts from the end of September to the beginning of May and what more relaxing way of spending a Winter's evening than a pleasant game of cards with friends! We have several major competitions throughout the season and are indebted to our local banks for their sponsorship of a very popular 'Bankers Night'. The winners of the Captain's Prize for 1991 was Mr. Michael Cameron and the President's Prize was won by partners, Thomas Cribbin and Michael Lyons.

Joan Flynn, Hon. Secretary.



August, 1991 - Ballyhaunis in Coventry: Back row (left/right): Tom Forde, Tom Glavey, Bernard Keane, Martin Grogan, Kevin Jordan, Ciaran Benson and Michael Meehan. Front row (left/right): Reuben Sykes, Tom Meehan, Frankie Dillon and Kevin Meehan.



# Were those the days?

By Anthony Robinson

**A**PART from the fact that I could not refuse Johnny Biesty, (could anyone?), when asked to write an article for ANNAGH, I do consider it an honour as a native to be asked to contribute. The older we get, the more we realise that the memory can play tricks on us. Some of my recollections which follow will, I fear, fail to include some personalities and incidents of my early years in Ballyhaunis, but I will relate those memories which quickly emerge, and maybe as I write, some others will resurface from the back of my mind.

Our house, which my father built in 1930, stood more or less isolated on the Clare Road. It was in later years that the Cinema, the Dance Hall and Freyne's Garage were built, and these served to my young mind, to make our house feel to be then part of the town proper. The earliest memory I have, is the talk of the outbreak of war, and not being quite 4 years of age at that time, I did not, of course, fully realise how this event could effect our lives. But it shortly afterwards created a war for me personally, as I had to battle my way against a variety of breeds of dog, each Saturday morning, in my bare feet, to the far end of town to the shop of my aunt, Bridget Forkan, with my ration book, to collect our weekly allocation of a half pound of tea and two pounds of sugar. This weekly battle had its compensation, as my big-hearted aunt always gave me a sweet or two - a big treat in those days. I can recall that also part of Saturday shopping duties in those years was to Jack O'Brien in Webb's, Cyril Coyne in the Square and to Mrs. Murray in Clare Street, who always took an imaginary curl from my head and tucked it behind her ear.

## School

The most abiding memories which I have of my school days are the year I was taught by Mrs. Fahy in second class at the Ballyhaunis N.S. and being taught by her brother, Jim O'Dwyer, for three years at Coolnafarna School. To this day I have

retained much of the instruction learned from these two teachers. During my time attending Coolnafarna there were about twenty other pupils travelling the 6 miles round trip each day from the town, such was the reputation which Jim O'Dwyer's teaching had earned. He himself also travelled by bicycle each day from Ballyhaunis. As a past star with the Mayo team which reached the All-Ireland Final in 1932, and which toured the U.S.A, Jim O'Dwyer of course also gave us the benefit of his football knowledge and took great delight in arranging matches with the town team. With such players as Joe Webb, Michael Murphy and Sean Moran, our team was well capable of taking on the best of them. But it was as a School Master that Jim O'Dwyer excelled, and when I sat for various examinations in the following years, I was very

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



Three Officers from the L.D.F. during the War, photographed in Main Street. On the left is my father, Tim Robinson; in the centre, Tommy Byrne, and on the right, my School Master, Jimmy O'Dwyer.

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

glad to be able to recall much of his teachings in Mathematics, English, Irish, History and Geography which he had instilled into our brains in the 1940's.

## Games

In what's called Ellie O'Brien's field, now occupied by Keane's Kitchens and Halal, we in Clare Street, had our own sports stadium. Here we had our athletics track, complete with jumping pit, our football pitch and our Rounders court, in addition to playing any other game which took our fancy. In all activities, the girls took as active a part as the boys, even in the usual disputes and fights. Further over the River Dalgan runs to join the Clare, and this river also gave hours of entertainment to the Clare Street gang. A favourite game was, of course, the jumping of the river onto the Convent bank, and back again, which gave rise to a race over a steeplechase course. The river was also a good trout fishing attraction and experts were able to actually snare the trout by rod from the river bank. Along this river also swam water hens, ducks, swans and cranes. The rushes on the upper field was a home for such wild life as the corncrake. The hills at the rear of the Clare Road were ideal for outdoor games of all types in particular the favourite of "Cowboys and Indians". We had our own wooden guns and bows and arrows of rods and twine. In the snow the hills were natural runs for sleighs and many a tumble was taken on the descent. Of course the hills and fields were ideal for blackberries, sloes and many other berries, and further over the hills we had our regular trips to Mulligan's wood where the hazelnut was the big attraction. Many hours were also spent in Brod Byrne's stream on the Clare Road, catching libeens and bringing them home in jamjars.

A common occurrence on a Sunday morning was a hurling match on the road with the goals at each end determined by the ESB poles. As there were no cars the only interruption to play was the arrival for last Mass of traps, sidecars, carts or bicycles. A real hurley was a rare sight, as most of us played with planks, tree branches, old walking sticks or any other suitable implement.

## "Were those the days"?



My brother, Michael, on the right, and myself, taken in 1945, on the roadside across from our house. The Convent hill can be seen in the background, and over the wall was Ellie O'Brien's field, now occupied by Keane's Kitchens.

Very often we did not have a ball to play with, but a tin can, polish tin, a lump of wood or even a fairly round stone were all acceptable and gave us many hours of enjoyment. When we could no longer use O'Brien's field for our football games, we managed to sneak into one of Brod Byrne's fields. We did graduate into some games with other arenas, and while our key players were the Foudys and Glynn's, we also had promising wee lads in Thomas Lyons, Micheal Smith, Kieran Freyne and of course the man with the lethal left foot, Eamon "Paul" Meath. Our leather football in those days was supplied, and repaired, by my shoemaker uncle Jimmy McGreal. It became so heavy in wet conditions, that a 30 yard kick was an exceptional

achievement. My late brother Micheal and myself used our own back yard as a sort of indoor stadium, in which we played tennis, cricket, handball, soccer and hurling. He was a Sports fanatic and I have no doubt if he was alive today he would be a serious challenger to Jimmy McGee.

## Families

On meeting people from the modern Ballyhaunis, I notice their surprise when I tell them my name is Robinson, and a native of Clare Street. While I know that such family names of my young days as Donnellans and Griffins still survive in Clare Street, I wonder how many of the

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

present town residents know that two Foudy families, a family of Glynn's and bevy of five lovely girls named Dalton, were once the life and soul of Clare Street.

While on the subject of the families now gone from the area, I should for the record mention their names here. One of the Foudy families consisted of John, Michael, Arthur, Tommy, and Jenny. The other Foudy family was Oliver, Cyril, Paddy, Dennis, Tom and Mary. The Glynn family was Sean, Franco, Mary and Patsy. The Dalton girls were Rosemary, Anita, Francie, Eileen and Patsy. Paddy Flynn, who lived in the house opposite Freynes' Garage and Sean Tynan whose family later lived in the same house, were others who lived in Clare Street, but left in the 1940's.

Most of the other families who lived in Clare Street in my young days are still there, as far as I am aware.

For many years I served 8 o'clock Mass each morning and devotions in the evening in the Friary. The Priors in my time were Fr. O'Sullivan, Fr. Mansfield and Fr. Redmond. Memories of serving Mass in the Abbey bring to mind the great snowfall of 1947 and the climbing of the Friary hill each morning with the snow nearly head high. I remember the huge snowman which we built in Clare Street and part of which still stood in the month of May:~ how no bus train or van was able to reach Ballyhaunis for some days: the death of Willie Lyons, father of Tom Lyons, Clare Street, and the coffin brought to the graveyard by sleigh through what appeared to my young eyes, to be 10 feet of snow: the many hours my father, mother, brother and myself played the game of Whist to while away the hours: the schools closed for many weeks: and the day that Boland's Bread Van broke through and arrived at Coyne's, heralding the beginning of the end of the snow.

## Our Lady of Good Council

During Fr. Redmond's term as Prior of the Abbey the 600 years commemoration of the arrival of the Friars to Ballyhaunis took place, in the year 1948, and I often had to serve two Masses simultaneously during that time.



My father built our house on the Clare Road, in 1930, and this group was photographed outside the house, in Ballyhaunis, on Sunday, July 17th, 1932. From the left, they are - my uncle, Jimmy McGreal; my mother and father; Fr. Brendan, a friend of the family, who was killed only one month later; John Foody, and on the extreme right, my grandfather, Pat McGreal, a native of Knock, who operated his shoe-making business in Clare Street, where Grogan's is now located, and where the family of twelve McGreals were reared. The railings at the front of our garden were removed when the County Council widened the road some years later, and acquired part of our front garden. In the background, on the right, can be seen the house of Pat O'Boyle, which was located at the back of the site, now occupied by the E.S.B. Offices, and on the site on the left is now located Donnellan's Funeral Home.

It also was the occasion when the Prior requested the locals to donate gold and jewellery so that the picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel could be adorned. I remember my mother donating her mother's wedding ring and some other small items which she had, and the result of the response from the local people can be seen to this day on the frame and the crowns on the picture on the altar in the Abbey. 1948 also marked the arrival of Fr. Delaney to the Friary.

But football dominated our young lives in the 1940's. We learned of the great feats of the local men on the Mayo teams early in the century - Jack and Paddy Waldron, George Delaney, Tom Forde and our clan member, Tom Robinson. Jack Waldron's telling of their experiences when reaching and playing in the 1916 All Ireland Final would make great copy for the modern journalist.

My early recollection of Ballyhaunis football is attending matches in Tooraree, at the old Racecourse and on the Cherryfield Road past the Railway Station. Names which spring to mind are Martin Hannon, Eddie Webb, Jarlath Waldron, Philip

Morley, Vincent Caulfield and Dan Moran. In later years the names I recall include Bertie Lynch, Paddy Waldron, Georgie Delaney, Ado Kenny, Albert Lyons, Noel Waldron, Paddy "System" Hannon, Joe Webb, Pado Moran, Paddy Jordan and the Byrnes. We were told that Ballyhaunis had not won a County Title for nearly 40 years. On to the scene came Paddy Waldron, and his great enthusiasm was the driving force behind the Ballyhaunis Minor team of 1950 which reached the County Final and only lost in a replay to Balina in controversial circumstances. But this marked the dawning of a new era for the Ballyhaunis Club, and with, in addition to Paddy Waldron, such men as Mick O'Connell, Mick Tarmey and Pat Keane at the helm, a whole new interest in underage football emerged. A juvenile team was formed which recorded some great wins before losing to arch rivals Charlestown in the Divisional Final. But that team formed the backbone of an emerging Minor team, which in 1952 won the county title. As my limited talents were mostly con-

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



**First and second year, 1949 – Back row:** Rosaleen Caulfield, Mary Lavan, Margaret Freeman, Vera Kenae, Annie Roche, Mary Mulligan and Brendan Judge. **Third row:** Agnes Cribbin, Mary Ronan, Bernadette Mulligan, Mary Foody and Gertie Hamilton. **Second row:** Maureen Flanagan, Milly Greene, Jill Roche, Mary Barry and Ursula Jordan. **Front row:** Mary Curley, Mary O'Boyle, Helen O'Malley, Gemma Smyth, Pauline O'Brien, Hannah Byrne and Bridie Smyth.

#### CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

fined to the athletics track, I was very fortunate to be part of both of these teams. I was lucky to be required to complete the half forward line with two of the stars of that Championship winning Minor team, namely our Captain Val Byrne and Henry Forde. We had the brilliant Mal Nally in goal, Doc Healy the Prince of full-backs, his brother Paddy at midfield, the solid Frank Fahy in defence and the "nippy" Bernie "Peps" Lyons tantalising the opposing defences. We played four games in the final week of that Championship, winning the final in Prenty's field on the Knock Road against Claremorris. Thus we were responsible for what became a well known Ballyhaunis expression at that time . . . "after 40 years!"

Later in the 1950s, some of this team, combined with such outstanding stalwarts as Pado Moran and the live wire Johnny Biesty, won the Mayo Junior Championship, and went on to reach the summit when they won the County Senior Title.

Flashes from the 'forties

But I return to the 1940s, as a few more memories are recalled. The excitement of listening on the wireless to the two great Roscommon triumphs of 1943 and 1944, and the famous Col-

leges Finals of 1946 and 1947 between St. Jarlath's and St. Patrick's, Armagh. Listening to the radio at 8 o'clock in the evening to the All-Ireland Final of 1947, from the Polo Grounds, New York, between Cavan and Kerry, my father taking part in LDF manoeuvres during the war, and the great hush hush at the report that a German plane had crashed near Foxford, tasting my first orange after the end of the war; the erection of the Parochial Hall on the site of the Handball Alley; the building of the Star Cinema and the fantastic sight of steel constructors as they sped over and back at high speed, balanced on a few inches of girder; the daily race at lunch time from the boys' school to Paul Waldron's corner; winning my first 100 yards sprint at the Friary Sport; the shock at the death of our classmate, Mickey O'Shea, who was hit by a van in Bridge Street; the great efforts of the Town Improvements Committee, in trying to bring some industries to the locality; the ready wit of Joe Kenny; the hearty laugh of Paddy Kilroy, and his beautiful singing in the Friary Choir; the gentleness and kindness of our good neighbour, Paddy Donnellan; attending my first film, Snow White and the 7 Dwarfs, at Waldron's Hall in Clare Street; the

ready smile on the face of Bernard Lyons, who bravely bore the tragedies in his life, yet let his home be an open house where the young were always welcome and where we spent many happy hours; saving the turf and bringing it home by donkey and cart; spending most of the year in bare feet; our annual walk to Knock for the 15th August, and the resultant efforts to resist the temptation (sometimes ending in failure) to raid the orchards on our walk home; climbing the Reek in the dark for the last Sunday in July; the building of the Vocational School; watching in wonder as Paddy Waldron worked in his forge, heating the iron, making the plate, the sound of the anvil, the shoeing of the horses and being allowed to operate the bellows; the hours I spent with my uncle Jimmy McGreal in his little cabin, as he cut, edged, stitched and hammered at his trade of shoemaker, looking at the old photographs which he had displayed on the walls as he talked to me of days gone by, mostly on the subject of football; reading Mick O'Connell's articles in the Connacht Telegraph; watching Frank Glynn running his greyhounds through the fields; entering the small gateway through the high wall at the Con-

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



# Were those the days?

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

vent School during my earliest school days; the annual bonfire in Clare Street, where the recreation area is now; the Feis in the Convent field; trips to Annagh Lake; visits to Holywell and drinking from the water from the mug hanging on the tree beside the well; McGarry's Hall, with its long stairway, where the adults held their dances, The Boxing International between Ireland and France in the Friary field when the greats of Irish boxing took part; the Killasser Minors; the gentle Mickey Moran who never missed an All-Ireland Final; satisfying my thirst at the pump at Foudy's Corner (now Bernie Byrnes); availing of the pure clear water in the town well at the Post Office, and in emergencies, filling cans to take home; while still a month short of my 13th birthday, leaving Ballyhaunis in early September, 1948, on that 5 to 6-hour train journey to Dublin, to commence secondary education, and not returning until just prior to Christmas.

## Friends and 'characters'

My best friends in those early days were; Kieran Waldron, with

whom I shared a desk in the Convent School; Paddy Flynn whose family moved to the Curragh where his father was an army Captain; Sean Tynan, whose family occupied the same house as the Flynns, and who moved to Castlebar; and Arthur Foudy who later emigrated to England.

Characters I remember from my young days in the 1940s include; Our neighbour Pat Boyle, a veteran of the first World War, who lived alone in a small house at the back of the site now occupied by the ESB office. He sang softly when he had a few pints, and was also a keen follower of the horses. Another horse lover, "Hawker" Waldron, who walked into town every day from his home in Holywell, and always had a tale or two to relate. Martin Duignan, the Town Crier, who we loved to follow, listen to, and mimic, as he walked the town announcing the latest event. Pat Killeen collecting the price of a pint, by performing his very limited repertoire on his flute. Biddy Devanney selling from her little stall. "Dingle" - I never knew his real name.

The Robinson name may have disappeared from the town of Ballyhaunis, but it is very much alive in the locality. On many Sundays in my young days we vis-

ited my grandparents in Huntsfield, which is situated one mile beyond Tooreen. Their house was located overlooking a lake, and immediately in front was the most wonderful orchard you could find. My grandfather grew practically every type of Irish fruit, and you can imagine the delight we took in exploring the orchard and the lake on every visit. Both he and my grandmother died in the 1940s. But as three other grandsons, Michael, Oliver and Gerard Robinson are now married and resident in Huntsfield, the Robinson name seems safe and sound in this part of County Mayo for the next few generations, at least.

## Ballyhaunis Rugby Club

Like so many other sports organisations the Rugby Club continues with the resources at its disposal to keep the game alive despite losing its usual quota of players through emigration and retirement. New players are always welcome and coaching will be provided on all aspects of the game.

Training sessions are conducted under the guidance of John Ryan (Captain for the current season) each Tuesday and Thursday. The recent television coverage of the 1991 World Cup Competition will no doubt give everyone a better understanding of the game and help increase its popularity.

Another welcome development for future of the game has been the Affiliation of the Community School to the Connaught Branch.

Plans for the development of Ballindrehid Road grounds are now at an advanced stage and it is hoped that it will give greater accessibility to players and supporters alike and help the club establish itself firmly within the Community.

The Club field U12s, U16s and Junior teams for this season.

Membership for the 91/92 Season costs £10.00 payable to Pat Martin, c/o Bank of Ireland.

Officers: President, Hugh Curley; Vice-President, Tom Quinn; Treasurer, Pat Martin; Sec. and P.R.O., Eamonn Healy; Fixtures Sec., Bernie Jennings; Branch Delegate, Hugh Curley; Capt., John Ryan.



"School Around The Corner", St. Mary's, Ballyhaunis, screened on R.T.E., November, 1990. Front row (left/right): Aine Fahy, David Murphy, Eoin Butler, Aoife Potter-Cogan and Kenneth Broderick. Back row (left/right): Mark Patterson, Mark Curley, Conor McManus, Oliver Jordan, Seamus Lundan. Missing: Brendan Waldron, Michael Freeley and Fergus McGuire.

# Shahran, Saudi Arabia

March 22nd, 1982 - April 2nd, 1991

By Nora Sweeney

I emigrated to the Middle East to Aramco, Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, on March 22nd, 1982, to work as a Nurse Midwife in the Company Hospital that catered for the Company employees and their dependants. It was with excitement, some anxiety and sadness, I left Dublin to start a new life in a different world, climate, culture and career challenges. I recall leaving Dublin Airport with a bouquet of Spring daffodils given to me by a friend that I could barely see through tears. I was fortunate to travel with another new employee, whom I had met at "New Hire Orientation", in London, from Ballygar, Co. Roscommon - we had kept in contact and arranged to travel together, and have become good friends since. We consoled each other on our Dublin to London journey and by the time we were on our way from London to Dhahran we were relaxed and both of us were looking forward to seeing friends at the Airport to meet us, who were well settled and happy in Dhahran.

Women in the Saudi Arabia culture are generally treated as second class citizens. We were privileged and treated with respect by the Saudi Arabia males at Passport control, but we witnessed Third Country females being treated less cordially as they were pushed into a glass partitioned room like convicts; their passports were taken from them without any explanation. The look of fear and anguish on their faces has never left me.

Green and red lights do not exist in the airports in Saudi Arabia or in several other Gulf States. All luggage including handbags are opened and checked at customs. Alcohol is prohibited and if a person was found to have some in their possession at the airport, they

would be handed over to the Police immediately and put in

prison. When you were cleared a special mark was placed on your luggage and re-checked at the exit before you were allowed to exit. Josie and I had no problems but were relieved to exit the terminal and enter the arrival area to see our friends waiting for us.

We finally checked into the Aramco office at the Airport, signed papers and received our keys to our new house. We were both assigned to the same house to share, and we were delighted.

Dhahran comprises of the International Airport, the Military Air Base, University of Petroleum and Aramco Headquarters with its family residence. The nearest towns for shopping with general stores are Al-Klabar to the West and Dammam to the South, both are approximately ten to fifteen minutes' drive away, from the Dhahran Aramco compound.

## THE COMPOUND

The Aramco compound is about the size of Galway City, with the Business Centre in The Square, you could say, and the residential area extending out to the periphery which is bordered by the University on one side and the Airport and Airbase on the other. The Saudi Police Headquarters and Training Centre is located outside the main entrance to the Aramco Compound. Security in the compound is of a very high level and to enter the compound you have to pass through two security gates / check points. Company identification has to be presented at each checkpoint before you are permitted entry. Visitors are allowed, but the employees' personal identification and a resident address has to be given over the 'phone to the security guard before they are allowed to enter. There is no time curfew so within the compound we had total freedom.

Some people would say was it not unlike a "prison", but no, it was not. As part of the single female population we were delighted with these restrictions as it gave us a great sense of security, and we had no fears for our personal safety. The Aramco security was there for our protection. Cars did not need to be locked, houses were safe and we had no fear of assault if we were out late on our own at night within the compound. Security cars drove around the compound twenty-four hours to ensure our safety. Needless to say, crime was minimal and penalties severe, i.e., murder (beheaded); stealing (hand cut off); adultery (stoned to death).

Aramco, or as it is now known Saudi Aramco, stands for Arabian American Oil Company, and it is the largest oil company in the world. It was American-owned and managed up until 1988/'89, when the new charter was signed, and it is now owned by the Saudi Government. It employs 66,000 people from various walks in life, it is a multinational employer. English is its primary language and it has offices in various parts of the world, with main offices in Houston, Texas, serving U.S.A. and The Hague, serving Europe.

The company has numerous compounds and it provides schools, health care clinics, supermarket and recreation facilities in all of its compounds. It also has its own Communication Centre with four Radio Stations and a Television Station, which is transmitted from Dhahran to Saudi Arabia and other Gulf States. The programmes were in English and all of them are censored, a scene of a man and woman kissing would be cut. We had an excellent library and we were able to keep current on world affairs through the daily foreign papers which were about three days in arrears; they also had the Sunday Press and Independent. The company had its own transportation department, which included airplanes, helicopters, ships, buses and taxis. Bus transport was free to anywhere they travelled within the Kingdom, and they did an hourly service to most areas. They were strictly for employees and dependents.

The taxi service was subsidised

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

and if an employees' wished to fly to the "Red Sea" for the weekend they could do so free-of-charge on a seat availability basis.

Dhahran Aramco had two very large national schools for foreign employee children. They were run on the same basis as the American school system. They were equipped with up-to-the-minute teaching aids, including a computer for each child in the class. When the children reached "High School" level (fourteen to fifteen) years old, they were sent to boarding school in the country of the parents' choice with approximately 80% of school expenses paid by the company, and assistance with University fees was also given. A large number of foreign families remained in long-term employment with the company, and who would blame them with education assistance alone that was offered to them. The Saudi children were not permitted to be educated in these schools; they attended Government schools, education at all levels, provided you make the grades is free, and I believe the facilities and teaching aides are excellent with highly qualified teachers and plenty of them.

## SPORT & LEISURE

Sport and leisure facilities are numerous and excellent in all compounds. In Dhahran we had three Olympic-size swimming pools, full life-guard service and swimming instructors were provided; two gymnasia with the latest and best nautilus equipment available in the world and instructors on proper use. In this complex there was also a sauna, and in all complexes full shower, w.c. and locker facilities. There are tennis and squash courts, badminton tables and pool tables; also rugby, soccer and baseball clubs and facilities; a bowling alley and 18-hole golf course; BMX track and running track. We had a private beach which had windsurfing, sailing and katmaran, water skiing and deep-sea diving clubs. All of these facilities were free-of-charge and available to all employees and families.

There were art groups, garden groups, computer groups, professional groups, theatre

group and a choral society. I was an active member of the theatre and choral group. Some of the shows we put on during my time were "The Mikado", "Pirates of Penzance", "Cats", to mention but a few, and the last production was "Steel Magnolias", which was rehearsed during the War and on stage in March. It was an amateur theatre group and all the work was voluntary from set design / making, costumes, lighting, video recording to front of house crew and there was a great team spirit, and the productions were far from amateur. I had been to see "Cats" in London and the Dhahran production equalled it even to the special effects provided.

## HEALTH CARE

I worked in the busiest unit in the hospital - the labour ward. Up until 1987 we averaged 2,500 deliveries a year, in the Unit, and we had to transfer about 40% of our patients for delivery to private hospitals in Arklabar and Damam. In 1987 we expanded the Olistrive Hospital facilities, and in 1991 we had 4,782 deliveries in Dhahran, and the total of new births for the company was around 8,000. All of the company compounds had its own clinic with 24-hour casualty emergency department with full back-up facilities, X-ray laboratory, ambulance, etc., so deliveries were also performed in them. Any complicated cases were referred to Dhahran. As you can see, procreation was a favourite pastime for Aramco employees and the average Saudi family would have ten children.

The hospital in Dhahran had 360 beds, with a separate 90-bed wing for maternity and neonatology. The following specialised services were provided - coronary care, intensive care, burns, pediatrics, orthopedics, psychiatric, neuro surgery, dialysis, general medicine and surgery. Complete laboratory and radiology facilities, including Catscan and, by now, M.R.I.

If a specialised treatment was required and not available in the hospital, the patient was referred and transferred to the best available specialised centre for the problem anywhere in the world. All medical treatment, hospitalisation and medications

were free, and dental was subsidised. The specialists were multinational and highly qualified and experienced, and I am delighted to say we had some excellent Irish-trained Consultants among them.

Housing was beautiful, fully furnished, if required, with your own choice of furniture from a catalogue and rent was minimal (approx. £90 per month). Electricity and telephone was free, except for international calls, so the only bill I received was international calls and it was deducted automatically from my salary. Is it any wonder I stayed nearly ten years, but it is not the real world and reality, but great while I stayed.

## THE SAUDI PEOPLE AND THEIR CULTURE

The King rules the country and its people. It is a dictatorship society they live in. He dictates or decrees laws, even to the extent of interfering in the Saudi private family life. He dictates family expansion and a wife is not allowed control of her own fertility. Birth control practices or aides, i.e., pill, I.V.C.D. are not given to a woman without the consent and signature of her husband in the presence of the physician to witness. Women are not allowed drive in Saudi Arabia, however, the King gave a dispensation / permission for the women in the "Aramco compounds" to drive, and I hold a valid Saudi licence, there is fear that this privilege will be removed in the not-too-distant future.

A man may have up to four wives at any one time, but he has to treat each of them equally, even to the extent of his time in private with them. They usually all live in the same house with their children, but each would have a separate wing. The kitchen, female diningroom and female sittingroom would be communal. The houses have a division in the doorway for males and females entering and exiting, so they never see one another. Food would be passed into female diningroom unless they have a maid. The extended family live together. Father, mother, sons, sons-in-law, daughters, daughters-in-law and grandchildren. Male family

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

members do not mix with the females from once the female reaches puberty. The father or husband are the only adult males permitted to see a young lady unveiled. This lifestyle still exists in the majority of Saudi homes, where they are very strict Muslims. For a Saudi to have four wives now is rare but possible provided they can afford it.

Western influence and the education of Saudis in foreign countries is more evident in their lives now, and a new generation of young educated females is emerging with their demands for greater freedom of choice and independence. Marriages are arranged by the parents and for the majority of couples their first meeting is on their wedding day. Girls are married from thirteen years of age upwards and inter-marriage is very common.

## THE GULF WAR

January 17th - March 3rd, 1991

My home was located on the perimeter of the compound directly opposite the Airport. The distance from The Square, Ballyhaunis, to the Parish Church, separated me from the runway. I had a two-story house with a balcony off the bedroom facing the runway. We were accustomed to the air activity since August 2nd, and the invasion of Kuwait. Training sessions were about every hour with five F-15s taking off one after the other, circling the area and returning.

On Wednesday, January 16th, 1991, at 1700 hrs., Saudi time, I held a meeting in my house of thirty Irish citizens to give them updated information from the Irish Embassy; discuss our escape route, call system and transport, in case it was needed. I was one of four co-ordinators with the Irish Embassy for Dhahran, and I was responsible for organising thirty-plus Irish people. We all met and got to know one another during the course of the evening and joked about "Sadam". We were happy with our plans and hoped we would not need to activate them and, thank God, we did not. The group left at about 11 p.m. and I tidied up and then sat down to update my Embassy lists.

I heard and witnessed seventeen fighter planes take off

from Dhahran that night at around 1 a.m. and forty-five minutes later "Desert Storm" was announced over the radio. While we were all expecting it and felt prepared when it actually happened, my blood ran cold. Our shelters were "under the stairs" or in the "bathrooms" as they had no windows and we sealed off the air-conditioning vents prior to January 16th. We also had our windows taped as a precautionary measure in case they were blown in. I am sure most of you saw "The Gulf War" live on television as it unfolded. I hope you will understand that this period of my life I am trying to put behind me, and suffice to say, I do not wish to re-live the days and nights by giving you a detailed account of my fears, sleepless and terrifying nights

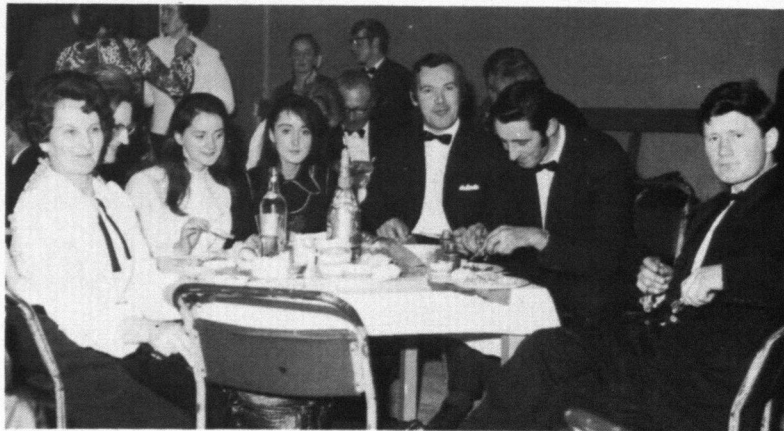
The U.S. and U.K. Army Intelligence visited the Dhahran compound and gave presentations on chemical warfare, preventions and treatment from November to January, and at each presentation we were assured we would be safe, that "Sadam did not have the technology or capability to even come near Dhahran" - how wrong they were!

On reflection, I reached near hysteria on the most terrifying night alone in my life which I will recount for you. I had just gone to bed and was asleep when a loud, deafening bang awoke me. I jumped out of bed and ran to open the curtains on my window to the balcony as I thought something had fallen on it or onto it. It is with regret I opened them as the following sight will never leave my mind. There was a "ball of fire in the sky coming towards me like a tornado". I ran

down the stairs and before I reached the end the whole house shook, pictures fell off the walls and ornaments came crashing to the floor. I ran to my shelter under the stairs laughing and crying in hysteria. Four hours later I received a 'phone call from Mr. Aidan Kirwin, First Secretary in the Irish Embassy, to know was I all right and that I could now come out from under the stairs. (I had a cordless, portable 'phone under the stairs at all times during the War). He stayed on the line while I checked upstairs if the roof had come down, but damage was minimal. I did not know what had happened or what I witnessed until I went to work three hours later. The "ball of fire" in the sky was the "Patriot", it intercepted the "Scud" over the house and part of the "warhead" came down in front of my house in the desert between my house and the airport fence. There was shrapnel all over the area, and I have a piece that was given to me by a friend in memory, but who needs these type of memories?

Leaving Dhahran has not been an easy decision, but reality must be faced and a new life pursued. I would strongly advise any young person wishing to travel abroad to carefully investigate the job, facilities and freedom, as my story is a lucky one, but there are more that are not.

I will take this opportunity to sincerely thank my neighbours, friends and the people in Ballyhaunis, for their prayers for peace; the concern and support expressed to my family, and especially my mother, during a most difficult period in all our lives. It is a dream come true to see you all again.



New Year's Eve Ball, 1971 - Nora Keane, Kitty Cribbin, Monica Cribbin, Michael Cameron, Paddy Kelly and Jim Cribbin.



# St. Patrick's Dramatic Society

ST. Patrick's Dramatic Society has had a most eventful year. Last Winter they staged Brian Friel's "Translations" in Ballyhaunis on Saturday, 8th; Sunday, 9th, and Monday, 10th December. In March of this year they competed in three drama festivals, where they achieved much recognition for their performances of a very complex and ingenuitive Friel play. In Glennamaddy Festival no fewer than four members of the cast were nominated for various awards. Pat Doyle for best supporting actor; Ann Greally for best supporting actress; Maura O'Neill for supporting actress, and Jack Green for best actor.

In Galway Drama Festival they not only filled the Taibhdhearc, but every inch of standing and sitting space, including the

aisles. Maura Noone received acclaim for her interpretation of the enigmatic "Sarah" and Noel Lyons was nominated for overall best actor, and received the adjudicators' special award for acting and directing.

In Claremorris Drama Festival Ann Greally was very much to the fore, winning the award for best supporting actress. Noel Lyons picked up an adjudicators' award for acting, but the fantastic music and singing of John O'Neill, Michael Brogan and Terry Coleman earned them the trophy for the best sound effects.

They also entered MWR-FM Radio Festival, where they performed "The Candy Man", written by Knox Street man, Joe Kenny. It proved a very popular choice, and the cast included Jack Green, Pat Noone, Michael

Grogan, Michael Waldron, Ann Greally, Marie Noone, Noel Lyons, Pat Doyle and Sean O Domhnaill.

In June of this year they performed "Troubled Bachelors", where they blooded several new members who received eager reaction from full houses. The cast was Pat Doyle, Sean O Domhnaill, Padraic Lyons, Maura O'Neill, Paul O'Neill, Anne Greally, Catriona Sweeney, Moira Noone, Michael Grogan and Liselle Mooney.

At present they are rehearsing "Two Of A Kind" by Hugh Kissella, and they hope it will receive as favourable a reaction from their audiences as they have in the past year. Their cast includes Maura O'Neill, Anna Gillespie, Ann Greally, Catriona Sweeney, Tony Carney, Jack Greene, Johnny Mullarkey, Robert Keane and Michael Grogan. They would love to see some new members joining them. The officers are - President, Frank Leonard; chairman, Pat Doyle; treasurer, Michael Daly; secretary, Maura O'Neill.



The cast of "Translations" - front, left to right: Frank Leonard, Jimmy Griblin, Jack Greene, Pat Doyle, Maura O'Neill, John George Dillon-Leetch. Back: Noel Lyons, Anne Greally, Moira Noone, Pat Daly.

# Ballyhaunis revisited

Nora Hawkes

After an absence of forty-seven years I revisited Ballyhaunis during the Hallowe'en weekend, at the invitation of my good friends, Mrs. Gilmore - Nurse Green as she was back in 1943 - and Michael Smyth, with whose parents I stayed during my two years sojourn in the town.

I had graduated from U.C.G. in 1942, and came to Ballyhaunis to teach in the Secondary top in 1943. The Secondary top was an extension of the Primary School and prepared students for the Intermediate Certificate Examination. I recall there were just two of us teaching there, Sr. Mechtilde and myself and between us we shared the seven subjects on the curriculum.

We started at 9.00 a.m. and finished at 4.00 p.m. with just a half-hour for lunch. There was no such thing then, as teachers teaching 18 or 24 hours per week; there were no free classes during the day. We taught 30 hours per week and after that we did corrections of pupils homework. The teachers of the present day with 22 hours per week would never survive that type of regime!

Let me hasten to add, however, that the classes were smaller and discipline presented no problem what-so-ever. Parents who sent their children to the secondary school expected them to work and their study was supervised by them at night-time. Television was not a problem - in fact even a radio did not disturb the peace in many houses; so girls who continued their education after the primary school did so because they wanted to improve their employment prospects or to go on to further education. Discos, or singing pubs, were unheard of for teenagers so the young people did not have to contend with the myriad distractions of their present day counterparts.

By 1943 the war had escalated out of all proportion. Countries like Ireland, not directly involved, suffered indirectly as a result of the scarcity of many essential products which had to

be rationed - e.g. sugar, tea, butter, flour etc. Because of our proximity to England, there was always the fear that by accident or design a bomb might be dropped on Ireland so most of

the young able bodied men joined the F.C.A., L.D.F. while the ladies became members of the Red Cross.

The ladies of Ballyhaunis were particularly active in the Red Cross and during my stay there Bridget Mary Caulfield (Mrs. Halpin), Nurse Green, Mrs. Smyth (RIP) (Michael's mother), myself and many others were involved. Lectures in First Aid and home nursing were given to us by Dr. Smyth (RIP) and Nurse Greene. Competitions were held

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



Denis and Norah Hawkes.



CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

in Castlebar and teams from different parts of the county competed. Our prowess in dealing with injuries of all kinds was tested and we carried back the laurels to Ballyhaunis on many occasions.

Drill formed another part of our training and a Sergeant Flanagan from the army put us through our paces. We learned how to form double and single file, stand at ease, attention etc. and at processions and public functions we marched in uniform with the F.C.A. Fortunately for all concerned we were never required to demonstrate our skills in a real battle situation, but the knowledge acquired in home nursing and first aid stood me in good stead subsequently when dealing with minor injuries at home and at school.

After school, walking was our principal past-time. Pat Doherty of the Ulster Bank; Nurse Green (Mrs Gilmore) and myself played the odd game of golf while boating on Annagh Lake provided another diversion "when the toil of the long day was over". I was glad to read in a recent edition of the Magazine that this facility is being opened up once more for the pleasure and enjoyment of young and old.

On my recent visit I was struck

very forcibly by the changes which have taken place in the town. Forty-seven years ago Ballyhaunis, like most small towns of its size, was a quiet village which knew little of Industry or Commerce. Today it is a vibrant commercial centre to which Hal-Al has made no small contribution, not to mention Canon Horan's Airport at Knock, which has opened up Connaught to the world and the world to Connaught. To see the minaret of the Hal-Al Mosque glinting in the evening sun was, indeed, a major surprise and a real symbol of the place Ballyhaunis has in the 'global village'.

Ballyhaunis holds many happy memories for me. It was there I met Denis, who became my husband, and many others whose friendship has stood the test of time. Many, alas, have passed on, among them my dear friends, Kathleen Smyth, Srs. de Reicci and Agnes who were so helpful to me as a young teacher, - Air dheis Lamh De go Raibh a n-anamnacha uilig.

Mar bhuille scoir, ba mhaith loim mo bhuiochas a ghabhail le Micheal Mac Gabhann agus Bean Mhic Ghiollamhuire a thug cuireadh dom ath-chuaire a thabhairt ar an mbaile agus mo smaointe fanacha a nochtheadh don Iris bhliantui "Annagh Magazine".

# Major John McBride

By Anthony J. Jordan

MUCH has been written about John O'Leary, Michael Davitt, Arthur Griffith, the G.A.A., T.B., war, Roger Casement, James Connolly, P. H. Pearse and the signatories of 1916, Eamonn De Valera and, of course, Maud Gonne. Until now we have had but scant material on John McBride, who was born in Westport, Co. Mayo, and was vice-commander of the Irish Republican Army, Major in the South Africa's Republic, organiser of the Transvaal Irish Brigade, and who died for Ireland, 5th May, 1916.

This book is a major contribution to the turbulent history of Ireland, and it is a book about a Mayo man, written by a Mayo man, published by the Westport Historical Society and printed in Westport by Berry's Printing Works. Hats off to all concerned for something that must be some kind of record.

This book is an attempt by Anthony J. Jordan to investigate the story of Major John McBride's life, through his early days, into the Boer War, onto his relationship with Maud Gonne, into the terrible beauty of 1916, and to his execution.

The author deserves huge bouquets for a remarkable effort in putting together the story of John McBride, when you realise the dearth of material and of sources available to him.

Nowadays, there is non-stop publicity about Ireland, entering Europe of 1992, and all the changes that is going to create. There is no going forward of course, without knowing where we are coming from, and Anthony J. Jordan's book of Major John McBride is an excellent effort, and fills a void that has existed for too long.

Finally, I first met the author when he was a Ballyhaunis man living in Tuam (St. Jarlath's College) and our friendship has never wavered, down through the years. And so, as a Tuam man, now living in Ballyhaunis, I would like to say, on a personal note, "I'm proud of ya, sham!"



Last two members of the Children of Mary, Mrs. M. Lyons, Abbey Street, and Mary Hopkins, Knox Street, at this year's Corpus Christi Procession in town.



Confirmation, 5th class. Back row, left to right: Carol Donnelly, Yvonne Murphy, Eibhlin O'Connor, Shtrley Tarpey. Middle row: Clodagh Shields, Noelle Waldron. Caroline Kedian, Claire Flynn, Emma Brogan, Kathleen Connell, Sheena McCrudden, Margaret Nestor, Aileen Nestor. Front row: Emma Kirrane, Colette O'Dowd, Pamela Heaney, Winifred Maughan, Caroline Kirrane, Treacy Flanagan, Annette Fitzmaurice, Karen Morris. Archbishop Cassidy, Canon Costello and Sr. Teresa Fahy.



Confirmation, 6th class - Back row, left to right: Mairead Costello, Eithne Byrne, Valerie Kilcourse, Elma Kilbride, Deirdre O'Connor, Veronia Regan, Catherine Rabbittie, Geraldine Maughan. Third row: Laura Lyons, Gienieve Flanagan, Margaret Burke, Maire Gildea, Sandra Walsh. Second row: Sheena Flanagan, Ciara Healy, Emer Cunniffe, Sinead Nevin, Noelle Biesty, Shirley Keane, Elaine Webb, Mary Teresa Kelly. Front row, left to right: Nórlin Lyons, Clodagh Lyons, Denise Biesty, Caroline Barrett, Pauline Madden, Regina Moran, Catherine Higgins, Miriam Lilly, Carol-Ann Cameron. Also in photograph: Archbishop Cassidy, Canon Costello and Sr. Rosario, Fr. Justin, O.Carm.



# Scouting through the decades

## Sixty years of Scouting

**T**HE 4th Mayo Troop C.B.S.I. is sixty years in existence this year. For most of those years Seamus Durkan has been involved with the Troop in one form or another. Seamus has given a huge amount of his time to Scouting, and the Troop is grateful to him for that. However, this "piece" is not a tribute to Seamus Durkan nor is it a history of the 4th Mayo. We simply invited Scouts from different "eras" to send us some of their memories of Scouting. Here are the contributions . . .

## The 'Thirties

The First Seventeen  
Jack Halpin

**W**HEN I was told sixty years ago, that a Troop of Boy Scouts was going to be formed in Ballyhaunis, I was so excited I thought it was too good to be true. However, a meeting of parents and boys was held in the Parish Church Grounds and addressed by Fr. Moane, C.C., who was one of our curates, and a Scout Master from the Castlebar Troop, a Mr. Robert (Bob) Kilkelly. They told us what Scouting was all about. Mr. Kilkelly was dressed in his Scout Uniform, and was wearing the old type Scout hat which reminded me of the type the North-West Canadian Mountie Police wore during the silent movie days. After a few meetings with Mr. Kilkelly, who used to arrive in Ballyhaunis on his motorcycle, a Troop of seventeen boys was formed, with Mr. William Mulligan, Principal teacher in Coolnafarna National School in

those days, as Scout Master, and Mr. Michael O'Malley, as his assistant. This was the beginning of the 4th Mayo Troop.

We got a room from Mr. Peter Lynch, over his premises, in Abbey Street, which he used as the first Scouts' Den. We were issued with our uniforms. As far as I can recollect, they cost around £2.00. Then we got down to the serious side of learning how to be good Scouts. It wasn't long until seventeen boys, aged from twelve to fourteen, marched from Peter Lynch's to the Parish Church for the first Investiture of the 4th Mayo Scout Troop. The Town and Church grounds were lined with people and included all the mummies and daddys, of the boys being invested, who got special viewing. The children, who were too young to be Scouts

looked at us longingly as we marched through the town in our smart uniforms, our yellow neckerchiefs, and our Mountied Police hats. As Mr. Mulligan was an ex-Irish Army Officer, we were turned out in a manner which later we got great credit for. Being an ex-Army Officer, and in order to prepare us for this big day, we were marched to Coolnafarna School three evenings a week for drill and various other Army-type exercises. Some of those were learning how to signal by flags (semaphore), learning how to signal using the Morse Code, and various other Army type activities. As a matter of fact, at times, it felt like we were in the Army.

Scouting activities in those days were wonderful. We had Scout hikes every Sunday, which meant cycling to some historical places of interest within a 12-mile radius. We then purchased a few "Bell" tents and so we were able to go out camping. The "Bell" tents could sleep around fifteen people and were of an Army style, and I'm sure lots of you reading this would remember how warm and comfortable they could be? After all this training, we were ready for our first major outing, and this was to the

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



Enniscrone camp, 1955 - Seamus Durkan, Michael Smyth, James Regan, R.I.P.

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Eucharistic Congress in Dublin, in 1932. For this expedition, we camped in the grounds of Terenure College, and it was a wonderful sight to see fifteen-hundred Boy Scouts under canvas in one area.

It was a very warm Summer that year, and part of our duties as the 4th Mayo Troop was to administer and help with First Aid, bringing drinks to fainting people, and trying to keep the crowds in order. It was surely a memorable two weeks.

Later on in years as the 4th Mayo grew we had camps at the Catholic Truth Congresses in Tuam and Killarney; we camped at numerous other places throughout the country, but I can still vividly remember the formation of the 4th Mayo and those first seventeen Scouts, who helped to bring Scouting, with all its joys, to Ballyhaunis, ably led by Bill Mulligan. The roll call in those early days of 1931 reads . . . Joe Cooney, Jack Ganley, Petie Hannon, Mickey Griffin, George Fitzmaurice, Jack Halpin, Seamus Flatley. The remaining ten have passed to their eternal reward – John Buckley, Tommie Hannon, Desmond Fitzgerald, Eddie Fitzgerald, Billy Flatley, John Henry, Joe Smyth, George Murray, Tim O'Malley and William Murphy.

As I recall these names I also recall the happy times we all Scouted together, and when my own Scouting days were over I had great pleasure in seeing my own two sons, Pat and John, and my grandson, Mark McCafferty, wearing the uniform, although changed through the years, of the 4th Mayo Troop of Boy Scouts.

## The 'Forties

Albert Lyons

WHEN I was asked to write a few lines about my memories of the Scouts in Ballyhaunis, many different thoughts flashed through my mind. But I just stopped and asked myself: "Why did I join the local Scouts"? Right now, I just think that it was, perhaps, the sight of the older boys in uniform at the annual Eucharistic Procession, the sight of them going on a day hike on foot or bicycle and hearing stories of the annual Camp in Furbo or Barna. But my years in the Scouts – looking back – were great years.

My first memory is of making lasting and firm friends. Joe Lynch (R.I.P.), and myself lived in different parts of Ballyhaunis, and it was through the Scouts that Joe and I became firm and close friends. May he rest in peace.

The Scouts from other towns and cities formed a friendship with us in Ballyhaunis – friendships which have lasted down through the years. Only ten days ago I had a call from a member of the 19th Dublin Troop, now Fr. Noel Madden, a P.P. in Dublin.

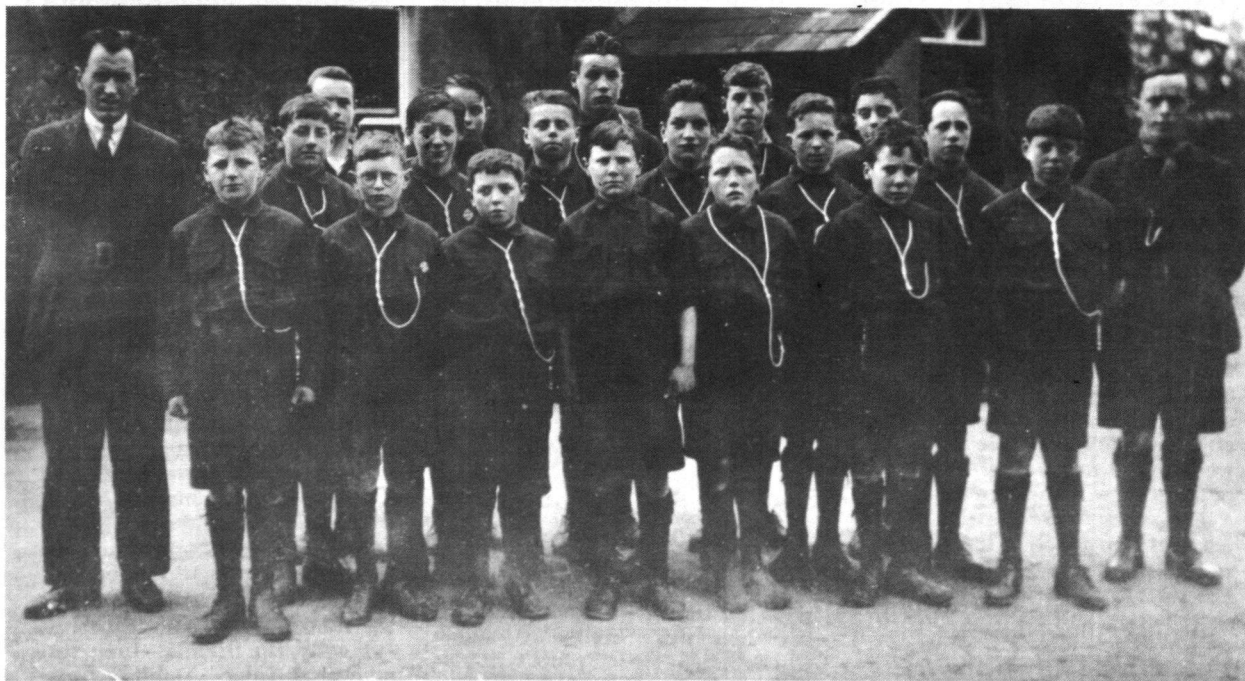
I remember the hikes to Logboy and Straid, the Summer camps in Barna, Furbo, Listowel and Bray. The cooking – well, whatever I learned here stood to me when, as a priest, I had not a housekeeper. Thanks for that!

We had our moments – serious then, but can be laughed at now. It is appropriate now that as I write this, there is a bad storm raging all over the country. "On such a night as this" – on my first annual Camp in Barna, a certain Scout disturbed and scared us, as he tried to light candles – for what – to see if the tide was in – imagine, in a gale-force 8. Our first night at the seaside!

Those of you may remember the burst main which sent thousands of gallons of water right through our camp site in Bray – the very first morning. If our parents could only see us that morning.

The International Scout Camp in Listowel, where we met boys our own age from other countries, and who spoke languages we

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



Members of the Troop at Killeaden House, Kiltimagh, 1932. Front: B. Mulligan, S.M.; Scouts: D. Waldron, P. Heffernan, O. Cunningham, O. Cooney, T. Buckley, J. Ganley, J. Halpin, M. O'Malley, A.S.M. Middle: D. Fitzgerald, G. Murray, J. Henry, T. Hannon, M. Griffin, S. Flatley. Back: W. Flatley, T. O'Malley, E. Fitzgerald, J. Smyth, G. Fitzmaurice.





Troop 1949 - Front: E. Meath, J. Biesty, J. Freeman, S. Barrett, M. Biesty, S. Smyth, P. Forrie, S. Durkan, K. McGuire, M. Nally. Third: P. J. Lyons, B. McGuire, J. Waldron, G. Hynes, T. McGuire, F. Glynn. Back: F. Lynch, J. Morley (R.I.P.), A. Lyons, J. Lynch (R.I.P.), P. McGuire.

#### CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

could not understand. In the middle of all that International Scouting there was a real familiar touch - a few of us played for Listowel in the Kerry Minor Cham-pionship - nobody knew us!

The other memory was when we teased a very senior member of our Troop when we caught him "chatting up" a young local lady. Naturally, he was annoyed and repaid us the next meeting - instead of a one-mile march to Sunday Mass, he marched us all of eight miles - four to Church and four back, and that was when we fasted from midnight. How popular he was that Sunday!

Then there were the visits of parents who called to see if we were still alive and in good health. They always seemed to go away happy, and we were glad to see them go - after all, we were self-sufficient! We were members of the 4th Mayo Troop, C.B.S.I., but their few shillings were welcome.

If you were a member in my time, perhaps these few thoughts will recall our days together in the Scouts, or maybe stir up pleasant memories of our happy days of the distant past. They were good days when, unknown to ourselves, we learned a lot. I thank my late parents and the Scout Leaders who gave me the chance to see a new world through the Scouts.

To my friends in Ballyhaunis and elsewhere in the Scouting fraternity, I say "thank you for the memories". Maybe I should write a book of memories!

## The 'Fifties

Johnny Biesty

**I**N my youth in Ballyhaunis there were not many distractions, so what did we do to pass the time? - football, altar servers and the Scouts. We joined the Scouts at eleven plus. What do I remember about them? The hikes to Errit, Mannin and Logboy - trying to light the fire

with only two matches - no fire lighters! Seamus Durkan, Paddy Forrie and John Morley smelling around to see if some enterprising Scout had brought a bottle of paraffin along to help the fire on its way - burned sausages and well-boiled tea - great stuff!

The camps: Listowel, Enniscrone, Rome, Barna, Stradbally, Glenstal, Old Head. Being woken up during the night by a flood flowing through the tent, bell tents, ridge tents - cooking for thirty hungry teenagers. John Morley's bread pudding; Seamus Durkan's pot roast; mugs of cocoa and bread and jam around the camp fire. The inspections - how we hated them, and we could never beat Sean Smyth and Sonny Barrett. Boy, were they neat! Finding out what the couples were doing up the sand hills in Enniscrone!

Finally, the friends - they were all over the place, Dublin, Limerick, Cavan, London, Tuam.

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

## Glenstal Abbey

Anthony Jordan

**I**N 1950 we camped at Glenstal Abbey. I shared a bivvy with John Biesty. As we snuggled in our sleeping bags the first night, the rain began to fall steadily. I was awakened during the night to hear John calling: "Anthony, Anthony". He was sitting up and feeling around the tent with his hands. "Anthony, it's water", he said. I put my hand out to feel the water flowing through the tent. We rushed outside, grabbed a spade and dug a trench to channel the water down the hill, by-passing our bivvy. In the darkness, we could hear other Scouts hard at work. On finishing our trench we watched in horror as it filled up quickly and over-flowed through our patch again. Just then, Jim Devine, our Scout Master, came with a torch. "Evacuate to the school hall with all your gear", he said.

## Money Lost But A Friend Gained

Murt Hunt

**W**HEN Gus Grealley of Drimbane called me to one side in Morris's Pub a few years ago and handed me a £1 note and an old half-crown, I was utterly confused. However, when he explained his action the memories all came flooding back of Scouting in the good old days of the late 'fifties.

On arriving on camp at Old Head, near Louisburgh, we pitched tent in a downpour of rain on a slope overlooking Clew Bay. In the panic of the occasion we had problems sorting out our rucksacks and sleeping bags in torch-light but, nevertheless, slept soundly with a virtual river of water all around us.

I had two half-crowns to see me through the week's camp, but in the morning all I could find was one. So my spending power was cut by half, and I had to cut back on luxuries, but still managed to enjoy myself thoroughly.

Gus explained to me that he found my other half-crown and thought he was made for life. He



Pictured in Rome. - Joe Green and Bertie Curley (R.I.P.).

was returning the half-crown and the £1 note was the interest it had accumulated down through the years. We had a good laugh over the episode, and also a good drink, and went home the best of friends as we had been in those days, little money in our pockets, but plenty of happiness in our hearts.

## The 'Sixties

Cong '66  
Mike Cleary

**I**suppose every scout camp had its share of high spots and disasters indelibly if not faithfully recorded in the memories of those who took part. Cong, '66, was no exception.

The camp was a very organised affair or so we thought. The two patrols, Fox and Tiger, lead respectively by Junior Connolly and John Kilduff, were almost self-contained units, each with its own tent, eating shelter, cooking fire and refuse pits. A pennant was flown each day by the best organised patrol as judged at morning inspection. The competition for this piece of cloth between the two patrols was intended to ensure a relaxed and trouble-free camp for our leaders. As J. J. Cribben, John Cleary and

John Higgins threatened lost marks if their porrage was lumpy, sausages were burnt, or their sensibilities were offended by an unruly meal time, Freddie Herr and Pat Freeley noted for housekeeping skills beavered away trying to gain one up on the others. Mike Griffin developed an interest which has lasted through the years, kept the fires blazing and the fuel stocks high. Seamus Connell, using family skills, made camp furniture. Miles of sisal were used to demarcate the different areas of the patrol's space into "rooms" and lofty gates were erected and secured with rigging under Georgie Hannon's able direction. We were very keen to have the integrity of these "walls" respected and many a row broke out over Jim Ryan sneaking into the Tiger Patrol over the sisal rather than taking the long way around to ender by the "door".

On the parents' visiting day, as to be expected, everything was ship-shape and the parents were given the grand tour through all the official paths and gateways. Of course there was always the parent who let the side down and I recall my own nosey father poking about on his own and even

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

stepping over boundary lines! He got his deserts as he entered the refuse area by an unapproved route and stepped onto the camouflaged wet "soak pit", which had long since ceased to soak anywhere due to the large amount of grease present, but certainly soaked his best Sunday trousers. The moral of the experience was meant to be not to take short cuts but my father learnt his lessons better than that, he never went near a scout camp again for the rest of his days. That was not the only misfortune to befall the family on that camp. My brother, Ger, in one of the few games of football he ever played, was "fell upon" by one of the leaders and suffered a broken collar bone. The leader in question being his big brother.

One of the youngest on the camp, Pat Freeley, was introduced to strong liquor in the course of the fortnight. This was justified by a toothache which had defied relief by the more confentional 'Asprin'. If my memory serves me correctly, his vertict on the experience was

highly favourable. He certainly sang 'Jake The Fake', a performance I have only once seen him do since, at a time when he was moved by a similar spirit.

Freddie Herr gained everlasting fame in succeeding, despite his tender years, to make a date with one of the local girls, and topped it off by scoring the winning goal in the World Cup for GERMANY. (That was in the replay which you may remember was played in Cong that year).

The credit for the final "disaster" of the camp must go to Eugene Morley, as far as I can recall he got sick on the way home in the car!!

## The 'Seventies

John Durkan

NEW recruits included Paul Timoney, John Fitzgerald, Ivan Freeley, John Griffin, John Toolan, Sean Moran (Hazelhill); Joe O'Gara, Ollie Concannon, among others. The veterans included the earliest P.I.s. that I served under, Freddie Herr and Pat Freeley of the Wolf Patrol.

We spent the Winter of 1968 getting ready for investiture. Tests had to be passed, laws had to be learned, 'Dochas Linn Naomh Padraig' and 'Amhran Na bFiann' attempted. Ollie Concannon sang the 'Auld Kilkelly Bird', resulting in the Scout Master getting married.

Easter, 1969, there was a weekend camp in Cong. Our first night under canvas! We did not sleep a wink. Freddie Herr got a present of a pike from a local fisherman. Nobody wanted anything to do with it. Freddie cooked it, I ate most / all of it. We went to Mass in full uniform (short pants for everybody). I bought a secondhand one from Alex Eaton. I never got a chance to grow into it as the 1970s saw a move to a more modern (and more impractical) light-blue shirt and long pants.

Then there was the famous Lettergesh camp. Week one saw tents blown all over the field. We had to abandon the camp site and head for the local school. The chaplain to the camp was newly ordained J. J. Cribbin.

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



Pictured following their investiture as Cubs of the 4th Mayo Unit in January, 1976 with (the then bearded) Cub Leader, David Dwane, were back, left to right: Peter McHugh, John Maguire, Brian Marrinan (R.I.P.), Ray Waldron, Brian Loughran, Fergus Coyne, Damien Webb, James Waldron, John Fitzgerald and Frank Henry. Centre, left to right: Joe Geraghty, Cathal Freeley, Damian Rattigan, Alan Rattigan, Val Byrne, Joe Joe Webb, James Clarke, Paul Waldron and John O'Connor. Front, left to right: Pascal Keegan, Kevin Henry, Martin Waldron and Derek Byrne.

Restrained language in the face of unrestrained elements was not always easy for some of the Leaders. Week two saw a return to the camp and glorious sunshine. Apart from the badger eating the salmon, intended for visitors' day, the camp went off o.k. This was to be the last camp with the 4th Mayo on their own for over ten years.

The 'seventies saw a revival of old units and the formation of new units all over the region - Ballinrobe, Claremorris, Castlereagh, Tuam, Kiltimagh, among others, sprang into life. They all came on camp with us to learn the tricks of the trade.

Stradbally saw ourselves and Ballinrobe together. The Leaders left quite an impression on the local females. The next time we camped there was in 1978, Hugh Campbell, the Scout Master, on that camp and myself were the only survivors. Would anyone remember the wild Mayo men of 1970 - all the (not so young) girls did.

1972 saw us in Lourdes and San Sebastian - fly to Paris, pouring rain in Paris, cannot sight-see, over-night train to Lourdes, bus over the Pyrenees to Spain, get sun-burned, food strange. Fly home from Lourdes to Dublin. First time out of the country, first time on a plane.

1974 was the year we went to Switzerland and Rome. Over one-hundred-and-fifty Scouts including Scouts from Belfast's Falls Road, made the journey. We flew to Zurich, you had to be on time for the train to Rome. Swiss trains never run late. We arrived half-an-hour late; train still there. Saw the Pope. Back to Switzerland; climbed mountains; eat Toblerone, etc., etc.

1978 saw another trip to Rome. Hugh Campbell and Stephen Durkan get left in Rome. No money, no Italian. Become 'hobos'. Eventually made it to Switzerland.

## The Cubs

David Dwane

THEY say that it's easy to forget the good times and remember the bad times, and that's surely a maxim that holds true for me. My recollections of years spent as Scout and Leader with the 4th Mayo have already become clouded.

I do remember Tuesday night meetings as a twelve or thirteen-year-old in the front Den, under various Scout Masters, but invariably with Seamus Durkan as "the boss". I heard of Canon Moane and the recently deceased Bill Mulligan and how they had founded the Troop almost forty years before that. I and my friends were regaled with stories of "camps" to Lourdes and Lismore, proof of which lay in the many memorable pictures hanging on the wall of the Den.

I remember transferring from the old navy uniform to the more modern blue, and being delighted because our legs were getting hairier!

The Den grew much quicker than I did, as Seamus Durkan looked forward to something bigger and better - and got there eventually!

As one of the first Cub Leaders in the latter half of the 'seventies I remember taking the boys camping to a favourite spot in Moran's field, across the river and behind the Abbey, and to a rustic and old-world vicarage near Cong, converted to a hostel.

Those were the days - I think!

## The 'Eighties

Essex '84  
Paul Waldron

FOUR Leaders, Anna Herr, Matt O'Dwyer, Mike Cleary and John Durkan, with Scouts, Paul and Martin Waldron, Robert Flynn, Sean Morley, Alan Rattigan, Tony Smyth, Donal Delaney, Jonathan Cleary, Martin Durkan, Tom and John Forde, John Meehan, Ultan Cruise, Arafon Raffique, Thomas Coxen and Eamon Freyne set off at the dead of night sharing transport with Troops from Claremorris, Castlebar and Ballina, on the long bus and ferry ride to Essex. Every joke, song and prank was exhausted by the time we reached the site almost twenty-four hours later.

Used as we were to spacious camp sites, our tiny allotment in this tented city came as a major disappointment, but was amply compensated for by our English neighbours - a group of Girl Scouts. This was convenient camping, shops and a supermarket on site, water to hand, cooking on gas (no fire wood collection), and activities laid on every morning and afternoon.

This new environment called for new skills and latent talents got their chance to blossom. Matt O'Dwyer showed the skills of a Euro M.E.P. in attending the all-important Sub Camp meetings each morning, at which the allotments of tickets for the day's activities were made. Somehow, Matt managed to return each day with more than our full share of tickets for all the plumb activities, like Parascending, Canoeing, Commando Course, Archery - an endless list. Shoe polish was an item I had never seen on a Scout camp before, but around half-past-seven every evening blood was in danger of being spilt over who was to have it next. For a full hour hair was washed, shirts "ironed" and amazing transformations were made in preparation for the disco. John Forde, in particular, never failed to amaze as he emerged from his tent with immaculate clothes out of the bottom of his kit bag. We suspected he had a secret gadget for pressing clothes. With all the cooking for the twenty-five of us done on the one cooker we perfected the art of one pot cooking. Stews and curries (Arafon Raffique's expert guidance was invaluable), were the staples. The cooking of one such stew illustrated the degree of our culinary skills. A stock-cube left over from visit of the French Scouts the previous year in the stew by Donal Delaney. After about an hour, Sean Morley tasted the soup to discover a pollution most foul (due either to the age of the cube or the peculiarities of French taste). With the prospect of a mutiny facing the cooks - the stews were actually quite popular - drastic action had to be taken. The soup was dumped, the meat and veg. rinsed a few times, new water was added and the lot was boiled up again. It went down so well that I am convinced that that is the ideal recipe for stew.

There were many broken hearts as we moved out of Essex on the last day, and despite the fact that we broke the journey home with an over-night stop in Wales, less sleep was had than on the way out. We played the Scouting version of musical chairs, everybody spends a while in everybody else's tent. I think that every one of the bedraggled





Golden Jubilee 1981 – Back, left to right: Brian Loughran, Brian Marrinan (R.I.P.), John Fitzgerald, Mike Griffin, John Conwell, Liam Judge. Third row: Joe Geraghty, Tony Smyth, Seamus Geraghty, Donal Delaney, Sean Gaffney, Tommy Leonard, Seamus Durkin, Austin Jordan, Martin Durkin, Sean Morley, M. Flynn, Ray Flynn, Niall Cruise, M. Morris, Barry Mulligan, James Waldron. Second row: Gerald Doherty, William Freyne, John Forde, Gary Clarke, E. Rogers, Tom Forde, Alan Rattigan, Jarlath Freyne, Martin Waldron, D. Burke, Robert Flynn. Front row: Andrew Smyth, Barry Regan, Cohn Flynn, Michael Freyne, Robert Finn, Julian Rattigan, Peadar Walsh, Eamon Thornton.

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

and exhausted lads that came back on that bus will treasure their memories.

## The 'Nineties

The Present Bunch  
Mark McCafferty and  
Graham Cleary.

**F**OR the last few years the Ballyhaunis Scouts have enjoyed many different activities including canoeing, hikes, climbing, treasure hunts . . . But the one activity that stands out above all the rest was the trip we took to the Treenlaur Youth Hostel, near Newport, in the middle of October.

Saturday was so bad that we nearly needed a compass to get to the mountain. We were warned to bring proper clothes. Fintan and Mark arrived wearing ripped jeans and an Ireland cap. Many of

the Senior Scouts took part in an unofficial Rugby World Cup match on the side of Ben Gorm. After a four-hour tramp we eventually arrived at the Hostel with half the mountain on our boots. Even though we were wet and cold, we could still look forward to dinner. For most of us cooking for ourselves was a new experience. Mac's fried pizzas and fried "oven" chips were one of the specialities on our menu, but John Paul was first to sit down to food. After dinner we went out to experience "real darkness" – you couldn't see a steam! We fell into the river, walked into the ash-pit and spent ten minutes looking for a sleeping bag in the wrong car! On Saturday night Mark, Kevin and Brian all cleaned up on a game of cards.

At Mass next day we had a great impact on the locals. Brian's woolly hat; Graham's mountain boots and Gerry's

socks all added to the humour. To our surprise, we were welcomed to Mass by the Priest – Ballyhaunis man, Fr. Michael Kenny. Some of us were unable to climb later that day, feeling sick after the previous night's meal. However, this did not prevent Fintan, Grahame, Mark and Mac from doing some outdoor pursuits in the nearby river.

So with the Hostel left spotless, we arrived at The Square, but glad that we were back on one piece – well almost one piece!

Many thanks must go to the trio whom we brought along with us for the weekend – John Cleary, Scout Master; Terry Coleman, "The Navigator"; Brendan O'Mahoney, who "tagged along" behind us.

P.S.: I know there were Girl Guides and Brownies in the town during the 'eighties, but there's another story for another time. – Ed.

# Festival '91

By John Halpin

The Ballyhaunis Summer Festival started in April when a small band of volunteers, some of whom have just returned to Ballyhaunis, as the previous committee felt they had done enough to promote the festival in previous years.

It was left to this group to organise, and try to do better than other festival committees. This committee consisted of John Halpin, who returned from the UK to take over his fathers pub in Main Street; Gabriel Forkan who returned after 32 years in and around Birmingham, with his wife, Eileen, who have now opened a thriving Bed & Breakfast at the end of Knox Street; Bernie Jordan from MacSuirteains in Main Street; John Durkin from Durkins Limited; Carmel Vahey (nee Webb), daughter of Eddie Webb, who, with her husband, John, run the Central Hotel, again a returned exile. Carmel Kelly who is a new appointee at the Ulster Band, and Tony Smyth the youngest member of the group who is son of Michael Smyth and grandson of the late Willie Smyth.

The festival dates were decided to run from Friday, 2nd to Sunday, 11th August and the aim of the committee was to ensure that successful ventures from past festivals plus new ideas were put into this year's festival programme, with the aid of Mr Tom Finn who is the present President of Ballyhaunis Chamber of Commerce, and who had assisted on the previous Festival Committees. This small group gathered together to try to come up with ideas of financing, promoting and presenting the festival. From April to August every Monday night was taken up with meetings and gradually a draft of the programme started to take shape.

As in previous years the Main Sponsors were Guinness Group Sales, but a lot of local support and sponsors were promised to the committee including the erection of a fine stage in The Square by Connaught Scaffold Proprietor, Mick Murray. As the committee progressed other small groups began to get

involved and were willing to under take their particular event. The Annagh Magazine which sponsored the Childrens Art and Table Quiz competitions; the Credit Union sponsored the Wheelathon. Eamon Burke who organised a very successful dog show and John and Mike Clearly and their wives, and Brian and Peg Byrne who organised and ran the 10k. Carlsberg Road Race, this race always attracts runners from all over Ireland and is usually a good training ground for the big marathons.

The Annagh Rose Competition, which was run by Helen Lyons of Gallaghers and Michael Smyth. The winning Rose was Miss Louise Cribbin, daughter of Tony and Ann Cribbin was the popular choice of the judges, the main judge of the Annagh Rose '91 was John A. Murphy. Since winning the Annagh Rose '91 Louise has now gone to Durham hoping to join the nursing profession.

John Biesty and Eamon Murrin ran a very successful Table Quiz and as in previous years the Smithwick's Pub Talent competition was a great success with a fine example of what the town and hinterland of Ballyhaunis can produce. The winner of the Smithwick's '91 Pub Talent competition was Miss Frances Jordan of Fairymount who represented Halpins Pub.

The Boxing Club of Ballyhaunis ran a successful tournament with the fun event being the blindfold boxing. One of the new events was a fine example of American Harness Racing which was organised and run by Tom Biesty, son of the late Bob Biesty, who all the readers of the Annagh Magazine will recall as one of the finest horsemen in the West of Ireland.

Another of the new events for the younger generation was the Bandslam '91, this event turned out to be a great success and included young amateur rock groups from Ballina to Hollymount, the winner being John Towey and his Celtic Rock Band from Kilmoeve this event was sponsored by Heineken.

Great assistance was given by Mr Paul Claffey of Mid West Radio which is based in Ballyhaunis, and any readers of this magazine can send in their requests to MWR and I am sure Paul and his staff would be pleased to play them over the air, for friends and relations in the area. Paul has also now got a live link on Friday with New York for any requests.

There were other numerous events and people who contributed to the success of the festival and the committee would like to thank all the visitors who came to support our Summer Festival and hopefully, will return again next year. In the meantime any new ideas or information that will assist the committee for the Ballyhaunis Summer Festival, 1992, drop a line to John Halpin or Gabriel Forkan.



1966 - Play: "Arsenic Of Old Lace", St. Patrick's College - top row (left/right): M. Morren, B. Cregg, P. Judge, J. Cribben, P. Galvey, P. McCluskey and J. Halpin. Bottom row (left/right): P. Connelly, F. Moore, ? Healy, F. Greally, D. Hannon, J. Byrne and T. Gilmore.



## Cór Na nÓg, 1991

The schools of Mayo that participated were Castlebar, Crumlin, Westport, Ballina, Castlerea, and Ballyhaunis. At the beginning of the school year, we were given a repertoire of 23 songs – classical and folk songs in English and Irish. We began to learn them and when we had a certain number learned, we met for rehearsals in Castlebar Primary School. These rehearsals usually were conducted by Mr. Séan Creamer, from the Department of Education.

At the end of May, the Regional Concert took place in Loughrea, Co. Galway. In this concert, pupils from the participating schools of Connacht entertained their parents and friends. Then, in mid June, the pupils of the Mayo schools gave another performance in the Travellers' Friend, Castlebar. It was an enjoyable experience, an evening to be remembered.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Sr. Rosario Waldron for all her help given to us during the school year of 1990/1991.

Ciara Healy,  
Clodagh Lyons.



John Morley, Clagnagh, three years old!



Noelle Biesty and Shirley Keane, Convent of Mercy students, Ballyhaunis, who represented St. Joseph's School choir, Ballyhaunis, at the Cor na nÓg concert in the National Concert in the National Concert Hall in Dublin. Also in the photo is Sr. Rosario, their teacher who works so hard to make the occasion a success.  
Photo: Glynnis.

## The National Concert Hall

The final Cór Na nÓg concert was held in the National Concert Hall, in Dublin. Two pupils were selected from St. Joseph's N.S., to represent Ballyhaunis. They were Shirley Keane and Noelle Biesty. It was held on 16th June. We went on Friday and stayed with a family in Co. Wicklow.

On Saturday morning, a rehearsal was held in the Concert Hall. We were given our places and practised some songs. We then went back to Wicklow to

get ready for the concert, that night. The excitement was building, and the time flew. Soon it was 7.30 p.m. and time to go on stage.

The concert was an experience never to be forgotten. Four hundred children sang, accompanied by the Symphony Orchestra.

We really enjoyed taking part in Cór Na nÓg and the work done by Sr. Rosario is much appreciated.

Shirley Keane,  
Noelle Biesty.

## Marriages in Parish of Annagh, Nov., 1990, to 31 Oct., 1991.

James Maughan, Castlerea, to Noreen Maughan, Cherryfield.  
Patrick Gallagher, Doocastle, to Attracta Greene, Carrarea.  
James Ronan, Bekan, to Siobhan Greene, Carrarea.  
Terence McGowan, Castlerea, to Pauline Sloyan, Brackloon.  
Anthony Sutton, Ballygowan, Co. Kildare, to Anna Connell, Redford.  
Martin O'Toole, Irishtown, to Mary Teresa Madden, Gurteen.  
Michael Lyons, Bekan, to Olive Levins, Clare St.  
Liam Irwin, Castlebar, to Margaret Doherty, Annagh.  
Martin Mellett, Hollymount, to Finola Morley, Woodpark.

### Elsewhere.

John Jarlath Kenny, Skehard, to Honora Bernadette Madden, Barna.  
Edward Webb, Devlis, to Orlagh Mary Dunne, Dublin.  
Desmond G. Folan to Mary Teresa O'Hara, Station Rise.  
Thomas V. FitzMaurice, Gurteenbeg, to Vivian Ann Lingley, Arlington, Victoria, Australia.  
Gerard O'Connell, Drimbane, to Geraldine Shelley, Scardane.  
Aidan J. Flatley, Clare St., to Majella Ruane, Foxford.

# The Golfing Life Of Alf Hudson

I was born in 1920, in a place called Roebuck Street, West Bromwich. It was a poorish sort of a street, mostly consisting of back-to-back terraced houses. There would be about 200 of these houses in the street. Most of the street depended on what few bob ready money they got from golf caddying. Almost everyone in the street had a full time caddy in the house. Twelve was the age limit you had to be before you could go caddying.

I remember the first day I ever caddied. I was, in fact, a few months short of my twelfth birthday. Every year, there used to be a Motor Trades Competition. Traders from all over England came for that day. Whenever they were short of caddies, at the club, a caddy would come down Roebuck Street and around Roebuck Lane on his bike shouting "Caddies! Caddies!" and then all the youngsters would run to the club. That's how I got my first caddying job. Because I was new, I didn't know how to get the money from the golfer and he left without paying me, but Mr. Handcocks, the professional, paid me my 1/6. The golf club, Sandwell Park Golf Club, was about a quarter of a mile from the street. On a week-end, there would be about 150 caddies - school caddies and day caddies (full-time). The price of a round was one and six and a penny for the professional for providing the caddy.

When I left school at fifteen, I went full time golf caddying and I did this 'til I was seventeen. The most important function of a caddy was to watch the ball. Cleanliness was also very important, especially with the ladies. Being a caddy was like being in the army. There was very strict discipline. You could have a hundred caddies together in the morning and you wouldn't hear a whisper out of them. If a caddy was caught swearing, by the professional, or his assistant, he was "sent down" for a week. In those days, golf balls cost 2/-. If you found any balls on the course, you had to sell them back to the professional, who gave you anything from a halfpenny to tuppence,

depending on the condition of the ball. Christmas was paradise for caddies. All the golfers used to clear out their locker rooms and we'd get bats with broken straps, shoes with studs missing and broken clubs, we could fix. All my early clubs were discards.

## Golf balls

Every year, there was a great way of making a few pence. When the corn was planted in fields around the course, there would be notices on the out of bound holes "Trespassers will be prosecuted". However, when the corn was high, we used to put knee pads on and crawl through the corn. We used to work in groups of three and on a moonlit night, we could often get up to twenty balls in the cornfield. I remember, we weren't supposed to sell balls to members, but all of us had favourites to whom we would sell balls, when we were out of sight of the professional. I remember a Mr. Arthur Conway, who used to play nine holes on a Saturday morning. I found a brand new ball that had a little "wing" on it. I repaired it with a small brad and painted over the brad. Mr. Conway had very thick glasses, so he couldn't see too well anyway. We settled on a price and I sold him the ball. After a few holes, he decided to try the new ball. I teed the ball up for him and he played two holes with it. On the third hole, I teed the ball and he hit it, the brad came out and the ball fluttered down the fairway like a bird. he said to me "There's a funny sound to that ball, caddie". But I knew what had happened myself. I showed him the ball and persuaded him that it was the brass on the bottom of his driver that had done the damage. When I had finished cleaning his clubs, he told me to take his driver to Mr. Handcocks and get the rough edge filed off!

In those three years, I caddied for well-known golfers and well-known personalities, one of them being Reg. Wickham, the year that he was runner-up in the British Open at Carmoustie. He won it the next year in 1938. I also caddied for Bobby Locke,



Alf Hudson in his heyday.

the well-known South African golfer and for Lady Long and the Earl of Dudley, who owned the land on which the golf course was built.

## Professional

At seventeen, I was asked to go professional, with Bert Feraday, at Wendabury Golf Club, in Staffordshire. I remember, he came round to our house and asked if I was in and then asked if I would like to become his assistant professional. My mother refused at first, and I was naturally upset, because it was almost every youngster's ambition in Roebuck Street to become a professional golfer. The street itself, had at that time, provided seventeen professional or assistant professionals. When my brother came home, I told him my mother had refused to let me go as an assistant professional. By that evening, my brother had persuaded my mother to let me go. Although it was unheard of then, I must have almost broken the four-minute mile, as I ran round to Feraday's to tell him I would take the job. I was with Bert Feraday until 1940, when the war broke out.

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



On a Monday morning, I'd clean seventy sets of clubs and about forty pairs of shoes. The members paid twelve shillings a year for the shoe cleaning, ten shillings went to the pro., and I got two shillings. For the club cleaning, they paid fourteen shillings a year and again the pro. got ten shillings and I got four. At the end of the year, just before Christmas, they paid the bill to the professional and he gave me my share. However, I still used to get the odd thrupenny bit (we called it a "joey"), which some members would regularly put in their shoes for me. I've often been asked why my short game is so good. Well, the clubhouse at Wendsbury is beside the 9th green and whenever I had some spare time, I used to take a bucket of balls and practice my chipping and putting and that's why my short game is so good.

## Re-instatement

When the war broke out, I was "called up" to the Royal Artillery, serving three years in the army, before being transferred to the Royal Navy. I was in the Royal Navy for two years, before being de-mobbed in 1945.

When I came out, I got a job as a steel erector with a firm of steel erectors, called Hill Patent Glazing. I worked with them for two years. My love was still in the golf, but there was no money to be had in it at that time, so I decided to become an amateur. I was persuaded to join Warley Wood, by former assistant professional, Harry Wheatley, who was also being re-instated. I got my handicap down to five. I played at Warley Wood for a number of years and when I finished at Warley Wood, my handicap was one. That was in the middle '50s.

I gave up golf for a little while, because in my job as a steel erector, I had to travel a lot. In 1957, I moved to Preston in Lancashire. There I met my wife. I got married in 1958. When I had settled down, I joined Fishwick Hall Golf Club, Preston. I got my handicap back to three again, until the time I came to Ireland in 1968. But unfortunately, when I came to Ireland, I didn't play again until 1982. Frankie Dillon was captain of the golf club and he asked me to join the club. The

clubs were up in the attic for fourteen years and the first time I took them down was to play in Frankie Dillon's prize in 1982.

I often felt sorry, when I looked back at the times in the old street, to think how much talent was there, but they didn't have enough money to play the game seriously. There was an abundance of talent there, one of them was Eric Leicester, who got to be a reserve on the Ryder Cup team. There were no less than four brothers in that family, all of them professionals, but Eric was the best of them all. He still plays in the veterans.

You very often hear now where there is talk about golf, that it was a snobby game in years gone by. I get very annoyed when I hear this, it was a money game, but it was never a snobby game. I found most people I caddied for perfect gentlemen. I've often been asked if there was anything I disliked about golf. There was and it is still happening today, and that's where a good golfer refuses to play with a poor golfer and I think that is a sad thing. In all my years of golf, I have never yet blamed my opponent or partner for any bad round that I played.

## "Funny incident"

I've often been asked if I've ever seen any funny things in golf. I often think that the funniest thing I ever saw was one Saturday morning, I went to the club and the professional gave me a bag through the window which was Mr. Perter's, who was playing with a Mr. Beasley, and he gave Mr. Beasley's bag to a caddy called Jones. Mr. Beasley had a very bad stutter. We got to the first tee and Mr. Beasley had the driver in his hand and he asked the caddy, with a very bad stutter, what he thought was the club for the next shot. The caddy tried to tell him what the club was but he had an even worse stutter than Mr. Beasley. Mr. Beasley, thinking the caddy was mocking him, hit him with the side of the driver, he had in his hand (it was better seeing this than telling it!) The caddy dropped the clubs and ran home. I explained to Mr. Perter, that the lad also had a bad stutter and that he wasn't imitating Mr. Beasley at all. When they got to the ninth tee, they decided they wouldn't go any farther, because the incident had upset them too

much. I noticed, when we went up, that the mother, who was about seventeen stones weight, was outside the pro's shop with the caddy. When we got to the green, she ran across and tried to assault Mr. Beasley. We eventually calmed her down and Mr. Beasley was that sorry, that he opened up the wallet and gave the caddy £1, which, at that time, was worth about fourteen rounds of golf.

I have no hesitation in saying, Henry Cotton was the best golfer I've ever seen. The reason for that is that Henry Cotton, way back in '48, was doing 66s then, and the equipment was not as good as it is today and the golf courses then were a lot tougher than they are now. He was exceptional as a golfer. He hit a very long ball and was very accurate with his irons. If he was playing today, he would be a phenomenon altogether.

## Longest hitter

Strangely enough, the longest hitter I ever saw was a man without a handicap. I went up to the clubhouse, one morning and was given the bag through the window and to my amazement, when I got round to the tee, the player was a coloured man. His name was Raghcliffe, he was a "theatrical" in the Hippodrome and other theatres. He drove the ball on the first hole which is 420 yards and as soon as he hit it, I knew he was a long hitter. He played the first two holes. The third at Sandwell Park is 404 yards and I gave him his line through the bunkers which were about 320 yards in front of us. He hit the ball perfectly and I thought it had dropped in the bunker, but when we got to the bunker, there was no ball in it and we walked on a few yards to where we could see the green and I was amazed to see his ball nestled ten to twelve feet from the pin. He hadn't a handicap, because there was a "colour bar" on most courses and he hadn't a regular course, because he moved from theatre to theatre. When I told the professional, Mr. Handcox, about the drive, he said, he would play with him for nothing (it was 2/6 in those days if you wanted to play with the professional). He did play with him the next morning. He didn't drive the third green, but he did a feat



Early 1950s – Golf Dinner: Included are – Central Hotel – John Dillon-Leetch, Leo and Aileen Coughlan (R.I.P.); Theresa and Joe Darcy (R.I.P.); Dora Forde and Madge Neary (R.I.P.); Mary Lyons (R.I.P.); Mary Dillon (R.I.P.); Renee Coffee (R.I.P.); Jo O'Brien (R.I.P.); Kathleen Cunningham (R.I.P.); Bill Hynes (R.I.P.); Paddy Mulligan (R.I.P.); Joe Butler (R.I.P.); Lucy Flynn (R.I.P.); Alice Cormican (R.I.P.); Bernette Byrne (R.I.P.); Mrs. Egan (R.I.P.); Alice Higgins (R.I.P.); Dave McGill (R.I.P.); Kathleen Flynn, Maura Jordan, Mary Dillon-Leetch, Patricia Waldron, May Moyles and Eithne Meagher, Nora Sweeney, Gerry Coffey, Aidie Coleman, Michael Galvin, Moya MacDermott, Attracta Caulfield.

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

equally as good. The short fourth hole is 220 yards, with a shim-mey at the back. After a little consultation with him, about what club to take, I told him a four iron. Handcox immediately said "He'll never make it with that club". However, he took my advice. I was stunned, when I saw his ball leave the club, it bounced to the back of the green and went into the shim-mey at the back. That's the longest hit-ter of the ball, I have ever seen.

## Equipment

I am always intrigued by the statements of some people as to the price they pay for golf clubs, this personally, to me, is a load of rubbish. A short set of irons should be suitable to start off golf with, for anybody. If I was giving advice to any parents trying to set their kids up in golf, I would recommend a short set of irons, by this, I mean, nos. 5, 7, 8 and a sand wedge. One wood would do to start and a putter. Later, they could add a 3 iron. If, at any time, a youngster becomes a good

golfer, they could always part exchange for a full set and they would almost get as much allowed on them as they paid for them. The clubs I am now using are the same clubs I bought twenty-seven years ago, second hand, from the Pentworthian Captain and I played my best golf with clubs that were not even matched

My present handicap is thirteen. For the first seven years, I did not represent Ballyhaunis because they only picked me last year. This year, I represented the club in the Jack O'Sullivan, the

Pierce Purcell and the Connaught Shields. This Summer, I took the young lads, usually at 10.30 on a Saturday morning. I'd give them a club and let me see what they were doing. I would do most things the pro. would do with them. I took them to Ballinasloe and Ballaghaderreen, and had two enjoyable days with them.

I've enjoyed all my golfing life, but if the Good Lord was to come down and offer me any five years of my life, I have no hesitation in saying that I would pick the days I lived in Roebuck Street and caddied at Sandwell Park.

## Ballyhaunis Golf Club

The club enjoyed another successful year under the captaincy of Mr. Seamus Conboy, Knock.

One notable result from the fixtures calendar during the year was the "double" achieved by Barry Mulligan, Doctors Road, in winning both the Captains and Presidents Prize during the Summer. The elusive achievement in a Golfers life of having a "hole in one" occurred twice in competi-

tions last year with Tommy Jordan, Knox Street, and Tommy Prenty, Knock Road taking the honours. Membership now exceeds 200 members and is a sign of the popularity of golf in the region. The Club Officers during the year were :

President, Mr. Denis Charlton Snr.; Captain, Mr. Seamus Conboy; Treasurer, Mr. John Mooney; Secretary, Mr. John Forde; Alex Eaton, P.R.O.



# The Tuck Shop Trail

By E. Murren

As a teacher in St. Gerald's College, Castlebar, I have, on occasions, had to help out in the school tuck shop. This, invariably, brings back memories of where I and my school pals shopped.

My first memories are of our own shop. It was run by my late mother, Gretta (nee Johnstone). I'm sure many readers will have memories of my mother selling them sweets in her home-made, cone-shaped, sweet bags.

Being from Upper Main Street, the trail to St. Mary's Boys' National School was a long one. It was also one lined with many sweet shops. In our street, we had Jim Mulhern's, Tom Hopkins's, Vinnie Caulfield's, Austin Jordan's, P. D. Freeley's and "Shug" Byrne's. Byrne's was last run by Mrs. Byrne, who was known to the kids as "Auntie Maggie". I recall her husband giving Frank Greally of "Irish Runner" fame a great chase one day, when Frank asked him "how much the three-penny bars of chocolate were?".

Further down the street was Greene's. Mrs. Greene, I'm delighted to say is still hale and hearty. Her speciality for me were her home-made ice pops

which she made in eggcups and which were delicious.

Across the road was "Mike McGreal's". This shop was the home of the "lucky bag". Whoever got the lucky number was usually rewarded with a cap gun and caps. A few doors down was Tess Kelly's. Tess was always very generous to us as kids and I'm glad to say that she still is catering for the youth.

Padraic and Anthony Waldron's was probably the most popular shop when we were kids. The big attraction for me was the whipped ice-cream. This house was also a great meeting place for the older generation. To gain entry into the "inner sanctum", one had, in our eyes, to be "old".

The two main shopping points in Bridge Street were "Danny Fitz's" and "The Gem". Mary Fitzgerald still runs the business and knows all the kids of today and what they like. Paddy and Mary Cassidy of "The Gem" are now enjoying a happy retirement.

In Abbey Street, I recall shopping with the late Mon Freeley (nee Henry). She worked, at that time, in a shop owned by Jack Halpin. The premises, now occupied by Mid-West Radio, was a shop owned by Monica Dillon. We

affectionately called her "Mrs. Woman". Her speciality were lovely "cough drops". Also in Abbey Street, we had Mike Lyons', Delaney's, Cunningham's and Peter Hannon's.

I remember, one day, going into Peter Hannon's for an "iced lolly". Bridie Hannon told me that the fridge was broken and that the ice cream was melting. She then handed me a box with about a dozen "ice lollies". I couldn't believe my luck and I raced to school to sell some of my good fortune.

Looking back on my school days, I suppose the biggest innovation at the time was the chip shop. The late Mrs. Frank Glynn, Clare Street, was the first to open. Her prices were 3d, 6d, and 1/- . I often remembered waiting outside her shop for her to open. She always opened at 6 p.m. sharp. To this day, I don't think I have ever tasted chips as nice as Mrs. Glynn's.

A few years later, Mrs. Tom Murphy, Main Street, started selling chips. I often recall having chips there and washing them down with a bottle of "Mon-duf" lemonade.

I couldn't finish this article without mentioning the "Fruit & Nut Shop". This was situated in Clare Street and was owned by the late Bernie Byrne. This was where we spent a lot of our teenage days. The shop was run by Bernie's sons, Dan and Mike. It provided a great meeting place for us teenagers. It also provided great training for Dom and Mike as both are now highly successful businessmen. Alas, the building is no more, but it will always bring back great memories to me.

So, you see, there were quite a lot of shops in our schooldays, some, I'm glad to say still in existence. How did we keep them all going? What did we do for money? That's a story for another day.



Padraic and Anthony Waldron outside 'Padraig's' in the 1960s.

## Macra Na Feirme

Ballyhaunis Macra na Feirme was re-established on the 22nd of October. It is an organisation for persons between the ages of 17 and 35. The meetings are held every Tuesday nights in the Manor House Hotel at 9 p.m.

Club officers are: Chairperson, Paul Morley; Secretary, Gearld Walsh; P.R.O., Sharon Walsh; Treasurer, Darragh Shields. All new members are welcome.

# Mrs. Dill Hughes

A proud record of service to the  
community

By Mick O'Connell

Back in the early 'forties, during the period known as "The Emergency", when strict rationing was imposed; travel severely restricted and when practically all forms of normal activity were curtailed to some extent, rural life, it could be said, took on a rather sombre mantle. Apart from the pictures and dances, other forms of entertainment had to be home produced, so to speak, and ranking very high in the live performance sector were the operetta's and musical plays performed by the Juvenile Operatic Troupe, all of which were produced and directed by Miss Dill Eaton, B. Mus., who was later to become Mrs. Padhraic Hughes.

The fact that without any special training in child control, she could cope with so many children, many of them of very tender years, and assess their musical capabilities as well as coaxing from them gems of artistry, gives some idea of her rather unique qualities in this regard. That she accomplished it with flair and aplomb, and at the same time contributed in such large measure to a new type of musical concept in the area, will ever remain her own very special personal triumph.

All of the shows which she produced and directed in aid of local charity, usually the proceeds were in aid of the local Conference of St. Vincent de Paul Society, and through the good works of this voluntary organisation it was the poor of the town and district who were the ultimate beneficiaries.

## Broadcasts

However, the achievements of Mrs. Hughes were not confined to her splendid work with the Juvenile Operatic Troupe, for in her role as parish church organist and Choirmistress, utilising her exceptional skill, she went on to score many more notable successes.

Miss Dill Eaton, as she then was, succeeded Prof. Wm. Ather-

ton as organist of the parish church choir in the mid-thirties, and almost immediately had to commence preparations for a broadcast by the choir over Radio Eireann which was the second of such broadcasts in the 'thirties decade.

Earlier the choir had been reorganised, and became a male voice choir composed mainly of schoolboys, with some adults, under the direction of the late Paddy Gill and the late Patrick Kennedy. Later Mrs. Hughes was to take over full responsibility for the choir, and those of us old choristers who benefited from her teaching can vouch in no uncertain terms, as to her painstaking and diligent efforts to extend the repertoire of the choir, and to attain the very high standard which she, herself, had set.

Choir practices were at that time almost the order of the day as more broadcasts were arranged, and it was mostly through Mrs. Hughes' efforts that the choir was also chosen to broadcast from Knock Shrine on more than one occasion. A choir practice under Mrs. Hughes could not be regarded as a chore or a mundane exercise, rather it could be described as an uplifting experience from which all the members derived much pleasure. Nevertheless, the difficult four-part harmonised pieces which had to reach well nigh perfection before going out over the airways required a vast amount of work on the part of all concerned, but especially from Mrs. Hughes on whom rested the full responsibility. I remember in particular an "Ave Verum", which required delicate balance and perfect timing, but which was performed with such excellence that it drew forth much praise from many parts of the country. As well as all this activity, practices were also held for the special church ceremonies at Christmas and Easter, the visitation of the archbishop, and other ceremonial occasions listed in the church calendar.

Dealing with adults can be difficult at times but working so successfully with juveniles as did Mrs. Hughes, must at least be on a par with her other many fine accomplishments.

## First production

The first performance by the Juvenile Operatic Troupe produced and directed by Mrs. Hughes (then Miss Eaton), was at the inaugural opening of the Parochial Hall in Ballyhaunis on the 8th December, 1940, when a slightly condensed version of Balfe's opera, "The Bohemian Girl", was presented in the presence of the then archbishop of Tuam, Most Rev. Dr. Walsh. The principals in this excellent production included Tommy Gavin who became known as "The Singing Newsboy"; Miss M. C. Flatley, Miss E. Waldron and Louis Hyland. This was only the forerunner of many more to come all of them maintaining the very high standard set at the outset.

Other presentations included: "Princess Ju Ju", in November, 1941; "The Bohemian Girl" again in 1942; "Zurika" or "The Gypsy Maid" in 1943, when Tommy Gavin was again to the fore with Davy Mulligan (R.I.P.) and Albert Lyons as the King of Kola. It was in this production that Miss Nellie Roche stepped into the lead role at short notice. "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs", and other presentations followed. Choral work, concerts, operetta's, etc., Mrs. Hughes took them all in her stride, and even while rearing a family, she found time to give music lessons where her expertise was widely acclaimed, and availed of by a very large number of pupils. Widow of Mr. Padhraic Hughes, B. Agr., Sc., former headmaster of Ballyhaunis Vocational School, she now resides in Galway enjoying a well-earned retirement.

## Infinite patience

Mrs. Hughes possessed one very fine attribute, which for most of us seems to be in very short supply, an infinite patience, allied to the fact that she never got flustered, but remained serene and calm even under the most trying circumstances.

I would like to assure her that the work within the Ballyhaunis community is not forgotten and to wish her well in the future.



# Alternative lifestyles

By Maura Griffin

One of the highlights of my recent visit to the U.S. was a day spent in the Amish country in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. It was an eye-opener to me to see the style of life in this small community. There are about 90,000 of these people in the U.S. today, 16,000 in Pennsylvania. 300 Amish fled France between 1720-'50 when they were banished by Louis XIV. They were given grants of land by William Penn who recognised them as excellent farmers. Others followed and their numbers increased. Those who follow the strict code are known as the Old Order Amish. Naturally, some opt for an easier lifestyle, and follow some, but not all the tenets of their creed.

The first thing that strikes the visitor is their dress, the men dress in black, but coats may not have buttons, collar or lapels, because these recall military uniforms and the Amish are strict pacifists. In Summer, men wear straw hats, in Winter and for Church, black hats with a wide brim. Little boys dress exactly like their fathers. Women wear ankle-length dress usually in green, blue or purple, covered by white or black pinafores. The woman's hair is always covered by either scarf or prayer bonnet. Flat shoes and black stockings complete the ensemble – not exactly "haute couture". Little girls and teenagers imitate their mothers dress.

No cars or bicycles are allowed so the horse-drawn buggy is seen everywhere. The family buggy is covered and has a window at the back. The courting buggy seats two and is not covered so the whole world chaperones the Sunday afternoon date.

The Amish farmer doesn't have a tractor. All farm work is done with horse-drawn machinery. Maize and tobacco are the two important crops, and as most of the work with tobacco is manual it fits their agricultural practice.

Federal law has given the concession that Amish children are compelled to attend primary

school only. The school is a one-roomed building and all classes are taught by one teacher. Children are considered backward in maths and science, but are trilingual. The language of the home is Pennsylvania Dutch, and at school they study English and German. The child leaving school has studied the Bible, boys have a good knowledge of soil and plant and animal husbandry, while girls are adept at sewing and the home-making arts. The Amish pay school taxes but do not accept any government help for their schools.

The Amish household is not allowed any permanent links with the outside world, hence they do not have electricity, gas, telephone or water connections to their homes. Rather cleverly, they have decided that they may use roadside telephones so the

state has provided telephone kiosks. Light comes from kerosene lamps and water is either piped from a stream on the farmer's land or is raised from a well by a windmill.

The Bible is their only guide in matters of religion. In their desire for simplicity, they have no churches. Instead, each family, in its turn puts its home at the disposal of the community for Sunday worship – rather like our stations, and again, like our stations, the family whose turn it is to host Sunday worship, serves lunch to the whole congregation after service. Family prayer and Bible reading at home are important. Since God forbade the making or graven images, no paintings or photographs of members are allowed. Tourists are requested not to photograph people at work in the fields.

The Amish admit that there is defection from their ranks among the young. What is really surprising is that most of the young people and teenagers are willing to adhere to this austere and controlled regime. People describe them as religiously odd and culturally backward, but can we be sure whether they are backward or forward.



A typical family of the Amish Community, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania in traditional clothing. The woman's hair is always covered by either scarf or prayer bonnet. Little boys and girls dress exactly like their respective parents.

# Memories of my village Agloragh

( By Brenda Judge-Forkin)

Everyone needs a sense of place, where they were born and spent their growing years. Looking back I have always valued my childhood in Agloragh and the memories will always be with me. To me, Agloragh, or in Irish "Ath Glorach", meaning the noisy ford, derived its name from the river. Hence the bridge was an important feature of the village. Wandering back to childhood and standing on the bridge I can see the river flowing out from the three arches, gently making its way and spreading out, catching sediments and seeds. As a result, a type of mini forest seemed to grow. To us as children it looked like a big forest and was a great setting for fun and games, hide and seek. The water was sparkling clear, with lots of trout, and at certain times of the year salmon made its appearance. It made its way down by the front of my former home and further on towards the site of the Old Mill. The Mill dated back to the early 18th Century. So the name Judge has always been part of Agloragh. My father was known locally as Pat The Mill. Many stories were told to us as children about the Mill. I remember one story in particular and I truly felt Our Lady was there. The Famine years of 1846-1847 left people wandering the roads and many actually died on the roadside. The Mrs. Judge at that time was generous and kind and her husband, rather an angry and short tempered man. He had gone to one of the nearby towns to find customers for the corn he had milled. While he was absent she gave out a lot of meal to the wandering poor. When she realised she had given too much she left and went to the Bog, so as to escape his anger when he returned. She always had great devotion to Our Lady and prayed that he would not be angry with her. On return he was told about the missing meal. He stormed into the barn and found the bins flowing over. As a result he was a changed man and became a more kind person. That story always

impressed me as a child. I think my mother was teaching us through the moral of the story.

Jack Judge, the composer of the famous song "It's a Long Way to Tipp", had ties with Agloragh. It has been said that his father was born in Agloragh, emigrated to England and this Jack was his son. Hopefully I will get more information on that later.

An other memory of my childhood was going to the well for water. I had a choice of three spring wells close by, a great natural resource for the village. On a particular day I noticed a bowl full of delicious red Jelly propped on a rock in the cold stream. Obviously, the stream was being used as a natural fridge to set the jelly. It was so tempting, I eat some of it, then felt guilty and added more water. Later I discovered that Mary Regan, R.I.P., was having visitors and had hoped her jelly would have set by the time they arrived. What a hope after the damage I had done.

In our front garden we had a big rope swing between two high trees. We had great fun swinging way up for a great view across the river. In Summer on a Sunday afternoon, my mother spread a tablecloth out on the grass near the swing. We had a big treat of jelly, custard, and curran bread. Austie Cribbin (now Fr. Austin) always managed to fly out from Ballyhaunis on his bicycle with icecream just on time for the

treat. It was obvious that Austin loved female company as in our family our brother Padraic was the eldest, then 5 girls followed. He visited often and we always had fun and laughter. The neighbours often said: "Ah, he will never make a priest", as he was a clerical student at the time. Today, he is Parish Priest in Oregon U.S.A.

Emigration was part of life in the West. My family seemed to have itchy feet and were always coming and going. Owen Judge, grandfather of the present Owen, had reason to cry a lot with sorrow and joy. He cried when anyone went away and cried when they returned, so his eyes were well washed with tears of great nature

Sounds of music were always part of the scene. Johnny McGarry entertained the village with his accordion and violin. My brother, Pat, played the drums, so a variety of sounds echoed in the air on a Summer's evening. My brother, Padraic, R.I.P., died in Maryland, U.S.A., last May. We all felt a great sense of loss and it was this sad occasion that sparked my idea of taking a trip down memory lane and a sense of appreciation of my village and the people.

My American relations have continued to visit Agloragh, to seek and know their Roots and for many generations to come will, no doubt, continue to do so. The friendship and community spirit of the village is great to experience when any member of the family calls there. Dick and Kathleen Nyland, who now live in my old home always give a Cead Mile Failte to all the relations. As a result my great sense of place and Roots will always remain with me.

*Brenda Judge-Forkin,*



Knox's Street, Ballyhaunis.



# Ballyhaunis hurling activities, 1991

As the Ballyhaunis hurling committee move into their third year, it is pleasing to note that the success story continues.

The number of children playing the game is increasing steadily, and a positive aspect is the large number who are not involved in other sporting activities, but find that they can express themselves through the game of hurling.

In 1991 the trend set in the previous year continued and progressed even further. Teams were entered in three competitions, i.e., National School, Under-14 and Under-15.

The number of medals won by the hurlers in 1991 may be less than previous years, but success is not always measured by the number of medals won by a club.

At national school level, Ballyhaunis won their way through to the East Mayo final. In this final we were opposed by our friends and rivals, Knock N.S. In a marvellous game of hurling, in which the commitment from both teams was never less than 100 per cent, Knock N.S. emerged winners by the narrowest of margins.

Our congratulations to Knock for a very fine performance on that occasion, and subsequently because they went on to win the county national schools final.

The Under-14 county competition was run on a league basis, with the top two teams playing in the final. Ballyhaunis won all their games with impressive wins over Ballina, Castlebar and Tooreen clubs.

However, on the day of the

county final a number of key players were absent due to injury and holidays. Despite this drawback the Ballyhaunis boys put in a great performance and even though beaten were applauded for their heroic efforts.

In 1991 Ballyhaunis entered a team in the Under-15 blitz recently held in Castlebar. It is based on this competition that the County Mayo Under-16 team for 1992 is picked. Due to a good



Paul Finn, Derek McConnell, Micheál Walsh, Christopher McCrudden and Garret Delaney.

performance it will be surprising if a number of Ballyhaunis players will not feature on the county panel.

Last year Mayo Under-16 county team won the All-Ireland Special final for the first time ever. The congratulations of Ballyhaunis hurlers and all Ballyhaunis is extended to the players on the panel – in particular to Derek Walsh, who has become the first Ballyhaunis man to win an All-Ireland hurling final.

It is particularly encouraging to see a growing number of Ballyhaunis people getting involved in hurling within the town and county. In this regard a very special congratulations to John Joe Kelly on his appointment as county senior hurling manager.

Our thanks are extended to Ballyhaunis GAA Club and officials for their co-operation and encouragement. We would like to thank parents and children for



Paul McConnell, Don Regan, Robert Morley, John Gallagher and Anthony Lyons.

their help and goodwill, and we look forward to 1992 for continued success.

National School panel, 1991 – Seamus Lunden, Kenneth Kirrane, Mark Neenan, Paul McConnell, David Murphy, Johnny Burke, Paul Finn, M. J. Nolan, Michael Regan, Don Regan, Gerry Neenan, Michael Walshe, Derek McConnell, John Gallagher, Jonathan Kilduff, Frank Fahy, Michael Burke, Robert Morley, Ronan Jennings, Peter Meenan, Brendan McNamara, Shay Walsh.

Under-14 Panel, 1991 – Derek Walshe, Pierce Higgins, Peter Healy, Johnny Burke, Michael Curley, Hugh McKerrmitt, Mark Neenan, Kenneth Kirrane, Paul Finn, David Conlon, Darren Conlon, Michael Regan, Don Regan, Seamus Lunden, Paul McConnell, Sean Fitzmaurice, Gerry Neenan, Mark Patterson.

Ballyhaunis Under-15 team – Derek Walshe, Robert Gildea, Declan Byrne, Peter Healy, Pierce Higgins, Johnny Burke, Michael Curley, Hugh McKerrmitt, Mark Neenan, Kenneth Kirrane, Darren Conlon, Michael Freeley, Brian Flanagan, Duncan Hannon, Sean Fitzmaurice, Seamus Lunden. Absent due to illness: Cormac O'Connor, David Conlon.

–Peter Higgins.



Seamus Lunden, Gerry Neenan, Diarmuid Eagney, David Murphy and Keith Higgins.



Michael Regan, Pierce Doherty, Frank Fahy, Patrick Freeley, Joseph Freeley.

## Tom Murphy and Paddy Kelly on

# "Days Gone By"

By Matt O'Dwyer

**O**n a wet and windy October night, I called to Paddy Kelly's house in Leow to gather with Tom Murphy, his son, Pdraig, and a tape recorder! Willie McDonnell from 'over the border' in Ballinlough Parish, also dropped in to give a real 'rambling house' effect. Willie held us spellbound as he brought us back in time through local and national history. Some of this material will, please God, appear in future issues. Here we allow our readers to eavesdrop on some of their personal memories - Matt O'Dwyer.

When we were young children the war was on - we remember Pearl Harbour - we were below in McHale's field thinning beet at 6 o'clock in the morning before we went to school and we would see the planes passing over.

Another time, 1940-42, we were 'stooking' oats and we saw a big plane passing low over us. German! A Bomber - it came down somewhere in Westport, it was going across to England and it was going to release the bombs there and they shot it down outside Westport. The two people in it, bailed out before it was shot down. We could see the other plane right behind it.

We had to work early in the morning as there was no help that time. We sowed, the beet to get sugar for ourselves - you would get 4 stone of sugar from a half an acre of beet - ourselves (Murphy's) and McHales used to sow a half an acre a piece, you see sugar was rationed at the time. You'd get a voucher for the sugar when you sent away the beet - John Morley (John Morley in Vals, his father) was the agent. It was one pound five a ton then.

### Pastimes

We used to be devils for catapults and we used to make carbide shots and we used to catch

birds, and we used to try to catch goldfinches to put into a cage - we used to catch them with horsehair snares.

We used to go out rabbeting at night with a carbide lamp rabbits were about two shillings or maybe two and six pence at the time. We used to go down by Paddy Lyons's and you'd get between them and the wall, and

once they'd start running towards you, you'd put the lamp on them, but you didn't leave it on them all the time, you took it off them again and then you put it on them again. You could walk up and hit them, we often got maybe 15 or 16 rabbits in one night and that was a lot of money. Joe Waldron of Knox St., used to buy them from us, and Mitchells in Ballinlough, and once we saw a weasel after a rabbit and when the weasel caught him we got the rabbit and got our few bob.

We used to set snares also to catch rabbits, and traps. We had a hound that time and he'd be catching them and he used to break their backs. Joe Waldron wouldn't buy a rabbit if his back was broken and what we used to do was - cut the spokes out of the wheel of a bicycle and we'd put one part of the spoke up his spine and the other up his back - well he was a perfect rabbit again - there was a great spring to him!

Tom Finnegan had great hounds and he'd go hunting for hares. There was a guard used to go out to him and Frank Glynn. In the morning he'd go off with the hounds - "I want a bit for my dinner", and he'd go off with the grey cow and he'd chew tobacco on the window sill every time he'd come back - often with a big hare and he'd skin him and have him on the table in an hour. Sometimes on a Sunday we'd go

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



Annagh Group, around 1900 - Back row (left/right): John Lyons, Mrs. Mary Lyons (his wife); Mrs. Tom Greally (English man); Mary Greally, Kate Greally and Mary Ann Moran ("Nolan Moran"). Front row (left/right): Luke Greally (Shoemaker); Anne Greally (granddaughter); Mrs. Bridget Greally (his wife).

Pic.: Courtesy of Martin Lyons, Annagh.



# Gallagher's Staff In The '50s



Back row: Milo Henry, John Henry, Jack Kilduff (R.I.P.); Charlie Phillips (R.I.P.); Tom Fleming, Clarence Grogan (R.I.P.); Tony Carney, Paddy Niland, Paddy Fox. Front row: John Higgins, Jack Mulkeen (R.I.P.); Johnnie Walsh, Paddy Kilkenny and Brian Clarke.

## "Days Gone By"

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

with Tom and the men, all through the bogs we might have to carry a hare all day - the weight of him would kill you - we'd bring him home.

### School

Paddy Kelly would go across fields to Coolnafarna School with Michael and Margaret Heneghan from Tullaghane and the Geraghty's. We schemed a few days - down behind the big wall we'd sit down there all day - the day would be like a week - when we'd see them coming from school we'd go up home again. It was Mrs. Jennings we went to first. They were living there in the Post Office in Ballyhaunis. There

would be 15 or 16 in the class, standing around in a circle.

We remember the 'day of inkwell' - Noel Jennings the teacher's son - you see one of us would have to fill the inkwells every morning with a five naggin bottle and when the teacher had her back turned they'd be holding up the wells and saying good luck and somebody gave it a tip - it was Noel Jennings, her own son, and there was holy murder - she nearly killed all round her - he ran out and up a bush in the playground. One time we got an awful 'doing' from Jimmy O'Dwyer. We went down below the railway with Derek Mulkeen and John Browne. We used to go down to the furze but not across the railway - anyway this day we went across and down to Martin

Dyers and we didn't come up but he waited and we got six slaps a piece. We went to school the whole year round though not regularly. Often when we'd come home from school they'd have left all the small potatoes for us to pick - the poreens - and they'd leave them in grand little heaps all around - remember there were a good many ridges to be picked. We couldn't be lazy in those days - they were great diggers. It was done mostly with the spade.

At lunchtime we'd be kicking football in Daltons field beside the railway line. We used to cross the millers drain on the stepping stones. We used to have sports down there - the first thing I (Tom) ever won was a pocket watch and you'd hear it ticking here. We were all looking at the watch - we had no watch - it had a chain on it - I thought I'd never

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

# "Days Gone By"

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

be poor again - then Noel Waldron in Ballyhaunis was supposed to be outstanding so he was brought out here and I beat him in Coolnafarna. Then I went to a sports in Carrick. Vincent Kelly - John Joe's son, was there - he was home from college and he was supposed to be the bees knees - and I beat him. I used to do a fair bit of running that time.

## Self sufficient

At home the money might come from one or two cattle that you'd sell in the year and the eggs. You hardly needed to buy anything - you had your own bacon, they killed a pig every year, and your own eggs and potatoes and two or three cows milking and they'd churn every week so you had plenty of butter - they would go to town with the two baskets of eggs and come home with a box of stuff, tea and sugar and a drop of lampoil - during the war time you would not get that - you'd have a big log of timber burning all night to make light you kept burning it and you kept shoving it in - the tea and sugar were rationed - the turf was often wet it was reeked outside.

## Entertainment

We remember one time there used to be very little dancing in dancehalls, it was mostly home 'sprees'. You mightn't come home until six in the morning - day light - the sun would be beating down on you, and you'd be footing turf and you'd think you'd be going great then you'd fall down. We remember dances here in Kelly's, and in Clooncrim down in Tom Lyons's house. If people weren't invited they used to climb up on the house and put a glass down on top of the chimney to stop the smoke and the smoke would come down and fumigate the ones that were inside and they'd look up and see the stars through the chimney and still the smoke wouldn't go up. Sometimes they'd get a sparrow and stick his tail in the water and open the door and let him in and he would go straight for the globe

and crash, the place would be in darkness.

The dances would start at about 10 o'clock round about October / November. There were Melodian players in nearly every house then and fiddle players - Jim Moran, Paddy Finnegan, Eddie Eagney and Jack Donnellan - the old people would be in the corner keeping an eye, sometimes the old woman would be in the hag. There was a cup of tea and maybe bread and jam. If you were the first up to the room you might get jam and a bit of cake and you'd come down out of the room pretending to be picking the meat off your teeth and the next crowd got no meat and the first crowd got meat and there was no meat at all. Carneys and Moyletts used to come in the ass and cart to the sprees - a flat bodied cart. People would put 'Yorks' on, old people used to wear straw ropes up off the knee like a strap to keep the trousers from getting wet. Once someone threw a stone down Kelly's chimney at the stations and damaged the spout of the Parish Priests teapot. Paddy still has it.

I remember there was a hag here in Kellys. It was a hag that was off the side of the house with a flag roof - there was a solid frame in it. I remember well Padraig, R.I.P. and myself (we were twins), would come up here on holidays and we used to be in the hag and the mare was in the

building right beside the house. As soon as she'd hear the first rattle she'd start pawing for oats so Uncle Paddy would go out and throw her the oats. They'd take the coals then and there was a little 'poreen' (hole), and they'd put the fire in that and throw the ashes on top of it and he'd sit on a butter box and light the pipe and he'd riddle that pipe before he stirred out of there and we'd be looking out at him. That time they used to kill a pig and they'd hang the bacon off the ceiling and they would go up and cut it and it was as hard as wood and the salt was running out of it, and they are talking about blood pressure now! Then Sis would go to the garden if it was the time of onions and they'd put the onions down and bacon and we'd be waiting for it to be ready and then we'd get up and eat that. We thought it was great.

## Trades

Brod Boyle was the blacksmith in our day and Andrew Boyle. Nearly every townland had a blacksmith and there was usually a journey man carpenter or two and plasterers and stonemasons. Jim Jordan and John Judge were carpenters - John lived up in Johnstown he'd make chairs for us. Jim Jordan made these chairs that we are sitting on now about 1923 - ash he used to go out to Ballinlough selling chairs and stools, He had a little house with a building onto it in Devils

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

## THE BALLYHAUNIS GOLF CLUB.

*The Committee presents its compliments and requests the pleasure of your and your friends' company at its Dance on Friday night, 25th October, 1929, at Moylett's Hall, Ballyhaunis.*

MUSIC BY THE ADELFA MELODY BAND (SIX) DUBLIN.  
LADIES', 10s; GENTLEMEN, 12s 6d; DOUBLE TICKET, 21s.  
DANCING 10.30. P.M.

J. COONEY,  
W. DILLON-LEETCH } Hon Secs.





"The Thresher" - John Duggan, Padraic Waldron, Patrick Godfrey, Paddy Lyons, Celia Lyons, John Greene, Michael Waldron.

## "Days Gone By"

opposite where John Durkan has his new house. It is still there - a little workshop on to the gable of the house. Ml. Coen used to make chairs also at Plunketts Mill, He was killed by the Tans, He was in Kiltimagh selling chairs, He came home and was after having an evening meal when the tans knocked at the door and brought him out and killed him, It happened that somebody fired a shot the night before at one of the tans and it hit that Corner House where Joe Regan had the shop. The mark of it is there at the gable.

Most families had a swing plough - no wheeling. A coultter cut the scraw and a mould board would turn it over and put a shine on it. If there wasn't a shine on it it was no good. We'd be driving the horses. The fields were small and full of stones so you'd stand between two horses - backing - and you'd get plenty of orders from the ploughmen especially if the horse took a wrong step. They'd be 5 hours threshing. They'd do the whole village in three days. You'd go to the mill at O'Briens, Johnstown (Pa. O'Briens), and Pat Judges of Cloncrim (viv Judges), Johnny Staunton from Cloonfad. Tom Caulfield, Cor na Sluaiste and Brian Hunt did the trashing.

There were rats and mice and men chased them with hay forks and you'd break the handle and maybe the rat would escape. They'd sell a lot of potatoes and it would buy up bluestone. Leow had a good name for spuds - dry. A man from the next village would borrow a cart with Pat Freeley, Leow written on it, and he'd have no trouble selling his spuds in Ballinlough.

When I (Paddy) left school and before I went to England I worked with the Council. I brought down all the stones for the gully in Scrigg with the donkey and cart, I was labouring on Mike Mullarkey, Knockbrack. He built Scrigg Bridge about 1943 when the road was widened. We worked from half past eight until half past six - we had a half an hour for dinner in Jim Lyon's house, A man's wages were four and six pence a day, They were waiting for it to come home, We used to get a cheque every fortnight, It was three weeks before you got the first cheque, You'd go to the pictures for 9 pence or one and threepence, (Laurel & Hardy - we thought they were the bee knees) in Waldrons Hall and the dance upstairs (in Ger McGarry's and Joe Regans). It was two and six pence and the big dance was three and nine pence, They went

on until four o' clock, Paddy Bolands band - Fiddle and melodian and Gus Lannigans band played. If you wanted to get to the three and ninepenny one you went in to Paddy McGarry's pretending you wanted to buy a suit and you got a pattern book out and he was certain sure you were going to buy a suit and when you went to the door on the night of the dance all you'd leave him down was ten pence - of course he would not refuse as he was expecting you in for a suit the following week but a lot of those suits never were bought'. You could buy a pass from somebody coming out.

The Ceili was in the Parochial Hall 'Anois a chairde an cead damhsa eile' - Tommy Flatley (Marie Connell's father), A lot of the lads down the road would be going in and they'd stop the bus and get on. A few of them would be rooting for the money and at Brod Boyles the conductor would stop the bus and put them off.

At this point the hospitable Paddy Kelly served some tea using well water - he has no faith in the piped stuff and the scribe retired figuring that he had collected enough for one article though the feeling persists that a future visit could unearth more material of interest to our readers.

# Ballyhaunis Pool Camp, '91

Siobhan Byrne & Olivia Higgins

The idea of B.P.C. came about back in February, '91, with the hope of catering for all age groups, ranging from the ages of 6 to adults and also to provide a wide range of activities including canoeing, hiking, swimming, initiative games, orienteering, treasure hunts, soccer, cycling and even camping. Finally in July after a lot of preparation, organisation and hard work from everybody involved, the first week of the summer camp got underway.

At the planning stages the common questions were "What will we do with these energetic youngsters?" "How will we keep them occupied?". During the first meeting with the children, any notion of doubt was dispelled. This group of youngsters spelled fun, excitement and spirit. They responded to our suggested activities with energy and enthusiasm. Our instructions they heeded and obeyed.

As well as a wide range of activities, there was just as wide a range of ages. The age groups were: 4-6 years; 7-9 years; 10-12 years; 13-14 years; and 15-16 years. Each age group attended the course for one week from Monday to Friday. The schedule was 10 a.m. - 12.30 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. every day. We decided to stick to this schedule for the very young children. However, the 13-14 year-olds

demand a little more of our time.

As a result of pleas and petitions, we allowed this group to stay overnight "for one night only" (!) Home they dashed, for tents, sleeping bags, pajamas and food they could raid from the fridge. Give an inch and they take a yard! After one successful night camping out, there were cries of: "Please, please, please just one more night, please. Actually we enjoyed the experience so much that we needed very little encouragement and convincing. As it turned out, the group camped out for three hilarious nights. All we were worried about was that anybody might sleep walk and go into the pool, but thankfully this did not happen. This particular week there was no messing with Sean Caulfield and "the fog" was a popular topic in conversation. We had an exciting visit from "a dark stranger" - I'll say no more! We weren't short of entertainment during the week especially since we had the chipmonks, Eoin Butler and Fintan Byrne on our hands, U2 were never in it with them.

The culmination of the week's activities was the Triathlon, which included a four length swim, a six mile cycle and a 2k. run. After this feat the aching



Tomas Murphy, Pool competition.

limbs and muscles were rewarded with a well-earned rest around a final camp-fire.

A special camp fire was held on Friday, 23rd. August, for all the camp participants to end it all. There was plenty of grub, ceoil and crack. Songs such as "The Boogie Woogie Washer Woman" and the "Don't mess with Sean Caulfield" rap rang through the night.

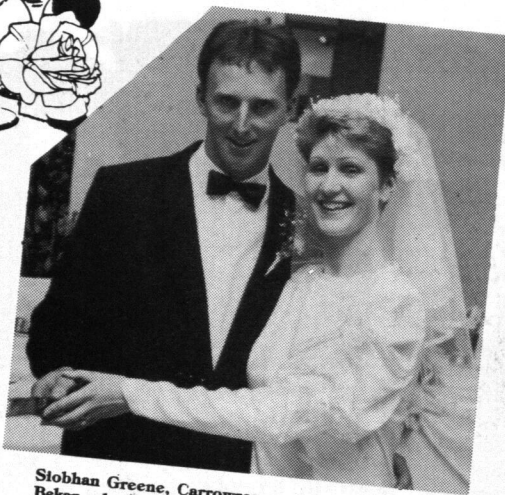
Well, the weather mightn't have been brilliant but we think everybody involved in the pool certainly enjoyed themselves. It was history in the making since it was the first ever B.P.C. It proved to be a great success.

We would like to thank the pool committee for helping us get things underway and all our co-workers who helped us during the camp, Sinead Freyne, Martina Freyne and Louise Fitzmaurice. We would also like to thank John Cleary and Pat Higgins for the lend of their canoes even though we had to ring America for them - sounds pretty stupid, but it's true, and also all the summer camp sponsors and Edward Mulhern.

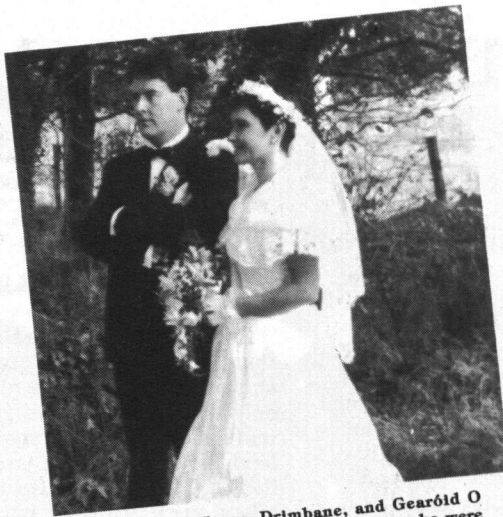


Sean, Eoin, Cormac, Simon, Evelyn, Pauline, Maira, Tara, Una, Aine, Imela, Sharon and Deirdre. Siobhan Byrne, "Post Lamb".





Stobhan Greene, Carrowrea, and Jimmy Ronan, Began, who were married on 1st June, 1991, in St. Patrick's Church, Ballyhaunis.



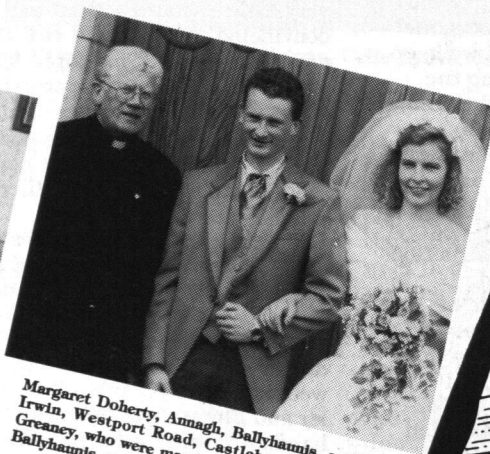
Patricia McGarry, Drimbane, and Gearóid O Sulleabháin, Swords, County Dublin, who were married recently.



Attracta Greene, Carrowrea, Ballymote, who were married recently in The Friary, Ballyhaunis.



Mary O'Hara, Gurteen, County Sligo, and Desmond Folan, Station Rise, Ballyhaunis, who were married recently.



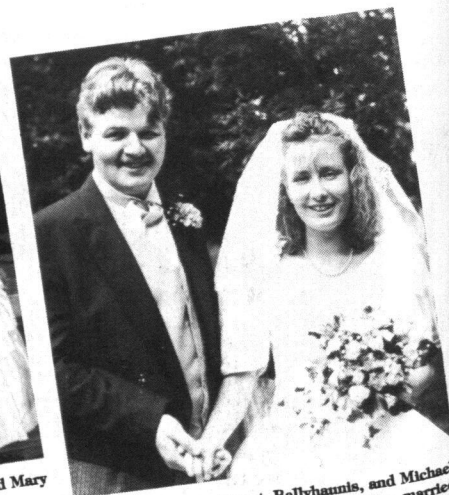
Margaret Doherty, Annagh, Ballyhaunis, and Liam Irwin, Westport Road, Castlebar, with Rev. Fr. Greaney, who were married in St. Patrick's Church, Ballyhaunis, on 4th August, 1991.



Finola Morley and Martin Mellett, who were married recently.



Martin O'Toole, Milltown, County Galway, and Mary Teresa Madden, Gurteen, Ballyhaunis.

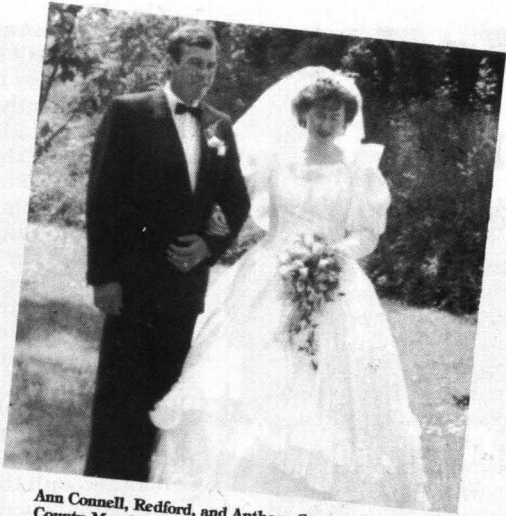


Olive Levins, Clare Street, Ballyhaunis, and Michael Lyons, Greenwood, Ballyhaunis, who were married recently in Ballyhaunis. The reception was held in Tully's Hotel, Castlereagh.





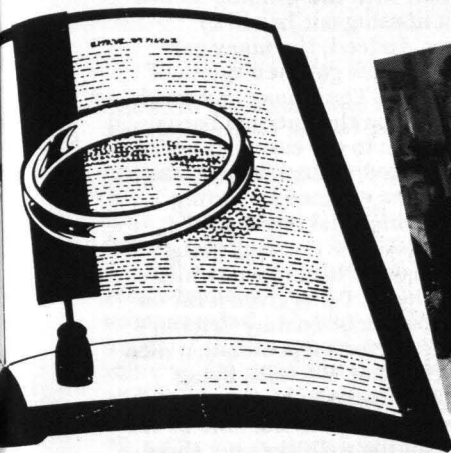
ea, and Padraic Gallagher, married on 6th April, 1991, in



Ann Connell, Redford, and Anthony Sutton, Clonard, County Meath, who were married on the 7th June, 1991, in St. Patrick's Church, Ballyhaunis.



Noreen Maughan, Cherryfield, Ballyhaunis, and Jimmy Maughan, Castlereagh, who were married in St. Patrick's Church, Ballyhaunis, on March, 1991.



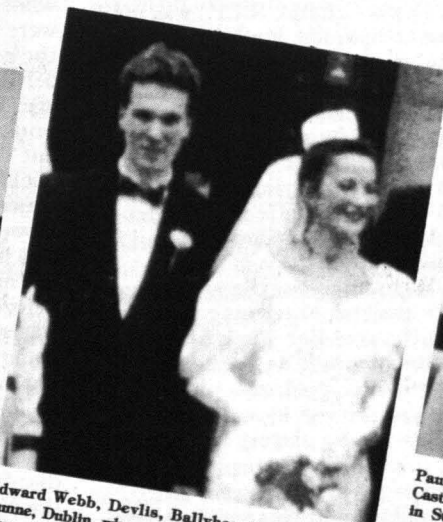
Aiden Flatley, Clare Street, and Majella Ruane, Rinnane, Foxford, who were married on 5th October, 1991, in St. Michael's Parish Church, Foxford.



Ann Shally, Coolcun, Scardane, Claremorris, and Gerry O'Connell, Drimbane, Ballyhaunis, who were married on August 11th, 1991.



Jarlath Kenny, Skeghard, and Bernadette Madden, Moycullen, who were married in Barna Church. Also in picture is Rev. Fr. Michael Kenny, brother of the groom.



Edward Webb, Devils, Ballyhaunis, and Orlagh Green Church, Dublin.



Pauline Sloyan, Brackloon, and Terry McGowan, Castlereagh, who were married on 3rd August, 1991, in St. Patrick's Church, Ballyhaunis.





# From out the mists of memory

By James Drudy, Retired N.T.

Memories of early childhood come crowding in, as for instance, my first day at school. For weeks before I was very excited at the prospects of meeting groups of children of my own age. The day dawned at last and I was escorted to the convent school by an older sister. She landed me into a classroom filled with young boys and girls and departed herself to a higher class . . . I was on my own. I felt like a mouse in a trap; and it was not a fur-lined trap. Suddenly I panicked and made a dash for the door. The nun, who was sitting on a high chair at the front of the class must have been a psychologist, for she had locked the door, without us seeing her. I kicked and pulled at the door, but to no avail, while the nun calmly continued teaching. After some fruitless minutes of pulling at the door and crying, I was exhausted and surrendered. The nun beckoned me and I unwillingly strode towards her. I was given a slate and chalk and asked to draw, first a cat and then flowers. While my efforts would not be displayed in an art gallery, I was contented.

I remember another confrontation, with another nun, some months later. She brought our class out to pull the grass and weeds, growing on the stoney paths, with the instruction to throw them into a barrel nearby. Being a budding rebel I decided on a more convenient method, and like the woman who said: "My idea of house cleaning is to sweep the room with a glance". I pulled the grass and weeds and swept them under the flowers of a lovely-looking flowerbed beside me. The sharp-eyed nun spotted me and let a roar that seemed to me to shake the foundations of the convent building. I still remember the embarrassment as the other children stopped working and stared at me, which made me feel like the steam kettle, and there was no Letter of Reference. However, from the adult perspective, I can see that the fault was all mine; the nuns were kind and good teachers.

After some years I was promoted to the Boys' School on the Drimbane Road. How proud I felt, it was a step up the ladder of life; I was becoming "a big boy". The teachers were P. A. Waldron, Principal; Tom Waldron (Knock), Wm. Smith and later, Charley Smith. They were all 'hard men' who put up with non nonsense. Educating the pupils was the priority; "yet they were kind, and if severe in aught, the love they bore to learning was at fault". Nowadays it is so different; the pupils seem to be the masters and education is deteriorating, because teachers are hobbled by restrictions. There is no effective discipline for the school bullies. Pupils who want to learn are being hindered by peer pressure. Formerly the 3Rs were reading, writing and arithmetic; nowadays it seems to be reading, rioting and replacing batteries in calculators. The schools of the future will be staffed by Remedial Teachers.

There were some 'Wild Colonial Boys' who had opposing ideas, regarding school discipline, to the master. This led to the occasional clash of wills which gave an opportunity to other boyos to play their own tricks. Many a lad got a good splash of ink from the ink-wells during such fracas. My school-going companions were a merry lot. Denis Cribbin, R.I.P., was my class companion, a nice quiet boy. Another good companion was Martin Hannon, R.I.P. He never indulged in schoolboy pranks, always applying himself to his books. During the few opportunities we got of playing football, he was outstanding. He was no nimble that if he so desired he could corner a dozen mice at a cross-roads. I remember the joy at seeing a goalkeeper running away from the goal-line when he saw Martin sweeping down the field towards him, such was the fame of his pile-driver kick. Later he achieved fame playing for Mayo and it was a treat to see him overcoming all opposition in Croke Park and bringing honours to his native county. When Martin

became a priest and volunteered for Mission work in Africa he was sorely missed by all. The sad news of his death in far away Africa came as a hammer-blow to his family and friends. I remember seeing his tearful mother sitting outside their grocery shop and her sorrowful weeping would bring tears to any eyes; she loved to talk about Martin. "Talk not of grief until you have seen the grief of a sorrowing mother".

Going to and coming from school was often hectic. Reading "To School Through the Fields", I was reminded of our days which were more like "From School through the Stones". The Upper Drimbaners and Lower Drimbaners would often pelt each other with stones. It was a real and dangerous fight; the stones were intended to do their job. It must be said that it was a miracle that none of us was badly injured, with the whining stones often missing our heads by inches. Indeed, the many galvanised roofs got their quota of stones too. The whang and crack of stones on the enticing barns, was music to our ears, but not to the enraged owners from whose pursuit we escaped by hiding under whins and bushes. I remember, one evening, going home from school alone, which was seldom, I was given a lift on the crossbar of Tommy Cribbin's bicycle. He was a postman, a nice cheerful man. We were flying down the steep hill opposite the graveyard. He was not able to see the road too well, over my shoulder. I remember, to this day, the speed of the bike down the rough, stoney hill and how frightened I was. Suddenly the front wheel hit a big stone and we were sent crashing to the side of the road. Slowly we picked ourselves up and surveyed the damage. We had a few cuts and bruises on our knees and hands but Tommy's front wheel was buckled and his chain broken; a major mishap for a postman. However, Tommy chuckled and was in good humour again, unlike the man who said that the wheels were spokeless and he was speechless. Another home-going activity of ours was searching for birds nests. It was a code of honour among us that they were not robbed. I often wonder are the 'busing scholars' of today disadvantaged by missing out on the excitements of walking to and

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



The 1916 Commemorative Parade, included are John Marrinan, Paddy Kelly, Brian Lyons, Bob Blesly (R.I.P.), Eddie Egan, Pat Hughes (R.I.P.), Jim Cribbin, Seamus Mulrennan, Joe Diskin, Tom Regan.

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

from school as we did; often barefooted, especially in Summer.

All the talk of emigration, now, reminds me of the day an elderly stranger, clad in Yanky attire, knocked on the school door and came in. He talked to the master, as if talking to himself, sitting on one of the long wooden desks. "It's fifty years since I sat in this very desk . . . fifty years working from dawn to dusk for the stranger in a foreign land. Tears dripping down his face, "my mother and father begged me not to emigrate but I would not listen; I wanted to see the world. I saw it alright and have suffered for it - only a few dollars in my pocket now after years of slavery". Suddenly, he jumped up, knodded to the master and left. We were subdued for the rest of that day.

Another memory I have is of seeing the Black-'n'-Tans one day in Ballyhaunis. I had heard previously of their savagery and their many drunken atrocities. They were, that day, watering their horses, with buckets, from the town well, while others stood with fixed bayonets on their guns and revolvers hanging from holsters on their hips. People were scarce on the street, fearing at any moment the Tans would 'rev-

up'. I stood and stared. Then the bubble burst. Without warning, firing into the sky, they charged up and down the street. People scurried into doorways and gateways. After booing them I made myself scarce, believing that retreat was the better part of valour. We heard later that the Tans invaded publichouses and demanded free drink. When they were well soaked with drink they jumped into their lorries and with barbarity raided houses on the outskirts of the town. "We are sitting on top of a mine which my go off at any minute", said Sir Henry Wilson, in 1919, and it certainly did.

I also remember two other incidents in Drimbane. One was seeing the road trenched below Joe Mannion's house. Trenches used to be dug in order to delay an ambush the British military. When this happened, the troops would round up local farmers and make them fill-in the trenches, often at the point of a bayonet. On that occasion, I watched the work at a distance. Despite the danger it was amusing to see the antics of the men, elbowing each other, trying to be near the roadside drain into which they intended to jump if there was an ambush. All of a sudden it happened. A number of rifle shots

echoed from the adjacent hills, and they all scrambled into the drain on top of one another. When the shooting was over the men were ordered out of the drain at gunpoint to complete the job; there was no breastfeeding shovels allowed that day. I remember sitting on the bridge as the "conscripted" men returned and one shouted good-humouredly to the others, despite their ordeal, "If I'm to be buried anywhere, let it not be in a bloody drain". Another sign of change is that the steady flow of water which used to run under that bridge when we were young is no longer there. I wonder how many now notice its flat stone with its 'crows foot' surveyors altitude guideline. The other incident happened as British troops were passing through Drimbane on their way to the ports as they evacuated the Twenty-Six Counties. As they passed through 'the bog' one of the lorries sank wheel-deep and local men were summoned to help. It was not regarded as advisable to refuse. Planks and a big lorry-jack were used. When the job was almost done the jack had 'vanished'. Then the rumpus began. Soon as 'honest' local man 'found' it under a furse bush and

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

returned it to a tornado of abuse from an officer.

One of the most tragic events of Irish history followed soon after the British evacuation . . . the Civil War. The nation was divided; families were divided; fathers and sons were divided. From our home we could sometimes hear the crack-crack of guns coming from the town, as the Free State soldiers in the Barracks were attacked. We were young and carefree and liked to gather the empty bullet shells. One day, a daring classmate filled some shells with water and hammered the tops tight. These were thrown into the blazing school turf fire. Usually when all were assembled the master stood with his back to the fire. I can vividly remember how we waited expectantly, with our heads down in our books. Suddenly, and with ear-splitting bangs the shells exploded, sending sparks and ashes around the floor. Gathering his senses quickly, the master now exploded, and gave us a withering time for the rest of the day. We were all guilty for non-one dared expose the culprit. Though I live to be as old as a bush on a fairy fort, I will never forget the clever response of the master. Home exercises were thoroughly scrutinised . . . many fell at the first fence. History and geography memorising were examined . . . more failed at the fence and suitable punishment was administered. One school-book, the Merchants of Venice, was next on the agenda. Shakespeare was roundly cursed for having written it; no-one cared whether the merchant came from Venice or Ballyhaunis. Mick Tarmey and I have enjoyed many a good laugh regarding Shylock; guessing what he would do with the pound of flesh if he ever got it.

My other memories come crowding in; of cold and windy days in the fairgreen; of early mornings driving cattle which preferred jumping into fields than going where we wanted them to go; of meeting tangles before we got to the town; of the men adjourning, post-fair, to the pubs and the women stealing into the snugs - "filling stations" we called them; of going to the football games on Sundays and shouting at the referee to apply for the blind pension; of fishing and bathing in the nearby river;

of returning from school and having to weed the ridges of potatoes, and wishing that Walter Raleigh never existed; and the soul destroying memory of seeing neighbours and relatives emigrating, many never to return. "They are going, going, going, and we cannot bid them stay".

I remember a sister of mine emigrating to America. It was the custom that time to hold what were called "American Wakes", the night before the day of departure. Neighbours and friends gathered into the house and played, danced and sang. After some hours the dreaded moment of farewell would arrive. Silence would reign except for the clasp-ing of hands. There would be tearful embraces and heart-rend-ing crying. At the Railway Station similar poignant scenes were repeated. Hands and handker-

chiefs were waved as the train puffed out on its sad journey to the port of embarkation. My parents and some near relatives travelled with my sister to the port. It can only be imagined what moments of heartfelt sorrow were enacted there.

The rest of my reminisces are, in a nut-shell, joyful weddings, sorrowful funerals, sad wakes, friends taking different roads through life, and dreams of what could have been.

We cannot bring the old days back,

When we were all together,  
The youthful chain is broken now,

But memories live forever.  
Sin é mo scéal féin. Tá Súil agam go mbainfidh cách taith-neamh as, beir bua agus bean-nacht.

Séamus ó Draóda.



Sister Mary Michael Morley (Bekan) on the occasion of the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of her profession on the 21st July, 1991, with her sisters, Mrs. Nell Byrne (Bekan), Mrs. Peg Byrne (Clare Street), Mrs. Delia Grogan (Clare Street), Mrs. Kit Freeley (Island) and her brother, Mr. Tom Morley (Bekan).

# The NWR/MWR/WNW link-up

John Duggan

As someone who had six aunts emigrate to the U.S., albeit it a long time ago, I am in the position of having more cousins in the U.S. than I have in Ireland. You can therefore imagine my fascination with the Friday morning "Top of the Morning Show" which links the local MWR and our sister station NWR with the New York based WNWK and extends our listenership, not only to New York but also to New Jersey and much of Connecticut.

How life has changed. The people who left Ireland for the New World in the early part of this century made, what was in most cases a final and total break from their homeland. For many of them there was no return to the little homes they left. The fields where the bird nested and robbed the bee's nests would remain forever just a memory. As they waited for the letters from their sad parents who had "waked" them the night before they left home, they saved as many dollars as possible to send home to those in need.

After the parents died, and with memories of home such sad ones, they gradually put memories of home out of their minds and years later, when many of them found the resources to go back and visit their brothers or sisters in Ireland, they were reluctant to do so and preferred to close that sad chapter of their lives for good.

Yes indeed, how things have changed. The young emigrants of today have found the U.S. to be much nearer home than of yore and regular visits home are the norm, and now as they drive to work in New York, New Jersey or Connecticut between 6.30 a.m. and 8 a.m. on Friday mornings they can tune into their car radio on 105.9 and listen to the news from the local radio back in Ireland. Indeed they also have the sports results for the proceeding week, something which is of great interest to those so far removed from their native environment.

Adrian Flannelly, the very pop-

ular presenter of the "Top of the Morning" show already had built up an enormous listenership at the time the link was first established so the ground work was laid. Word of the Irish link-up spread very quickly and while most of the "feed back" from American listeners would be received by Adrian and his charming Producer, Aine Sheridan from Co. Longford, at the same time some of the letters we received were most interesting. Like the County Mayo man who said the Angelus at 7 a.m. while in a line of traffic crossing Brooklyn Bridge on his way to work.

We have had various letters describing how Irish people, who haven't been home for many years and with no hope of doing so, my look forward to the weekly programme. One senior lady who was ill in hospital had the programme recorded and played it over and over all day. There was a letter about a man who was terminally ill in hospital and who had his niece tape the "Top of the Morning" programme and also play it over and over during the day. "Its the nearest I'll ever get to being back on the old sod," he said. Tremendous interest has been shown by the second and third generation Irish. They are the people who are so proud of their Irish roots and love all things Irish. But perhaps the people who are most interested are the young recent emigrants. The ones who are afraid to come home. The ones who feel so insecure and vulnerable in their new world. They love to hear the news from home, - who won the county final on Sunday; how the soccer league is going and the requests from parents, brothers or sisters mean so very much.

We are hoping that these are the people the programme will do most for and the efforts of Adrian Flannelly and his staff to help them in every way, especially with their efforts to secure Visa's to regularise their position in the U.S. is commendable. He seeks no financial reward, indeed his efforts must have incurred him considerable expenses but he is a proud son of County Mayo who is concerned about his brothers and sisters from the old sod and is prepared to do all he can to help them to make it good. That is a most desirable, if somewhat rare quality.



Rambling House (Micheal Mulrennan, Gurteen) - left to right: Seamus Shannon, Frank Score, Mick Lavelle, Matt Cunningham, Michael Mulrennan, Mulrennan children, Tony Allen, Matt Molloy, John Gaffney, John Duggan.





1991 Junior Infants, St. Joseph's - back row, left to right: Ian Byrne, Sienad Mulrennan, Maeve Lynskey, Patricia Quinn, Roisin Flanagan, Colin Egan, Claran Waldron, Marie O'Dwyer. Second row, left to right: Moira Kilbane, Daniel Carroll, Maire Kilrane, Laura Kelly, Leanne Murphy, Ruth Dillon-Leetch, Joanne Hoban, Elaine Cregg, Martina Cunnane. Third row, left to right: Louise Kilcourse, Catherine Nestor, Aileen Burke, Michael Cunningham, Simon Freeley, Karen Higgins, Bernadette McGowan, Deirdre Kelly, Aidan Healy. Front row, left to right: Robert Potter-Cogan, Michelle Folliard, David Herr, Katie O'Connor, Aysha Rafique, Austin Lyons, Fergal Lyons, Brenda Kilcourse, Aoifa Giles. Missing from photograph: Alan Fitzpatrick, Niamh Gildea, Kevin Curley, Joseph Kelly, Elaine Donnelly, Rita Rechford, Sarah Buckley, Johanna Burke / Rowlands, Ellis Nevn. Included in the photograph are Mrs. Teresa Leonard (class teacher) and Sr. Teresa Fahy (Principal).



Pineoers, 1991 - front row, left to right: Mary Cunnane, Olivia Lyons, Catharine Healy, Dee Dee Hosty, Mairead Murphy, Bernadette Flanagan, Irene Byrne, Denise Byrne. Second row, left to right: Helen Hoban, Maureen Comer, Bridget McLoughlin, Eileen Lyons, Patricia Flanagan, Ann Murphy, Celia Lyons, Helen Byrne, Anne-Marie Godfrey. Third row, left to right: Mary Burke, Claire O'Malley, Henry Madden, Jim McLoughlin, Niamh O'Loughlin, Tom Murphy, Yvonne Flynn, Paddy Connell, Olivia Gallagher, Tim Byrne, Sr. Assumpta, Seamus O'Boyle, Kevin Lyons, Paddy Lyons, Collette Byrne, Frank Leonard, Johanna Cunnane, Joe Byrne.

# Changes in the farming scene during the past 13 years

"Tar liom síos boithrín na smaointe"

By Paddy Laffy, B. Agr. Sc.

In 1978 the price of milk was approx. 50p. per gallon supplied to the creamery. The average milk supply to our local creamery was approx. 500 gallons per cow. However, during this period some of our better dairy farmers were producing 1,000 gallons or over per cow. The emphasis was on increased milk production with particular emphasis on increasing milk yield per cow. During the 1980s many farmers were now producing over 1,000 gallons. In fact 1,200, 1,300 gallon cows were quite common. Could you visualise or imagine a dairy farmer on the fringe of the Ballyhaunis Parish now having a herd of cows averaging 2,000 gallons per cow for the past 2 - 3 years? Impossible, impossible, say some people, but I can truthfully relate that the farmer in question won the Creamery Milk Supplier of the Year Award for 1986 and competed against the best in the country.

## Increase in milk prices

Throughout the late '70s and into the '80s milk prices gradually increased and reached an all-time high in 1989, when 110p. - 112p. per gallon was common enough. The £1 per gallon mark was easily got. However, in 1990 milk prices took a "tumble" and they fell further in 1990-91. At the present time average milk price per gallon is approx. 83p. per gallon. Some producers are, however, getting higher prices if the quality is very good.

## Milk quotas

In the late '70s "mountains" of butter, and skim milk powder began to build up. Supply was surplus to demand. This trend went on until, finally in 1984, milk quotas were introduced. This was an attempt to restrict milk output. Dairy farmers were

given a quota based on what they supplied in 1983. Even those allotted quotas were further "slashed" with temporary and permanent cuts so as to try and restrict the huge mountain of butter in E.C. storage from getting bigger. At one stage it reached over 300,000 tonnes in cold storage, and the "skim milk powder mountain" exceeded the 1 million tonne mark. Vast sums of money were being spent on the storage of those surplus "mountains". It would have been far better "housekeeping" to have allocated sufficient money to the different agencies such as farmers, Co-ops, factories, etc., to go out and get potential markets and not be relying so heavily on Intervention. Intervention was the easy way out.

## Other food mountains

As well as the "mountains" of butter and skim milk we also have "mountains" of beef and cereals. The surplus of those two commodities accumulated in the same way as the butter and skim milk. In 1987 the "beef mountain" was over 500,000 tonnes in cold storage and in later years it reached the 800,000 tonnes mark. Fancy all that surplus food in cold storage and millions of people in the poorer regions of the world actually starving.

## Changes in cattle prices in the last 10 years

In 1982 a Friesian bull calf was costing approx. £100. To illustrate the upward trend in calf prices a similar type Friesian bull calf was costing £260 in 1989, i.e. an increase of £160. During this period beef prices remained fairly static and "finishers and fatteners" got a bit of a "roasting" particularly so in the period 1987- '89. In the late '80s store cattle prices reached a record

high. Good quality Continental-type store cattle in the 400 kg. range fetched prices ranging from £180-£200 per 100 kg. Live weight (i.e. £90-£100 per cwt. L.W.).

How could anybody in their sane sense make a profit if paying such an exorbitant price for stores. Many people got "their fingers burnt". The same weight range cattle in the late '70s and early '80s were selling at approx £100-£120 per 100 kg. L.W. (i.e. £50 - £60 per cwt.). As a matter of interest Continental-type bull calves fetched prices as £400 and over during the late '80s. I personally saw some of these "golden calves".

## Store cattle prices

At the present time store cattle and the weight range 400 - 500 kg. are selling at anything from £95 to £125 per 100 kg. However, some fancier quality ones are making as high as £130 - £135 per 100 kg. Good quality Charolais in the weight range 500+ kg. to 600 + kg. range in price from £128 - £136 per 100 kgs. Beef cattle are selling at a price of 105p. per lb. for the best grade (U3) Grade R3s are selling at a price of 100p. per lb., O3 grade at 95p. per lb. and of course at the bottom of the scale you have O4L being quoted at anything from 84p. downwards.

## Role of sheep in farming

Right through the '70s sheep were regarded as the "poor relation" of farming. In 1980 Ireland only had 1.5 million ewes. Sheep farming contributed very little to farm income in the Ballyhaunis district. Very few farmers had sheep and of those that had ewes, the flock size was in the 15 - 20 ewe mark. The odd farmer had 30 ewes. Then about 1980 a C.A.P. for sheep meat was introduced. Ireland got access to the French market. The ewe premium was introduced. By 1984 the milk quotas were introduced. Seeing that there was a curb on milk production farmers turned to sheep production instead. By the mid to late '80s sheep production was no longer the "poor relation" of farming. The ewe premium reached the £20 mark. The £50 factory lamb was very common. Ewe numbers increased rapidly all through the late '80s and at the present time the

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



# Changes in farming

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

national ewe flock stands at almost 5 million - a record high. About 93% of Irish lamb exports go to the French market. Sheep meat exports are worth approx. £100 million per annum now. Three out of every four lambs produced must be exported. Recently weekly lamb slaughterings for export broke the 100,000 level. In recent years many farmers in the Ballyhaunis area have gone into sheep production. All round, flock numbers have increased. Some individual farmers now have 200 + ewe flocks. Who could have foreseen such a development?

## Sheep - present position

The rosy picture that prevailed in the sheep industry in the mid '80s and after turned "sour" in the late '80s and lamb prices took a tumble. No longer is the £50 factory lamb the norm. Supply and demand had a big part in the drop in prices. Added to that you had falling price for skins and offal, not to mention wool prices.

## Recent developments in farming

1. After a few bad summers 1985-'86 for hay making, farmers switched from hay making to silage making. The bulk of the winter feed is now in the form of silage. In the last 2-3 years Big Bale Silage has come on the scene. Very many farmers are now making baled silage. In this case the preserved grass is enclosed in about four "laps" of polythene. The grass is wilted before baling and so there is little danger of silage effluent pollution from Big Bale Silage.

2. Another development that has taken place in recent years is the erection of slatted houses for cattle. As well as making the feeding and management of cattle easier, the slurry is all contained in underground tanks. This prevents pollution of our rivers and streams. This is a very important consideration in protecting our environment. Ten or twelve years ago who would have thought that sheep would also be accommodated on slats? This is

a new development in sheep farming especially amongst the larger flock owners. All of the aforementioned developments took place before Commissioner McSharry introduced his new C.A.P. proposals, which were released earlier this year.

## Changing C.A.P.

Since it was first introduced C.A.P. has changed considerably. Changes have occurred in both the price policy and the structural policy. At the level of price and market policy the impetus for change has come from the growing costs of C.A.P., linked to the unacceptability of food mountains with their associated costs of storage and disposal. Reforms in C.A.P. have come through a mixture of cutting the real level of guaranteed prices, quotas, restriction in intervention and producer co-responsibility in the cost of surplus disposal. Reduction in intervention threatens prices in the short term and the volume of agricultural output will fall. Unemployment will increase and the viability of many farms will be threatened. Recently new C.A.P. proposals have been put forward by Commissioner McSharry. The one common thread that appears across the range of proposed C.A.P. reforms is that in the future the (producer) farmer must rely to a far greater degree than heretofore for his returns from the market place. This means supplying what the customer wants quality products.

It is very obvious that in the future farmers will have to live with a much lower level of price support than in the past.

To counteract the falling price supports proposed by Commissioner McSharry earlier this year, it is proposed to pay compensation premia direct to farmers. Any such compensatory premia should have "rock solid" guarantees that they would be of a permanent nature.

## Latest C.A.P. reform proposals

There has been much controversy recently over the McSharry

proposal to reform C.A.P. Briefly the proposals are as follows: 1. A cut of 35% in grain prices over a 3 year period. Growers would get full compensation on the first 50 acres. Other provisions relate to growers in excess of 50 acres. 2. It is proposed to introduce a sheep quota based on the number of eligible ewes a farmer had for the 1990 Ewe Premium Scheme.

Furthermore the maximum ewe flock to qualify for the Ewe Premium Scheme within the Disadvantaged Areas would be 750 ewes and only 350 ewes outside the Disadvantaged Area.

Those proposed limits would be phased in over three years. As a result of the C.A.P. proposals for sheep it is suggested that income from sheep would drop by 20% in the Disadvantaged Areas.

## Proposals for dairying

1. It is proposed that quotas over 43,000 gallons would be cut by 4% (there is already a 2% sanction in quota decided in the 1991-91 price packet).
2. The price of Dairy Products would be cut by 10%. The proposed cuts in quotas and prices would be introduced over a three-year period.

### Compensation :

- (a) Farmers whose quotas are reduced would be compensated at approx. 19.5p per gallon for a period of ten years.
- (b) It is also proposed to pay a premium of £65 per cow up to a maximum of 40 dairy cows.
- (c) By slaughtering male calves under 10 days of age you would get a premium of £88 per male calf slaughtered "Downright murder" some people would say? What are we coming to "at all at all" as Miley would say.

## Proposals for beef

1. The intervention price for beef would drop by 15%. This reduction would take place in three equal stages over three years.

2. To compensate for this the present beef premium (£34.96) would be increased to approx. £52 odd each year on each male animal for a 3 year period (Total of £156 - £158). E.g.

Male cattle 6-9 months, 18-21 months and 30-33 months, £52 premium/year.

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

# Changes in farming

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

However, there would be a transitional period of 3 years to reach the £52 odd per head per year. Maximum of 90 to qualify.

3. The present Suckler Premium of £52.43 would be increased to approx. £66 per cow. As with the Beef Premium the maximum number of cows eligible would be 90 (i.e. for the cow suckler). All the compensatory premium suggested for dairy cows, beef premiums, suckler cows, etc., are conditional on certain stocking rates being observed. E.g. Stocking rates in the Disadvantaged Areas must not be better than 1.75 acres per Livestock Unit and not better than 1.25 acres per Livestock Unit outside the Disadvantaged Area. This stocking rate restriction will apply from year one if implemented. The net result of the above Stocking Rate Restrictions are penal. They are absolutely crazy. Any progressive farmer who has stocking rates better than those listed will not qualify for any of the compensatory premia. Many of our better farmers could well be caught in Catch 22 Situation. Our local Co-op, N.C.F. has strongly voiced their objection to the Stocking Rate limitations. Our better and more progressive farmers have the option of losing the premia or DE-STOCK and get the premia. In determining the Stocking Rate eligibility, dairy cows, suckler cows, male cattle and ewes are taken into account. It is suggested that no account would be taken of heifers or lambs in calculating the S.R. Of course farmers specialising in heifer beef production would suffer a 15% decrease in price with no compensatory premia, being proposed.

## Outcome if C.A.P. proposals are implemented

Teagasc economists recently estimated that if the proposed C.A.P. reforms take place the value of Gross Agricultural Output would fall by £500 million per annum, and net farm income by £125 million. They estimate

that employment would fall by 12,000 jobs. In addition the value of exports would fall by £300 million per annum, and maybe even more than that, if destocking takes place and if the slaughter of male calves become significant.

The farm income situation is pretty bad at the moment. It is worth noting that Headage and premium payments presently contribute more than half the average farm income on cattle farms.

## Other proposals in C.A.P. reform

1. Increased grants towards Afforestation. It is also envisaged that Forestry Premiums will be increased. 2. And finally Early Retirement - If there are any farmers left at this stage it is proposed that full time farmers aged 55 years and over and not yet getting a pension would be eligible for a new early Retirement Scheme. The land released would be used by their successors to improve production structures or used for non-agricultural purposes.

## Conclusion

At this stage, whilst some form of C.A.P. Reforms are necessary and inevitable I do think that as the proposed reforms stand they are far too severe and restrictive. Output on small family farms would be restricted. To my mind those intended proposals should not be implemented in Disadvantaged Areas. In recent years we have many young people leaving rural Ireland in search of employment. Preliminary results from the recent Census indicate that there has been a drop in population of approx. 5% in the Ballyhaunis District and surrounds since the previous Census. Let us hope and pray that exodus from rural Ireland is not further accelerated by implementation of the C.A.P. Proposals as they now stand. If the proposals are not "watered down" I'm afraid that we will again hear echoes of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" ringing in our ears.

*"But now the sounds of population fall  
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the  
gale*

*No busy steps the grass-grown foot-  
way tread*

*For all the bloomy flush of life is fled  
All but you widow'd solitary thing  
That feebly bends beside the  
plashyspring".*

## Apostolic work, Ballyhaunis (1991)

President, Miss May Moyles;  
Vice-president, Mrs. K. Finn;  
secretary, Mrs. B. Brennan; treasurer, P. Byrne.

Once again 1991 has been a very successful year for the Apostolic workers, and they look forward with confidence to 1992, as we will be celebrating the 30th anniversary of the Ballyhaunis Branch.

Our branch was founded in May, 1962, by Rev. Father Rushe, and we are glad to report that some of the founder-members are still with us.

Apostolic work is now in its 68th year in Ireland, and is still growing. One gets mesmerised when one tries to estimate the number of vestments, altar clothes, Church vessels, childrens' clothing and financial help that have gone from this country to the Missionaries around the world in that time.

The credit for this volume of aid goes to the branch members, who week after week go out to Apostolic meetings and pray, knit and sew and fundraiser without any publicity - just reaching out with love through the work of the hands of God gave them, to their needy brothers and sisters. That is how Apostolic work prospered over 68 years.

A mini-vigil was held in Knock in June for Apostolic workers in Tuam Archdiocese, it was conducted by Father Buckmaster, White Father, and all members of Ballyhaunis branch attended.

Our annual exhibition held in June was a huge success. A big 'thank you' to all our active and honorary members; those who gave donations and prizes for raffle.

We urgently need new members and anybody wishing to join our branch should call to the Parochial Hall on any Monday night between 8 and 10 p.m.

- B. Brennan (secretary).



# Mrs. Dyer

Interviewed by Matt O'Dwyer

On the eve of one of the Dublin v. Meath matches, we spoke to Mrs. Delia Dyer (née Cribbin), of Togher, at her daughter's (Mary Waldron) house in Devlis. Now in her nineties, she was looking forward to the next installment of that epic football battle.

Her brother, Jim, still lives in Togher, with Oliver and the family. Tom and Nora are also alive from a family of three boys and seven girls. They went to school through the fields, to Brackloon.

Q. Nolan, from Tavanamore, used to call to collect Mae Greene. The boys and girls were taught in separate parts of the same building. Prayers were said before and after class, there was a halfpenny and a penny catechism. Miss McDermott and Miss Gilmore taught the girls. The children used slates. Some Irish was taught. Delia's father had Irish, she remembers him saying the Rosary at home, *as gaeilge*.

Her brother, Mick Dyer, was a good boxer, he was Irish champion at one stage. He served his time in Tommy Johnston's, in Knox Street, in the early days of the business. At home, everyone was self-sufficient as regards food. Pigs supplied the bacon. They brought their own wheat to Pat Judge's mill in Clooncrim, via Classaroe, this gave them coarse wholemeal. They had to buy the white flour. Eggs were sold to Patrick Caulfield (Jack Halpin's father-in-law), wool was carded by the ladies and spun into thread to produce white socks, and blankets were also made (at Murt Byrne's fathers). Wool from grey sheep produced socks coveted by the clergy. Flour bags were made into fine sheets and tablecloths. They had to be starched and ironed in old box irons. Two irons took turns on the fire to keep things going. A lot of work went into starching collars and cuffs for the men and knit-

ting and sewing were always going on. They had a spinning wheel and they used to knit their own vests, and flannel skirts were also made.

Some of Delia's neighbours were Tim and Mick Fitzmaurice, Hannons (Peter Hannon's grandparents, Devlis), Mark Waldron's grandparents (Cave), and the Regans.

The older children would walk to 8.30 Mass on Sunday, the adults would go to the 11.30 Mass on the side car with the little ones. She remembers Canon Canning and Fr. McHugh. The stations were held in the mornings, breakfasts of rashers and eggs were served to the neighbours. Confessions were held in the house. The aunts and uncles were entertained in the afternoon. At Christmas, relations visited and were visited on different days. Turkey (home reared) and ham was served to the older people first, in the parlour, and then to the children. A barrel of stout was usually bought and port, or sometimes, whiskey, was served to the ladies. The children drank lemonade out of large bottles. Then singing and dancing

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



Convent of Mercy sixth class 1942 with Sister Agnes. Front row, left to right: Nan Brennan, Mary Mullins, Nora Clarke, Mary Hannon, Nancy Greene, Patsy Levins, Mary Healy, Mary Freeley. Middle row, left to right: Helen Henry, Mary Judge, Frances Begley, Mary Greene, Mary Greeley, Cora Webb. Back row, left to right: Annie Caulfield, Mary Caulfield, Carmel Waldron, Mary Delaney, Mary O'Brien, Una Donnellan, Mary Freeman, Peggy Barrett, Josie Hunt.

Photograph courtesy of Sister Assumpta.



1962 – Sixth Class, St. Joseph's Secondary School: back row: Evelyn Caulfield, Dolores Melley, Ann Freeley and Maria Mulrennan. Middle row: Lily Geraghty, Ann Rushe, Mary Caulfield, Mary Knight, Phyllis Regan, Bernadette McGuire, Mary Kedian, Nellie Barrett, Ursula Lawless and Rita Barry. Front row: Mary Herr, Eva Concannon, Mary Regan, Mary Hanna Regan, Joan Coyne, Rita Forde and Rita Lyons.

#### CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

started, as it was in the pre-radio era.

At the age of eighteen, Delia remembers, stealing off to hoo-leys in the neighbours houses. No doors were locked in those days. The older people in the guest house would retire discreetly to bed. She remembers one in their own house. John Greene and Jim McGarry were musicians. Pete O'Malley, Bawneen Rattigan and George Delaney were there. The sole fell off one of George's shoes and they had to give him Delia's father's boots. Tea, bread and currant cake were served and as they all knew each other, the atmosphere was very relaxed. On the 15th August, they would walk to Knock for the all-night vigil and walk back again in the morning. They used to bring milk, minerals and sandwiches of ham and hard boiled eggs.

Wakes were all night affairs,

clay pipes and snuff, tea and strong drink. The person was brought to the Church and buried the next day.

Some of the shops Delia remembers were Henry's, Conway's, Paddy Smith's, a bakery in Knox Street, sweets were bought in Tom Murphy's (where Fred Herr is now) and where adults bought meal. The horse and cart would be left in Judges.

Everybody worked hard around the farm, all learned to milk at an early age, there was plenty to do in the bog and hayfields. In the pre-threshing days, flailing was done in a barn to get rid of the straw. Then on a windy day, the winnowing was done, the chaff blew away and the wheat landed on sheets laid out in the field. When the thresher came along, it mostly worked at night, under the light of the large oil wall lamps. Though the house was slated, the barn was thatched and special trees were

sown to produce the scallops, these were cut in the houses. Delia regarded them as a nuisance. She remembers holding the handle for twisting the straw ropes and being appropriately "blessed" when it slipped and the rope had to be started again.

For recreation, cards were played, while outdoors, jack stones, marbles, tipsy cat, hopscotch and ring-a-Rosie were popular.

When the pig was killed, the bladder was placed in salty water and then covered to make a football. The family went to the races in Tooraree and to Claremorris, where they went on holidays to see the Charles' family, of Mount Street. For the children, there were hobby horses and swings, and "trick of the boys" who operated on the street.

I would like to thank Mrs. Dyer for doing the interview and wish her many more happy years.



# The Hanging Tree

By Aiden Kelly

As a boy of about ten or eleven years of age, I almost had a fatal accident. In our garden, at Upper Main Street, we had lots of trees. On the branch of one particular ash tree, we had tied an ordinary rope swing. After a while, the rope broke, so we were left with one side hanging down.

On this single strand, we tied a loop, and using the single strand, we could stand on the wall, and like Tarzan, swinging on the vines through the jungle, we would swing down into the garden.

My playmates at that time were Andrew Egan (now Maynooth), Pat Curley (Hazelhill), Tommy Forde (now Began), Noel Culliney (now England) and of course, my brother Robert (now Dublin).

Anyway, on one particular day, Saturday, I think, in Spring or early Summer, the day started off badly around our house, as Pat Hughes's greyhounds had broken out and killed three or four of my mother's chickens.

In the afternoon, I was waiting for Andrew Egan to finish his dinner so we could continue playing. I took hold of the single strand of rope, I was swinging idly to and fro in the garden, I got bored with this, and not seeing the danger, I then proceeded to put my head in the loop, and grabbing the rope with my hands, I swung down off the wall, into

the garden. Suddenly, my hands slipped and I was hanging by my neck. I lost consciousness at that time. As luck would have it, just at that moment, Mrs. Nan Fox, of Tooraree, was cycling into town, to do her shopping, in Tom Hopkins. She had almost passed, when she glanced into the garden. Jumping off her bike, she took in the situation at a glance and shouted to Johnny McGuire (who then owned a workshop in which he made carts directly across the road from our front gate).

Johnny sprinted across, vaulted the wall, lifted me by the legs to take the weight off my neck, his brother, Tommy had followed, Tommy cut the rope and they lowered me to the ground. It was there I came to.

Luckily for me, the loop did not run like a noose, but I had a rope burn mark from ear to ear, under my chin.

I remember my first reaction, on waking up, was to remark "Don't tell my mother", as I used to get into lots of scrapes at that age, and my mother was upset enough over the chickens being killed that morning.

For a month or so after, I was a minor celebrity, even making the "Western" and I was often asked to show the mark on my neck, of which, I was now pretty proud.

The next day, my father cut the branch off the tree and about ten years later, I myself cut down the tree.

Shortly afterwards, Nan Fox (nee Molloy) left for England, with her husband, Paddy and twin babies.

On Friday, 15th June last, I was in Jack Halpin's bar with my wife, Mary, at the Irish music session. Among other people there, I met Michael Smyth. Michael said to me "Would you know that man over there, he used to work in Gallagher's"? I said "What's his name"? "Paddy Fox" said Michael "and that's his wife, in the corner, Nan Fox". I said "I don't believe it, that woman save my life". I had not seen Nan Fox for over 30 years.

## Ballyhaunis and District Credit Union

The Credit Union in Ballyhaunis was founded in 1983 with the following board of Directors and Supervisor: Paddy Brennan, Pat O'Connor, Pat Fitzgerald, Vincent Free-

man, Brendan Glavey, Father Des Walsh, Mary Freyne, Catherine Plunkett, Christina Lyons, Maura Fitzmaurice, Terry Coleman, Aiden Kelly, Peter McCafferty, Barry Butler, Michael Greally and John Tuohy.

The Ballyhaunis and District Credit Union have at present over 830 members and assets of over £430,000. They have recently purchased the premises of the former shoe repair shop of Joe Tighe, Upper Main Street, and when reconstruction work is complete, the Credit Union will be in a position to offer improved services to its membership. The opening hours at present are: Tuesday, 10.00 to 12.00; Friday, 1.00 to 6.30 p.m.; Saturday, 8.00 to 9.00 p.m.; Sunday, 12.00 to 1.00 p.m. Tureen School: Sunday, 12.00 to 12.30 p.m.

New members are always welcome and we tender all of our members good wishes for 1992.



I.C.A. dinner, 1962 - Front row: Una Phillips, Patricia Waldron, Mary H. O'Connor, Rita Flatley. Back row: Carmel Waldron, Bridie Webb, Mercy Flatley, Rita Morris Mai Holmes, Frances Mulligan, Kathleen McBride and Bridie Molloy.

# Sr. Kevin's Golden Jubilee

Sr. Kevin Gibbons celebrated her Golden Jubilee in the Convent of Mercy, Ballyhaunis, on the 29th September. Sr. Kevin, formerly Margaret Gibbons, is a native of Newfield, Newport. Having completed her post-primary education in the Ursuline Convent, Sligo, she entered with the Sisters of Mercy, Westport, in 1938. Her sister, Sr. Catherine (now in Achill Convent) had entered there some years earlier. On completion of her noviceship, Sr. Kevin was professed in September, 1941.

She went to the Dominican College in Sion Hill, where she qualified as a Domestic Science teacher (now called Home Economics teacher). Sr. Kevin then worked for a few years with the children in the Industrial School, Westport, and was later appointed to the staff of the Sacred Heart Secondary School. In 1957, she was transferred to Ballyhaunis.

Sr. Kevin was an enthusiastic teacher and loved her work in school very much. She always showed a very keen interest in

her pupils and was ever-ready to help them in any way. Towards the end of the 'sixties, her health began to fail and she took early retirement. She had the courage to cope with all the adjustments she had to make. Her spirituality and independence enabled her to cope with day-to-day living and thus brought quality and enrichment to her daily life. She continued to foster the education of pupils who needed a little extra attention with her lessons and did some crafts with primary school children.

Sr. Kevin had always a keen interest in current affairs, whether local or political, and also in international news and to this day is an avid listener to the radio. All this contributes to the fact that she is very alert. Her life is a source of inspiration to all who live with her in community, visit her, work with her or communicate with her in any way.

On her Jubilee Day, Mass was celebrated in the Convent Chapel. Fr. M. Greaney was chief celebrant, assisted by Fr. V.



Sr. Kevin with some of her noviceship companions on her Jubilee Day. Back row: Srs. Joseph, Assumpta, Machtilda. Centre: Srs. Ann, Francis, Oliver, Dymphna. Front: Sr. Kevin.

McCarthy, OSA, Fr. Martin McGovern and Fr. Des Walshe. Present at the Mass were Sr. Kevin's three sisters and brothers, relatives and friends. After Mass, the sisters and guests went to the Don Arms Hotel, Castlerea. Sr. Kevin received many tributes and she had ample time to meet her friends. The evening ended with a sing-song.

Congratulations, Sr. Kevin and we pray that you will enjoy many more and fruitful years. Beir bua agus Beannacht.

## Michael Glavey's Basketball Club

The local basketball club (currently in its ninth year of existence), is looking forward to the new season after finishing so well last year. We finished runners-up in the Sligo & District League having lost only two games all year to the eventual league winners, Pacers, Ballina. We lost both games by only 5 pts. They also beat us in the Cup final last April, held in Sligo. It was an exciting game and we were very unlucky to lose out.

This year we put in a lot of pre-season training and with only six teams in the league we are eager to prove how unlucky we were last year by losing out so closely. This year we are determined to do better.

The members of the team are: Stella Morley, Finolla Mellett, Julie Morley, Angela Morley, Bernie Forde, Martina Keenan, Barbara Dillon, Yvonne Morris, Margaret Prendergast and Maria Flynn. Our coach is Michael McNamara. Our training sessions and games are on Tuesday nights at 8 o'clock and Sunday evenings in Michael Glavey's Sports Complex, Ballinlough.

Finally, I would like to thank, on behalf of the club members and coach, our sponsors, Ballinlough Refridgeration for their financial support and Michael Glavey's GAA Club for their co-operation and help in allowing us use the complex and for also sponsoring us a new leather basketball.

Here's to 1992.

Maria Flynn, Secretary,  
Michael Glavey's Basketball Club.



# The Melody Lingers

By J. Cribbin

**I**T is a consolation to those of us who have no ear for music, that at least, we are able to listen to music and very often, enjoy it. While we may not be the most appreciative of listeners, listeners we must remain always, while music is being played and, very often, which is the subject of a discussion. There are probably very few of us, who, at one time or another, have not wished that we were able to tinkle the ivory, knuckle a bodhrán, or put forth a song. After all, when things are "going for a song" its an advantage to be able to sing.

There is nothing I could detect

"going for a song" on this particular day, yet everybody I met talked about music or reminded me of music, in one way or another, and, for reasons not clear to me, even now. The time was late September, the festival long over, the holidaymakers gone back, a quiet time of the year. It may be just coincidence, so I will not make a song or a dance about it, but those people I met made me think a lot about music (and the absence of music).

Outside, a harvest moon was spreading "Moonlight In Mayo". Inside, as we burned the mid-

night oil, Austin Grogan, was reminiscing at length and in an entertaining manner about his days as a member of a dance band, back in the times when dances went on until 4 a.m., admission was 2/ and musicians carried their instruments around, packed in beet pulp bags.

A few hours later, John McGuire, of Ballindrehid, was telling me that he had been a member of the choir and had sung in many musical productions. I had known that he could sing, having heard him sing "The Old Bog Road" for two young Australians during the festival.

I head for home, catch up with Dave Judge, in Clare Street. We pass a stall, selling music cassettes. He questions me as to my taste in music. I confessed that as far as taste in music goes, I am a teetotaler.

I am stoking up with a view to getting the kettle "singing" when

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



St. Patrick's College – back row (left/right): Tommy Gilmore, John Egan, Mike Feeney, Tommy Kelly, Paul McCluskey and John Cribbin. Middle row: Michael Murren, Frank Dillon, Kevin Loftus (R.I.P.); John Halpin, Tom Ryan, Brendan Rattigan and Bernie Lyons. Front row: Al Madden, Brian Byrne, Francis Moore, Gus Greeley, Michael Henry and Tommy Lyons. Missing: Eugene Murphy.

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Michael Hopkins arrives to read the meter. His paper work done, he takes the weight off his legs and we talk about monologues and music. He recites a monologue by George Murray that I had never heard before. As he is about to "play" the ignition key, I notice a selection of tin whistles in the glove compartment. With little more than a nod from me, in the direction he selects one and plays two tunes. The last one was definitely a slow air, but I am not competent to say whether the first one was a jig, reel or hornpipe.

Duty calls! To where "The Fields Are Fresh And Green". I must take my "Small Cattleen". I conduct my calves along the Redford Road in slow-time, there is an interlude when who comes sailing round the bend, like a "Rhapsody" out of the blue, but Dr. Michael Brogan (we have the makings of a quartet now). As he lowered the window, how else could I open the conversation, except by asking "How's the music going"? The interlude is brief, the calves are no longer moving in harmony, nibbling grass along the roadside and denying Eileen Comber sufficient room to pass.

As we move along again, I begin to reflect on the fact that as far as music was concerned, we grew up in a disadvantaged area. Apart from Paddy Gildea, who could stretch an accordion a metre longer than the makers intended, and went on to become well-known as an accomplished musician, on both sides of the Irish Sea, and Tom Byrne, who also had musical talent, the rest of us never displayed any musical talent whatsoever. However, we have managed to get through life without musical accompaniment, but we will have a problem if ever St. Peter's key makes music in our ears, and he gives us a stringed instrument to play (probably end up like the Minstrel Boy's harp).

We have reached our journey's grand finale. We are in Redford now, a townland not over endowed with musical talent, no more than the one across the bridge. It was Paddy Lyons, an old school mate and resident of Redford, who recently recalled the day in Derrylea school, when the teacher, who was trying to teach us "D", "R", "M", asked, in frustration "How is it you can

sing up the scale and you cannot sing down the scale". Many years have vanished and many changes have appeared, but that question still remains unanswered. It is a bit late now, but had Michael Brogan been around at that time, things might have been different, for some of us at any rate. By combining his musical and medical expertise, he may have been able to diagnose the reason for the dizziness we encountered at the top of the scale. For the majority, any hope for remedy would be just a "pipe" dream. Even evolution never attempted to change crows into canaries. Mention of evolution touches one of memory's "keys" - I never heard Tom Bourke, the vet singing, but I can recall him reciting something about a thing called "Forces Mutation". Even, at this late stage, inquiries should be made to see if there is any hope that this might contain a "semi-quaver" of hope. In matters such as this, it is always prudent to have a second opinion, and mention that the complaint is hereditary. The strings on a fiddle outnumber the number of parents in Johnstown, who had an ear for music at that time.

With resident musicians so thin on the ground, we had to rely on "guest appearances" of musicians, like Paddy Lyons, of Gurrane and Willie Feeney of Redford, whenever a spree or station "due" was held in the village.

I may be wrong in this, but to my knowledge, a piper never played a tune in this townland in the last fifty years. However, the bagpipes were heard being played, on a few occasions just over thirty years ago. The music came over the airways, without the help of a transmitter, all the way from Drimbane. On calm evenings, Chris Mannion, then a member of the Birmingham Irish Pipe Band could be heard as he rehearsed for his band performances, in the All-Ireland Fleadh Ceoil, held, that year, in Swinford. Paddy Lyons and myself travelled by train to attend that "Fleadh Ceoil". Recently, as he sipped a gin and tonic, in the "Corner Bar", Paddy recalled a lot of details about that expedition, that had faded from my memory, while he may be unable to sing down the scale, Paddy has a good memory and can go right down to the bottom of the barrel.

We will introduce a variation to

the theme, by mentioning that Lecarrow was, at that time, a great stronghold of traditional music. Musicians of that time in Lecarrow, included, the Tarpey brothers, the Jordan brothers, David and Sean, Pat and Jim McGuire, Mike Cronin, Tom Griffin and the tin whistle player, John McDonnell. It was here, in Lecarrow, that Malachy Tarpey conducted his music classes. The long single storey slated house, where he lived and taught, was demolished two years ago. After it became vacant, over thirty years ago, the hedge in front were left untrimmed and gradually, it disappeared, out of sight, out of mind. When it was demolished, there were few who missed it gone, and fewer still who realised that, at one time, it was a centre of learning and culture.

Cycling the five miles from here, home to Moigh, my mother, was one of the pupils who came here to learn music. Her sheets of music, handwritten, with lead pencil survived until recent times. One of the tunes was called "Haste To The Wedding". There is an anecdote about one of her trips to music class, first told to me many years ago, by my mother's brother, Pat McWalter: One evening, she arrived home with a number of cuttings taken from flowering shrubs. She said she had taken them from a roadside hedge, in front of a house, not far from Tarpey's. The cuttings were successfully transplanted and continued to flourish in front of the old McWalter homestead long after it became vacant. When she got married, she had to leave the flowering shrubs behind her, but took her violin with her. It is now in the possession of her youngest daughter, Kitty. Although Kitty cannot play, she had it professionally restored "to prove that still it lives". The shrubs, she planted are no more, but the parent stock, from which she took the cuttings are still growing. They bring back memories every time I trim them.

All the players in the drama have left the stage, but the melody lingers on.

P.S.: In the past, neither the Lecarrow writer, Murt Hunt, nor myself poached one another's territory. The paragraphs on Lecarrow in the above article are the result of a cultural agreement between Mr. Hunt and myself.



## Golden Wedding Anniversaries



20/8/'41 – Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary: Peter Hannon, Abbey Street, and Brigid Webb, Main Street



28/4/'41 – John Meehan and Agnes Lyons, Annagh.



16/8/'41 – Fiftieth Wedding: Thomas Moran, Annagh, and Catherine Regan, Killeenagher (now resident in Sale, Manchester).

## Fr. Patrick McCarthy

Fr. Patrick McCarthy is the present prior of St. Mary's Abbey. He has come to us from Orlagh in Dublin. Orlagh is the Novitiate of the Augustinian Order in Ireland. Besides being prior, he also was chaplain to the Mercy Convent School in Ballyroan, there were over one thousand girls in that school. So it was no mean task that Father was called to do.

Before that Fr. Vincent (as he is known to most of his Augustinian Brothers), was prior in the community in Galway. He held that position for four years. He came to Galway from Ballyboden, also in South Dublin where he was among other things, Curate in the parish run by the Augustinians. He was there for four years. He came from the house in Drogheda, where he had spent five years. He came to there from the Augustinian Mission territory in Nigeria having spent six years; pastoral work, secondary school teaching and in a minor seminary. Before he went to Nigeria, he had studied in C.B.S., Dungarvan, Co. Waterford; Augustinian House of Studies, Ballyboden; U.C.D. where he received an Hons. Degree and in Rome, where he received a Sacred Licence in Theology after four years.

A friend of his in the Augustinian family said of him: "Vincent is a quiet, silent man, who has a fantastic depth of kindness and good nature in him. Ballyhaunis is being blessed by God in sending him to minister to the people there. He is shy, but get to know him and you will have made a fantastic friend".

Fr. Pat has his mother living in Dungarvan and a brother and a sister, both national teachers. He has whatever you get in the Boys Scout and has travelled widely with them.

P.J.C.

---

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.

---



Left to right: Mrs. Ann McHugh, Ballyhaunis, vice-president; Mrs. Kitty Harlin, national president; Mrs. Veronica Freyne, Mayo vice-president, attending an ICA seminar in Galway, which was given sponsorship from the E.C.

## Ballyhaunis I.C.A.

We are pleased to say that the I.C.A. had another very successful year under the leadership of our president, Mrs. Margaret Kenny.

With an increase in our membership, we had some very lively and interesting discussions at our meetings which take place one night each month. The I.C.A. is growing and developing with over twenty three thousand members nationwide.

We have representations on many national committees including: The Council for the Status of Women and The Confederation of Family Organisations in Europe. Its aims are to promote family interests in the E.C. The I.C.A. is the only member from Ireland with full voting rights.

Mrs. Veronica Freyne, Mayo vice-president, attended the European Parliament in Strasbourg, France, with the Executive. Proposals from our members were delivered to our European Ministers, who are working so hard on our behalf.

Although we, in the I.C.A., are still very interested in crafts, art and drama, we are becoming more aware of what we can do for ourselves and our local community.

The physically and mentally handicapped remain our most important concern and this year we also raised financial support for the "Aware" charity appeal.

Our Summer term ended with a very enjoyable tour of Sligo and the "Yeats" country. We hope that many more of the local ladies will be encouraged to join our association where they will find pleasure, an outlet for their own particular talents and our incentive to go on trying new things.

Committee: President, Mrs. Margaret Kenny; Vice-President, Mrs. Ann McHugh; Secretary, Mrs. Mary Donnelly; Treasurer, Mrs. Maura Fitzmaurice; PRO, Mrs. Catherine Carney.

## Ballyhaunis Boxing Club

After an absence of 23 years, at a public meeting held in the Horse Shoe Inn on the 16th February, 1989, it was decided to activate the Boxing Club which had been inactive since 1966. Present at that meeting together with many parents was the late Tom Glynn, R.I.P., whose exploits in the boxing arena were well known both in Ireland and in the U.S. A committee was formed, some training gear was purchased and the club commenced training under renowned trainer and coach, Peadar Kilcourse.

In its first season as a revived boxing club, local boxers contested 36 bouts in tournaments all over the country, resulting in 23 wins, which included 11 Mayo champions, 7 Connacht champions and the first Ballyhaunis All-Ireland champion in over 40 years, Darren Conlon. The club is now in its third year and is going from strength to strength, and has a membership of 34 young boxers. At this time, on behalf of the parents, boxers, and committee I wish to thank everyone who contributed in any way to making the club what it is today.

It is a club that we, as people of Ballyhaunis and surrounding area, are proud of and a club recognised and admired all over Ireland and many parts of England.

Long may it continue.  
Seamus Waldron, Sec.



Ballyhaunis boxers' visit to Randlestown, Co. Antrim (left/right): Peadar Kilcourse, David Conlon, Michael Lyons, Gerard Lyons, Andrew McGowan, Paul O'Neill, John P. Kilcourse, Patrick Waldron, Eugene Brennan, Damien Conlon, John Coffey, John Nolan, Jim McKegmitt (Treasurer); Michael Lyons.



## NSPCC cycle or 1991 cycle

"SHOULD it hurt to be a child"? This was the slogan of the NSPCC and the cycle this year was for this Society. Friday, 7th June, was a beautiful sunny day, and despite the fact that the weather forecast for Saturday was not good, hope was high that it would be a nice day for the cycle. All was ready for the day, due to the generous efforts of Patricia Byrne, Aghamore, and Margie Phillips, Main Street. The route for the cycle was called the Mayo route - Ballyhaunis, Knock, Charlestown, Swinford, Belcarra, Castlebar, Westport, Ballinrobe, Claremorris, Knock and back home to Ballyhaunis.

Saturday morning dawned a wet, windy day, and no way enticing to go out of doors, not to think of cycling. However, the cyclists arrived at The Square. Everyone was wondering are we going or will we postpone the cycle. They decided to go. They were people of great courage to set forth. Most of the cyclists did the whole route, one or two who were beginners on such a cycle did over half the journey. Great credit is due to the cyclists, as on the route there were parts of the roads very exposed, and no hope of a little shelter from wind and rain.

While the cyclists were on the route some generous volunteers remained in Ballyhaunis and collected all day long from the gen-

## Baptisims '91

To Dominic and Geraldine Murphy, Dublin Road, Ballyhaunis, a son, Kenneth.  
 To Michael and Kathleen Webb, 13 Station Rise, a son, Seamus. To Gerard and Patricia Plunkett, Forthill, a son, Damien.  
 To Noel and Dymphna Folliard, Kiltaboe, a daughter, Shauna Ann. To Brian and Carmel Higgins, a daughter, Sinead Aisling.  
 To Terence and Eileen McDonagh, Tooraree, a daughter, Mary.  
 To Michael and Christine Nolan, 17 Station Rise, a son, Shane John.  
 To Michael and Mary T. Griffin, Devlis, a daughter, Mairead Monica.  
 To Kieran and Teresa Fitzmaurice, Gurteenbeg, a son, Fergal John.  
 To John and Ann McDonagh, Tooraree, a daughter, Ann Marie Brigid.  
 To Jarlath and Carmel Ronayne, Clagnagh, a son, Sean Thomas.  
 To Sean and Joan Kilboyle, Castleknock, Dublin, a son, David James.  
 To Desmond and Catherine Ruane, Lurgan, a son, Adrian.  
 To Donald and Orla Moran, Knox St, a son, Kevin Patrick.  
 To John and Ann Durkan, Devlis, a son, Sean Terence.  
 To Pascal and Geraldine Keegan, 11 Aisling Drive, a daughter, Michelle Josephine,  
 To John and Margaret McDonagh, An Lochan, a son, Martin.  
 To John J. and Sara Kelly, Knox St, a daughter, Maura Una.  
 To Austin and Ann Cribbin, Lecarrow, a son, Niall John.  
 To Gerard and Christina Lennon, 29 Station Rise, a daughter, Mary Christina,  
 To Adrian and Breeda Murray, Knox St, a daughter, Aileen Elizabeth.  
 To Luke and Celine Murray, Hazelhill, a daughter, Riona Anne.  
 To Michael J. and Mary Lyons, a daughter, Niamh Grace.  
 To Joseph and Rose Freeley, Hazelhill, a son, Paul Gerard.,  
 To Gerard and Beatrice Brennan, Devlis, a son, Justin Cathal.  
 To Patrick and Kathleen Daly, Cherryfield, a daughter, Martina Martha.  
 To Michael and Geraldine McDonagh, Lisbane, a son, John Francis.  
 To Michael and Patricia Walshe, Leixlip, a daughter, Grace Patricia.  
 To Hugh and Stacia Carney, Classaroe, a son, Paul Joseph.  
 To Frank and Judi Mulligan, Tampa, Florida, a son, Zachary Francis.

erous public. £1,200 has been forwarded to the NSPCC and acknowledgment received.

This opportunity is taken to thank each and everyone who

helped in anyway, the cyclists, the voluntary collectors in Ballyhaunis, and the young people who collected in towns as they passed through them.



St. Mary's Primary School First Communion Class, May 19th, 1991, in St. Patrick's Parish Church. - First row: Vincent Kedian, Eddie Kilcourse, Michael Kilcourse, John Lyons, Stephen Donohoe, Jason and Martin Coffey, Neol McGuire, Henry Forde. Second row: Ciara Buckley, Laura Byrne, Tara Nestor, Sandra Waldron, Siobhán Lyons, Janine Gallagher, Orla Mulrennan, Claire Healy, Heather Noone, Tara Nevin, Sinéad O'Hagan, Aine Cribbin, Louise Lilly. Third row: Kenneth Waldron, Jonathan Murphy, Lorraine Brennan, Elizabeth Rabbittie, Karen Jordan, Jacklyn Moran, Fiona Murphy, Orla Ryan, Annie Tighe, Alison Ruane, Barry Colum, Simon McDonagh. Fourth or back row: Alan Lucey, Colm Rudden, Stephen Gately, P. J. Allen, Tom Maughan, Eoin McManus, Robert Coyne, Hugh Carney, Tom McDonagh, Patrick Freeley, David Murphy, Liam Gildea, John Fitzmaurice.

# Saint Jarlath's College

By Anthony Jordan

Male post-primary students of the 1990s may not be aware, that in former years, to get a secondary education, their predecessors in Ballyhaunis, had to leave the town and go to live as boarders in various locations around the country. This was due to clerical politics as the Augustinians were discouraged by diocesan authorities from setting up a boys' secondary school in the town. So it was that boys from Ballyhaunis and its environs, went to places like Tuam, Ballyhaderreen, Ballinasloe, Ballylin, Roscrea, Dungarvan and even Dublin, as twelve or thirteen-year-olds. Many of them then became strangers to Ballyhaunis and their local peers, particularly female ones, from that early age. But, in a sense, they were the lucky ones. Their parents could afford the fees or else they won scholarships, or joined

religious congregations. There were four boys in our family, and for whatever reason, mainly economic, I feel sure, I was the only one chosen to be sent to a boarding school. In September, 1955, I and several other boys from Ballyhaunis, took the Galway bus, from outside Bertie Curley's in Clare Street, to Tuam, Co. Galway. It was a journey into the unknown, but one which threw up its comical moments, two of the earliest, I now recall.

## The "Tá Sé Fears"

The tall, severe looking, priest welcomed us all to St. Jarlath's College and to his class in particular. He was sure that we would all have a very fruitful year. "Now hands up those boys from Connemara" he said. Two hands were raised. Such a request was understandable, as he was the

teacher of Gaelige. But then he said, "now hands up those boys from Ballyhaunis". I looked around to catch Edward Moran's eye and saw him raise his hand. I raised mine too. But what was it all about? The priest nodded in apparent satisfaction. But he gave no clue as to the reason for his questions. Nor did he seek to ascertain where any other of the pupils came from. We were young, far away from home and very vulnerable. The idea of asking the Irish teacher why he had asked such questions did not even cross our minds.

Later that same day, we got the answer to our unasked question. It appeared the Irish teacher always asked the same two questions of the first year class. He wanted to know the extremes of the class balance on in his subject. "But why Ballyhaunis?" I asked, "why not Tuam, Milltown, Dunmore or Castlebar?". The first-year pupil, who had got the information from his older brother, who was a fourth year, smiled before replying, "It seems, Ballyhaunis boys are known in the Irish classes here as 'the tá sé fears'." "Why is that?" I asked, perplexed.

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



Loading beet at Ballyhaunis Station - P. Kenny and MI. Plunkett.



CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

"Because" he replied, laughing, "they're useless at Irish. They think that the correct Irish for 'he is a man' is, 'tá sé fear'." "Is that a fact?" I managed to reply, trying to conceal that I too saw nothing wrong in such a translation. "That's why they got the nickname from the priest as the 'tá sé fears'." he said.

## Where Is Ballaghaderreen

The next morning, we had our first geography class. The teacher was a priest from Connamara, who spoke, mostly "ás gaeilge", a language, his language anyway, that Edward Moran and I had never heard before. It was very boring. We could not amuse ourselves by looking out the windows as the bottom panes were of frosted glass. Occasionally, the priest would break into our "lun-gua franca", which, the way he pronounced it, sounded very strange. At least, he was not making any cracks about Ballyhaunis! After a while, I began to

understand some words he was using, when he spoke English. He seemed to be talking about County Roscommon. This was interesting. He even mentioned Ballaghaderreen, which was only down the road from where I lived.

Edward Moran and I exchanged a quick smile across the classroom floor. The priest appeared to be including Ballaghaderreen in County Roscommon. He did not mention Mayo at all. I felt sure I would have recognised the word "Muigh Eo". Why was he putting Ballaghaderreen in Roscommon, I wondered. He named it a few times without mentioning Mayo. The next thing, I knew, my hand was in the air and the priest had stopped talking. He did not appear to be too pleased by this first interruption, but he invited me to speak, at least I presumed so. Not putting a tooth in it, or leaving any room for manoeuvre, I said, "Ballaghaderreen is in County Mayo". Though there were thirty-six boys in the room, it was all deadly quiet as they waited. The priest seemed surprised, but took it calmly. In his strange English, he

asserted that Ballaghaderreen was, in fact, in County Roscommon. "But I know it is in County Mayo. I live in Knox Street, Ballyhaunis and Ballaghaderreen is out our road", I said. Everybody held their breath. "That is no proof" he said, "what else have you to say?". "Well" I began, realising I could not draw back now, nor could I ask Edward Moran to come in as a second, because I did not think he had the information I had. "I play football for Ballyhaunis in the East Mayo championship. This Summer, we went to Ballaghaderreen to play against them in the East Mayo championship, so it must be in Mayo", I maintained.

Nobody cheered, nobody clapped, nobody even moved his feet. The priest was stopped in his tracks, I thought. He did not make any reply, but flicked through the Geography book, looking for a reference, I felt. He did not find one. Then he said definitively, not in any threatening way, "I know Ballaghaderreen is in County Roscommon". This time I made no reply and the class continued.



The 1916 Commemorative Parade, included are: Val Rattigan, Edward Mulhern, Cyril Coyne (R.I.P.), Sean Griffin (R.I.P.), Mick Tarmey, Eddie Biesty, Declan Lyons, Matt O'Dwyer, Ger McGarry, Willie Coyne, Willie Toolan, Mike Coen, Matt Wal-dron, Jimmy Ruane, Tom Gilmore.

P. A. Waldron's poetic description of . . .

## A meeting in 1934

The late P. A. Waldron, the noted poet and scholar from Knox St., Ballyhaunis, will never be forgotten in his native area because of the vast number of poems and other literary works which he penned, and which are still sought after to the present day. Recently when doing some research work for the Ballyhaunis GAA Club, Mr. Michael Waldron, Cave, Ballyhaunis, came across the following poem by P. A. concerning a fictitious meeting in 1934. There have been many requests to have it published again, as all the names mentioned in the poem were residents of the town, all of them, sadly, gone to their eternal reward. Such was the popularity of P.A.'s poetic works that to be included in them by name was always considered a distinction.

### *The meeting in 1934*

*With much reflection and deep dejection,  
I often think of a meeting,  
Where Patrick Neary told Michael Cleary to stop talking and taken  
the chair.*

*then William Healy and Patrick Freely,  
Jumped up together to make a speech,  
But Pete O'Malley and Sergeant Nally,  
Made frantic notions to Johnny Leetch.*

2

*The floor was taken by a man from Began,  
Whose name was mentioned by Francis Glynn,  
But in a minute he wasn't in it,  
For who was speaking but Conor Flynn,  
And in a hurry came Johnny Murray,  
With strong supporters like Peter Lynch,  
And Peter Hannon and Tom Concannon,  
Who were all spouting for Richard Trench.  
Then Joe McQueeney and Bruddy Kenny,  
Walked out together in supreme disgust,  
While Sonny Benson told Thomas Stenson,  
To make a speech and he said he must.*

3

*Then George Delaney from Castleblayney,  
Or Castle something or Castlereagh,  
Spoke words of warning until towards morning,  
The wildest morning that one could see.  
With all the bluster that George could muster,  
For he spoke in accents both loud and deep.  
Till looking round him he surely found them,  
Immersed in slumber and fast asleep.  
Only Pat McGarry and Thomas Barry,  
Were softly talking concerning paint,  
And Tommy Forry thought very sorry,  
Was so excited he had to faint.*

4

*But with a hurley came Michael Curley,  
To clear a space to have a dance,  
And Johnny Durkan was soon a workin'  
Like the hero bold of an old romance,  
While Michael Foudy and a man named Drudy,  
Were singing songs about ould plaid shawls,  
Till Paddy Byrne said: "I'll have ye learn",  
That ye must practice in some other halls.*

5

*"I'd give a shilling", said Johnny Dillon,  
To any villian who would chuck them out,  
When Ed. Fitzgerald with an "Evening Herald",  
Stepped in to see what it was all about,  
Then Packy Caulfield said: "I think it's awful,  
Such queer proceedings were never seen",  
There's only one way, said Johnny Conway,  
Going out the window with Tommy Greene*

## St. Vincent de Paul Society

We meet every night in the Parochial House at 9p.m. in Summer, and 8.30p.m. in winter. The meetings, held in strict confidence, last about three quarters of an hour. A long meeting is interrupted at 10 o'clock by the Canon's, newly acquired, cuckoo clock. Luke Lawlor, President, chairs the meeting. Canon Costelloe reads a short reflection and we may discuss this. Members then raise anything that has come to their attention and we make decisions combining charity and prudence as best we can. We try to be as helpful as we can at back to school time, Christmas, Confirmation, etc., We also encourage people to save a little and not to become too dependent on us. However we would encourage people who have fallen on hard times even though they may appear welloff to call on us and we will be as helpful as we can. Again we thank all of you for your most appreciated help and good will.

Members: Luke Lawlor, Mary Lawlor, Mary Higgins, Teresa Murphy, Breege Coyne, Angela Joyce, Noel Waldron, Sr. Dympna, Canon Costelloe, Sr. Rosario. Matt O'Dwyer, Secretary.

## Dear Editor

In order to create some employment, I suggest that the Government should plant trees in all of the wastelands around the West of Ireland and elsewhere.

Such lands are so low-lying, so wet and covered in rushes and sedge, that animals, no matter what kind, can never graze upon them. Also, the lands are useless for tilling. The lands are lying idle for thousands of years and why not make use of them by planting trees. Ireland could then have its own timber.

Planting trees is not a difficult job. I should think that its much nicer, looking at trees around the country, than rugged wet ground, as some people are inclined to think that trees spoil the views of the country-side.

Yours truly  
John A. Freeley,  
Brackloon South,  
Ballyhaunis,  
Co. Mayo.





**Mentally Handicapped Outing to Bunratty - front, left to right: Rose Nolan, Maura Mooney, Annette Rattigan, Sheery, May Murphy, Mary Rattigan, Carmel Delaney, Irma Folliard, Catherine Collins, Jerome Murphy. Back, left to right: Andrew McHale, Michael Durdry, Patricia Byrne, Joseph Brennan, S. Phillips, Frank Byrne, Paul Carney, Paddy Diskin, Rosemary Rodgers. Standing: Bunratty Singers.**



**3/10/'77 - Members of the newly-formed Ballyhaunis Girls' Gaelic Football team with Captain, Fiona Murray (left). Also included: Anne Marie Curley, Audrey Ryan, Mary Angela Grogan, Joan Keegan, Joan Connell, Noelle Keegan, Mary Ryan, Maeve Waldron and Patricia Hopkins.**



Taken on board off coast of Africa on the ship 'Roma Panama' - cruise 1950 included: Eileen Crean, Josie McGreal, Michael Curley, Aggie Gilmore, Bridie Byrne, Jack and Bridget Mary Halpin and friends.



On 17th October of this year, Cloontumper native, Anne Duffy, together with her Armagh-born husband, Stephen Toal, celebrated 56 years of wedded bliss. Home to Stephen and Anne today is Stockport, on the outskirts of Manchester, England.

The year was 1936 when Steve accompanied his new bride to Ballyhaunis on his first visit. Since then Anne and Steve have been regular visitors to the Duffy household at Cloontumper where Anne's brother, Tom 'Spear' Duffy resides.

Steve and Anne have 5 children, John, Stephen, Michael, Eileen and Anne.

During the war years of 1939 to 1945, Steve and Anne moved from shell-torn Manchester to the quite serene shelter of Cloontumper in neutral Western Ireland. Stephen, the couple's second son was born into Cloontumper during this time.

At the time of writing, a young lad by the name of Kieran Toal is making the breakthrough on the reserve team of the most famous sporting institution in the world - Manchester United Football Club. His father was one Stephen Toal who first saw the light of day in the mists of Cloontumper 50 years ago. Young Kieran has already come to prominence at underage level for the Republic of Ireland having previously rejected offers from the Scottish and Northern Ireland Football Associations. He will soon be a contender for promotion to a rank in 'Jack's Army'.

Probably this country's most

## Cloontumper - the Stalker connection



Anne Duffy together with her Armagh-born husband, Stephen Toal, celebrating 56 years of wedded bliss.

revered and respected of British Policemen, Mr. John Stalker, took the opportunity to explore the golfing, fishing and social merits of the West of Ireland earlier this summer. Through his association and friendship with the Toal family in Manchester, Mr. Stalker sought out and uncovered the Duffy residential home in Cloontumper.

The former Chief Constable was welcomed into the parlour

and afforded a sup from the bottle with some home-made brown soda bread by that houses keeper - Tom 'Spear' Duffy.

Meanwhile heading for their 57th year together in wedlock, Steve and Anne live happily in retirement in Manchester perusing "The Racing Post" "The Daily Express" and the "The Western People" and looking forward to next summers annual visit to Cloontumper.

*Mike Byrne*

## Annagh wishes happy retirement to . . .



Paddy Laffey, B. Agr. Sc., Paddy gave 36 years' service to the farming community in the area.



**Maura Griffin**



**Sr. Dolores**



**Vera O'Connell**

# An elderly resident remembers . . .

## Introduction

On these long winters evenings, instead of sitting in front of the television, it makes a pleasant change to visit, speak with and listen to somebody who has lived and worked in your locality for many more years than you have lived. What better person to listen to than somebody whose livelihood for fifty years and more involved a daily communication between town and country and regular conversation with a large number of people from a wide variety of backgrounds. So much the better if that person is blessed with a memory which can recall events of 1916 as clearly as those of last week. The space allowed here and the literary skill of the writer is not adequate to give a detailed account of the life, times and philosophy of such an interesting character and so this article only claims to be a short selection of items of local historical interest which came up in a recent conversation.

## The Dudley Arms Hotel and the Post Office

Delaney's shop and public house in Bridge Street was previously owned by Foudys but before that it was a shop and hotel owned by Mr. John Farragher (a native of Ballinrobe who came to Ballyhaunis in 1887). This hotel was originally called: 'The Railway Hotel' but it later came to be called 'The Dudley Arms Hotel'. One of the town's old stock told us how this happened and gave us some idea of what the town was like in those years of the races when Ballyhaunis was one of the best known and wealthiest towns in Connaught: "There was a balcony along the first floor of The Railway Hotel, the full length of the building and out over the footpath. Here, the lords and ladies and others from the so-called 'cream of society', who stayed in the hotel during the races, used to sit in their finery during the long summers

evenings drinking and talking. The Governor General of Ireland - Lord Dudley, and his wife came to the races on one occasion and stayed in this, one of three hotels in the town at the time. Mr Farragher asked him if he could rename the hotel in his honour, Dudley allowed him to do so and the hotel's new name was adopted. On this occasion also, Lady Dudley was presented with a bouquet of flowers by the postmasters wife, Mrs. Edward Killeen (nee McGovern). With that, the Governor General immediately elevated the Post Office in status and put Swinford, Charlestown, Kiltimagh and their sub-offices under its control. Incidentally, the Post Office was moved to where it is today in the early years of this century from Main Street, where Joe Tighes shop is today". Our source told us that the last British postmaster in Ballyhaunis was one Mr. Porteur.

## 1916

One of his memories of this historic year is of the R.I.C. taking down the British Crest from over the door of the Barracks in town. In this same year a woman lost her life in a fire in Main Street: "She was Mrs. Kenny and she and her husband ran a furniture and bedding shop in Main Street (where Joe Greene's is now), connected to Johnny Kenny's big shop (where Concannons/Phillips are today) her husband and Johnny being related. The house caught fire and was blazing as the owners, who were safely outside, looked on hopelessly. Mrs. Kenny remembered the money she had hidden beneath the bed and rushed into the blazing house to retrieve it, she got upstairs but while there the floor collapsed and she was killed.

Of course there were no Fire Brigades in those days and I remember a 'human chain' passing buckets of water all the way from the town well beside the post office up to the house to try and quench the fire".

## 'Tom the nailer'

There were four Tom Byrnes working in the Main Street area in the first half of the century and to avoid confusion they were referred to by their occupations: Tom the Egger (Val's grandfather); Tom the Tailor (lived near the church); Tom the Cooper (lived in Began), and Tom the Nailer. Tom the Nailer was a native of Ballaghaderreen and came to Ballyhaunis to make hobnails in McNamara's Clog and Shoemaking Factory in Clare Street (this factory started up in Annagh, see K. McBrides article in 1989 Annagh Magazine). This firm was eventually put out of business by more mechanised and competitive English companies and so Tom set up business on his own. His first workshop was in Moran's terrace, a street which he 'christened' "The Dardanelles", and it is by this name that this famous part of the town is remembered by locals. "Here he worked making nails and later other iron implements until the early 1920's when he moved workshop to Barrack Street next door to the back entrance to Galaghers and near Griffins. He had a mysterious liquid in a container into which the hot, newly cut nails were put, it gave them a glazed finish and rendered them rust-free. He it was who made the slate-nails for St. Patrick's church, Ballyhaunis, the present Parish Church!

## Clockmaker in Knox Street

Our source has in his possession a clock which belonged to his grandmother, Bid Glavey, of Scregg, Aghamore, this would make it at least 120 years old and it is still in sound working order. It was repaired in 1921 by one J. Fossett-Tansley, a clockmaker and jeweller who had a shop where Mrs. Garvey-Moran's bookshop is today. He was a Protestant and with his wife used to go to Sunday Service in Ballinlough.

## The elephant and the tailor

We were told us about the American Circuses which used to come to town and set up in 'Cooney's Field', behind where

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Mrs. Folliard's house is now and near the water tower in Upper Main Street; "At a certain time in the day after the tent was set up the animals would be walked down the Main Street to drink in the river at the bridge. On one occasion while the elephants were on their way down the street this individual, being particularly curious put his trunk in through the window of Cooney's tailor shop which was open, it being a very hot day. Inside a number of tailors were busy at work, but one of them prodded the elephant's trunk with a needle at which the animal just pulled back quietly, without showing any pain and resumed its journey to the river. The elephant had its fill of water and seemingly didn't drink it all for on his way up main street again he picked out not only the tailors' window but the very tailor which had offended him earlier, took aim and knocked him off his seat with a jet of water like a hose! - this was one elephant who clearly didn't forget".

### The Parish Churches

The Parish Church in Ballyhaunis is not complete. When the church was being built it was intended to have a seventy foot high steeple on top. The old Parish Church was cruciform in plan and was where the car park is now in front of the present Church. It was left standing for a number of years after the present church was built and you could not see the new church properly except from the side. When Canon Canning died he was replaced by Canon McHugh who called a meeting of all parishioners and said: "It is up to you, the parishioners, it's your church, we can remove the old church and build a new wall or leave it there and complete the steeple seventy feet higher". The people decided that the steeple could wait and that the church would look nicer by sweeping away the old church and building a new wall. The stones from the old church were bought by the Friars who intended at that time to extend the Abbey (which Fr. Mansfield did later), but the Provincial or Archbishop at the time wouldn't allow it and so the stones were left lying for years in front of the Abbey. They later were brought to Cloonfad to build the church there'

### Water and electricity come to Ballyhaunis

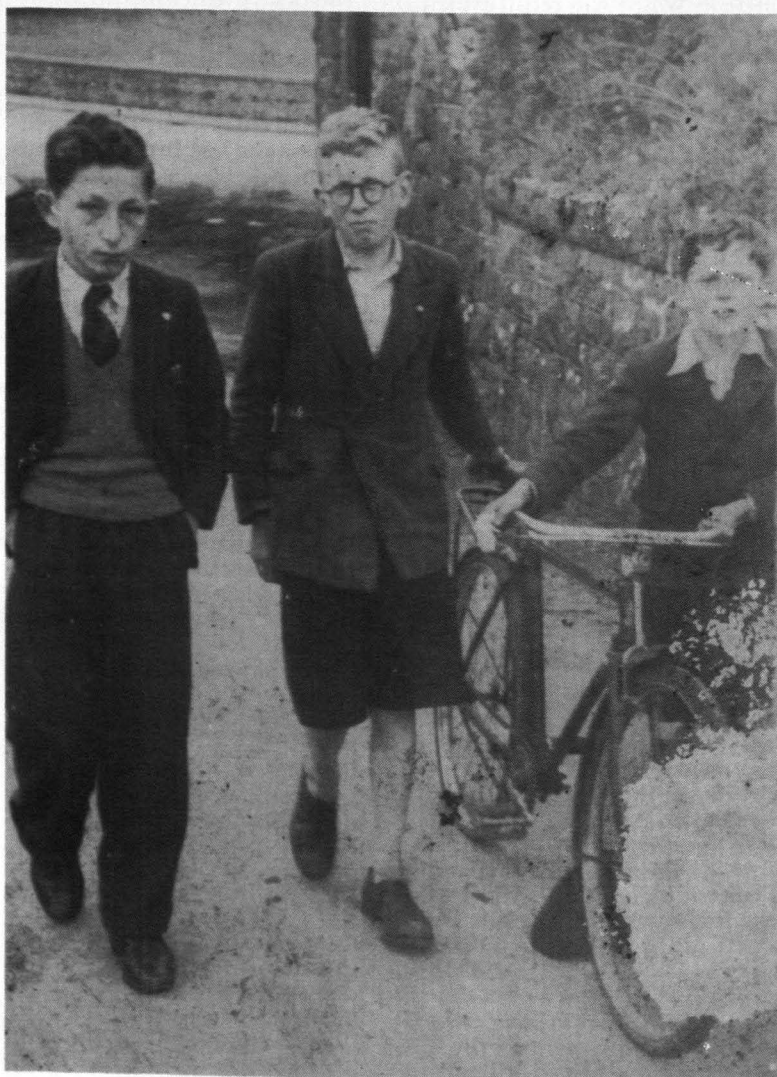
'Til 1932 there was no water supply or no public electric lighting laid on in this town. Commissioner Bartley had been appointed by the Government to replace the local appointments committee of the County Council which was dismissed by the Government because it refused to appoint a Protestant lady to the post of County Librarian because of her religion. He had a son working in the National Bank in town and so he came to visit here. While crossing the street in the dark he cut his shin and swore that before he came to Ballyhaunis again the town would have public lighting and water. He fulfilled his promise. The coming of the public water supply to Ballyhaunis was the fulfillment of a prophecy made by P.A. Wal-

dron in his poem 'The Mayor of Ballyhaunis' in the line 'Water send from Larry's Mill.' This refers to the well near Larry O'Brien's old mill in Hazelhill.

### Conclusion

This is only a small selection of historical items recounted by one elderly but very alert citizen of Ballyhaunis during one short visit, but hopefully it is a selection which will be of interest to most people who read it. For every story printed here, five had to be left out but please God these will appear in future editions of The Annagh Magazine. These stories include tales of ghosts and haunted places around the town, house-by-house accounts of the evolution of the streets in the town and tales from his days as a postman.

Paul Waldron, Cave.



Brendan Byrne, Paddy Waldron (R.I.P.), George Delaney.

## Ballyhaunis Fire Service

The first fire service was set up in Ballyhaunis in the late 'forties, under the leadership of Eddie Biesty. Equipment, at the time was primitive, and the service operated out of premises in Knox Street. In 1957, Clarence Grogan (RIP) took over as chief and more money was made available by the County Council for such an important service. The service moved to premises on the Circular Road and equipment and training improved as the years passed.

The service is now based in a single bay station in Clare Street, and is under the leadership of Station Officer, Sean Freyne. The equipment consists of a class B fire tender, built on a Ford chassis and powered by a Perkins v.8 diesel engine. Six of the members are trained breathing apparatus wearers.

The members of the present service are Sean Freyne (Station Officer), Ed. Mulhern (Sub Officer), John Kilduff, M. J. Lyons, M. Griffin, G. Finnegan and M. J. Walsh.

Telephone numbers are (0907) 30055 and (0907) 30544.



Fire Chief, Sean Freyne

## Frequent Visitor

By Henry Madden

When Margaret Kelleher came home last June for the wedding of her grand-niece, Mary Teresa Madden, and Martin O'Toole, it was her fifteenth trip back to her native land since she emigrated to America, as a teenager, in 1922. Born in Erriff, Ballyhaunis, a sister of the late

John Lyons, she vividly recalls the ordeal of the journey to Boston in those far-off days. Travelling alone, she had to make her way to Liverpool to board the Cunard Line. It was a slow journey, taking eleven days to reach New York. The passengers were then directed to Ellis Island to be checked and treated medically by the Immigration Authorities, who, in her own words "were not very nice to us and treated us like cattle". On the journey from New York to Boston, she remembers being fascinated by the beauty of the trees, whose foliage was changing colour in the late Autumn.

In Boston, she met up with her sisters, Delia and Mary, and worked by day and took night courses in High School, obtaining an Elementary Diploma. She married Jim Kelleher, from Macroom, in Co. Cork in 1928, and they had four children, Jackie, Jimmy, Nancy and Richard.

The Ireland of today bears no resemblance to the land she left in the 'twenties and she is thrilled by the advances made, particularly in rural areas, where houses now have all the conveniences

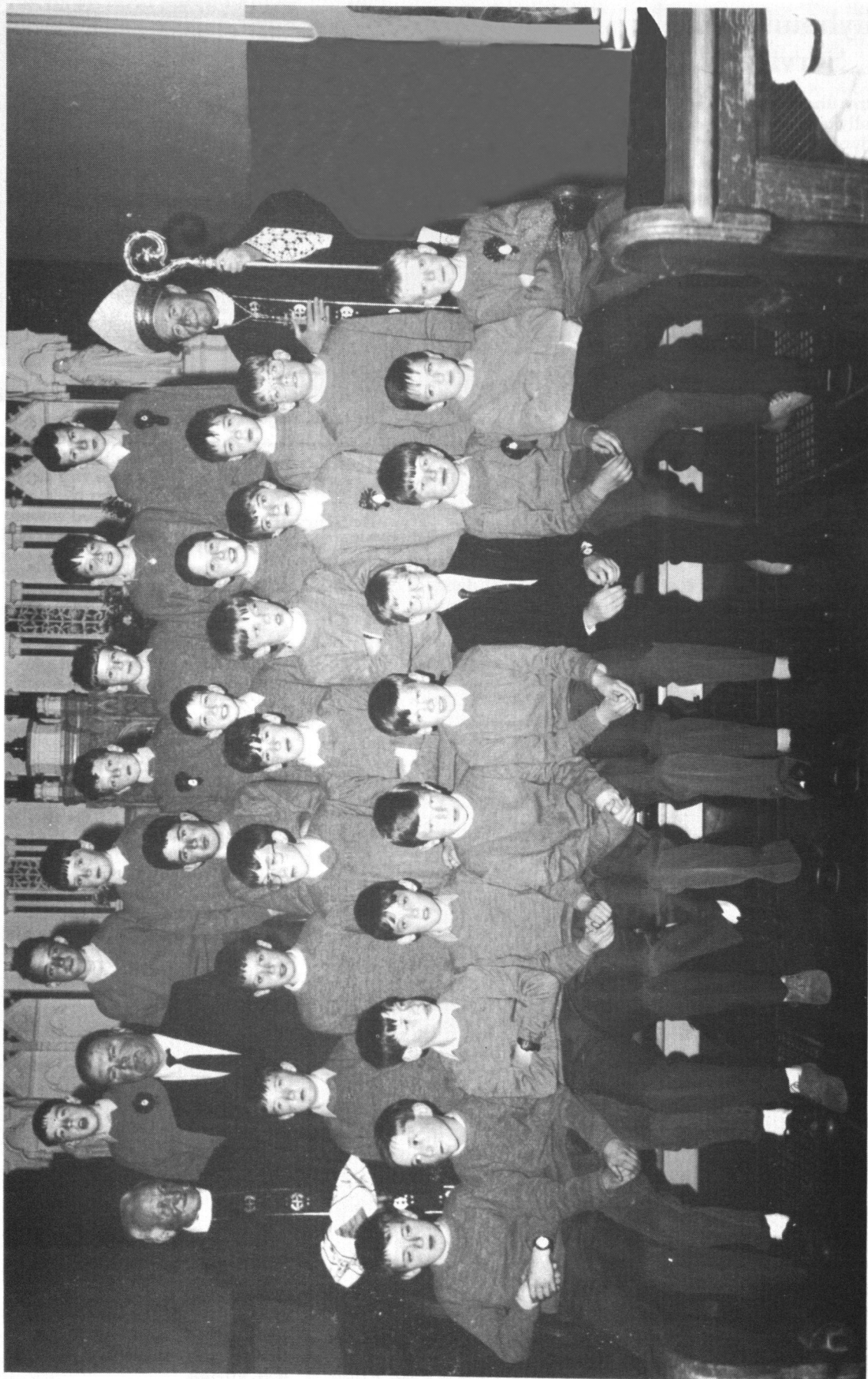
Like most emigrants, she retains a deep attachment to Ireland and all things Irish - its dances, song and music. She is always the life and soul of the party and retains a zest for life that is amazing - truly a remarkable woman.



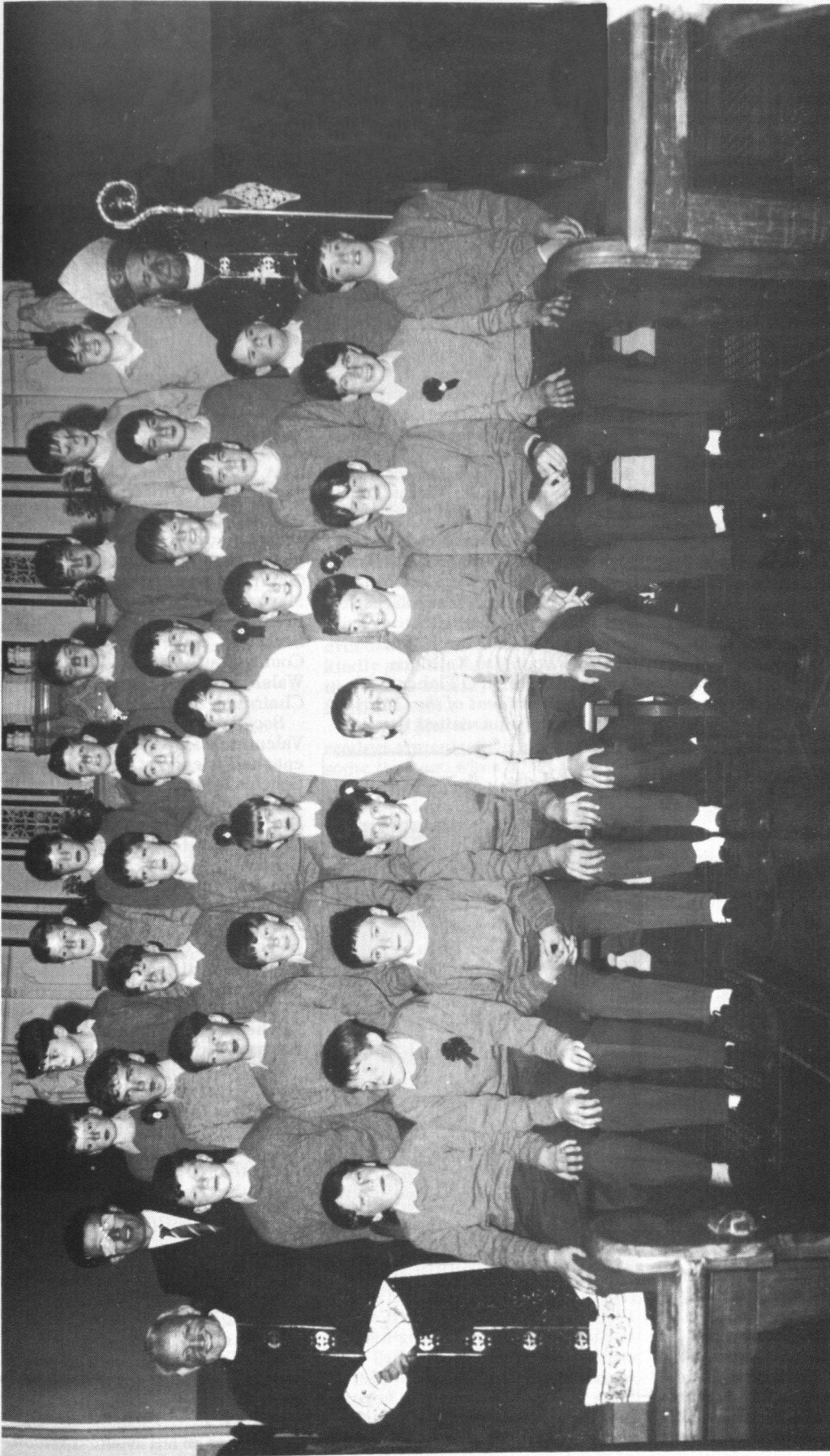
Photo taken in Knock (left/right): Mrs. Eileen Waldron, Cave; Miss Mary Ellen Moran (R.I.P.), Annagh; Mrs. Sarah Ann Waldron, Cave.

Pic.: Courtesy of Maureen Hunt.





Confirmation Day, 1991, fifth class, St. Mary's Primary School – First row (left/right): P. Biesty, M. Burke, P. Finn, J. Gallagher, J. Healy, M. Lyons, B. Moran, P. Waldron, G. Neenan and B. Regan. Second row (left/right): Canon P. Costelloe, Seamus Freyne, C. McManus, P. McConn, W. Dillon-Leetch, M. J. Nolan, M. Rabbitte, N. Tighe. Third row (left/right): A. Kearns, Terry Maughan, M. Dillon, M. Donnellan, D. Regan, Dr. J. Cassidy. Fourth row (left/right): G. Lyons, O. McDonagh, M. Regan, S. Hunt, A. P. Kelly, P. J. Quinn.



Sixth class Confirmation Day, 1991, St. Mary's Primary School - First row (left/right): P. Morris, I. Webb, S. Fitzmaurice, S. McCafferty, B. Hannon, E. Butler, C. Cleary, B. Forde, S. Landon. Second row (left/right): Canon P. Costelloe, P. Freyne, J. McGarry, J. P. Kilcourse, M. Allen, J. Tighe, P. Lyons, J. Vahey and C. Jordan. Third row (left/right): J. Landon, J. Nolan, A. Delaney, D. Eagney, O. Jordan, T. Brennan, M. Neenan, C. Mcmanus, Dr. J. Cassidy. Fourth row (left/right): P. Regan, K. Murphy, M. Murphy, O. Cleary, P. O'Dwyer, M. Curley, C. Higgins, J. Moore and K. Kirrane.



# St. Mary's Primary School

**Board of Management:**  
Chairman, Very Rev. Canon P. Costelloe, P.P.;

Secretary, Mrs. Delia Coen;  
Treasurer, Mr. Tony Nestor.

**Parent's Representatives:** Mrs Delia Coen and Dr. Michael Brogan. **Teacher's Representative:** Mr. Augustine Kearns. **Archbishop's nominees:** Mrs Alacoque McManus, Mr. Tim Shanley (who replaced Mr. Donal Ahern on the Board during 1990). Mr. Tony Nestor and Very Rev. Canon P. Costelloe. **Principal:** Mr. Jim London.

**Teaching staff:** Principal, Jim London; Vice-Principal, Augustine Kearns; Mrs Peggy Cruise, Mrs Kathleen Lyons, Mrs Betty Regan, Miss Aisling Toal, Mrs Margaret O'Flaherty and Miss Laura Finn, Remedial Teacher Mrs Caitlin Jennings.

**Confirmation:** sixty-two pupils in fifth and sixth classes were confirmed by His Grace Dr. Joseph Cassidy, Archbishop of Tuam, on Sunday, 9th June in St. Patrick's Parish Church. Dr. Cassidy visited the school a few days prior to the Confirmation ceremony.



St. Mary's Primary School – Mr. Peter Quinn, President of the G.A.A., visited St. Mary's Primary School and Ballyhaunis Community School, in 1991. Left/right: John Prenty, Mayo County Secretary; Sean O Domhnaill, Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Secretary; Peter Quinn, President of the G.A.A.; Hugh Rudden, Chairman, East Mayo Board, G.A.A.; Vincent Walsh, Mayo Youths' Officer; Jim Landon, Principal, St. Mary's, Ballyhaunis.

**First Communion:** Forty-seven boys and girls received their First Communion from Very Rev. Canon P. Costelloe, P.P., on Sunday, 19th May, 1991, in St. Patrick's Parish Church. The teachers were Mrs Kathleen Lyons and Mrs M. O'Flaherty.

*Visit by President of the G.A.A.*  
Mr Peter Quinn visited the

school a few days after he was installed as President of the G.A.A. He was accompanied by Mayo County Secretary, John Prenty, Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club; Secretary, Sean O'Domhnaill; County Youth Officer, Vincent Walsh, and East Mayo G.A.A. Chairman, Hugh Rudden.

**Social events:** The annual Valentine's Day Dance for parents and friends of both Primary Schools was very well attended in Manor House Hotel, Ballyhaunis, Bridge Club held an Open Bridge Competition in aid of both Schools in Manor House Hotel. A very large crowd of parents and friends of the school attended the Annual School Concert in the Scout's Den (a Nativity play was also held in the school).

In sport the pupils competed in U-10, U-12, and National

Schools Football and Hurling, Soccer, Boxing, Athletics,

Golf, and Swimming Competitions. Great credit is due to the

many people who help to run these competitions. All classes in the school went on an educational tour to places as varied as Lough Key Forest Park, Westport House, Achill Leisure Centre, Knock Folk Museum, The Hill of Tara, Dublin and Dundalk. Many pupils did speech and drama exams. There was also a Mass Servers' tour Galway in June.

**Thanks:** A sincere word of thanks to Donal Ahern who was a member of the Board of Management for many years for his work.

Jim London.

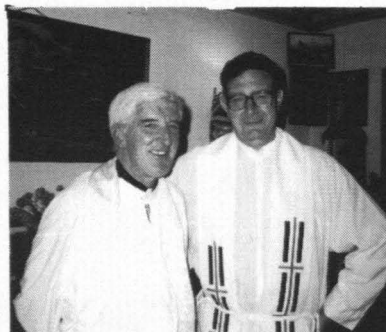
## Fr. Matt Cooney, O.S.A.

**D**uring the two short years that Fr. Matt Cooney was Prior at the Augustinian in Ballyhaunis he made many material improvements to the historic abbey and grounds.

The Clonmel native, who departed due to illness on the 11th of December, 1990, had the abbey repainted in its beautiful new format. He put up lighting to highlight the abbey. He also got a FAS group to work in the abbey graveyard.

The tall Fr. Cooney, with his drolle sense of humour, was a familiar figure around the town as he was involved in many sporting organisations, and made many good friends during his brief stay in Ballyhaunis.

He was President both of the boxing club and the Gaelic football club, Secretary of the hurling club and attended matches, tournaments and functions organised by all of these bodies. He also got on very well with students in the town and was a frequent visitor to the local primary school where he was highly popular with the



Ballyhaunis 1991 – Fr. Cooney and Fr. McCarthy.

pupils. He also brought the provincial of the Augustinian Order to Ballyhaunis on several occasions and celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his ordination while in the town.

Due to a necessary operation, Fr. Cooney left the town late in 1990. He revisited last April and was in good health. During his visit he renewed many of the friendships he had made while Prior in the abbey and it is hoped that he will soon be seen in Mayo again

# My Ballyhaunis connections

Jim Freely (Durham)

I am very proud of my links and connections with Ballyhaunis through my many relatives, Freeleys and Waldrons.

I am one of many expatriates now living in the North East of England. My life has been greatly influenced by Ballyhaunis and the attitudes and standards of it's people.

You may ask how this is possible. The single most important influence is one's faith. My earliest memories are of my first visit about 1937/38. I stayed for my summer holidays with my grandfather, Patrick Freeley who had a very good business on Main Street, next door to Joe and Kitty McQueeney, who sold beautiful ice cream cones.

Throughout the house, were examples of the family's faith. The Sacred Heart lamp in the bedroom, family rosary in the kitchen each night, daily visits morning and or afternoon to the Church or the Friary.

Freeley's Shop sold a vast array of religious articles. Sales reached a peak on Croagh Patrick weekend when thousands of people from all over Ireland went to pay their homage to our national saint.

As a small boy, I clearly remember my first visit to Knock. The original old church was still

there. I looked in awe at the large number of sticks and crutches discarded by pilgrims.

My Aunt Rita, married to James Waldron, Baker and Grocer, of Main Street, was like a second mother. My cousin, Noel Waldron and I, were like brothers. We played, swam, jumped, served Mass at the Friary and enjoyed great trips in my Uncle James's bread van to Kilkelly, Swinford and many other towns and villages throughout the area.

I am very pleased I am still in close contact with my relatives. This was cemented further when I visited Ballyhaunis in November, 1990, when I stayed with my uncle Mike Freeley in Bridge Street. The years rolled by as we reminisced about people and events of fifty years ago. He very kindly gave me valuable information on the Freeley family for my family history.

I would like to share with your readers a wonderful experience some time ago when I had the privilege of meeting the Holy Father and attend his early morning private Mass in his Vatican apartments.

I was visiting Rome on business when I 'phoned the then Rector of the Irish College, Monsignor Hanly to enquire about the possibility of an audience with

the Holy Father. Imagine my surprise when I had a call from him at 11 p.m. asking me if I could be at the side door of the Vatican at 6.30 a.m. the following morning. This was to attend Mass in the private chapel at 7a.m.

There were about fifteen people present including an Irish Jesuit priest celebrating his golden jubilee of ordination. We all received Holy Communion from his private secretary, now Bishop Magee. After Mass, we all individually met the Holy Father who agreed to be photographed with each one of group.

This was the fulfilment of a dream of that young lad playing as a ten year old in Ballyhaunis. To me it completes a chapter in my life.

In conclusion, may I compliment you and your assistants for the high standard and quality of ANNAGH. Its articles and photos reflect the diversity of the people and further confirms what I always knew, the people of Ballyhaunis and area are unique!

Jim Freeley  
9 Farnley Ridge,  
Nevilles Cross,  
Durham City DH1 4HB.

## Ballyhaunis Rehab.

THE Ballyhaunis branch was formed in 1978, and since then we have been involved in fundraising 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 industry.

In December last year we ran a pub talent competition, which was sponsored by Connacht Scaffolding and Ryanair. We raised £2,200 from the competition. The committee would like to thank the sponsors, contestants and pubs for participating; also to thank the people of Ballyhaunis for their support through the years.

Rehab Officers:

Chairperson, Una Shields; secretary, Teresa Keane; treasurer, Breeda Burke; P.R.O., Marie Connell. Committee: Rita Hannon, Mary Keane, Luke Lawlor, Margie Gallagher, Joe Hosty, Maureen Hunt, Mary Walshe, Mary Higgins, Mary Timoney.



JAMES LYONS,

General Merchant,

BALLYHAUNIS.

Ballyhaunis and its environs. - courtesy of Mary Lyons, Runnagh.



# Impressions of an outsider

By Barry Butler

There is a sense of tradition in Ballyhaunis. This is reflected in the pages of Annagh Magazine, in the survival of the Abbey Pattern, in support for the Mayo Football Team, in political allegiances and there are many other examples. These things probably contribute to cohesiveness and stability in a community. But if there is a negative side to traditionalism it is a reluctance to consider or accept change. This can apply in business, in sport and in all aspects of life. All traditions and ideas should be tested regularly, and the best would still survive.

The people of Ballyhaunis are generally friendly. There may be a perception that the inhabitants of a small town often form a closed or inward looking society. This is minimised in Ballyhaunis by the significant number of outsiders who live here. I think it is important for the good of the town that all newcomers should be made to feel welcome.

In its character Ballyhaunis is mainly a market town and a shopping town for the surrounding area. There has been increased industrialisation and new factories in the past twenty years. Because the majority of the factory workers live on farms and travel to Ballyhaunis to work, there has not been a significant increase in the residential population, nor has the character of the town changed significantly. For the future, there is potential to increase the towns residential population and Ballyhaunis has the facilities to cater for such an increase.

For a town of its size Ballyhaunis is well equipped with shops, schools, churches, a train service, a golf club, football clubs, a swimming pool, a Bridge club, a library, bingo, choirs, dramatic society, etc. A tremendous amount of voluntary community effort goes in to providing many of these facilities and they should not be taken for granted. Where there is neglect by central and local Government, Ballyhaunis people do not get angry enough. It should not be regarded as normal or acceptable

to have bad roads, an unreliable water supply, or inadequate street lighting.

Having the Augustinian Friary and the Mercy Convent, in addition to the Parish Church, Ballyhaunis for its size probably has a far higher than average population of priests and nuns. Is there an excess of clerical influence? Stories from the past about Fr. Mansfield and Chancellor Prendergast (inter alia) would indicate that these men exercised a high level of temporal as well as spiritual authority. If this was so, it probably reflected the general state of Irish society at that time rather than being a particularly Ballyhaunis phenomenon. Today the main influence of the priests and nuns in the town lies in the great amount of good they do. Clerical influence can not be blamed for any faults in the town. Also, there is a high degree of acceptance in Ballyhaunis of people of all religious persuasions.

Politics in Ballyhaunis, like a lot of other places, is conducted like a never ending football match between Fianna Fail and Fine Gael. This is probably harmless and provides entertainment but a feeling persists that the parties should do more to educate us about what is happening in the great world outside.

The Halal/United Meat Packers factory is one of the industries which started up in the town in the last twenty years and is the largest employer in Ballyhaunis. Relations between residents of the town and the Halal Company have been strained from time to time by the terrible smell from the factory. This is something which could become troublesome unless it is resolved. Apart from this issue, the people of Ballyhaunis are not very environmentally conscious and the town suffers from badly maintained approach roads, an uncompleted car-park which looks like a bomb site, and other eyesores. We have a long way to go to win the Tidy Towns Competition.

Mid-West Radio, which is based in the town, has undoubtedly given a boost to the image of Ballyhaunis over the past few years. It has a wide listenership and helps to put the town on the map. Similarly, Ballyhaunis Community School brings growing numbers of students, boys and girls from a wide area into the town every day. These are two successes which show what hard work can achieve.

These are just some very brief impressions of the town. In many ways they could probably be impressions of any number of small towns in the country. What lies in store for Ballyhaunis in the future I don't know, but I feel given the increased stress and strain of modern urban life, towns like Ballyhaunis will continue to have plenty to offer.



Mrs. Mary Jordan, Knox Street, presented a Vestment and Pyx to Very Rev. Canon P. Costello, P.P., on behalf of Mrs. Bridie Smyth (U.S.A.). Bridie is daughter of Mrs. Annie Fleming, late of Polnacrugha.

# Down memory lane with David Dwane

Welcome to this annual jaunt down memory lane, when I choose brief excerpts from Western People files of yesteryear to whet your appetite for nostalgia.

1971: Marion Carney of Coogue, Ballyhaunis, secured third place in her final nursing examination at Jervis St. Hospital in Dublin . . . winners of the Pavement Art Competition held during the Ould Haunis Fair were: U-8, P. McHugh, Main St.; S. Griffin, Clare St., and K. Keane, Knox St.; U-10: Billy Phillips, Main St.; Patrick Cox, Knox St., and Joan Connell, Devlis . . . the winners of Mrs. Joyce's prize at the Ballyhaunis Golf Links was May Moyles with 31 pts., and with Norrie Dillon, on 30 pts. in second place. . . at Ballyhaunis Fair in October, the average price for best quality 3-year-olds was £105 to £115; 2-year-olds, £90 to £105; yearlings, £65 to £75; milk cows, £80 to £95; springers, £95 to £115; calves, £25 to £40, and fat sheep, £4 to £6.50 . . . five and a half-year-old Fergus Coyne of Bridge St. was the only Connacht winner in the nationwide colouring competition sponsored by Urneys . . . members of Junior Chamber were carrying out a Labour Survey within a six-mile radius of the town . . . Bridge club winners in the weekly competition were: 1st, Mrs. Coyne and Mrs. Kilkenny; 2nd, Dr. E. Waldron and Mrs. Dillon-Leetch; in another weeks competition first prize winners were Mr. Ned Power and Mr. T. O'Malley, and 2nd were Mrs. Fadden and Miss May Moyles . . . the recently-formed Ballyhaunis Badminton Club scored a victory over Tourmakeady with the following members: Rosaleen Curley, Kay Conroy, Mary Cleary, Helen O'Dwyer, Christy Ruane, Kieran Moran, John Lombard and Noel Patterson . . . Macra Na Tuaithe elected the following club officers: Chairman, Dominick Byrne; Secretary, Kieran Folliard; Treasurer, Tommy Webb; P.R.O., Bernadette Hopkins, and Committee, Bernadette Curran, Noelle Sweeney and Eddie Murphy . . . a non-residential holding of about twenty acres of land at

Falleighter was sold for £2,150 to James Conboy. The seller was Michael Grogan . . . at a Junior Chamber meeting it was announced that the Minister for Local Government, Bobby Molloy, had finally consented to meet a delegation re the proposed bypassing of Ballyhaunis by the new National Primary Route from Sligo to Galway. Tony Flynn and Oliver Jordan reported that the Western Command Army Band would be in attendance for the annual Military Ball.

1961: A site for the proposed secondary school for boys was purchased from John Tarpey, Carrowkeel, for a figure stated to be £900. The land consisted of four acres on the Knock Road. The cost of the second was stated to be £10,000 . . . the prize for the heaviest trout at a fishing competition organised by Ballyhaunis Anglers Association on Lough Mask went to E. Biesty, boasting a weight of 21 lbs. 7 oz. A. Heneghan, Knock, won the prize for the heaviest pike, while other prizewinners included: Fr. J. Cronin, C.C., and R. Curry, Knock . . . sixty competitors entered for the Captain's Prize (J. Eaton) at the Golf Club. The winner was C. O'Brien (67), and the runner-up was Rev. W. Clarke on 68. The prize for the first nine

holes went to J. Connell and for the second nine holes, to J. Hiney.

1951: At a meeting of Ballyhaunis Red Cross the following officers were elected: President, Archdeacon Prendergast, P.P.; Chairman, Fr. Godwin, C.C.; Vice-Chairman, L. Smyth; Treasurer, Mr. Hynes (Ulster Bank); Secretary, Patricia Waldron; Committee: Messrs. L. Freeley, J. Eaton, F. Dunne and Mrs. Smyth, Nurse Kelly and Mrs. J. Leetch. The three local doctors expressed their readiness to give First Aid lectures . . . in a report written by Michael F. Waldron on the work of the Ballyhaunis Historical and Archaeological Society (the full article appeared in the Western People of April 7th), it is disclosed that a Hedge School was operated by a Latin teacher, Roderick Judge, at the junction of Main St. and Clare St. We learn that the foundations of the building were exposed some years back during excavation work for a new sewerage system in the town. We also learn that in the year 1866 a meeting of Ballyhaunis businessmen decided to establish annual steeplechase races. They selected Tom Crawley's farm at Tooraree, and the races took place every year for fifty years, with the exception of one year when they transferred to a site at Holywell . . . a number of the recently-built cottages at Tooraree were occupied by tenants for the first time in May . . .

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



"Schoolgirls" - Helen Grogan, Helena Halpin and Toni Waldron.



# Down memory lane with David Dwane

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

the Town Improvements Committee announced that Delia Murphy, the famous singer would be guest artist at a concert in the town . . . Rev. J. Gilmore, a native of Clare St., Ballyhaunis, was appointed Superior of St. Mary's College, Rathmines, Dublin. He was ordained in St. Mary's in 1923.

1941: Ballyhaunis Gaelic League announced that examinations for two scholarships, tenable at the Irish College, Spiddal, would be conducted by Mr. Redmond, Inspector of National Schools. The session will be conducted by Mr. Forkan, Headmaster of the Vocational School . . . nineteen female members of Ballyhaunis Red Cross were presented with certificates for efficiency in the Parochial Hall. They were Brigid Caulfield, B. Byrne, Aggie Byrne, Nellie Cunningham, Betty Flatley, Della Fanning, Lily Byrne, Josephine Grogan, Kitty O'Malley, Lucy Greally, Kitty Mitchell, Sally Kenny, Mary O'Connor, Breda Walsh, Sheila Dillon, Martha Waldron, Nellie Loftus, Madeline Healy and M. Smyth . . . Fathers Carr and McFadden conducted the Corpus Christi celebrations in the Abbey. Members of the arch-confraternity and I.D.F. took part, as well as scouts under the direction of Seamus Durkan . . . in January of 1941 there was a small market at Ballyhaunis, with oats going as high as sixteen shillings per cwt., potatoes at five shillings to five shillings and six pence and hay from three shillings and six pence to four shillings and nine pence.

1931: During an April market in the town, there was a large quantity of hay, at prices ranging from 2 shillings and 6 pence to three shillings and six pence. Potatoes sold at between three shillings and six pence and four shillings, and oats nine shillings to twelve shillings per cwt. . . . a representative of the contractors for the new waterworks visited the town to make arrangements for employing local labour for the work . . . In July, Ballyhaunis Junior football team defeated

Williamstown in a game at Granlahan, and the team consisted of: T. Gavin, John Lyons, Wm. Lyons, L. Moran, P. Moran, J. Clune, Al. Carney, Martin Hanon, Wm. Judge, John Eaton, Ml. Greally, James Caulfield and Edward Biesty. The referee was P. Moran, Lavallyroe . . . T. J. Connell, T.D., for South Mayo, was crusading for the extension of the ESB's new Shannon Scheme line from Claremorris to Ballyhaunis. So too was Martin

M. Nally, T.D., who asked the Minister for Industry and Commerce if he was aware that the important town of Ballyhaunis was still without a supply of electric current . . . the montly gold medal at Ballyhaunis Golf Club was won by Tom Forde in September (handicap 18, and a score of 70 nett). Patrick Cassidy, the owner of the links, presented the club with a young lamb for a competition, the winner to be allowed to grass the lamb on the links for twelve months. Michael Foody was the lucky winner . . . the Abbey Dramatic Society produced the famous play: "Look At The Heffernans", in McGarry's Hall on December 13th, 14th and 15th.

A special thanks to Western People researcher, Ann Burke, for her help.

## Well that's it for another year!

By Denis Burley

It is forty years since I first came to Classaroe, Ballyhaunis along with my wife Mary (nee Scally) and 2-year-old son, Tony. That first journey took about twenty hours and we had to change trains six times, now, thanks to the airport, it takes over three hours door to door. I immediately felt at home and even more so, the first night I went to town for a drink and the men in the bar all made me welcome, a welcome and friendship I have experienced ever since, a sincere thank you to all.

My first job was to help Mary's dad bring the turf home and my second was to take the ass into town to the forge to be shod, that caused a few comments!

I remember some good nights in town with Johnny Walshe, Annagh; Marky Waldron, Cave, and Joe Lyons, R.I.P., Spaddagh, especially when Joe and I almost landed in the bog.

In the early days there were very few cars, and on Sundays the Ballaghaderreen road was full of bikes, ass and carts and the tall jaunting carts with the high stepping horses.

For the first two years we brought our bicycles but then Mary's Uncle Mike Grogan said

that in future we could have his ass and trap. We travelled miles in that, visiting relations in Killinagher, Larganboy, and Annagh, our first stop in Ballyhaunis was always Eddie Biesty's cycle shop to get the news.

In those days and for a number of years after I could walk across the fields to the river and catch five or six trout, by the time I got to the town bridge, if you went further along the river to Agloragh you could catch more fish and bigger ones. All this was ruined when the river board carried out a drainage scheme which resulted in a river so shallow you could walk across in boots and not get your feet wet. At this time Annagh Lake, a great place for relaxation for the local people, was ruined by the drainage and is now an eye sore.

In those early days the roads didn't have raised centres to scrape the bottom of the cars, the asses used to keep them level when pulling the carts.

Since first coming forty years ago we have only missed out four years and hope to come for many more. Lots of things have remained the same after all this time, the main one being the friendliness of the people for which I thank you all.



Ballyhaunis Soccer players who represented Mayo at Under-14 level - Cormac O'Connor, Eoin Finn, Micheal Swords, Simon Webb, Thomas Lyons.

## Ballyhaunis Youths Soccer Club

As the soccer season runs from 1st August to 31st July each year this report deals with the competition of the season 1990-91 and the start of the 1991-92 season.

Firstly in local competition the U-13 team won the First Division League without dropping a point; lost the semi-final of the Connacht Cup to the eventual winners, Newcastle of Galway, and qualified for the last sixteen of the All-Ireland Cup. In this they met Glasheen of Cork away. After the long journey to Cork they were eventually beaten 3-2 after extra time on a very mucky pitch. The U-14 team also qualified for the last 16 of the All-Ireland and went on to beat Peakvill of Thurles 5-1, to become the first Mayo team to reach the last 8. They met Stella Maris in Dublin and were beaten 3-1. The U-15 team finished runners-up in the league to a very strong Ballina team and reached the semi-final of the Connacht Cup.

Mayo took part in the Inter-League U-14 Kennedy Cup competition which was run off at U.C.D. on Easter Week. Michael Webb was the team manager. Ballyhaunis had five players on this squad and they were: Simon Webb, Tom Lyons, Cormac O'Connor, Michael Swords and Owen Finn. Mayo were unseeded in this competition but they won three out of four matches and only lost 2-0 to eventual winners, T.S.B., Dublin, who have over 12,000 players registered. The Ballyhaunis players all played very well and helped put Mayo soccer on the map. As a result we

had a visit from Belvedere Boys U-14 team last Summer and we beat them 2-1 in a great match. Simon Webb impressed greatly in Dublin and was called for trials for the Irish U-14 squad and played for them in the Milk Cup in Northern Ireland last July.

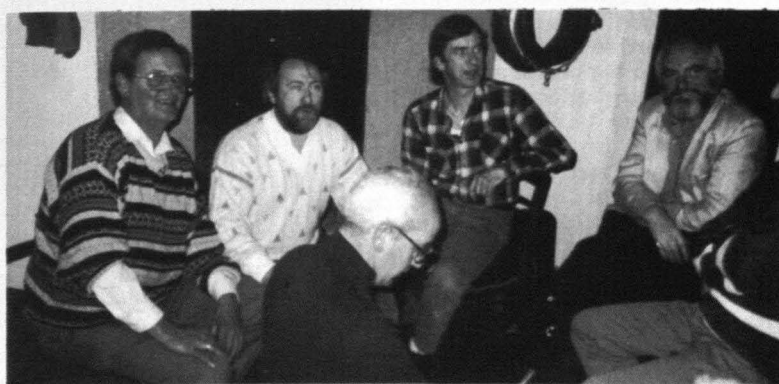
The start of the 1991-92 season saw the club secure the use of a home ground on Tom Murphy's land on the Ballyhaunis Road and this has helped greatly in improving standards within the club. Again there are over 100 players in the club at all ages from U-16 down to U-12. The U-13, U-15 and U-16 teams are all currently second in their leagues but with games in hand. The U-14 team have won the Mayo Cup and have reached the 3rd round of the S.F.A.I. Cup with two great wins over Merville, Sligo, 2-0, and St. Peter's, Athlone, 8-1. The U-13 and U-16 teams are in the second rounds of the same competition.

Simon Webb considered one of the top U-14 players in the country, has now transferred to Stella Maris of Dublin and we wish him the very best in the future. He has already visited and played for Arsenal and Nottingham Forest underage teams and has been short-listed for the Irish U-15 squad.

There are plenty of games left for the rest of the season which we hope will give lots of enjoyment to the players and spectators alike.

The Mayo League are running the Liberty Cup Youth Tournament next July involving competitions at 5 age groups. Ballyhaunis have been invited to host the U-14 competition and we will have teams staying in the area from America and Russia, which should be a good boost for tourism as some parents of the players will also travel.

The current officers are: Chairperson, Chris Pratt; Secretary, Pat. O'Connor; Treasurer, Barry Butler. Finance Committee: B. Butler, T. Finn, J. Cleary; Grounds Committee: C. Pratt, P. O'Connor, T. Finn. Team Management: Michael Webb, Michael Murphy, Michael Swords, Chris Pratt, Pat O'Connor.



Rambling House - left to right: John Duggan, Tony Allen, Seamus Shannon, Matt Molloy, Matt Cunningham, RTE cameraman.



# 32 County Cycle Tour '91

By Mike Cleary

The panel of long distance cyclists in Ballyhaunis is quite large if you consider the number of people who have taken part in events of 100 miles or longer. I estimate about 50 cyclists have completed at least one "century" over the years. On winter nights around closing time it is not unusual to find conversation coming around to past cycling trips and inevitably to the question of where to next? Since literally the length and breadth of the country has been traversed by various groups in the last 6 or 7 years, this raised the problem last year of was there anywhere left to go. The solution - to do one grand tour taking in all the counties - would make sure once and for all that everywhere had indeed been visited. Most of the veterans of previous campaigns were then in temporary or permanent retirement due to various reasons including job commitments, family expansions, courting and even the pursuit of the small white ball. This and the prospect of a sore backside for a week not being everyone's idea of a holiday left only a very limited list of candidates. Three locals and a fanatic from Cork, well-known to Ballyhaunis cyclists, were initially signed up. We hoped to attract some more on the 100 mile trip organised by Patricia Byrne of Aughamore in May. The 13 brave spirits that turned out on the day could have found no encouragement to commit their holidays to bicycle tour at the mercy of Irish weather. It was one of those days on the bike when it is hard to decide whether to do the breast stroke or the front crawl. Mary McQueeney, Margie Phillips? Tommie O Toole, Eddy Campbell, Pauleen Egan, Patricia and Joe Byrne, 14 year old Cormac O'Connor, Michael Lenihan and John Cleary (others)? all triumphed over the worst conditions I have ever been out in and managed to have a memorable day. Joe Hunt had to cry off after hurting his back in the course of the summer training and so that left only Des Woods, Rory

O'Driscoll and myself as the final line out.

We set off on the 9th August, the weather on the morning was a repeat of the May cycle with an outlook for the week to match. As it turned out it had cleared by lunch time and stayed fine until the last day. Meanwhile we rolled our merry way around the country at least confirming the continuing existence of the 32 counties, all the while solving the worlds problems. Our route, the shortest we could devise, rarely approached the coast and consequently brought us to a more unsung Ireland than the spectacular scenery we usually boast of. Yet we discovered there is so much in reserve when you think you have seen it all. We supped our pints in Kerry as they consoled themselves on loosing to

Down and noisily joined in the celebrations in Meath on their semi-final win over Des's native county. We found a mournful Carrick-on-Suir following the death of Joe Kelly the day before. Mishaps were few - two punctures and a "banjaxed" wheel was our lot for the 800 miles plus and a few stray miles in Co. Wicklow or Carlow or Wexford - we were lost at the time. The cyclists never ending battle with dogs was a draw for the week, Des was grounded in Tyrone by a frisky retriever, but he struck back near Charlestown when he literally ran over a terrier whose yelps should have reached Ballyhaunis.

It's all just pleasant memory now, and it's time for discussions about what next again. It's not too late to have some long held ambition put on the calendar for next year. Joe Byrne has already floated the idea of cycling the length of the Clare river. I don't imagine one would get any wetter than the cycle he brought us on around the roads of Mayo last May.



Have we a team? - back to camera: M. Byrne. Left to right: Paddy Moran (R.I.P.), Johnny Cotello, Johnny Biesty, T. McCormack, T. Mullarkey, Larry Lyons, Paddy Moran. Boys: Austin, Connerton, Joe Feeley, J. Tolan.

# The Card Game

By Agnes Cribbin

Among my earliest memories are card games in our house in Bushisland, and that's not today or yesterday. One regular player of that time has just returned after spending fifty years in England. Welcome home Tom.

During the Winter, the local lads came to our house to play "25". The game started and finished early, as my father had to be up for work at 6 a.m. The only time he went to another house to play was if he wasn't working next day. That must be why Cribbins became known as "Head-quarters". They played a table of nine, as they found it a better game with threes than with pairs. Anyway, there was no shortage of players. At Christmas, when the Spalpeens were home, there were players on the sideline, then they would swop places to give everybody a chance.

I remember one night in particular. It had come to a cross-play between my father and Tom Caulfield. As usual, I stood on the rail of my father's chair looking over his shoulder. Now, at that time, I had a special liking for the Ace of Spades, I don't know why, maybe it was the only card I could identify. Anyway, it was the deciding game and my father had "my card". In my excitement, I shouted "Oh dad has the Ace of Spades", yes, you've guessed it, Tom won the game. As a reward, he gave me a sweet, but the only one he had was a brown lozenge. Now, if you remember those brown lozenges, they were so hot, the smoke almost came out your ears. I wasn't going to be beaten though, I got a cup of water and each lick of "sweet" was cooled by a sip of water.

As I grew older, I was allowed keep the score, a very responsible job. I can still hear Jim Ryan counting "fifteen - ten, the price of a good heifer". Jim was a Tipperary man who operated the stone crusher and lived in a van nearby. He later married and lived out his days in the Tulrahan area.

They would play for anything, but seldom for money. No duck, drake, cock or goose in the vil-

lage was safe. When a pig was killed, for Christmas, they went to that house to play for the head. Any excuse for a game (I believe a later generation once played for an ass foal). When a pack of cards was discarded from over use, we youngsters got them. Many a good game of "Old Maid" and "Snap" was played between the Glynn's and ourselves. When the argument became too heated, my mother threatened to, and often did, "put the cards on the top of the dresser". But they were always found or replaced and all was well, until the next time.

As years went by, a new generation joined the masters to learn the art. Sadly, the numbers went down, and for a long time, there were just the regular nine. Time, alas, took its toll, and by now there should be some good nine-hand games of "25" in Heaven.

I'm sure you all know of "Mother Goose", and the "Goose

that laid the Golden Egg". Well neither was as famous as the bird known as "Brodeen's Goose". This old girl was well past laying eggs of any kind when Brod Caulfield won her somewhere. She was so old that a well-known wit claimed she was hatched in the year Harry Mannion was married. At the time, Harry was close on ninety, and the oldest person in the neighbourhood. God rest his gentle soul. When there was nothing else to play for, the goose was put up. In all the times she changed hands, she seldom changed address. In the end, I think, nobody knew who she really belonged to. But I do know that she spent a very happy retirement in the care of Mrs. Hopkins, until disaster struck in the form of a fox, I bet, even he regretted taking her. She may have been the most expensive goose that ever lived, but she must have been as tough as old boots.

I don't know of any young lads about the place who play cards now, more's the pity, but I do assure you, there was life before television and the "singing pub".

---

## Deaths - 1st November, 1990 to 31st October, 1991

James Moran, Coolnafarna; William Browne, Killinaugher; Mrs. Annie Fleming, Pollnacraogha; Austin Murphy, Lecarrow; Sister Enda O'Malley, Convent of Mercy; Michael Lyons, Carrowkeel; Margaret Kelly, Holywell; Thomas Ruane, Bargarriff; James Smith, Bridge Street; Edward McHugh, Main Street; Breeda Diskin, Killinaugher; Mrs. Kathleen Greally, Devils; Nellie Carney, Tooraree; Peter Regan, Aghloragh; Austin Finn, Gurteen; William Fitzharris, Derrynacon; Mrs. Mary Keegan, Lecarrow; John Meehan, Annagh; Tobias Waldron, Carrowkeel; Anne Elizabeth McDonagh; James Anthony Grogan, Derrynacon; Mrs. Mary Burke, Abbey Street; Mrs. Eileen Fitzgerald, Doctor's Road; Val Fitzgerald, Bridge Street; Thomas O'Malley, Upper Main Street; Mrs. Maureen Caulfield, Knock Road; Mary Durr, Churchpark; Mrs. Mary Flannery, Tooraree; Thomas Conboy, Devils; Anne McNamara, Carton South; Mrs. Eileen Healy, Annagh; Michael Lyons, Devils; Peter Finn, Hazelhill; Thomas Culliney, Leowe; John Murphy, Lecarrow.

### Elsewhere:

Fr. John Buckley, O.S.A., Cork and Abbeyquarter; Mrs. Delia Cruise, Johnstown; Celia Treacy, Ballindine and Abbey Street; Mary Tarmey, Holywell; Mrs. Teresa Dowdall, Station Rise; Maureen Lees (née Carney), Island; Mrs. Nora White (née Diskin), Killinaugher; Patrick Caulfield, Bohogue; William Flatley, Main Street; Mrs. Elizabeth Mulkeen (née Kelly), Holywell; Patrick Peyton, Island; Mrs. Mary Gannon (née Fitzmaurice), Derrynacon; Mrs. Bridie Glynn (née Jordan), Annagh; Mrs. Rose Heldrith (née Browne), Coolnafarna and Florida; Michael Glynn, Lavallyroe, and Community School; Mrs. Sally Deignan (née Byrne), Johnstown and New Jersey; Patrick Freeley, Scrigg; James Regan, Tooraree and U.S.A.; Patrick Connolly, Killinaugher and Norwich; Mrs. Ellen Killeen (née Connolly), Holywell and Dublin; Lena Ganley, Derrynacon; Mary Waldron (née Henry), Lisduff and Gurteen; Con Fahey, Coogue and C.I.E.





Spot your old teacher from late '30s - back, left: Sr. Benedict O'Farrell, Sr. Scholastica O'Reilly, Sr. Juliana O'Donovan, Sr. Dymphna Mooney, Sr. Mechtilde Donoghue, Sr. Alphonsus Heaney. Middle left: Visitor, Sr. Peter Kennelly, Sr. Agnes Hoban, Sr. Benigumus McHugh, Sr. Bongia Henry, Visitor. Front, left: Visitor, Sr. Aquin O'Dea, Sr. Colbett O'Donovan, Sr. de Ricci Fitzpatrick, Sr. Ita Delaney.



Legion of Mary outing to Galway, 1958. Back row: Fiona Baker, Margaret Moran, Mary Kearns, Ann Byrne, Joan Dillon, Bernadette Gallagher. Middle row: Corrine Lyons, Noreen Culliney, Alacoque Lyons, Mrs. Baker, Francis Morley. Front row: Dymphna Byrne, Helen Waldron, Eileen O'Dwyer, Helena Rattigan, Theresa Moran.

# A few thoughts on lifestyle '91

By Jim Lundon

Elsewhere in Annagh, you will read about Ballyhaunis of the past that is virtually gone. Every Annagh Magazine has had these articles since 1978. This space was meant to be filled by an "in-depth" interview with a man who is full of memories of that past! He declined as was his right . . . so I thought what about Ballyhaunis '91 - modern 'nineties, agricultural, industrial Ballyhaunis and its lifestyle.

Visually, the houses in the area are beautifully kept, to the highest standards. The one lone well-kept thatched house echoes back to former days.

The "in" word now is "communication". Our automatic phone system is now digital, pay phones replaced our "A" and "B" coin boxes this year, fax machines spit information from them, and many people of a former era would really be left speechless to see people using car telephones! Who would have thought that one of Ireland's best new independent radio stations would have its first studio in Abbey Street, Ballyhaunis - MWR FM is local people, running local radio! Wonderful.

People have become so fond of cars that they like to park them side by side. In Ballyhaunis, our rail service to Dublin is excellent. Within forty miles, there are three airports, so that air travel is readily available.

## Food and clothes

In clothing, this is the era of "anything goes". Denim, track-suits, t-shirts and casual clothes of all colours, shapes and sizes have brightened up the landscape. Unisex hair salons are now very common. Traditional diet has been added to by fastfoods, pizzas, chips, cereals, soft drinks, sweets and a huge range of fruits, vegetables and fish.

## Births, deaths and marriages

Elsewhere these are numbered. There are less births locally and much smaller families. Funeral homes and hospital morgue facilities have reduced greatly the number of wakes held in private houses. Marriages have become more and more like show business events with extra items being added, into the celebration aspects of it. Not quite Liz Taylor standards, yet, though I expect the odd parachutist to drop in on a wedding in the area in the near future! Anything Liz can do . . .

## Money matters

To judge by appearances, there seems to be a lot of it around. Plenty of groups are only dying to help you to look after it - banks, the post office, building societies, insurance companies or the credit union all coax us to let them take care of things. However, many prefer the game of bingo or a flutter in the Lotto, or the lottery. The Irish Hospital Sweepstakes five shilling ticket seems as far away as the showbands or Din Joe on the radio. We are in the era of advertising and sponsorship. Even the G.A.A. have allowed sponsors names appear on jerseys nationally, from this year on. Only for our patrons and readers, you would not be reading Annagh.

## Schools

Over eleven hundred children attend schools in the town. Uniforms are the norm for the pupils. Transport is provided. It's the era of the computer, video, foreign languages, technology as well as traditional subjects! The Intermediate Certificate is gone

since 1991 and will be replaced by the Junior Certificate. Yet, in a 1991 class, less than half a class will have seen a live pig, and over a quarter of the class, a live turkey! Nobody in primary school now remembers the Papal visit in 1979. Tempus Fugit!

## Entertainment

Entertainment is surely the growth industry. Television is in virtually all homes - many multi-channelled, many with videos. Satellite television has just peeped over the horizon, but it's coming fast. Local radio, local papers, cinemas, lounge bars, singing pubs, varied sports, drama groups, voluntary organisations and discos vie with one another to entertain people. Its a leisure society as machines have replaced manual work.

## Farming

What changes are seen here? Marts have replaced fairs - though, thankfully, not the Tuesday calf fair in Ballyhaunis. Silage making and turf cutting and hay making is mechanical. Slatted houses, headage, tests, milk quotas, are the main source of conversation. The E.C. rules in many matters.

## Work

Work itself has changed. Employment and unemployment are big issues. As are short time, unions, overtime, and redundancy. Housework has changed as the mod cons are getting more and more plentiful. Some may say that the keep fit fads of today are due to less exercise from manual work! Jogging, aerobics, fast walking and keep fit are the buzz words of today. The "lean mean" person is the most sought after ideal. A generation ago, they would be locked up!

Enough of the ramblings. I'm sure my space is filled. In future years, somebody that reads this may find lifestyle '91 as strange as many of the young people reading about the decades gone by. Now although it is hard to imagine how things could change so much as they have done over the last few decades . . . that parachutist might drop in any day now!



# Credit Unions In Ireland

By Tony Boyle

Long before I ever knew anything about Credit Unions, I heard of fifteen girls who worked together in a city office and all agreed to put a pound into a kitty every week. Mary got the £15 this week to buy a new coat, Bridie took it next week to buy a bicycle (that was in the 'fifties) and Rita used the £15 the following week to go on holidays, and so on.

I thought it was an excellent idea, and if you elaborate on it sufficiently, you have something like a Credit Union. I remember also, how difficult it was for an ordinary working person to obtain a loan of a few hundred pounds some 40 years ago, so hence my great welcome and appreciation for the Credit Union idea when it was introduced here to Ireland in the late 'fifties. But before I proceed, I must point out that Credit Unions are not about money, they are about people.

Away back in the middle of the last century, a man in Germany called Raiffeisen and a friend of his initiated the idea of co-operative saving and borrowing from the pool this created in time of need. The idea was confined to Germany until the beginning of this century when a Canadian called Desjardins started the first Credit Union in Quebec, and about a decade later, he started the first one in the United States with the assistance of an enthusiast called Filane.

But, it was not until 1958, however, that the idea caught on here in Ireland and it was introduced by a Cork lady schoolteacher, Miss Norah Herlihy, who indeed, was several months recommending and preaching the philosophy of Credit Unions before she succeeded in forming the first one in Donore Avenue in Dublin. Soon afterwards, Credit Unions sprung up like mushrooms in Dun Laoghaire, Clones and Emyvale, Co. Monaghan, and as far away as Derry and Cork City.

The first Credit Union to be established in Connaught was in Ballinamore, Co. Leitrim, in the very early 'sixties. Father Paddy

Gallagher, well-known for his great work in the co-operative field was the movement's first National President, followed in that post, in the early 'sixties by a man called John Hume, who later on, became known as a Northern Ireland politician. Mr. Hume was active in the formation of Derry City Credit Union, which to-day has over 15,000 members and over £10 million in savings.

Although money plays a great part in the operation of a Credit Union, as I have said already, the organisation is essentially about people. The philosophy behind it tells us that it is an association of persons, united by some common bond, who come together in a mutual endeavour to encourage thrift and increase the purchasing power of its members by borrowing at a low rate of interest that does not exceed the cost of providing a credit service. Its idea is also to train and educate its members in business methods and self-government, to promote democracy by operating through directors and supervisors,

elected by the members themselves.

Here in Ireland, the movement has attracted several people to its voluntary ranks, who, hitherto, had no experience of business, and they have enjoyed considerable satisfaction in the knowledge that they are capable of contributing much to society for the betterment of the people amongst whom they live or are employed. In fact, it is estimated that there are even 10,000 involved in a voluntary way in the movement, apart from the 1,000 full-time employees in the 511 Credit Unions throughout the country, north and south. The total membership is now well over a million and total savings is now approaching the £800 million pounds mark. This, indeed, is extraordinary progress of the movement in the past 30 years and in almost every town and parish, there is evidence of a progressive organisation, many owning impressive buildings.

Each Credit Union manages its own affairs, but there is an Act of Rules which all units must observe, and the Credit Union Act, passed by the Dail in 1966, must be obeyed. As the movement is widespread in both parts of Ireland, there is separate legislation governing it in the North, but broadly speaking, the task of

● CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



September, 1991 – Very Rev. Canon Heraty, Clifden with (left/right): Ann Walsh-Turner, Mercy Flatley, Carmel Waldron (Main Street), and Kathleen Campbell-Byrne (Abbey Street).



1962 - Second Year, St. Joseph's Secondary School: back row (left/right): Teresa Flatley, Brid Egan, Helen Regan, Kathleen Murphy, Helen Corry, Philomena Mitchell, Christina Cleary, Norrie Hoban. Middle row (left/right): Josephine Grogan, Carmel Lyons, Veronica Hosty, Joan O'Boyle, NOnie Wallace, Teresa Fitzmaurice, Kathleen Judge, Lilliam Henry. Front row (left/right): F. Caffrey, Mary Glynn, Bridie Ganly, Brid Fleming, Margaret Byrne, Maureen Folliard and Rita Rafferty.

## Credit Unions in Ireland

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

running a Credit Union is the same all over the world. The advantages of having money invested in the Credit Union are many; a member's shares (or savings) and loan outstanding are covered by insurance at no cost to the member. For instance, in the event of the death of a member, all amounts saved up to the age of 55 are doubled and paid to the next-of-kin, and any outstanding loan balance is wiped out (savings after 55 have a lesser advantage). And the interest charged is only on the outstanding balance due at all times.

All people handling cash in Credit Unions are subject to fidelity bonding and all persons having access to the books sign a pledge of secrecy. All books are always subject to examination by a supervisory committee - and

annually, by a public auditor - both elected by the members themselves. Of course, the members actually own the Credit Union.

Only members may apply for a loan, and when you borrow from a Credit Union, you do so as a member/owner, and not just as a customer paying for goods or service. Each application is treated in strict confidence and on its merits.

For over 30 years now, people in Ireland have achieved a better way of life through their participation in their local Credit Union. The movement is non-sectarian and non-political and any group of people showing a common bond, can form a Credit Union. I claim that no organisation has brought as much happiness to as many Irish homes in the last 30 years as the Credit Union movement and what

greater tribute can be paid to any organisation? There are now almost 60 million Credit Union members in almost 80 countries throughout the world and the third Tuesday in October is celebrated internationally as Credit Union Day. The International Credit Union Forum will be held in Ireland in 1994 and already preparations are being made by the Irish League of Credit Unions for this event. The head office is at Castleside Drive, Rathfarnham, Dublin 14. Of the 511 Credit Unions in Ireland, 42 are in Connaught.

Sadly, Norah Herlihy, who brought the message of the Credit Union idea to Ireland in 1958, died unexpectedly on February 7th, 1988, and her contribution is commemorated by a plaque, which was unveiled in the League Office in Dublin, by President Hillery, on Credit Union Day, October 20th, 1988. She left us all a great legacy.



# Cumann Luthchleas Gael, Beal Atha hAmhnais

## Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club.

It has to be said that in terms of trophies won on the field of play 1991 has been an abysmal year for Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club. Many teams, from senior to as low as under-13, had high hopes of success, but these were snuffed out as the months rolled on. Nevertheless there is a great club spirit at present, particularly at underage level, and there have been many memorable matches and occasions in the past twelve months.

On the administration side the club has continued without too many bumps on the way and good teamwork in that sector has also seen good spirit and progress made. However as in all such organisations too much is frequently left to too few. We now have a female president in that Anne Curley came into office on the departure of Rev. Matt Cooney from the area.

It is also hoped that in the very near future the handball, squash, racquetball facility will be functioning to its full capacity at the Knock Road grounds and that this will add a big dimension to the club's provision of leisure and recreational facilities in the area.

Ballyhaunis senior team, under selectors Tony Morley, Johnny Biesty and John Prenty, reached

the quarter finals of the senior championship but went down to Castlebar at McHale Park on a Sunday evening in which terrible weather conditions prevailed. Midfielder Tony Morley spent the season in the full-forward position for the Mayo senior team which were beaten in the Con-naught Final, while minors David Burke and Ollie Davitt were on the county minor panel that reached the All-Ireland final. The club and people of the town publicly welcomed the team home on the Square after they arrived into Ballyhaunis railway station.

At underage level one of the highlights of the year was an U-14 trip to Passage West in Cork in early September in which the Ballyhaunis side played the local team in both football and hurling, winning in the former and losing in the latter. As club chairman Gerry Lyons mentioned when thanking the hosts afterwards, the trip was a very fulfilling experience for all concerned.

At underage level also this year saw new county leagues introduced at various levels and the club willingly participated in all, mainly due to the dedication of team trainers

Another aspect of the club that it is hoped to emphasise greatly

this year is the annual Scor na n'Og event which has a great attraction for the young girls and boys of the parish and gives a platform to the native culture also.

A camogie team was started this year also and that has proved very popular as well and is a great addition to the activities in the area.

Some progress was also made as regards developments at the grounds and it is hoped that all will be shipshape for the official opening in the coming summer. Joe Diskin of Killunagher has been employed on a Fas scheme for the duration of the year.

Due to such developments the Intermediate and Minor county finals were played here on the same day in late September and, thanks to very good weather conditions, a capacity crowd turned out for the occasion.

Members of the club also hold offices at divisional and county board level. Mick O'Connell is President of the County Board, John Prenty Secretary, Hugh Rudden is Chairman of the East Mayo Board while Willie Ryan is P.R.O.

### Officers 1911-

Patron: Fr. Matt Greaney; President, Fr. Matt Cooney. O.S.A.; Vice-President, Anne Curley; Chairman, Gerry Lyons; Vice-Chairman, Jimmy Walsh; Secretary, Sean O Domhnaill; Asst.-Secretary, Billy Phillips; Joint Treasurers, John Durkin and John Joe Kelly; P.R.O., Michael Grogan; Oifigeach na Gaeilge, Jim London.



Mayo players all . . . David Burke (Minor), Derek Walsh (U-16 Hurling), John Waldron and Fergal Kelly (U-16 Football), Ollie Davitt (U-16 and Minor Football), and Tony Morley (Senior).

# Michael Byrne, (Johnstown) remembers

He was born in 1914 and went to Derrylea School. There were four teachers in the school. The boys school had Miss Snee and Mr. Cooney, Principal. Mrs. Cooney and Miss Dwyer were teaching the girls. Several pupils of that time gave up school in Spring and went back for the Winter. He left school at twelve. That time many left for America at sixteen, by car or train to Queenstown (Cobh). It cost about £16 Third Class in a steamer. The journey took three or four weeks. The eldest would send home money as they were earning.

The farm that time was 22 statute acres, so when he left school he worked on the land until he was 18 years. He then worked for the council at 4/3d a day. The health stamp (P.R.S.D) cost nine old pennies.

In farming, eggs and pigs were the regular income of the woman of the house. The eggler would come and buy the eggs. A lot of potatoes were grown he sold potatoes in Ballyhaunis for 2/3d a hunderweight - it hardly paid to grow them.

## At work

Work started at eight o'clock, three quarters of an hour for dinner and finished at six-thirty for the council, often in the dark. He was never out of work and worked on Saturdays to one o'clock. He remembers cycling to Murneen - nineteen miles each way on one job. A few years later he became Ganger - keep accounts, lay out work for the men.

They used a crusher on the Council, driven by steam in the sand pit. About seventy ton a day of stone went through the crusher. Stone forks were used. Every man had to be working. Water had to be drawn to the work all the time about twenty or thirty barrel a day by donkey and cart. The Johnstown road was mainly laid during the war.

Remembering the Economic War he sold lambs for eight old shillings and a nice spring cow in calf for six pounds.

Later he went to Vocational School at night and met Sean

Griffin, R.I.P. Pat Hughes and Mr. Molloy. Mr. Cleary taught him woodwork. Most of the pupils in his class are dead and gone. His family went to Derrylea School and were taught by Mrs. Higgins and Johnny Higgins parents of Jim Higgins. Most of them emigrated at that time but many may have come home to Ireland

Laughingly he recalled during an Election that two sides of a donkey were painted - one side with the F.F. candidates names the other with the F.G. candidates name.

## Changes

One of the biggest changes, in that country people are now taking part in Church affairs whereas when he was young it was all towns people who took part in running a parish. In shopping, three or four generations of his family dealt with Monica and Dottie Dillon. He remembers old Mrs. Dillon asking him to collect a box of bacon from the station in the donkey and cart. She gave him the box. She put the bacon in a box inside the door - the back of this Danish bacon was ten or eleven inches. This was Danish bacon so she asked him to bring it home and try it. He remembers that it was lovely and light with little fat at 3 pence a pound.

Everyone that time had plenty of oats thrashed by flail and hand. Some he sold, some was brought to the mill. He remembers three mills. The calves would get a fist of oaten meal and milk. Michael Curley was his chemist and was great for advice about animals. There was little or no T.B. that time. There was a spinning wheel in the village - to make all woollen coats 'baneens'. There was also a cobbler in the village, as there were tailors and a joiner.

Funerals that time had a horse and hearse. Then it became motorised. He remembers one funeral very well. He remembers deep snow and using a sleigh as a hearse going into town. At the Railway Bridge the mourners picked up the coffin and walked up to the Church with it. The Priest was Fr. Prendergast R.I.P.



## Rationing

During World War II you got an ounce or two of tea. There was a black market for things i.e. a £1 for a pound of tea.

Radio was a treat on a Sunday evening. He remembers a K.B. set got on H.P. from a firm. Of course the houses then were all thatched. Long screws were stitched into the rafter for thatching. The straw thrashed with a flail - eight inches of straw for the end. A rod was put across it and they were hammered by a mallet. Bobbins were left at the top, tied two or three inches from the top, like the capping in a house. It would last five or six years. A house he remembers was roofed in a day.

## Thrashing

The saying "the days of the thrasher" bring back memories of good times past to many people. Every farm at that time had an acre or two of corn and in late Autumn the thrasher would come around. The day of the thrasher is well remembered in John Duggan's song. All the neighbours (the Meitheal), gave a helping hand and there was great crack while the thrasher was in the village. There was always a jar or two of porter on hand to quench the thirst.

## Tractors

Not many in the village. He remembers Jim Cribbin's father buying a Ferguson 20. The first tractors were nearly all Fordes with steel wheels, that they dug up the untarred roads as they went over them.

## Light

Plenty fat off pigs. Rushes were dipped in the oil and then it would dry up like a candle and it would be used.



# Alice's kitchen

John Cleary

It was a long room with a big table, plenty of chairs and an open fire. It was a warm welcoming place and like all such places it drew people to it. I used to spend hours there reading comics with Thomas - "Dandy", "Beano", "Tiger," "Victor", "Kid Colt," "Roy Rogers" and later "Charles Buchans Football Monthly". Mrs. Lyons never seemed to mind me being there.

She was always Mrs. Lyons to me. I never felt comfortable with "Alice" until my own children used to say they were going into Alice's for sweets on the way back to school after lunch.

I am sure it was the warmth of the place that attracted people, yet people need excuses, a justification, for being there. Mine were Thomas and messages, but for most of the other visitors the reason was "cards". I remember when I wasn't much higher than the table, going into Mrs. Lyons' kitchen on odd occasions at night and every seat around the table would be taken up with a card player.

Milo Henry was a member of that card school. He started playing cards in Alice's in 1950.

## Milo remembers:

"It was the homeliest atmosphere ever. You walked in behind the counter into the kitchen. The regular "school" consisted of John O'Brien, Jimmy O'Brien, Billy Baker, Jim Connell, Bert Mulligan, Joe Finn, Vinnie Horkan, Mick Kearns and myself. We played five nights a week - Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday and also Sunday afternoon if it was wet. It wasn't just a "winter school". We played all the year round. We played Poker and Pontoon. Part and parcel of the night were the refreshments. Alice used to make tea and give us slices of "Skribona" cake, every night and we used to make a subscription of 1/6d apiece. Thomas, Alacquoë and Mrs. Lyons went to bed at various times between 9.30 and 12.00. I never saw Mrs. Lyons up whenever I was leaving the house.

The rule was last one out put out the lights and pulled the hall



The oldest person at this year's station in Mike Cleary's, Alice Lyons, holding the youngest child in Clare St., Sinead Byrne.

door after them. I remember one night. Pat Joe Lyons was on his way home. He counted his money: "I'm winning four shillings" says he. He was called back for one more game and at the heel of the hunt not only had he lost the four shillings but two shillings more as well. His parting comment that night was: "anymore I won't county my money until I am at the Mill". I also remember one 14th August when Jim Connell and Vinnie Horkan were on their way home. They arrived at Paul Waldron's corner and met their neighbours walking to Knock. The two boys hadn't the courage to say what they were doing out at that hour of the morning and walked to Knock with the rest of them out of shame.

Apart from being a card playing house it was also a great visiting house. There had been a "25 School" in operation in earlier years. On different occasions, these members would come in and stand or sit around and watch and chat as we played cards. The people who used to visit that I remember were Jim Kelly, Ned Grogan, Mick Tarmey, Seamus Duffy, Tommy Kirrane, Dave Judge, Willie Murphy, Brod Byrne, Cyril and Jimmy O'Malley and Eamon Phillips.

I certainly had some great times in that kitchen. The "school" broke up sometime in the early '60s. I left Gallaghers and went on the road. Mrs. Lyons is a woman of great charm and wit". To this day, Milo says that whenever he meets Alice she always makes him laugh.

## Other 'visitors'

The card players weren't the only ones to occupy the kitchen. Noreen Finn stayed in Lyons' at that time and worked at her trade as dressmaker upstairs but I have memories of material, needles and thread, scissors and inch tape. I was always fascinated by Noreen's serrated scissors as we didn't have one like it in our house.

Then there was Johnny Regan who stayed there during my boyhood, adolescent and early manhood days. I don't remember Johnny being in the kitchen too much. He left early in the morning and returned late at night usually. Other lodgers that I remember at different times were Mick Kearns, Jim Foley, one of the first butchers in Mickey Webb's factory. There was a baker who worked in Hubert Lyons' and came from Clare. I can't remember his name. He had grey hair so I thought he was an old man. He used to coach us in hurling on the street outside. He did a good job because Thomas Lyons afterwards played in goal for the Mayo Minor Hurlers.

Sometime in the early 60's the kitchen was divided. The near side (beside the fire) became a sitting/living room and the far side became a dining room/kitchen. At this stage Alacquoë had gone to England nursing. I have memories of Alacquoë's visits home at Christmas and "parties". They weren't very big "do's" but I remember them as being great fun. Angela O'Malley, R.I.P., would come down. Whenever Angela and Alice got together there was always fun and laughter. Sometimes my mother would be there and I remember Alacquoë's friends at this time being Mary Nally and Noreen Cullinney.

An annual event in the street in the 60's was the arrival of Alice's sister Imelda and her husband, Harry, with their children Maevie, Steven and young Imelda. The lads in the street always looked forward to this because Harry used to "coach us in soccer" in the sandpit beside Joe Regan's old shed. He was highly qualified - he had seen Manchester United play and Denis Law!

She still has her annual visitors, Alacquoë, Wally and grandsons John and David. Wally doesn't "coach soccer" but he has a "passing interest" in the Sport of Kings.

Smokies song says "for 21 years I've been living next door to Alice" but for me "for over 21 years I was lucky to be living across the road from Alice".

# 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
AUGUSTINIAN FATHERS (Hon.), The Abbey .....	30031
AVONDALE B&B, High-class Accommodation, Clare St. (Bridie Levins prop.).....	30345
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 & Functions) .....	30443
BINGO CLUB, Scouts' Den.....	30649
BOXING CLUB, Ballyhaunis.	
BRIDGE CLUB, Ballyhaunis.	
BURKE, D. H., Supermarket, Upper Main Street.....	30482
BYRNE, PATRICK, Victualler & Grocer, Knox Street .....	30283
BYRNE'S BAR, Foodmarket, Clare Street .....	30039
CAMPBELL, BILL & EDDIE, Auctioneers & Insurance Brokers, Knox Street .....	30082
CARNEY, EUGENE: The Gem, Newsagency, Toys, Jewellery, Grocery .....	30840
CASHEL'S ENGINEERING, Slatted houses, crews fully insured .....	30517/30214
CAULFIELD, KATHLEEN, Family Grocer, Upper Main Street .....	30637
CENTRAL HOTEL, Prop.: John and Carmel Vahey .....	30030
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE: John Halpin (Sec.) .....	30012
CHURCHFIELD HOUSE HOTEL, Knock .....	(094) 88281
CLOCK TAVERN, Knox Street.....	30344
COEN, SEAMUS, Garage, Devils .....	30087
COLLERAN'S PHARMACY, The Square .....	30028
COMMUNITY SCHOOL (Ballyhaunis), Knock Road .....	30238
CONNACHT SCAFFOLDING LTD. ....	30198
CONROY, PAT: Gent's Outfitter, Household Goods, Knox Street .....	
COSTELLOE, CANON (Very Rev. Patrick, P.P., Hon.) .....	30006
CREDIT UNION, Ballyhaunis & District, Upper Main Street.	
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
DILLON'S Travel Agents, Fancy Goods, The Square .....	30021
DOHERTY'S Betting Office, Main Street .....	30628/30738
DONNELLAN'S Joinery, Undertakers, Funeral Home .....	30045
DURKAN'S, Drink Distributors, Devils .....	30034
ELECTRICAL & PUMP SERVICES LTD., Ballyhaunis .....	Fax 30761; Tel.: 30226
FARAH EXPORTS (IRL.), Ballyhaunis .....	30101
FINN, TOM, Footwear Specialist, Main Street .....	30141
FITZGERALD'S: Grocery & Confectionery, Bridge Street .....	
FITZ-PACK CARTONS LTD. ....	30808/809/811
FORDE'S LTD., The House for all the Family, The Square .....	30013
FORKAN'S B&B, En Suite rooms, Knox Street .....	30888
FREYNE, BERNARD, Welding Centre, Tool Hire, Knox Street .....	30152
FREYNE'S GARAGE & FILLING STATION, Clare Street .....	30043



G.A.A. SPORTS CLUB, (Chairman, Gerry Lyons) .....	30737
GALLAGHER'S, Builders' Providers, Furniture, Main Street .....	30020
GARMENTS: Ladies' Fashions, Main Street.....	30051
GARVEY-MORAN, C., School Supplies, Knox Street .....	30079
GERRY'S HAIRDRESSER, Barrack Street.	
GLYNN, PAT, Photographer, Doctor's Road .....	30026
GOLF CLUB, Ballyhaunis - Coolnaha .....	30014
GREANEY, REV. FR. M., C.C. (Hon.), Upper Main Street .....	30095
GREENE, ATTRACTA, Dressmaking, Hand Embroidered Irish Dance Cstms, Carrowrea ...	30760
GREENSPRINT, Main Street .....	30597
GRIFFIN, MIKE, Taxi Service, Clare Road / Devlis .....	30213
GROGAN, AUSTIN & SONS, Concrete Products, Cave .....	30072
GUN CLUB, Ballyhaunis & District (Chairman, Tommy Waldron) .....	30472
HALAL MEAT PACKERS, Clare Road .....	30555
HANNAN'S, Denis & Claire, Oak Bar, Bridge Street .....	30099
HARVEST FRESH, Fruit, Veg., Main Street .....	30736
HAZELHILL ENTERPRISES LTD., Milo Henry, Timber, Europallets .....	30094/30774
HEALY, JOE, Building Contractor, Annagh .....	30481
HELEN'S LAUNDRETTE, Barrack Street .....	30841
HERR, FRED, Grocer, Knox Street.	
HIGGINS, JIM, T.D., Devlis .....	30052
HIGGINS, Spar Foodmarket, Main Street .....	30023
HORKINS, TOM, Grocer and Newsagent, Upper Main Street .....	30076
HORAN'S TUDOR INN, Main Street .....	30885
HORSE SHOE INN, Abbey Street. ....	30178
IRISH ALE BREWERIES .....	30130
IRISH RUNNER: Frank Greally, Martin Joyce, P.O. Box 1227 Dublin 8 .....	(01) 538693
JACK HALPIN'S: Pub Grub, Traditional Irish Music, Main St. ....	30012
JACKIE'S HAIR SALON, Main Street .....	30807
JENNINGS, BERNARD, Knox Street .....	30315
JOHNSTON'S MACHINERY, Farming Community Specialists, Knox Street .....	30019
JORDAN, AUSTIN & SONS, General Merchants, Upper Main Street .....	30025
JORDAN WINDOWS, Clare Street .....	30641
JOYCE, MICHAEL, 9 Washington Street West, Cork .....	(021) 270391
KAY'S SALON, Knox Street .....	30062
KEANE'S KITCHENS LTD., Kitchen, Bedroom, Furniture, Clare Road .....	30038
KEANE, JOE, Merchant Tailor, Knox Street .....	30751
KELLY, PADRAIC, Furniture Manufacturer, Drimbane .....	30089
LILLY, JOHN J., Plant Hire, Johnstown .....	30352
LOUGHRAN, F. J., M.V.B., M.R.C.V.S., Upper Main Street .....	30017
LYONS, GERARD, Wisebuy Foodstore, Abbey Street .....	30323
LYONS, JAMES, Publican, Main Street.	
LYONS, MICHAEL J., Coach & Mini Bus Hire, Lecarrow .....	30347
McGARRY, GERARD & Associates, Development Consultants, Architects, Engineers .....	30170
McGARRY'S Ladies' and Gent's Outfitters .....	30084
McNAMARA: Car Dismantler, Dublin Road .....	30439
McNICHOLAS, J. J., Insurance & Travel Agency, Bridge Street .....	30379 / 30794
Mac SIURTAÍN: Publican, Main Street .....	30854
MADDEN, GERALD, Snooker Tables, Gurteen .....	30028
MANOR HOUSE, Restaurant, Accommodation, Weddings, etc., Knock Road .....	30700
MEADOW FARM EGGS, Carrowkeel .....	30183
MERCY SISTERS (Hon.), Abbey Street .....	30108
MICHEAL'S MEATS, Bridge Street .....	30752
MID-WEST TAVERN, Knox Street.	
MORAN'S Coaches & Mini-bus Hire, Knock Road .....	30346
MORAN BROS. CONSTRUCTION LTD., Building and Public Works Contractors .....	30146
MORAN, TOMMIE, Sweets, Ices, Fancy Goods, Fuel Merchant, Main Street .....	30493
MORLEY, P. J., T.D., Began .....	(094) 80217

MORLEY, TONY & SONS, Exterior and Interior Decorators, Knox Street.....	30944
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
NEWSROUND, Newsagency, Toys, Giftware, Cards, Main Street .....	30897
O'BRIEN, JOHN, Auctioneer, EBS Agent, Main Street .....	30088
O'CONNOR, JOHN, Ronoco Ltd., Doctor's Road .....	30037
ORIGINALS by Mary Smyth Ltd., Designers of Unique Clothes, Clare Street .....	30373
PAROCHIAL HALL BINGO .....	30212
PATTERSON, N. & P, Animal Health Centre, Main Street .....	30113
PHILLIPS, EAMON, High-Class Victualler, Upper Main Street .....	30381
PHILLIPS, PADDY, Publican .....	30118
PHILLIPS, CHARLIE & SONS, Shoes and Drapery, Main Street .....	30368
RATTIGAN'S BAR, Knox Street .....	30157
ROCHFORD MOTORS, Main Mitsubishi Dealers, Knock Road .....	30163/30350
RUANE, P., Radio and T.V., Dealer / Repair, Knox Street .....	30129
RYAN'S SUPER-VALU, Main Street .....	30359
RYAN'S FASHION SALON, Main Street .....	30359
ST. MARY'S PRIMARY SCHOOL, Abbeyquarter .....	30310
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
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
WEBB, M. J., Master Butcher, Main Street .....	30003
WESTERN BRAND CHICKEN LTD., Fresh and Frozen Daily .....	30069
WINSTON, GERARD, Family Grocer, Devlis .....	30395



# Annagh '91

