

Annagh '92



Ballyhannis Annual Magazine

Season's Greetings

BAILE O Dhia
Borraibh, a
Mhuintir Bheal Atha
Hamhnais agus an
chantair maguaird!
Guidhim Nollaig faoi
shona agus aith-bhli-
ain faoi Mhaise
Dhibh! May the son of
Mary bless you all as
we prepare to cele-
brate his birth!

1992 draws to its close and its events pass into history as, indeed, all things will – it has had its joys and sorrows, successes and failures and these will be recorded within the pages of “Annagh”.

I gladly recall the successful mission preached by the Redemptorist Fathers in Spring. We are grateful to Fathers Egan, McMahon and Cusack for their preaching, house visitation, liturgy and encouragement in the faith.

I want to pay tribute to the spirit of unity, co-operation and dedication shown by the people in ensuring that the local meat factory be retained in the town and employment be guaranteed for the future. The people of the West have shown clearly that action can speak louder than words! I should like to wish the former owners, especially Sher Mohammed Rafique, every good luck and thank them for their interest and support of our schools and local



charities. I wish every success to the new owners, Avonmore, and I believe they will not regret their investment in Ballyhaunis.

We all welcome the appointment of Bishop Michael Neary, as Assistant to Archbishop Cassidy, and pray God's blessing on him and his work. I also extend a

heartly cead mile failte to Fr. Henry McNamara, O.S.A., to Ballyhaunis. I know he will learn to love and serve the people here as his Augustinian Brethren have done for the last six-hundred years.

Finally, on behalf of Fr. Greaney and myself, I wish to thank sincerely all who celebrated our respective jubilees, silver and golden, during the year. May God reward their goodness and love.

“And pluck till time and times are done,

*The silver apples of the moon;
The golden apples of the sun”.*

(Yeats).

–Very Rev. Patrick O. Costelloe, P.P.

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ANNAGH '92

WELCOME to the fifteenth edition of Annagh magazine. I hope, as in the past years, you will find somewhere in the pages that follow an article, report or photograph that is of interest. Events for the past year have been numerous in areas such as religion, sport and industry. Most of these events have been recorded with the help of the different organisations who sent us reports and photographs.

To them we are most thankful. To those who have written articles we are, as always, most grateful. Their depth of talent and willingness to supply material each year is a great example to us all, that times can, and will, change but memories once recorded can be there forever.

To those who have given photographs we extend our thanks. Although this year it was not possible to acknowledge each individual contribution of treasured photographs, we hope next year to do so, if contributors so wish. This year Tullaghan is our featured village. I would like to thank the Committee of Annagh who, each year, do great work to ensure our magazine goes to print. Our thanks goes also to our loyal patrons and to you, our readers, for your continued support.

Finally, I hope we have given you in this magazine something that you will keep for years to come and will bring pleasure to you, your families and all those who read it.

- Peter McCafferty,
Editor.

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Cover Photographs

FRONT COVER. Clockwise from the top. 1. Presidential Salute: John Dillon-Leetch, President Robinson, John Halpin. 2. Scouts: Front row: Thomas Brennan, Paul Lyons, Denis Moroney, Cormac Cleary. Second row: Graham Cleary, Brian Flanagan, Brian Hannan, Patrick Keane, Simon McCafferty, Fintan Byrne. Back row: Kevin Coleman, Mark McCafferty, Diarmuid Eagney. 3. Birthday Girls, standing: Coreen Lyons, Mary Nally. Seated: Mary Kearns, Ann Byrne (Main Street), Bernadette Concannon, Ann Byrne (Clare Street), and Noreen Culliney. 4. Mick O'Connell Trophy U-10 Competitors: Mick O'Connell, Hugh Rudden with Mark Webb, Stephen Hunt, Paul Prenty, Murt Hunt, Fergal Walsh, Stephen Donoghue, Colm Gallagher, Padraic Carney, Paul O'Neill, Diarmuid Eagney, Michael Moran. 5. Going Up For The Match: Tony Morley, Breda Burke, Josie Morley, Eamon Burke. 6. Festival Buskers: Shirley Keane, Elaine Webb, Noelle Biesty, Margaret Nestor. 7. Mission Stall: Chris O'Neill, Kit Keane. 8. Liberty Cup Group: Jason and Simon McCafferty, Sean Nahas, Keane Holbrooke, Paul Finn. 9. Mayo Hurlers All-Ireland U-16 Winners: Derek Walsh, John Joe Hoban (trainer), Pearce Higgins with trophy.

BACK COVER. Clockwise from the top. 1. Ballyhaunis Community Games Contestants: Diarmuid Cleary, Pauline Madden, Eugene Brennan, Michelle Curley, Oisín Cleary, Rachel Cleary. 2. Ballyhaunis Golfers (away team), back: Pat Freeley, Eamon Glynn, John Higgins, John Collins, Alex Eaton, John Byrne. Middle: Rory O'Connor, Tommy Eagney, Bernie Jennings, Tony Flynn, Tadhg Buckley, Brendan McGrath. Front: Alf Hudson, Alan Delaney, Noel Patterson, John O'Neill, Patsy Glynn. 3. Emigrants Return: Niall McGillicuddy, Seamus Flatley, Mick Gavin, Pat Rattigan, Stephen Waldron. 4. Singing In The Rain: Dermot Eagney, John O'Neill. 5. Festival Roses, back: Maura Birmingham, Sheena Curran, Yvonne Gallagher, Jane Waldron, Mary Jo Fitzmaurice, Breege Coen, Rebecca Ganley, Teresa Duffy, Stephanie Murphy, Catherine Healy. Front: Dora Forde, Lorraine Kilbane, Marie Hunt ('92 Rose), Tina Moran, Carmel Hunt. 6. Pals: Simon McCafferty, Brian Hannon. 7. Men At Work: John Joe Kelly, Gerry Lyons. 8. Felle Feast, left: Jonathan Kilduff, Kenneth Kirrane, Derek McConn, David Conlon. Right: Mark Neenan, Paul Finn.

Tullaghane

By Agnes Heaney

The Village of Tullaghane is situated at the extreme South-East of our parish, approximately four miles from Ballyhaunis Town. It is bordered by the villages of Bargarraff, Derrintogher, Scrigg, Currisloustia (Co. Roscommon) and Leow.

Today, there are eighteen families living there but I can remember when there were at least twenty-nine, with eight to ten people living in each house. This was not an unusual number in those days, when large families seemed to be the order of the day.

Like other rural areas emigration was no stranger to this village. Many of its sons and daughters had followed the emigrant trail down the years to make new lives in other lands. It was always a close-knit community where neighbours would lend a helping hand in sowing and harvesting the crops together in 'Meithels'. As a result the problems of one family were the concern of all.

A people of great generosity and kindness, where the old were never alone and sharing was taken for granted. The milk, and

when the pig was killed, the pork and the delicious home-made black puddings, were shared with the neighbours. Most of the houses are scattered across a picturesque valley which is divided by the Tullaghane/Scrigg Road.

One side of the village stretches along the Mayo-Roscommon border and this part is known locally as Ballybeg (Small Town). It seems that in ancient times this was a thickly-populated region but now there are no more than four houses here.

In this area an interesting and historical monument can be seen, known to archaeologists, as An Ogham Stone, about seven feet tall. It is situated in the middle of a green field about 300 yards from the Granlahan Road. It is in a fair state of preservation and easily accessible. Legends inevitably surround the stone with its intricate scrolls and carvings. Erected between the 5th-7th century. It could be a memorial or burial place. In Irish those stones are called Gallan or Dallan and it is believed that Tullahan or Tullaghan (the Place of Assembly) derives its name from the ancient monument. Other historical sites can be seen in Tom Godfrey's land, such as a Ring-Fort and ancient burial places. These relics of the past have remained untouched for centuries and it is hoped they will remain so.

Another link with the past is the old village well where the villagers went with their buckets for the pure spring water, surrounded with a circular wall, lichen-grown and broken down at one side. This well is centuries old, perhaps as old as the stone.

'Tullaghan Bridge' was well-known in the past as a gathering place for the local boys and girls for the Cross-road Dances or the traditional bonfires of St. John's Eve. Quinn's 'Forge' is located on the road-side near the river. It was a great meeting place for the neighbouring farmers when they came there with their horses and ploughs. As the methods of farming changed the Forge became no longer viable. The last in a long-line of Blacksmiths and when he

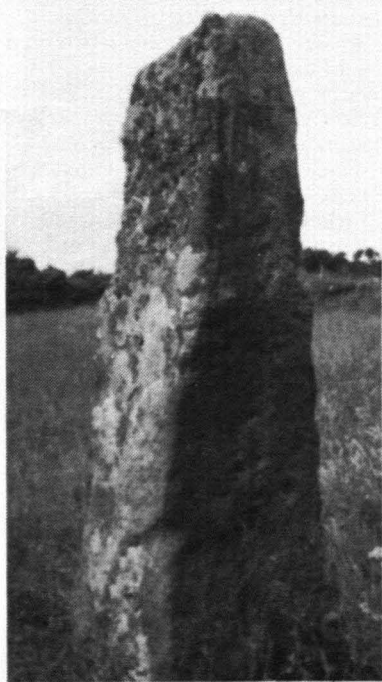


1940, in England - The Godfrey sisters, Tullaghane - left: Mrs. Della Grogan; right: Mrs. Mary Cruise, Logboy.

retired his sons did not replace him and so he took his valuable skill with him.

One important change on the rural scene was the introduction of agricultural machinery. A few hundred yards from the old forge, Oliver Mullarkey has an electrical welding business where all modern farm machinery is taken care of now. Close by was the ancestral home where my grandfather, James Mullarkey, was born, an old-fashioned farm house nesting in the shelter of the hill, its golden crown of thatch mellowing the whiteness of the lime-washed walls, the cosy warmth of the kitchen on a cold Winter night with a blazing turf-fire in the big grate; the kettle singing on the crook and the old oil lamp bathing the scene in mellow rays.

I have many cherished memories of happy times spent in this village. The 'visiting house' was a great meeting place for the older men who went there nightly to smoke their pipes and converse about some matter of local interest. A family named Murray owned this house. One never knocked on the door, you lifted



Ogham Stone, Tullaghane, 1992.

the latch, walked in and said 'God save all here'. There was always a great welcome and it was great listening to the 'Seanachies' telling the ghost stories each endeavouring to go one better than the other. It was a pity they were not written down, they would have made great reading.

The arrival of the T.V. set sounded the death knell of visiting. The local dance or 'Sprees' were held in many of the houses. Heneghan's was the one I went to where the local boys and girls

gathered to dance the night away to the music of the fiddle and accordion. It was a way of life that existed in rural areas in a time that is now almost forgotten. As the song says: 'Time Marches On'. The old people and the old ways have gone and we shall not see their likes again. While the improvement in life-style was very welcome and valuable, I feel that the individual suffered culturally and spiritually due to the loss of support and example formerly derived from the interdependent community.



Left/right: Tom Ronan, Tom Ruane, Michael and Kathleen McNamara at Mary Coffey's Stations in 1991.

Christmas Memories

- Agnes Heaney.

"CHRISTMAS is a-coming and the geese are getting fat" was an old rhyme that we sang when I was young. It seemed to be part of the marvellous anticipation of the approaching festive season.

In most rural areas Christmas

started to arrive only about two weeks before December 25th. It was then that the farmers and their wives began to go to Ballyhaunis on the "Big Market Day" to sell the geese, turkeys or other fowl.

I well remember of having to get up very early on those cold, frosty mornings to help my parents get the fowl ready for the market. While my father was busy harnessing the pony, I would have to help my mother catch the fowl and tie their legs with soft strings. Soon they would be packed into the cart or trap, where they lay on a bed of straw and struggled to get free. I used to feel sad to think that they would soon be somebody's Christmas dinner.

After that my mother would give me last-minute instructions

- "wash the dishes and tidy the house; bring two buckets of spring water from the well; feed the rest of the fowl; keep an eye on the cattle and keep plenty of turf on the fire, etc." "Bring sweets, mam", I'd call, as the pony trotted down the breen towards the road. After they left and I had the house to myself, I decided that the first thing I would do was to make some sweets. In the kitchen I found milk, sugar and butter, and put them into my mother's best saucepan. Nothing was measured as I had to be careful not to take too much or it would be missed. Then I put the saucepan on a tripod stand with hot coals underneath. I kept mixing until the mixture thickened, being careful not to burn the saucepan. When I thought it was ready, I poured it out on saucers and soon I was enjoying the most delicious Butterscotch. No sweets that ever came from the shops were as nice as this, and if there was any of it left over I rolled it in grease-proof paper and hid it, to be enjoyed another time.

The "Big Market Day" was a great day for young and old. From early morning the town would be packed with people. There was hardly room to move about. There would be a tangle of carts and traps along every street. Squealing bonhams were kept in carts or pens along the sidewalk outside McGarry's and Gallagher's. The peddlers and "Cheap-Jacks" had most of their stalls in Clare Street; in The Square, outside Dillon's two men sold delph, while others sold large pieces of red-berried holly. No Christmas trees in those days; more carts with chickens and quacking ducks, geese in pairs in cribs and the large bronze turkeys were in great demand. Farmers and dealers spat on their hands as they effected bargains and afterwards went to the nearest pub, where the transactions were completed over glasses of whiskey or porter. The women were around the stalls which sold clothes, hooks, pictures and other knick-knacks. There would be strolling musicians and singers and beggar-women asking for money for the baby peeping out of a shawl. The trick-o'-the-loop men trying to entice little boys to stake their pennies. Red and green apples were heaped upon stalls which old men kept guard over. When all the business of the day was



Luke Rodgers and Michael Finnegan at Coffey's Stations, 1991.

over, the older people would go into the nearest pub for a rest and refreshment. The women didn't walk into pubs and sit up on high stools like they do today. They were more discreet. So, in most pubs in those days, there were special nooks or snugs, where they had privacy, while enjoying their drinks.

Houses were cleaned from top to bottom, painted and white-washed inside and outside, by the time Christmas Day came along everything was sparkling. Red-berried holly laurel and ivy were used for decorations, as well as red and green paper chains with balloons strung to them; red and green are the Christmas colours - red symbolises the blood of Christ and green is the colour of hope and a sign of life and growth in nature.

The Tuesday before Christmas was the day most people went to town to "buy the Christmas" - the various food and drink necessary to see them through the festivities. Usually this shopping was done in the shop where they bought goods during the year and they would be sure of getting a good "Christmas box" - tea, sugar, currants and raisins; tin fruit and a brack, as well as a bottle of whiskey and a bottle of wine. Of course, a gallon or two of porter was bought for the Christmas parties. Four or five



Sean and Erin Marie Sullivan (New York), children of Larry and Mary Margaret (Mullarkey) Sullivan. Mary Margaret was born in Tullaghane.

days before Christmas the first of the three geese fattened for the season were killed and plucked, while still warm. No part of the goose was wasted. The feathers or down went to fill quilts and pillows; the wings made useful dusters; the giblets and neck were kept for soup and the blood might be mixed with oatmeal, spices and onion, then it could be steamed in a bowl. On Christmas Eve the preparations and excitement reached their height. In our house the first thing my father did was to bring in a big log that would be burning for a few days. Wide-open hearths were the norm in those days, and it was believed that if you had not a good fire at Christmas you had a "poor lookout for the rest of the year".

One of my favourite jobs was to set up the crib on a side-table, surrounded with holly and my mother's white chrysanthemums, which she had always ready for this occasion. Another custom was the placing of lighted candles on the window-sills, in honour of the Holy Family. It was said that the Blessed Virgin would walk the roads on Christmas Eve seeking shelter, so the doors were left unlocked. Doors were rarely locked in those days anyway. There was no need to. After the table was set with the best white linen cloth and the best China, we gathered around it. Then the big red can-

dle was ceremoniously lit by my grandfather, while grandmother sprinkled the Holy water. We would then pray for the absent ones, who could not be with us on this blessed night and for all the souls, who had once dwelt in the house, for good health and happiness and, finally, end with "that we may all be here this time twelve months". It was only then that the traditional supper could begin. The Christmas cake would be cut on this night. Baked in a pot-oven, it was quite unlike the very rich present-day cakes - some of the ingredients were sugar, lemon peel, muscatel raisins, currants and some treacle to give it a dark colour. It was made only the day before Christmas Eve. While my mother washed the currants and cut the candied peel, I would offer to stone the big raisins - if my mother ever knew that I was eating a fair share of them she never said anything! Before going to bed on Christmas Eve, I would hang my stocking near the chimney, hoping Santa would come and fill it during the night. I felt so excited and was sure that I wouldn't be able to sleep, but I did. As soon as I woke up on Christmas morning I would run down to the kitchen, to see if Santa came. Of course, he came, for there was my bulging stocking full of bits and pieces. Sometimes the presents were very practical items, such as a pencil case, a



Agnes Mullarkey (Heaney), in the 1950s.

story book, an apple or orange; a small doll and there would always be sixpence or a shilling at the toe.

The weather in those far-off days always seemed to be "seasonable", which meant it was either very cold, freezing or there would be a blanket of snow on the ground. On Christmas morning my parents (and, in later years), myself, would set off on the three-mile journey to first Mass. There was no Midnight Mass then, so the first Mass was in the Augustinian Abbey at six o'clock. Our route to Mass was lit only by candles in the windows of the houses on the way. As we approached the Friary porch, the organist would be playing the lovely "Adesta Fideles", "O Come All Ye Faithful". Nearly everyone would wait for the three first Masses and then visit the crib.

By the time we returned home it was time to start the dinner – the goose was stuffed with the delicious potato stuffing which contained caraway seed, strips of our own home-cured bacon were then laid across it for extra flavouring. Of course, there was veg. and roast potatoes. There was no plum pudding then, but



Back: Left/right: James Mullarkey, Tullaghane (R.I.P.); M. McGuire, Mrs. Greeney, Mike Kely (R.I.P.); Ann Mullarkey (R.I.P.). **Front:** John McGuire, Ballindrehid; M. (Hussey) Ruane, Baby McGuire, Mrs. Mick O'Connell (R.I.P.); A. Mullarkey (Heaney); Mary McGuire and Pake Doherty.

plenty of jelly, blancmange, fruit and cream, for dessert. After the festive meal I would play with my new toys and read my Christmas story books. In the evening there was Christmas tea and mince pies and then the gramophone was played. It was rare for any-

one to leave home on this night. We would sit around the big blazing fire and watch the spiralling flames flare up and give dancing patterns of light and shadow along the walls and shining dresser. The fire was always the focus point in every house before T.V. came. The Christmas cards were displayed on the mantelpiece with the brass candlesticks and China dogs.

The paraffin lamp cast a soft glow around the room. The old people sat in the chimney corner, recounting stories of their youth. It was all so cosy, when life was simple, but the fun and stories were good and created by the people themselves without the benefit of radio and T.V. Life moved at a different pace in a world where people had to work hard and save hard to ensure money was well spent.

As I go about preparing for this Christmas, memories of the ones that are long past will come to my mind. I find that the magic of it all is as potent today as it ever was. In today's world commercialism seems to force the preparations for Christmas on us earlier. In the unbelievable rush and amid all the glitter and glamour, the reason for this great feast can easily be forgotten. There are the cynics who say that Christmas only for children, and they are right. Christmas is for children at heart of all ages. It started with a Child in the first place, a very special Child – the Son of God.



Dympna Moran, St. Gerard's Crescent, and Sr. Dympna Mooney, at the senior citizens' party.

The house with the green shutters

By Joe Kenny

A few years ago when I did a piece for *Annagh Magazine*, Johnny Biesty suggested that I should add a short autobiographical note. What I wrote was very brief because I felt that most people who would read it, already knew enough about me, while the rest would not be too interested. Together with a few facts about formal schooling at various levels, I mentioned that much of my education – albeit informal – was received in Pat Keane's shoe repair shop at Kilroys, Lower Main St., with resident professors, Pat 'Sonny' Keane, Pat and Laurence Kilroy, as well as visiting philosophers such as Mick Tarmey and an assortment of bank officials, vagrants, merchant seamen and men of much, little or no property.

A number of people found the reference intriguing and suggested that I enlarge on it for a future issue. I hesitated for a variety of reasons. There are many better equipped for the task – more familiar with the background and the characters, and more able to describe the

scene and the unusual happenings. While I have vivid memories of it all, it is not easy to conjure up in words the atmosphere, and to give a reader any real flavour of the place. That would need the verbal skills of a Charles Dickens or a Con Houlihan. The prospect was intimidating. But in the hope that it will bring back memories for some, and that it will give to others some shadowy picture of a unique institution that had a vibrancy and an enchantment almost impossible to depict in print. Here goes.

To begin, it's hard to know just why this particular premises – in Main Street between Mick Webb's and James Waldron's – became a meeting place where people dropped in at will and stayed and felt free to do so. My own recollection, as far back as I can remember, is that the front of the shop was always a place where men gathered. Back in the 'forties and the 'thirties there was always a group there. My memory is that the front had removable shutters with no glass. (Had it once been a butcher's stall?), and when the shutters were removed, men could sit in comfort on the window sill. In

rural areas bachelor houses tended to become rambling houses, and maybe the absence of a female presence in the house was part of the reason why Kilroy's became a gathering place. The location, too, was important. In a war situation it would have been a strategic point. The front door commanded a view that extended from Larry Moran's in Upper Main Street to Smyth's in Abbey St. The verbal snipers who congregated at Kilroys appreciated the scope of vision and the number of targets that could be covered at once. Almost everything that moved in town could be viewed. In a pre-television age, Kilroy's front door was multi-channel land.

While Kilroys' had always attracted an assorted group its membership expanded suddenly and rapidly when around 1950 Pat 'Sonny' Keane rented the front portion of the ground floor for his shoe repairing work. 'Sonny' was from Coolnafarna and had mended shoes at home for many years. At National School, his neighbour, Joe Mulligan, had often told me about this very interesting character. In the late 'forties he moved to Clare Street and about 1950 set up in Kilroys'. 'Sonny' Keane was a man of quick and lively intellect. He had a great interest in history and in books. He could quote verbatim verse after verse of song and recitation in an unending sequence, and while mending a boot, he was apt to recite in full 'The Cremation of



Annual G.A.A. dinner in Central Hotel, 1960 - Front row (left/right): Pat Keane (R.I.P.); Mick O'Connell, Paddy Waldron (R.I.P.); Johnny Lyons. Back row (left/right): Mike Lyons, John Healy, Tony Mulloy, Dan Moran, Noel Waldron, Bertie Curley, Paddy O'Connell and Mick Tarmey.

Sam McGee' or long paragraphs from Robert Emmett's Speech from the Dock. These things apart his abiding passion was Gaelic football. He was an officer of Ballyhaunis GAA Club and on his arrival there, Kilroys' became the unofficial GAA headquarters in the town. This too was a time of great success for Mayo football in all grades. In a few years, Mayo won All-Irelands in senior, junior and minor grades. It was a time, too, when football in Ballyhaunis had begun to prosper, mainly due to the work of the late Paddy Waldron. Other mainstays of football in the area, Mick O'Connell, Don Moran of Coolnafarna and the redoubtable Mick Tarmey, County Board member and selector for the victorious senior team, were frequent callers. Sean Flanagan had opened a practice across the road. Eddie Webb and Noel Waldron lived on either side. Former county stars, Jimmy O'Dwyer and Jim Forde and Tom Forde were regulars. So too were Paddy Waldron, John 'Doc' Healy (then in John Gallagher's), Paddy Forrie and Sean Smyth, who were next door in James Waldrons. Eamon Meagher (Ulster Bank), Maurice Roche (National Bank), a Kerryman who kept goal for Mayo; Michael Robinson and Eamon Meath all contributed to lively discussions on football affairs at that time.

It was not, however, entirely Gaelic football. All topics were discussed as occasion arose. Of course, in today's terms, Kilroys' was a male-chauvinist bastion. But when ladies entered, as they did regularly in the course of 'Sonny' Keane's business, they were treated with courtesy and respect. In one way the place was the epitome of equality of the sexes and equality of treatment of all classes high and low, in as much as when various degrees of character assassination were indulged in there was absolutely no discrimination on the grounds of class, creed or sex - all were legitimate targets, no one was safe. There were no seats. One sat on the counter or stood.

Apart from the gathering in the front of the premises - and this area was in fact open to all - there was, as it were, a second-tier in the assembly. While Pat and Laurence Kilroy, especially Pat, participated fully in all that transpired in front, there was a group that gathered in the kitchen mainly in late evening or

at night when the kitchen work was done. Some people held dual membership, but admission to the kitchen was not open to all. It was acquired after a strict process of selection and invitation. It corresponded in a way to the House of Lords, and to be installed there was an honour and a privilege accorded usually by Laurence. This inner-sanctum was less crowded than the shop. It has a fire and a radio which made for greater comfort, even luxury. The radio was a central part of the scene, because music, especially singing, was a great love of Pat and Laurence Kilroy. The radio was used sparingly - no constant pop - no wall-to-wall music, no chewing-gum for the ears. The record would come on - some old-established favourite - Richard Crooks, the crippled tenor, Giglie, McCormack, Fr. Signey McEwan, Burke-Sheridan - and no other sound would be heard until the final note, not just of the song but of the accompaniment, had faded. Pat would then look at Laurence: 'Well?' quizzically. 'There will never be another like him!' emphatically. '... that is a singer!' no arguments. Perhaps a new voice, which would be listened to attentively, appraised silently, then: 'Well?' this time for Laurence. 'Kiss my ... , not worth a ...'. Thumbs down.

The newcomer failed to measure up, and need I say that where I have used blanks, Pat Kilroy used live ammunition. Pat himself was a fine singer who sang in the Friary Choir. He loved Gregorian chant and would have little patience with a lot of what we hear today in houses of worship. He went to the cinema whenever a good singer was featured. He admired Nelson Eddy, preferred Deanna Durbin to Jeanette McDonald; tolerated Allan Jones and did not like Mario Lanza. On one occasion we tried to encourage him to go to the Star Cinema to hear a new English voice, Tommy Steele, in 'Tommy the Toreador', which we told him was a modern version of Carmen. He did not fall for that one. Pity. His reaction would have been interesting.

As a gathering-place, Kilroys' was more a day-house than night-house. At any hour of the day there were a few there. Late evening brought others - Bertie Mulligan, Tom Gilmore and Jimmy O'Brien - but it was never a late-night haunt. I suppose we



Pat "Sonny" Keane.

were sort of indoor-corner-boys and stuck to corner-boys hours. The House of Lords did, on occasion, sit late, but not after midnight.

Returning emigrants who had been used to frequent the place always called back early enough on their visits home. Pat Rattigan on his trips home from travelling the world with the Merchant Navy never failed to return to the place he called 'the house with green shutters.' He probably found it more exotic than many of the strange places he came on in his voyaging.

When it ceased to be the place as I recall it, I cannot say. Pat Keane died. So did Pat and Laurence. The world changed. In the world of today such a place would not exist - more's the pity. The fact that it cost nothing would perhaps militate against it in today's world.

But it did exist and it left a lot of memories. We all remember different things and in different ways. Kilroys' for me was youth and harmless fun and innocence in a world that was changing fast, like us all.

Singapore

- Karen Keane
(October, '92).

WHEN I was being interviewed for a teaching job in Singapore, I was told: "Singapore is not a Third World country". But it was only on arrival at ultra-efficient Changi Airport that I began to realise exactly what that phrase meant. Leaving home, I had a hazy notion of a tropical island with leafy palm trees, lots of sandy beaches, a small trading port. However, the Singapore I found is the most affluent country in Asia after Japan. Since 1965, under the somewhat iron-fisted government of Prime Minister, Lee Kuan Yew, Singapore has developed into a dynamic, booming economy.

Through a combination of hard work and efficient, if at times, repressive government, Singapore has turned into a green, tidy garden city, where no one dares to litter the streets or even carelessly drop cigarette butts. The economy is thriving; the water from the taps drinkable; smoking in public places is forbidden; big cars are taxed more heavily than small ones, and all drivers are discouraged from driving into the city centre during rush hour.

During my year here, chewing gum was banned. The city has an ultra-modern underground system (M.R.T.), that is clean, fast and comfortable. Last November chewing gum wedged in the doorway of one of the trains prevented the doors closing and caused a delay of six minutes. This happened a few times, and the solution to the problem was - ban chewing gum completely. Now the trains continue to run exactly on time, to the relief of the powers that be.

The climate here is hot and humid all year round, as we are not much more than 100 km. north of the Equator. The temperature varies between 25 degrees C. all year round. We get plenty of rain, especially during the monsoon season (November to January), when it can rain every afternoon for weeks on end. (Not so different from Ballyhaunis!).

The population of 2.5m. is made up of 77% Chinese; 15% Malay;

6% Indian and the remaining 2% of any and every nationality you can imagine. The variety of religions found reflects the diversity of races living here. The Chinese are mostly followers of Taoism and Buddhism; Malays are overwhelmingly Muslim; Hinduism is practised by most of the Indians, and Christianity is also well represented. Each religion is acknowledged equally with Deepavali, Chinese New Year, Eid, Christmas, Easter and Vesat Day - all recognised as national holidays.

The school where I work, Dover Court Preparatory School, reflects this sense of internationalism. In my class of seven-year-olds, this year, Australia, Korea, India, Scotland, England, Indonesia, America, Croatia, Malaysia, Sri Lanka, Norway and Sweden are all represented. We follow the British curriculum mainly, but adapt and change when necessary.

The school, which caters for Under-15 year olds, also has a centre for special education (C.S.E.). This is one of the few units in S.E. Asia, too, that caters for physically and mentally handicapped children. There are special classes, physiotherapists, speech therapists, and a psychologist on hand to help the children and their families. One of the most positive aspects of the school is its policy of integration. The children in the C.S.E. unit are integrated with mainstream classes as much as possible. In

this way, children learn to play and co-operate together, and to value each person as an individual, no matter what their special needs. My contact with the C.S.E. children is one of the most rewarding parts of my teaching in Singapore.

Another major plus is the opportunity for travel. As we celebrate the major religious festivals, I have plenty of free time for exploring the countries of S.E., Asia. Singapore is a major travel hub, and so far I have managed to hit Bali, Malaysia, Indonesia, China and Vietnam. I have also been inundated with friends and "friends" of friends, who stop off in Singapore, en-route to more exotic places. At times my flat has been overflowing with bodies, and my American flat-mate is developing a lovely Irish lilt!

Singapore does have its critics, who accuse it of becoming more and more antiseptic and dull. They say it is just another big city with numerous huge hotels and air-conditioned shopping centres. Criticism of the government is not a recommended activity. The Press is tightly controlled and the minuscule elected opposition has always had a hard time. At the moment the government is reviewing some of its censorship laws. It is debating whether drama groups with "an established reputation" should be allowed to stage plays without submitting the script first for approval (as is the case now). Also, *Cosmopolitan* magazine may be allowed into the country soon. And so it goes a strong, controlling government loosening some of the reins, but never releasing them.

Me? I love it here and am happy to spend another couple of years getting to grips with Asia and all its wonders.



Kids from my class (left/right): Korean, Swedish, Austrian, Singaporean, Dutch, English, Australian, Scottish. Collum, pictured at the end, is deaf, and uses learning aids - great kid, though.

Two-hundred-year-old lease

FOR most of the eighteenth century Catholics were forbidden under the Penal Laws to own land. Many, however, managed to hold onto their property during these difficult and dangerous years, but were unable to get legal title to it under English law. From 1778 onwards a number of Acts were passed which relaxed the Penal Laws and as the constraints on Catholics were gradually lifted those who had land set about legalising their claim to it. It was during this post-penal era that the document reproduced below was drawn up in 1791:

To the Register appointed by Act of Parliament for registering Deeds, Wills, Conveyances and so forth. A memorial of an indentured deed of lease bearing date the sixteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord, one-thousand-and-seven-hundred-and-ninety-one, made between James Fitzgerald of Ballyhaunis, in the Barony of Costello, County of Mayo, Merchant, of one part, and Patrick Waldron and mark Waldron, both of Cave, in said Barony and County, Landholders, of the other part, whereby the said James Fitzgerald for the considerations therein mentioned, did demise unto the said Patrick Waldron and Mark Waldron, all that and those the farm of Cave, then in their possession, situate, lying and being in the Barony of Costello and County aforesaid, to hold unto the said Patrick Waldron, their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns for and during the full end and term of three lives, that is to say the life of the aforesaid James Fitzgerald with the natural lives of his brothers, John and William Fitzgerald, to commence from the first day of April, aforesaid at the yearly rent of twenty-four pounds, five shillings, with sixpence per pound receivers' fees and a proportionable share of composition rent, of good and lawful money of Great Britain, payable half-yearly as therein mentioned, which said indenture of lease was witnessed by Martin Foody of Ballyhaunis aforesaid, Schoolmaster, and Michael Waldron of Cornabanny in the County of Roscommon, Tailor, and this memorial is witnessed by the said Michael

Waldron and Walter Burke of Lisnageragh in the County of Galway, Land Surveyor.

The above mentioned Michael Waldron maketh oath that he was present and saw the original indenture of lease of which the above writing is a memorial, duly executed, signed, sealed and delivered by the above named James Fitzgerald, Patrick Waldron and Mark Waldron, the presiding parties thereto, and saith he also saw the said above memorial duly executed by the said Patrick Waldron and that the deposition of the subscribing witness to the said indenture of lease and the memorial. And that the name Michael Waldron subscribed as one of the witnesses to them severally is this deponents proper name and signature.

Taken and sworn before me, a Commissioner Extraordinary for receiving deeds et al at Tuam in the County of Galway, the 4th day of July, 1791, in and for said County. I know the deponent.

Charles Davis

SIGNED: Patrick Waldron,
Michael Waldron
(twice);
Walter Burke.

It has not been discovered yet where exactly the Fitzgeralds mentioned above lived. James, being a merchant, would have had a shop in the town, then little more than a village. He was a

"middleman", having leased Cave, Carrowreagh and Kilmannin, earlier in 1791, from Lord Dillon. Fitzgerald then sub-leased Cave to Pat and Mark Waldron. In the lease above, the Waldrons are simply legalising their claim to land they already possessed, but it was still ultimately the property of Lord Dillon.

Patrick Waldron would be great, great-grandfather of the late Patrick Waldron, Building Contractor, Cave, whose family still live there. Mark would be great, great-grandfather of the present Mark. Martin Foody, one of the witnesses to the deed, must be one of the earliest recorded school teachers in the town, nothing more is known of him. Michael Waldron of Cornabanny, which is just outside Cloonfad, on the road to Glenamaddy, may have been a relative to the two leasees. Walter Burke, a Land Surveyor, lived at Lisnageragh, which is near Ballymoe, Co. Galway.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, the "farm of Cave" was sub-divided into four farms occupied by Patrick's two sons and Mark's two sons. Two of these holdings are today being farmed by the sixth generation from the two mentioned in the lease.

- Research: Paul Waldron.



Nine members of the Kilcourse family of Station Rise, all of whom were primary school in June, 1992.

Canon Costelloe

I have often heard that one of the advantages of old age is that the element of surprise vanishes more and more from life: the present is with us, the past is, or ought to be, locked in our memory; and the future is, as yet, unknown. However, 1992 has been a year of surprises to me. It is my Golden Jubilee year, and I had determined to let it pass unnoticed, or rather uncelebrated. Indeed, I feel every day I can say Mass is a jubilee and every day is a celebration.

A little thought of anything unusual when Jim London, Principal of St. Mary's Primary School, asked me one day quite casually to say Mass for the pupils before the Summer vacation. I always enjoy visiting the schools of the parish, and we fixed June 11th for the Mass. When I arrived on the day I found flags, decorations and palpable excitement. Teachers and pupils were celebrating my fifty years as a priest, and though I would have wished otherwise, how could I refuse to be a damper on enthusiasm that showed so much love and, as I was later to find out, so much generosity.

So, what kind of a guy were they celebrating?

My Early Years

I was born in a place called Graigue Lodge, in the Parish of Tuam, Co. Galway. My family had occupied the same property since 1854, and though originating in Castlemore near Kilmovee, had been in Co. Galway since 1692.

I was the youngest of eight children – three boys and five girls. We lived rather a distance from other people, but being a large family, we did not feel lonely and were quite adept at amusing ourselves. My sisters were skilled musicians, played the piano and were diligent in practising.

The boys were given the opportunity to study music also but, alas, did not have the patience or dedication to keep it up. I played the gramophone! So we had entertainment for the long, Winter evenings. I was fond of tennis and there were horses to ride. I have no recollection of my father, as he died while I was

very young, but I was fortunate in mother, who lived till she was eighty. The responsibilities running the property meant that the younger members of the family did not have same experience of her as the elders, and it was only in her declining years that I realised what a wonderful person she was. She was a boarder in the Mercy Convent, Tuam, and received secondary education after the fashion of the time, but I am sure she would have made an academic name for herself if women had the same advantages as men.

Primary School:

Probably, I had an easier upbringing than others of my time because there was quite a gap between my elder brothers and me, and my sisters were very good to me when I went to the nearby primary school in Brownsgrrove. The Principal and her two assistants were women and both boys and girls were educated together – co-education is nothing new. I am glad to say that our teachers were ladies in the full sense of the word, and I have very happy memories of them. They were dedicated teachers of religion, devout but tolerant, and emphasised good manners, refinement and taste. Unfortunately, the Irish language got little place in their scale of values and though the new regime made Irish a compulsory subject, I had little taste and less respect for the language until I entered St. Jarlath's College. Outdoor sports were limited, though we played a little hurling on our own. A great distraction was whenever the Galway Blazers hunted in our locality. If the Hunt passed near the school it was the end of lessons for the day.

St. Jarlath's

St. Jarlath's College was a completely new experience for me. From a feminine-dominated world, I passed into an all-male society, and while the experience from the social point of view was rough and even uncouth, I benefited by it and learnt a different kind of "refinement, hard knocks, harder kicks, frugai fare and con-



Canon Patrick Costelloe, P.P.

stant vigilation". St. Jarlath's was not for the weak or feint-hearted. However, on the plus side, there was the variety of subjects, excellent teachers – teachers who were of the stuff of University standards, and the championship of boys of my own age. Unfortunately, the school from which I came did not give us the same standard in Irish and Mathematics and constantly I had to work harder at these subjects to keep up with my classmates. I liked Latin, Greek, English, History and Geography – Jarlath's was, above all, a classical academy – and I regret to say that my Irish Professor suspected me of laziness when I seemed so backward in his subject, and relatively good in others. Needless to say, the dislike I had for Irish in the primary school only increased in the secondary.

A severe illness in my early days in St. Jarlath's prevented me from taking part in physical sports, and as Jarlath's was, above all, a football-crazy school, my reputation for laziness was not diminished.

As I was born in North Galway, South and West of Roscommon, I did not have much experience of Mayo, in which beautiful and friendly county I was to spend the greater part of my life. Hardly was I inside the College buildings before my education in that branch of Geography was to begin. I was told that Mayo was the premier county in Ireland and that Galway was the back of beyond!

Maynooth College

From St. Jarlath's I passed on to Maynooth in 1935. How I got my vocation and chose the particular career in the priesthood is another story, but I did consider it long and carefully over the seven years I spent in Maynooth, and I can truthfully say the decision was mine alone, and though there were difficulties and doubts along the way I have never regretted that decision. Maynooth was a wonderful experience. I enjoyed the study, the prayer life, the comradeship, even the discipline. There were only two adverse comments I could make: the cold of these austere, Gothic buildings and the prohibition on newspapers, magazines and radio. Though there was a central heating system, the shortage of fuel, due to the 1939 World War meant that the furnace could not be used to its full capacity. I do not lay any blame for this on the college authorities; it was the fault of the times.

The other shortcomings was more serious – students were not allowed to read newspapers, listen to the radio or have any modern magazines. We lived through one of the great epoches of history and only for the Christmas and Summer holidays we would be familiar only with History of Greece, Rome and the Biblical lands, and yet be ignorant of modern affairs. Though the rest of the regime was tough and rigid, yet it prepared us for the loneliness of a priest's life afterwards, and I am grateful to Maynooth for that.

The professional staff in Maynooth, in both the Pontifical and National University, was of very high standard; many of the staff were scholars of international repute and their published works were of international renown.

Ordination

I was ordained in Maynooth on June 21st, 1942. Only a limited number of one's immediate family were able to be present as space in the lovely College Chapel was limited. I said my first Mass in the Presentation Convent, Tuam, on the following day, with all my family, and many relatives and friends present.

My first appointment as a priest was to return to St. Jarlath's as Prefect of Studies – a grandiose title for a very humble post. I had to supervise the study hall for several hours, seven days of the week; teach Greek and Christian Doctrine to the very lowest classes, and substitute, if possible, for other absent teachers. In 1944 I was sent back to Maynooth to do a post-graduate course in education and the M.A. degree. Then I realised, with a sinking heart, that I was to spend some years teaching. Little did I think that those "some years" were to extend to over thirty years!

Teaching

In 1945 I was sent to Claremorris to assist in the opening of St. Colman's College. The founder and new Superior was Fr.

John – now Canon Colleran, a man of tremendous ability, vision and resource. I spent fifteen very happy years there, and I cannot speak too highly of Fr. Colleran and my colleagues, and the people of Claremorris.

In 1960 I was changed to Tiernea in the parish of Carraroe, in West County Galway. I had mixed feelings and a certain trepidation. I had been very happy in South Mayo and had many friends, but I felt if I were to settle down to the pastoral life, it was better that I'd do so at once – I was eighteen years ordained and was no longer young. The fact that I was going to a completely Irish-speaking area was daunting. I really had no use for Irish as a means of communication, and while I could read and understand what I read fairly well, I found both the spoken Irish and the special dialect of Cois Fhairrge very difficult. However, the challenge was there and had to be confronted. My task was to serve the people in their own language and I was heartened by the advice, encouragement and, above all, the friendship of my new Parish Priest, Fr. Michael Godwin, who had spent some time in Ballyhaunis and will be remembered by some of our senior parishioners.

I met a very supportive parishioner, James McCormack, who had excellent English and Irish. He had been invalided out of the Irish Army while relatively young and was happy to help a forlorn bearloir. He helped in the parish hall – a fine building, erected by my predecessor, Fr. Sean Blake. The Sunday night Ceilidhthe afforded plenty of practice in acquiring the local blas agus tuitim cainte. I was amazed how quickly and painlessly I learned Irish, and I understand now what the expression: "To get in at the deep end" means. More importantly, it led me to appreciate, value and love, not only the Irish language, but its culture and its people.

I loved visiting the schools and seeing the children acting out the scenes of the Gospel with grace and dignity. Indeed, I found the Irish language a perfect vehicle for expressing the deepest theological truths. I would venture to say that the vocabulary of the children would be richer and more naunched than those of the same age in the Gaeltacht – the English-speaking areas.



Canon Costelloe, Mrs. Nally, Mrs. M. Fitzgerald, John Elwood and Mrs. S. Higgins.

I happily disposed of all my teaching notes and books acquired over the fifteen years spent in Claremorris. I really enjoyed the beauty of the coast and the culture and way of life of the people.

Every day brought something new in the study of the language and culture of the place, and I had come a long way from my West British outlook. Irish was now a vibrant reality, something precious, and it has remained deeply engraved in my psyche – even though I have left Tiernea over thirty years ago. I was looking forward to spending another six or seven years there – learning, living – dare I say it? – writing. Ach ní mar siltear a bitearl!

Ballyhaunis

Towards the end of July, 1961, I got a message from the Archbishop, Dr. Walsh, asking me to come to Tuam. I had offered to go on the South American Mission, and while I was surprised that he should have sent me to Tiernea for only one year if he had intended to let me go then the bombshell dropped. "I want you to go to Ballyhaunis and open a secondary school for boys there – I should like you to have it open in September, this year". And so I arrived in Ballyhaunis. Fr. Rushe and Fr. Heraty were wonderful and helped my colleagues and me with kindness and understanding. The story of St. Patrick's has been told already and the subsequent amalgamation of the convent, vocational schools with St. Pat's is recent history, and I think it is well known already. It was a privilege to be part of the educational development in Ballyhaunis, and I am happy to be part, albeit small, of the fine community school on the Knock Road.

Just as the community school was about to be opened in 1977, Canon McGarry, the Parish Priest of Annagh (Ballyhaunis), died tragically in a car accident, and Archbishop Cunnane appointed me in his place. I was sorry I had only a short while in the new school – but other pastures awaited me. I felt terrified at the thought of succeeding a man of the towering stature of such as Canon McGarry, but the people of Ballyhaunis are a tolerant, resilient people, and there was no need for terror on my part. I



Committee for Priest's Jubilee, June, 1992 – Back row: Jim Lundon, Seamus Boyle, Helen Hobin, Agnes Heaney, Kit Freeley and Maria Cribbin. Front row: Nell Rochford, Maura Patterson, Sister Assumpta, Helen Byrne and Patsy Flanagan.

was lucky and I am, was and always will be, grateful to its people, who have made me so happy, and I feel they really love me as I love them.

But leaving the second level did not distance me from the educational field. The fine new primary school in Abbeyquarter, envisaged and planned by Canon McGarry, had to be built and paid for, as well as the two extra rooms added later. In the Parish Church a new automatic bell-ringing system was installed; the choir loft and sacristy carpeted; new lights; new public address system; renewing the tarmac on the forecourt and the entire repainting of the church interior and renewing the heating system, was all made possible by the generosity and co-operation of the people. The strength of community effort in the Ballyhaunis area has always impressed me and the success of the recent efforts to retain the meat factory is evidence of that.

And so I have come a long way from the awkward and forlorn student in St. Jarlath's, who knew nothing of County Mayo. Now I know County Mayo and I shall be proud to lay my poor remains in its rich earth.

Finally, the other big surprise of 1992 was the Mass and Jubilee celebrations in Manor House Hotel, on Friday, June 12th. I had expected, perhaps, a small gathering, as I thought I had convinced the people that a Golden

Jubilee should be celebrated quietly – now a Silver Jubilee is another thing. I was quite happy that Fr. Greany's Silver Jubilee should be celebrated – he has been a kind and helpful colleague, and he has the advantage of having his parents and family living. But age leaves one with few contemporaries and extended younger generations. Nieces, nephews, grand-nieces, grand-nephews and even great-grand-nieces and nephews... the list stretches out to the crack of doom!

Now, what kind of a guy have you celebrated? Now you tell me?



1938 – Catherine and Joe Dyer, Brackloon.

The last working Blacksmith's Forge around Ballyhaunis was that operated by Michael "Brod" Boyle in Ballinphuill, less than a mile from the town, on the Dublin Road. It has been closed for some years now, but for many years it was both a hive of industry and meeting place, where the sounds of yarn-telling and friendly banter punctuated the roar of the fire, the wheeze of the bellows and the ringing of hammer upon metal. Here, Brod gives his story, as told to his daughter, Mrs. Mary Donnelly . . .

The Village Blacksmith

THEY tell me the blacksmith's trade is one of the oldest trades around. My knowledge of it begins with the stories my father, Austin, told me of how he started off in the business. I do not know what age he was but somehow the decision was made that he would serve his time to the trade. He started off in the local forge nearby with a man called Hopkins, and went from there to Quinns in Gorthaganny. After a certain time there he went to Manorhamilton, Co. Leitrim, to finish off his apprenticeship. I do not know how much was paid, but he managed to save up until he had five pounds. He then set out walking home with the five pound note intact, built the forge and set up on his own. Times were very hard then and money very scarce.

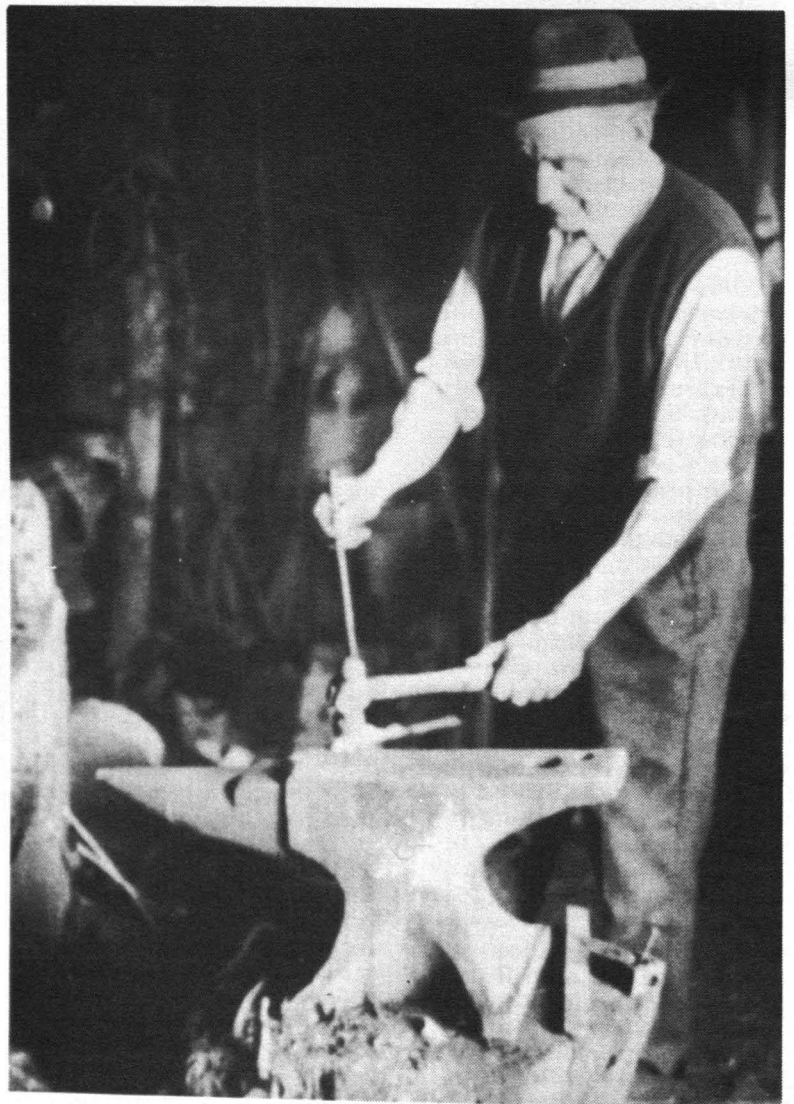
My memories as a blacksmith go back about seventy years, to the time I began to take an interest in the work my father did in the forge. Even before I left school I never missed an opportunity to try my hand at blowing the bellows, reddening the iron and doing whatever my father would allow me to do. Sometimes when he would be gone to town, I used to take a coal from the fire in the kitchen and sneak up to the forge, light the fire and have a go at making 'S' hooks for chains or gudgeons (axles) for wheelbarrows.

I left school at about fourteen years of age and began my own career as a blacksmith. My father was an excellent tradesman and was very happy to pass on his skills to me. For my part I was an eager student and we worked well together for twenty years up to the time of his death in 1945. During those years I was young and mad for sprints and dances, and I got many a telling off for late nights in Langanboy and other places. He was never too hard on me though and gradually over the years he "passed the reins" over to me.

The forge was always a busy place, the changing seasons brought in different types of work. In Spring the horses had to be shod and machinery prepared for the farm work of cultivating the land and mowing the crops. I used to make new socks and coulters for ploughs, repair grubbers, point harrow pins and drive them into the harrows, and make and repair scuffles. The plough

was used for turning up the soil, the grugger was used for preparing the ploughed field for sowing the seed, the harrow was used to cover the seed so the birds would not eat it and the scuffle was used to stop the growth of weeds between drills of potatoes.

In Summer I used to fit new sections into the blades in mowing machines, repair shafts of carts and other machines, make



Brod Boyle, Blacksmith of Ballinphuill.

axles for carts, yoke scythes and fit durneens to the handles. I also made double and single gates for the fronts of houses when they came into fashion.

A good deal of kitchen equipment was made in the forge. Items such as tongs, pot hooks, cranes and crooks, over stands and pokers were made, pot over legs were repaired and in more recent times I made lifters for the range.

Horse shoeing went on nearly all the year because the horse would be shod four times in the year. Shoeing the horse required skill, strength and courage, although in my hey-day it never cost me a thought. Holding the hammer in one hand, the nail in the other and the horse's foot resting on my knees, there was not a lot I could do to defend myself if a horse got awkward or frightened. The young horses would be more flighty, they would be shod for the first time at a year-and-a-half and not handled very much up to then. The working horses were easier to manage, although there would be the odd kicker. I shod all breeds and sizes from filly or colt, pony, Irish draught, Clydesdale and stallion. Donkeys and mules were brought to the forge, too. Donkeys mostly had their hooves clipped, the odd one would be shod. Mules were shod and were always awkward to handle.

The shoes were made in different sizes and weights, heavier ones for the working horse and lighter ones for ponies. Nails came in four sizes and steel studs were fitted to the shoes for grip on frosty roads in Winter time. I used to make a lot of the shoes during the Winter and have them ready for when they were wanted. I would buy the iron in bars, measure and cut it into different sizes, then shape the shoes, punch the holes, and have a fine stock hanging on a bar along the wall. In later years the shoes came ready-made so that cut down a bit of my work.

I often treated horses for blood poisoning or injury or infection in their feet. I used to make up a special cure for them and it always worked.

Shoeing wheels of carts was done usually in Summer before the turf would be brought home from the bog. It was always a team effort, the men whose wheels were for shoeing were always on hand to help, and they often brought along some turf for

the fire. It was done maybe one day in the week or whenever I had roughly twenty wheels in. Before the shoeing day I would have bought the iron in bars, cut it to suit the measure of the wheels, coiled each piece and welded it together. Measuring was very important, the tyre had to be so much smaller than the wheel. Then on the day I used to light a big fire outside and when it was well kindled I would form a circle with it, drop the tyres down on it and build up the hot coals and more turf all around. There would be several tyres in the fire together depending on their size.

After a couple of hours in the fire they were ready and then the work started. I used a forge tongs to lift the tyre out of the fire. The wheel would be in place on the shoeing stone and the tyre was dropped down on the wheel and hammered into place with the sledge. My helpers used dogs (keys), to hold the tyre in place, while I hammered it on. Another man would have a bucket of water on hand to quench the wheel if it caught fire. The work was fast and furious until the tyre was in place. Then the wheel would be spun around in the dipping trough to cool it. This was a long and hard day's work and we were always glad to see my wife, Peg, coming with the jug of tea and the fresh bread.

The tools and equipment in the forge has changed a lot in my time as a blacksmith, and so, too, has the work. In the early years there was the bellows for fanning the fire, the fire itself was on turf first, then coal came in, the forge tongs, anvil, punches of various sizes, hammers for different jobs, sledge, vice, rasp for the hooves, pincers, clench cutters and hoof clippers. In more recent times the electric drill and the welder came on the scene and made the work so much easier. The tractor took the place of the horse on the farm until, eventually, there was no horses to be shod. But even so I was not idle, I turned my hand to hay-shed work, making gates, cattle grids, water keys and whatever came along.

In the middle of all the work there was a great social side to the forge. People from all walks of life dropped in for a chat and there was always news of some sort, a yarn, a tall tale and a lot of downright devilment. On a wet day there was more tales told than work done. And to tell the

truth better characters you would not see on any stage in Ireland. We had a lot of fun for small money. Tourists dropped in very often to see the work and take photographs, and they always wanted a horseshoe to take back to their own country for good luck.

I will finish with a story that is told about a man who took his horse to the blacksmith to have him shod. Instead of paying the going rate for the job, the man tried to make a bargain with the blacksmith. And the bargain was that he would pay for every nail he drove, a half-penny for the first; a penny for the second; tuppence for the third, and so on, doubling the money for every nail. Each shoe takes seven nails and I will leave it to yourself to work out how much that set of shoes cost in the old money. The story goes that the blacksmith would not agree to the deal, which goes to show that he either was not greedy for money or he had no eye for a bargain.

Drama and Football in Ballyhaunis (1890)

In the Tuam News and Western Advertiser newspapers of January, 1890, where are some interesting references to social life in the town over one-hundred years ago. I give details of two of these below . . .

January 10th, 1890 - "We hold over report of dramatic entertainment given in Ballyhaunis on Friday last - Rory O'Moore, the dramatis personae, Messrs. Rattigan, Higgins, Waldron, McConville, Glavy, Glynn, Mulligan, Lyons, Killeen and Feeley, acted their parts well".

January 24th, 1890 - "There was a football match on 12th January, 1890 - Cloonfad Davitts v. Ballyhaunis O'Briens. O'Brien's team was made up Messrs. Rattigan (Capt.); Byrne, Muldoon, Brennan, MacPhilbin, Flatley, Gallagher, Grogan, Devine, Molloy and Brady. Davitts team was made up of Messrs. T. A. Waldron, M. Waldron, M. McWalter, T. Ronan, P. Fleming, T. Mulchea, Jerry Gannon, T. Gannon, P. Greene and T. Greene. The result was a draw - one point each, scored by Rattigan and J. Gannon.

Sunset on The Nile to Sunrise in Annagh

By Tom Meehan

HAVING worked in the English Midlands for some years, in 1981 I was offered the opportunity of an overseas contract with my company (Higgs & Hill Construction), to work in the Middle-East.

It seemed a challenge at the time, so I accepted. I signed a two-year contract to work in Egypt, and landed in Cairo on the 8th October, 1981, two days after the assassination of President Marsus Sadat. Security was tight in Cairo and a state of emergency was declared in the country. However, after a few days the political climate seemed to settle and so did I. I was there as part of a team to supervise the construction of two thirty-nine-storey towers on the banks of the Nile. They were the tallest buildings in Egypt, with the exception of the largest pyramid (nothing is allowed to be higher than that pyramid which is in excess of 400 ft.).

Our workforce of over 500 was made up mostly of natives. The standard of tradesmen in Egypt is very poor and, indeed, the Corabs, in general, are not renowned for being hard workers. Add to this the fact that there was a major language problem and you will have some idea of the enormous frustrations of trying to achieve standards and meet programme targets.

Cairo is a densely populated, hot, dusty city. It has a population of something like sixteen million. Although the authorities admit it is impossible to get a near accurate census, due to the fact that there are millions of people living in shanty towns, and in refuse tips, and on some of the cemeteries. Cairo has a very high illiteracy rate, it is also a known fact that in rural areas parents often fail to register the births of boys in the hope that they might avoid military service. There is no children's allowance, so there is nothing to be lost by not registering.

Corruption is rife in Cairo, at all levels of authority. It is not unusual for a policeman to stop a

motorist, demand to look at the car documents and refuse to return them (for no reason), without a backhander of something maybe equivalent to about £10. If you are foolish enough to refuse and decide to complain to his superior, then the demand gets greater and so on. So there is a simple answer, pay the first man.

I saw many instances of food-stuffs with their labels clearly bearing the words: "Gift from the E.E.C., not to be sold", being blatantly sold across counters in government shops.

Despite the immense poverty in Cairo there is also immense wealth. It is said that there are more Mercedes cars in Cairo than in London. It also has Five-Star Hotels equal to the finest that could be found anywhere in the world.

Social life in Cairo was surprisingly good. Although Egypt is 90% Muslim, they have never imposed Islamic Law, unlike many Muslim countries. Alcohol was legal, we had our own Social Club, as had most major foreign companies. We had pool tables, dart boards, swimming pool, library, video club.

We socialised entirely with the expatriate community. We were also welcomed at the social clubs attached to the Foreign Embassies - the ones we mainly frequented were the American, Canadian and the Australian. Cairo has two golf courses, and a race course, so there was no lack of amenities.

It was also possible to drive to the Red Sea on our day off and return in the evening, or to Alexandria (on the Mediterranean), for a day trip. Cyprus and the Greek Islands were only about a half-hour flight - these places served as ideal "get-away breaks" for long weekends.

Egypt, known to be one of the earliest civilisations in the world, is steeped in history and historical sights - the main ones being the Pyramids, the Sphinx, the Aswan high dam, the Valley of the Kings in Luxor, and hun-

dreds of other less well known sites. Cairo Museum houses some of the oldest and most valuable artifacts that can be found anywhere in the world, most of which date back to about 3,000 years B.C. Unfortunately, its contents are poorly presented and very little is described in English.

The cost of living in Egypt was probably similar to that of Ireland or England, with a few exceptions. Leather goods were cheap, and in the "Souks" (the traditional street markets), you could haggle for bargains in pottery and brassware and other local crafts.

Cairo has a famous gold market, where bargains in gold could also be had. There was a currency black-market (illegal, of course), which made shopping cheap for any foreigners who were prepared to take a chance. This wasn't of much benefit to tourists, as it was a condition on your visa that you must exchange a fixed amount of hard currency at the airport, on arrival, at official rate. The amount depended on the length of your stay. We were exempt from currency exchange, as we had work permits.

In general, life in Egypt was good and the people very friendly. They were prepared to go to any extremes to make you welcome. The younger generation, especially the students, were inclined to show signs of Western influence, but the older generation seemed to have changed little since Biblical days.

I stayed in Egypt for six years - four in Cairo and two years in Alexandria in the North. Alexandria was similar to Cairo, but with a more moderate climate and much less congested. I enjoyed every hour of my time there, and made many good friends, some of which I still correspond with. I often dream of returning there some day just to have one last cruise on the Nile at sunset - it's an experience never to be forgotten.

After Egypt my next contract was in Poland. It was a smaller project in Warsaw. From what I had seen on T.V. and read in the

newspapers, my expectations of life in Poland were not very high. I had visions of a dull, dreary place, where people went around with big overcoats and fur hats and rarely smiled. It later transpired that this was not at all the case.

Poland was different, very different, almost a complete contrast to Cairo in every way – the culture, the climate, the religion and the colour of their skin. Only one thing was the same, I still couldn't speak the language, and fewer people spoke English in Poland than in Egypt.

English was not permitted to be taught in the schools and Russian was compulsory. There were no English programmes on T.V. and no English language newspapers, so in that respect it was sort of completely cut off from the West.

Foreigners were not trusted, and censorship was strict, especially in mail, and all international telephone conversations were listened to.

The Poles are a friendly race of people, extremely good looking and very intelligent. Times were hard, but this was nothing new. They had never seen anything else. There were major scarcities in everything you could think of (except Vodka). There was empty shops and long queues everywhere you looked. But they took it in their stride – this was part of life in Poland.

Meat and petrol were rationed, coupons were issued monthly, although we never used them (we had diesel cars). There were two prices for everything in Poland – Government price and black-market price. Despite the rationing there was no scarcity of petrol, your coupons entitled you to something like 30 litres at Government price per month, and if you were prepared to pay double that price you could have as much as you wanted.

My colleague and I were fortunate to find accommodation with an upper-class Polish family. The husband was a pilot with Polish Airways on the international routes, and this gave him access to duty-free shopping, hence, the fact there was no scarcities in that house.

At that time the average salary in Poland was about the equivalent of £10 to £15 Sterling per month. Anyone on a U.K. salary were considered to be millionaires. We also enjoyed the benefit of a black-market which



One of the world-famous Egyptian Pyramids.

gave us about three times the official rate for our dollars. The cost of living for us was unbelievably low. For example, to dine in Warsaw's best hotels would cost about \$1.00 per head; all leather shoes about £2.00 per pair; a suit of clothes, £8.00; a bottle of champagne, 80p, and a bottle of vodka, about 65p.

Alcoholism was a major problem in Poland, especially in the work place. The Poles are heavy drinkers, in many ways they have much in common with the Irish – they drink, they sing, they dance, they gamble and they go to Mass.

Poland has little to offer the tourist, the hotels are not geared for tourist. Very few of their staff speak English; there are no guided tours of the capital and no information office. The landscape is plain and flat with little scenic beauty.

The main places of interest are, of course, the Nazi extermination camps, some of which are still intact to this day. I visited three of those camps – Auschwitz, Treblinka and Majdanek. Auschwitz, where six million Jews perished, is the better known of the three. It was partially destroyed by the Nazis before they left and the Treblinka camp was almost completely destroyed. These two are now State museums, but Majdanek camp is entirely intact.

There is a cold feeling about the place. The Poles would rather not discuss these places. The gas chambers, with the empty containers of Cyclone "B" (the gas used for extermination), are still there to be seen.

There are buildings housing tons of inmates' possessions, shoes, spectacles, leather or fur clothing – this was all awaiting transportation to Germany to be recycled. The crematorium is still

there, and there are five burners where, it is said, they could dispose of something like one-thousand bodies per day.

Today, fifty years after the holocaust, the Polish people still flock to these places with flowers and candles, and openly weep at the place where their loved ones perished.

These are the places where the decision of the Nazis to exterminate the entire Jewish people were carried out.

Despite the memories of atrocities, wars and hunger, the Poles are a reasonably happy people. They cope very well with their lot. They are born survivors. There was no visible sign of poverty. Everyone was well dressed, and unlike Egypt, there was no deprived or scruffy children. The divide between rich and poor seemed to be slight.

At that time there seemed to be signs of change in Poland. The Solidarity Movement, under Lech Walesa was rapidly gathering support. Marshal Law had been lifted; strikes and protest marches were commonplace, which were previously outlawed and put down with the heavy hand. There were promises of free elections and, at last, the Polish people were beginning to see a glimmer of hope on the horizon.

After months of intense campaigning the elections took place with the obvious result – a landslide victory for the Solidarity Party. The excitement was unreal. The man who was in prison less than two years previously, was now in power. The Berlin Wall was coming down; the borders with the West were opening. The people were now allowed to hold their own passports; things were happening so fast that the people could hardly

absorb the reality of the situation. Despite all these changes for the better, the problems for the Polish people were far from over. Things were going to get worse before they would get better. Subsidies were being lifted in the hope of establishing true market prices; inflation was two to three-hundred per cent. This was causing dealers to hoard their goods, thus adding to the already critical food crisis.

I have no idea what life is like in Poland today, but one thing I do know, those of us who were lucky enough to spend a few years there in the 'eighties, will never have it so good again.

After Poland I moved to Czechoslovakia, to Prague. Prague is a beautiful city, much different to Warsaw. It is situated on a hillside with its red-tiled roofs and cobbled streets. Like Warsaw, it had plenty of good restaurants and hotels. Night life was also good in Prague. Shopping was much better than Poland, but prices were higher. By coincidence, Czechoslovakians were to have their first free elections while I was there, and almost identical to Poland, it was a massive defeat for the Communist Party. When I left they, too, were going through the transition from Socialism to Democracy.

It was mid-Winter in Prague and desperately cold. It was normal in Winter to get temperatures as low as 25 degrees below - this was a far cry from the '90s of Cairo.

At that time a vacancy arose on one of our contracts in The Caribbean. I applied, and to my delight, was successful in securing a transfer to a project in St. Lucia. At that time our company had contracts in many parts of the world, but it was the dream of all the overseas staff to get to The Caribbean.

St. Lucia is a small island about twenty-six miles by thirteen, but with breath-taking beauty. Its mountainous landscapes of lush vegetation of coconut palms and banana plantations, provides scenery second to nowhere in the world. Even the holiday brochures don't do justice to the beauty of its beaches. There are miles of unspoilt beaches with their white sand and warm, blue, safe waters. There are only about a handful of top-class hotels on the island.

It was only in recent years

that they began to concentrate on tourism. They have much to offer the tourist. But they are also conscious of the dangers of over-marketing, and thus spoiling the tranquility that can now be enjoyed by the visitor, who prefers a quiet, relaxing holiday.

The island is almost 100% black and English-speaking. Its main source of revenue comes from banana export and a few citrus fruits. The climate is tropical with a rainy season. They have many rain forests which are rich in wildlife - monkeys are plentiful and can easily be seen manoeuvring their way through the trees.

However, unfortunately, there is another side to St. Lucia. The crime rate is extremely high and there is a major drug problem. Drug pushers operate openly on the beaches. The Police Force is corrupt and many senior Police Officers are involved in the drug trade. Women tourists are advised not to wear jewellery and never to go out alone, even in daylight. I knew many instances of visitors being robbed - guns and knives seemed to be carried by most youngsters. They claimed it was for protection. There was very little industry on the island; not many people worked, but there was no scarcity of money, and plenty of expensive cars. Their involvement in illegal trading was obvious.

After St. Lucia I spent some time in Barbados. Barbados is the most easterly of the West Indies group of islands. It has the Atlantic on its eastern shore and the Caribbean on the west. It is similar in size to St. Lucia but much more developed. It has endless guesthouses and hotels. It is said that about 5,000 visitors arrive and depart at its international airport every day of the year. They mainly attract visitors from Europe, North America and Canada. Its beaches probably possess the same beauty as that of St. Lucia, but its landscape offers no comparison. It is densely populated with something like a half-a-million people (90% black). The 10% white population seem to control most of the main industry. The crime rate was much lower than that of St. Lucia, but there was many drug-related crimes.

In general, it was a much better place to live. There was a modern network of roads. They had American-style supermar-

kets, unlike St. Lucia, you could buy anything you wanted in Barbados. The climate was beautiful, always warm but being a small island there was always a nice sea breeze. Their main industry (after tourism), was sugar cane. This crop was used entirely for the production of rum. They exported many brands of rum all over the world.

The lifestyle was high in Barbados - we had the beaches, the golf courses (there were two of them), and the race track. In the evenings we mingled with the tourists in the beach bars. They envied us because of the fact that we were getting paid to live there, while they had been saving all year just to spend two weeks there.

Often at weekends we would go on a yacht trip or island hopper (small plane), to neighbouring islands - the nearest ones being St. Vincent, Martinique and Trinidad and Tobago.

This was a lifestyle designed for millionaires but, on reflection, wasn't it nice to be able to live like a millionaire, even if only for a day or two now and then?

In February, 1991, I left Barbados (suddenly), to return home because of a family bereavement. Because of circumstances at home, I decided to call it a day and stay back where I started from twenty-five years previously.

In Ireland, we may not have the climate or the beaches of The Caribbean; or the sweltering heat of the Egyptian desert, but we have blessings for greater things which are often taken for granted. We have no fear of deadly hurricanes; no fear of blinding sand storms. We are not kept awake at night by noisy air-conditioners, nor do we wake in the morning covered in mosquito bites.

We can drink the water (at least in Annagh we can). Like the Poles there is plenty of vodka for anyone who wants it, like the West Indians. There is plenty of rum for anyone who wants it. But we have something unique which they don't have, a good pint of draught Guinness. I can now wake up in the morning and hear the birds sing and look out at Ballyhaunis Golf Links. When I come to think of it, we also have a rainy season, in fact, we have four of them every year.

Master Of The Boards

By Noel Lyons.

When St. Patrick's Dramatic Society was asked to choose a recipient for the Hall of Fame, the choice was quite simple. The Selection Committee were asked to choose the person who had contributed most to drama over a long period of time. The choice was unanimous. Jack Greene of Carrowreagh began his amateur acting career in 1958, in Walter Macken's play, "Mungo's Mansion". He was to become one of the main lynchpins of St. Patrick's Drama Society productions that followed in the early 'sixties, with such productions as "The Bugle In The Blood", "Autumn Fire" and "All Souls' Night". Jack has always been noted for his ability to adapt to many different characterisations and received rare accolades in the many drama festivals in towns such as Ballinrobe, Tubbercurry, Roscommon, Ballyshannon, Bundoran and Glenamaddy.

In 1962 Jack was a member of the cast of Henry Gheon's "Devil's Bridge", which secured a place in the All-Ireland One-Act finals.

For several years he participated in the Good Counsel Players' productions of such plays as "Professor Tim", "Knocknagow", "The Year Of The Hiker" and "Freedom Of The City".

When St. Patrick's Drama Society was re-awakened by Canon McGarry in 1972, Jack Greene was again to the fore in such productions as "Old Road", "The Poker Session", "My Three Angels" and many more.

Over ten years later Jack was still playing prominent roles in the Society's productions. He played the lead role in T. C. Murray's "Autumn Fire" in 1983, and when it was done again in 1988, Jack played the role of Uncle Morgan. This was his third role in the same play. He won several acting awards in the 1961 festival production, when he played Michael Keegan. He repeated the feat in 1988, taking acting awards in Galway and Claremorris Drama festivals. Thus, he showed his versatility again in not only adapting to various roles but also in bridging the gap of generations of amateur



Autumn Fire, 1961 - Front row (left/right): Bridie Molloy, Maisin Meath; Noreen Morley, Catherine Morley. Back row (left/right): Vincent Freyne, Jack Greene, John Morley and Michael Waldron.

drama, while maintaining his own very high standards.

He played leading roles in such plays as "Sharon's Grave", "Many Young Men Of Twenty", "The Field", "The Black Stranger", "Translations" and "The Playboy Of The Western World", where he performed with much distinction and, indeed, one can say brilliance.

He has used his vast array of drama talents in another field with many successes over many years. He holds a record number of East Mayo and County medals in the G.A.A. Scor competition. He also has won several Connacht titles, and has the abil-

ity to go one better. His recitations are sought not just in Connacht but in many other areas of the country.

Although he has been involved in amateur drama in five decades. Jack is still as eager and energetic as a beginner and has been to the fore in helping the less experienced members to learn the art of stage craft. There's still much life left in the old legs yet, and I would bet on him reaching his sixth decade of involvement. He was the unanimous choice for the "Hall of Fame" award and those who wish to follow in his footsteps have much to do.



Summer Camp, Ballyhaunis Swimming Pool, 1990.

Trivial Pursuits of the 'Thirties

By John P. Healy

LONG hours of hard toil was the norm for most of us in the 1930s but there was also time for play. We eagerly awaited our well-earned breaks and days off and applied ourselves with energy and imagination to filling our leisure hours. The outlook in those harsh economic times may have been bleak, but our enthusiasm and sense of fun never faltered. My reminiscences of those distant times are full of great characters and wonderful occasions.

Tooraree on the outskirts of the town was the venue for what was probably the most spectacular event of the year: the Ballyhaunis Races. The talk in the town was of little else for weeks before and after the great event. I can still vividly picture the huge crowds converging on the race field – bicycles swarming everywhere with horse and traps and side-cars being the preferred mode of transport for older people.

The shops, or at least most of them, closed around 1 p.m. to allow the staff to get to the races in time to savour the atmosphere of the great occasion. There were numerous side-shows and games,

and tents selling the usual refreshments. Highlight of the side-shows was the familiar character known as 'Barrett the Tumbler', who performed such acrobatic stunts as cart-wheels and somersaults with spectacular ease. He was extremely popular and was held in high esteem as 'the one-man circus'. His performances seemed never ending and he paused only briefly to collect small donations from spell-bound admirers.

The admission to the race field was one shilling and those who had the means could gain admittance to the enclosure for half a crown. The enclosure was on slightly-raised ground fenced off by simple wire netting.

I was not a betting man myself but I did see a wager of two pounds placed on a well-fancied horse. This was a substantial sum of money in those days – a week's wages. The horse finished badly and the money was lost but my gambling friend hid his disappointment, probably taking solace from Rudyard Kipling's famous lines:

'If you can make one heap of all your winnings,

And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,

And never breathe a word about your loss . . . '

The day of the races was always brought to a fitting close with the hugely popular Race Dance which always lived up to its reputation of being the biggest and best dance of the year.

A good friend of mine in those years was the late Jim Forde, a multi-talented man of great sporting and musical ability. He was a regular on the Mayo senior football team from 1928 and he travelled with the team to America in the glory days of the 'thirties. I have memories of many a Winter night when Jim and I would set out for brisk walks to Hollywell Cross and afterwards we used to stop at his parent's home in Hazelhill where there was always a warm fire and a warm welcome. There Jim played the violin and would rattle off some lively tunes.

I also recall many pleasant evenings spent in Annagh where Jim's wife, Rita, and her family lived. I had the pleasure of working with her brothers for a number of years in Ballyhaunis.

One of the legendary characters of Ballyhaunis was the late P. A. Waldron who retired from teaching in Ballyhaunis Boys School after fifty-years dedication to the educational life of the parish. It is worth noting that he wrote and contributed to various newspapers and magazines under the non-de-plum, A. P. Nordlaw, which was Mr. Waldron's name reversed. He could regularly be seen taking his morning constitutional across the town square. He was the life and soul of most gatherings and a natural entertainer and raconteur. He liked to base his anecdotes on real life situations so that his characters became more alive and real as he spun out his yarn or recitation. A rhyme of his that still brings a smile concerns a run-down lodging house on the Main Street. He described the unfortunate place with the following hilarious parody of Tom Moore's Vale of Avoca:

'Sweet Vale of Avoca, Tom Moore said you're sweet,

But if you walked the deep roads without shoes to your feet,

Or slept in Doyle's garrett without blanket or sheet,



The birthday party – Front row: Ann Byrne, J. Biesty, Mary Biesty, Michael Byrne, Bernadette Jordan, Mary Mullaney, William Byrne, Maire Byrne, Catherine Biesty. Middle row: Eddie Biesty, Josephine Murphy, Tommy Jordan, Josephine Gordan. Back row: Mike Byrne, Nora Biesty (R.I.P.); Tom Byrne (baby); Lena Byrne (R.I.P.); Kit O'Malley (R.I.P.); May Byrne.



Sean Healy on his way to the bog at Cloonfallagh.

You wouldn't care a damn where the bright waters meet!

When I look back on my years in Ballyhaunis in the 1930s, I can say that the Summer evenings were enjoyably spent in the company of friends such as Johnny Lyons and the Eagneys and the Cooneys. We used to regularly play handball at Curries outside the town. We visited handball alleys for miles in all directions. The bicycle was the all-important mode of transport and good tyres and a strong chain were our highest priorities. Apart from cycling, walking played a large part in our lives. We often walked the entire distance of Knock on the eve of the 15th August for the all-night vigil and then walked back the following morning just in time to start a full day's work. There was a much-greater emphasis on religion in those days and much attention was given to fasting, all-night vigils, rosaries, etc. I have vivid memories of great sermons and in particular I recall that the Augustinian Friars in Ballyhaunis always lived up to their long-standing reputation as great preachers.

The Augustinian Friary is, of course, still a prominent feature of the town. In my time in the 1930s, a huge restoration project was undertaken on the Abbey. The work was commissioned by the Prior, Fr. Mansfield, and carried by Paddy Cunnane from Knock, brother of the then student priest who went to be become Arch. Bishop Cunnane of Tuam.

Fr. Mansfield at this time was the driving force behind many of the town's sporting and cultural activities. His energy and commitment brought successes to a range of activities throughout the 'thirties..

A notable success that I will always remember was the fund-raising effort for the Abbey Restoration Project. He organised a festival of events in the Friary grounds which ran for a whole week. This became known at the time as the 'Friary Festival'. One festival event which grabbed the imagination of the town and which was eagerly promoted, was a boxing tournament. I recall that I was listed among the programme of boxers to take part but the main event was to be an exhibition match between two powerfully-built men, both near natives of the town.

They were billed as 'The Never Beaten', Pat McAllister and the great James J. Coffey, 'contender for the world heavyweight crown'. Pat McAllister had boxed with considerable success in America in the 1920s and in the 1930s was physio to the Mayo football team. James J. Coffey from Loughlynn, also had a renowned boxing career in the States and continued his involvement with the sport on his return to Ireland where he became regional boxing coach for Connacht.

At that time Ballyhaunis had a thriving boxing club located in what is now known as McGarry's Old Hall.

Needless to say the exhibition match at the Friary Festival was a great success and none more delighted in the drama and excitement of the occasion than Fr. Mansfield himself.

My most vivid memory of the Friary Festival is the spectacular fireworks display which took place on the final night. It was on that glorious Summer night that Ballyhaunis had its first experience of fireworks which proved to be a thrilling and impressive

sight indeed. I honestly felt that in all the years since, I have seen no fireworks display to better the Friary Festival of sixty-years ago.

There was a keen interest in politics among many in Ballyhaunis in the 1930s. I can recall some occasions of speech-making and electioneering but probably the most outstanding political event of that era was De Valera's visit to the town on a bright Sunday afternoon in the Spring of 1932. It was said at the time that such support had not been seen since the days of Parnell and Michael Davitt. Local farmers from around Ballyhaunis rode into town on horseback and formed a mounted guard of honour around a specially-constructed platform in The Square. Loud shouts of 'Up Dev' rang out from the huge gathering of enthusiastic supporters. One of the leading lights behind the success of that day was Micheál O Cleirigh (originally from Logboy) who had a thriving law practice in Ballyhaunis at the time. That was an outstanding day for Ballyhaunis and probably for De Valera also for it was the year that he led Fianna Fail to power and later went on to be elected to the highest office in the land, that of President of Ireland.

It's a long way down memory lane to Ballyhaunis in the 'thirties, but thinking back always brings to mind many great friends and happy times. I'm happy to have had this opportunity to share some of the old nostalgia for those bygone days.



Teenagers, Muriel and Josephine Higgins, Clare St., before their departure for America, in May, 1949, where they still reside.

"From the Cradle to the Table"

Tom Murphy

IN 1941/'42, Tom Staunton, Michael Kelly and Tony Murphy had pigs for the October Fair in Ballyhaunis. The pigs were kept in the fields during the Summer. They fed on fúráns, docks and cabbage. An old cabin in the side of the field gave them shelter from the sun. About two months before the Fair they were brought inside and fed with Indian meal, pollard and potatoes.

On the morning of the Fair the men would start walking the pigs to Ballyhaunis – nearly four miles away at 4 a.m. Some pigs would escape from the ropes (straw and cotton), and have to be chased all over the commonage in Leow. They might bring nine or ten pigs each to the Fair – one would be left at home for killing. In Ballyhaunis the buyers would stand outside the Post Office, they would not start to buy before eight o'clock. The bellman would bell the time. The buyers included Mick Webb (Eddie's father) and Cunniffe's from Ballaghaderreen.

The buyer had a helper. If he was interested in your pigs he'd leave the helper with you to "soften you up". The Fair stretched from Foody's (George Delaney's), to The Square; to Griffin's of Clare Street, and Johnston's Shop in Knox Street. You'd sell the pigs in the first two hours. You'd get a docket with the buyer's name and the price on it. The buyer would mark the pig with his own mark – a scrape with the side of a knife.

You'd stay there and buy bonhams, they would be marked with grease from a cart. They might sell the first pair for, say, £4.00. They'd be 2/6 off the next pair, etc. You'd bring the pigs you sold to the station to load them into wagons. The buyer would have booked a wagon. 'Twas easier, say, "walk him in" than to walk him in – a pig is a very stubborn animal.

Then you'd wait outside the hotel until the buyers had finished their dinner. You could be

left outside in the rain. We'd go in a few at a time with our dockets. We'd have to give them luck penny. The bonham breeders would wash the bonhams and cover the cart to keep them warm and stop them jumping out. It was said "a good thriving pig would sleep half the time – a roaring pig was no thriver". We'd go into Nora Greally's (Paddy Ryan's); Foudy's or Tom Coyne's (A.I.B.).

Tom had a coffee grinding machine, and we'd have hot coffee and sandwiches and farthing biscuits – thick with raisins in the middle. Some men would have a few drinks in Tom Lyons', Bridge Street, or Captain Lyons', Main Street. You'd get someone to bring the bonhams home!

Killing the Pig

The "home" pig was kept on until before Christmas. You'd have Christmas with the pig. We'd stay at home from school the day of the killing. Jim Murray from Tullaghawn, killed all the pigs in this locality. At our place you would have Tony Murphy, Paddy Freeley, Jim Murray. They'd have a porter jar (earthenware) filled. They'd have a drink before they'd go out and catch the pig. Jim had a little rope.

The pig would smell blood off Jim and give a snort. Jim would slip the double rope into his mouth – the rope would be going through a hole in a piece of timber – he'd turn the timber to tighten the rope. You'd put him up on an old table – two or three men – he might be twenty stone, so you'd want a good, strong table – you'd tie him – one front leg would be loose to let the blood flow.

Jim would stick the knife in between the shoulders – to get at the heart – it was quick! We'd catch the blood in a bucket with oat meal and salt. You'd have two big pots boiling with a canvas bag in one of them. Two men would

carry the pot to the pig – they'd pick up the bag with pot hooks and spread it over the pig and scald him to get the hair off him.

One man would do the head with the second pot – it was a hard place to scald. We had a telegraph pole through the cart house to hang him. Some people used to hang them on a ladder. There was a special stick through the hind legs tied up to the pole. He'd be hung, head down, with a big potato in his mouth, so the blood would come out. They'd split him down the middle and take out his puddings and liver (a special treat); also heart and kidneys.

Some of the guts that ran out would be used as casings for the puddings. The women would wash them out with warm water. They'd mix blood with onions, oatmeal, seasonings – like black pudding only way better, food-wise and tastewise. We, kids, would hold the casings and they'd pour from the jug, and pack, but not over-pack. They'd put five or six puddings in a small pot and leave them to cool.

The following night Jim Murray would come again for the boning. We'd take the pig down onto the table and bone him. The bones would be taken out and the holes packed with salt (special salt), maybe a hundredweight. He was cut into four quarters. The box was ready, we had candle lanterns as Jim would not allow the smell of oil. He'd put an inch-and-a-half of salt on the bottom of the box, then the first fletch of bacon on top of the salt; then pack around it with straw, then more salt, etc.

We'd be sent off to Scrigg with the black puddings and bones, they'd come back again when the others would kill. The pig's head would be card played for the night after the boning. The pig would be left about a month to cure. Then you'd go to the box and cut a thick piece, 14 / 15 lbs. and hook it up in the kitchen. It would be solid; we would have a fry every morning for breakfast, good thick rashers, sure a rasher is like a stamp now!

At this point the conversation turned to matters archological, so Tom and Gerry will have plenty to discuss for 1993.

(In conversation with Matt O'Dwyer and Gerry Cribbin).

President's Visit to Ballyhaunis

SUNDAY August 2nd, was a very special and historic day for the town. It marked the first visit by our first citizen, President, Mary Robinson. An unseasonal shower did not dampen the enthusiasm of the huge crowd which gathered to welcome her. Her personal warmth was reflected and endued by her gentle touch, her understanding smile and her enthusiastic greeting. Prompted by concern for the economic uncertainty which beset the town in March, she arrived to show her compassion and understanding, and her presence acted as a source of inspiration. Music and dancing, extended hands and smiling faces awaited her at The Square. In addressing us in her unique and understanding way she said: -

"People of Ballyhaunis, in particular young people and children of Ballyhaunis, I was delighted to receive the invitation of the Chamber of

Commerce to come here to formally open this "Festival of Lughnasa". Ballyhaunis has been very much in my mind and in my consciousness the past months. Times have not been easy in the West and times have been particularly difficult in Ballyhaunis in the past few months with the closure of UMP. I am delighted to know that Avonmore / Irish Country Meats have re-opened the plant and I will visit it later this afternoon.

I was looking for an opportunity to come here to Ballyhaunis to show solidarity with you in the town, to express to you my knowledge of your own determination to transcend the economic and social trauma which this town has suffered. I commend the Chamber for having the imagination and practical sense to revive the old "Festival of Lughnasa", and to have a celebration at Harvest Time. It is important to revive and to remind ourselves of the old festivals. I was delighted

to be greeted coming into the town by a marching band in the Mayo colours, it is a nice sight for a Mayo President to see.

I understand the importance of dancing in festivals as a celebration. I am very pleased to see the dancers and you will remember in my inauguration I said: "come dance with me in Ireland" - "my hope was to have an opportunity to witness festivals such as the Festival of Lughnasa which will triumph over the weather".

In welcoming the President to Ballyhaunis, John Dillon-Leetch, President of the Chamber of Commerce said: "We are delighted and uplifted by your acceptance of our invitation to visit Ballyhaunis during this, our Festival of Lughnasa. We welcome you today to our town and to your county. It is a singular privilege for us that you should stand with us at this cross-roads which has dimension in time and in place. We know that you bring with you the qualities of courage,

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Members of Ballyhaunis Chamber of Commerce pictured with President Mary Robinson during her visit to open the town's festival of Lughnasa during the Summer. Left to right: John Dillon-Leetch, the President, John Halpin, Tom Finn and Bernie Jordan.

President's Visit to Ballyhaunis

determination, insight and inspiration. These are the attributes which we, standing at this cross-roads, must muster so that our community can develop and prosper. Your presence gives us encouragement for the future as, in your words, "we can articulate self-definition at a time of re-definition".

We are, indeed, at a cross-roads in time and in place. In February of this year principal industry United Meat Packers closed its gates and the feeling emerged that our community was about to experience economic shut-down. May I, at this stage, pay tribute to the pioneering spirit of Sher Modammed Rafique for developing an international Meat business with his Headquarters in Ballyhaunis. We wish him, his family and all who worked at that enterprise happiness and prosperity for the future.

The heavy clouds of uncertainty which beset us in February succumbed to the seasonal promise of Bealtraine and to the timely arrival of Avonmore Foods. We extend a warm welcome to this indigenous enterprise and look forward to the benefit of the rich crops which this experienced team will reap from our rural heartland. We thank God, who was beseeched by local prayers; we thank our Government; our T.Ds. and our Councillors for enriching us with this enterprise.

And so we stand, at this cross-roads, at this time of Lughnasa to mark and celebrate this bountiful harvest. Each of us has a unique way of contributing to the festivities, whether it be a dance, a song, a recitation, a word, a laugh or a smile. We have within us the ability to imbue this festive spirit on others. President, it is fitting that you, our most honoured first citizen, should be with us as we have sent out the message: -

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



I.C.A. - Left/right: Mrs. Veronica Freyne, Mayo Vice-President; Mrs. Monica Prendergast, National President; Mrs. Lily Moran, Mayo President.

Bantracht na Tuaithe

Under the leadership of our President, Mrs. Margaret Kenny, the members meet on one night each month to discover new interests and to discuss any matters of mutual concern. Those in the Association make good and lasting friendships and there is

Following presentation by the Chamber of Commerce the President was treated to an open-air Ceili at the cross-roads, with wonderful dancing from The Mildred Byrne Group of Dancers, both adults and children and music by The Glenside Ceili Band.

The President was a guest of Avonmore / Irish Country Meats at their new plant at Clare Road, where she had occasion to meet members of the Board of Directors of Avonmore, the Management and staff of Irish Country Meats. Taking time to shake more hands and greet more people at the Machnais Circus which was taking place at Clare Road, the President departed but left with us her legacy of re-affirmation and renewal.

- John Dillon-Leetch.

always the opportunity to attempt something that has always interested you.

This year Mrs. Maura Fitzmaurice availed of a scholarship to our Adult Education College, An Grianan, Co. Louth. Other members regularly attend a variety of courses, both educational and recreational. Our members will be taking part in a special Mayo workshop to be held at the College in the New Year.

Our National President visited the Spring Mayo Federation meeting and she gave wonderful praise and encouragement for the work accomplished here in Mayo. Plans are now well advanced for our members to host the National Council meeting taking place in February.

Mrs. Veronica Freyne has been appointed on the National Committee of Consumer Affairs. This affects the day-to-day living of all the community, and we must be vigilant that our own best interests are being served.

Apart from all the many activities now made available to I.C.A. members please keep in mind that all are welcome just to come and have a friendly night out! We look forward to welcoming many more of the local ladies during the coming months. President, Mrs. Margaret Kenny; Secretary, Mrs. Mary Donnelly; Treasurer, Mrs. Maura Fitzmaurice; P.R.O., Mrs. Catherine Carney.

Ballyhaunis Public Library

FOR most people, the quickest and easiest access to the world's best thought is through the public library. By creating a positive attitude towards reading, we can help introduce our children to a world of adventure, ideas and information.

During the past two decades, education in Ireland has made great strides and this should have a very positive influence on the use of the library. Reading is a wonderful family activity, and the lives of many people have been greatly enhanced by reading. The library is a wonderful place to explore the world of books, and there one will find large collections of books, covering all ages, interests and reading levels.

With improved education, the level of readership of the library increases. We must realise that "reading begins at home". Reading to your children gives them the chance to imagine and to enjoy the sound of words

which will develop and improve their reading skills. You cannot start too soon and reading together is something you and your child will never forget. It is advisable to allow children to choose their own books. If the book is not suitable, it can always be returned to the library and another book chosen. If a child wants a book over and over again, one should purchase the book if at all possible as few toys or childhood treasures have such lasting value as books.

Keep reading to your children. In this way they will learn new words, and they will also learn to like books. Children understand words before they can read them. Help your child with new words but don't stop for mistakes. Always praise success. Most of all, ensure that reading time is fun time.

It is over twenty years since Ballyhaunis Library became part of the cultural life of the town. Patrons to the library have borrowed over 400,000 books since

the library opened in May, 1972. This must have a profound effect on the lives of the people.

With the increased interest in local studies during the past decade, the library has become the ideal place to do family research. Mayo County Library have acquired materials on all aspects of local and family heritage, and these can be accessed in the Local Studies Department of the new Library Headquarters in Castlebar.

Any person on the Mayo Register of Electors may join the library by signing a card and, on payment of the annual membership fee of £1.00. Children must have the card signed by a parent or guardian, and it costs £1.00 per child, too.

On every visit to the library, a person is entitled to borrow two books.

If you require any information, Eleanor will be only too glad to assist you.

Telephone (0907) 30161.

Opening hours: Tuesday, 12 noon to 5 p.m.; Wednesday, 3 p.m. to 8 p.m.; Friday, 3 p.m. to 8 p.m.; Saturday, 12 noon to 5 p.m.

- Eleanor Freyne (Librarian).



Back row (left/right): James McNamara, Pat Greeley, Tom Greeley ("Bran" - the dog); Tim Freeman and James Sloyan. Second row (left/right): Michael Sullivan, Pat Folliard, Michael Barrett, Nora Barrett, Mary Freeman and Joe Cunnane. Third row: (seated: left/right): John Greeley, Mary Greeley, Catherine Folliard, Tom Greeley, Catherine Freeman, Kate Forde and Ann McNamara. Front row (kneeling: left/right): Mrs. Bernard Dyer, Bridget Sloyan, Agnes Greelen, Nora Cunnane.

Knox Street - 1950s - '60s

Tom (Tommy) Gilmore.

BALLYHAUNIS (and surrounding districts), is "My Town", and possibly only those who have left can appreciate the scope in words, pictures and memories of exactly what is encompassed in those two words.

My family have lived in Knox Street for over a century. My grandfather and his brother arrived in the mid-1800s and set up their Coach Building business. My grandfather set up in what is now the Dentist's. Knox Street and the long back yard. The family carried out their business there for the next 100 plus years. My grand uncle set up a similar business in The Square (Tarpeys, now a Chemist), but subsequently some of the family moved to Brickens. Joe Gilmore, is a descendant of the line as was the late Jimmy Gilmore (R.I.P.). My father, Johnnie Gilmore (R.I.P.), later expanded the Coach Building into Woodwork, Undertaking, Stone Works and Cutting, Saw Mill and Bar. Additionally, my mum added a dairy farm and associated milk round.

For many years he took on apprentices, many of whom went on to make a good living in Dublin, England or America. A regular few always called to see him on their return to town. Again in the '50s carts, traps, side-cars, bikes were still the main method of transportation. My father continued with the Coach business until the late 'fifties, mainly repairing carts, traps, etc., and, in particular, "wheel righting". The old forge wall is still standing and I believe that the wheel right and Saw Mill bases are still in place under the rubble. As cars overtook the trap, etc., then the old trade died.

Stone cutters were still mainly journey men in those days. They came, some got drunk, went and some returned on a regular basis. Paddy Kelly and Rory were two of the most reliable and remained

working for my dad for years. Being a businessman man, always with an eye to the future, he was one of the first to get a telephone in the town. The number was Ballyhaunis 2, which was not alone used for business / family calls but also for many neighbours and friends whose families had gone to Dublin, England or the U.S.A. In particular, I remember Mr. and Mrs. Cribben from Drimbane, coming in on St. Stephen's Day, to wait their family calls from abroad. My father ran an open house which had an ongoing succession of visitors from the Americas, U.K., Dublin combined with most of the children in the street and, indeed, the town, at some time or other. Just a few of the local town land visitors I recall, were my grandmothers family. Henry's from Crossard; Waldron's from Ballyroe; Sharkey's from Urlaur; Kelly's from Bekan; Kenny's, Hunt's, Hoban's, Fitzmaurice's, Dyer's from Brackloon direction.

Johnny Gilmore (R.I.P.), loved Ballyhaunis, and surrounding districts and cared passionately for its history, politics and people. Through his undertaking and stonework's business, he shared their grief and seeing the pain of emigration did his utmost to attract new business to the town. I still recall his pride when the Pottery got the go-ahead at the end of Knox Street. For years he kept a first run of pottery on display in the bar as an example of what could be achieved when people pull together. Many attempts were made to get Liga Baby foods to open a factory but to no avail. Regrettably, he saw the pride of the town's youth leave. In particular, saw Knox Street empty of people like Tony Green, Neil McGillicuddy, Morley's, Rattigan's, Forkan brothers, Jordan's, Hannon's, later to be followed by cousins such as the Dalton Sisters. Clare Street and his own family. I'm sure that had he survived to see the improvements in the town he

would have felt that all the early efforts of the Town Improvements Committee were fully justified.

Street Economy

Ballyhaunis has always been recognised for its spirit of enterprise and Knox Street to have been a hive of "home industry" activity what with Hubert Lyons and his bakery. Gilmore's as above plus Sawmill and my mum's dairy / milk round. Liam and Mrs. Smith with Taxi service / hairdressing; Pat Glavey's Barrels; J. T. Smith (Snr.), R.I.P., Saddlers Workshop; Eddie Biesty's Bike Workshop; Keane's Tailors; Joe Waldron Turkey / Chicken Export Business; Gilmore's Stoneworks; Johnson's Machinery; M. A. Keane's Furniture, the pottery; Brod Morley's Butchers; Johnny Forde / Cobblers, and most of the remaining shops / bars had stables for regular customers or cattle yards always busy on fair days. The Flemming family, Poolnacraoghy, delivered fresh vegetables every week, by donkey and cart, together with flowers for the processions - Lupins and red ponies, amongst others.

If anything the town appears to have been more self-sufficient in these days as far as food produce is concerned. Together with Michael Morley, I was probably a regular feature doing my milk round, on my bike, to the four corners of the town, morning and evening. However, having so much contact with so many people is a story in itself for another time, perhaps.

Social Scene

Entertainment in my early childhood seems to have centred around Hopscotch, Topsy Cat, Tops, Bike Wheels to be followed later by tricycles, skates, hoola-hoops. The arrival of tricycles caused mayhem with neighbours. In particular, I remember one incident with old Pat Glavey (R.I.P.), when speeding up the pavement I took the legs out from under him - I ended up on my back, he ended up on me and the bike ended up on both of us. The clip around the ear I got slowed me down for a number of years, although Smith's and ourselves continued to have the odd race.

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The river was used for swimming before Annagh lake became so popular. One of my mother's fields in Poolnacraoghy, which was behind the Friary, was known as the Bathing Pool. On sunny weekends the hillside would be crowded with families sitting on rugs having a picnic and watching the swimmers in the river below. If I recall correctly, the Rattigan Brothers (Knox Street), were the best swimmers. The river drainage scheme put paid to the Bathing Pool and subsequently more and more people went to Annagh Lake. Right up until the lake was drained Annagh was a major leisure feature for the town. On a fine Sunday, you had to get there early to get a good spot. One of the major challenges was to be able to swim to "Bird Island" which was home to thousands of birds. I only saw the lake frozen over once and had a terrific time with most of the kids from the town skating on the ice. After Annagh was drained swimming "took a dive" unless you could get to the Swimming Pool in Castlereagh or to a safe lake somewhere outside town.

Pals and Friends

In my early days my pals were my sisters, Brigid and Mary, John Hannon, J. T. and Eamon Smith, Freddy Herr, Marguerite Morley, Vera Morley (R.I.P.), and a regular holiday visitor, Patricia Doyle, later to become my wife. My brother, Sean, Tony and Seamus Morley (R.I.P.), were friends. I remember the Morley's cousins from England showing us how to fire arrows without a bow in P. A. Waldron's (Webb's) field. As the years moved on, and to name just a few, added to the list were Junior Connelly, Billy Toolan, Joey Conboy (Devlis); Tom Cunningham, Willie Armstrong, Francis Moore, Paddy Judge, Christie Freyne, John Egan, Henry Byrne (R.I.P.); John Byrne, Eamon Byrne (R.I.P.); Tom Ryan, John Halpin and Denis Hannon. Some of these later formed a Ballyhaunis team in London but that is another story.

Summer

Poolnacraoghy was my playground and, indeed, the river behind the Friary always seemed to focus in social activity whether

it was trying to build dams, bridges, hide-outs, running, "gang warfare" - in the nicest possible way or swimming.

Fine weather brought regular Scouting trips down the path at the back of Knox Street, and on through the following fields - Webb's, Annie Gilmore's, through the gate by the old well into Carney's, on into Paddy Byrne's - check the river ford (two large rocks) behind the Friary - then into the bathing pool, Cribben's, Maureen Higgins's into Morley's Sandpit and Wood, perhaps, to play or if the weather was right, look for small, wild strawberries. On a very adventurous day we would make it to Johnny Forde's field to raid his cherry tress. Another adventure was an expedition to the Giant's Hollow, which had an air of mystery surrounded by woods, open fields and lakes in the distance.

Another distraction was the occasional "war" with John George Leetch and his Main Street gang for the Fair Green Hills. The Lochan was neutral ground unless in use for football.

Autumn

Autumn brought hazel nuts to Morley's Wood. Hallowe'en bonfires and the Rosary. After the Rosary, Vin Baker, Main Street, organised a chase game starting at Curley's Chemist beside the Courthouse, and went on for hours around the town. The dark made the chase all the more exciting.

Preparation for the bonfire went on for months cutting and gathering logs, begging for old tyres from Eddie Biesty and Tommy Johnson, combined with the occasional raid into another street store. Bonfire night made the town look like it had been blitzed with great spirals of black smoke rising over Knox Street, Main Street, Clare Street and Devlis. Bonfire Night in Knox Street took place in Forkin's Sandpit, and was the source of tremendous satisfaction, the odd sneaked cider and lots of potatoes baked in the ashes. Almost everybody in the street attended if only for a few minutes.

Winter

In Winter, when the wind blew up from Forkin's Sandpit, you could tell that snow was on the

way. Many happy hours were spent with Rattigans, Herrs, Hannons, Smiths and numerous others sledding down P. A. Waldron's (Webb's) hill, over the frozen pond and up the other side towards Jordan's back gate. During heavy frost stretches of road were used for sliding.

Accidents at Webb's Corner and further down at John Morley's (R.I.P.) Corner, were always features of the Winter frost, packed snow and ice. Small crowds would take a walk down to see cars being pulled out of ditches.

I'm afraid there was always a touch of innocent devilment in the background. Another particular tale was I "borrowed" a coffin from my dad's yard to make a boat to sail on the river. My co-conspirators will remain nameless, but needless to say, we had a splendid time pitching the coffin and then sailing up and down the river towards Delaney's yard on some pirate adventure or other. One night, however, after heavy rain, the "boat" broke loose and was swept down the river to the Friary Bridge, where it became jammed. Needless to say, the black coffin was spotted by people going to the early morning Mass in the Friary. The Guards were called; my father was called; Uncle Tom Cobley was called and I got another thick ear.

Another story - but true, I'm afraid, being fond of music and having been persuaded to take up piano lessons, I was none too keen on going up to the Convent on dark, Winter evenings. On one such occasion I made an excuse to my tutor, Sister Oliver, that my mother was in distress as her prize cow had gone missing. Sister Oliver being the kind and considerate sister that she was, excused me my lesson and I had a terrific time playing chase around the town. Now unknown to me Sister Oliver had not at that time recognised my acting abilities so consequently asked the other sisters to say a special prayer at their evening devotions that Mrs. Gilmore would find her prize cow. All went well until the 10.00 Sunday Mass, at which two nuns always attended.

Unfortunately this was the Mass my mother also attended, and who should bump into each other but Sister Oliver and my mother. On seeing my mother, Sr. Oliver rushed over full of concern to

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enquire after the prize cow. I got a thick ear from mum and a big chocolate to compensate from Sr. Oliver.

The Vatican II Council introduced the Mass in English and to this day I can picture Fr. Delaney trying to reach us to follow the text from the new book. The building of St. Patrick's College saw the arrival of Fr. Costello (Canon); Fr. McMyler, Fr. Waldron, Fr. Burke and Fr. Kennedy. In particular, I express my appreciation to Fr. Costello for his emphasis on French Pronunciation; Fr. McMyler for his Musical Appreciation, and Fr. Waldron for his Drama and Speech Therapy classes. I took part in the first St. Patrick's Drama productions, "The Winslow Boy" and "Arsenic and Old Lace". I little realised at the time that I would go on to live in London, where my St. Patrick's Drama experience would assist me getting on to the stage of The Golden Gate Theatre, London, in productions such as "Brides of March", "Penny for a Song", and "Among Those Present".

During the 'sixties the numbers of cars began to grow as witnessed by the Sunday traffic to Knock and the Sunday night traffic going to the Starlight / Eclipse Ballroom in town or to Tooreen. I distinctly remember standing in our hallway door, with John Hannon, counting the hundreds of cars making their way to Tooreen one Sunday night and wondering what was the great attraction and when would we get to see it. Then the Devil was reported to have appeared in Tooreen and that temporarily put paid to my ambitions. I eventually went to my first dance there on a crispy St. Stephen's night and nearly suffocated in the heat and the crush – but my goodness was it exciting! Dickie Rock & Miami, Brendan Bowyer, Joe Dolan and Dixies. The Freshmen were the flavour of the period. Much to my father's regret, the "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah" brigade was being beamed in from abroad via Radio Luxembourg (i.e., Beetles, Stones, Tom Jones, etc.).

Winds of change

Although I have lived in London for over twenty years I visit the town on a regular basis. The number of industries attracted to the locality and the efforts to improve the town facili-

Farewell Sweet Maid

Farewell sweet maid, farewell to thee,
Where ere I go you'll be to me,
The maid you were when first we met,
That night of nights I'll nere forget,
Tho we are parted, we'll remain,
Still sweetly bound by Cupid's Chain,
Love is immortal, yes it's true,
Farewell sweet maid, farewell to you.

T'is sad to meet and then to part,
To raise high hopes in loving heart,
To live and love, to laugh and tell,
Loves tales of old, in magic spell,
And then the end when hopes are high,
A look, a kiss, and then goodbye,
We cannot combat fates design,
Till death I'm yours, Sweet Maid of Mine.

J. A. Gilmore,
1940s.

ties through the new car park and landscaped surrounds indicates that the Spirit of Enterprise runs on. Just how tightly the Ballyhaunis economy is tied up with world affairs in the 20th century was tangible in February of 1992, when the town waited with "baited breath" as the future of Halal was being decided.

In spite of television and associated satellite technology some things don't change and one of these is the qualities that make up the mutual support and kindness between neighbours and the community. I would like to thank in particular, Pat and Margaret Byrne and family; Mrs. Smith,

Garvey's, Moran's, Keane's for all their kindness to my mother and family over recent years. The spirit of chivalry continues in the youth of the town as displayed by the unknown young lad who helped my mother in January, 1992, after a fall late at night in The Square. If he would care to identify himself to my mother he has a small surprise in store!

I hope that some of the memories I have recalled above will bring back memories and, indeed, prompt other memories too numerous to mention in one article. Wherever you live I extend my warm regards to the Ballyhaunis community, past and present.



D. P. Hannan, Bridget Mary and Jack Halpin – dinner-dance, 1955.

Summer Days and October Evenings

- By Norrie Lanigan.

THAT first morning, before leaving the house, mum insisted that we stood by the dresser, all three of us, my sisters, Joan and Maud, and myself. Hands joined, we said the Morning Offering to the picture of the Sacred Heart above the mantelpiece. This is my memory of how my first day at school began at the age of four-and-a-half.

Joan took me by the hand and escorted me to the "baby class room", where I was greeted by Sr. Carmel. I was lucky to have her teach me from that day on, and will always remember her for her kindness. The main features of the classroom were a sandpit and a lone rocking horse mounted on three wheels.

What little spare time I had in my childhood, I spent with my best friend, Mary Grogan, and a larger group made up of her sister, Anna; cousin, Brian Byrne; Bernard Freyne and, indeed, anyone else who dared to join us. On Summer days we would go out

the Clare Road, across the fields, and collect whatever was in season at the time. Many a happy hour was spent collecting blackberries, mushrooms and hazelnuts. En-route, we would stop and talk to Mrs. Healy about her wonderful cottage garden. In June, the fragrance from lupin, foxglove, daisies and many other varieties was unforgettable. This lovely old house and garden standing next to the mill bridge was also the source of many of the flower petals, which we would scatter in front of the Blessed Sacrament during the annual Procession through the town from the church.

How I loved, and still love my church, the Parish Church, October evenings, the Rosary, Benediction and the beautiful smell of incense filling the church. During the long sermons, my friends and I would swap our treasured collections of Holy pictures, neatly wrapped in cellophane for protection. For some

time I was in the choir at the parish church which I enjoyed enormously since I grew up with music around me.

My dad, Gus Lanigan, was well known for his dance band which included all the family, dad on lead trumpet; Maud on piano accordion; Joan on saxophone, and myself on second trumpet. Band practice was held in our small livingroom, I got used to playing an octave above the rest to make myself heard. New Year's Eve dad would lead the other members of the band around the town at twelve o'clock starting at the top, playing the New Year in and the old one out. I can still hear "Wrap The Green Flag Round Us Boys", and see the wonderful characters such as Tom Swift on drums.

These are just a few of my childhood recollections in Ballyhaunis which will always be with me.

Ballyhaunis Macra Na Feirme

Ballyhaunis Macra Na Feirme was set up in October, 1991. Macra Na Feirme is an organisation in which people aged 17 and over join, to make new friends, learn new skills, improve farming methods, develop leadership skills, travel and have a better social life.

There were twenty members in the Club last year. There were four Officers elected by the members of the Club - Paul Morley, Chairman; Gerry Walsh, Secretary; Darragh Shields, Treasurer, and Sharon Walsh, P.R.O.

The Club took part in several events during the year, club exchanges, table quizzes, discos and debates. The Club's debating team came second in the county debate.

The Club would like to see more people attending the meetings. Ballyhaunis Macra Na Feirme meets every Tuesday night at 9.30, in the Manor House. Come along and see what Macra Na Feirme is about.

- Sharon Walsh, P.R.O.



The Fancy Dress - Mary Halpin ("Little Bo Peep"); Ann Byrne ("Maria Antonette"); John Byrne ("Laughing Cavalier"), and Patrick Halpin ("The Phantom").

Making A Crust

- By Eamon Murren.

MONEY is always scarce. In my school days it was no different. We had to develop ways and means of making a crust. Doing messages and odd jobs was the most common source of income. It could be running to a shop, chemist, bringing in fuel or cleaning windows. There were several regular people I did messages for. One of my favourite people to work for was the late Mrs. Sheila Hoare. This kind and gentle lady, who lived to be over 100 years, was great to work for. For not only was she generous in her payment but she also passed on a lot of her knowledge to me. She was an avid reader and each day solved the cryptic crossword in *The Irish Independent*. I think of her fondly as I struggle myself with the "Indo." crossword.

Holiday time brought a chance for more jobs. One holiday job was working with Vinnie Caulfield in his travelling shop. Monday, Wednesday and Friday were the days for going "out the country". In those days a lot of people paid for their groceries with the eggs they sold Vinnie. However, with changes in times and improvement in transport very few travelling shops now exist.

Holiday times also "hay-making time". This meant working on the farm of Dr. Waldron with Timmy Melvin. £1.00 a day was the going rate and it was great money. The Agricultural Show was another time Timmy would employ a few of us. He took great pride in any prizes won by the doctor's stock. Dr. Waldron himself took a great interest in the farm and, in particular, in the horses. I remember "Nettle" and "Rusty" as being two of his favourites.

Every now and again a few of us would join together in our street collecting jam-jars. We would wash them in a big tub with washing soda. The final stage was to sell them to Joe Waldron in Knox Street. He gave us 2d. for the big pot and 1d. for the small pot. Once we collected the money we would have a party. This usually consisted of sweets, broken-biscuits and a siphon of Thwaite's lemonade.

Economists, nowadays, use a term called "income-in-kind", i.e., getting paid in a form other than money. I can provide two instances of this in my youth. Being a great reader of comics Thursday was an important day. I would often go to Curley's bus stop for Hopkin's parcel. This parcel would contain the weekly comics - "Hotspur", "Victor", "Valiant", "Beano", "Hornet", "Beezer", were among the favourites. The reward for collecting the parcel was often a free read of a few comics. Sometimes Tom would give me a "64-pager", which was a great reward. Of course, the problem was that it was difficult to buy all the comics so we had a swap arranged. I

remember how Michael O'Connell, Kieran Folliard, Dermot and Davy Freeley and myself all bought different comics and then swapped them. This way we knew how all our heroes like "Ray Race", "Wee Bondy", "Limp-along-Leslie" and "Captain Hurricane" were getting on.

The other source of income-in-kind was often the Sunday matinees in the Parochial Hall. Fr. Rushe would always hold back two or three to pick up the litter. The reward for this was your shilling back. To be sure of this job one had to be smart enough to be among the last to leave the cinema.

These were some of the ways we made money in our youth. Where is all the money now? Well, to quote professional poker player, Amarillo Slim - If God meant you to hold onto money He would have put handles on it".



At the Dublin v. Mayo match - Bernard Gallagher, James Toolan, Tommy Fitzgerald, Frankie Mulligan and Mike McQuely.



1950/'51 - Tooreen dress-dance (left/right): Paddy Mulligan (R.I.P.); Rita Mulligan, Jim Sweeney, Maria Cribbin and Bertie Curley (R.I.P.).

The Irish Martyrs

— John O'Connor, O.S.A.

UNDoubtedly, in modern Irish history, the most noteworthy ecclesiastical event was the pastoral visit of the Pope to Ireland in 1979. But second to that, perhaps, was the Beatification of seventeen Irish martyrs in Rome on 27th September, this year (1992). This was an official recognition of one sad strand of our history that belongs to darker days. Today, Ireland still has many harrowing problems, some of them religious but, thankfully, blood martyrdom is not one of them (unless some sectarian killings may later be deemed as such). In the past, the persecution for the faith came with the unjust occupation, and these seventeen new Blessed are now judged to have made the ultimate religious response to the situation. Here in these pages of "Annagh", for the record, we simply note the official seal of worthiness that was placed on those seventeen lives on the last Sunday in September. I was happy to be present at the Beatification, representing Ballyhaunis, as it were, where one of the Blessed (an Augustinian), will be specially honoured in the Abbey Church.

The Martyrs

From the Protestant Reformation (1517) onwards, persecution for the faith, and martyrdom, were constant features of Catholic life in Ireland. In those years, to varying degrees, Ireland was under Protestant rule — Henry VIII, Elizabeth I, James I, Charles I, Cromwell, Charles II, William and Mary, and on into the Penal Times of the eighteenth century. As it happened, many martyrs were recorded in Ireland under those rulers, and the memory of those was preserved and venerated by the Catholic people.

From 1892 onwards, steps were taken by the Irish bishops to make this veneration official, at least for a limited number of those who died for the Catholic

faith. So a list of Irish martyrs was presented in Rome, with a view to possible beatification of each person named. By 1991, some 260 names were accepted. Those two-hundred-and-sixty still make up the official list of Irish Martyrs, whose causes are being examined in Rome. Among them is the one-time prior of the Friary in Ballyhaunis, Fr. Fulgentius (Walter) Jordan, who died for the faith in Cromwellian times, and whose life merits deeper study.

Short-Listed

However, around 1975, seventeen (out of the 260), were short-listed, without prejudice to the others, and presented for beatification by the Dublin Diocesan Commission for Causes. This bore fruit on 27th September, 1992, when Pope John Paul II beatified them. Of interest to Ballyhaunis in that list of seventeen, will be Blessed Patrick O'Healy, a native of Co. Leitrim and a Franciscan priest who was appointed Bishop of Mayo (an old diocese now part of the Archdiocese of Tuam). The bishop never reached his diocese around Mayo Abbey; on his way from Rome he was captured with another of the seventeen, Blessed Conn O'Rourke, O.F.Y., and with him hanged in Kilmallock on 13th August, 1579. Blessed Patrick O'Healy, then, will be specially honoured in the Tuam Archdiocese.

Also of interest to Ballyhaunis will be the Augustinian, Blessed William Tirry, who was hanged in Clonmel in 1654. He will now be venerated with other Augustinian saints and blessed in the Abbey in Ballyhaunis. We do not have records, but it is possible that Blessed William may have visited Ballyhaunis. In the milder years just before Cromwell came, William Tirry was the assistant to the Provincial, from 1646 to 1649, and in that capacity he would have travelled with the Superior on official order business. And so, for instance, they



Bishop Patrick O'Healy, a Franciscan from Co. Leitrim.

may have visited Galway in 1648 or 1649 (or both years), to meet with the Papal Nuncio, Archbishop Finuccini. And if that is so, then they may well have visited the nearby Augustinian houses in places like Ballinrobe and Dunmore and Ballyhaunis. (Again, this is an area which merits study). But, in any case, Blessed William Tirry, O.S.A., will be specially honoured in the Augustinian Friary in Ballyhaunis, as he is now numbered in the Order's catalogue of saints and blessed.

An Irish Occasion

Sunday, September 27th, was an Irish occasion in Rome. Cardinal Daly, and most, if not all, of the Bishops, were present, and maybe a few hundred priests, with the Protestant Deans of St. Patrick's and Christ Church, Dublin, with John Wilson, T.D., and Gay Mitchell, Lord Mayor of Dublin, and other political and civic leaders, and many thousand Irish people. Apart from the Martyrs, four others were beatified in the same celebration, a French nun, two Spanish nuns and a Spanish monk. But on the day, the seventeen held the central banner over the door of St. Peter's, and a sizeable section of the huge crowds that filled the Piazza down to the Via della Conciliazioni. Perhaps, if the promotion of the event had not been so low-key in the media, many more Irish would have travelled. But in any case, thankfully, the Irish banner was graceful and restrained, with a simple Penal cross superimposed on a map of Ireland, that just carried the birth places of the seventeen Martyrs.

Many of the Irish pilgrims had gone to Rome early on the previous week, and a number of those would have been in St. Patrick's, the Irish National Church, to join with the bishops in prayer on Wednesday evening (23rd September), and again for a vigil in the Church of St. Mary Major, on Saturday, 26th September. Prominent among the pilgrims were large groups from Wexford, Armagh and Limerick.

The Main Ceremonies

The Beatification ceremony began at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, 27th September, and continued until around noon, with Our Lady's Choral Society from Dublin, helping in the music. The ritual was inevitably rich and grand, an altogether splendid occasion, with a happy degree of patriotic and spiritual emotion in evidence (without any disturbing triumphalism). The morning was blessed with a somewhat overcast sky, and a most welcome breeze, which surely suited the Irish present. It was all very pleasant. There was joy and contentment, but no great raucous hurrahs. And the same was true next day in the Church of St. Paul's outside the Walls, with Cardinal Daly and most of the bishops, and maybe three-hundred priests and a full church – a nicely controlled celebration that marked an historic event, but without drums or trumpets. Most people, like myself, were simply happy to be there to witness the bravery of the martyrs and their single-minded commitment being officially honoured by the highest voice in the Church.

There was a pleasant audience with the Holy Father of Wednesday, 30th September, and during the week other celebrations at various Irish centres in the eternal city. There was a time, too, for trips to places like Assisi and Genazzano and so on.

For the record, the official collective title of the Irish Martyrs is: Dermot O'Hurley, Margaret Bermingham, widow of Ball; Francis Taylor and fourteen companions. The fourteen others are: Patrick O'Healy, O.F.M.; Cornelius O'Rourke, O.F.M.; Matthew Lambert, Robert Myeler, Edward Cheevers, Patrick Cavanagh, Fr. Maurice McEnraghty, Br. Dominic Collins, S.J.; Conor O'Devany, O.F.M.; Fr. Patrick O'Loughran, Peter



Fr. Conn O'Rourke from the ruling house of Breifne.

Higgins, O.P.; Terence Albert O'Brien, O.P.; John Kearney, O.F.M., and William Tirry, O.S.A.

The Future

My own week in Rome came to an end on Saturday, October 3rd,

and I was glad enough to get back to the peace of Ballyhaunis after the constant rush and thunder of the Roman traffic, and the rather noisy nights that invade the room from the streets.

Already there was talk of further beatifications, perhaps of another short-list taken from the original two-hundred-and-sixty. It will be interesting to see whether or not Fr. Fulgentius Jordan, O.S.A., will appear on this. But, perhaps, a more thorough study would first need to be done on his life and sufferings. The exact year of his death needs to be established, and also the more reliable of the two accounts we have of his death, which substantially differ. In any case, while the study proceeds, one can pray that this man's faith and courage will also be recognised officially and sealed with the title of Blessed. And that would also enhance the Augustinian presence in Ballyhaunis and the Order's association with so many other places in the West of Ireland.



Pictured (left/right): Mary Sopp (nee Dyer); Mick Dyer, Brackloon North (sister and brother); Catherine Dyer, Jack Morley and Jimmy Shiels.



Tim Shanley, Manager, Ulster Bank, Ballyhaunis, and staff members being presented with a certificate to mark the 100th year of banking in Ballyhaunis.

Citizens' Information Centre,

Parochial Hall, Ballyhaunis Tel.: (0907) 30212

ONCE again, we have pleasure in reporting on a very successful year at the Citizens' Information Centre. A number of new volunteers joined the organisation during the year, and this has greatly complemented and ensured the continuance of the service we provide. However, as in any organisation, there is an ongoing need for "new blood", and additional members are encouraged and welcomed. We also pay tribute to those members who resigned and thank them for their valued service to the Centre.

Activities engaged in by the members of the Citizens' Information Centre, include at least one hour of duty at the office once a fortnight, and a monthly meeting which incorporates a training session using material provided by the National Social Service Board and expertly administered by our Training Officer, Sr. Assumpta.

In May the volunteers attended a seminar in Boyle, organised by the National Social Service Board. Recent budgetary changes in social welfare and taxation were dealt with and a very informative talk was given by Mr. Frank Goodman, Director of the Office of the Ombudsman on the work of the Office of the Ombudsman.

In September the annual Conference was held in St. Patrick's College, Drumcondra, Dublin, and was attended by Deirdre Diskin and Mary Donnelly. The Conference was addressed by a number of speakers involved in the area of information giving and in monitoring the effects of social policy and legislative changes on the general public. Various matters relating to the running of the Citizens' Information Centre were discussed and valuable ideas exchanged. Those present were introduced to the members of the new National Social Service Board recently appointed by the Minister for Health, two of whom are volunteers in Citizens' Information Centres.

In response to the need in all eighty centres in the country for more volunteers, a National

Recruitment campaign is being planned for November. The purpose of the campaign is to promote the open recruitment of volunteers with a view to significantly expanding the opening hours of centres during the coming year. It is hoped that the Ballyhaunis Centre will benefit from this campaign with some new people coming forward and getting involved in this very worthwhile service.

The need for an independent information service in the community is ever-increasing, and the Citizens' Information Centre provides just such a service. It is staffed by trained personnel who have access to the most up-to-date and accurate information on all aspects of social welfare, health

services, taxation, redundancy, consumer affairs, etc. A comprehensive range of application forms for various schemes and entitlements is also available. The service is free and confidential.

Opening hours at the Parochial Hall are as follows - 11.30 a.m. - 12.30 p.m., Tuesday, Friday and Saturday; 5 p.m. - 6 p.m., Tuesday and Friday. The Centre is currently operated by the under-mentioned volunteers - Chairman, Johnny Lyons; Co-Organiser, Kathleen McBride; Co-Organiser and Training Officer, Sr. Assumpta; Co-Deputy Organiser, Bridie Brennan; Co-Deputy Organiser and Secretary, Mai Murphy; Publicity Officer, Mary Donnelly; Mary Hopkins, Frances Maye, Kathleen Murphy, Mary Folliard, Kathleen Waldron, Anne Flanagan, Mary Waldron, Nora Sweeney, Deirdre Diskin; Marian Regan, Maura Griffin and Anne McHugh.

- Mary Donnelly.



1928 - (left/right): Marion Dyer and Joe Gallagher, with Delia Dyer (bride), and Frank Gallagher (groom).

A Tribute to Jimmy O'Dwyer

By SEAMUS SLOYAN

IT is with great pleasure, tinted with a little bit of sadness, that I take this opportunity to pen a few lines in tribute to a man it was my good fortune to have known.

In Coolnafarna School in the 'forties and early 'fifties, there were two teachers, Miss Walsh, who took infants, first and second classes, and the "Master", who took third, fourth, fifth and sixth classes. I emphasise the word, Master because that is what he was in every sense of the word. I speak of Jimmy O'Dwyer. R.I.P.

Our paths first crossed when I entered third class, having spent three years with Miss Walsh, who was also a very fine teacher and who now lives in Galway, I believe.

I can well remember the first day in his classroom. We were all standing in a circle the desks were taken up with the other classes. It was there I realised, even at the tender age of ten years, the Master's serious side and also his great sense of humour.

He sat facing us, as he always did, on the edge of a long desk with one foot on the ground and told us: "Boys and girls, you are here for one reason, that is to learn". Then, he said: "You will always call me Sir, both in and out of school. In four years' time, when you leave here you can call me Jimmy".

Over the next four years we all benefited from his vast knowledge. He taught us everything. Some Saturdays a few of us would give him a hand on the bog. Even then, in his own way, he was teaching us.

He was a great man for the Irish language, and everything Irish. Poetry and recitations were very much part of the daily routine. His favourite recitation was "Pearse's Speech at the grave of O'Donovan Rossa". Sports and football were also high on the list. Indeed, he often joined in the football games we played in Dalton's field, with coats for goal posts and hobnail boots and clogs instead of football boots.

He also had his own unique form of discipline. He never used



a cane, always a sally rod. Sometimes, any slap we got we earned. I remember on one occasion, for instance, it was a wet day. We were in the middle class room which was used at lunchtime on such days. There were bicycles stored there

belonging to the lads who cycled out from Ballyhaunis each day. We were banned from cycling in the classroom, but disobeyed. So Sir drew a circle with chalk around the floor. He said: "Now let's see what good cyclists you are". We had to cycle within the circle. Every time we broke out we got a slap. We earned quite a few that lunch hour.

The four years were not long passing. We all went our separate ways, blessed with the wisdom he instilled in us. Some went on to the other schools, most went to trades or other work. Some became priests and nuns but we all gathered on that sad day when we laid him to rest. There was not a dry eye in the place. You know, it's a funny thing, even though he was affectionately known as Jimmy to us all, no one ever called him Jimmy to his face.

Well, Jimmy, you left an indelible mark on all who passed through your class.

U.M.P. reactions and reflection

By Liam Damron

DISBELIEF as the rumours start to circulate, comments from customers, UMP in financial difficulty, shock as it is announced on RTE 1 o'clock news 'Examiner in UMP'. This is the first definite statement.

After lunch there is much discussion of this bombshell. Gradually a feeling of hope starts to emerge. 'Sure hasn't Goodman an examiner for the last 18 months and there still going strong - 'UMP is a major employer they won't let it go to the wall with 800 odd jobs'.

By the second or third day things are more or less normal, but there is no official announcement by management to the workforce.

For a few days morale rose a little, but again the rumours start: 'Examiner can't get money, banks being difficult, deadlines are set', hope starts to fade. Again more discussion amongst the workforce", Goodman owed £400 million surely the Government won't let UMP go down for £60m.

As the examiner has more and more difficulty getting money, anger starts to grow, morale slumps and when eventually the examiner gives up frustration and serious concern sets in.

Now the Receiver has been appointed and redundancy notices are handed out. A feeling of anger and despair prevails amongst the work force. Doom and gloom in the business community.

Wages and holiday pay owed what about redundancy? Still no official comment from management. Eventually word goes around, 'Everyone to call to factory tonight for redundancy forms. UMP is no more.

Protest meetings, angry words, blockages, hot air from political figures.

Eventually UMP goes up for sale and after much speculation is sold. The end of an era in the history of Ballyhaunis.

It was the best of times,
It was the worst of times,
It was the end of an epoch.

Feile Na nGael 1992

By Peter Higgins

The hosting of Feile Na nGael in Mayo and Ballyhaunis in 1992, presented our Club and underage hurling organisation with a challenge of rejuvenation and a goal towards higher standards. The participation of five Mayo Clubs added a new dimension and that helped significantly in furthering the game within the county. Since 1970 Feile has grown to be hurling's most successful promotional vehicle, and the support and interest in our Ballyhaunis community is most appreciated.

Feile Na nGael is about the promotion of our most distinctive national game - hurling. It is about the cultural development of young people from all thirty-two counties of Ireland. Ballyhaunis Club are privileged to have hosted such an event.

In Ballyhaunis Feile Officers were elected as follows - Chairman and Mayo Feile Officer, Jimmy Walsh; Secretary, Peter Higgins; Team Manager, David McConn; Selectors: John Joe Hoban, John Joe Kelly; Feile Organising Committee: Gerry Lyons, Ann Curley, Fr. Martin Greaney, Ray Lucey, Aine Whelan, Eugene Morley, Jim Landon and Mayo G.A.A. County Secretary, John Prenty.

The panel of players was formed in October, 1991, and training commenced at that time in preparation for our most important hurling event ever.

Other major responsibilities undertaken were the further development of the G.A.A. facilities, at Knock Road. Initially pitch development was number one priority. From the beginning of April every Saturday saw many Club members arrive at the grounds and spend the day building, painting and landscaping. Sincere thanks is due to the many people who gave so freely of their time and energies to bring the facilities up to top-class standards.

No venture is complete without sponsorship and, once again, our many sponsors deserve great credit for their generosity and support. In particular, thanks to the local community for the financial support given to the Feile Under-14 Hurling team for the sponsored walk.

One of the features of Feile is that each participating club in Mayo and Galway was obliged to host a team representing another county. Ballyhaunis had the honour of hosting Fermanagh. What seemed like a mammoth task was organised with ease by Jim

Landon. Particular thanks to the many households who opened their doors to the visitors and made them so welcome. An open invitation from our Fermanagh visitors has been extended in appreciation.

The weekend entertainment was shared with our neighbouring Club, Tooreen. The major entertainment event was the provision of food for sixteen teams and all officials on the day of the final. The Scouts' Den was made available to the Club. Great credit is due to the Ladies' Committee for the manner of presentation and layout of the meals for so many people. It has since been acknowledged by the national Officers of Feile and by the officials present on the day as being the best in twenty-two years of Feile. The food for the day was sponsored by many companies to whom the Club is very grateful (and, in particular, to Paddy Ryan, Super-Valu, and his staff).

Leading up to the final the highlight of the weekend was the parade of sixteen teams and officials which was organised in a first-class manner by John Prenty and John Biesty, and assisted by many members of the Club. The crowds flocked into town to see the parade in full club colours and banners, and led by none other than The Artane Boys' Band. History will note that Mr. Christy Duignan of Killinaughter, one of the first members of the band, was officially introduced to the present members at the beginning of the Parade from the Convent Grounds to the G.A.A.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



Under-14 Feile Na nGael, Ballyhaunis team - Back row (left/right): D. McConn, Darren Conlon, David Conlon, Michael J. Nolan, Brian Flanagan, Seamus Waldron, John Burke, Mark Neenan, Michael Regan, Don Regan, Paul McConn and J. J. Hoban. Front two (left/right): Shay Walsh and Derek Murphy.

pitch. The parade was reviewed at the Square by G.A.A. officials from club, county, province and national level, and this and the final that followed are captured for posterity on video.

Particular thanks must go to Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club for hosting Feile, to the local community for their support and to the Mayo County Board and especially the Secretary, John Prenty.

This festival of sport has provided Clubs with a new challenge and has provided a new awareness of hurling within the county at under-age level. Long may it continue.

In conclusion, it can be revealed that due to the outstanding success of Galway / Mayo Feile '92 the event is back for '93, as Mayo / Galway Feile with Mayo as the host county.

The history-making Ballyhaunis panel for Feile '92 were - Seamus Lundon, Kenneth Kirrane, Mark Neenan, Paul McConn, David Murphy, David Conlon, Michael J. Nolan, John Burke, Darren Conlon, Paul Finn, Robert Morley, Don Regan, John Gallagher, Michael Regan, Derek McConn, Frank Fahy, Jonathan Kilduff, Shay Walsh, Michael Walsh, Brian Flanagan and Michael Burke.

The Legion of Mary

- By Agnes Heaney.

The Legion of Mary was first established in Dublin on the 7th of September, 1921, by an Irish man, Mr. Frank Duff. Today, this organisation exists in almost every country in the world. At present there are several praesidia of the Legion in the Eastern European countries until recently under Communist control. In the relatively short period of its existence two of the Legion members have been proposed for beatification, Edel Mary Quinn, who was Legion Envoy to East Africa and Alfie Lambe, who was also Legion Envoy in South America. It's almost sixty years since the Legion started in Ballyhaunis, and we are happy to say that it's still going strong. We have a senior and junior praesidia in this parish and examples of our Legion work are home visitation, visiting the old and sick, either in their homes or in hospitals. We sell Catholic papers every Sunday at each Church. Each month the Messengers of the Sacred Heart are also sold. One of our members offers the Rosary

every Sunday in the Parish Church before 11.30 Mass. Some members clean the Church every week. Others take the "Pilgrim Virgin" - the beautiful statue of Our Lady of Fatima, to different houses every Monday and leave it so that the whole family can pray together. Within the last year the statue has been brought to forty-eight families in the parish. We also have Patrician meetings where religious matters are discussed with a priest. Many of our members go abroad each year to be apostles and evangelists, where they distribute hundreds of miraculous medals and meet people of every denomination.

The active members attend a weekly meeting where they report on the apostolic practical work.

We are already looking for new members who would like to help us in this great work. Anyone interested can contact Miss Helen Horan or any of the Legionaries at the Parochial Hall any Wednesday night at 8 o'clock.



Senior and Junior Legion of Mary at a party in the Parochial Hall for Canon Costello on the occasion of their Jubilees, June, 1992.



Golden Jubilee Celebration Mass, St. Mary's Primary School, June, 1992 - Front row (left/right): Tom Carroll, Augustine Kearns, Very Rev. Canon P. Costelloe, P.P.; Jim London, Kathleen Lyons. Back row (left/right): Gráinne Kelly, Leone Connery, Aisling Toal, Laura Finn, Margaret O'Flaherty, Peggy Cruise, Olivia Higgins and Betty Regan.

St. Mary's Primary School - Board of Management

Chairman, Very Rev. P. Costelloe, P.P.; Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Delia Coen; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Tony Nestor. Elected Parents' Representatives: Mrs. Delia Coen and Dr. Michael Brogan; Teachers' Representatives: Mr. Augustine Kearns; Archbishop's nominees: Mrs. Alacoque McManus, Mr. Tim Shanley; Principal, Mr. Jim London.

Teaching staff: Jim London (Principal); Augustine Kearns (Vice-Principal); Peggy Cruise, Kathleen Lyons, Betty Regan, Aisling Toal, Margaret O'Flaherty and Laura Finn, Caitlin Jennings was the remedial teacher up to November when she left to take up a new job in the Convent of Mercy after seven years of loyal service. Mrs. Ita Delaney is the new remedial teacher.

It was an eventful year for the

School. The highlight was the School Mass which was celebrated in June by Very Rev. Canon P. Costelloe, P.P., to mark his Golden Jubilee. Having been Chairman of the Board of Management since 1977, and having baptised most of the children in the school, it really was a unique occasion which was very kindly captured for us by Mr. Seamus Mulrennan on film.

First Communion - thirty-four girls and boys received their First Communion on May, 1992, in St. Patrick's Parish Church. Their teachers were Aisling Toal and Laura Finn.

Social events - There was a huge crowd at the annual Valentine's night dance, in aid of both Primary Schools in Manor House Hotel. A huge crowd of

parents and friends attended the annual School Concert in the Scouts' Den.

Sport - In Gaelic Football the pupils competed at U-10, U-12 at National School level. Many were involved in the Ballyhaunis Under-14 Hurling team that competed in the All-Ireland Ballyhaunis Na nGael competition which was held in Ballyhaunis in June. In Soccer the school reached the Mayo County final this year and was defeated by Westport. All children are given access to Swimming lessons. Many pupils are keen members of Ballyhaunis Boxing Club, Ballyhaunis Golf Club and Ballyhaunis Rugby Club, and have competed also in Mayo Community Games. Great credit is due to the many parents and friends of the school that help to train and organise the teams.

Educational Tours - All classes in the school went on an educational tour to places as varied as Co. Clare, Achill Leisure Centre, Newgrange, Trim Castle, Drogheda, Westport House, Lough Key Forest Park. The altarboys went on tour to Galway in July.

A special word of thanks to all parents and friends of the school and the many past pupils who support the school in every way.

- Jim London.

I Dig Achill '92

— MARY GREENE,
Main Street, Ballyhaunis.

"I Dig Achill '92" was one of the slogans thought of during my stay on the island off the West coast. It was meant for a T-shirt to promote the annual Summer school for people interested in Archaeology. The two leading Archaeologists were Treasa McDonald and Eoin Halpin. The course attracted many different nationalities and age groups. People came from all over Ireland, England, Germany, Holland, Finland and Canada.

The school was on Slievemore at Keel. The course was based on outdoor activity. When it rained we went inside drawing, etc. The dig was The Deserted Village of 90 houses deserted during the Famile of 1845. Other reasons include unemployment, the economic situation of the country and immigration.

Archaeology has many aspects including trowelling which is one of the easiest. Other techniques used include a complete contour survey of the site using a Dumpy level, Plaine Tabling (i.e., drawing physical features, e.g. walls, mount, etc.). The top soil is removed and trowelling can take place. When features appear or if

there is a find a complete drawing of the dig is drawn on graph paper using a frame. Findings included a crucifix of a Rosary beads, glass and pottery.

The Booley Village at Keem Bay, outside Dooagh, was a great experience. Boolying can be defined as the seasonal movement of livestock from lowland (usually permanent village), to Summer pasture frequently in the mountains. The only entrance to the village was by foot. After a three-quarters of an hour's walk the village is a welcome sight. The houses were built beside the waterfall that ran through the village. The houses were usually single-roomed but, on occasion, you would find a two-roomed house.

Captain Boycott resided near the Booley Village and we heard many local tales about him and his Spanish wife, who had long, dangling, golden earrings, and who was also very fond of poteen. On the last day of the dig, to everyone's surprise, Captain Boycott's great grand-nephew appeared at the village. He stayed quite a while and from my encounter with him it is very easy to imagine the kind of landlords the Irish had to put up with.

When the weather was good we would go rambling around the

island with every walk ending up in a pub for the night, listening to traditional music, folklore and ghost stories. There was a great atmosphere at Achill, and it was good to spend some time with people who shared a love for history and archaeology.

Ballyhaunis and the 1641 Rising

The Rising of 1641 was not a nationwide one, rather a series of local ones. Here and there throughout the country groups of rebels rose up against the English and Scottish planter families.

One of the first incidents of the Rising involves the mill and friars of Ballyhaunis, then only a tiny hamlet centred on what is now the car park and lawn in front of the Convent School and along the South side of Abbey Street. The following account of this incident was written in the late 18th century and can be found in the footnotes of the account of the Bourke (Viscount Mayo) family in Colume 5 of "Lodges Peerage". I give it here in full: —

"The first man robbed in the County of Mayo, was one Mr. Perceval, whereupon the Lord Mayo, with a certain number of men, pursued those rebels, that had taken his cattle: and coming to a pass through a Ford at Ballyhownes, the rebels had there fortified a mill against them with musketeers, their army being not far off prepared for battle. But, after some intercourse between his Lordship and then by messengers, he gave them a protection. And then after much shouting and joy on both sides, both parties being intermingled, they lodged that night at the Abbey of Ballyhownes, among a company of Friars, by whose instruction they then broke forth into all inhuman practices, barbarous cruelties and open rebellion.

There is a mill marked in the 1838 Ordnance Survey map of Ballyhaunis near the river in what is now the garden behind Forde's shop, Knox Street. It is possible that this mill is the one referred to in the account above, though we can't be sure.



Theresa McDonald and Mary Greene.

Neighbours - Upper Main Street

- Robert Kelly.

I was born in what is now McNaught's house, in Upper Main Street, Ballyhaunis, in 1944. After less than one year we moved to our house (now owned by Michael Gallagher), where I lived until 1963, when I moved to Dublin. This article is about my childhood memories, of characters I knew; of near-neighbours and far-away neighbours and, as Paddy Crosbie used to say - funny incidents.

My first memory is standing at our door during the "Big Snow" in 1947, watching my father digging a trench in the snow down to McCormack's house (now Moran's house), and I was crying because I thought I would never see him again, as he seemed to be covered in snow. I have memories of Pauline Prendergast, who lived next door (now Dr. Noone's), and who was killed in the cutting for the sewer pipes, of my father going with his spade and digging her body out from under the clay; of the Prendergast family shortly afterwards moving to Galway; of hearing about the Prendergast's Granny, who was doting and always wanting to go home to the home of her childhood, and people had to watch her constantly.

She died during the "Big Snow" and like a lot of other people, due to the frozen ground, she couldn't be buried, so she was waked for a good few nights. The story goes that a particular man was so cold one night that he took the cloak off the coffin and put it on himself, saying: "I need this more than you do".

I remember McGuire's Workshop being built; sitting on a plank outside the Workshop - my mother and Miss Mack were there - and the plank breaking. The McGuire's were made to knock part of the wall by what I thought was a very cross man, maybe someone from the Planning Department. I remember McGuire's getting sods of turf from us and inserting them in the wet concrete in the walls so that, at a later date, if they wanted to build a loft they could

use the spaces left by the sods of turf for their wooden beams.

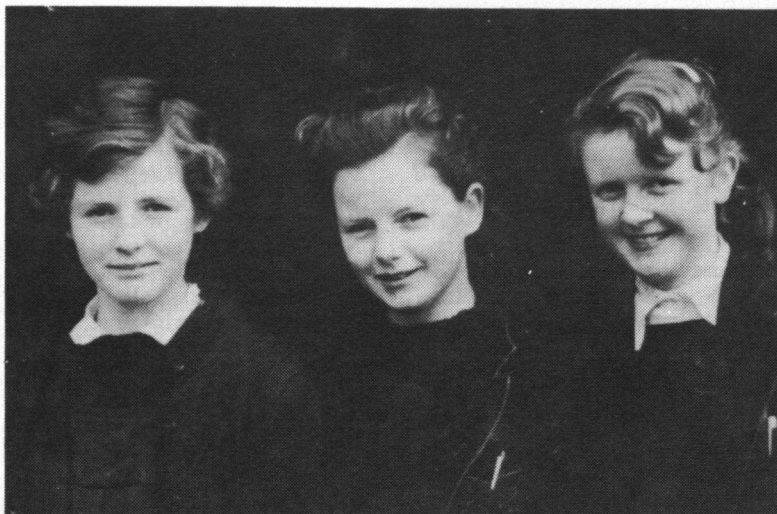
When the G.A.A. pitch was in Prent's field we could get into matches free by going through Ned Prent's garden (now Rochford's Garage), and coming out a little gate at the side of the pitch - Ned gave us apples from the orchard. In later years we raided the same orchard, and we had no need to because Ned would give us all we wanted. But I suppose it was the thrill of doing it. We also raided the apples in the Tech., no great danger there - a blind man with a sore knee would have been able to do the same. I went, one time, to raid T. Freeley's orchard with James Webb (Tooraree). I was all for a smash and grab raid - into the orchard, grab as much apples as I could and away like the clappers. James looked at me at what I was, an excitable amateur. 'No', he said, 'we will go to the front door and knock, and if Tommy is not in we will take as many apples as we want at our leisure' (o.k., he might not have said leisure), 'and if he is in we will make some excuse and leave'. Well, for the record, he wasn't in and we got as many apples as we could carry, but somehow they were not as sweet. I never knew what excuse James had in mind, maybe it was "do you want your kitchen floor scrubbed, Tommy"?, or "can we count the bats in your attic, Tommy"? You know, something very mundane and believable like that. Oh James was a cool one!

I have memories of Joe Freeman's house in Island going on fire and racing down there to see it; of listening to the World Heavyweight Championship fight between Rocky Marciano and Don Cockrell (1953), in the other Joe Freeman's house, Tooraree Cottages. It was the first fight I ever heard, the next one being between Randy Turpin and Sugar Ray Robinson, in which Turpin was a surprise winner.

Jerome Freely's tractor used to bring home our turf. He also died a young man. Before that we had

Ned Prent's horse and cart. Ned himself died fairly young - he was killed in a car accident. My brother, Aidan, and Andrew Egan (Maynooth), were the last people to see him alive. They had to give evidence at his inquest. I also remember Jack Raftery and Cooper Byrne being killed in car accidents. I suppose my first encounter with death was when our near-neighbour, Tom Staunton, died in his sleep. I heard he was lying on his left side, the side his heart was on and for ages afterwards I would wake up in the middle of the night to check what side I was lying on, to see if my heart was ticking. Tom Stenson's son, Tommy, was serving his time in Kenny's Workshop, opposite where Ashling Drive is now. Among other things they made coffins. Tommy was put in a coffin by the other boys to see if it was the proper fit. When he was in it they slapped the lid on it! Also in Kenny's Workshop one of the men got his fingers cut off in the electric saw. I remember at the time it was a source of wonderment. Speaking of Ashling Drive, there were three houses along that road. Miss McDermott owned one house. One day she offered me a fancy biscuit. I said 'no thanks' twice as I was taught at school by the nuns it was supposed to be good manners. Miss McDermott closed the lid. She didn't know you were supposed to offer and be accepted the third time. I could taste the biscuit I didn't get in my mouth all the way home. I soon got out of that false politeness, I can tell you. Paudge Brennan lived in one of the other houses. We used to annoy the devil out of him, throwing stones up on his galvanised roof. Miss Keegan owned the other house. Later Sonny Barrett's workshop (ex-Kenny staff).

Eileen Moran lived in Waldron's Terrace. We used to call her by her maiden name (Grogan). Eileen was my grandmother and she used to give me more softness than even my own mother, and that is saying something. Eileen's house had an open-door policy before the word became fashionable. You could find anyone in the house, have a conversation, carry on your journey and not see a sign of the proprietors. Eileen's husband, Mick, had the distinction of working in England with Don Cockrell, the boxer. We helped Mick making



April, 1960 - Left/right: Helen Forde, Island; Maureen Nolan, Upper Main Street, and Bridgie Glynn, Upper Main Street.

hay in the field, where the Mosque is now built.

Imagine if you said then that in twenty-five years there would be a Mosque in this field.

Probably the answer would be: "faith agra", sure moss would grow any place". A lot of people worried about Mick's hay and gave him a hand. They included my father, Mike Rattigan, T. Phillips, Jim Cox and John and I who had to be "Shanghaed" - the only ones who didn't seem to worry was Mick himself and, of course, us.

Mick was called "Red Mick" to distinguish him from "Black Mick" Moran, who lived opposite and was the blacksmith. "Black Mick" built his own house and the forge, and we used to take great interest in watching horses being shod.

Our neatest neighbours were the Freely family - Mr. and Mrs. John Freely and Annie (daughter). John died when I was very young, and I remember my father coming in after being up all night with John telling us he was dead. There was heavy snow on the ground. The Freelys lived in Kiltimagh beside the ball alley, before they moved to Ballyhaunis. Annie played a lot of handball when she was young, and the odd time when we were playing handball against McGuire's workshop, Annie would have a few shots. I suppose Annie, at that time, would be in her middle-forties. Well, one day, we were playing handball when a certain lady, who will remain nameless, passed in very high heels and her hips swinging. We stopped playing to let her pass. Being good Catholic boys we never looked (well, okay, we

might have looked with one eye). We continued playing and a stray shot hopped near Annie, who happened to be passing by. Annie took a swipe at it and it spun off her hand at a wicked angle and hit this certain lady a vicious belt at the butt of her ear. She let an unearthly cry out of her and rounded on us, saying did we want to kill her. Well, we being perfect gentlemen, at once told her it wasn't us that hit her but Annie.

Well, what was wrong with that? Gentlemen never tell lies. Annie just stood there with a very red face. While this certain lady continued down the road with "bird-eens" whistling in her ear, her rhythm all wrong and her hips were not swinging nearly as well.

To learn to cycle that time was

a major achievement. No children's bikes with stabilisers to learn on but big heavy B.S.A. Rudge and Hercules models - foot under the bar job, the inside of your leg all oil from the chain. After numerous falls you graduated to throwing your leg over the crossbar. Plenty of accidents happened during that procedure, I can tell you, and many the time you would end up talking very high! I had mastered all that and was cycling for a while and knew it all. When, one day, I ran Ellen Rattigan (Tooraree), down and knocked her into Morley's ditch. I was being very clever cycling without hands on the handlebars, doing quite well, but made the fatal mistakes of looking down at my feet. When I did look up, straight in front of me was an old woman, all in black and also wearing a shawl. Ellen, incidentally, was the last person I remember to wear a shawl. I couldn't avoid her and the three of us ended up in Morley's ditch - Ellen, myself and the bike. When I got up it showed the level of my maturity when the first thing I thought of was the bike; then myself and then Ellen. I helped her out of the ditch and when Ellen got back her breath she gave me a few sharp words which I most certainly deserved. Looking back on it I could have killed the woman, as she was very old at that time. There were the days before people had gone litigation mad, so I saved my no claims bonus!

If I am alive next year I will write some more, oh yes, and if I can find a biro!



December 27th, 1956 - Dress Dance, "Eclipse" - Front: Margaret Griffin, Paddy Waldron (R.I.P.); Bridie Smyth, Brendan Reilly. Back: Michael Robinson (R.I.P.).

ANNAGH DRAMA REPORT . . .

Drama Group Goes "Country"

ST. Patrick's Dramatic Society, Ballyhaunis, are gone "country" as we write as work is going on on their latest three act, "The Country Boy" by Charlestown's John Murphy, a rustic story that should be greatly enjoyed by the loyal Ballyhaunis followers of drama.

Eddie (Eddie Campbell) returns from the States with his American wife, Julia, (Maura O'Neill) to visit home and planning to return with his younger brother, Curly, (Sean O Domhnaill) who wishes to go to America leaving behind the farm and his girlfriend, Eileen, (Stella Morley). Eddie and Curly's parents, Tom, (Tony Carney) and Mary Kate, (Anne Cosgrove) are not over-anxious that Curly go . . .

Directed by Pat Doyle, set design has been done by Chris O'Neill, John Greene and Kit Keane and without doubt a good night will be assured. A radio play is also in the offing. Another three act will go on stage later in the year.

"Two of a Kind" went on stage last December in the Parochial Hall, under the direction of Noel Lyons with the cast comprising of Maura O'Neill, Anna Gillespie, Michael Grogan, Anne Greally, Tony Carney, Caitriona Sweeney and Johnny Mullarkey. This play was very well received and for several people it represented their impressive introduction to drama.

After the Christmas break work began on the project of the "Playboy of the Western World", one of Synge's great contributions to modern Irish literature. With Noel Lyons as director the cast of Aisling Toal (Peggy Mike), Mike Connolly (Christy Mahon), Old Mahon (Martin Forde), Michael James (Seamus O Dubhthaigh), Shawn Keogh (Sean O Domhnaill), Widow Quinn (Anna Gillespie), country girls Susan Brady (Anne Greally) Sarah Tansey (Margaret Lyons) and Honor Blake (Caitriona Sweeney) and the two drunks Jimmy (Jack Greene) and Philly (Eddie Campbell) put on creditable performances at home and at festival

in Mount Mellick. Many helped out backroom and bringing the play to festival and grateful thanks are extended.

St. Patrick's Dramatic Society also took part in the Percy French night during the Festival of Lughnasa where Jack Greene and Sean O Domhnaill performed sketches.

Several members from the Group attended the Gormanstown Summer Course run by the Amateur Drama League in August. Anna Gillespie, who won a Certificate of Merit for her performance in Mount Mellick, will soon be back on the boards; Aisling Toal wasn't a newcomer to this prestigious course.

Neither were Frankie Ralph who is wished the best of luck by the group as she does the Maynooth two-year drama course

and Frank Herraghty who is currently working on his latest production. Good luck are wished to Society members also working with other groups, Finola Morley, Margaret Niland and Frankie Ralph who will be appearing with Charlestown Theatre Group in their next production. Also to Noel Lyons who is currently doing a production with a Began group.

Congratulations also are due to Jack Greene who reached the All-Ireland Scor event this year and who was awarded the Perpetual Award for contribution to drama at the drama group dinner dance last Spring.

At that occasion also plaques were presented to former officers Frank Leonard, Pat Doyle, Maura O'Neill and Michael Daly. The county convention of the amateur drama league was attended by Noel Lyons while the national convention was attended by Sean O Domhnaill on behalf of the group.

Officers 1992: President: Jack Greene; Chairman: Sean O Domhnaill; Secretary: Anne Greally; Treasurer: Moira Noone; PRO: Margaret Lyons; Delegate to county convention: Noel Lyons.



"Playboy of the Western World" - (left/right): Seamus O Dubhthaigh, Jack Greene, Eddie Campbell, Michael Connolly, Aisling Toal, Anne Gillespie and a "bloody" Martin Forde.

Lease of Church Park (1800)

There is a lease in the registry of Deeds, Hennieta St., Dublin, which records the following event:

On the 1st of November, 1800, Edmund Dillon of Hazelhill, granted the lands of Churchpark, Holywell, to Revd. Peter Waldron, Parish Priest of Annagh and Began, for the natu-

ral life of Peter, or twenty-one years, whichever lasts the longest. The yearly rent was £62, and the witnesses to the lease were James Taaffe, Began; John Waldron, Holywell, and Thomas D. Noone, Tuam. Fr. Peter Waldron, born in Cave, around 1750, became Bishop of Killala, in 1814, and died in 1832.

Canon James

- By Paul Waldron.

THIS being a year of anniversaries amongst our present Parish clergy, it was thought fitting to commemorate the anniversary of another priest of this parish, one who died about this time (just before Christmas), one-hundred years ago. He was the Very Reverend James Canon Waldron, a native of the locality, who lived the last twenty-two years of his life in his own town of Ballyhaunis as Parish Priest of Annagh.

James Waldron was born in 1817 in the townland of Cave, the son of Patrick and Mary Waldron. Mary, formerly Gleeson from Dunmore, was Patrick's second wife; his first, a Miss Bailey from Bargarriff, died young. Patrick and Mary had a family of six, of which James was one of the oldest, and they lived in that stone house which still stands (though long-since used as an outhouse), between Mark Waldron's and Mrs. Coyne's house.

It was almost inevitable that either James or his brother, Michael, would enter the Priesthood. Quite a few of his relatives were priests and some had left burses to Saint Jarlath's and Maynooth Colleges in order to educate any relatives who wished to follow the same career. While growing up in the 1820s and '30s James would have become aware of his father's uncle, Peter Waldron, then the elderly Bishop of Killala, who had gone to France in his youth, during the terrible Penal times to study for the priesthood, and who had to be ordained in secret in a private house in Tuam, in 1777. He would also have come into contact with his own uncle, Edward Waldron, ordained around 1828 and his father's cousins, Michael and Peter Waldron, also priests and diocese. Their example must have predisposed the young James towards the religious life, and the money available from them helped turn this predisposition into a reality. James, however, was not to become a priest simply because it was easy for him to do so, or because of the comfortable lifestyle it then offered, he pursued his vocation with vigour and became a priest, who came to command the admiration and respect of all people

he came in contact with, for his piety, intellect, popularity and humility.

James went to St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, the Diocesan seminary, and from there to St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. At Maynooth he pursued his studies with a fervour and enthusiasm that was noted by his colleagues and professors. He was ordained in 1945 and on his first Mission was sent as curate to Tuam, the parish of the Archbishop, Doctor John MacHale. He ministered here during the dreadful Famine years. The devastation, misery and death which followed "Black '47" struck his own family when, in the late 1840s, his only brother, Michael, died. Michael had walked to Dublin on some official business and on his way home was struck down with cholera. He died and was buried in some unknown spot in the Midlands.

After some years as curate, James was appointed Administrator of Tuam Parish. For some time he also acted as Secretary to the Archbishop. In 1866 he was appointed Parish Priest of Aughagower and by 1867, had been appointed to a prebend of the Diocese gaining the hon. title of Canon. He was then just fifty years of age. He served in Aughagower for four

years and, upon the death of Fr. Patrick Horan, in April, 1870, he became Parish Priest of Annagh.

Canon James, as he came to be known popularly, lived in Main Street, in that house now belonging to Eddie Webb and family. Until 1893 the parishes of Annagh and Began divided the town of Ballyhaunis: South Main Street, all Clare Street and South Bridge Street were in the Parish of Annagh; North Main Street, all Knox Street and North Bridge Street, were in the Parish of Began. The ancient boundaries of these parishes were most peculiar and did not reflect the geographical realities of the area, as they had evolved in the eight-hundred years since they had been fixed. So, while he was Parish Priest of Annagh, he actually lived in the Parish of Began!

In 1877, his mother died at the age of eighty-eight. His father had died around 1860, and the farm and house went to Canon James' sister, Catherine, and her husband, Andrew Henry. In 1879 he was appointed by the Archbishop, Dr. Jeremiah McEvilly, to the commission of enquiry into the apparitions at Knock. Also on this commission were Ulick Canon Burke, P.P., Claremorris, and The Venerable Archdeacon Cavanagh, P.P., Knock. Its purpose was to interview the witnesses to the apparition and come to a conclusion as to the its authenticity. In the next year, 1880, he organised the first-ever Mission in the parish, bringing in the Oblate Fathers for



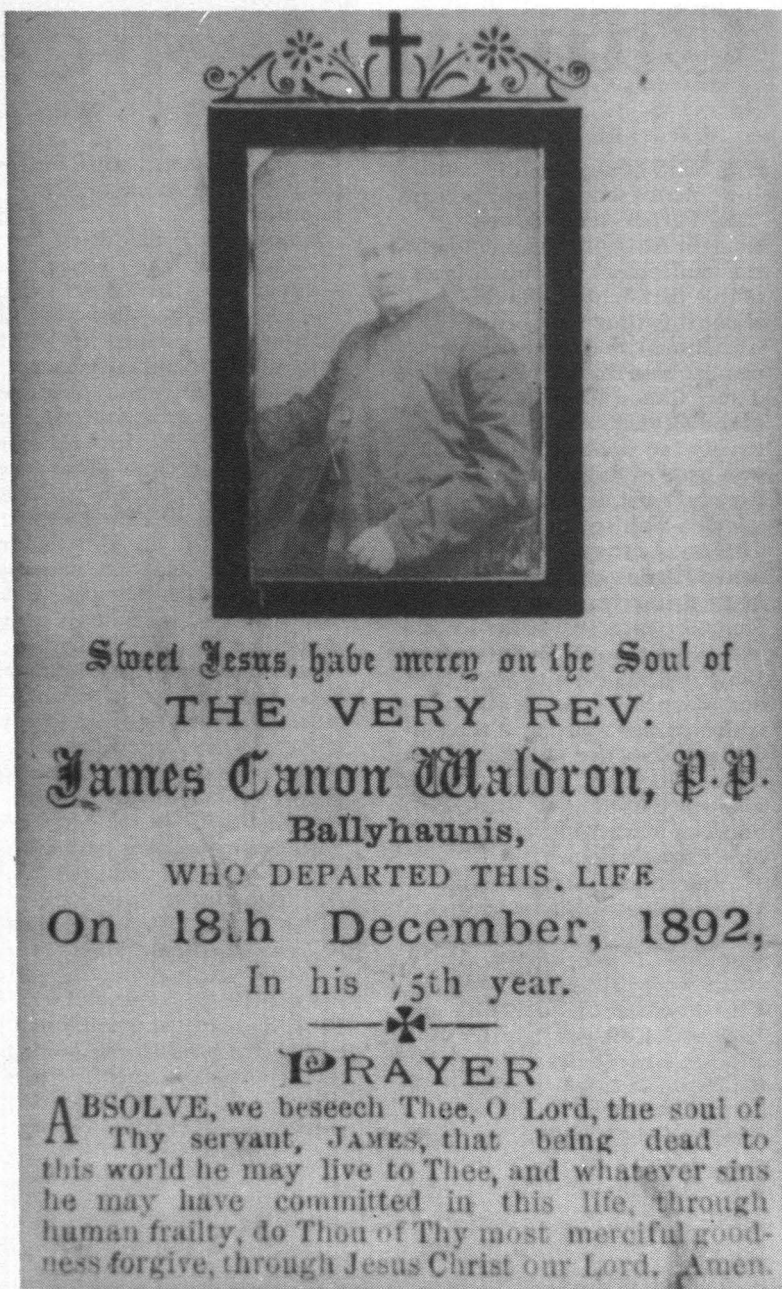
The stone house where Canon James Waldron was born in 1817 (now used as an outhouse).

the occasion. A plaque commemorating this event was recently discovered by Tommy O'Malley and is now on display inside the front door of the church. Around this time, too, in 1882, the parish played host to a massive confirmation of some 790 people.

There is a local tradition that it was Canon James, who introduced the stations to the parish, they being a revival of the priests' visitations during the Penal era, and that this is why his native village was in the first station area to host them every Autumn – "Cave, Togher and Carrowreagh".

Canon James was a wealthy man, and while some accused him of avarice during his own lifetime, his wealth did not die with him, in fact, it came to benefit Ballyhaunis and the parish of Annagh in a very worthwhile way and continues to do so to the present. Just before he died he bequeathed the sum of £1,000 towards the building of a convent in the town. He left a substantial sum, too, for the building of a new, larger church to serve the growing population of the parish. He also left money to the colleges of St. Jarlath's and Maynooth. How he came to have such an amount of money was a source of wonder to many people. In an interview Monsignor D'Alton said "He could not be said to be penurious for he was hospitable and kindly, and had none of the miser's peculiarities; and if he could easily leave £1,000 for a new church, it was chiefly because he was gifted with a special aptitude for finance".

On Sunday, the 18th of December, 1892, Canon James Waldron died in his own house on Main Street. Though failing in health for some time, his death was unexpected. He was seventy-five years of age. On the Tuesday evening at four o'clock his remains were removed from the parochial house to the church accompanied by over 2,000 people in the funeral procession. On the Wednesday morning at 11.00 office and Solemn Requiem Mass commenced celebrated by Fathers Anthony R. Waldron, C.C., Glenamaddy; Michael McHugh, C.C., Began; James Ryan, C.C., Began, and Michael Burke, C.C., Annagh. The Archbishop, Dr. McEvilly, and fifty-six other priests were also in attendance. After the Mass, Fr. Burke gave an eloquent oration in which he paid tribute to deceased pastor using a wide



The late Very Rev. Canon James Waldron, P.P., Ballyhaunis, who died on December 18th, 1892, aged seventy-five years.

selection of adjectives of praise to great effect. He opened by referring to the Canon's simple, tender, sincere and honest character, adding that the large crowd in the congregation was the best evidence of the esteem and affection in which he was held. Throughout the eulogy the words genial, hospitable, affable and courteous, well read, liberal minded, regular and punctual are used to describe his character, and Fr. Burke ended by saying: "He has bequeathed £1,000 for the building of a convent in this town which when erected will be a source of incalculable advan-

tage to your children and your children's children after you". After the oration, the remains, enclosed in a leaden shell within a polished oak coffin were interred in front of the altar (of the old church). When the present parish church was finished some sixteen years later the remains were re-interred therein, and a plaque erected near the door, which can still be seen.

The chief mourners at Canon James' funeral were his sister, Mrs. Catherine Henry, Cave; her son, Richard (who owned the shop, where Fordes are today on The Square), his wife, Sarah, and

family; her daughter, Margaret; her husband, Thomas P. Cassidy, and family; the family of his sister, Mrs. Margaret Moran, Coolnafarna (she had died earlier the same year); the family of his sister, Mrs. Mary Morris, Erritt, which include Kate, first wife of Conor Flynn and Teresa, wife of Patrick Flynn. The Canon's fourth sister, Bridget, never married and died at home in Cave.

This article was compiled with invaluable assistance of the following: Michael Waldron, Cave (who contributed the memoriam card with photograph); Gerry Cribben, Toorarec; Mrs. Moran, Knox Street; Mrs. Boyle, Coolnafarna (grand-niece of Canon James); Mark Waldron, Cave; Canon Costello; the South Mayo Family Research Society, Ballinrobe; Obituaries from several newspapers of the time, including *The Freeman's Journal*; the "*Western People*"; *Connaught Telegraph*; the *Tuam Herald* and the *Mayo News*.



Josie Morley and Mick O'Connell.

The Galway Connection

— By Tony Boyle.

THERE are numerous ties between Galway City and Ballyhaunis and, indeed, that road that joins them, via Cloonfad, Dunmore and Tuam, appears to have got shorter and shorter in recent years, with the result that the ties have strengthened considerably. Today, there must be thousands of people coming to work in the City of Tribes from all directions and those would include people from the Ballyhaunis hinterland who commute to their place of employment five days a week.

No doubt, there must be hundreds in the Ballyhaunis area who obtained their third level education the Galway Colleges and must now have fond — and possibly not-so-fond memories of their days in Galway. There must be many, too, who spent either short or long terms in one of Galway's hospitals, and the reminder of such times could have different endings for some.

There is that strong connection that involves the Augustinian Order and many of the priests who spent long terms and became familiar figures in Ballyhaunis also laboured in

Galway City, where their Church is in the City Centre since 1865. The present Prior in Ballyhaunis, Rev. Fr. Vincent McCarthy, also Fr. O'Connor, Fr. King and the late fondly remembered Fr. Mansfield, are typical examples. We also have Fr. Gerard Cunnane, brother of the retired Archbishop, who is a native of the Knock area, and has spent his last twelve years in Galway.

In business, there must be several people down the years in the commercial field who had worked in Ballyhaunis and Galway during their lives and have become very successful and well known. The late Michael E. Molloy, who spent his early years in the drapery firm of Henry's (now Forde's), The Square, Ballyhaunis, ran a very thriving wholesale drapery firm in the Galway City Centre for years, and was father of the present political figure, Bobby Molloy, T.D.; Michael E. Molloy was, of course, a native of Gurrane, and also has a son a solicitor in Galway. The present Minister was Mayor of Galway in 1968-'69.

In the sport area, the friendly football rivalry between Galway

and Mayo is well known, and Mick Raftery, a native of Greenwood, Ballyhaunis, who died only last year, was one of the greats of Galway football in the 'thirties and won All-Ireland medals for his adopted country in 1934 and 1938. Mick was a teacher in Castlegar, near Galway City, where he spent the greatest part of his adult life.

Apart from above, we must have very many family connections, and Ballyhaunis has many fond and happy memories of people now living in Galway City, which is really only just another town in the West of Ireland. Many who have retired in the last few decades have come to live in Galway, and have fitted into the easy-going atmosphere. Indeed, many members of the prolific Mayo People's Association — or Muintir Muigheo, as they call it now — have definite Ballyhaunis connections, and a prominent former President, Willie Costello, worked in the South Mayo town as a teenager. Willie, who is a valued friend of the writer, who is a former member of Mayo County Council.

Having firmly established above the definite connection between the two areas. No doubt, our readers will share the great satisfaction in the knowledge that the City of the Tribes has made extraordinary progress in recent years.

Land of the Rising Sun

— Angela Joyce.

JAPAN is not a place you would go for a bit of "craic". The people are too serious and hard-working, but artistically it is very pleasing. No untidy waste spots — they would be planted with well placed, large stones and azalea bushes. Even the cement railings beside the road across a bridge, was moulded and painted to look like tree branches. Tradition and culture are very strong in Japan and people visit museums which are often in old, well preserved shrines of castles — donjons (strongholds of old warlords). When you enter a Japanese home (and some small churches), you remove your shoes and don any pair of the numerous slippers provided. The floors are very highly polished wood but the sitting-room has a tatami floor. This is a floor covered with tightly fitted woven mats made from rice straw. When you enter this room, you must remove your slippers and go in your stocking feet.

The food in Japan is very colourful and well presented in beautiful small dishes and lacquered bowls, but the taste is often disappointing. They use very little salt or sugar. Maybe that is why there are no fat people in Japan and the rate of heart disease so low.

The train service in Japan is marvellous. There is a criss-cross network of lines and every small town has a station, you can go anywhere by changing trains three or four times. This is no problem as the trains come every five or ten minutes.

At the end of my three-week stay in Japan, came the reason for my visit — my son, Tom, married Satomi Hagatashi. We all assembled at the church — there was a waitingroom, and we got our instructions. There is no best man or bridesmaid but a principle guest who walks up the aisle first with his wife. Then I walked up with Tom and then Satomi with her father. The bride wore an elaborate white gown and veil (hired at enormous expense), but the women in her family and some of the guests wore kimonos. The married ones wore black kimonos richly hand embroidered with gold and colourful silks, but the young girls wore brightly coloured ones.

After the wedding we all went back to the Tojo Imperial Palace which is an eight-storey establishment devoted entirely to weddings. They do dress hire, make-up, hairdressing (Satomi spent three hours in there before the wedding) photography, flowers, rings, presents for the guests and, of course, the banquet.

In the reception room outside the diningroom there was a table (adorned by a large photograph of the bridal couple), and as the guests came in they left on it an envelope containing money. This goes to the bride's family and cov-

ers about one quarter of the cost of the wedding. The bridal couple don't get presents. The principle guest receives a present (\$500) from the joint families. When all is ready, the bride and groom, the principle guest, and the parents of the couple stand in line and bow to and receive bows from each guest as they file into the diningroom. The speeches come first and while the principle guest is speaking, the couple's parents must stay standing. The families, by the way, take a back seat at the reception — very humble. After the speeches comes the cutting of the cake. Usually this is a plastic model with a loose wedge (hired for \$150), but Tom wanted a traditional Irish cake so I made one here and iced it when I got there. They were given the usual ornate knife to cut it but couldn't even make an impression on the icing, so they had to pretend to cut it. Next, the bride and groom left the room to change into "cocktail dress". They missed out on the meal which was then served to us. The room was full of round tables — each seating eight — and in the centre of each was a

raised table which revolved at a touch. On this were placed (continually), all sorts of fabulous looking food and the guests helped themselves. Luckily, I was sitting beside Tim (from Dublin), who was able to tell me what things were. You would never know by appearance. Fortunately, I had three weeks before the wedding to learn how to use chop-sticks because there were no knives or forks in sight. Just as we finished the meal, Tom and Satomi came back and there was a bit of music, a few party pieces and a juggling act from the M.C. (paid), who had announced the speakers and, in general, directed proceedings. Finally, Tom made his speech (in Japanese), and the family lined up again at the door, for another bowing session. All the guests filed out carrying their Tojo Palace carrier bags containing their presents. Yes, that's right, the guests all receive presents. On this occasion, they each received a set of two large cups and saucers and a cake.

It was now nearly 9 p.m. and most of the guests went home but I went round the corner to the hotel, where we were to stay the night, with three young Irish men who also wanted a beer. We were joined shortly by Tom and Satomi (who had changed again); her parents and grandmother. To honour Satomi, I gave presents to her parents and grandmother, and they gave me presents.

Next day we flew back to Ireland and a few days later had another reception in Dublin for all the Irish side of the family. This party didn't finish at 9 p.m.



Angela Joyce and friends at Japan's famous Otawara Castle.

The Abbey Choir

- Eamon Murren.

This all-male choir began last April under the directorship of Nuala Fitzgerald. In our early days we sang nice, simple hymns. Of late, we have become a little braver and have added a touch of harmony here and there. The choir sing at 11.30 a.m. Mass in the Abbey every Sunday. Practice takes place for about half-an-hour after Mass. New members are always welcome. To be a member one does not need to be a Pavarotti or even a John O'Neill.

Present members are Daragh Eagney, Dermot Eagney, Brian Byrne, Mike Byrne, Ned Murren, Timmy Walsh, Mike Grogan, Luke Murray, Georgie Hannon, Vinnie Healy, Mick O'Connor, Michael Egan, Val Rattigan, Sean O Domhnaill, John O'Neill and, of course, Nuala Fitzgerald.

Ballyhaunis Bridge Club

The Bridge Club meets every Tuesday night in "Billy's", Main Street, at 8 p.m. At present we have about sixty-plus members and new members are always welcome. The Captain, this year, is Mrs. Bridget Hanley, and President is Mrs. Marina Coyne; Treasurer is Mrs. Corrine Flatley, and Tournament Director is Mrs. Angela Joyce. We have several major competitions throughout the year, Captain's Prize, President's Prize; the Murphy Cup (in honour of Mrs. May Murphy, Delvis. R.I.P.), and the Bankers' Night, sponsored by the local banks. This year we had a very successful Bridge Drive, in aid of The Abbey Renovation Fund, which raised over £800. We hosted an Inter-Club game with Knock Bridge Club, and a very enjoyable night was had by all.

The winner of the Captain's



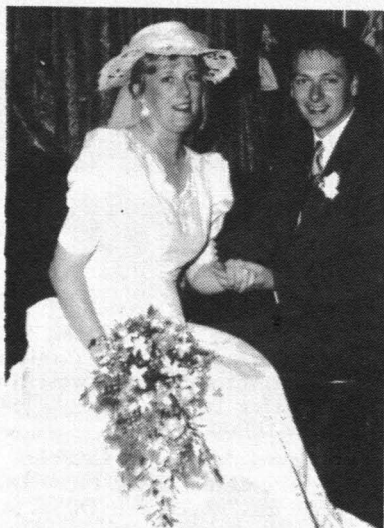
Ballyhaunis Bridge Club President, Mrs. Kathleen Lyons, presenting her prize to the winner, Miss Norrie Dillon.

Prize was Mr. Tomas Cribbin, and the winner of the President's Prize was Miss Norrie Dillon. A hearty welcome to the new members who joined us this year, and hope they are enjoying it as much as those of us who have been playing for "donkey's years".

- Joan Flynn,
Hon. Secretary.



Friary Choir, 1922/'23 - Back row: Paddy Forde, Dick Waldron, M. Gill, James Byrne, Willie O'Dwyer and Johnny Gilmore. Second row: P. Caulfield, P. Rattigan, Eddie Heneghan, P. McDonnell, Micheal Waldron and Paddy Waldron. Front row: Eileen Mannion, Nora Carney, Lizzie Mulligan (Griffin); Fr. Peppard, ? Gilmore, Lucy Flynn and Annie Carney.



Bernadette Lyons, Gurtteenmore, Ballyhaunis, and David Gower, Codicot, Herts, England, who were married on 21st August, 1992.



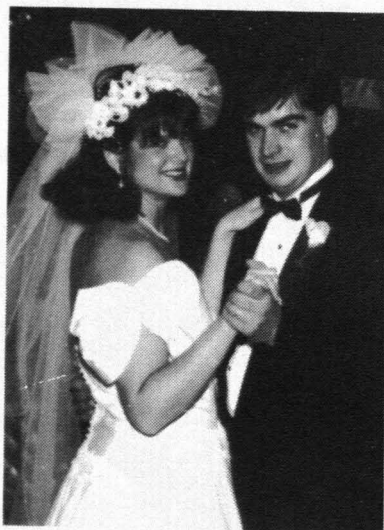
Lonan Durand, Castleknock, and Marie Ruane, Cloonbook, who were married on July 18th, 1992.



Hillarie Freeley, Bridge Street, Ballyhaunis, and Noel McGuinness, Longford, who were married in New York, on June 7th, 1992.



Gerry Coffey, Tullaughane, and Ann Finnerty, Deerpark, Castlereagh, who were married on October 17th, 1992, in Ballinagar Church.



David Coyne, Bridge Street, Ballyhaunis, and Gayle Kuper, New Jersey, who were married in New Jersey, U.S.A., on October 19th, 1991.



Noreen Toolan, Knockanara, and Paul Coyne, Carrowhoney, who were married in St. Mary's Church, Logboy, Ballyhaunis.



Tom Joyce, Doctor's Road, Ballyhaunis, and Satomi Takahashi, Kashiwa-Shi, Chiba, who were married on 31st May, 1992, in Tokyo, Japan.



Collette Rattigan, Lecarrow, Ballyhaunis, and Thomas Ryan, Church Road, Tullamore, Co. Offaly, who were married on 31st October, 1992, in St. Patrick's Church, Ballyhaunis.



Gráinne O'Connell, Upper Main Street, Ballyhaunis, and Pádraic Kelly, Castlereagh, who were married in St. Patrick's Church, Ballyhaunis, on August 30th, 1992.



Stella Morley, Carrowkeel, Ballyhaunis, and George O'Neill, Boyle, who were married on August 1st, 1992, in St. Patrick's Church, Ballyhaunis.



Declan Phillips, Main Street, and Sarah Blake, Kingscourt, who were married on September 5th, 1992, in the Church of The Immaculate Conception, Kingscourt.



Eileen Maughan, Cherryfield, and Hugh Collins, Cave, who were married in St. Patrick's Church, Ballyhaunis.



Tommy Carroll, Abbeyquarter, Ballyhaunis, and Christina Costelloe, Sheehana, Monivea, Co. Galway, who were married recently in Seehana Church.



Catherine Morley, Kilmannin, and Shane Heslin, Dublin, with Canon Costelloe, P.F., who were married on August 4th, 1992, in St. Patrick's Church, Ballyhaunis.



Mary Leonard, Knockbrack, who married Pat Cunnane, Askeaton.

Michael Delany and the United Irish League

An Episode of the Land War around Ballyhaunis

By Gerry Cribbin and Paul Waldron

MICHAEL Delany was always a prominent figure in the town, particularly in political circles since the mid-1870s, was instrumental in the setting up of the Ballyhaunis Branch of the United Irish League within ten months of that organisation's foundation. In 1898 he was also Provincial Director of the South Mayo Executive of the U.I.L. He had been a Poor Law Guardian and one the setting up of the local authorities in 1898, became a District Commissioner for Claremorris District. On the 28th September, 1901, on the motion of one Mr. Doris, and seconded by Conor O'Kelly, M.P., he was co-opted as member of Mayo County Council, where he served for many years after. He came to prominence nationally when, as one of the Coercion Prisoners, he served a prison sentence in 1902. For his part in the campaign against Landlordism and Landgrabbers.

Their terms in prison were not in vain, for within a year their aims and those of the tenant farmers of Ireland were conceded to by the British Government with the passing into law of 'Wyndham's Land Act'.

Wyndham's Land Act – the end of the Land War

It is taken for granted nowadays that farmers throughout the country not merely occupy and farm the land, they own it as well. It is sobering to think that less than one-hundred years ago the farmers or, more correctly, 'tenant farmers' of this area and over most of the West of Ireland, were paying rent to an elite class of landlords, a class totally different in origin and outlook to themselves; a rent, often exorbitant, for land they worked but had no secure claim to; land occupied probably by their families for hundreds of years but from

which they could be evicted on a whim.

That this situation changed totally and necessarily, changing the country's tenant farmers into 'owners-occupiers' was due specifically to Wyndham's Land Act of 1903 and ultimately to the struggle called: 'The Land War', begun almost a quarter of a century before in Irishtown with the setting up of the Land League.

Wyndham's Land Act, passed in 1903, went further than any of the previous land acts to enable tenant farmers buy-out their holdings. It encouraged landlords to sell their entire estates to their tenants, the Government providing loans to the purchasers which were to be paid back by annuities.

This Land Act had stemmed from the report of the Land Conference which met in Dublin in September, 1902. This conference, set up to tackle the land question once and for all on the initiative of one John Shaw Smith, involved representatives of both the landlords and tenants of Ireland. That this conference met at all is evidence of the manifest need to confront this issue and come out with a constructive result.

This need was illustrated by the widespread peaceful agitation which was going on around the country at the turn of the century, activities such as the holding of mass meetings, the boycotting of land grabbers and refusal to pay rent. This activity was a revival of those carried out by the Land League and the Irish National League in the 1870s and '80s. This new agitation was organised by members of another Irish league – The United Irish League, a now largely forgotten organisation and one whose role in the Land War has been overshadowed by its predecessor, The Land League. The United Irish League revived and intensified the aims of the Land League and its activities led directly to

the fulfilling of Land League aims.

The United Irish League

The UIL was formed in February, 1898, by William O'Brien, the Cork M.P. and was so named in commemoration of the United Irishmen, it being the centenary of 1798. The UIL soon spread throughout the West and by the middle of 1901 had 100,000 members. The aims of the UIL are best summarised in its watchword: 'Ireland for the Irish, the land for the people and a native parliament in College Green.' The second of the above aims was particularly relevant in this part of the country as the newspapers of the time can testify, and it was probably the foremost in the minds of the tenant farmers. The existence of a landed class of proprietors, often absentees, keeping large grazing farms or renting them to transient graziers, while alongside their tenants paid high rents for meagre insecure holdings was seen as an outrage. The status of the tenant farmer had improved somewhat after the various land acts brought in by Gladstone and Balfour since the onset of the Land War, but there was a lot left to be achieved and the UIL vowed to achieve it through non-violent means.

The UIL in Ballyhaunis

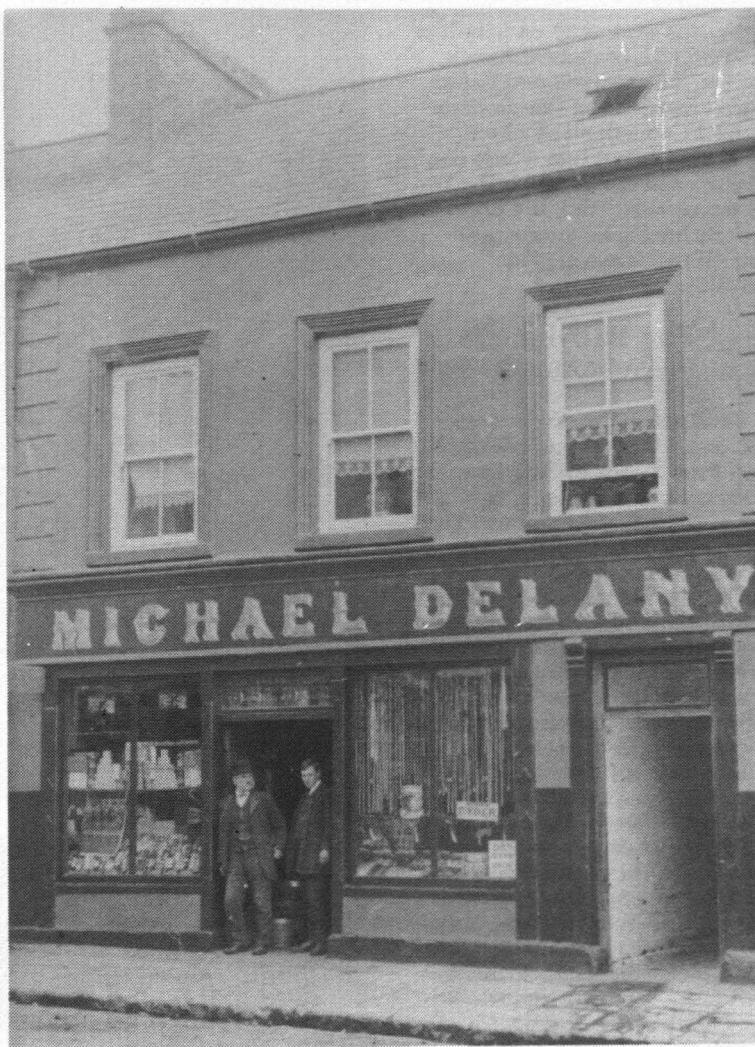
At a meeting on 13th of November, 1898, a branch was started in Ballyhaunis. This meeting, though convened at short notice, was well attended and the branch was formally established 'amidst great applause.' Michael Delany commenting, proposed Rev. Fr. Canning, P.P., as President of the branch, on his 'sympathy with the people and his sterling and constant advocacy of the poor and downtrodden.' Fr. Canning took the chair, explained the object of

the meeting and expressed a confidence that the movement would take on in the locality and that 'Ballyhaunis which was always to the front in every nationalist movement, would not now be backward.' The first officers were: President, Rev. Fr. J. P. Canning, P.P.; Vice-President, Rev. Fr. M. Fallon, C.C.; Treasurer, Michael M. Waldron, Main St.; Secretary, Michael Delany, Knox St.; Asst. Sec., Thomas Cribbin, Togher.

The following were chosen from those present to form a working committee: John Sloyan, John Fitzmaurice, Michael Higgins, Martin Hannon, Pat McDonagh, William Murphy, Thomas Cribbin, Thomas Hoban, Michael John Fitzmaurice, Pat Dillon, William Boland, John Finn, Owen Nolan, Pat Noonan, Pat Fitzmaurice, Pat Lowry, Dominick Dyer, Michael Caulfield, Michael Dyer, Pat Caulfield, Pat Dyer, Pat Gildea, Pat Carney, Thomas Heneghan and Michael Owens.

The Coercion Act and Cloonfad

Michael Delany came to prominence nationally in March, 1902, when he and several others served a prison sentence for attending a UIL meeting in Cloonfad. This meeting was held there in February, 1902, and was chaired by Martin Owens of Ballykilleen. The speakers were Michael Delany, Ballyhaunis; J. P. Hayden, M.P., Roscommon, and William Cunnane, Liscat, Knock. Also present that day were John O'Donnell, M.P., and Thomas Brett, Claremorris, Secretary of the South Mayo Executive of the UIL. The exact purpose of the meeting has not yet come to light, it may have been to deal with the specific case of 'land grabbing' or may have been just a general meeting to rally support for the UIL, anyway its purpose was over-shadowed by the events arising out of the arrival of the police there. The police charged Delany, Hayden, Cunnane, O'Donnell, Brett and others under the Coercion Act for attending an 'unlawful assembly'. The Coercion Act, used in the early days of the Land War but used less and less since, had been re-activated by George Wyndham, the Chief Secretary to cope with the widespread peaceful agrarian



Michael Delaney's premises in Knox Street, 1920 - at the door are Michael, with his cousin and employee, George Delaney (Snr.), later a prominent businessman himself in the town.

agitation of the UIL. It was used so vigorously that by the end of 1902 hundreds, including several M.Ps. had served jail sentences because of the 'illegal' activities of the UIL.

Imprisonment

Those charged at Cloonfad were summoned to appear at Ballinlough Petty Sessions and at the court some days later they were all found guilty of having attended an illegal meeting. Mr. Hayden, M.P., was sentenced to twenty-one days for advising tenants not to pay rent to absentee landlords and to boycott those who do. Mr. O'Donnell was sent to Sligo Jail for two months; Delany, Cunnane and Owens each got one month, and Brett four-teen days.

On the Monday morning following, District Inspector Carberry arrested Michael

Delany at his home in Knox Street and also Martin Owens and Thomas Brett. All three undertook to surrender themselves later in the day to Castlebar Jail, which they did, arriving there by train at 11.30. All along the streets of Castlebar the prisoners were met by cheering supporters to whom, on entering the prison gates, Delany shouted: 'Keep the flag flying'!

Release

The prisoners all served their full sentences and on Sunday morning, the 6th of March, at 7.55, Delany and Cunnane were released and were met outside by a crowd of supporters including James Daly, J. P. After breakfast they headed for Knock via Kiltimagh.

At Knock a public meeting was held in the Fair Green, chaired by Martin McLoughlin, D.C.

Addresses were read on behalf of the local UIL branches: Knock, Logboy, Barnacarroll and Began, as well as from the Claremorris District Council, all of which attempted to put into words the extreme esteem in which the two prisoners were held; the great joy at their having been released from 'Wyndham's gloomy bastille'.

The Ballyhaunis Welcome

Bonfires and torch-bearers welcomed the party all along the road from Knock to Ballyhaunis, the reception increasing in intensity as the neared the town. The Connaught Telegraph captures the atmosphere of the town on that night: "When within half-a-mile of Ballyhaunis the procession was met by a number of torch-bearers and all approaches to the town were lined by enthusiastic crowds who cheered the ex-prisoners to the echo. The journey through the streets was an exceptionally brilliant spectacle. There was scarcely a house in the whole town that was not splendidly illuminated, and the cheering all along the route was deafening. When Mr. Delany's house was reached he was taken from the car by half-a-dozen stalwart friends and carried shoulder-high into his residence."

The public meeting which followed was chaired by Mr. James Carney. M. J. Caulfield then read an address on behalf of the Ballyhaunis UIL. It praised Delany's 'spirit of self-sacrifice, his tireless energy and conspicuous ability', adding that his imprisonment, and that of the other coercion prisoners had the double effect of 'fixing that organisation in its determination and procuring for the movement a world-wide sympathy'. The address was signed by Fr. J. P. Canning, P.P., President; Patrick Carney, Treasurer, and John Fitzmaurice, Asst. Hon. Secretary.

Next was read an address on behalf of the traders and merchants of Ballyhaunis. This, while mentioning the struggle for the land, focuses upon the plight of the 'long suffering townsman' and suggests that maybe that cause could be more fully included in the aims of the organisation.

Michael Delany in his speech spoke about the futility of



Martin and Catherine (Brady) Owens of Ballykilleen, with a relation, ? Gannon. Martin Owens served a prison sentence along with Michael Delaney and the other Coercion prisoners in 1902, when he was sixty-one years of age. His family still live in Ballykilleen.

Wyndham's coercion policy highlighting the fact that it's hoped effect would never be achieved. He expressed wonder at Wyndham's definition of an illegal assembly saying that the gathering in Ballyhaunis on that night was as 'illegal' as the one in Cloonfad, for which he had been imprisoned. He closed his speech by, once again, thanking his supporters and those of the UIL assuring them that he would fight on, determined as ever.

Martin Owens of Ballykilleen, and Michael Higgins, other coercion prisoners, then made speeches and other addresses were delivered by UIL branches from Began, Barnacarroll, Knock, Erritt, Aughamore, Logboy and Cloonfad. Delany was then presented with a brilliantly illuminated and framed address by the Ballyhaunis UIL which included a photograph of himself on top.

Conclusion

The activities of the United Irish League branches throughout Mayo and elsewhere are well documented in the regional newspapers of the time. Not least amongst the activities of the Ballyhaunis and local branches were those involving the Island Farm about with which Delany was closely involved and about which several songs were written. Hopefully, there will be an article dedicated to this other interesting episode of the Land War around Ballyhaunis.

With the advent of Wyndham's Land Act and the possibility of tenant farmers becoming owner-occupiers, the UIL focussed their attention on their more nationalistic aims. Michael Delany continued his association with the movement and with politics in his own town and county.

Michael Delany's family

Michael was one of the Delanys of Baslick, County Roscommon, near Tulsk. He was born about 1852 and, probably in his teens, came to work or 'serve his time' in Delanys of Main Street, Ballyhaunis. This premises, where Nestor's/Connollys is today, belonged to Patrick Delany. Patrick would appear to have been related to Michael, but it is not known how. Patrick and his son, John, carried on a thriving business here, and sometime, probably in the late 1880s, their employee and kinsman set up his own shop in Knox Street dealing in all types of hardware and spir-its, specialising in leather. Around this time, too, he married Mary Cunningham and they had a large family including Mary A. married Patrick J. Kelly, shop-keeper, Castlebar; Margaret, b. 1880 became a Sister of Mercy, Sr. Ita; Michael 'Sonny', 1881-1926; John b. 1882; Delia, 1885-1913; Frances, b. 1886, married Michael Fitzmaurice, 'The Count', they had a son, George, who became an Augustinian Friar, and a daughter, Mary, who married John Finan; T.F., Roscommon; William John, c. 1888-1915; George, 1890-1918, and Susannagh, who erected the gravestone over the family grave.

Michael Delany, though steadily against the idea of large grazing farms, actually had one himself for some time in Carrownedan. This fact led to the changing of the byword of the UIL by locals into 'The land for the People and Carrownedan for Willie John', referring to his son. It has since been divided up and is still referred to as 'The Farm'.

A few years later, in the early 1900s, Michael brought over a relative from Baslick to 'serve his time' in the shop, just as he himself had come to town some thirty years earlier. The young lad, George Delany, would himself, about twenty years later, set up his own business in Abbey Street, where his son, Paddy, continues in business; George's other son, George (Jnr.), also continues in business in Bridge Street.

The following is an anonymous poem written in Michael Dalenay's honour and comes courtesy of Joe Greene, Main Street, who also contributed to the 1908 sketch:

The battle cry is heard once more,
South Mayo's plains around;
And war fires glow as foe meets foe,
On old disputed ground;
But hear the shout that now rings out
From every vale and hill,
We'll have our own Delany boys,
For Ballyhaunis still.

We can't forget the graziers boys,
O'Boyle of Island fame;
His cheeks are wan, his bullocks gone,
Thanks to our heroes name;
He did not quail to face the jail,
The grabbers' power to kill;
And for that same we'll shrine his name,
In Ballyhaunis still.

And in the good old Fenian days,
When faithful men were few,
Base hearts afraid he nobly made,
His sacrifices, too;
He bravely dared and was prepared,
His dearest blood to spill;
In freedom's fight for a nation's right,
In Ballyhaunis still.

Then up boys, up and fill your cup,
To this old chieftain true;
Who is the dark and troubled days,
So nobly stood by you.
Come ev'rey man and vote who can,
And show with heart and will;
We'll have our own Delany boys,
For Ballyhaunis still.

Now master is your strength my boys,
And when the struggle is o'er;
We'll show we can uphold our man,
Triumphant as of yore.
'Bout harbour pier you need not fear,
For pay you never will;
While we have our own Delany boys,
To guard our interests still.

But now of late we hare the prate,
Of the little upstart band;
Whose game of hate's but to create,
Dissension in the land.
That feeble clique their power we'll break,
They'll find a fatal pill;
On election day when proud hearts say:
'We'll have our own;
Our true alone
Delany boys
For Ballyhaunis still'.

Michael Delany, D.C., M.C.C., 1902.

A Look Back . . . Around The Corner

— Anthony Robinson (October, 1992).

HERE is a very brief account, from a Clare Street native, of my memories of our neighbouring street, just around the corner. Indeed, I can thank Michael Lyons for his assistance in jogging my memory to many of the sights, sounds and personalities of his native Street.

When my very first wanderings away from the home patch commenced, it seemed only natural that the next area in the town to which I found myself rambling should be around that same corner to Bridge Street.

Firstly, of course, I quickly learned that to reach such places as the Convent School, the Boys' National School, the Augustinian Friary and the Railway Station, it was necessary to pass through Bridge Street. But the Street was more than just the means to an end. With the Post Office actually located in the Street, it had to be the one area in the Town, where

most people would find themselves visiting on a regular basis.

Of the Post Office staff I remember Sean Corcoran, expert with the snooker cue, the dynamic Johnny Henry and Eamon Dwane, who was adept with any kind of sporting implement, from hurling stick to badminton and tennis rackets.

On many occasions, the people of the town were delighted to avail of the spring water from the well beside the Post Office. The same well came to the rescue of most households in the town, especially when the Town supply itself was out of order, by providing a regular supply of fresh and clean water.

I am sure that in this age of awareness of all things pure in our environment that the people of Ballyhaunis must count themselves lucky to have such a source of drinking water in the centre of the town.

Bridge Street, as I remember it, always had many shops and public houses. The bars which I recall were Foudy's (previously known as The Dudley Arms and now George Delaney's); Gerry Dillon's (later M. Webb and now The Western Bar); Byrne's (now Curran's); Tom Lyons', Johnny Conway's, Michael Higgins' (now The Wimpy Bar); Mrs. Lyons and Coyne's Bar and Grocery (now the A.I.B.).

There was also a hotel run by the Misses Holmes, which was acquired by Denis Hannon in the late 1940s. Miss McDermott (locally known as Miss Mac), ran a sweet shop which, strangely, she only opened on certain occasions.

Each day at lunchtime, a race developed from the Boys' School to the pole at Paul Waldron's Corner. Thus Paul Waldron's Corner became our Town Centre.

Paul himself was a dapper little man . . . recognised as the local Chemist with the amusing mous-



Bridge Street, Ballyhaunis.

tache. We would stand in wonder at the sight of Paul as he waxed his "tache", bringing each side to a fine point, some inches on either side of his face. On the counter stood Paul's little dog, who loved to greet the customers as they appeared.

I can remember the attraction of Danny Fitzgerald's "Sweet Shop", and the mouth-watering sight of many of the offerings on the window, which our pockets could seldom afford to sample.

The Quinn sisters ran a popular Hairdressing Salon in the Street, where the ladies of the town called to receive the then very popular and fashionable "perm". On the ground floor was Denis Sweeney's Surgery. Memories of both the great fear on the way in, and the joyful relief on the way out, spring to mind when recalling my visits to the Dentist.

Fear also ran through the body when passing Gerry Dillon's dog. He was always capable of crossing over the road and helping himself to a sharp nip on any part of the anatomy that took his fancy.

Near the Post Office was the Solicitor's office of Michael O'Cleary, who was elected as a T.D., and later became County Registrar for County Dublin. He was in partnership with Austin Crean, who was the County Sheriff, and Pat O'Dwyer, father of John O'Dwyer who, today, practices on the opposite side of Bridge Street.

Where the offices of John O'Dwyer are now located, stood the residence of the Rattigan family - Aggie, Joe, Francy, Mary Kate and Jim. Next door were the premises of Michael Higgins, a noted cattle dealer, and Anthony Davitt and his sons, John and Nace. Anthony was the Area Esso Manager, and I can recall the unusual sight of him riding his large tricycle, on which he regularly travelled to Claremorris.

Nearby was the Drapery Shop of Mrs. O'Connell, where she lived with her son, Mick, who was our local Journalist with the Connacht Telegraph and who became one of the best known in the profession in the West of Ireland. Indeed, I would suggest that if Mick had chosen to leave his beloved Ballyhaunis, he would have become a journalist of International standing. That lovely lady from Dunmore, May Moyles, ran her Bookie business from the O'Connell premises. In



Rene O'Malley, Charlotte Coyne (R.I.P.), and Marie Lyons (R.I.P.).

those days a big bet was one shilling each way.

Many of the Bridge Street residents were noted for their devotion to the Abbey Church, and I can recall from my Mass Serving days that Mrs. O'Connell, Mrs. Lyons, Aggie Rattigan and John Francis Byrne were known to have attended at 8 a.m. Mass at the Friary without fail, over a period of many years.

At the end of the street the river, of course, was a great feature. At that time, trout could be seen swimming to and fro, and the temptation was always to slip down by its banks and wade in the cool water. But as time and years passed by, two main attractions emerged in Bridge Street.

One was the four lovely Byrne sisters, and the other was the open house of Bernard Lyons. The beautiful quartet of Byrne sisters turned the heads of all of the young men.

Having lost their parents at an early age, they were well protected by the saintly John Francis and the very able Mary McHugh. Noreen of the film star looks was the eldest, and was the favourite of the older boys. The shy Monica was the youngest, and remembered as the pretty girl with the lovely hair. Dainty little Hannah was the tomboy of the bunch, up to every devilment, and she had perfected as one of her favourite pastimes the art of pushing unsuspecting boys into

the Bridge Street Well! But we all loved Rita. She was the girl with the perpetual smile on her face, and the ready word for everyone. Many an hour was spent chatting to her at the Byrne hall door. She broke many of the boys' hearts in those far-off days. Both young and old were captivated by the lovely Rita. She was generous of heart and ever-bright as a Summer's day.

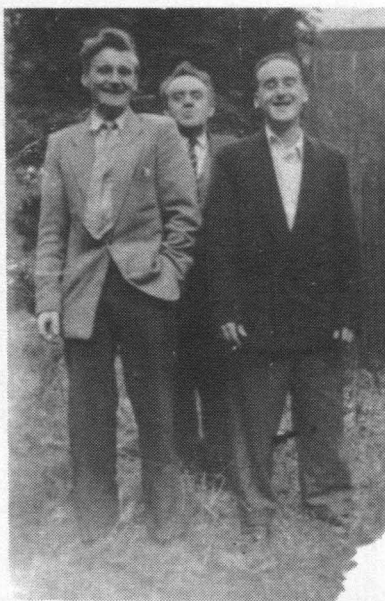
Across the street stood the home of Bernard Lyons. This was a man who lost his beautiful wife at an early age, only to be followed by the death of his lovely daughter, Marie. But he stood firm in adversity and reared a fine family of three boys. Seamus, Bernie and Michael, and his youngest child, Coreen. The Lyons' residence was an open house to us young boys of the late 1940s and the 1950s.

Bernard himself loved the bit of harmless fun and games which we, at that time, found as our pastimes. Many a prank was plotted, many a joke was told, many a game of cards was played and many a football match was re-played over and over again, in the Lyons' kitchen. He had the happy knack of relating the tales of times past, without boring our young minds. He loved to have his little flutter each day on the horses. I can visualise him now, purring over the racing page with his magnifying glass as he pondered the form.

The Lyons' kitchen was also the venue for a regular Sunday night game of cards. Of the many who frequented it, I can remember Pat Dyar, Brian Hunt, Pa Glavey, Jimmy O'Brien, Pat McDonagh (Brackloon), "Clydagh" Waldron and Tom Barry, who often entertained between "hands" with a few of his favourite songs.

Draughts and Chess were also introduced to the patrons of the Lyons' Den, and even Michael "The Minister" Waldron learned many an intricate move on the boards. But it was the youth of our day who were really welcomed and entertained the Lyons' clan. Regular young visitors included John Waldron, Maurice Caulfield, Kevin and Mickey Jordan, and the Foudy's.

Locals were accustomed to expect the unexpected as they passed the Lyons' door, but unsuspecting outsiders were very often in for a rude awakening at what sight or sound might emerge from the inner confines of the Lyons' sanctum.



Left/right: Bernard Lyons (Junior); Bernie Lyons (Senior), and Seamus Lyons.

The Lyons' lads themselves were always alert to any possibility of playing a prank on anyone. One of us, their regular visitors, was even more likely to be the victim, if we were caught in an unguarded moment.

Miss McDermott, who owned the Sweet Shop across the road, was the sister of Canon McDermott from Ballinlough,

who called often to visit his sister, and parked his car on the street. This did not escape the notice of the Lyons' gang. They did not miss the opportunity of taking the car for a little spin around the locality, while the Canon was otherwise occupied. Despite repeating this daring little escapade on many occasions, the car was always returned in time for the Reverend to travel home, oblivious to the unauthorised tours which had taken place in his car during his visits to the town. This is an example of what the Lyons' boys were capable of planning and achieving.

These are the few memories that linger on in my mind, of those far-off times of the 1940s and 1950s. No doubt, a Bridge Street native would convey a much better and more detailed account of that Street in those days. But mine are the recollections of an "outsider" to the Street, and after nearly forty years the same recollections are getting more hazy as each day passes. But I notice when I visit Ballyhaunis now that Bridge Street is not allowing itself to be ignored by ensuring that the traffic has to slowly make its way through, and that all passing travellers are compelled to take a good look at the Street as they pass.



1982 - Tending the horse and pony - Patrick Regan, Gurteenmore (R.I.P.), with his son, Martin; daughter, Bernie; grandson, Barry, and Stephen Glynn, Clare Street.

The Maamtrasna Murders

Book Review by Joe Greene.

THIS book makes for grim reading. The result of twenty years of research, it could have become an indigestible literary of fact and detail in other hands, but to Jarlath Waldron's credit and to the underplot quality of his writing, it emerges still not an easy read, but one which, despite a need for constant concentration, a skilled and humane exposition of the horrible tragedy of the Maamtrasna Murders and of their profound political repercussions.

It tells how, on August 18th, 1882, three or four men shot and beat to death in their home, John Joyce, his wife, his mother, a daughter and one son. Another son, Patsy, escaped by hiding under a bed.

Three local men reported that they had followed the murder party and they named ten local men as the killers. Later, two the ten became what were called "approvers", gave testimony for the Crown. After being tried in Green Street Courthouse, Dublin, the remaining eight men were found guilty. It did not help them that they spoke only Irish, nor that the young ten-year-old survivor, Patsy, was not given the chance to give testimony.

Three of the convicted eight were executed in Galway Jail, in December, 1882, and the other five had their death sentences commuted to life imprisonment.

One of the men whose evidence convicted the men later confessed in public from a Church altar that he had perjured himself and that he had been threatened by a Government Official with hanging had he not done so.

This sorry record of an outrageous miscarriage of justice foreshadowed events of nearly a hundred years later, with the Birmingham Six and the Guildford Four.

The author's mastery of not only the political and legal ramifications but also his expertise with the Irish language and the history of this period, makes this book valuable – apart from its subject matter – as an insight into the social and cultural life of Ireland at that time.

This book was number one in the Best Seller lists for eight



Jack Waldron, Author of "Maamtrasna - The Murders and the Mystery"; Publisher, Eamonn de Burca, and the person who launched the book in Kilmainham Jail, Provost of T.C.D., Dr. Thomas Mitchell.

weeks – a great achievement for Fr. Jarlath Waldron, and for its publisher, Edmund Burke, another Mayo man from Castlebar.

Finally, there is the story of John Joyce, now living in Dublin

who, playing for Dublin in the 1958 All-Ireland final, scored two goals to finish off the Galway team's chances of victory. The John Joyce in question was a great-grandson of the murdered John Joyce.



Ballyhaunis Younger Prize Awards, 1992 – Front row: Elaine Webb, Eileen Nestor, Caroline Tighe, Paul Finn, Stephen Deavy, Anthony Lyons, John Nolan, Lora Regan and Alan Regan. Middle row (left/right): Stephen Glynn, Pat Nolan, Margaret Nestor, Brian Forde, Hillary Meeney, Michael Dillon, Noreen Lyons, Pauline Madden and Clodagh Lyons. Back row (left/right): Michael Curley, Shane Tighe, P. J. Curley, John Burke, Niall Tighe, Louise Gallagher and Edward Webb, and boy in corner.

Liberty Cup - Mayo, 1992

RUSSIANS! "You're having me on, pull the other one!" Such was the first reaction from people when Ballyhaunis Youth Soccer Club flaunted the idea of being a host town in the biggest International Soccer tournament in the West of Ireland. The Liberty Cup, Mayo '92.

Up to 1992 there were three venues for the Liberty Cup which were New York, Moscow and Milan in Italy, and now Mayo. Such is the high esteem Mayo Youth Soccer is held. It was decided, through a contact in New York that Mayo Youth Soccer would be invited to host the Liberty Cup, 1992.

The organisation of the tournament included that the host Club would be responsible for the accommodation of the boys with local families, and the American officials and parents would provide their own accommodation, here in the town.

After many months of preparation Liberty Cup finally arrived on the 10th of July. As the bus pulled in at the Central Hotel, our two teams, Westchester and Northport - thirty-six boys in all, and adults, descended from the

bus. After the introduction was made the boys left with their host families for much-needed sleep and to settle down in their new homes. All preparations had been made as regards match fixtures, dates and times.

Thursday night provided the opportunity for American friends to get to know their host families and Club officials. The Northport Coach, Mr. Joe Scharfemberger, who soon became known as the Smithwicks man, was the main organiser, with his assistant coach, Mr. Gary Holbrook, of the Northport team. Although the Westchester team were put up in Ballyhaunis; their officials and parents were accommodated in Westport, due to some travel mix-up, but they, too, spent most of their time here in Ballyhaunis.

The tournament got under way on Saturday, July 14th, much to the relief of our own Club officials. The other Mayo teams picked to compete were: Kilmaine, Ballyglass and Castlebar Celtic. As the days rolled by our American boys settled in and easily made friends. T. C.'s became the "inn" place for all the young crowd, both

American and local. The Central Hotel was the focal point for the adults, as well as most of the other hostels in Ballyhaunis.

Many functions and get-togethers were organised in Kilmaine, Ballyglass and at Castlebar Celtic and, of course, in Ballyhaunis culminating in a gala night in the Central Hotel for all the parties, participating teams, officials and host families concerned. Also in attendance was the Mayo League Chairman, officials and our local public representatives. On Sunday, July 15th, the Liberty Cup final was held in the Milebush Soccer Stadium, with parades and brass bands leading up all the teams. Unfortunately, our two American teams had previously been knocked out, but, with great fight Ballyhaunis Under-16 and Under-14 teams contested their respective finals. The Under-16 team were narrowly defeated 1-0 by Manulla, but the victorious Under-14 team defeated Ballyglass 3-0, to bring home the first-ever Liberty Cup to Ballyhaunis.

At the after-match presentations in the Milebush Clubhouse, the Under-14 team Captain, Johnny Burke, accepted the cup, on behalf of his team-mates. Over the ten days we were showed how serious the Americans take their Soccer, with both mothers and fathers taking a keen interest. A lesson to us all! They were surprised how inexpensive it was to be a member of a Soccer Club in this country, as in New York it cost up on \$3,000 to be a member.

The morning of the 21st soon arrived and it was time for all our American friends to return. All the boys promised to write and keep in touch as they boarded the coach, armed with their hurley sticks which had been presented to them by the local Under-16 hurling team. With great sadness we bid farewell to our good friends, Joe, Garry, Lisa, Tom, Oris, Kery, Pattie, Marge, John, Chip, Lois and Jean, and the many others. We also accepted willingly an invitation to plan in the 1994 Liberty Cup in New York. How we all look forward to, and seeing them again.

When the tournament was finally over, the Ballyhaunis Club was picked out for special mention for their organisation, on and off the field, and this could not

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Liberty Cup, Ireland, 1992 - left/right: Michéal, Dolores, Lee Ann and Nathan Murphy with Timmy Kyrkostas, Sean Nahas, Paul Amarillo, Chris Muquao, Nyan Scharfemberger. We had the time of our lives!

Apostolic Work

Ballyhaunis, 1992

"Foot soldiers of the Church out there slogging away", is how Bishop Brendan Comiskey described apostolic workers in a recent article in The Irish Catholic Paper. He asked for support for this group who work for and support the missions.

1992 is the thirtieth year of Apostolic Work in Ballyhaunis, and to mark the occasion a celebrated Mass was held in the Parochial Hall, on Sunday, June 28th. There was a large gather-

ing for the occasion, including members from the Diocesan Office in Castlebar, and other branches. The annual exhibition was held the same day and this proved to be a tremendous success.

In May, 1962, Mrs. Maria Cribben, President of the I.C.A., invited Officers of the Castlebar Branch of Apostolic Workers to the monthly meeting of the I.C.A. Fr. Rushe, who was Adm. in Ballyhaunis at the time, expressed a wish that a branch of Apostolic Work would be started in Ballyhaunis. He attended the meeting and a Committee was elected that night. The President was the late Mrs. Lyons of Upper Main Street; Secretary, Miss May Moyles, and Treasurer, Mrs. Peg Byrne, who are both with us still.

In 1962 there were only four branches of the Apostolic Work in the diocese, Ballyhaunis, Castlebar, Tuam and Claremorris, and at the moment there are thirty-two and still expanding.

During 1992 a seminar was held in St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, and most of our members attended same. It was most enlightening as there were several missionaries present who spoke of their work for the Missions and different parts of the world. It was nice meeting Apostolic Workers from all over Ireland and hearing their views.

A mini vigil was held in Knock in June, which was well attended by both active and honorary members. It was conducted by Fr. Agger, S.V.D. Getting new members is always a problem and if anybody is interested in joining our Branch, a meeting is held every Monday night in the Parochial Hall from 8 p.m. to 10 p.m.

- Bridie Brennan.

Liberty Cup

CONTINUED

have been possible without the fantastic support of the host families. This now gives us the opportunity to thank all the families - Mr. and Mrs. N. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. P. O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. B. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. P. McCafferty, Mr. and Mrs. M. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. T. Finn, Mr. and Mrs. M. Webb, Mr. and Mrs. J. Vahey, Mr. and Mrs. Potter Coogan, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Tighe, Mr. and Mrs. E. Cleary, Mr. and Mrs. M. Swords, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fahey, Mr. and Mrs. A. Delaney.

As for the "Russians", you may have guessed, they didn't make it due to the political and economic climate which prevailed in their country. This was a big disappointment to all the Ballyhaunis Club officials, who had become almost fluent in Russia, perhaps, the next time we will get the change to practice Glasnost. The participation of the Ballyhaunis Youth Soccer Club in their prestigious tournament was all down to the hard work of the following - Michael Webb, Pat O'Connor, Michael Swords, Barry Butler, Chris Pratt, Michael Murphy, and Tom Finn.

Here's to Liberty Cup, Mayo, 1993.

- Michael Murphy,
Club Official.



Laura-Ann Byrne and Patricia Mulhern, Irish Dancing during Festival.

Ballyhaunis Hurling, 1992

By Peter Higgins.

FOUR years ago Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club set up a Sub-Committee to promote the game of hurling at under-age level, and so build up a panel of players that would eventually represent the Club at senior level. The Committee were given a task to promote the basic skills of the game with particular emphasis on enjoyment and safety.

Safety is achieved with the use of full protective helmets and the training of children with a view to protect themselves. The enjoyment that follows is evident by the ever-increasing number of children playing the game and a common sight in Ballyhaunis and its environs is the presence of children of all ages with hurleys in hand and the constant "pucking" of the sliothar back and over to each other.

Perhaps the culmination of these four years' work has been the sight last June of the Artane Boys Band parading through Ballyhaunis leading sixteen hurling teams from all over Ireland to Ballyhaunis G.A.A. pitch for the final of Division Five Feile competition. This is covered in more detail elsewhere.

COMPETITIONS:

Ballyhaunis have had three teams in separate competitions in Mayo in 1992 so far - National School, Under-14 and Under-16, with Under-15 yet to come.

At National School level Ballyhaunis defeated Knock to reach the East Mayo final. The performance of Ballyhaunis against Knock that evening was like the weather that preceded the game - thunder and lightning. Ballyhaunis played their best game yet at that level and won well in the end.

However, in the East Mayo final against Tooreen, Ballyhaunis met a superior team and Tooreen revenged the previous three years' games and had a worthy win in a marvellous game of hurling.

The Under-14 competition was held again on a League basis. Our first outing was against Westport, in Westport. Despite the fact that Ballyhaunis were favourites, Westport played a brilliant game of defensive hurling and snatched victory from Ballyhaunis by a margin of two points. Ballyhaunis subsequently improved their game immensely against Castlebar and won by a big margin.

However, we were eventually beaten by a strong Ballina team, despite some excellent hurling by the Ballyhaunis boys. In the final game against Tooreen after a ding-dong battle, Tooreen ran out worthy winners to meet Ballina in the County Final. Our special congrats. to Tooreen on their victory over Ballina at the second attempt to become Mayo Under-14 Hurling champions.

Due to the holding of the Feile competition in Mayo / Galway and the special All-Ireland Under-16 Championship, the Under-16 County Championship was not held until August. This was the first time ever that Ballyhaunis competed at this level, and even though nearly all the panel are under-age again next year they gave a heart-warming performance with a great win over Westport, and a defeat by a strong Ballina team. Perhaps the finest game of the series, however, was in MacHale Park against Castlebar.

Castlebar took an early lead with two fortuitous goals but in the second half Ballyhaunis boys fought back valiantly to go ahead by two points, but in the end, the effort proved too much and eventually with another "lucky" goal, Castlebar emerged on top. However, to use a hackneyed term, on the day hurling was the winner.

At the time of writing the Eugene O'Shea Under-15 competition is to be completed, and Ballyhaunis will be expecting a good result from the team in this competition to be held in Ballyhaunis this year.

COUNTY TITLE:

For the first time a Mayo Secondary School Hurling competition was held and Ballyhaunis have the unique distinction of capturing the first-ever Under-15 title. This was achieved with good wins over Ballina, Castlebar and Westport. A special congratulations to Ballyhaunis Community School and, in particular, to Ms. Aine Whelan for all her efforts.

A milestone in the development of hurling in Mayo and Ballyhaunis was the retention by Mayo of the All-Ireland Under-16 Special Cup after a great final against Armagh, in Longford, on July 18th, '92. Ballyhaunis was represented by three players on the panel, Cormac O'Connor, Pierce Higgins and Derek



Mary Walsh and Kay Higgins, with Under-16 Hurling All-Ireland cup.

Walsh, while Peter Higgins was a selector.

Mayo won the All-Ireland Minor Special Final for the first time ever. This is another milestone in the development of hurling in the county, and congratulations are extended to Derek Walsh on the panel and John J. Kelly, who was a selector.

One of the highlights of the Festival of Loughnasa, in Ballyhaunis, 1992, was a game of hurling in the G.A.A. pitch, featuring a "native" Ballyhaunis team, and a team of multi-talented players from all over Ireland now living in Ballyhaunis and dubbed the "blow-in team". Out of defence to the locals the "native" team were allowed to win by one point. However, there was great interest in the "natives" who wore the number 16 jersey and hurried away immediately after the game in a Galway registered car. Some observer remarked that he looked very like a certain Tony Keady.

1992 PANEL OF PLAYERS:

National School: Michael Walsh, Michael Regan, Robert Morley, David Murphy, Gerry Neenan, Paul McConn, Don Regan, Frank Fahy, John Gallagher, Jonathan Kilduff, Derek McConn, Paul Finn, M. J. Nolan, Michael Burke, Keith Higgins, Anthony Lyons, C. McRudden, Jonathan Powers, Pierce Doherty. Mentors: John Hoban and Dave McConn.

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Under-14 Panel: Seamus Landon, Kenneth Kirrane, Mark Neenan, Paul McConn, David Murphy, Darren Conlon, Michael Regan, John Burke, Brian Flanagan, Paul Finn, David Conlon, Don Regan, John Gallagher, M. J. Nolan, Jonathan Kilduff, Robert Morley, Derek McConn, Shay Walsh, Michael Walsh, John Gallagher and Michael Burke. Mentors: Dave McConn and John J. Hoban.

Under-16 Panel: Mark Patterson, Mark Neenan, Peter Healy, Kenneth Kirrane, Hugh McKermitt, Fergal Kelly, Declan Byrne, Pierce Higgins, Cormac O'Connor, Brian Flanagan, Derek Walsh, John Burke, Darren Conlon, Michael Curley, Michael Freeley, Paul McConn, David Conlon, Sean Fitzmaurice, Seamus Luridin and Michael McDonagh. Mentors: Ray Lacey and Peter Higgins.

The Mission

— John O'Neill.

IT was early Spring when I heard that Ballyhaunis was about to have its first Mission for many years. It was a very long time since I had attended one myself, and I was not exactly enthusiastic about this one. The Missioners were members of the Redemptorist Order, and arrived to preach at all Masses on the Sunday prior to its commencement. I presume the reason for this was to drum up interest in the forthcoming event. The "commercial" didn't really appeal to me and left me in an even more apathetic frame of mind.

The Missions which I had previously attended had all been segregated, i.e., men only or women only, but this one was going to be different. This one was going to be a Mission for the family



The Parish Mission, March, 1992.

which, to my mind, was a step in the right direction. When the Mission actually commenced I forced myself to go along, because for some reason which was incomprehensible even to myself, I felt it would be good for the children. I was amazed at the size of the congregation on the Sunday night, but put it down to the fact that it was the opening session and could not possibly last. Sometime during this first session my apathy began to wane, and I actually found myself paying attention, and maybe even to appreciate, ever so slightly, what was going on. On Monday morning I was awakened at the "ungodly" time of 6.30 a.m., for 7 o'clock Mass. This was the morning when my interest really began.

The Church was absolutely full with people of every shape form, age and size. I found myself listening intently and actually appreciating the ceremony. From thereon I was hooked, and attended every session and, what's more, participated. Our children seemed to be revelling in it as well, in spite of the very early rising. Each

evening's Homily was on a different theme, and on several occasions the congregation actually applauded. Every session was packed, and I was really surprised by the number of young people in attendance, and the interest they showed.

At the end of the Mission I had a feeling of inner peace, very similar to the feelings I experienced after pilgrimages to Lough Derg, and was very pleased that I had participated.

Congratulations to all concerned.

Grace O'Malley's Descendant in Knox Street (1850s)

Anne Chambers' recently published biography of Granianuaile, the infamous Pirate Queen of the West coast, has a genealogy in it which shows her descendants by both her husbands down to the middle of the last century. One of her great, great-grandsons is given as Edmund O'Flaherty of Ballyhaunis. Edmund had three sons, Francis and John in the army, and Dillon. In 1856, according to the Griffith Valuation, Dillon O'Flaherty had a house, three gardens and an outhouse in Pollnacraoghy. His house would have been where Colleran's is now in Knox Street. By 1862 Dillon O'Flaherty was gone from this house in Knox Street. O'Flaherty leased two houses in Hazelhill (possibly where Curley's and Fitzgerald's, Bridge Street, are today, to Michael Dillon and Roderick Judge.



Ballyhaunis Crafts, c. 1900

By Pauline Morley

WITH the arrival of the railway, in the post famine era, Ballyhaunis thrived, new business premises opened and various new commodities were now to be purchased in these shops. The advent of the railway signalled the end of these traditional crafts.

"The number of Irish nailmakers was, 6,276 in 1841; 4,193 in 1861 and here the decline slowed sharply between 1861 and 1871. Blacksmiths who not only shod horses, but made a variety of articles and tools in iron fell only by a quarter, from 25,185 in 1841 to 18,679 in 1861 and fell moderately to 16,342 in 1871".

This decline in the numbers employed in traditional crafts can be primarily placed on the railway companies. They brought cheaply-produced goods from Dublin and England to the shopkeepers in the South and West and hence, hastened the decline of these crafts.

"Crafts were affected by novel competition. Blacksmiths fell steadily in number, although there was no long-term decline in the number of horses. The advent of the factory produced cheap iron goods reduced the blacksmiths importance. The consequence of factory goods were even more disastrous for the nailer. The number of nailers was almost halved in the 1870s, halved again in the 1880s and halved again by 1901, only a few hundred surviving".

It is my opinion, however, that this decline in the numbers employed in the traditional crafts cannot solely be attributed to the railway companies. Craftsmen during the 1870s onwards were among the richer members of the Western communities and would therefore have been able to afford the passage to America. It was during this period, also, that there was a great demand in America for the skilled craftsman and both the push factor in Ireland and the pull factor for America sent the skilled craftsman marching to America to

make his fortune. Carpenters, shoemakers and tailors were the most numerous of the craft-workers in the area, which indicates immediately that there was a demand for their skills.

Carpenters (16)

The number of carpenters was high, in comparison to other crafts, in the area. There were very few new people entering the trade. The average age of the craftsman being forty-four indicated that the carpenters were not young. In fact, only four were under forty years. The fact that only one carpenter lived in a first-class house is indicative of the economic condition of the craftsman. The fact that the six owners of the second class houses were those with a second income also points this out. In fact, the number of carpenters living in third-class houses was eight, which is half the carpenters in the area. However, all but one of the carpenters was literate, which indicates that schooling was seen to be of importance, even for those who were entering a trade. The average number of people being supported by the trade was seven persons in each household and this was too many people living on too small an income for a comfortable lifestyle.

Shoemakers (13)

The average age of shoemakers in Ballyhaunis was even higher than that of the carpenters. Only two of the people engaged in the craft were under forty years, one aged thirty-six and the other thirty-five years. This is an indicator to the fact that there is a fall off in the demand for shoemakers and indicates that the numbers will fall further in the future. None of the shoemakers have either sons or apprentices learning the trade, which again bodes ill for the craft. Though the number of shoemakers was declining, there was still a certain amount of demand for their skill and this is evidenced by the fact that they



Johnny Kilroy worked for many years as a "Bag Carrier" in Dill Caulfield's shops in Abbey Street. He was from Upper Main Street, for some time in Dillon's, Abbey Street.

were not relying on a second source of income, except for one farmer/shoemaker. None of the shoemakers lived in a third-class house, compared to eight carpenters who did. The literacy rate for shoemakers was lower than that for carpenters, but it was the age factor which caused this, rather than any other. The average number in family, who were relying on this craft was five persons in each household (It is doubtful if this would in any way have affected the class of house in which the family lived).

Three of the boot and shoe makers were unmarried and lived in second-class lodgings. The majority of the shoemakers could speak both Irish and English, which indicates that the use of the Irish language was both higher in this class and in this particular age group.

Tailors (13)

Quite a large number of tailors found employment in Ballyhaunis at the turn of the century. This,

in part, could be due to the changes and expansion brought about by the arrival of the railway, over thirty-years earlier. This also led the people towards being less self-sufficient and thus created a demand for skilled tailors. Only five of the tailors were fifty years and upwards and the fact that the remaining eight were much younger, could, in my opinion, be related to the demand caused by the decrease in self-sufficiency. Nine of the tailors lived in second-class houses, which is an indication of their income, and one of these was a lodger. Three of the tailors lived in third-class dwellings and this may have been due to their age or to the situation of the houses themselves (they resided outside the town). None of the tailors had a second source of income, which again, is indicative of their economic conditions.

This trade was one which is most obviously growing, with three new tailors, the eldest of whom was eighteen-years. The sons, who were in the trade were all older than this. There was almost total literacy among the tailors, which is greater than the literary levels of some of the other crafts, especially when the age factors are looked at. The Irish language was spoken by the majority of the tailors, only those who originated from the East of the country not speaking it.

Blacksmiths (9)

Though there were fewer blacksmiths than there were shoemakers or carpenters, the craft seemed from this study, to have a much better chance of survival. This was due to the fact that a third of the numbers were sons, carrying on the trade. We also note that the average age of blacksmiths was almost ten years younger than that of the shoemakers and carpenters, which indicated the likelihood that the trade will continue. All the blacksmiths were literate and this is the first craft that we have looked at that has total literacy. There was also, very high numbers who could speak the Irish language and the fact that some of those were sons of older blacksmiths, tells us that the language was still being spoken among this section of the community, or, at least, that it was being used by them, up until recently.

None of the blacksmiths have a second source of income and



Thomas Mulloy, Churchpark, Ballyhaunis, who died on January 4th, 1925, aged eighty-eight years.

this is reflected in their housing conditions, with six of them living in third-class houses and the remaining three in second class houses. These second-class houses just qualified for this class because of the number of windows in the front of the house. It is obvious from this, that the income from the trade cannot have been very good at this period.

Bakers and Confectioners (8)

The number of bakers and confectioners in the town is yet

another indication of the expansion experienced by the town prior to this period and to the decline in the self-sufficiency of the people. It is quite obvious, from the fact that none of the bakers lived in third-class dwellings, but in good second-class dwellings, that it was a prospering craft. They were not relying on a second source of income to bring them to this standard of living.

All the people engaged in this class were literate and only one could speak the Irish language. This can be attributed to the fact that all the people in this craft came from the East of Ireland.

In this case, the average age is really a false indication of the ages of the people engaged in this craft, as three were in their 'forties and four in their late 'teens and early 'twenties. This shows an influx of new people into the craft and indicates that there was a demand and a market for confectionery in the town.

The trades that I have dealt with up to now are those that had the most people employed in them, in Ballyhaunis, however, there were several other trades being carried on during the same period, though there were not as many people involved in them. These include masons, millers, watch-maker, umbrella maker, harnessmaker, tin-plate worker and nailmaker. There were also some weavers and spinners in the area, but it is obvious that these trades were fast dying out. We have only to look at the business in the town of Ballyhaunis itself, which employed two and three dressmakers, all working on factory produced materials.

Though there was only one nailmaker in the town, he had two apprentices, who were born in the cities of Cork and Dublin. This hints at the possibility that there was still a demand for this craft in the West of Ireland, though, as I mentioned previously, the numbers in this craft was falling dramatically.

The mason in the area had both his sons involved in the trade and it is evident, from the census, that this trade was economically viable as the mason and his family lived in a second class dwelling, while the majority of their neighbours lived in third-class houses.

Harnessmaking was carried out in only one place in Ballyhaunis and here, five people were engaged in this trade. The master harnessmaker had his two sons following in the trade and he also had two Dublin apprentices aged sixteen and nineteen. The harnessmaker lived in a second-class house and had no other source of income.

Therefore, we can conclude, that this trade was still in demand at the turn of the century.

The tin-plate worker, was aged sixty one and with only one apprentice, a twenty-two year-old from Dublin City. The prospects for the survival of this craft did not look good.

In examining all the trades, with only a few people engaged in them, it is notable that the majority of the apprentices came from Dublin, and only a very few were from Mayo. From the evidence, it was clear, that the craft is dying out, and probably being replaced by cheaper mass-produced goods, brought in by the railway companies.

The remaining craftsmen had neither sons nor apprentices learning the craft, and their income was so low that they could only afford third-class lodgings. These were a saddler, watch-maker and a bell and umbrella maker, all of whom were in lodgings together.

Ballyhaunis & District Gun Club

The present Club has been in existence for over thirty years and, at present, has a membership of over forty, making it one of the largest Gun Clubs within the county. Every member is compelled to be a member of the National Compensation Fund, this insuring himself and, most importantly, any other person and their property, against injury or loss. The Club, since its foundation, has always been on good terms with the farming community and intends keeping it like that.

The Clay Pigeon grounds at Cave are recognised as being the finest in Connacht. However, due to the recent recession the shoots have been scaled down to just a few small events for the time being.

We have run a very successful vermin control programme and this has been evident in the number of farmers that have shown their appreciation. The Club also holds a Dog Show, on conjunction with the local festival. The attendance at this event is a measure of its popularity and success.

Finally, this year the Club has, once again, embarked on a major programme - a game release plan. Twenty acres have been

leased from Mr. S. O'Boyle, Carrowreagh, and part of it has been sown with game feed crops. In July a large pen was erected and stocked with three-hundred purchased pheasant poults. After a number of weeks, when the pheasants were adequately grown, they were released by the two local T.D.s., Mr. Jim Higgins and Mr. P. J. Morley, into the nearby feed crops. This project is

definitely the first and largest of its kind in the county, and possibly in the country.

To conclude, we would like to thank the farming community for allowing us to shoot over their land and the general public for supporting the Club in the different events we hold.

*- Paul Sykes,
Hon. Secretary.*



Left/right: Paul Sykes, Eamon Burke (background); Jim Higgins, T.D.; P. J. Morley, T.D.

Ballyhaunis and District Credit Union

THE official opening of Ballyhaunis and District Credit Union's new premises took place on Friday, October 23rd last. The building was opened by the President of the Irish League of Credit Unions, Mr. Tom McCarthy, and blessed by Canon P. Costelloe.

The opening of this premises marks another big milestone in the development of the Credit Union Movement in Ballyhaunis. The new premises and extra opening hours will facilitate the continued growth in membership and share capital. Current membership stands at just over one-thousand with savings of over £500,000.

The Early Years:

It is now over ten years since the original meeting was called to set up a Credit Union Study Group, at which we had two very able Advisers from the Mayo Chapter in Paddy Glynn, Castlebar, and Michael McDonald, Claremorris. The members of that study group

were: Michael Greally, Paddy Brennan, John Touhy, Aiden Kelly, Pat Fitzgerald, Vincent Freeman, Terry Coleman, Pat O'Connor, Pat O'Connor, Christina Lyons, Maura Fitzmaurice, Catherine (Plunkett) Sloyan, Mary Freyne, Peter McCafferty and Fr. Des Walsh. Many of those are still active within the movement.

In May, 1983, the Ballyhaunis and District Executive was formed and opened for business in the front room of the Parochial Hall, Ballyhaunis. Some years later it was moved to a premises on Upper Main Street rented from Jordan's, here the Credit Union operated until June 12th, 1992, when they moved into the new building. From the beginning they have operated branch collections at Tooreen School, on Sundays.

The growth of the Credit Union has been very steady with the exception of this year, where there has been a phenomenal growth of 37% in savings and 25% in membership. The last few years have seen a dividend of 4.5% paid on shares.

A New Building:

It was decided on advice from the Irish league of Credit Unions that a premises, formerly owned by Joe Tighe, was purchased because of its location, and easy access with plenty of parking in the vicinity. The building was completely renovated and extended to the design and supervision of D. and E. Waldron & Associates, Knock, by Patrick Cunniffe, Building Contractor, Tooreen. The purchase and renovation were completely financed with the Credit Union's own resources.

As well as catering for Ballyhaunis the Credit Union also caters for surrounding areas like Ballinlough, Cloonfad, Tulrahan, Brickens, Knock, Kilkelly, Tooreen, Aughamore and to anyone living or working in those areas.

Benefits:

The main benefits to the community area: (a), active involvement in a Credit Union is, in itself, a learning experience and, in time, produces community leadership qualities backed up by financial resources which combined, can be diverted into other

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



Tom McCarthy, President of the Irish League of Credit Unions, pictured after officially opening the new Ballyhaunis Credit Union Offices with Committee members and Directors. Included are, seated: Helene McCafferty, Rita Lunden, Treasurer; Pat O'Connor, Chairman; Paddy Brennan, President, and Joe Tighe, previous owner of the office site. Front: Helen Lyons and Susan Tighe. Standing (left/right): Barry Butler, Frances Mulhern, John Tuohy, Secretary; Eileen O'Brien, Mary Rudden, Aiden Kelly, Maura Fitzmaurice, Mary Frances Cleary, Patricia O'Connor, Maura Murphy, Ina Freyne, Pat Fitzgerald, Justina Ryan and Freyne.

community problem areas; (b), participation by the community in the Credit Union will contribute to the free circulation of financial resources in the local Credit Union, you are participating in a voluntary, national and international organisation. Credit Unions are to be found in ninety countries throughout the world in parts as diverse as the United States and in under-developed Third World countries. In Ireland there are over five-hundred Credit Unions throughout the thirty-two counties with membership of 1,100,000, and with in excess of £1 billion in savings.

Officers:

The present Board of Directors are: John Toulhy, Paddy Brennan, Maura Fitzmaurice, Rita London, Pat O'Connor, Aidan Kelly, Maura Murphy, Eileen O'Brien, Pat Fitzgerald, Mary Frances Cleary and H  len   McCafferty.

Supervisors: Barry Butler, Ina Freyne and Patricia O'Connor. Tellers and Committee members: Justina Lyons, Frances Mulhern, Mary Freyne, Terry Coleman, Anne O'Connor, Helen Lyons and Mary Rudden.

Opening hours - Ballyhaunis Offices: Tuesdays, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.; Fridays, 1.30 p.m. to 5.30 p.m.; Saturdays: 11.00 a.m. to 1 p.m.; 8 p.m. to 9 p.m.; Sundays: 12 noon to 12.30 p.m.

Savings and loans are insured at no cost to the shareholder. Loans are given for many reasons - the most common being - car purchase, insurance, house improvements, holidays, furniture, etc., etc. Loans vary in size from as low as £100 to £6,000, depending on the savings of the individual member. To qualify for a loan a member must have a pattern of regular savings and must be able to satisfy the Credit Committee on their ability to repay the loan.

The Credit Union is a non-profit-making group, owned by the members, for the members. All Directors and Supervisors are voluntary workers, receiving no remuneration.

Ballyhaunis and District Credit Union has made great progress over the last nine years, thanks to all the people who have given of their time selflessly and also to the help and advice received from within the Mayo Chapter and beyond. Long may this progress continue.

- Pat O'Connor
(Chairman).

New Horizons

- Mary Smyth.

THE excitement of winning a major sponsorship, worth £17,000, to attend an international course in Boston College for four months, was wonderful - it was the opportunity of a lifetime for me.

The D.E.B.I. opportunity - the Development of Entrepreneurs in Boston for Ireland, organised by the Ulster Business School, is a model for small businesses everywhere. Its goal is to show Irish entrepreneurs, how to expand and create new jobs. A 1991 survey found that twenty-four companies with sixty-seven employees before D.E.B.I. had two-hundred-and-nine workers after it.

The campus at Boston College is incredibly beautiful and we had available to us computers; library facilities for research, and a top-class gymnasium with opportunities for all types of exercise and sport.

Developing a viable business plan was the main curriculum focus. Lectures dealt with accountancy, finance, marketing and organisational structures. Each participant had one-to-one assistance from an experienced academic adviser. As well I did research for a project on Irish Lace; learning to produce graphics and a business plan on a computer was certainly a challenge. Generally going to College, at the

same time as my own children was quite a change for me.

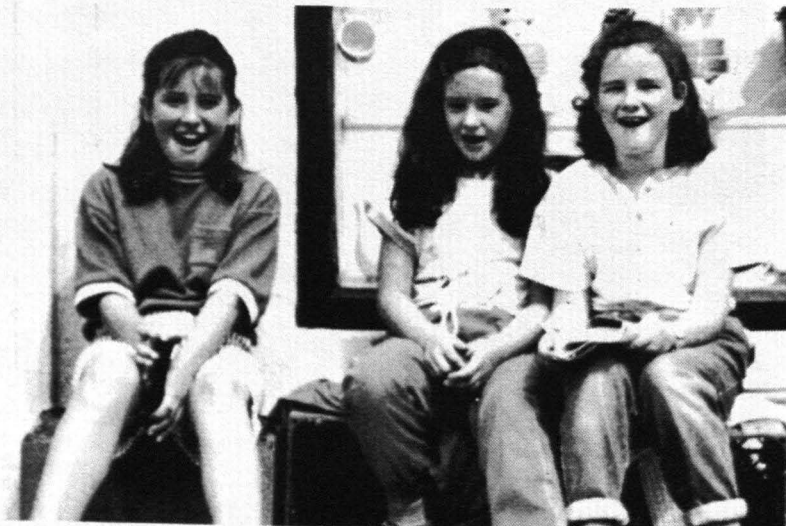
The most valuable facet of the programme for me was a placement in the Designer section of Neman Marcus, where I built up contacts for future business.

Other worthwhile, pleasant and different experiences were radio interviews, interviews with the Boston Globe and networking breakfasts at 6 a.m.

The whole experience gave me a lot more positive attitude to life, generated new ideas and imbued me with a lot more self-confidence which, I'm sure, will benefit me and my business Originals.

Originals provide high-quality knitwear which is distinctly Irish, yet modern in concept. The present collection is based on the Ogham Stone and features raw wool and home-spun alpaca making the product environmentally friendly. The range includes linen blouses with hand-made Irish lace, which are already selling in the U.S.A., Canada, Germany and Holland. My American trip resulted in another major breakthrough - an agent in 7th Avenue, New York, who will distribute the produce in planned phases over the next three years.

The genuine friendliness of the Bostonians was unexpected, and the great amount of help I got from the trip is very much appreciated.



Jennifer McCafferty, Lindsay Murray and Audrey Keane.

To Australia and back

By Jack Halpin

My trip to Australia began with a Dublin to London air link mid-November. On arrival in London, my son, Patrick and his wife, Winnie, were there to see me. After London I stopped over in Bangkok for a few days, which gave me a chance to see this Far Eastern City.

I had several tours, including one to the Bridge of the River Kwai where the famous film was shot; and also taking in many Buddhist shrines. Known as the 'City of Angels' it is situated in Thailand, the 'Country of Smiles'. I didn't meet anyone from Mayo, but did encounter a few from Dublin on holidays there.

After leaving Bangkok, we had a stop in Kuala Lumpur in Malaysia, and we were allowed into the Duty-free area which is one of the biggest Duty Free Centres in the world. We also had a crew change as we headed for Sydney where we dropped some passengers. Again we were allowed into the airport, spending some hours there before going to final destination, Melbourne, a one and a half hour flight. Coming in at midnight, my family were there to meet me. You can imagine the excitement after a 12,000 mile trip. We drove to the family home, about 25 miles from the city. My daughter, Mary Halpin O'Brien, and her husband, Michael, a Kildare man, and there two children, Emma and Andrew, aged six and five, live on the farm and Michael is known as a 'hobby farmer' but his main business is in the city.

They were beginning preparations for Christmas, but it being the middle of Summer, there was no likelihood of snow with temperatures up in the 80s and 90s.

While there, the weather was so good that I saw hay cut in the morning and baled in the shed in the evening. You could have the Christmas dinner on the beach but the Irish always have the traditional 'stay at home' turkey dinner.

While I was out there, I met the Fitzmaurices and Cribbins from Ballyhaunis and several others from Mayo. A great friend, Tom Glynn, from Carrowneaden, and his wife, Pat, a Donegal girl,

invited me out. Tom is a brother of Mrs. Mary Keane, Doctors Road, wife of Patsy.

I drove to the city regularly and as driving was on the same side as Ireland and the highways first class, I found it an enjoyable experience. Melbourne is a beautiful city, well-known for its tramway system, and the Christmas atmosphere was evident in the shops.

I accompanied the family who were having their holiday at Meremula which boasts a beach of ninety miles in length, the distance from Ballyhaunis to Limerick. I also had a few trips to Philip Island, an hour from where we stayed, where the famous baby Penguins come out of the sea at dusk.

From there I travelled to Sydney for a few weeks and stayed with some Ballyhaunis friends, Mary and Mercy Flatley; who were wonderful hosts. They live on the famous Manley Beach, which, in my opinion, are superior to the renowned Bondai Beach.

I did some sailing in Sydney Harbour with Dr. Honor Keane from Claremorris, whose mother, Dr. Noreen Keane, wife of the late Johnny Keane, a great friend, one of the Smyths of Ballyhaunis who had an extensive meat business in Main Street.

Sydney is the most beautiful place in the world. I never got tired of looking at the beautiful Opera House and the Harbour Bridge. I went swimming and sunbathing every day. I also got visits to the Blue (snowy)

Mountains, and also in Sydney, I met another Ballyhaunis girl, Noreen Miller (nee Culliney) who is married to an Australian, Angus. She is daughter of Peg and the late Jack Culliney of Upper Main Street.

Sydney was the home from home due to the hospitality of all those people, especially Mary and Mercy and their sister, Betty, and her husband, Austin.

After a few weeks in Sydney it was back to my family in Melbourne again. After a six months holiday in Australia I headed for home and that return trip included a stopover in Perth and a week in Singapore, the jewel of the Far East.

I was greeted in Singapore by a Chinese businessman, to whom I was introduced by Ballyhaunis man, Malachy Nally, whose business takes him to Singapore on a regular basis. I was keen to see Singapore especially as my son, John, worked there as a Radio Officer for a few years and had given me some tips as to what to see. It's a place I'd love to go back to again, unfortunately I missed seeing a Ballyhaunis girl, Karen Keane, daughter of Joe and Marcella Keane, Knox Street, who is nursing on the Island.

From Singapore, I had a stopover in Bahrain in the Middle East before calling to London and back home to Ireland.

I must thank my Ballyhaunis friends in Sydney, and my own family in Melbourne who had me for the six months. This was my second trip to see my family and renew my other acquaintances.



Left/right: Mercy Flatley, Angus and Noreen Miller (nee Culliney), and Mary Flatley.

Colméia (September, 1992)

— Helen Regan.

GREETINGS from our Brazil mission in the Lower Amazon Basin! Let me, through your magazine, "Annagh", tell you a little about us, Sisters of St. Louis, and our work here in the Diocese of Miracema.

St. Louis Sisters

We are a group of eleven St. Louis Sisters working for Christ and His poor here in Brazil. We are an international group of women. Irish, American, Ghanaian and Brazilian, dedicated to spreading God's love. We serve the poor as nurses, social workers, catechists, parish ministers, teachers, etc. At present we have one Sister working in Sao Paulo, one in Brasilia, three in Goiania, a State Capital, and six here in the Lower Amazon Basin. The State we work in is Tocantins and our Diocese Miracema. Our Bishop, dom Jaime Collins, is from Co. Kerry.

Miracema do Tocantins

The Diocese lies between 7 degrees and 9 degrees latitude and 47 degrees - 49 degrees longitude, covering an area of some 59,000 square kilometres, or roughly, the size of the twenty-six counties.

The climate is tropical, hot and humid in the wet season; humid and dry in the dry season; hitting, in the warmest season, 34 degrees in the shade and 55 degrees in the sun, and at night, in the warmest season, 24 degrees. The seasons are divided into dry and wet. The wet season runs from October to April; the remaining months being almost completely without rain.

The vast majority of the population has come from other States, attracted by the possibility of owning lands. The population is made up of three ethnic groups: European (white); African (black, from the slave days), and Indian. There are two Indian Reserves in our diocese.

The livelihood of the people is agriculture, which means, in this area, cattle raising with practically only enough cultivation of crops for home consumption.

Farming is primitive, land which was not properly cleared of scrub trees, has never been ploughed. The only means of getting rid of scrub, before the wet season, is the "slash and burn" technique, which drains the land of all organic matter. Each farmer, with a few herdsmen and their families, live on these farms, scattered over an enormous area. This situation causes a very serious pastoral problem . . . how to physically reach people living on scattered farms, where distances can be very great.

In our Diocese there are ten priests and forty Sisters, responsible for the pastoral life of the people. There are nineteen parishes, seven administered by priests; nine by sisters and two without any resident pastoral teams. Ours, the Parish of Bom Jesus, Colméia, is one of the nine administered by Sisters. Here, we are a group of three, Anne from Kilmeena, Westport; Katey from Ahoghill, and myself, Helen, from Ballyhaunis. We are engaged in parish ministry on a full-time basis, responsible for all aspects of the life of the parish, including administration of the Sacraments of Baptism, Marriage, Sick, etc. We do not have a resident priest in our parish, but on a monthly basis. All pastoral workers, along with our Bishop, work out the annual Diocesan Pastoral Plan. This year as areas of pastoral priority, we chose: (1), Formation of basic Christian communities; (2), The Pastoral Care of Workers; (3), Family; (4), Youth.

The town of Colméia itself exudes wealth, possessing tarred roads, beautiful squares and a fountain built by the Mayor, in the grounds of grand County Council buildings. Although the town has good roads, it had no water system, until a year ago. The selection of schools, is poor. There is a shortage of teachers and existing teachers often work for several months without receiving their salary. The poor live mainly on the outskirts of town. The majority of houses on the periphery of Colméia are shacks made of palm branches, the hovels of the poor. The miserable conditions: the lack of fur-

niture and utensils, the mud floor, no light or running water, are very evident in all of these poor houses. Washerwomen, domestic helpers, prostitutes and farm workers, all live in similar conditions. Some families grow fruits and vegetables in their little patch of garden. The plots on which these shacks are built often do not belong to the families.

Some Pastoral Activities

In the parish of Colméia the priorities of our Diocesan Pastoral Plan are implemented as follows:

(1). Formation of Basic Christian Communities:

The most promising phenomenon of recent times in the Church of Brazil is the proliferation of Bible groups. The groups are usually small, consisting of eight to twenty members and a weekly meeting is common. Those groups are especially effective among the under-privileged.

Bible groups aim at evangelizing in depth. Members reflect on aspects of their own lives in the light of Christ's Word. To achieve this, the starting point for discussion may be an occurrence of the preceding week in the local community, or it may be a reading from the Bible.

(2). The Pastoral Care of Workers:

Migrant landless farm workers are among the most marginalised. As pastoral workers, we help them see the necessity of their organisation into Rural Workers' Unions in order to have their rights respected. We are involved in conscientisation programmes and leadership training with them.

(3). Family:

Family visitation is a very useful means of getting to know the people, especially the poor in their own setting; experiencing their suffering; seeing their problems and with them trying to find solutions. We are involved in conscientising programmes with women who live on the "edge" in their marriages, in society, on the periphery of the town. These

women are poor – very poor, but want to lift themselves out of oppressive situations that keep them down spiritually and psychologically – that keep them down in every way. One area of concern is Primary Health Care.

The women leaders meet monthly to pray, guide and plan their primary health programme. Each leader is responsible for twelve mothers and their children; newly born to five years of age. These mothers bring their babies to be weighed and measured, monthly, in a given house in their own locality. The leader charts all the information and has a "shot in the arm" for the mother; a demonstration on how to improve diet, either for herself and/or the children. Classes on crocheting, sewing, knitting, gardening – plant, herbs are included. These mothers learn to appreciate good hygiene, sanitation and nutrition. There's a space, too, to share concerns, preoccupations and congratulations. These primary health programmes not only bring information and a better way to nourish mother and child – but very often they're the only support some mothers have to carry on; the open discussions give abandoned mothers and single mothers a reason to live; to look up and out – a conviction that they have a value in life as women and mothers, and that they are God's children. This

new life and courage brings little miracles. It makes life worth living . . . on both sides; for them and, indeed, for us.

(4). Youth

The Parish Youth Group meets weekly. They help the poor and needy with food, clothing; and, at times, help construct shacks for they have very little to sing about. Conscientisation is an important part of the formation given to our youth groups.

Conclusion

More and more in our pastoral ministry, we realise the importance of our presence among the people and our getting to know them in their setting – their story, lifestyle, values, hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, etc. We are working with people who are voiceless and marginalised, oppressed and exploited. They are part of the vast majority of Brazilians who live on the edge of a capitalistic society. They are also the hope of a new society. The road is long and difficult. The Latin American Church, in its option for the poor, commits itself to the task of helping the people organise themselves, thereby securing their rightful place in a participative society. We are part of that effort as we walk with the people in their

struggle. We have discovered that we have learned more than we have given.

I hope that now you feel somewhat more informed about life and mission work here in Brazil. But it may surprise you to know that we do not receive any financial support for our work from the parish. Those who frequent our community are the poorest of the poor. Our Sunday collection usually amounts to between \$4 and \$5! Our parish cannot support us so we depend on our Sisters at home in Ireland and on family members and others who care. With this funding to support us, we are free to help lift oppressed people to a new respect for themselves, bringing life and love to their families.

Abracos,

A little about Helen

After dreaming, discerning and talking about Brazil for many years, my dream was finally realised when I arrived on Brazilian soil in February, 1989. In spite of the frustration of language, which is Portuguese, and distance from home, I love being in Brazil. I come from Gurteenbeg, Ballyhaunis, and am one of nine children. After finishing my secondary education at St. Joseph's Secondary School, Ballyhaunis, I entered with the St. Louis Sisters in Monaghan.



Sr. Helen Regan with some local children.

Mayo Training culminates interesting year

By Sean O'Domhnaill

AS "Annagh '92" goes to print, the fact that the Mayo team are being trained by Kerry star Jack O'Shea at the Knock Road grounds twice a week has added a new aura to local G.A.A. matters and has culminated a year which has been extremely active for Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club.

One of the up-and-coming members of the panel is, of course, Tony Morley, and his performance in the All-Ireland semi final against Donegal was reason for considerable pride in the town while at minor level David Nestor, and at U-21 David Morley and David Burke, were great representatives also.

That games were provided at every age level again this year was made possible by the generous voluntary efforts of many people, from senior trainers such as John Beisty, Tony Morley, Tommy Moran and John Prenty to all the selectors at younger age groups who make life so much more pleasant for the youngsters, to people such as Michael Daly as Bord na n'Og Chairman, who was voted "Clubman of the Year" at last year's annual meeting.

However I will try not to make the mistake of mentioning names, as Ballyhaunis G.A.A. club is very much a collective effort, and even those not involved in an active way often give generous monetary support or, perhaps one of the most important ways of supporting any sporting organisation, through attending games and functions.

For example only last week (as I write) members of the club organised a function to aid St. Mary's Augustinian Abbey, presently in debt due to recent developmental work, and the club were delighted with the level of support from the people of the area.

While not mentioning names, there are rumours abroad that club chairman, Gerry Lyons, may be stepping down following five years in the position at this year's annual meeting. One hopes these rumours are not true

but whether or not one has to note his untiring dedication to Ballyhaunis G.A.A. and his trojan work as chairman. He was more than backed up by John Joe Kelly who was elected treasurer at last year's annual meeting and has made a major impact.

Abroad also are rumours that long serving County G.A.A. Secretary, John Prenty, may not be going forward for re-appointment at the county convention. John's contribution to the history of Mayo G.A.A. is of great note. His efficiency as county secretary is common knowledge county-wide since he first took the position in 1985. Doubtless were one paid for such efforts he would be a wealthy man! It is to be hoped that John will reconsider his position between now and the convention.

Without doubt the biggest event of the year was the Feile na nGael U-14 event, the All-Ireland Division Five of which was held at the local grounds last Spring. The event was organised with great enthusiasm by a committee of hurling lovers under the chairmanship of Jimmy Walshe and proved so successful that rumours abound that the club will be hosting an even more prestigious section of the event in 1993. A separate article on the event appears elsewhere in

"Annagh." It was further evidence of the growth of hurling in Ballyhaunis and it is hoped this development will be further stimulated in 1993. Of great significance also was the fact the three All-Ireland Under 16 medals came to Ballyhaunis, won by Derek Walshe, Cormac O'Connor and Pierce Higgins.

The festival also saw the visit of dynamic G.A.A. President, Mr. Peter Quinn, to Ballyhaunis, his second this year having already been present for the club's dinner dance, a unique honour so soon after his election. At that occasion he made a presentation, on behalf of the club, to outgoing treasurer, John Durkan. The occasion was highly successful and much effort was put into it by executive member, Michael Waldron.

Another major development has been the placing of advertising hoardings at the grounds which should be a good source of income for the organisation for the future and we urge members to support businesses who placed hoardings at the pitch, as such sponsorship was of major benefit to the club.

Mar gheall ar cursai na
Gaeilge sa chlub ba mhaith liom
a ra go bhfuil forbairt an-mhaith

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



Anne Curley, President, Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club, presents the "Player of the Year" trophy to Tony Waldron, at the Club's annual dinner-dance, on New Year's Eve. Also in picture are G.A.A. President, Peter Quinn, and Club Secretary, Seán O'Domhnaill.



deanta ar Scor ag Seamus de Londras agus go mbaineann a lan paisti an-taitnimh as na himeachtaí sin gach bliain.

Jim Landon has been instrumental in promoting the Scor events each year, through which we saw the East Mayo finals here last year and the great success of Jack Greene in the Senior Scor where he was narrowly defeated in the All-Ireland final.

Looking at gaelic football, many activities were engaged in at all levels, from the Mick O'Connell tournament at U-10 level during the Summer Festival to county leagues at U-13, 15 and 17 and the championships at Primary School, U-12, 14, 16 and

Under-10 M. O'Connell Trophy. Back row (left/right): Michael Plunkett, Tommy O'Dowd, Derek McConn, Paul Prenty, Mark O'Neill, Murty Hunt, Padraig Carney, H. Rudden. Front row: Stephen Donohoe, Colm Gallagher, Fergal Walsh, Keith Higgins, Roy Folliard, Mark Walsh.

minor levels. To all who helped with these various sides, Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club is greatly indebted.

The pitch has attracted many important matches through the year as well, such as the county senior football semi final between Charlestown and Claremorris and the county junior final between Aghamore and Kilmaine. This has been a welcome development but we must remember that the condition of our pitch is our greatest asset

and members of the club should always consider that before even requesting the pitch for games by outside teams.

Capital developments have also been made at the pitch such as the building of two new dressingrooms, while work on the sideline leading to the stand and on a second training pitch was also done. It is hoped that with a new FAS scheme, more improvements may be made with the achievement of collection of finance to pay for them.

We look forward to 1993 when the pitch will be officially opened, when the senior team will win the championship, when we will hammer Ballina in underage hurling, when the Lotto will grant us 100,000 and ask us to come back for more any time, when Mayo will win the All-Ireland, when we will take a major title in Scor and when the secretary will finally establish his position on the over 30s team!

Officers 1992: Patron: Fr. Matt Greaney; President: Anne Curley; Chairman: Gerry Lyons; Vice Chairman: Jimmy Walsh; Secretary: Sean O Domhnaill; Fixtures Secretary: Billy Phillips; Treasurer: John Joe Kelly; Asst. Treasurer: Tommy Glynn; Oifigeach na Gaeilge: Seamus de Londras; PRO: Michael Grogan; Chairman, Bord na n'Og: Michael Daly; Registrar: John Durkan.



Left/right: Michéal Waldron, Mick O'Connell, Bernard Waldron, Jimmy Walshe, John Prenty and Gerry Lyons.

Ballyhaunis of Old . . . as seen through the "Western People"

By David Dwane.

ONCE again tempus fugit, and another edition of Annagh gives us the opportunity to scan the files of back issues of the "Western People". As usual, grateful thanks to my 'Western People' colleague, Ann Burke who, due to modern technology, no longer has to search through dusty files, but can address copies of old at the flick of a microfilm switch.

1892:

JUNE: The Ballyhaunis Races, held on the previous Thursday at the new Tooraree course, were described as the best of its kind for many a long day. The Town Plate was won by Dr. J. E. Nally's "Primavera", while Mr. J. Glavey's "Fanny" romped home in the Farewell Plate. Harry McConville, Secretary, and P. J. Glavey, clerk of the scales, were thanked for their hard work.

JULY: Mr. Toner, who served as Station Master at the Midland Great Western Railway in Ballyhaunis, and then moved to Castlebar, was appointed Station Master of the important Athlone Station.

AUGUST: A dramatic entertainment by the local Drama Club - "The Fairy Circle" - presented features of special difficulty. The presentation included contributions from J. Ryan, W. M. Killeen, Mr. McNamara, P. McGrath, J. Carney, J. Winston, E. Ruddy, T. Freely, E. A. Beisty, J. Cooney, T. Greally, P. A. Waldron, H. A. McConville, M. Delaney and J. P. Caulfield.

SEPTEMBER: Members of the Ballyhaunis Dramatic Club congregated to make a presentation to W. M. Killeen, who was about to take up a position at the General Post Office.

OCTOBER: Mr. M. Fahy chaired the quarterly meeting of the Ballyhaunis and Aughamore National Teachers' Association, attended by Thomas Flatley, Peter Brennan, P. A. Waldron, Mr. Mullins and Mr. Curley.

1902:

NOVEMBER: Rev. Fr. Canning, P.P., was praised for placing the

spacious Gaelic Hall at the disposal of the local Young Ireland Dramatic Society, which received great encouragement from Father Brady, O.S.A., as they prepared their Christmas presentation. The following members were selected to represent Ballyhaunis Gaelic League at a county meeting in Claremorris: Mr. Waldron and Mrs. F. Swift.

1912:

OCTOBER: Ballyhaunis Pharmaceutical Student P.P. Waldron, was congratulated on his success in Dublin, where he is regarded as one of the city's best compounders.

1922:

OCTOBER: At a concert in the local schools there were memorable performances from Norah Smyth, singing: "When The Heart Is Young"; Lena Sweeney, singing "The Shamrock", and Gertie Byrne, all under the direction of Father Carney.

An attack was made "in considerable force" on the positions of

the National Garrison in Ballyhaunis, as congregations were leaving the Augustinian and Parish churches following the opening of the October Devotions. The attack, by the Irregulars, was made principally on the old Barrack at Upper Main Street. Following this machine-gun fire was opened on the positions of the Irregulars by the National Forces, who occupied the house of Thomas F. Moran, a house built on an eminence overlooking the town.

1932:

MARCH: At Ballyhaunis Market hay was fetching two shillings, 2 shillings and six-pence per cwt.; straw, 2 shillings and six pence, and potatoes, eight shillings per cwt.

It was announced that the once-annual pilgrimage to the old ruin of a Church, where St. Patrick himself said Mass was to be revived. Near the ruin is a holy well and a baptismal font.

Performing in St. Patrick's



1927 - Left/right: Martin Duignan, John Byrne, Owen Treston, James Byrne and Eddie Beisty.

Amateur Dramatic Society's production of "Trapped At Last" were Misses McDonnell, Murray, Kenny and Meehan, and Messrs. Benson, Swift, Fitzmaurice, Waldron and Loftus. Producers were Dr. M. Waldron and Mr. Edmond Murray.

APRIL: A farm of land, the property of Thomas Kennedy, Annagh, realised £780 at an auction held in McGarry's Hall. The property consisted of approx. twenty-two acres, plus a two-storey dwelling and out-offices, and was bought by John Greally, Annagh.

JUNE: Under Scout Master, William Mulligan, N.T., and Assistant Scout Master, Michael O'Malley, the local Scout Troop left for Dublin to help steward the vast crowds expected for the Eucharistic Congress.

1952:

JANUARY: Garda J. Quigley, Ballina, took up duty in Ballyhaunis to fill a vacancy created by the transfer of Garda Coakley to Letterkenny.

FEBRUARY: A deputation from Ballyhaunis Town Improvements Committee called upon the Minister for Industry & Commerce and discussed matters with him relating to a proposed factory for the town. They also met representatives of the English firm interested in the project.

MARCH: Archdeacon J. G. Prendergast, P.P., presided at a meeting of the Ballyhaunis old age pensioners sub committee, at which ten claims were allowed at £1.00 each and four increased to £1.00. Other members present were Messrs. D. Lyons, P.C., M.C.C.; J. Mulkeen, B. Lyons, M. Henry and the Secretary, Mr. M. Waldron.

Postman, Austin Cribbin, Tooraree, handed in his bag after forty-seven years' service. He had delivered the post in Swinford and Charlestown, before coming to Ballyhaunis, in 1930.

A woman born in the difficult years immediately after the 1847 Famine was celebrating her one-hundredth birthday. Centenarian, Catherine Morley, resided at Redhill, Tulrahan.

1962:

MARCH: The first-ever Connacht Conference of Catholic Scout Leaders took place in Ballyhaunis, presided over by National Scout Commissioner, Seamus Durkan. Fr. Rushe, Adm., welcomed the visitors to Ballyhaunis, including members

of the National Executive Board. The conference concluded with Rosary and Benediction in the Parish Church.

APRIL: Sergeant P. Nally landed a trout weighing 9.5 lbs. at Lough Mask.

MAY: A cat belonging to John Flanagan has taken to rearing hares, after her kittens had died at birth. The Spaddagh man was surprised one morning soon afterwards to find some leverets sucking off his mourning cat.

Ballyhaunis I.C.A. ran a concert which included contributions from Seamus Forde, Mrs. L. Higgins, Kilkelly; Mrs. Connell; Messrs. Tom Sullivan and John Conway, and the misses, Mary Teresa and Kathleen Hopkins, Rita Rode, Kathleen Philbin and Mary Nally. Mrs. P. Freeley was M.C.

1972:

SEPTEMBER: Ballyhaunis athlete, Frank Greally, won a four-year scholarship to East Tennessee State University in the United States, aged twenty. The former "Western People" Sports Star distinguished himself when he won the All-Ireland 10,000 metres in a record time for an athlete under-twenty.

Winning exhibitors at the annual Ballyhaunis Agricultural Show, included: Michael Morley, Island (Dairy Cow and Heifer Section); Anne Hopkins (Home Crafts); Agatha Clarke (Home Crafts, 8 - 12 years); Eugene Freeley, Clagnagh (Horticulture); Bernie Regan, Gurteenbeg (Sheep), and Tom Larkin, Devlis (Horticulture).

AUGUST: A record entry of sixty-two took part in the competition for the Captain's (Milo Henry) Prize, at Ballyhaunis Golf Club. The result was a tie between Jim Connell (playing off a 9 handicap), and Ray Charles (playing off a handicap of 12). Other prizes went to Jarlath Waldron, Paddy Brennan and Des Kilkenny.

JULY: Ballyhaunis athletes, Edward Webb, Breen Keane, Eddie Campbell, Hugh Carney and Tom Moran, did well in the Mayo Juvenile Championships, winning the county titles.

Scout Master, Seamus Durkan, was making final arrangements to bring Scouts from Ballinrobe, Kiltimagh and Belfast on the local Troop's annual Summer Camp, to Larch Hill, in Dublin, the national Scout camp site.

1982:

JULY: Gerard Brennan, Upper

Main Street, Ballyhaunis, was conferred with the Degree of M.Sc. at London University, and commenced post-graduate studies at the same University.

Newly elected Officers of the Swimming Pool Management Committee were: Stephen Durkan (Chairman); Michael Griffin (Secretary), and John Mooney and Margaret Byrne (joint Treasurers). A Swimming Club was formed with membership of £1.00.

Mary Caulfield, Stella Morley, Yvonne, Aine Loughran and Fiona Grogan attended the Dungarvan Basketball Clinic, accompanied by Coach, Ray Charles.

A number of objections - all relating to the proposed route of a new ring road - were made to the Ballyhaunis Draft Development Plan. The objections were by local land owners, residents and industry, but the County Council claimed that in the vast majority of cases it was not possible to avoid the land in question.

SEPTEMBER: Congratulations were extended to Garda Patrick Keane, Knox Street, and Garda Kieran Carroll, Ballinlough, who completed their course of training at Templemore. Patrick was assigned to Bray, while Kieran went to Dun Laoghaire.

Ballyhaunis, with a total of 110, scored the highest marks in Mayo in Category 'C' (population between 501 and 1,500), in the 1982 Tidy Towns.



Elaine Webb, Main Street, winner of the Ballyhaunis and Mayo County Scor Na nOg Recitation competition, 1992.

Foroige - '91/'92

- C. Healy, P.R.O.

IN the past year Ballyhaunis Foroige Club has been a hive of activity. The Club, which meets every Friday night from September to May, has had renewed interest with many new members. Each year a new Committee is elected and members of this year's particularly hard-working Committee were - Dee Dee Hosty, Chairperson; Sandra Laffey, Secretary, and Cormac O'Connor, Treasurer. The Club held its weekly meetings in the Scouts' Den.

This year preparation for the kiddies' Christmas party, which has always been a great success, was first on the agenda. The party was held in the Parochial Hall just before Christmas, featuring Santa Claus. Thanks to all who came.

Following the Christmas party the Club took part in a Workshop with Mrs. Maura O'Reilly, who is a leader in the neighbouring Cong Foroige Club. In addition to her work as teacher, Mrs. O'Reilly was promoting environmental awareness among the Mayo Foroiges. She provided us with invaluable help and information, and encouraged us to

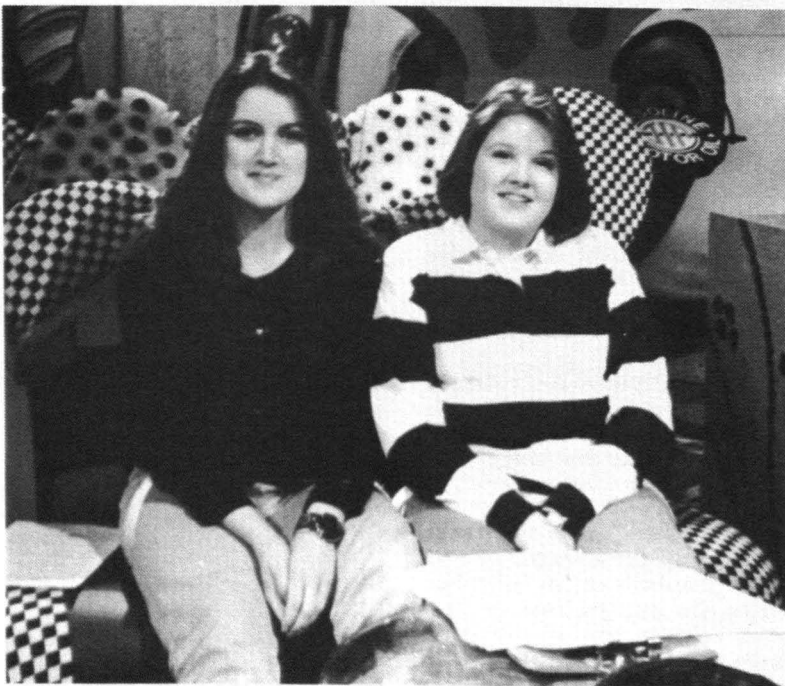


Left/right: Jim Lundon, Conal Higgins, Cormac O'Connor, Sandra Coffey, Siobhan Walsh, Maria Higgins, Aine Fahy, Seamus Lundon, Natalie Collum and Tony Flynn.

undertake a protect on the environment. We decided to do a project on the endangered rain-forest and with the help of Carmel Higgins, we learned about the programme for Belize (Belzie is a tiny country squeezed

between the Caribbean Sea, Mexico and Guatemala, 70% of which is prime tropical forest) and became aware that the rain-forest was, in fact, for sale. For £25 an acre of rain-forest could be bought and protected from wasteful destruction which endangers our environment and robs us of the earth's natural beauty. In this way, the rain-forest was being saved and the valuable plants and rare species of animal encouraged to grow and thrive undisturbed. We decided to buy an acre of rain-forest ourselves and appointed members of the Club to visit various businesses in town to tell them about the protect which we called "Trees For Life", and ask if they would like to buy an acre and do their bit for the environment. Thanks to all who supported us and the School Environment Group, who also bought an acre.

In early April, two members of the Committee, Dee Dee Hosty and I were asked to talk about the project on the popular teenage programme, Jo-Maxi. We were brought to R.T.E. by Mr. John Percil, who is responsible for public relations on a national scale. Although we were a little nervous, we had a great day and the people at R.T.E. made us feel



Catherine Healy, Ballindrehid, and De-De Hosty, Lavallyroe, at R.T.E. Studios in Dublin, representing Ballyhaunis Foroige.

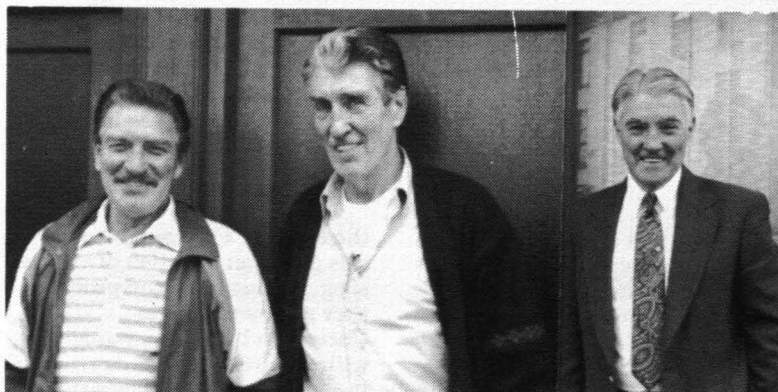
very welcome. Two weeks later the Club presented the project at the President's Day in Westport. This was a special day, when all the environmentally-aware Foroige Clubs in Mayo displayed their projects and presented them to Mrs. Robinson. Prizes were awarded and our Club received a prize.

At the Easter break, the Club was invited to enter a Talent competition held in Clogher. Our Club did a short sketch on the increasing problem of alcoholism in the home. Tara Higgins, Cormac O'Connor, Imelda Flynn, Alma Gallagher, Siobhan Walsh and Aine Fahy and anyone I have forgotten, should all be complimented for their acting abilities.

Since the Easter Parade has begun in Ballyhaunis Foroige have taken an active part. This year our floats theme was - you'll never guess! Yes, "The Environment". The reason being that we wanted to show people that we were working on a project to save the rain-forest, and that we needed their support. The float featured a "real-life" tree, some natives of the rain-forest, wood-cutters and innocent bystanders. We all really enjoyed ourselves and received third prize for our efforts.

Finally, thanks to Mr. Tony Flynn, Mr. Jim Lundan and Fr. Vincent McCarthy for all their help in our various activities throughout the year, and also a special thanks to the enthusiastic members themselves!

The Boxing Regan Brothers



Left/right: Paddy, Jimmy and Sean Regan.

A very noticeable feature of boxing down the years in Ballyhaunis has been the way it has run in families. You had Paddy Walshe and his brothers; Paddy Benson and his brothers, and cousins; the O'Sheas and Jimmy Morrison; Siki Waldron, the Moyletts and the Kilduffs and many more.

One such family was the Regan family, who were once described as "cabinet makers by trade and boxers by inclination".

Having learnt their trade at the firm of Michael O'Keane Furniture Manufacturers, at their original site in Knox Street, the three brothers, Sean, Paddy and Jimmy, learned their boxing under Paddy Walsh, they quickly progressed in the sport becoming Connacht and Mayo champions on a number of occasions, at Welter, Light and Cruiserweight, respectively.

In 1949 they were spotted by an American Sports Writer, who

arranged for them to go to American where they boxed for a while before joining the U.S. Army at the outbreak of the Korean War.

The three of them saw active service there and after the War they were transferred to Germany with the U.S. Forces. During this period they resumed their boxing in the Army and won many Combined Forces' titles.

When they were de-mobbed they ventured into the professional ranks for a period but by this time Sean had established a thriving painting and decorating business, in which he was joined by Paddy in Mathuen, some thirty miles from Boston. Jimmy returned home and settled in England.

During their initial period in the U.S. they were trained by a Sergt. Nixon of the Cambridge Police, who fought Battling Nelson, and by a well-known ex-wrestler, John Drop-Kick Murphy, while Fr. Anthony Flaherty, who fought as young Jack Brittain before entering the priesthood, was their chief mentor.

The three former boxers / soldiers are regular Summer visitors to their ninety-two years-old mother, Mrs. Mary Regan, Tooraree, Ballyhaunis, and from this photograph taken last Summer, look fit enough to go a few rounds yet.

During a holiday from Germany in '53, Paddy fought for the Mayo title in Westport. His opponent was Sean Horkan then an 18-years-old from Castlebar, at Light-Middle. Sean later won an All-Ireland title and last Summer managed the Irish team in Barcelona.

- Joe Greene.



Left/right: Ronan Healy, Josie Ganley, Mrs. Regan (mother of the three boxing Regan boys), and Vincent Healy.

A Tale of Two Towns

- By Jim Cribbin.

IT was just a decade ago. It was the best of weather. It was the worst of weather. I was enjoying the best yet, I was being adversely affected by the worst. Day in, day out, the mid-day reading on the thermometer was a steady ninety in the shade, yet the morning newspapers carried the chilling headline, "Europe's New Age". In the inside pages there was a cartoon showing sheep with sunglasses, and a report from our special correspondent telling how subsidies introduced to alleviate hardship caused by prolonged drought were being fiddled by herd owners with wives who were handy with pen or typewriter.

It was late at night when I rang Walshe's Vona who took the call, told me it was a dry morning with delightful sunshine but bitterly cold and that Seamus had just left to go down to my place where, I was later to find out it was very wet and cheerless. She kept it a secret because she must have known that at that time Seamus Walsh, John Joe Lilly, Kevin Doyle and a few of my sisters were engaged in a major drainage operation at my place, the result of Jack Frost having paid a visit during the period of Artic weather, I had been reading under a blazing Southern sun.

Where ignorance is bliss it's folly to be wise and anyway I never had as many people looking after my interests as I had on that particular morning (and probably will never have as many again if I say hanging around).

There is no doubt about this, that mental images of Messrs. Lilly, Doyle and Walsh wandering around my place dressed up like frogmen would have dampened my spirits as I strolled into the Irish Club in Sydney that evening for a few schooners. Inside the Club there were few things that were strange and new. The accents, songs and music were familiar, and I was later to find out that the clientele had also brought the ability to disagree with one another all the way from

the old sod. The band on stage was giving an adaption of an Irish song relating how "the praties, they were small up in Queensland", when a young man with a familiar accent came up to me and enquired: "How's the bird"? As he made a lengthy enquiry as to "the birds" welfare and expressed his great surprise that "the birds" should have flown so far, I racked my brain trying to figure out who he was and what all this talk about "a bird" was in aid off. I had been given diverse titles in my time, but this honorary and featherary title had me completely flummoxed. Clearly a case of mistaken identity, I thought to myself, as our conversation was interrupted by a lively discussion between two groups not far from where we were talking. From a start it appeared that the form of words both sides were using was unlikely to lead to a consensus. Then suddenly something spontaneous happened. Both sides came to realise that they would never settle their differences by blowing hot air at one another. There must be another way.

No bell was rung and there was no call for seconds out as the fists began to fly between a group committed to trade unions and another group who had no stomach for speeches or strikes, who "dug it out" when and where the takings were best and when "Mother Fortune frowned their swag they lightly shouldered and moved on to other ground". When the dust settled both sides seemed to have acquired considerable respect for one another. No more hurtling insults back or forth, no more talk about who was right or who was wrong, who had lost or who had won.

The calm came as quickly as the storm and my talkative friend resumed where he had left off. Having failed to get a clue as to who he was, I suggested that he was making a mistake and that the bird he had in mind was roosting elsewhere. "Oh no there is no mistake your bird alright".



On the beach at Lake Michigan, 1920 - Fred Herr, Delia Kelly (nee Regan), R.I.P., Brackloon (second on right, front row).

A few more sentences from him placed a consignment of memories before me. Suddenly, we were two Ballyhaunis men recalling a meeting we had in Knox Street, a decade earlier and twelve-thousand miles away.

The young man, Tom Fitzmaurice from Gurteenbeg. He recalled in very great detail what was one of the few meetings we had before either of us crossed the Equator and in so doing cleared up in a convincing way the mystery of "the bird".

He had worked as a barman in a pub in Knox Street, before he went to Australia. He recalled how he often went to various productions and plays staged in the Scouts' Den and Parochial Hall. One such production he recalled in great detail was a play called "The Field". He especially remembered a character called the "Bird O'Donnell" and the man who played the part. A few days after he had been to the play, who should stroll into the pub where he was working but "The Bird" accompanied by Tom Rattigan. He could not resist poking a bit of fun in the direction of

the actor. Advising Tom Rattigan that the company he was in called for great caution and other customers advised to beware of the mealy-mouthed sponger in their midst.

"The Bird" calls for drink and throws a fiver on the counter. Drinks are served and the change left on the counter. A wink to Tom Rattigan and a large Players ashtray is placed over the change as soon as the barman turned his back. A suitable interval was allowed to elapse and the barman was asked: "What did I give you there that time, Tommy"? "A fiver, didn't I give you the change". "No chance taken by me", says the Bird, with an expression on his face that would turn back a funeral. This was confirmed by Tom Rattigan as "The Bird" made a thorough and convincing search of all his pockets which contained nothing more incriminating than a few fags and a box of matches.

After much protesting and counter protesting the barman, at length, relented and went to the till and reluctantly placed a second "instalment" of change on the counter. "The Bird" did not stretch his claws to grab it. Instead he lifted the ashtray and advised the barman - now Tommy if you persist in calling me "The Bird", I'll continue to play the part".

Although I was a party to the matter it was Tom Fitzmaurice, who recalled all the details for me that night in Sydney. I had only a vague recollection of the whole thing, but Tom could recall all the details. He had remembered everything. I wonder why?

Fianna Fail

July 18th, '92, in The Belmont Hotel, Knock, saw a wonderful celebration for our local Deputy, P. J. Morley; his wife and family. Celebrating twenty-five years serving the people of East Mayo certainly brought out the party faithful from all corners of the constituency. The local organisation were privileged to have Minister for Finance, Bertie Ahern, T.D., as their guest, along with Minister Pádraig Flynn; Sean Calleary, T.D.; Terry Leyden, T.D., Martin Joe O'Toole, T.D.; Mark Killilea, M.E.P.; Senator Sean Doherty, along with many of the County Councillors.

Bertie Ahern had great praise for the man from Cloonfaughne, who shared the same office in Dail Eireann as he did on their first day entering the house. He said P. J. was a man who didn't shout very loud at Party meetings, but always came along afterwards to give his counsel and opinion, which is valued dearly by many of his colleagues. He told how back in 1979, P. J. was the first man to stand up at a Parliamentary Party meeting and tell how the Pope was coming to Knock. Little did many of us think, a spectacular event was going to take place.

P. J. was first selected in 1967 at a convention to contest the Claremorris Electoral area with sixteen other candidates on the ticket for seven seats. He was elected on the first count with Willie Costello, Pat McHugh and Jack Heneghan. He was nominated in 1973 in the General



P. J. Morley.

Election, although unsuccessful, he played a major part in winning back the second seat for Fianna Fail lost in 1969. In 1977 he joined Sean Calleary on the ticket, representing East Mayo in Leinster House, and has retained the seat ever since.

He has served on the Council of Europe and has been Chairman of Mayo County Council for two terms; also Chairman of the Western Health Board.

P. J. was educated at Began N.S., St. Colman's College and St. Patrick's, Drumcondra. He began his teaching career in Drumkeeran, Co. Leitrim, and then to Knock in 1970. He is married to the former Mary O'Boyle, Main Street, Ballyhaunis, with three sons, Enda, who is in Canada; Patrick, A.I.B. (Dublin), and Brian (U.C.G.), and daughter, Cathy.

Pioneer Total Abstinence Association

President, Rev. M. Greany;
Secretary, Mrs. Patsy Flanagan;
Treasurer, Sr. Assumpta.

To stand your ground when confronted with highly intelligent and self-confident people from a different culture and faith (or absence of it), you need to be well equipped in every way. Just as converts to Christianity were expected to give an account of their way of life to those around them (cf. 1 Pet. 3,15), so Pioneers should be able to give a reasoned account of their stance. Cliches such as: "I don't like the

taste of it", or "I can enjoy myself without it", or "I'm an alcoholic" (when this is not true), are not good enough.

The real answers are in the words of the Pioneer Offering, featured elsewhere on this page. To be convincing, you have to make it your own, be able to present it in your own words, forged out of your own experience. A parrot-like repetition of the formula wouldn't be an adequate answer to a genuine questioner. A little more thought about why you became a Pioneer, but even more

about why you stayed one, will qualify you to give a good account of yourself wherever you go.

PIONEER OFFERING

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

Are we forgotten?

Ita Attawater
(nee Morrison)

The green hills that last forever,
The blue skies that stretch so far,
The thought that I will see you never,
Don't break my heart Ireland,
My one bright star.

My memories fade but never die,
My friends are thought of always,
And as I write a quiet sigh,
Passes my lips for my happier days.

My country green and dark with mysteries,
My homeland far but near to my heart,
It brings back so many wonderful memories,
So sweet and sad which will never part.

I will return and walk again,
Through pastures green and new,
For no place is like home and then,
My home is there with you.

For my mother (and the love of her country).

I should hate to think that we are! All the people that I grew up with in Clare Street went to school with, played with, and now have left with no one to return too.

That is where 'Annagh Magazine' plays a major part in our lives. It gives us news of home, and believe me it will always remain 'home' to many of us.

I remember well our friends, the Brennans, whose father had the distinction of being the first man to own his own car. Gus Lanigan had a band in which my brother, Jimmy, and sister sang; the Regan's who were great boxers (who boxed with Jimmy and my cousins, the O'Sheas). I remember well Agnes Molloy, my sister's great friend, and Delia Webb, a good friend of my mothers. Who can forget the Daltons, the Foodys (both families), the Byrnes. I could go on and on until I have reached the back page of 'Annagh'.

My own family, the Morrisons, are well scattered now - Agnes is in America; Nancy in Canada;



Sister Assumpta with Street Art competitors during the Festival.

Jimmy, Chris and Martina in Birmingham; Bridie is in Manchester, and I live in Cheshire.

I may be here but my heart will always be there in

Ballyhaunis. My daughter, Frances, summed it up when she wrote this poem for me - it says it all - so goodbye for now Ballyhaunis and especially Clare Street and may God go with you.



James Toolan and Martin Grogan.



Badminton Club Group, 1972 - Back row (left/right): Alan Delaney, Christy Ruane, Eamon Dwane, Fr. Des Walsh, John Higgins, Roger Cawley. Front row: Kay Conroy ?? Phil Higgins.

At Home In Holland

— Joan Munnich-Keegan.

HOLLAND — the land of the tulips, windmills and clogs. That was one of the first things that entered my mind when I met my husband for the first time. Little did I know then that in a few months' time I would be flying out to Holland leaving Ireland and Ballyhaunis behind me, to start a new life. It was then a strange country to me. Needless to say, all countries then would have been strange to me, as I had never been outside our green land. My knowledge has broadened since then. Countries like Germany, Belgium, France and Austria, are just a few hours or a day away with a car.

In 1981 at the ripe old age of nineteen years, I stepped on a plane bound for Amsterdam, not really knowing what was in store for me there. My husband had done his best to fill me in on how things were here — densely populated, a different language. People do their best to talk English. Flying in on a beautiful clear day — the view was at its best. Flat landscape — and flat it was — fields full of tulips and daffodils, the odd windmill here and there, and contrasting in the background was Amsterdam with all her high buildings and uncountable housing estates.

After a quick check through the customs I was on my way to meet my husband, Michael, now a well-known visitor to Ballyhaunis, who loves the wide-open spaces and the peace and quiet (as my sister, Noelle, would say, we will make a "Paddy" of you yet!).

On my first day I was really thrown into the deep end. It was Michael's 21st birthday; lots of hands to shake and people to meet. The saying: "Double Dutch" was reality to me then! I felt like a dummy smiling and grinning.

It was clear to me then that I had to learn the language. After six months of intensive study I finally knew enough of the language to get around and start working for the Social Welfare Office in Alkmaar. It is a real tourist town up in the north of the country. Michael was there studying for four years. After his graduation we moved down to the south to the town Helmond, a

lesser populated part of the country. Helmond is a town with a population of approximately 70,000. It's situated about 15 km. from the well known Philips town Eindhoven. It's also not far from the German and Belgian border.

SCHOOLS:

In the suburbs of Helmond, where we live, are five schools, two of my three children, all boys, are going to one of those schools. School traditions are quite different from those in Ireland, and from the days I went to school, for example, children don't wear school uniforms and the classrooms are quite colourful and have a relaxing atmosphere. School starts at 8.30 in the morning and finishes at 3.30 in the afternoon. The children have a break from 11.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m.

Teaching is done in small groups from about six children. In these groups the children get a task which they have to complete that day, under supervision of the teacher. The teacher is often assisted by parents, this so-called parent help is very common in the school system. I myself help often with different projects.

HOME LIFE:

The home life is very important to Dutch people. Socialising is mostly done at home, by that I mean, you have normally friends over for a drink or for dinner. I have adjusted to the ways over here, but when on holidays back home, I sure enjoy a night on the town in Ballyhaunis, as I remember from my younger days.

The 5th of December is a very important day for the Dutch children. It's the so-called day of the Dutch Santa (St. Nicolas). The children get their presents on that evening. As a bit of the Irish tradition we, ourselves, celebrate also on Christmas morning. So my children are lucky, they get to enjoy the both of them.

CYCLING:

During the years I learned that a very popular way of transport is the bicycle — almost everybody travels around with them in the towns and cities. It's no wonder due to the flatness of the county.

I myself have taken up (hesitantly), cycling but which might not be too surprising, I have never been too excited about it. The gale-force winds of about 7 to 8 knots takes a lot of peddling in the Winter. Luckily every now and then I can fall back on my four-wheeler. Well fond readers of the Annagh magazine, my pen is running out of ink — a good excuse to finish. So to make it short I wish you all a very happy Christmas and a Happy New Year. *Greetings from Holland.*

Ballyhaunis Rugby Club

Two years ago the notion of having two full-sized playing rugby pitches within a short walk from the town seemed a remote possibility. With the first stage of development having been completed over the Summer months it has now become a reality. The field on the Ballinadrehid Road, has been transformed into two potentially first-class pitches. With the aid of funding it is hoped that Stage II will commence next year so that the Club will have two first-classes pitches to provide playing and training facilities for both junior and under-age teams.

The junior side, under the captaincy of Kevin Henry, continues to challenge for honours in the Connacht Cup and League competitions, coached and trained by John Ryan and Brendan Morrissey, and the Under-16s, under the guidance of Kevin Henry. We appeal for more people, especially parents to get involved with the development of the under-age teams.

We were deeply saddened by the deaths during the year of Sean Freyne, Coolnahe, one of our most loyal and dedicated supporters and, more recently, of Paschal Keegan, who had represented the Club as a player at all levels, with great pride and distinction — both are sadly missed.

Officers: President, Bernie Jennings; Vice-President, Tom Quinn; Hon. Secretary, Eamonn Healy; Asst. Secretary and P.R.O., Kevin Henry; Treasurer, Pat Martin; Club Delegates, Hugh Curley and Kevin Henry; Fixtures Secretary, Brendan Morrissey; Club Capt., Kevin Henry; Team Management: Brendan Morrissey and John Ryan.

— Eamonn Healy.

Devlis: My Own Place

- By Pat Higgins and Emily Dempsey.

MAYBE I am a cosmopolitan in my sense of place as I have a strong sense of identity with several places, which are significant to persons, who are significant to me.

My mother never lost her sense of identity as an Aughamore person, and through this and our weekly visits to our grandparents and Josie, which visits were of immense importance in our lives - a word of criticism of Aughamore joined as criticism of self does to a native.

Dad's sense of identity with his native Ballyheane was, similarly, so strong, as to imbue us with a very strong sense of that place and of Skeghard, it being of lifetime significance to him.

Abbey Street, in the heart of which, my brothers and I were born there being no maternity hospital confinement in the 'forties; is also a significant place in my psyche. Significant Abbey Street people, to me, in those times were "Mammy and Daddy" Delaney (Paddy's mother and father). Indeed, a very important early personal acquisition was my first tricycle purchased by George on a visit to Dublin with Denis Hannon, and about which Jim showed such disappointment that George went down and purchased a second one. Paddy and Georgie were our childhood heroes, as was Christy Greene. Anna Greene, Lillian Delaney, Maura Durkan, Bridie, Carmel, Tommy and Gemma Smith were pillars of our childhood. Lilly Casey (Morley), was our surrogate mother. Our strong sense of belonging in Abbey Street, is evidenced in the vivid memory I have of a visit with Paddo Cunningham and his late aunt, Kathleen, to a strange church, whose pulpit very much took our fancy, as our church, the Friary, not having such a feature. I was later to realise that this "strange" church was, and is, our Parish Church.

However, like all of the species I've known, whether native or adoptive, the strongest sense of place I have is that of being a Devlisian. With this realisation in mind, I have tried to come to terms with what it means.

I think it means the happy memories of childhood associations. There were the various games; often confined to particular seasons without any real reasons or logic. For instance, recurring Autumn pastime were the races with the tireless, tubeless bicycle - wheels sped along with a piece of stick: the early Summer hopscotch season; the Summer tipsy-cat season, and the mid-Summer swimming. There was, however, no chlorinated swimming pool, but rather the river hole. We began locally with the widened spot on the river below Hannon's walled field, the water in which we deepened with a dam. From there we progressed to the Clare River at the back of the Friary at Pol Na Cruighe. Here, I began to associate with the town lads for the first time since our orientation was towards Derrylea, a place, indeed, with which all my



Teb Webb (R.I.P.).



September, 1951 - Taken near Railway Bridge (left/right): Marie O'Connell, Margaret Webb (R.I.P.); Bridie Smyth, Margaret Griffin and Dette Kelly.

family have the strongest sense of identity. From Pol Na Cruighe we progressed to Annagh Lake. The "going to Annagh" was as important a social activity as the swimming itself. It was at Pol Na Cruighe that we learned to dive, driven to overcome our fear by the usual cowardice-taunting, combined with our own sense of bravado. At Annagh there was no "natural" diving area. So to boastfully display our new-found skill, we improvised by tumbling an old black Prefect car into the water - no awareness of environment or pollution there. Indeed, the evidence is still to be seen.

Another memory that's precious is our bonfire activity (indeed, to watch my own children, old practises die hard, but are severely moderated). This, like today's pre-Christmas tended to extend with each passing year. How patient were the late John Freyne, Bertie Lynch and later Seamus Coen with us in our pleadings for old tyres and, indeed, from time to time, our "acquiring" some less than worn ones from certain sources. I often think that Johnnie Hunt, Frank Jordan, Peter Hannon, Noel Waldron and other landowners must be of the stuff that saints are made, such was their patience with the young environment vandals hacking at their trees. We saw no reason why we should not "thin out" the larger branches for them.

The bonfire hoarding led to a

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great sense of gang. As time passed rumours spread of the "hundreds" of tyres the Clare Streeters, Knox Streeters, Main Streeters or Abbey Streeters had, and the annual raiding party was organised. It was not infrequent that a gang member left home for school, but the more important sentry duty called or school might be attended, but there was the excused early home for the "urgent message", so as to act the sentry. One of my regrets and my brothers' was that we could never have the thrill of this position because our every move was known by our teachers / parents.

The raiding parties led to the inevitable pitch battles. One such "battle" was fought in the "mountain" railway pass behind Abbey Street, where Sean Freyne marshalled his troops, with spears, stones and shields (garbage-can lids and Snowcream tin lids), against the similarly-clad troops of Frank Mulligan. Spartan-like determined preparations were made for these battles, and we liked to psych ourselves with a similarly idealistic "with your shield or upon it" principle.

Indeed, Frank has the scars of such inter-street and sometimes internal battles. As he and I reminisced during our wonderful stay in his beautiful Florida home this Summer, he showed his wife, Judi and Sally the scar on his eyebrow which, he claims, was delivered by a fire-sharpened long spear from my hand - maybe - I can't recall - but recalling the kind of activities we got up to it is possible. Anyhow, I apologised, for fear I hadn't done so before. He also showed the scar on his knee from the back-firing .22 bullets we liked to explode in fires. The idea was to place a line of .22 bullets on a stone, light a fire about them and enjoy the war-like atmosphere of their "zip-ping" through the trees and hedges.

My love of cars and mechanics derives from these early days also. Mum's and dad's patience must have been sorely tried often, as we drove his old black long-nosed 1948 Minx over the lawns, through the hedges and over the garden drills. We were, at this early age, recognised as dab-handed hot-wirers. I often feel we demand very much higher standards of today's youth when I recall that I made my first "solo flight" to Carrick in the handle-started Minx at the age of ten.

One man, in particular, displayed super-human patience. That was our neighbour, Guard Tom Larkin. He was thought of by many as a strict guard, but to us he was the dad of our good friends, Francis, Tommy and Ann. Indeed, just as all teachers and parents, motivated to a certain degree by preservation of sanity, ignore deviant behaviour of the young and pretend not to see; I'm sure Mr. Larkin knew well of our periodic raids into his immaculately groomed vegetable garden to lie in his green-pea drills and sample his tasty peas. We thought that by pulling every fourth and fifth pod it would be noticed. A skilled carpenter, Tom would seek out the appropriately shaped ash-tree branch: allow due seasoning and manufacture for each of us the appropriately sized properly grained; expertly shaped hurley. The title "Mr." and "Mrs." was addressed, with-



Mary and Eileen Dempsey, Delvis.



June, 1979 - Lizzie and Margaret Griffin.

out exception, with the appropriate "Sir" or "Mam" to all the adults in our lives. Mrs. Fox drew my attention to this when we met at the late Mrs. Kelly's funeral.

A festival-like time in our lives was the O'Connell turf home-bringing. Eamon's wire-spoked truck was resurrected for the occasion. The ingenuity of this man constantly thrilled us. I believe no vehicle was re-built more frequently or with such loving care. It was, however, the little touches which fascinated us most, such as the egg-cup addition to carburettor.

Periodically, we would plan to get inside Johnnie Murray's garage (now the long building beside Winston's), to admire his old taxi, carefully tucked away in a corner. We knew that he kept the carbide and ball-bearings at the far corner, so frequent visits for small quantities were made. This gave us the opportunity to sit behind the wheel of this fantastic wooden-spoked classic. It was with great excitement that I discovered this very same Model T (registration: IZ 105), driving down an English road, on a film, on Mechanics, which I recorded last year. It seems Ford of Dagenham now own it.

The carbide, we used for the few carbide lamps we had, which we got a kick out of lighting from time to time. However, our more common use of the substance was to put it in an "Andrews" tin, in

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the bottom of which we had put a small hole. We then applied a little moisture, usually a good spit; waited thirty seconds; applied a lighted match to the hole and, "boom". The resulting explosion would fire the lid. We would measure the distance to see who won.

The ball-bearings we used to crate "hurlie-gurrlies". These were oval-shaped containers of silver paper, which we had "acquired" from our parents' cigarette packs. Once set in motion the moving ball-bearing changed the centre of gravity so that the container "walked" on its own.

Then there was the seasonal pre-return to school visit to Mrs. Kelly to be measured for the annual woollen jumper order. This was looked forward to as Mrs. Kelly always had a few sweets at the ready. Indeed, the mention of sweets reminds me of our "local". This was in a small thatched cottage about where Seamus Coen's garage now stands. The owners were two sedate elderly ladies, Miss Dawson and her sister, Mrs. Sharkey. Our penny-worth of Bulls-Eyes would be wrapped in a cone-shaped newspaper package.

Periodically, we would take to football or rounders, which usually led to some tension with our "pitch" owner, Tom Lyons. Tom, the owner of an exquisite hardwood and mirror panelled bar in Bridge Street, was anxious to preserve his field for meadow and our prancing was no help. Conscious of the irritation our behaviour could cause, there was always a sentry on duty during

games. Tom would eventually receive the information and visitations were made to homes. I suppose there is a lesson in it for us all in that a large part of the property which stretched through the sites of the Guard's houses to Lannon's is mostly built-over without any regard for meadow or grass.

Our National School years ended; the gang was dispersed to a variety of post primary schools and later throughout the world. Martin O'Connell now lives in Galway; Joe O'Donnell in Limerick; Gene O'Donnell in Galway; Frank and Pat Mulligan in the U.S.; Anne Larkin in Galway; Tommy and Francis in Dublin; the Fox family in Limerick, and maybe even further afield by now. The Webb family in Main Street, young Ted tragically deceased; Sean and Molly Connolly in U.S.; James and John Toolan in England; Mary Dempsey in England; Audrey Wall in Roscommon. The Coyne family to Logboy and from there to their various local homes; the Ryan family to Castlebar, with Una returning to rear their family in Devlis; the McMurrow family to Ballyvary. My brother, John, to Dublin; later to return to his roots; Breda Toolan, Cyrene Connolly. Jim and I remained deep-rooted in Devlis. In fact, a short while ago research led me to the information that my great-great-grandfather, David Jordan, was born on the very land, where my home and Pete Hannon's farm now stands and moved to Cumber in the late 1700s to an inherited farm - talk about returning to

one's roots!

At the 1992 Devlis stations which we had the pleasure to host in our home, a few weeks ago, we talked of the "good old days", and native Devlisian, Emily Clarke (Dempsey), agreed to take us on an 1940 house tour of Devlis which, follows and which I'm sure, will generate no little nostalgia for people who knew or were associated with Devlis in those years.

Devlis consisted of thirty-nine houses, all of which have changed hands at least twice, with the exception of three or so.

Jerry Dillon's old house which we used to call the "White House", was lived in by Joe Byrne and his wife. R.I.P. There was a spring-well in that field, from which we used to get our drinking water before the main water supply was connected to the pump at the bridge.

Tommy Winston's shop was owned by the Murray family. They used to test eggs or export, and Bridie Gilmore, Devlis, held that position. R.I.P. Two families that lived where Bernard Freyne's family now live, is Frank Wall and Joe Cooney. Joe was a teacher and Frank was a traveller for a soap firm. Tony Griffin, a carpenter, who made most of the seats for the Friary Church, I believe, lived where Richard and Mary Grogan live now.

Jack Murray lived in a thatched house and repaired bicycles. He had one petrol pump. Mrs. Hosty lives there now but, of course, the house is no longer thatched. Bill Hayden and Tom Martin-two C.I.E. employees lived where Frank Connolly's house is. Across the road there are three houses, Annie O'Loughlin, her sister and aunt lived in one. Guard Melly in the middle one and Tom Barry, the sign-writer, father of the late Kevin, in the other.

Mrs. Sharkey and Lill Dawson had a shop in their thatched cottage, where Seamus Coen has his garage. They sold matches, sweets, biscuits, cigarettes, paraffin, oil, etc.; George Delaney supplied them and others, with bread in a wooden van, drawn by a little pony. Pat Barrett lived in a little house across the road. He worked for Peter Hannon in Abbey Street, as yard hand.

The Fitzmaurices lived in the next house. He was a reporter, and was killed in England. Mrs. Fitzmaurice's sister was a music



Ballyhaunis Railway Station, taken from a very old postcard (forty-five years, I'm told), 1947.

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teacher in the Mercy Convent – Sister Ita. Seamus Coen lives there now. In Joe Webb's house two men lived – Jerry Gunnery and ex-signal man, and Martin Duffy. While next door Denis Sloyne lived. He was a building contractor. His house is now vacant. Jim Clarke's house, my own birth-place, was built by my father. He also worked in the Parish Church. My brother and family still live there.

Another Guard, father of Fr. Michael Kelly, lived next to O'Connell's; before them the resident was a tailor by the name of Tom Mullarkey. In Mulligan's house, a Meehan family lived; one of the Meehan sons married a sister of the late Tommy Smyth of Abbey Street.

The last house in the row was lived in by the Moonneys. They kept boarders at one "old" shilling (1/-) a night. They provided themselves with their own meals. This house is now owned by Bridie Levins. In Noel Waldron's, a family by the name of Roach lived. Mr. Roach worked in the National Bank (Bank of Ireland). Patricia Waldron's house was occupied by Mrs. Coyne and Miss Mattie Waldron, who were sisters. My memory of them is that of ladies of leisure, who entertained a lot and were very religious. As schoolchildren never called anyone by their Christian name, Annie Kennedy and her brother lived in the next house before Guard Tom Larkin and his family. When Tom died, Mrs. Larkin went to live with one of her family and the house is now vacant. Jim Meleady lived in the next house. He was a signal man. When he died his wife went to live with one of the daughters. I went to school with Beryl. That house, too, is now vacant.

In the corner house Guard McMurragh lived. His wife was a nurse and she was a very close friend of my mother's – the Thompson family lives there now. Where Willie Flatley's is, two families lived – Luke Freeley, a carpenter whom, I think, served his time in Michael A. Keane's; and Kit Dillon, who used to go back and over to England working.

Devlis House, where Bridie Hannon and the late Peter live, was occupied by the D'Alton's. I visited there most days after school. There was also a spring-well in Hannon's field. The ten Council houses situated in the



Easter, 1956 – Margaret Griffin, Irene Wall, Frank Wall (R.I.P.), and Deirdre Wall.

cul-de-sac, off the Galway Road, are now privately owned. Tom Caulfield, a postman, lived in the first one, where Mrs. Dowdall now lives. Paddy Henry, postman in the second, and whose son, John used to work in the Post Office. Mrs. Conboy lives there. Tom O'Malley post man, lived in the next one; Mr. and Mrs. McHugh now live there. The next, Jim Grogan, a post man, lived where my husband and I now live. Then there was John Judge, a market gardener, where Mrs. Agie Kelly now lives. Peter Ganly, a labourer, lived where Mrs. Ellicott lives and next to him was Tom Byrne, whose son, Jim, a retired post man and telephonist, still lives. Peter Gilmore, a carpenter lived where Tom, a retired painter and decorator, still lives. The next, Lavin family – Gus used to work for Bertie Lynch, and was the father of the late Oliver Levins. Molly Forbes and her husband lived in the last one. Billy Lyons owns both houses now. He himself was born in one of them. There were two houses on the Galway Road – Jim Jordan and his wife, who used to make house furniture, lived in the thatched cottage on the left, which is now over-grown. Across the road lived Luke McGuire. He used to look after cattle and other animals for John Conway, Bridge Street; Mrs. Grealy. R.I.P., lived there in later years. Also another house now vacant.

There are twenty-one new houses built since then. Now

there are sixty houses in Devlis. One of my most vivid memories is the importance of the Railway Station. It was a very busy place. There were eight passenger trains each day, and five or six goods trains transporting cattle, sugar beet and turf. All were driven by steam engines. There were ten to fourteen employees, including a Station Master. Now there are four passenger trains, two employees and goods trains – nil.

Out of a class of between twenty / twenty-five, I met some of my school friends, i.e., Mrs. J. Hopkins (nee Noreen Waldron, Upper Main Street); Mrs. P. Connell (nee Vera Biesty, Carrowkeel); Mrs. M. McDonnell – nee Ita Lyons, Knox Street; Mrs. P. Ryan – nee Maureen Moylett, Lecarrow); Mrs. Killiney – nee Martha Forde, Knox Street; Ms. Patricia Waldron, Main Street, a retired teacher, now living in Devlis.

The Guards and post men did all their work on foot or bicycle.



1944 – Ready for the Friary Procession - two young friends, nowold friends, Deirdre Wall and Margaret Griffin.

Ballyhaunis Training Centre

BALLYHAUNIS Training Centre has been operating from its premises on the Knock Road for the past nine years. During that time they have been involved in the development of personal and social skills, promoting self-advocacy and independence, as well as skills of candle-making, horticulture and catering for the adults who train there.

The trainees have made many friends in the community, both in a social context and while training on work experience programmes. It can be stated that in a relatively short time they have become an important part of the integrated community.

Now Ballyhaunis Training Centre has moved into a new training location in the Industrial Estate beside Hazelhill Timber Products. The new facilities meant that the trainees will have the most modern resources to further enhance their training. Indeed, they, themselves, played no small part in the equipping and decor of the new building.

The design and layout of this purpose-built facility was



Ballyhaunis Olympics, 1992 - Back row (left/right): Annette Rattigan, Paul Carney, Sean Phillips, Paddy Diskin, Jerome Murphy, Frank Byrne, Carmel Delaney and Irma Folliard. Front row (left/right): Rosemary Rogers, Joe Brennan, Andrew McHale, Michael Drudy, Mary Jordan and Maurs Maloney. Regional Olympics won nine gold; eight silver and ten bronze.

entrusted to the engineer's design, only following a series of meetings with family members, trainees and staff, who specified what their ideals would be for the training centre. As soon as the construction work was completed trainees embarked on the task of choosing colours and fit-

tings, and outlining how the grounds would be landscaped and used. All of this culminated in a final building with craft, woodwork, kitchen, dining, recreational and literacy areas. There is also an horticultural development area to the rear of the building.



Convent of Mercy sixth class, November, 1948 - Front row (left/right): Patricia Brennan, Kathleen Freeley, Bernie Moran, Margaret Griffin, Noreen Meleady, Marie O'Connell, Bridget ?????; Una Freeman, Kathleen Hunt, Margaret Caulfield and Bridget Caulfield. Second row (left/right): Kathleen Conway, Angela Kelly, Margaret Webb (R.I.P.); Anne Grogan, Alice McManus, Margaret Neary, Monica Henry (R.I.P.). Back row (left/right): Pauline Webb, Geraldine O'Boyle, Angela O'Boyle, Imelda Fahy, Dette Kelly. Missing are Susan Melly and Patsy Moran).

Devils girls included: Margaret Caulfield, Noreen Meleady, Marie O'Connell, Dette Kelly and Margaret Griffin.

Gold for Deirdre

Deirdre O'Connor - A Profile

Deirdre O'Connor, daughter of Pat and Patricia O'Connor, Hazelhill, Ballyhaunis, joined the Claremorris Athletic Club in 1990, at the age of twelve and since then she has had regular success at Mayo, Connacht and All-Ireland level.

In April, 1990, at her first track meeting she won Mayo silver medals in the 100m. and 800m. events and a gold medal in the team 4 x 100m. Relays. In July, 1990, she won her first All-Ireland medals at the Irish team Championships in Santry, where the Claremorris Girls' Under-12 team finished second on the day that Jack's Army returned from Italy.

At the All-Ireland Indoor Championships in Nenagh in March, 1991, Deirdre finished third in the Under-13 1,500m., behind the winner, a club-mate, Deirdre Ryan. This was a real show of stamina as she had only qualified as one of the fastest losers in the semi-final, but she managed to beat the three girls who had finished ahead of her earlier that morning.

In the 1991 Cross-Country season she helped her Under-13 team win Mayo and Connacht 1sts. In the the All-Ireland she finished 11th, winning bronze for both club and regional teams. At Under-14, Deirdre also helped her Club team to win first at Mayo and Connacht level, and third at All-Ireland level.

In the 1992 Indoor season, Deirdre won gold in the Connacht Under-14 1,500m., and the Under-15 4 x 200m. Relay events.

Deirdre's major breakthrough came at the outdoor All-Irelands. In the Relays her Under-14 team were first in Mayo and Connacht and second in Ireland. She was second in Mayo and Connacht in the 800m. In the 1,500m. Under-14 races, Deirdre won Mayo and Connacht. She also won the Connacht Schools' 1,500m., rep-



1st, Deirdre O'Connor (middle), with 2nd and 3rd placed runners, after winning her All-Ireland title.

resenting Ballyhaunis Community School, but had to pull out of the Schools' All-Ireland after the first lap because of injury. Disappointment turned to joy a few weeks later at Tullamore, when she ran her best race to date in the B.L.O.E. Under-14 1,500m. All-Ireland. After a slow first lap, Deirdre upped the pace and won from the front in a time of 4 minutes, 53

seconds - 22 seconds inside her previous best.

A lot of Deirdre's success must be attributed to the Coaches of Claremorris Athletic Club for their dedication to the proper preparation of the athletes for each event.

Claremorris is now one of the top five Youths' Athletic Clubs in Ireland.

- Local Mentor.



Four generations - Johnny Walsh's sister, Mary Geraghty, in the centre. On her left is her daughter, Ann Shenton. On her right is granddaughter, Maria Mathew, and on her knee is great-grandson, Thomas Mathew. Johnny Walsh is from the village of Annagh and Mary was born there.

Memories of Yore

By M.F. (Chum) Borges

I first visited Ballyhaunis in 1958. I was there to visit the home and family of my bride-to-be, Ursula Jordan. The Jordan's family business in Upper Main Street, comprised a busy General Store packed with groceries and hardware and was also equipped with all sorts of agricultural supplies. Behind the store was a yard backed by a number of buildings and store rooms all packed with a range of farms tools, forks, rakes, scythes, turf cutters, hedge cutters, etc. Turf, coals, seeds, hay, straw, sprays and fertilisers were also stored. I remember seeing Ursula's brother, Columba, mixing the potato blight spray in 40 gallon drums.

To the rear of the buildings was a small shed where the cows would be hand-milked twice a day. The milk would be taken to the little dairy next to the kitchen and poured into large basins, some would be used for cream separating and some prepared for local deliveries, the milk would be ladled into customers own jugs, either in the store or on the country deliveries. There was always plenty left for home consumption.

Each week sacks of sugar would be weighed out in small brown bags and hand-folded for the week's supplies. Jordans had their own blend of tea, which had been originally selected and blended by Austin Jordan many years ago. The tea leaves would arrive in chests from Dublin and

would again be hand-weighed and packed in brown paper bags for the week's supplies. Ursula told me that as small children, she and her brothers and sisters would try to keep out of the way, or they would be put to work by their father. Pre-packed hams and bacon were at that time things of the future and so sides and joints would be prepared for hand or machine cutting as the customers required.

The store, I remember was always buzzing. Even when not full of shoppers, the family and helpers would be preparing for the next meal time, which seemed to go on forever, you never quite knew who might be sitting next to you, it could be one of the family or the driver of the lorry from Galway or Dublin or it could just be a country customer who just happened to be around at the time.

Each week their lorry driven by Columba would deliver groceries and other supplies around the local area. Each Saturday evening the farmers would come in by cart or bicycle to do their shopping and arrange to pick up their parcels later. Well into the night the backyard would still be full of bicycles and donkeys and carts. The store stayed open until all the parcels had been collected. Even during the week a local customer could knock on the door for bits and pieces. I well remember Ursula's brother, Oliver, being called to supply a pint of paraffin and a couple of

cigarettes after eleven o'clock in the evening.

One day I was in the store to be confronted by a local farmer who had come to purchase a new scythe. He wanted to know what type of blade was preferred by the English farmer. Although my experience with that type of implement was limited to a few minutes cutting stinging nettles, I did not want to disappoint him and so I picked up a few blades pinged them in turn and finally made my selection, I hope he was well-pleased.

On my first visit to Ballyhaunis, we went to the fields to take lunch to the men 'saving hay', we called it 'making hay', given the weather in the West. I now understand the term! To my astonishment Columba and his helpers were turning the hay by hand with large wooden rakes. I was a farmer's son of 23-years, and it was something that I had never seen before. Sadly the store is now closed. Oliver is now joint manager of a supermarket just across the road, he is still able to give the personal service he is well-known for. Columba continues to look after the land and stock, he has also branched out into making wooden furniture.

Ballyhaunis was to me a traditional little town rather missing the modernisation of my home town of Colchester in England. It was a bustling market town full of a mixture of lorries, cars, horses, donkeys and bicycles. The Main Street was 'the market place' in those heady days, it was always full of cattle, sheep and farm produce. Since all the farmers came to town to sell their stock and produce, shopping and parking for the townsfolk was almost impossible on market days, the storekeeper's revelled in the extra business, as did the local bar owners.

My brother-in-law to be, Jack O'Connor, had a chemist shop in Lower Main Street next to the Central Hotel. It was a very busy place to visit, especially on market days. Jack would administer to both animals and humans alike. At the back of his shop were all the chemicals, powders and scales to dispense any prescription presented. I have seen nothing like it before or since, the days of pre-packs or sealed bottles were to come. Jack was a very progressive and far-seeing man, even at that time he was establishing himself in other



At the Galway Races, 1950s (left/right): Mrs. M. Higgins, Mrs. Maura Forkan and Mrs. M. Concannon.

fields, importing cameras, binoculars, rifle scopes and even teeth!

Jack was more than a brother-in-law to me, he was my friend and protector, he would rescue me from long-discussions about the past when friends and family got-together. He introduced me to all the local hospitalities. We would sit in semi-dark establishments drinking the 'black cream' and talk in whispers until the small hours, a practice which fortunately others have continued.

Jack went on to build up a very successful import and sales business, his son, Rory, has fortunately inherited his father's flair and now runs the business. We lost Jack in 1985, we all miss him, a great man!

Ursula's father, Brendan, took me to the golf course, found some clubs and introduced me to the game. I have played off-and-on ever since, both Ursula and I are members of the club and we always look forward to our visits to enjoy the beautiful course and facilities. I am not now and never will be as good a golfer as he was then.

Father Brendan went on to build up a large college in Portumna, Co. Galway. Unfortunately a spinal operation has cruelly confined him to a wheelchair. If you are fortunate enough to know or meet him, regardless of his fate, you will always be assured of a broad smile and friendly welcome. I

have had the pleasure of Father Brendan's friendship for over thirty years.

I was taken by the very relaxed atmosphere and the friendly welcome of the people of Ballyhaunis. I am pleased to be able to say that has grown even stronger as I have got to know more and more people. Since my first visit to the town in 1958, Ursula and I have made many a trip with our expanding family, which currently stands at four children, three sons-in-law, one daughter-in-law, and eight grandchildren.

I have long-felt the desire to be more integrated with Ballyhaunis and to become part of the community and so when the opportunity arose to gain a foothold, Ursula and I purchased a small cottage in Coogue. We have made it into a cosy nest where we can holiday twice yearly. When we retire we hope to spend more time there, especially if we can find out when it is not raining! Already my son with his family have spent a happy week there and I hope that his sisters with their families will all follow suit.



Front row (left/right): Paddy Waldron, Mick Kelly, Mark Waldron, Michael Morley. Back row (left/right): Bob Clarke, Son Sloyan, Nancy Morley, Jack Morley, Kit Keane, Jack Greene.



St. Joseph's Primary School 6th class, '91/'92, back row, left to right: Kathleen Connell, Caroline Kedian, Noreen Mansha, Regina Finnegan, Clodagh Shields, Sheena McCrudden, Yvonne Murphy, Karen Morris. Second row: Shirley Tarpey, Collette O'Dowd, Caroline Kirrane, Margaret Nestor, Claire Flynn, Aileen Nestor, Emma Brogan, Noelle Waldron, Valerie Kilcourse, St. Rosario. Front row: Emma Kirrane, Evelyn O'Connor, Winefred Maughan, Annette Fitzmaurice, Tracey Flanagan and Pamela Heaney.

U.S.A., Ballyhaunis Men, and the Bomb

— By Peter McHugh.

IN these continuing days of emigration many from the Ballyhaunis area have been forced to leave without much prospect of returning. I consider myself very lucky that after having spent some years abroad I was able to get a job in Galway, allowing me to be close to home.

I spent four years as a student at Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A. In August, 1991, I finished my studies, obtaining a Ph.D. in Engineering and promptly returned home to take up a job as a Lecturer in Mechanical Engineering at U.C.G. I was in the right place at the right time; I was looking for a job when U.C.G. was expanding and new academic staff were being hired. If such an opportunity had not arisen then I'm not sure if I would have been able to return. I regretted the passing of my student days, during which I was pretty much in charge of my own time-table, having to report progress in research to a Professor every so often. He didn't care when I did the research, as long as it was done in a reasonable amount of time. Student life in the U.S. had proved to be immensely enjoyable and educational on all fronts. The whole idea of living in another country and dealing with another culture gives you perspective on where you belong in the world and how valid all cultures are, in the end each one is no better or no worse than any other. Although you can't believe it in the beginning you eventually realise that life can actually go on without having a few cups of tea every day, and that children do grow up happy (or, at least, fairly happy), without Tayto crisps and Cadbury's chocolate.

In Brown I got involved in many University activities that made my time there very rewarding; for me, folk dancing and choir singing turned out to be the best of fun. More importantly, I made some really good friends, and I suppose that leaving them was the toughest part of going. I found the openness and directness of the Americans refreshing,

I always knew where I stood with them.

I had managed to prolong being a student for quite a while (until the age of twenty-six), and I was proud of myself that I had been able to get away with it! However, I did feel that the time had come to take on more responsibilities and anyway I really needed to start earning a decent wage.

I found having to adjust to the world of work, although still in academic life, difficult. As a post graduate student, you just have your thesis to worry about, whereas now on the other side of the desk, lecturing, research and time consuming administration have to be dealt with. However, I have got to enjoy lecturing very much; it makes you develop good communication skills.

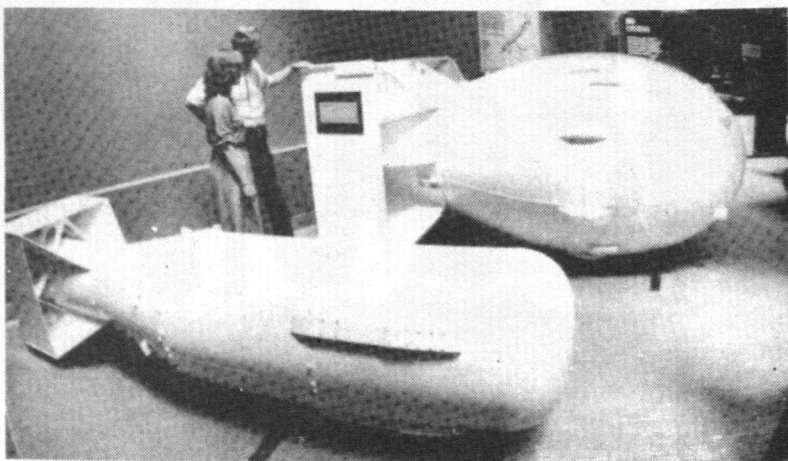
The last few weeks in the U.S. were quite frantic. I was due to start in U.C.G. on October 1st, and I passed the final exam at the end of August. I packed my belongings, books and clothes mostly, and sent them home to Ballyhaunis by post. It felt strange putting everything of value that I had into boxes, putting stamps on them and hoping that the nice people in U.S. Mail would take them across the Atlantic safely for me.

I then attempted to sell the few sticks of furniture that I owned, which wasn't much, and for which I didn't get much. I arrived back in Ireland on the

17th of September which gave me less than two weeks to find a place to live in Galway, and prepare the notes for two new courses that I had to start teaching. It was a scary prospect, indeed.

One of the things that struck me about Ireland was the high cost of living, maybe 30% higher than what I was used to in the U.S. That, coupled with high income tax, ridiculously high car insurance costs and the fact that I couldn't drive in Ireland with my U.S. licence, having to get a first provisional licence all over again, and wait in the five-month queue for the driving test, after having driven for years, was just about enough to make me want to take the first plane back! Well, I didn't and now I'm glad. I may have lost out on efficiency in society but I gained on pace of life. What is expected of you in an Irish University job is more humane than in the U.S.; a Brown Professor once said to me: "As a student I had to be content with a beat-up, old stereo, now I have a real fancy one, but no time to listen to it since I'm always at work". I thought to myself: "Not for me!", life must have some sort of balance.

During my years studying I had a chance to travel. This was almost totally research-related, visiting other Universities, attending conferences or, in the last year, going for job interviews.



Some of the bombs on display in the Los Alamos Museum.

One of the most interesting and truly educational trips I took was to the Los Angeles National Laboratories in the State of New Mexico, which is situated between Texas and California. I had been invited to spend a year or two doing research there after finishing at Brown, and I went to check the place out. The landscape for hundreds of miles around Los Angeles is mostly forest and wilderness, relatively untouched and full of wildlife, elk and deer, a nature lover's dream.

The climate there was quite temperate, the reason being that all that area is at such a high altitude, 7,300 feet above sea level. This is high enough for there to be quite a noticeable difference in oxygen content in the air, 15% less, in fact. You feel exhausted all the time for the first month or so, until you get used to it, and you get on an oxygen high, feeling incredibly energetic for a while, when you get back down to sea level. It's a weird feeling messing with your oxygen levels like that. The rest of the State is at lower altitudes and is mostly desert, since the climate is much more extreme. This is typical Cowboy country, all rocks, creeks and canyons. The sight of the cliffs glowing red in the evening sun is truly magnificent. The Rio Grande flows through this region - a river famous for its rapids. Albuquerque, the State's main city, is a sprawling metropolis in the desert heat.

The reason that Los Alamos is significant is that it is where the first atomic bomb was developed back in 1945, under the direction of Robert Oppenheimer, and there the two bombs that were dropped on Japan were made. Nowadays the lab has two parts, inside the fence, where all the classified top-secret work goes on, and outside the fence, where general science and engineering research is conducted, and where many great technological advances have been made over recent years.

Because I was not a U.S. citizen I was not allowed inside the fence (and, indeed, there is a high iron fence). This wasn't much of a tragedy, since I didn't want to get involved in any of that military stuff anyway. In the end, I decided not to go there at all, since a lot of the research conducted outside the fence smacked of military interests,

such as high rate and impact testing of materials which has its most practical applications in armour piercing ballistics. Even if you were very careful it would be almost impossible not to be tainted by military research.

The most off-putting side was the history of the place, a stroll through the museum was an eye-opener to man's blind and terrifying destructive power. Although glamorously showing how Los Alamos had contributed to the wonders of modern technology, the museum had, on display, bombs of the types that were dropped on Japan - affectionately named "Little Boy" and "Fat Man", with diagrams on how and when they were detonated to have maximum destructive effect. One of these could take out a city the size of Dublin.

The photographs of the destroyed Japanese cities were truly horrific. Complete stockades of these bombs were built up after the War; but these are nothing to the present hydrogen bombs, thousands of which are stocked up on all sides among the world's super powers.

The present lab is located at a different site to the lab of the 1940s. That lab had to be destroyed after the War because it was found to have extremely high radioactivity levels. In fact, the ground which the building stood, to a depth of thirty feet, had to be removed and destroyed. All that remains today is a pond with some ducks which the local children feed; a small brass plaque is the only memorial to the buildings that stood there and to the gross misuse of science that occurred within.

The Irish certainly have made their mark on the world. While at home we seem to have a strong, natural inability to use to the full our strong, natural abilities, however, when outside Ireland Irish people tend to succeed. The frequency to which Irish names crop up in world events is in gross disproportion to our share of the world's population. For me, coming across Irish names has yielded some amazing coincidences.

When I started as a student at Brown, I had to choose a research topic, from the many varied topics that are available in today's very diverse world of technology. I chose one on developing new materials for aircraft and automobile applications. In doing background reading, I

noticed that significant early work had been done on the project by a certain J. F. Mulhern at the University of Nottingham, whom I immediately realised was none other than the late J. F. Mulhern of Upper Main Street, Ballyhaunis. Research is extremely diverse, there being only ever a small number of people worldwide directly interested in a particular projects, so the chances of two people from the same street of a small Irish town being directly involved in this project are minuscule. Maybe it's something in the water!

One day I got a 'phone call from a Mr. Cunnane, the new Assistant Registrar at Brown University, asking me to call to his office. My first reaction was: "It wasn't me!", but I went along anyway, only to discover that the call was completely social in nature and that the Assistant Registrar was none other than the nephew of the late Paddy Folliard from Carton, one of my father's best friends and a man of whom I have the fondest memories. He had heard that I was a student at Brown through an article I wrote for "Annagh" some years ago. I was delighted to see a descendant of the area reaching such high a station and we had a very pleasant time chatting about the recent goings on in Ballyhaunis.

These, and many other experiences, have lead me to believe that if you meet an Irish person anywhere it is almost certain that you will have something in common, most usually a mutual acquaintance, like the time at Brown when I met a new student from Belfast. I don't know anything about Belfast but after chatting for a while it came to light that in Belfast her family lived next door to the Ward family, who owned the Harp and Shamrock in Main Street some years ago.

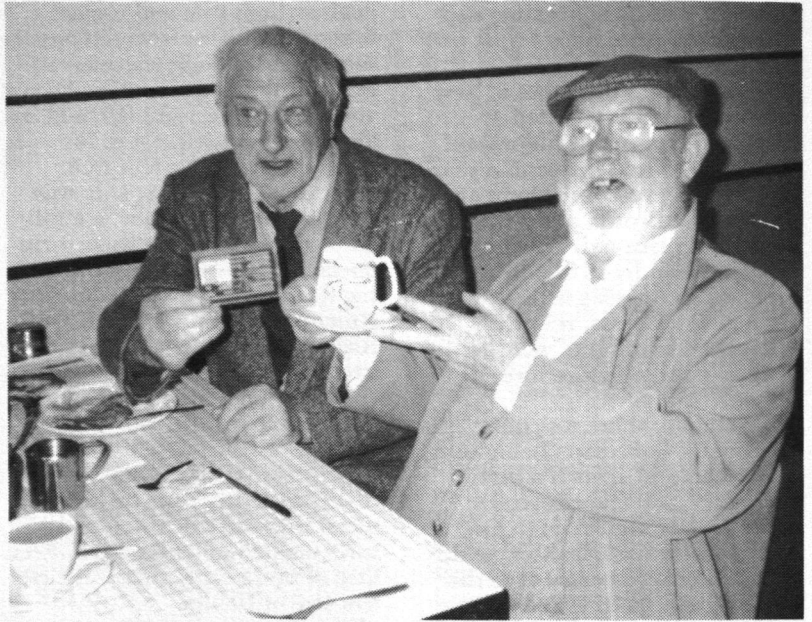
Settling back into life in Ireland did prove difficult but it's where I want to be and incidentally to my relief, my thirteen mail boxes of books and clothes did arrive safely from the U.S. If my travels have taught me anything it is that we should appreciate the precious commodities that we Irish possess, especially here in the West, clean air and an easy pace of life. These are things that those in other supposedly more progressive countries have lost and, from my experience, would give anything to get back.

Local Forts

*- John A. Freeley,
Brackloon South,
Ballyhaunis.*

There are two forts on my land. The one nearest my house is situated about seventy yards on the north-west side of my house and it's on very high ground. It's a ringed, stoned fort, but the stone wall which had been built has fallen to the ground, and grass has grown over the stones. But, by the appearance of the circle of stones, the wall, when built, would be about six or seven feet in height. A few archaeologists came to see the fort during the Summer, 1992, and they claimed that on account of it being a stone fort it must have a cave therein.

During the terrible hurricane of 1961, which had been called "Debbie", the old fort hawthorn trees which numbered about nine, were flattened to the ground and destroyed. They had been growing on and around the stone circle. But a few years later new whitethorn shoots began growing in their place, and a few of the trees have now grown to about the same size. One of the trees, before the hurricane



John Austin Freeley and Tony Millard.

destroyed it, had a double stone in every haw, but since the tree has grown back again, there is about one double stone in every three haws on the tree. The field in which the fort is situated is three acres in size. My ancestors called the fort High Castle, and the field next to it is called White Castle.

Well, the other fort is smaller and it's not a stone fort. It's situated about two-hundred yards on

the east side of High Castle Fort. It's called The Forteen, meaning the Little Fort. Well, there is supposed to be a Chieftain buried under a large whitethorn tree that's growing in the centre of the fort. Many years ago people who were living around the area claimed it would be very unlucky to cut down the old whitethorn tree.

Well it seems that it will be there for ever.



Micheal and Mary Murray, Doctor's Road, who went on a Walk in the Holy Land, in aid of Rehab.

Ballyhaunis Youths' Soccer Club

Ballyhaunis Youths' Soccer Club had a very successful year in the 1991 / '92 season, winning the Under-14 Liberty Cup, Under-14 Mayo Cup, Under-15 Mayo Cup and joint winners of the Under-16 League. The Under-16 team were also runners-up in the Liberty Cup, winning the fair play award.

The Under-14 team reached the last 16 of the Schoolboys' F.A.I. Cup, where they were beaten by a very strong Marks Celtic team from Dublin.

The securing of the use of the School Gym last season was a great advantage for the Club. Each Sunday there was up to sixty young lads from eight to twelve years old, playing and training under the supervision of Micheal Murphy and Chris Pratt. Of course, now girls up to twelve years can train and play, and all are welcome.

The start of this season saw the departure of Michael and Della Webb and family to Celbridge, and this was a big loss to the Club as Michael's work at both Club and Country level was well known and appreciated. The Club wish them the very best in their new move.



Under-14 team: Back row (left/right): Michael Webb, Ger Brady, John Burke, Edward Webb, Stephen Glynn, Tom Gallagher, Rory O'Malley, Alan Delaney, John Vahey, Peter Healy, Micheal Murphy. Front row: Liam Weeks, Paul Finn, Ian Webb, Simon McCafferty, Adrian Cregg, P. C. Curley, Niall Tighe and Adrian Hession.

The 1992/'93 season is well on the way and the Club has fielded teams in the Mayo Leagues at Under-12, Under-14, Under-16 and Under-18 levels. The Under-14 team is currently joint top of their League, having won all their games to date.

In the Cup competitions all teams, except Under-12, are through to the second rounds of the All-Ireland and Connacht Cups.

Ian Webb and Rory O'Malley were on the Under-14 Mayo team for the Kennedy Cup competition in Galway last June. Rory O'Malley was also on the Irish Under-14 panel at the Milk Cup

in Northern Ireland last July. Ballyhaunis have five players on the current Mayo Under-16 squad. They are Tom Lyons, Cormack O'Connor, Owen Finn, Michael Swords and Rory O'Malley.

The current Officers of the Club are: Chairperson, Chris Pratt; Secretary, Michael Swords; Recording Secretary, Nuala Fitzgerald; Treasurer, Barry Butler; Fixtures Secretary, Pat O'Connor; P.R.O., Genny Glynn. Finance Committee: Tom Finn, Barry Butler and Genny Glynn. Team Managers: Under-12, 13 and 14: Michael Murphy; Under-15 and 16: Michael Swords; Under-17 and 18: Pat O'Connor.



Sixth class St. Mary's Primary School, Ballyhaunis, 1991/1992 front row, left to right: Austin Finn, Paul Biest, John Gallagher, Patrick Waldron, Michael Lyons, Gerry Neenan, Micheál Burke, Brendan Moran, Paul Finn, Rizvan Khalid, Aiden Cleary. Second row, left to right: Seamus Freyne, William Dillon-Leetch, James Healy, Brendan Regan, Michael Regan, Paul McConn, Niall Tighe, Don Regan, Seán Hunt, Michael Dillon, Mohammed Charbatsi. Back row, left to right: Aiden Paul Kelly, Gerard Lyons, Michael Rabbittie, Michael J. Nolan, Karl McMaunus, P. J. Quinn, Mark Donnellan, Shabeed Akbar, Mr. Jim London.

Ballyhaunis Chamber of Commerce

Helping to make your town a better place

The Ballyhaunis Chamber of Commerce has now been in existence for over 12 years and since its foundation it has gone from strength to strength year by year. The first President of the Chamber was Mr. Austin Grogan and to this day Austin and other members of the first chamber continue to advise and support the officers of the chamber in everything they do.

The aim of the Ballyhaunis Chamber, this year as in previous years has been to promote, protect and attract new and existing business to Ballyhaunis and its hinterland. It is our aim to enhance the living standards of our community and to work closely with our local Oireachtas and County Council representatives, to ensure that any grievances or recommendations are brought to their attention as quickly as possible.

The annual general meeting of the chamber was held in February and the following officers were elected for 1992: President, John Dillon Leetch; Hon. Sec., John Halpin; Treasurer, Robert Potter Cogan.

1992 was an extremely busy year for the chamber and its

members. The month of March saw the storm clouds gathering over Ballyhaunis. The town had been weathering the current recession very well, but the announcement that United Meat Packers (Halal) could close with the loss of over 400 jobs, brought a feeling of gloom and despondency over the town. But Ballyhaunis people, as in the past and now, have never been ones to let things go without a fight, stood up and were counted. The Chamber of Commerce led this fight, ably assisted by all the local clubs and our two local Oireachtas members. National and international media attention was soon focused on the town and its hinterland the name of Ballyhaunis was on the lips of everybody the width and breadth of the country.

No one person likes to see the demise of a very successful company like Hahal, a company which had grown from very little to being an international consortium in the lamb and beef trade. A company who based its headquarters in Ballyhaunis. There lorries travelled all over the UK and Europe and I'm sure many of the readers of this maga-



Two-in-a-row Supreme Champion, "Jacko", takes it all in his stride. Noírin, David, Austin and Fergal Lyons pictured with their Pedigree Labrador, "Jacko", at Ballyhaunis Dog Show, organised by the Ballyhaunis & District Gun Club.

zine who live in these countries felt a sense of pride when a Halal truck passed you by and you saw Ballyhaunis printed on its side. Indeed the chamber felt a deep regret and loss when Mr. Rafique and Mohammed Khalids did leave the town.

Mr. Rafique had in the past 17 years been a generous benefactor to the chamber and the town. His family and Mr. Khalids family were full members of the community and indeed they were proud to be called Ballyhaunis people.

But out to the 'ashes and Phoenix rises' and with the announcement by the Government that Avonmore had purchased the plant the gloom once again lifted. Since those day in March, Avonmore, now



Fancy Dress - Maire O'Dwyer, Edel Moroney and Lee-Ann Murphy.



John Dillon-Leetch, Miriam O'Brien (adjudicator), and Jim Landon, with Street Art competitors.

called Irish Country Meats, are firmly entrenched in Ballyhaunis and reports that the chamber have received - have indicated that this new company are totally committed to Ballyhaunis and its workforce. They have also indicated that in the near future substantial investments will be made to the Ballyhaunis plant.

Another main event which the chamber organised, through a sub-committee, was the Summer festival. As the festival had been running for some 5 years without a central theme, it was decided that this year a theme would be introduced and hopefully this theme would carry on into future years. So the Festival of Lughnasa was born. The aim of the festival was to celebrate in a traditional way with traditional music, dance, drama, etc. We hope that the visitors and emigrants who came to the festival enjoyed the events, and hopefully if they can return in 1993 they will find this festival even better. The '92 festival was opened by Her Excellency, The President of Ireland, Mrs. Mary Robinson, and the Chamber of Commerce and the people of Ballyhaunis were extremely proud that this honour was given to our town.

Every month, the chamber holds a monthly meeting and it is at these meetings many topics, from water pollution to environ-

mental issues are discussed and action if required is carried out. At some of the meetings, guest speakers are invited to attend to advise us on how best to promote Ballyhaunis and possible creation of jobs.

The chamber has built up a very good working relationship with two professors from Manchester University, Mike Robinson and Dave Shinwell, both men have shown a great interest in the town and its surrounding areas. Last year they

brought some 40 students to the town and it is hoped that their findings will be for the benefit of all the community.

The Ballyhaunis Chamber of Commerce is a forward looking organisation. The members are totally committed to the betterment of the town and its hinterland, but we could not do anything without the support of the people of this area. New members are always welcome to the chamber and indeed if any person at home or abroad have any ideas for improving our town, they are more than welcome to bring them to the notice of any officer of the chamber.

J. Halpin, Hon. Secretary.



Maria Hunt, '92 Annagh Rose.



Senior citizens' party - Back row: Mrs. Noree Horkan and Mrs. Alice Davitt. Front row: Mary McNamara, Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt and Dohn Davitt.

Do you remember the Healys?

By Des Healy

MAY I take this opportunity to congratulate all the people involved in the production of this very fine magazine, which I have had the pleasure of reading over the past six or seven years. Many a silent tear has been shed recalling the people and events of the nine happy years I spent in Ballyhaunis.

My father, Bill Healy, was manager of the National Bank. He was transferred from Donegal Town to Ballyhaunis in 1933. The family arrived there the week before Christmas, what a time to be moved! We spent Christmas at the Central Hotel, I can't remember who the owners were, but they made us very comfortable and helped us have an enjoyable time.

There were four children in the family at this time, Jack, Maddie, Robert and myself. Gerry and Willie were born at the bank house in Ballyhaunis; Audrey in Kilrush, Co. Clare.

We had a wonderful young man as bank porter, Tom Cribbin, from Lecarrow. My mother was very ill after the births of Gerry and Willie, but Tom was a tower of strength and looked after the family, we all grew to love him very much. There was nothing Tom couldn't do, from changing nappies, cooking and gardening, a real gem. Tom emigrated to England in the early forties and my father was transferred to Roscommon Town in 1943.

In 1946 I was working in Cork City and played rugby for Dolphin. At this time I renewed a friendship with a girl I met in Ballyhaunis in 1941. Her father was James Tighe from Acres, Aughamore, but the family lived in Halifax, Yorkshire. Margaret and her sister, Monica, R.I.P., were at school in Ballycastle, Co. Antrim, and because of the war her parents thought it safer that they holiday with their relatives in Ballyhaunis; Ellen and John Waldron of Knox Street.

A gentleman joined me, as we walked along the platform to the

train. He said, 'So you are off to England'; 'I am', I replied. 'Make sure you have your ticket ready', he said. I put my hand in my pocket, but there was no ticket to be found. Then the man produced the ticket from his coat - 'That'll teach you a lesson, you must be more careful. The man turned out to be Broddy Morley, who was on his way to the cattle fair at York. He was very welcome company on the long journey.

I was never outside the country before and didn't know what to expect. We crossed on a boat called the Princess Maud, what a tub. It was a flat bottom boat and was easily tossed about. The tables and chairs were chained to the floor and moved from side to side with the motion of the boat.

I arrived in Holyhead in the early hours of the morning having had nothing to eat since mid-day the previous day. I was starving and my throat was as dry as the desert sands. I can assure you the sandwiches I got at the station bar left the imagination plenty of scope as to the contents.

I remember them telling tales in Ballyhaunis, how they used to dig up dead hens to send to England to the canning factories, such knowledge dampened my appetite.

My friend, James Grayden, was to meet me, as the train pulled into the station my eyes strained through the darkness for that familiar face but no where was it to be seen. It was now 6 a.m. so I collected my case and went to the waiting room. The train had left the station and there facing me was a name I knew so well, Mackintoshes. That brought me back many years to Paddy Kenny's little shop in Knox Street where we could buy ten Scotts Clans or two Coconut tubs for 1d.; a pound of monkey nuts or a pound of dates for 4d., those were the times.

I was brought back to earth when a voice said: 'I'm sorry Des', but I slept in. It was James, and was I glad to see him. In a few minutes we were at

his home to be greeted by his parents, as if I were their long lost son. Mrs. Graydon was a Kilkenny woman, warm, generous and caring as indeed was her husband, Herbert, a true Yorkshireman.

That evening I visited Margaret and her family. Her father could still have been in Aughamore, his brogue as broad as ever after forty years in Halifax. We were indeed kindred spirits, I knew from the first moment we were to be good friends. Mrs. Tighe's people hailed from Ballinakill, Co. Laois, she was born in Halifax, but I didn't hold that against her. She was a marvellous woman with a truly big heart. They always treated me as a son, as did the rest of the family, a brother.

The family are widely spread - Maddie and Willie are both married and live six miles from each other in Toronto, Canada. Jack is in Cork City. Audrey is a farmer's wife and married to a great guy, Eamonn Keane, just outside of Roscommon Town. Gerry and myself are in Halifax. Last but not least of whom many tales were told, Robert, who died in London two years ago.

I hadn't seen or heard of Tom Cribbin for many years until one evening my brother, Gerry, came to tell me that Tom was working at a building site on the outskirts of town. I drove up the next day in search of Tom. In the distance without a doubt stood Tom with his big bull neck and a mop of black hair. I casually strolled up to Tom, who was making a window and door lintel. 'Hello, any chance of a job?' Tom hadn't recognised me. He said, there might be, try at that little hut'. I said: 'Arn't you Tom Cribbin?', 'Begorra I am', he said, 'well don't you know me', 'I havn't a clue who you are', that didn't do any good for my ego, such are the ravages of time. From that day until six years ago, I never saw Tom again.

I began to wonder if he were still alive since there were no communication of any sort. On Christmas Day, 1985, we were busy getting the Christmas dinner ready, as my daughter and family were joining us for a meal. The phone rang and Margaret answered it. I heard her say, 'yes, this is Des Healy's, who is speaking?' it was Tom. Tom had retired and was now a night watchman for Wimpeys. He said

'I have been sitting here in the hut by myself and I saw a number of telephone directories on the floor. I just thought I might be able to find Des' number'. He searched and rang several numbers before finding me. What a thrill to know that Tom was still in the land of the living. From that day Tom never failed to ring each week and we would talk and talk. Margaret would say to me, what in God's name do you find to talk about week after week. Our Ballyhaunis roots gave us unlimited material, there was one word that never entered our vocabulary, boring.

When Tom reached seventy he was called to the office by the management, it was put to Tom that he was now considered too old for the night watchman's job. Like a true Ballyhaunis man, Tom said: 'I know a man who is four years older than me and he is running America', there is no answer to that. Tom comes to see us several times a year and if any of the family visit from Ireland or Canada, Tom is summoned to a family get-together. He is now 79, the auld chest is not too good, but a fine head of hair, slightly greying and of course that great neck sitting comfortably between massive shoulders, that could only be Tom Cribbin.

The Road To Donegal

— W. A. Curran.

Where dreaming hills look down on emerald valleys,
And lilting voices greet you on your way;
Where the purple heather slopes to meet the ocean,
And children gaily chatter as they play;
There a lonely road goes weaving through the farmlands,
By a loughside and rippling waterfall;
Through the rugged gap of Barnesmore it passes,
As you take the winding road from Donegal.

Through little towns, past silver strands, it wanders,
By woodlands green, where ash and elm sway;
And cottage neat, the turf smoke softly curling,
O'er the corn fields, the scented new mown hay;
By an ivy-covered bridge, it seems to linger,
As a song bird in the twilight sweetly calls;
You breathe the honeysuckle in the gloaming,
As you take the winding road from Donegal.

And in your heart a gentle dream you cherish,
To guide your footsteps through the lonely years;
The friends you knew have gone the path you wandered,
Yet that lonely road you still see through your tears;
And on some sun-kissed morn, if God so wills it,
You'll answer to the pleads of boyhood's call;
With the light step of a wanderer returning,
You'll take the winding road to Donegal.



Donegal and proud of it - Peter Meenan, his son, Peter (Jnr.), and "Sam".

Michael Rattigan's Memories of Lecarrow Long Ago

WE planned it early in October. We got round to doing it one damp November evening as the shades of night came down. We were calling on Michael Rattigan to have a chat with him about his long life and also to get down a few notes on Lecarrow long ago. All thoughts of the gloom and moisture outside vanished as soon as we entered the home where he lives with his son, Tom, and daughter-in-law, Eileen, and grandson, Michael (the second).

There was an air of celebration about the place. Collette, Tom and Eileen's daughter was married just a few days previously. Betty Regan was present and still elated about her native county's recent triumph in Croke Park.

We were served a slice of the wedding cake with some tea and we were also furnished with something out of the bottle, served out in measures far from small and then the talk started. There were three generations present and by the time we finished that evening we had dealt with a range of subjects embracing three centuries. Can't remember how we started talking about driving licences, some of us mentioned that we had just been issued with the new ten-year version which will be due for renewal in the year 2002. It was mentioned jokingly that the twenty-first century was giving us advance notice of its impending arrival.

All of us present that night were children of the twentieth century with one exception. Ninety-eight-year-old Michael Rattigan was a hardy boy when the bells last rang out an old century and rang in the new twentieth century, which was the century when it all happened. The litany of changes that occurred in this

century cannot be recorded here. There was "a living graph" there in Rattigan's that night that can be used to illustrate some of those achievements. Sitting near the range was Michael Rattigan, born nine years before the Wright brothers made the first aeroplane flight. Directly across the room from him were the Regan twins, Michael and Dominick, born long after man had landed on the moon.

People who were born in the nineteenth century are, by now, getting thin on the ground. Bearing this in mind, most of the evening was spent listening to Mr. Rattigan recall his childhood memories of his native village - a village he never left. As to his sight, the years have taken their toll, but his mind is still razor-sharp. Although he never travelled further than Castlereagh by train, his memory can travel back further than anyone now living in the area.

There were two in the family. His sister is now long gone. He started school in Derrylea and finished his education in the boys' school in Ballyhaunis. He recalled that the teachers in Ballyhaunis were Martin Fahey; his wife and their son; also Willie O'Dwyer. A Mr. Moran from Coolnafarna, and Harry McConville. No shoes were worn during the Summer and Winter heating of the school was provided for by the parents supplying a load of turf or paying a fee of one shilling for each pupil.

Asked to recall what Lecarrow was like when he was going to school, he told us that there were twice as many people and that all the houses, with two exceptions, were thatched. "And", he added, "badly thatched at that". The two houses he

recalls as being slated were Tarpey's, which is now demolished, and "Red" Jimmy Cribbin's, which is now in possession of the Regan family.

As he continued we got the picture of a people who survived not because they had much money but because they made the best use they could of what they had. One striking example he gave us in this respect was how they provided themselves with white-wash to decorate their homes, both inside and out, without any outlay of money. This was achieved by burning limestone with turf in the many small lime kilns that dotted the countryside at that time.

(There is no need to go into details of the process involved as an excellent article on this subject, entitled: "The Lime Kiln", by Christine Concannon, was published in the 1984 edition of "Annagh"). They were, as far as we could figure out, a hearty people, who probably enjoyed life better than the present generation. (After all, they were under less pressure than we are. It was easy to keep up with the Jones' when the Jones' had nothing).

Many of the old families remain but it was when he went through the long list of family names that had left or died out that we came to realise how populous Lecarrow was nearly a century ago. The names he mentioned were: Griffin, Tarpey, Keadine, Cunnane, Cronin, McDonald, Flatley, Finn, Herbert, Plunkett, Caulfield, Molloy and Connelly, living entirely off the land. Most of the people were farmers. Frank Herbert was a carpenter - "There is an armchair he made down there in the old house". The Plunketts were millers. "I remember the old mill with the thatched roof: it

got burned down. When it was rebuilt it was roofed with sheet iron. "I worked in the mill, the money was good – a shilling a day". The Tarpey brothers were musicians and music teachers. "I managed to learn one tune from them – 'The Geese In The Bog'".

He was about twelve years old when his father died. He became the man of the house; he also became the man who had to follow the plough and swing the scythe. "We never did any ploughing on Good Friday. If you had a piece ready for sowing you could harrow and sow it but no ploughing". In his lifetime the threshing machine made its appearance and then its disappearance. "It was a great patent, a great instrument when it first came out".

To those of us belonging to the "middle generation", many of Mr. Rattigan's recollections brought back memories of our youth. It was coming up to the 1960s when "the wind of change" began to blow in earnest.

When he talked about driving cattle along the roads to Fairs in Ballyhaunis, Ballinlough or Dunmore; or driving the sheep up to Aglooagh to be washed in the "big river"; or threshing or the sugar beet being hauled into the railway station, it was the younger generation who were hearing something new.

We, of the "middle generation", who thought we had been to wakes, came to realise that we had never been to a real wake when we heard Mr. Rattigan describe the wakes of long ago, where tears were shed and songs were sung; games were played and skulls were split with broken clay pipes. "Slapping" was one of the favourite games and was played as a song about the Manchester Martyrs was sung".

In the area of recreation football was the only game and the legendary Lecarrow Rovers are still remembered, but Mr. Rattigan mentioned an earlier team that none of us had heard about before called "Sarsfields". Lecarrow also fielded a Tug-o'-War team to compete in annual patterns in the Friars' Field. The rules were somewhat different then

– no need for a referee; the rope was stretched across the river and the winners were those who kept their clothes dry.

The day before St. Patrick's Day was also a "pattern day" and a big occasion with a Fair and amusements of various kinds to entertain the large crowds that flocked into town. Altogether, an enjoyable occasion until coming up towards evening time and then, at this stage, Mr. Rattigan raised a clenched fist, some of us knew what he was coming to – "the faction fights". Not all who came into town did so for light-hearted fun. Various factions came into town on that day to fight each other. For one reason or another, it appears that the authorities showed little interest in preventing those fights, which ended only when one side or another was "beaten to the bridge".

That was the day before St. Patrick's Day. The day after St. Patrick's Day it was a different story. This was the day when thousands of people crowded railway platforms to board trains taking them to England to work for the season on farms over there. Again, we quote Mr. Rattigan's words "I saw seven 'specials' passing through that station the same day".

When asked about the Match-Makers, he gave us an amusing account of the way they operated and the haggling that went on over fortunes. Similarly, when asked about the first motor car in Lecarrow, he was quick to reply that it was owned by his near neighbour, John Lyons, who bought it, "some time in the 'thirties", and as far as he could recall, "the first car out the country". He also mentioned another Lecarrow "first" this was in connection with Hubert Jordan's venture into the bloodstock industry. His legendary jumper, "Devlis Lad", is now part of the local folklore.

As in every townland in Ireland, there were the card players – the card playing houses and the stories that were told about both. One of Michael's stories concerns the house of one John Thomas Hunt, which attracted not only

card players but non-card players who dropped in just to keep abreast of what was happening in the locality and further afield. Those people always went home with plenty to exercise their minds – sorting out lots of lies from very little truth. One of those was a gentleman who usually came late, after the Rosary was said, and left early, except on one particular occasion. That night there were some "vigilantes" watching him as he eavesdropped outside John Thomas's door, and when he entered the house and closed the door from the inside, the boys secured it from the outside. When our friend had got his usual quota of "bull", spiced here and there with little pieces of bulletin, he made an effort to take his leave and found the odds were against him. He had a better chance of getting into Fort Knox that night than he had of getting out of John Thomas's.

John Thomas was a man who would play cards day and night, and he also guessed who the real target of this internment was. "We'll play on till morning, somebody will surely come and take away the plough or whatever else is tied to the door". No, he would not let anybody attempt to go out the window, too dangerous; the putty had perished; the frames were dozed and so on.

They played on past midnight, past cock-crow, past sunrise with the discomfort of their reluctant and, by now, silent partner, adding to their enjoyment. Finally, they all wobbled out bleary-eyed into the morning sunlight after Johnny Goulding, the post-boy, had taken down the barricades. Michael tells us that nobody ventured into that house again, except very dedicated card players.

We did not stay in Rattigan's quite as long as those card players. Had we stayed until Dom Murphy came we have a notion that we would not have felt the night passing. By no means did we exhaust Michael's store of memories. Hopefully, we will jog those memories again in less than two years when we call in to see his letter from President Robinson.

Baptisms '92

(From November 1st, 1991 - October 31st, 1992).

To Michael and Helena Byrne, Clare Street
- a daughter, Sinead Theresa.
To James and Geraldine Waldron, Tavanaghmore
- a son, Stephen Michael.
To John and Michelle Collins, An Lochan
- a daughter, Winifred Patricia.
To Laurence and Maire Freyne, Hazelhill
- a daughter, Fiona Maria.
To Anthony and Genevieve Connell, Aisling Drive
- a daughter, Michelle Brigid.
To Peter and Siobhan Lynskey, Johnstown
- a son, Eoin.
To Eamon and Helen Healy, Doctor's Road
- a daughter, Sinead Maria.
To Joseph and Sandra Jordan, Johnstown
- a daughter, Laura Maria.
To Patrick and Ellen McCormack, Station Rise
- a daughter, Denise Maria.
To Desmond and Mary Folan, Station Rise
- a daughter, Lisa Maria.
To Patrick and Bernadette Corrigan, Balla
- a son, Jason Michael.
To Thomas and Rose McDonagh
- a son, Bernard Anthony.
To Thomas and Eileen Lynch, Station Rise
- a daughter, Lianne Elizabeth.
To Cathy and Cathal Carroll, Carrownedan
- a son, Isaac Charles.
To Justin and Breda Seiferth, Albuquerque, U.S.A.
- a daughter, Fionnuala Riona.
To Bernard and Bridie Waldron (O Bhaldraithe)
- a son, Padraic Michael.
To Christopher and Cecelia McIntyre, Island
- a son, Patrick Keith.
To John and Noreen Fahy, Holywell
- a son, Cathal John.

To Bernard and Bernadette Lyons, Skeaghard
- a son, David Martin.
To Michael and Bridie Lyons, Spaddagh
- a daughter, Jennifer Grace.
To Michael and Mary O'Connor, Tavanaghmore
- a daughter, Michelle Mary.
To Timothy and Breda Shanley, Ulster Bank
- a daughter, Oonagh Mary.
To Patrick and Laurena Freeley, Hazelhill
- a son, Conor.
To John and Noreen Maughan, Castlebar
- a son, Jason Patrick.
To Thomas and Margarita Moran, Main Street
- a daughter, Robyn Rebecca.
To Luigi and Noreen Hayden, Station Rise
- a daughter, Victoria Louise.
To Terence and Eileen McDonagh, Tooraree
- a son, Thomas.
To Matthew and Geraldine O'Dwyer, Ballindrehid
- a daughter, Claire Ann.
To Brendan and Mary O'Hagan, Abbeyquarter
- a son, Colm Jarlath.
To Patrick and Veronica Quinn, Charlestown
- a daughter, Natasha Mary.
To Anthony and Martina O'Rourke, Dublin
- a son, Sean.
To Rosary (nee Morley), and Billy Lacey
- a daughter, Joanne Mary.
To Michael and Ann Fitzmaurice
- a son, David Gerard.
To John and Mary Flatley, London
- a daughter, Aisling.
To Joseph and Teresa Grogan, Knockbrack
- a son, David Gerard.

Marriages in the Parish of Annagh, Ballyhaunis

(October 12th, 1991 - October 31st, 1992).

Gearoid O Suilleabhain, Swords, to Patricia McGarry, Drimbane.
Hugh P. Collins, Cave, to Eileen Maughan, Cherryfield.
Patrick J. W. Cunnane, Askeaton, to Mary T. Leonard, Knockbrack.
George O'Neill, Boyle, to Stella Morley, Woodpark.
Shane D. Heslin, Clondalkin, to Catherine A. Morley, Kilmannin House, Ballyhaunis.
David P. Gower, Shepshed, Leics., to Bernadette Lyons, Gurteenmore.
Padraig J. M. Kelly, Castlereagh, to Graine E. O'Connell, Upper Main Street, Ballyhaunis.
Collette Rattigan, Lecarrow, to Thomas Ryan, Tullamore.

Elsewhere . . .

Luke Walsh and Olivia Biesty in U.S.
Martin G. Ward and Geraldine Doherty in Great Britain.
David O'Hara and Veronica Thompson in Killala.
Billy Phillips and Kathleen Cregg in Granlahan.
Hilary Freeley and Noel McGuinness in U.S.
Thomas Joyce and Satomi Takahashi in Japan.
Martina Freyne and Antony O'Rourke in Dublin.

Deaths in the Parish of Annagh

(November 1st, 1991 - October 31st, 1992.)

Michael Moran, Upper Main Street.
John Kirrane, Knockbrack.
Martina McDonagh (infant).
Very Rev. Michael Berrill, O.S.A., St. Mary's Abbey.
Michael Moran, Coolnafarna.
John P. Fitzmaurice, Lisbane.
James Moran, Annagh.
Mrs. Elizabeth O'Donnell, The Crescent.
Michael Lyons, Doctor's Road.
James Sloyan, Kiltaboe.
William Curran, Doctor's Road.
Mrs. Kathleen McGuire, Lecarrow.
Thomas Ryan, Derrylahan.
Mrs. Margaret Lyons, Redford.
Thomas Morris, Cloonbullig.
Patrick Kelly, Leowe.
Mrs. Sally Regan, Abbey Street.
John Keegan, Lecarrow.
Michael Freeley, Gurteen.
Timothy Robinson, Clare Street.
John Stacey, Station Rise.
Agnes Mullarkey, Tullaghane.
Mrs. Brigid Tully, Tooraree.
James Durry, Annagh.
Mrs. Mary Finnegan, Tavanaghmore.
Mrs. Mary Finn (nee Lyons), Brackloon.

Mrs. Lena Biesty, Pattenspark.
Mrs. Molly Murray, Clare Street.
Mrs. Celia Murphy, Brackloon.
Cyril O'Malley, Barrack Street.
Thomas Regan, Killinagher.
Mrs. Ellen Walsh, Annagh.
Mrs. Brigid Hopkins, Island.
Mrs. Elizabeth Grogan, Holywell.
Kitty Healy, Clare Street.
Thomas Carney, Island.
Helen Caulfield, Carrowkeel.
John Kenny, Gurteenbeg.
Mrs. Josephine McGreal, Upper Main Street.
Thomas Murphy, Island.
John Meehan, Annagh.
Richard Finn, Gurteen.
Mrs. Rebecca Molloy, Doctor's Road.
Michael Flanagan, Gurteenmore.
Patrick Gilmore, Johnstown.
Michael McDonnell, Carrowkeel.
Mrs. Bridie Byrne, Main Street.
Joseph Regan, Abbey Street.
Mrs. Ann Flanagan (nee Fitzmaurice), Lisbane.
Martin Finnegan, Bohogue.
Kevin Barry, Upper Main Street.
Paschal Keegan, Aisling Drive.
Peter Hannon, Devlis House.
Mrs. Nora Doyle, Derrylea.

Elsewhere . . .

Patrick Finn, Gurteen.
Mary K. Glynn, Upper Main Street.
Mrs. Mary Delaney (nee Muldoon), Annagh.
Thomas Gavin, Manchester.
William Naughton, Bolton.
David Hopkins, Bolton.
Austin Byrne, Johnstown.
Mrs. Della Culhane (nee Lyons), Brackloon.
Mrs. Julia Cox (nee Finn), Gurteen.
Mrs. Mary Keegan, Hazelhill.
Annie McGuire, Manchester.
Denis Lynskey, Gurteen.
Deirdre Waldron, New York.
Patrick Russell, Luton.
Bernard Lyons, Coolnaha.
John Flanagan, England.
David Lyons, Derrylea.
Michael McManus, Hollywell.
Mrs. Nora Creamer (nee Lynskey), Gurteen.
James Egan, Clagnagh.
James Lanigan, Barrack Street.
Mrs. Brigid Richter (nee Cribbin), Lecarrow.
Mrs. Katie Gilligan (nee Morley), Carrorea.



Junior Infants at St. Joseph's N.S., Ballyhannis, '91/'92, front row, left to right: Lorna Kirrane, David Healy, Neil Jordan, John Halpin, Joseph Waldron. Second row: Mark Kelly, Niamh O'Hagan, Carol Quinn, Eamonn Shanley, Aine Hunt, Claire Kilcourse, Mark Madden, Eithne Tighe, Marion McNamara. Third row: Tomas Concannon, Padraig Cribbin, Tara McGuire, Imran Latif, Lisa Webb, Killian McDonagh, Natasha Smyth, Nicola Kilbride, Kimberley Moran and Elaine Donnelly. Fourth row: Sean O'Kane, John Mongan, Derna Collum, Joseph Neenan, Alma Broderick, Paul Fitzmaurice, Miriam Al Jumail, Kieran Lucey, Jennifer Keegan, Janice Brogan and Lorcan Finan. Included in the photograph are: Mrs. Teresa Leonard (teacher) and Sr. Teresa Fahy (Principal). Missing from the photograph is Jacqueline Brennan.

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Annagh '92

