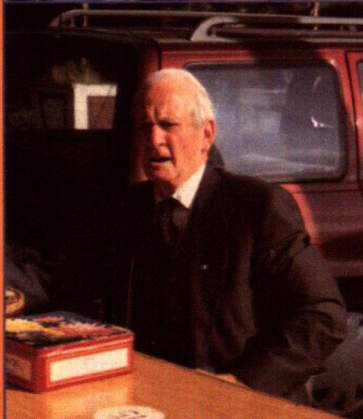


Annagh '93



Ballyhaunis Annual Magazine



Season's Greetings

***T**hrough the pages of Annagh Magazine, may I begin by thanking the people of Ballyhaunis for the warm welcome they extended to me when I came to the parish last July. Since then I have experienced only friendliness and goodwill and a great spirit of co-operation which has made me feel very much at home.*

But my coming has meant the departure of Canon Patrick Costelloe, who has taken up a new position in Kilcoona, Headford.

Canon Costelloe spent the last thirty-two years in Ballyhaunis, sixteen as a teacher in St. Patrick's and sixteen as parish priest. During that time he touched the lives of many people – the youth he taught, the babies he baptised, the young couples he married, the sick and elderly he attended and to whom he was particularly dedicated. He will be remembered as a kind, gentle, learned and witty person with a great sense of humour and a love for everything Irish. He will be sadly missed but he won't be forgotten and we wish him health and happiness in Kilcoona.

As we approach the Christmas season, our thoughts turn to all our exiles who will not be coming home to spend Christmas with their families. I want to assure them that they are not forgotten and wherever they are, I wish them all a very happy Christmas.

There are others who will not be coming home this Christmas because they have gone to their eternal home. Their families will miss them but they can count on our prayerful support to help them overcome the loneliness and pain as they remember a loved one who died during the past year.

Finally, on behalf of Father Greaney and myself, may I wish all the people of Annagh a happy and holy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

Joseph Cooney, P.P.



CONTENTS

Editorial	4	The More Things Change!!	
It's A Long Way From Ballyhaunis (Frank Glynn)	5	Plus Ça Change! (Fr. Patrick Costello) ...	48
Jeanie Shahna Fela Endowed Scholarship Fund	6	Poor Clares Perpetual Adoration (Sr. Claire Marie)	49
P. A. Waldron (Fr. Jarlath Waldron)	7	Hospice Foundation (Cait Webb)	50
Three Brothers – Three Parish Priests (Joe Greene)	8	Community Games (Kay Curley)	51
Prolific Ballyhaunis Writer (Jim Lundon)	9	“Packets”	52
Into the West (Pauline Cunningham)	11	Opposites Attract – But Their Departure Subtracts (Sean O Domhnaill)	53
Rugby Club / Collectors' Vehicle Club ...	12	St. Patrick's Dramatic Society (Aisling Toal)	54
Filling The Forms (Jimmy Cribbin)	13	Ready For The Spray (Peg Byrne)	55
The Abbey Pattern (S. Durkan)	15	Mac's Hill (Noel Waldron)	56
P.T.A.A.	16	Sunny Side Of Ethiopia (Brigid Griffin) ...	57
Chamber of Commerce (Emmet Keane) ...	17	I've The Ould Pass (Tony Boyle)	59
Ballyhaunis Golf Club (Fiona Prenty) ...	18	My Years In Ballyhaunis (Edward [Ned] Curry)	60
Golden Ballyhaunis Memories (Mick Gavin)	19	Dates On A Schoolbook (Jimmy Cribbin) ...	61
To School Across The Hills (Agnes Heaney)	21	Ballyhaunis In Past Decades (David Dwane)	63
Ballyhaunis Bridge Club (Joan Flynn) ...	23	Use Your Library	64
Cór na nÓg '93 (Jennifer McCafferty, Rachel Cleary, Emma Kirrane)	24	Mary's Memories (Mary Cunningham) ...	65
Abbey Male Choir (Eamon Murren)	24	Golden Jubilee (Mary Freeley)	66
Ballyhaunis Pilgrimage to Lourdes (Murt Hunt)	25	Ballyhaunis Foroige Club	66
Is There A Doctor In The House	28	Cead Blian Ag Fas (Mona McGarry)	68
Ballyhaunis Racecourse (Eamon Murren) ...	29	Citizens' Information Centre	69
Fine Gael (John Mooney)	30	The Great Famine And The Poor Law In The Ballyhaunis Area (Paul Waldron)	70
Land of Welcomes (Harry Lamberth)	31	A Visit With Fr. James Cribbin (Kitty Jordan)	74
St. Vincent de Paul (Matt O'Dwyer, Luke Lawlor)	31	Ballyhaunis Hurling, 1993 (Peter Higgins) ...	75
Ballyhaunis To Guilers Under Sail (Mick Brogan)	33	Memories From Ballyhaunis (Nellie Cunningham-O'Riordan)	76
Continued Trivial Pursuits Of The '30s (John P. Healy)	35	Searching For Roots (Fr. Andrew Greeley) ...	77
Ballyhaunis L.C.A.	36	Thoughts Of France (Bernard Freyne)	78
Annagh Wheelers (Martin Connery)	37	Ongoing Developments At G.A.A. Grounds (Sean O Domhnaill)	79
Ballyhaunis & District Credit Union (Pat O'Connor)	38	Ballyhaunis Soccer Club (Dolores Murphy)	80
Feile na nGael 1993 (David McConn, J. J. Hoban, J. J. Kelly) ...	39	Legion Of Mary (Helen Hoban)	81
Gurteen (Passing Observer)	40	Ballyhaunis Apostolic Workers (Bridie Brennan)	81
Wedding Pictures	41	Show Business (Sean O Domhnaill)	82
Old Folks' Party	44	Characters Of Former Days (Patsy Cunningham)	83
Gleanings From Gurteens (Gerry and Jimmy Cribbin)	45	Births- Deaths - Marriages	88
When Old Friends Meet (Mick O'Connell) ...	46	Remembrance Of Ballyhaunis (Nellie Cunningham-O'Riordan)	88
		Patrons	89
		Order Form	92

EDITORIAL

Annagh 1993

The Annagh Magazine this year celebrates its 16th birthday. We, the Annagh Committee, are proud of this and hope to continue for many years to come. This can only be achieved by the continued support of all those people who write articles and give us photographs, which they think are of interest to our readers. I would like to thank most sincerely all those who have given us the material that you are about to read in this year's Annagh – we hope you enjoy it. To the clubs, the “old reliables” and the new writers I say “well done”. As always your talent shines through and makes my task of putting the Annagh together all the more pleasant. The departure of Canon Costelloe from our committee will be a loss to us, but we know we have his continued support and he has ours in his new post. Gurteen this year is our featured village and with the help of a few ROVING REPORTERS, a further reflection on this area was printed.

To the Committee of Annagh your interest and work stands on its own for all to see. To you our loyal patrons and our fervent readers for your continued support, I say a most sincere “thank you”.

Please read this magazine and look on it as we do as a part of Christmas; a part of Ballyhaunis, and Annagh and a part of you.

Annagh Officers:

Chairman, Michéal Smyth.
Vice-Chairman: Maisin Meath.
Secretary: Matt O'Dwyer.
Treasurer: Noel Waldron.
Editor: Peter McCafferty.
Asst. Editor: Maura Griffin.

Committee:

Mike Byrne, Gerry Cribbin, Ann Curley, Martin Forde, Jack Halpin, John Cleary, Joe Hosty, Jim Lundon, Paul Waldron, Johnny Biesty, Agnes Heaney, Jimmy Cribbin, John Austin Freeley and Murt Hunt.

Cover Photographs

Front Cover, clockwise: 1 - Trade Fair Committee, back, left to right: Dermot Eagney, Tommy Johnstone, John Dillon, Emmet Keane. Front: John George Dillon-Leetch, E.C. Commissioner, Pdraig Flynn, and Daire Loughran. 2 - Annagh Down Under. Marcus Cribbin and Christy Walsh on the Great Ocean Road out of Melbourne reading Annagh '92. 3 - Party Time! Tara Nestor, Karen Murphy, Niamh Gildea, Orla Mulrennan, Maeve Lynskey, William Lynskey, Rita Rochford, Sinead Mulrennan, Catherine Nestor, Tara Murphy, Mrs. Bridget Lynskey. 4 - Ladies' Golf Captain's Prize: Back, left to right: Cait Webb, Grace Lyons, Mary Webb, Kay Donnellan, Geraldine Collins, Patricia Waldron, Hilary Mooney, Patsy Burke, Lorena Freely. Front: Fiona Prenty, Norrie Dillon, Kay Buckley, Cait Dillon (Capt.), Ann Mahoney, Phil Glynn. 5 - Minding the Cash - Frank Connolly. 6 - Pattern Day Dreamer, Lauren Jordan. 7 - Hear Ye - Hear Ye, Joe Hosty.

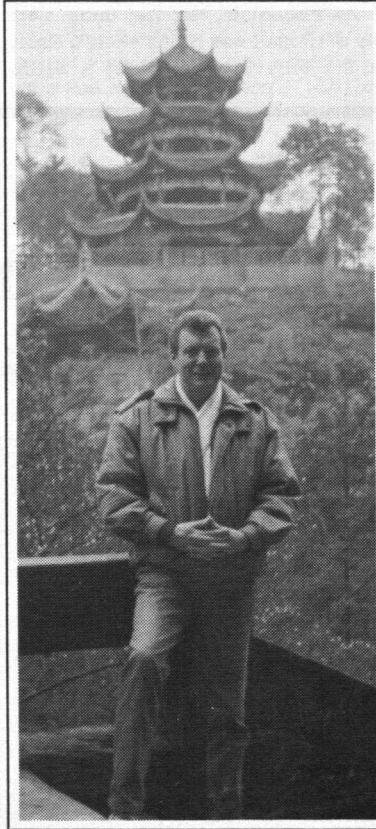
Back Cover, clockwise: 1 - Recording the Past, Jimmy Cribbin and Michael Rattigan. 2 - Stations: Mrs. Cleary, Mrs. Byrne, Mrs. Healy, Mrs. McGrath. 3 - Waldron Get-together, back: John Waldron, Tom Waldron, Mrs. Murray, Joan Waldron, Mrs. Ann Waldron-Nestor, Michael Waldron, Paul Waldron. Centre: Tom Waldron, Seamus O'Boyle, Mrs. June Waldron, Mrs. Regina Waldron, Bernard Waldron. Front: Ryan Murray, Mark Waldron, Bill Waldron, Michael Waldron. 4 - A Day Off, Joe Rochford and Michael Conlon. 5 - Future Hurling Stars: Derek McConn, Keith Higgins, Michael Walsh, Croke Park, 1993, INTO Mini Skills. 6 - Mayo Football Star of the Future: David Nestor. 7 - Grand Old Lady: Mrs. Regan, Tooraree. 8 - Mother and Sons: Mike Byrne, Mrs. Peg Byrne and Brian Byrne. 9 - Lourdes Parade: Canon Costelloe, Terry Campbell, carrying the banner; Theresa Hoban, Mary Plunkett, Bernie Campbell, Mary Plunkett, Helen Hoban. 10 - Keeping an Eye on Things: John O'Brien and Joe Carney

"It's a long way from Ballyhaunis"

Soldiers in two world wars sang the song, "It's A Long Way To Tipperary", but whenever I have found myself in some strange and far-away place, I used my own version, as shown in the title. And so it was in 1989 when I found myself having lunch with an Irish-American called Charlie Reagan, two Chinese people and a Belgian language student, on the banks of the Jin Jiang River, which flows through the city of Chengdu, capital of Sichuan Province in south-west China.

In 1988 I was invited by the Canadian International Development Agency (CIDA), to participate in a programme designed to acquaint Canadians with the life, culture, religions and business life, of the countries that comprise what has become known as "the Pacific Rim". The program was funded by CIDA and aside from earning a graduate degree in "Asia-Pacific Studies", the prize was the chance to spend a year in an Asian country. The first year was spent studying at a college in Vancouver, which by itself is a very interesting city, also with an Asian flavour. It was a very absorbing year, which built on the Master's Degree in Business Administration. I had earned at another university in Canada in 1985. However, we all were impatient to "get overseas" and sample the life first hand.

In 1989, all twenty-four of us departed for countries such as Thailand, Hong Kong, Indonesia, Singapore and I went to China. I made stops at such places as Hong Kong, Shanghai, Canton (now called Guangzhou), and then on to Chengdu in the heart land of China. It was indeed "a long way from Ballyhaunis!" Sichuan Province, so named from the Si, which means four, and the "Chuan", which means river, as four rivers flow through the province; is also famous for its very hot and spicy food. The name is spelt "Szechuan" in some western countries and you may find that style of food mentioned in a Chinese restaurant. But I can safely tell



F. M. GLYNN

you that the hot and spicy food you will find in a western Chinese restaurant is nothing compared to the real thing. Some of it barely took the time to say hello to your stomach before it passed on through, as most of us discovered during our first few weeks there. It's a good place to go on a diet!

China is an amazing country and nothing prepares you for the sheer numbers of people there, which is roughly one quarter of the people of the world. While I was there, on October 1st, 1989, the 40th anniversary of the communist victory was celebrated. They called it "Liberation Day" and all the people from the surrounding towns and villages came into the City of Chengdu, as they did in most Chinese cities on that day. A group of us went

to a hotel to watch the excitement from its roof, early in the day, but by mid-afternoon there were several million people in the city and there was no way we could return to our apartments. Even though it was just a short distance, we had to take rooms for the night and wait until the crowd had thinned out the next morning. And the bicycles: they are like an ocean everywhere and the most efficient way to get around. I had not ridden a bicycle for many years, but I got back into it very quickly, much to the surprise of my hosts, who were curious about where I had learned to handle a bike so well.

Travel in China can be quite rigorous and I had seven internal airplane flights, two train trips and many trips on local buses. The plane trips are particularly scary, while the train and bus trips are just simply not comfortable. On local buses it was quite common to see people with live chickens, small pigs and even live fish and eels in buckets of water. It is said that most buses are clean when they leave the factories and rarely ever cleaned again. I can well believe it.

But travel is also fascinating. One trip I took was to an area where in the year 800 AD, the Emperor visited the region and was taken to a ravine created by an earthquake, where a local sculptor had carved a statue of the "Buddha" from solid rock and decorated with paints and gold inlay. The Emperor was so impressed that he issued a decree that the entire ravine, measuring more than a mile long, was to be so decorated and on each side. The work began and as the decree was never rescinded, six hundred years later, in the year 1400 AD, the work was all finished. Today, it is maintained and is becoming a tourist attraction, although visitors to that part of China are still fairly rare. It was a remarkable sight to see and I considered myself lucky to have the opportunity.

China is also a country of dramatic contrasts, as I found on a two-week visit to Guangzhou, formerly called



Frank Glynn and son, Sean – Frank is father of Fran Glynn and Pat Fela

Canton, at the mouth of the Pearl River, in the most southern province, called Guangdong. It has been the scene of much history, being the point where the Opium War began during the British occupation and later was occupied by the Japanese during World War II. To this day, most Chinese will speak of those events and they have long memories. Fortunately, being Irish and Canadian, I had no such “baggage” to explain. Actually, the Chinese had great sympathy for the Irish.

Guangzhou has been transformed into a city designed to attract foreign investors and visitors and has some of the most beautiful hotels I have seen anywhere in the world. They have foyers and decor to rival the palaces of Europe or any hotel in North America. But within sight of these magnificent hotels, there are the most appalling slums, locally known as the “falongs”. China has and will continue to produce great wealth, but its weakness is its sheer numbers of people, a large percentage of whom will never benefit in any way.

One of the rewards of my China venture was the chance to spend a month in Thailand, with two weeks in the capital city of Bangkok and the other two weeks on a tropical island in the Gulf of Thailand. Bangkok is also a

city of contrasts but the royal palaces and the golden temples are a sight to behold. It is also a shoppers’ paradise, where you can find copies, “knock-offs”, of every designer fashion in the world. The islands in the gulf are everything one dreams about when considering escaping from the “rat race”. We dined one night in a restaurant operated by a German, who visited there, fell in love with the place, returned and opened his restaurant. It was difficult not to envy him.

As a footnote, one last thing. One day in China I was riding along a street on my bicycle when I saw a white

woman emerge from a medical centre. I stopped and enquired if she was Irish. And she was too. She originally came from Kilkenny, but lived in Boston and came to China on a research grant to study their nutritional methods. We had a nice conversation, but as she was leaving two days later, that was the last I saw of her. It has always amazed me that you will find Irish people no matter where you go in the world and for that moment, it does not really seem to be “a long way from Ballyhaunis”.

■ F. M. GLYNN.

Calgary - Jan. 31st, 1993.

Jeanie Shahna Fela Endowed Scholarship Fund



Exchange programme with Ireland funded

Gene and Pat Fela, shown with President Brother Mel and Brother Ron Gallagher, FSC, have donated to the College a Pacifica home appraised at \$255,000. Proceeds from the sale of the home will establish the Jeanine Shahna Fela Endowed Scholarship Fund in honour of their daughter, for an exchange programme between students at Saint Mary's and University College of Galway.

The first exchange students between University College, Galway, and St. Mary's College of California, commenced in the fall of 1993. Eugene and Patricia Fela of Swinford established this endowed scholarship to honour their daughter, Jeanine Shahna.

Students from Ireland will have the opportunity to study as an exchange student at the picturesque St. Mary's

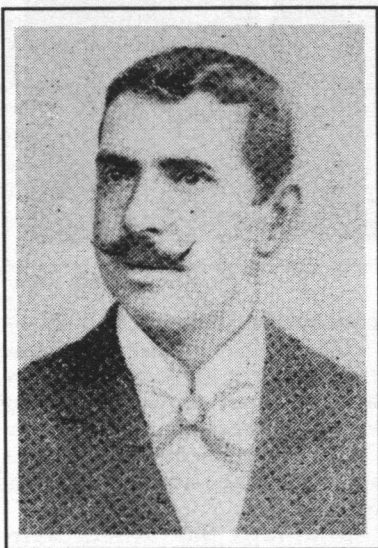
College twenty miles east of San Francisco. U.S. “News & World Report” ranks St. Mary's as one of “America's best colleges.” The Fela's are looking forward to meeting the first Irish students going to California.

Patricia Fela is the former Patsy Glynn from Clare Street, sister of Frank Glynn, writer of article entitled – It's a long way to Ballyhaunis.

P. A. Waldron

(1867-1942)

THE LATE
MR. P. A. WALDRON,
EX-N.T.



Waldron (Ballyhaunis), November 9th, 1942, at his residence, Knox St. – P. A. Waldron, ('A. P. Nordlaw', ex N.T., Author and Poet), only brother of Michael F. Waldron, LLD, deeply regretted by a large circle of relatives, friends and admirers. RIP. Remains removed to St. Patrick's Church on Tuesday evening. Burial took place after Solemn Requiem Mass on Wednesday.

In the eulogies that followed P. A. Waldron's death in 1942, he was variously described as 'that well-known Mayo genius, litterateur, author and poet, the premier wit of Mayo'. An Augustinian admirer of his, said he had 'a soul without guile and a heart of a child that loved to be merry'. His chosen pen-name 'A. P. Nordlaw', which appeared regularly in the local press, was symptomatic of the man – it could be deciphered by the simple mechanism of reading the letters backwards. Author of such delicate satirical items such as *The Mayor of Ballyhaunis* and *That Haypoth of Tay*, as well as innumerable plays, sketches and songs, he was acclaimed, at the time of his death, to have embodied 'the modern history of Ballyhaunis' and to have 'laid the foundations for all its cultural and social activities in the early part of the century'.

Known to young and old alike as 'P-Ah', he not only provided local identification to his two spinster sisters by having 'P. A.' tacked on to their names as well, but even his illustrious book-worm brother, Michael F., who was celebrated through the British Isles for his scholarship, was likewise known locally as 'Michael-P. A.' As a self-taught genius, Michael F. had matriculated into the Royal University and had attained the prestigious LLD degree or Doctor of Laws. He had been President of the Sinn Fein Courts for South Mayo in his time and his name occurred regularly as a learned correspondent in all the local papers, many of the national papers and even such esoteric magazines as *John O London's Weekly*, on subjects ranging from local history to abstruse interests like Scandinavian architecture and the Incas of Peru.

But my subject is P. A. himself. In previous times he had been Secretary of the Ballyhaunis Church-building project, bringer of the G.A.A. to Ballyhaunis, founder of the Gaelic League in the town and local dramatist and actor. I can just recall acting in one of his own plays called, *The Grocer*, which was a scream. He had previously been Principal teacher in Derrylea School and was appointed Principal in Ballyhaunis in 1908. I knew him well only in the last year of his career, when he was my

teacher in fifth class in the old school in Ballyhaunis.

Was he a good teacher? Honestly I don't know. Suffice it to say that we all loved him. There was a problem in those later years as I shall describe later, but I recall, for instance, that he had the imagination to have his boys enact some of Shakespeare's plays like *Julius Caesar* and *Macbeth*. *Hamlet* itself we had nearly off by heart. How he would react when the devilment getting the better of us, we would persist in ruining one of Shakespeare's lines spoken by Hamlet when he contemplated vengeance as he watched the King at prayer.

'Now might I do it pat (*meaning promptly*) while he is praying', which the appointed actor for the day would always render:

'Now might I do it, Pat, while he is praying', with a pause before the 'Pat', as if Hamlet were addressing a mythical Irishman.

P. A. never failed to take the bait. 'No! No! NO!', he would shout. 'That's not the way'.

'How do, sir?'

And P. A. would then say the words and make a little gesture. We always cheered and he generally smiled. Days of innocent mirth!

P. A. was a product of the old Monitorial system and did not have Irish himself. As a result, when P. A. had enough of us, we were regularly consigned for an Irish lesson to the Assistant Teacher, Tom Waldron (or 'Tol-Lol', as he was called). We hated the order to depart from P. A.'s room. 'Out', he would say, throwing the door open. Quite often nobody emerged from the seats and the ominous silence would be broken by boyish whispers: 'Please Sir?, – ah please! We'll be good, Sir. Honest!' Sometimes P. A. would relent and silently close the door. But later on, Tol-lol would enter and chase the inhabitants out, to the jeers of the third and fourth class.

P. A. must have suffered much in those years from his own particular complaint but also from his over-exuberant pupils who would observe him winding his watch while he looked wistfully at the clock on the mantle-piece which moved all too slowly for him. He was clearly longing for three o'clock and freedom.

'Boys', he would say, 'I suspect that clock is slow'.

'It is, Sir', would come the chorus of approval from boys who also wished three o'clock to come a little sooner. P. A. would approach the offending time-piece. 'How much do you think it is

slow?', he would enquire, having already advanced it by ten minutes.

'Oh, much more than that, Sir'. I recall this happening twice after lunch on the same day. Thus we whooped our way homewards shortly after two, though the official timepiece resolutely affirmed it was three o'clock.

P. A. had been called to training in Drumcondra in 1894 where he had a distinguished record. He had been a recognised teacher since 1885. so by 1932, he had been a teacher for over fifty years from his appointment as a monitor in 1880.

P. A.'s final day at school was sometime in late 1932 or early 1933. Nobody present forgets that day. Copious tears flowed. We even had a presentation – and even some speeches. Ironically, there was a particularly touching address from the infamous 'medic' who had once threatened appendectomy on the hapless man. Each student then took individual leave of the tearful and silent P. A. It was a moving experience.

So, at least, it is clear that we all loved him. I wonder how many pupils can say that of their teacher?

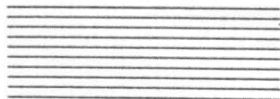
As his funeral passed through the streets of the town, the *Connaught Telegraph* assures us, 'all business was suspended and blinds were drawn as a small tribute of respect to the fond memory of a loving and brilliant son of Ballyhaunis who left the world better for having shared its smiles and frowns, its sweets and bitters, its success and visitudes.'

May the good Lord have mercy on his gentle soul.

Let us finish with a few of his characteristic fancies from *The Mayor of Ballyhaunis*:

I'll plant the Dardanelles with flowers
Where all can see and feel them;
And Joe Devaney with a gun
To scare the kids that steal them.

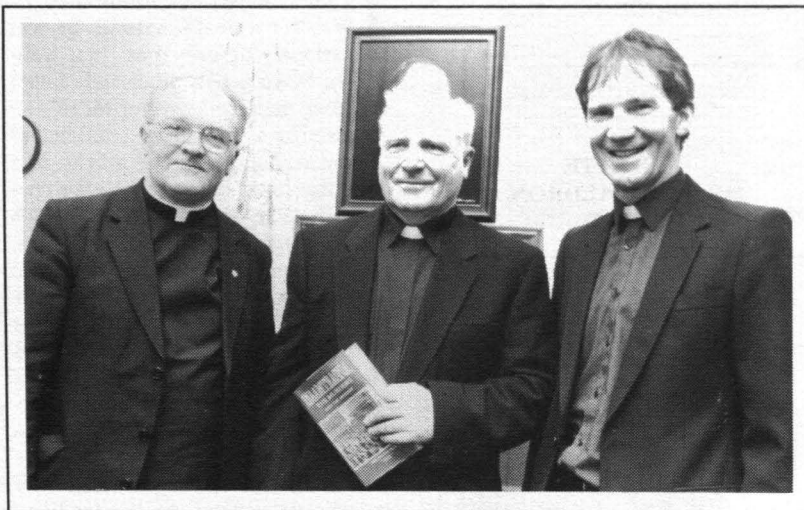
The fairgreen will be roofed with
glass
To make it fit for sporting
The Courthouse will be so designed
(As all courts should), for courting.



■ FR. JARLATH WALDRON.

Three brothers – three Parish Priests

Is this some sort of record



Pic. courtesy Frank Dolan.

In the centre is Fr. Jarlath Waldron, the well-known historian, writer and lecturer. His most recent book "Maamtrasna, The Murders and the Mystery", topped the best seller list for six months in 1992. He has also been appointed Diocesan Historian.

On the left is Fr. Ciaran, who some years ago was prominent producer on the amateur drama circuit. He came to prominence also in Louisburgh where he was responsible for the building of Holiday Homes. This scheme proved to be enormously successful and has served as a model for similar develop-

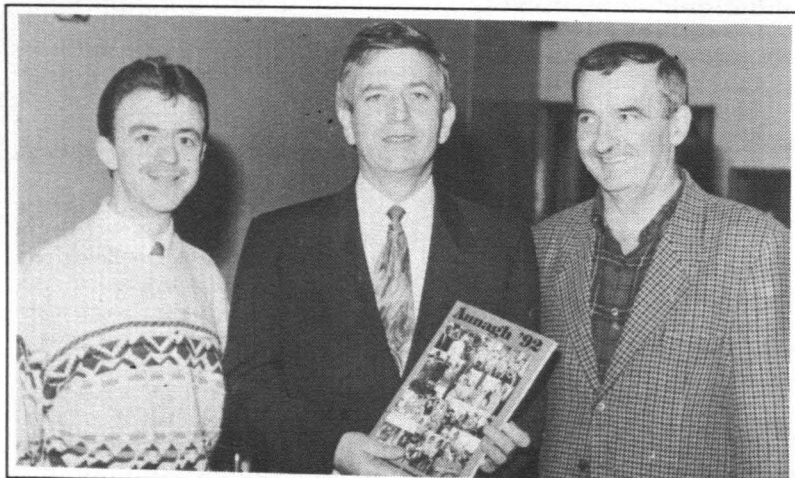
ments all over the country.

The "baby" of the trio on the right wing is Fr. Peter. He is remembered as the young priest who led the singing during the Pope's visit to Knock in 1979. This year he has brought out a tape of five songs, composed and sung by himself.

Both Peter and Jarlath were "capped" several times for Mayo as minors.

Intensive research has failed to turn up any evidence of athletic achievements by Ciaran.

■ JOE GREENE.



Have you got your copy - left to right: Mike Byrne, Charlie McCreevey, T.D., and Michéal Smyth.

Prolific Ballyhaunis writer

Bill Naughton was born in Ballyhaunis on the 12th June, 1910. His father, Tom, was from Carrowkeel and his mother (nee Fleming), was from Tobar, Aghamore. Amongst his earliest memories were the sounds of the trains on the Railway Bridge as he went to school.

In 1914, when he was four years old his family went to Bolton where he attended St. Peter and St. Paul School. Having left school he worked as a lorry driver, weaver, a coalbagger and was a Civil Defence Driver during World War II in London. Bill's first

book, "A Roof Over Our Head", was published in 1945. Since then over forty stage, screen, television and radio plays, novels and children's stories have appeared.

His first play was premiered in the Mermaid Theatre on November 10th, 1965, and was called "Spring And Port Wine". It was performed 11,236 times and the cast included a youthful John Alerton, Melvin Hayes and Gretchen Franklin in the cast.

The Daily Telegraph wrote: "what attracts me about Bill Naughton as a writer is his worn humanity and ironi-

cally affectionate attitude that he has to his characters." He also co-wrote the screen play for the film, "The Family Way", starring Hayley Mills. Little did I realise when watching this film that it all originated with a Ballyhaunis-born writer.

Of course Bill's most famous screen play was "Alfie" (1966), starring Michael Caine. It started as a Radio Play with Bill Owen and has been translated into eight languages, including Russian. It was reprinted in September, 1993. It received an Academy Nomination in Los Angeles in 1966. In 1967 he received the Screenwriters' Guild Award. 1968 Italia for Radio Play, 1974 Children's' Rights Workshop. Yet, despite all his success Bill always remained a very private man – refusing to be included in "Who's Who" or "Desert Island Discs". This reluctance to seek publicity may have stemmed from the fact that his mother always said to him "Whatever you do keep your name out of the newspapers." When he won the Italia Prize from the BBC it involved a trip to Italy, which he turned down to mind the dog!!

Bill met his Austrian-born wife, Earna, after the War and in 1968 they moved to the Isle of Man because they wanted to be near the sea and enjoy idyllic peaceful surroundings.

For his first volume of autobiography, "On The Pig's Back", 1982, which deals with Bill's Mayo and Bolton Childhood he was awarded the Portico Literary Prize in October, 1987. Since then he completed the second volume, "Saintly Billy" in 1988. He was awarded the Hon. Fellowship at Bolton Institute of High Education in 1988. The third part of his autobiography, "Neither Use Nor Ornament", will be published in May, 1994. It will deal mostly with Bolton in the 1920s.



Bill and Earna Naughton, London, 1966.



Bill Naughton pictured with his sister May, and brother Edward

Bill died in January, 1992, on the Isle of Man. Following his death Earna wrote to me at St. Mary's Primary School in Ballyhaunis saying that their wish was that they would like to contribute something to the school. In due course a cheque arrived which was used to buy a set of encyclopaedias for the benefit of the pupils in the school. A set of Bill's books also arrived via Paddy Joe Tighe, Aghamore, who is related to Bill. An extract from one of Bill's book is included in the English course for Junior Certificate in all Irish second-level schools.

On Friday, 22nd October, 1993, Earna Naughton spoke in the Central Hotel, Ballyhaunis, to a huge audience about Bill's life and career. It was during the P. D. Kenny/Bill Naughton Autumn School, which was co-ordinated by Seósamh O Broin of Achad Mór.

LITERARY PATRONS:

Dr. Mitchell, Provost, TCD; Prof. J. B. Lyons, Dublin; Dr. Liam Harte, Strawberry Hill College, London; FAS Co-ordinators - Catherine Muldowney, Mary Donnelly.

Committee: Paddy Joe Tighe, Vincent Vahy, Anne Conboy, Pat Kelly, John Gunnigan, Mairin Hunt, Jimmy Lyons, Bridie Lyons, Noel O'Loughlin, Nollaig O Laighin.

A lecture by Mr. John Boyd, playwright and critic, Lyric Theatre, Belfast, entitled, "Bill Naughton, Friend And Writer", was delivered and Bill's film, "Spring And Port Wine", was shown.

The following day, Áine Marie Ni Lochlainn spoke on "Bill Naughton as a children's writer" in Coogue School. Mrs. Erna Naughton presented prizes to the winners of the children's short story competition and art competitions, which were organised in the local Primary and Second-Level Schools.

Later that day in the Cill Aodán Hotel, Kiltimagh, there was a further

lecture on Bill Naughton by Mr. Irving Warde, writer and critic with "The Times" and "The Independent". It is with great pride that we salute the achievements of Bill Naughton.

PUBLICATIONS:

PLAYS - *My Flesh, My Blood* (broadcast 1957), London, French, 1959; revised version, as *Spring And Port Wine* (produced Birmingham, 1964; London, 1965; as *Keep It In The Family*, produced New York, 1967), London, French, 1967.

She'll Make Trouble (broadcast 1958). Published in *Worth A Hearing: A Collection of Radio Plays*, edited by Alfred Bradley, London, Blackie, 1967.

June Evening (broadcast 1958; produced Birmingham, 1966), London, French, 1973.

All In Good Time (as *Honeymoon Postponed*, televised 1961; as *All In Good Time*, produced London, 1963; New York, 1965). London, French, 1964.

Alfie (as *Alfie Elkins And His Little Life*, broadcast 1962; as *Alfie*, produced London, 1963). London, French, 1964.

He Was Gone When We Got There, music by Leonard Salzedo (pro-

duced London, 1966).

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

Lighthearted Intercourse (produced Liverpool, 1967).

SCREENPLAYS - *Alfie*, 1966; *The Family Way*, with Rod Boulting and Jeffrey Dell, 1966.

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

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

NOVELS - *Rafe Granite*, London, Pilot Press, 1947. *One Small Boy*, London, MacGibbon and Kee, 1957. *Alfie*, London, MacGibbon and Kee, and New York, Ballantine, 1966. *Alfie, Darling*, London, MacGibbon and Kee, 1970; New York, Simon and Schuster, 1971.

SHORT STORIES - *Late Night On Watling Street and Other Stories*. London, MacGibbon and Kee, 1959; New York, Ballantine, 1966.

The Goalkeeper's Revenge and Other Stories. London, Harrap, 1961.

The Goalkeeper's Revenge and Split Nolan. London, MacMillan, 1974.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

■ JIM LUNDAN.

Into the West

– reflections of a “blow-in”

Tying the proverbial matrimonial knot can greatly focus the mind! And it was probably sometime after I had come to tie it with one of Mayo's native sons that I really became aware of it. Yes – Mayo had me under its spell – its mystique and its long and checkered history came to fascinate.

For a long time regarded as a Cinderella of Irish counties – epitome of all that is rural and rustic. A vast land mass that take its perimeters right into the wilds of the Atlantic Ocean, producing breath-taking coastline as it does so. A land whose mettle has been tested in the crucible of time and events. And what a time span we now know that is – traceable now, thanks to the Ceide Fields at Ballycastle back into the dim and distant mists of some 5000 years ago.

Can any other county stake such a claim in time? Concrete evidence at Ceide bears out the fact that it was the spot chosen by farming community settlers – probably from France all those aeons ago. Cosmopolitan influence way back then. But the French didn't leave it at that. General Humbert of “Year of the French” fame, on his 31st birthday came with his small army and attempted to make a beginning in spreading the triangular ideas of the French Revolution “liberté, égalité, fraternité. Humbert, who apparently was once a rabbit skin salesman and later horse trader from the Vosges region amazed everybody with his military skill and the bravery he displayed. He took possession of Castlebar with typical French panache the history books tell us and Connacht itself became his – if only temporary. But the French weren't the only visitors – the Spaniards came in 1588. With so many cosmopolitan influences being brought to bear on its people and its history one wonders how it has come to symbolise an Irish rusticity – an insularity. If Mayo ever had any

inclinations to gazing inward at its own soul, history didn't permit of it.

Its soul – its very psyche has probably been indelibly marked more than any other Irish county by the events of the Great Famine – and its huge population decimated. A turning point in its history like no other. It now lost faith in itself. Never again could its sons and

their own people. Muslim and Mayoite side by side. Common destiny of the Chador and the Ceide Fields. And what is more – a supreme irony – a mere stone's throw away from our own religious Mecca – from Knock.

Avant-garde, yes. And the coup de grâce in that domain must surely be recent political events here. Often accused as we are of being an insular and inward race with De Valera's “comely maidens” somehow still expected to be “dancing at the cross-roads”, we surely must have now cast off that outmoded cloak for ever. Particularly when a few years ago we chose a woman to be our first citizen – President Mary. Progressive and forward-looking, she has struck a blow for her sex in what was for too long a male dominated hierarchical system. And yes, she too, is a woman born and bred under a Mayo sky, now marking out a new course in our history.

Still, I suppose you can't have everything. Whatever else lies in store Mayo still has another very important task to fulfill – one that has continued to slip from its grasp. It still hasn't managed to clasp in its now long outstretched and eagerly awaiting arms the ultimate prize – the good old Sam Maguire. Forty odd years is indeed a long time for any arms to be outstretched in anticipation! Come on lads – let's have some action on this one! Or is this year's opportunity already up the Swanee or the Moy or whatever? Even recently arrived “blow-ins” like me are beginning to get impatient!

It's a heady brew – a powerful cocktail whatever way you look at it. Stretching back into a time we cannot, most of us, conceive of – buffeted by famine and foe but still emerging with a strong and decisive identity. Mayo – rural and rustic it may be – but its sturdy heart dances eternally to a certain cosmopolitan beat.

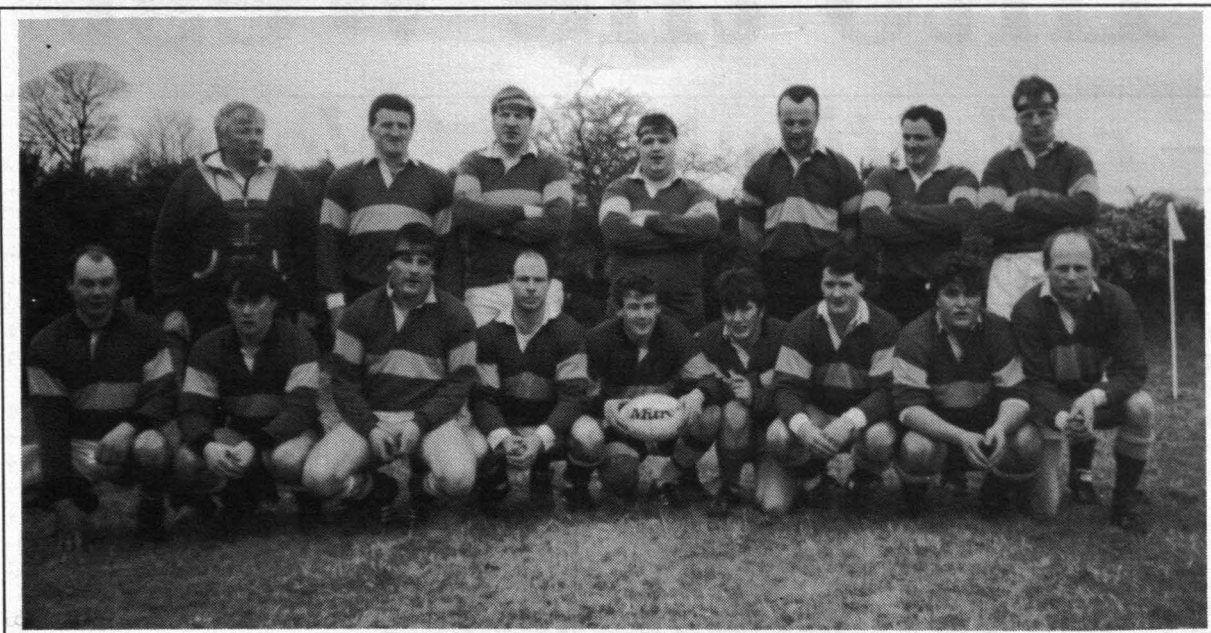
■ PAULINE CUNNINGHAM.

Mayo – rural and rustic it may be – but its sturdy heart dances eternally to a certain cosmopolitan beat.

daughters trust their native sod to provide a livelihood. And so they shifted their gaze to unknown lands across their western sea – to the New World, as well as to England and Australia. Other shores would now have to provide what Mayo could not. The late Monsignor Horan well recognised this need to look outward when he stamped his “imprimatur” on the as-yet controversial Knock airport. Mayo, unable to provide for its children at home would see to it that their essential leave-taking was accommodated as well as their frequent home comings.

Rural and rustic – yes. But avant-garde too. And the traffic is not all one way outward bound. In what other relatively small rural town in Ireland would you be likely – up until recently, that is, to decipher on the skyline as you drove past the dome shape of a mosque/ Where else but in Mayo – Ballyhaunis to be exact. Pluralism may be a grand theoretical notion to fill debate for hours on our t.v. screens but it's the people of Mayo who have allowed it to take concrete shape on their own terrain and in the midst of

Ballyhaunis R.F.C. Junior Team



Back row: John Ryan, coach/manager; Tom Jennings, Bernie Jennings, Sean Julian, Stephen McKermitt, Tony Henry, Davy Walsh. Front: Brian Phillips, Brian Freyne, Mick Morris, James Dolan, Kevin Henry (capt.), Martin Walsh, James Patterson, Niall Delaney, Pauric Walsh.

Over the past twelve months you will have witnessed a major change in the landscape of the grounds of Ballyhaunis RFC on the Ballindrehid Road, likewise the junior team has undergone many changes also. New players have been recruited; others have retired. John Ryan has taken a break from his managerial duties after giving many years of sterling service firstly as a formidable prop and then as a coach/manager.

Responsibility for coaching and training now rests with Kevin Henry (capt.), Brendan Morrissey and popular Ulster Bank official, Tony McDonagh, who brings to the club a vast wealth of experience from playing with top clubs in Limerick and Cork.

The hard-work which has been put into the development of underage rugby for the past number of years is now paying handsome dividends as evidenced by the number of underage players who have graduated to the junior ranks.

Training for U-18, U-16 and U-14 teams takes place on Friday evenings/Saturday mornings; training for the junior team takes place on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8.30 p.m.

As we approach the final phase in the development of the two new pitches a members draw is currently underway, interest is intense on who will drive away with either the Rover

416 SWi or the Land Rover 90 pick-up as first prize. There are many, I'm sure, would love to find a £20 membership of this exciting draw in their Christmas stocking? The rugby club are anxious that anybody who has a ticket and is not interested in joining the draw would return it to the organisers as there are some people willing to become members. The new grounds are taking shape and when completed the facilities will compare favourably with most other senior clubs. When the trees that have been planted establish themselves and additional shrubbing is in position, it should be on its way to becoming the delightful asset to the area that it was intended to be. While the grounds in question remain the property of Ballyhaunis RFC through their trustees, it is hoped that the facilities will be available for many generations of men and women of different sporting affiliations to enjoy for many years.

A final reminder to those who had intended joining the members draw to do so now, the draw takes place on February 25th.

Officers, '93/'94: President, Bernie Jennings; V.-President, D. Walsh; Hon. Sec., Eamonn Healy; Hon. Treasurer, Pat Martin; Asst. do, Alan Delaney; P.R.O., Kevin Henry; branch delegates, Hugh Curley, Kevin Henry; Fixtures Sec., Brendan Morrissey; Club Capt., Kevin Henry.

Collectors' Vehicle Club

On the 4th November, 1987, a small number of old car enthusiasts met in the Central Hotel, Ballyhaunis, to discuss the possibility of setting-up an old or vintage car club in the area. At this meeting the Collectors' Car Club as we know it now, was born. The club has now expanded to a very successful club recognised by all the vintage car clubs in Ireland, including the Irish Veteran and Vintage Car Club to which we are affiliated.

The cars in the club range from the mid-'thirties to more modern times and attend at rallies and shows during the summer season with our members. Our annual Autojumble, the only one in Connacht, is held on the last Sunday in February each year and always attracts a large crowd of enthusiasts from all over Ireland. At our annual general meeting in November the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, P. Lyons; Chairman, T. Waldron; Sec., C. Lyons; Treasurer, D. Murphy; P.R.O., E. Mulhern.

Club meetings are held on the second Wednesday of each month at different venues and new members are always welcome.

Filling the forms

Editors of parish magazines may have difficulty getting literary contributions now. There is an epidemic of "writer's cramp" sweeping the countryside, the result of a big EC form filling exercise last June. In addition there will be strong competition for readership as well. Very little local study has been done on the terms of the Maastricht Treaty, the Edinburgh Accord, the Blair House Agreement, the Uruguay Round of the GATT negotiations, or the Encyclical, all of which have been put on the long finger for the long nights. Since all these documents affect our future, it is imperative that they are not only read, but read between the lines. Parish magazines will have to take second place this Winter.

By this time next year we may have read through all the literature listed above and may be in a position to give our opinion on CAP reforms and GATT. In the meanwhile we can only record our first impressions which are that the emphasis is more on paper-work, than farm work.

Over the past twenty years we have filled an annual quota of forms as a result of which there are now lush green pastures where not long ago the bog cotton used to bloom and blow. There are new farms out now that the old folk never ever dreamed about and that St. Columbkille never mentioned in his prophecies. While quota restric-

tions are being applied to all forms of food production, it is now possible to apply for aid to grow ragwort and redshank.

Whether for reasons ridiculous or sublime, form filling has become a regular feature of the farming science ever since we joined the EC. The country man is not by nature a pen pusher and many a man has walked out the fields after a session of form filling satisfied in the knowledge that an office would never suit him and that he

would never suit an office. This was never as true as it was last May and June, when all records were broken by the number of EC forms that came clattering through the letter box. The volume was so great that many farmers conceded defeat and took them to Tony Flynn or Paddy Laffey who are qualified in those matters. Others filled the forms themselves, some had them filled by wives or sweethearts and yet more had them filled up by a variety of unqualified and unqualifiable persons. We also report on two neighbours who did the job in the traditional manner of the "meitheal", they did the job in "CO".

The calendar said we should be haymaking, the climate was saying "no", when Pat Murray arrived up with his forms in a plastic bag. He shook the rain off the bag while I took my forms off the mantelpiece and blew the dust off them. We tipped the lot out on the table, which had been specially cleared for the purpose and proceeded to arrange them in alphabetical order. "The best way to start this," says I, "and it's not going to cost us anything, is to say a prayer to St. Francis de Sales." (Bet you did not know that he is the Patron Saint of Writers). We started off with the form with the three As, the "Area Aid Application Form". There is an explanatory leaflet but we have difficulty translating it as it is written in the dialect of an insurance policy. What we really need now is another explanatory leaflet to explain the explanatory leaflet.



Taken on steps of Ballyhaunis Parochial Hall, left to right: Cyril O'Malley (R.I.P.), Cyril Coyne (R.I.P.), Barry Doogan ("Boo") Gibbons (short trousers), Patsy Cunningham, Vincent Caulfield (R.I.P.), Paddy Walsh, Paddy Gibbons, Paddy Henry.



Committee of the Ballyhaunis Branch of the Mayo/Roscommon Hospice with sponsors of the recent Table Quizz held in aid of the Hospice. Left to right: Cait Webb, Secretary; John Dillon-Leetch, Chamber of Commerce; Nuala Fitzgerald, Swimming Pool Committee, sponsor; Dr. Michael Brogan, Chairman; Mike Byrne, sponsor; John O'Neill, I.A.B., sponsor; Joe Hosty, Treasurer. Missing from picture, Michael J. Webb, Butcher, sponsor.

Now not all was beyond our comprehension. We had no difficulty grasping the local significance of Section 2(1). "The Minister" shall mean the Minister for Agriculture, Food and Fisheries.

We are in for a shock when we reach page 8 of the explanatory leaflet. Under the heading Annex 2 we find six columns of ladies names. Some like Diana, Conny, Iris, Mari, Susana and Paula we had heard before. The rest were foreign to us. What's going off here?, is the EC going ahead with the proposals put forward by Micheal Griffin which were reported exclusively in Annagh magazine two years ago. We need a third opinion on this one and we also need a drop of tea but the fire is gone out. We decide to kill two birds with the one shot. We take our forms and bring them up to Bridie Fitzmaurice. The kettle is always boiling in that house. Bridie went through the list. "They might be all right," she said. "They might be as fat as Jim Moylett's cows," said Murray. With no photographs or 'phone numbers we were advised to sign nothing.

The problem was taken out of our hands a few days later when that particular form was withdrawn and we were issued with a simplified version which did not contain a single lady's name. The simplified AAA form had

just one question of some importance. It required us to state "forage area" of the farm. We say "of some importance" because the "forage area of a farm tells as little about the farm as the weight of a lady tells about the lady.

We never got any explanation why the first form was withdrawn. Perhaps the ladies kicked up, or it was one of those special offer deals that was quickly oversubscribed. When I told Pat Murray that form had been withdrawn he reddened his pipe and smoked away contentedly.

For better or for worse, for richer or for poorer we signed our names wherever there was a vacancy and rammed the lot into envelopes. We had delays along the way trying to have things written down accurately so as not to confuse future historians as to whether the old grey cow was 12 years and 6 months when she was made redundant or was her age understated.

From future historians to a present-day "prophet", the brother reckons that the EC gravy train is going to run out of steam. I am very slow to agree with him on this and I am very slow to disagree with him ever since I had a bet with him and lost £100. There are those who would say the brother is old fashioned because he pays rates on land just like everybody did in olden times, he will have nothing to do with the round bale or the heap with the

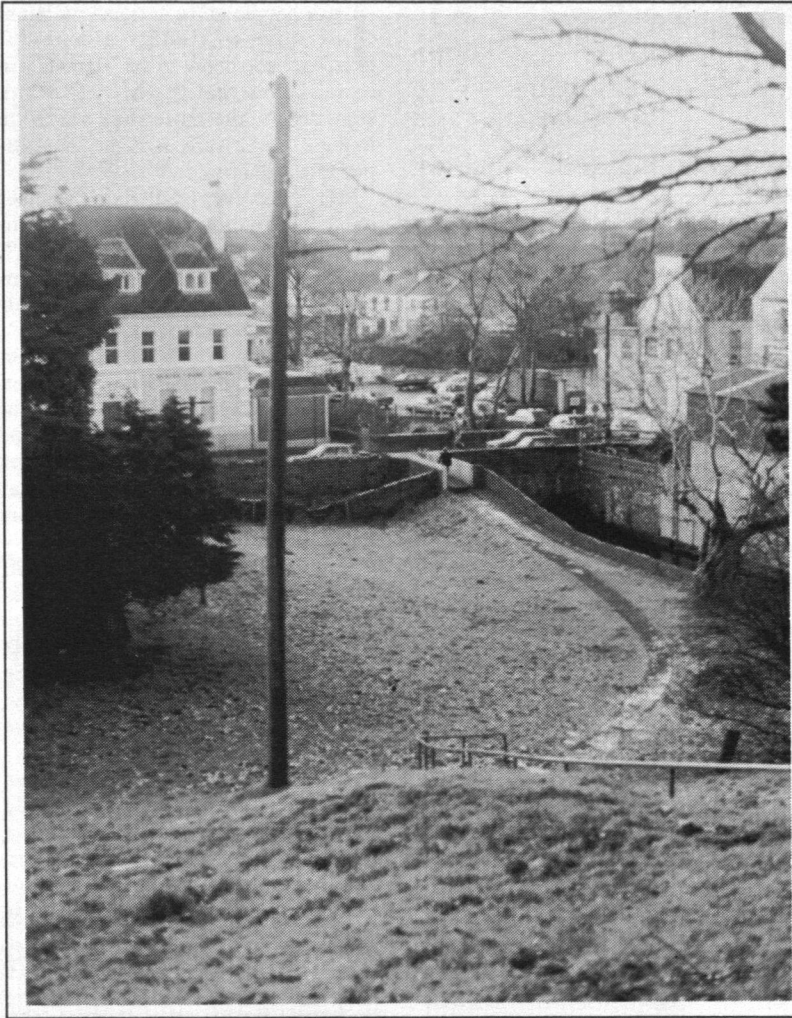
worn car tyres on top. He swears by hay and hates to see too much sunshine when he is hay making. Because the brother never has an annual herd test he has no blue cards and therefore cannot apply for the Special 10 month Beef Premium. The Special 22 month Beef Premium, the Suckler Cow Premium, the Disadvantaged Areas Livestock Headage Scheme and or the Extensification Premium and when he goes to sell his cattle without cards or eartags he is happy to accept half the price he would receive if he could bring them down Knox Street or up Clare Road.

Things are done differently where the brother lives. They recently figured out it would be cheaper to host the Olympic Games than to hold a Beef Tribunal. They held a mini tribunal once. It centered around an incident where some Kangaroos hopped onto a beef line. The beef industry conceded that it was "unfortunate". The Chairman concurred "it was for the kangaroos".

If ever we have to meet those boys on a level pitch and play the game according to their rules there will be weeping and wailing and knashing of teeth and minds cast back to happy days long ago that were spent filling up EC headage forms.

■ JIMMY CRIBBIN

The Abbey Pattern



Friary Hill. Pic. courtesy Noel Waldron.

Its beginning must be lost in the mist of time, and in that mist lost many times only to be revived by an active Friar with a sense of history or maybe the need of money for some project or other.

There were records kept at the Friary until recent years but then the powers that be decided they would be safer in Dublin, so they are minding them for us.

But I wander from my task, all I

have to fall back on is memory, hazy memory, if I may say so.

It certainly would be a misconception to assume that while the Pattern may go back into the distant past, that it has been in continuous existence, it has died and been revived.

As a child I never remember a Pattern, but my late mother told me about earlier ones held when she came to Ballyhaunis (pre-'twenties), the avenue would be lined with carts, dealers who

went around to sports, flapper race meetings, Patterns, etc., selling their wares, including dulisk, dahlias, peggy's leg, apples, lipairie, etc. She painted a vivid picture of the scene and excitement. In those days the sports was held in the field, at the back of the Friary.

It would be my opinion that the Pattern died in the period after the first World War or early 'twenties, because of our own troubles.

There was no Pattern in the early 'thirties, in 1932 the late Very Rev. E. A. Mansfield, O.S.A., ran his very successful Abbey Bazaar and Carnival and that was on the traditional Pattern weekend.

So it would be the middle 'thirties before it was revived again. This time by Fr. Louis Carr, O.S.A. At the time it was a big undertaking. Commencing after last Mass ... dinner was available in a marquee on the top of the hill, the menu – bacon, cabbage and potatoes, price 2/- or 2/6 (10p/12½p). Of course in those days people came to Mass in side cars, traps, bicycles and shanks-mare, so there wouldn't be time to go home and come back.

The committee had stalls similar to those you would find at local events, race meetings, sports, etc. This I think would have been the first year the sports was held in the front field.

Another one that stands out in my memory would be after the war, Fr. Micheal O'Sullivan, O.S.A., was prior. The Augustinians in Limerick had a large marquee for sale, I think Fr. O'Sullivan bought it for £100, anyway it didn't arrive at Ballyhaunis station



Fr. Delaney, O.S.A., with former Taoiseach, Sean Lemass.

P.T.A.A.

The abuse of tolerance

Irish people are notoriously tolerant of those who abuse alcohol. It seems somehow to be ingrained in our psyches that the MORE drunk someone is, the more they are to be tolerated. "Ah sure, isn't he/she entitled to a wee drink ...?"

Have you ever totalled up the sheer number of words Irish people use to describe the state of intoxication...?; the richness and vividness of them makes clear our on-going love affair with pubs and alcohol - 'legless', 'mouldy', 'paralytic': the list goes on and on. Like the Eskimo's thirty-seven words for snow (which is so important in their culture), the extend of our vocabulary for describing states of intoxication betrays our 'national obsession' and suggests a dangerous ambivalent attitude.

For God's sake, parents and all those with a responsibility for the formation of our young people's characters, wake up to the possibility that your example may well be turning your child to drink abuse. All children (and especially teenagers), need active parental intervention in their lifestyles.

Until they've consistently shown that they can be trusted (and certainly acknowledge them for it), an active 'watching brief' is the best safeguard for all. Eternal vigilance and price of family freedom ...? What do YOU think.

Alcoholics Anonymous

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



Abbey Pattern, 1993 - Toddlers' Race. Pic. courtesy Jim London

until Saturday night. A lorry was got on Sunday morning and with plenty of voluntary help it was erected in time.

It was mostly used in case of bad weather and stretched almost from the field gate to the corner of the graveyard.

In those days the Pattern was a big attraction, I suppose partly because there wasn't that much competition.

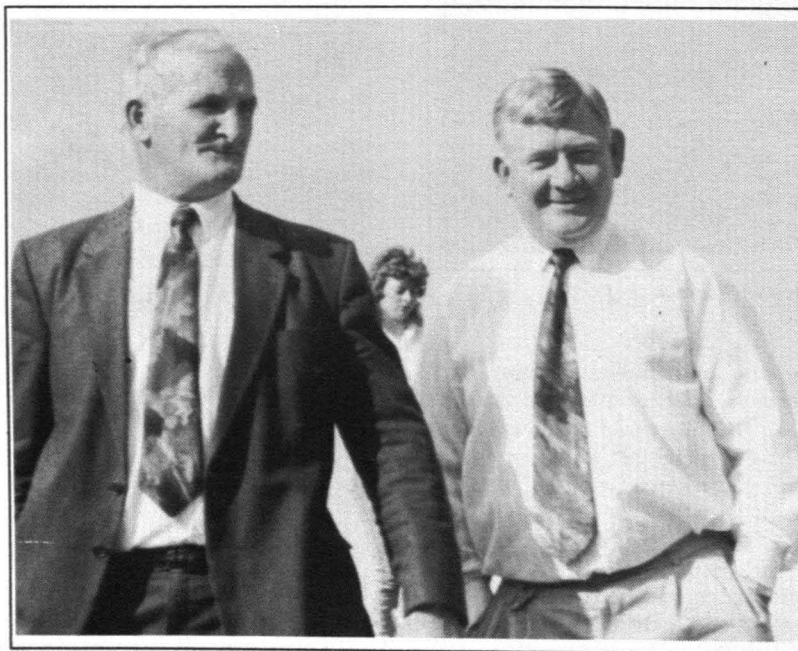
It was sometime later before the Sheaf tossing and the tug-o'-war was introduced and became a huge attraction, on one occasion the All-Ireland Sheaf Tossing Champion took part and in the tug-o'-war competitions teams took part from as far away as Belmullet and Cavan.

Over the years various attractions were added, the biggest would be the Wheel of Fortune and added to this was the sweet/mineral shop and teas. Then there has been putting competitions, throwing the horse shoe, throwing the Wellington, there was a pram race on a few occasions and, indeed, for a great many years, Barretts Amusements operated.

Maybe the novelty wore off a lot of these events and they have not been replaced by other attractions, thereby taking a lot of the glimmer and glamour out of the old-time Pattern.

It is said that reminiscence is a sure sign of old age.

■ S. DURKAN



At the Pattern, 1993 - Seamus O'Boyle and Tom McCormack.

Chamber of Commerce



Opening of the Trade Fair Exhibition by Mr. Padraig Flynn, Commissioner for Social Affairs. Pictured, left to right: Emmet Keane, Dáire Loughnan, John Dillon, Dermot Eagney, John Dillon-Leetch, Mr. Padraig Flynn, and Mr. Sean McEvoy, Chairman, Mayo County Council.

In its thirteenth year of existence the Ballyhaunis Chamber of Commerce took the bold step of employing two local graduates on a FAS - appointed Teamwork Scheme. With the help of Mr. Eddie Hoban of FAS, Castlebar, who helped in conducting the interviews, Dáire Loughnan and emmet Keane commenced work at the start of March this year. They were employed with the aim of helping in the administration of the Chamber, of doing the leg-work on the many projects the Chamber undertakes and, hopefully, to come up with some projects themselves, which might help to stimulate investment in the town in some small way.

At the annual general meeting in February last year's officers were re-elected and this year Mr. John Dillon-Leetch was again appointed President and Mr. Robert Potter-Cogan and Mr. John Halpin were re-appointed as Treasurer and Hon. Secretary respectively. Mr. John Durkan was appointed Vice-President for the coming at the same meeting. At the meeting the President outlined some of the projects which he hoped the Chamber would undertake and support in the coming

year, some of which are outlined below.

The employment of two graduates was seen as an opportunity to organise a Trade Fair for the month of July. The last Trade Fair had been held in 1985 and it was felt that a Trade Fair this year would be well supported. Using their office in the Central Hotel as a base - for which huge thanks must go to John and Carmel Vahey for their kind donation of their front office in the Central Hotel - Emmett and Dáire began working towards the Trade Fair, which had been fixed for the weekend of July 9th to the 11th. After a few scares and many early mornings the exhibition was opened on Friday, July 9th, at 6 o'clock by the Commissioner for Social Affairs, Mr. Padraig Flynn. The Commissioner was very impressed by the organisation of the exhibition and the diversity of companies which were present. The reception after the opening was enjoyed by many and was carried on later in Halpins, thus contributing to the fair opening a few minutes late on Saturday morning. Overall, the Trade Fair was felt to be a success with over 4,000 people attending it and over sixty companies exhibiting. This

success was only possible due to the help of the stewards and the support of the townspeople. Thanks are also due to the organising committee, comprised of: John Dillon-Leetch, Tommy Johnston, Dermot Eagney and John Dillon, who provided much in the way of contacts and help in persuading some clients that they would see the benefits of participating.

An Easter Parade was organised by the Chamber and ran on the Easter Bank Holiday Monday. Almost twenty-five floats, both large and small, participated with Ballyhaunis Gun Club winning a prize for best float and many people winning prizes during a fund-raising raffle held after the parade. It was hoped that some of the floats, which had been so popular during the Kiltimagh St. Patrick's Day Pageant could have attended but this unfortunately did not materialise. Many people were, however, brought into the town for the evening and some premises were kept busy all day. This success was not reflected on the balance sheet, alas, as there was a poor response generally to the fundraising raffle, which we hope will improve next year.

On April 2nd the Mid-West Newsletter was launched in John Halpin's. This initiative was started with the aim of providing a notice-board for the community and a hand-out to tourists to let them know what is happening in the area during their stay. The first two editions were very successful with many people expressing their interest in the publication. Their was some misunderstanding in the initial stages with some people under the impression that the newsletter was published by Mid-West Radio. He went on to point out that the project was entirely run by the Chamber on an essentially non-profit basis. Anyone interested in publishing their activities, advertisements or in having any articles of interest published, should contact Dáire or Emmett at (0907) 30311. It is hoped to have an issue out for the week before Christmas to coincide with a Christmas Shopping promotion, which is being planned as we go to press.

As part of its ongoing commitment

to the community, Ballyhaunis Chamber carried out two surveys in the month of August, an employment survey and a water quality survey. Both of these surveys proved very useful in the many meetings the Chamber has had with County Council representatives and with private business interests. These meetings are very important as they show to the local authority the commitment which the town has to its future. Several other initiatives have been started this year, some of which are still in the embryonic stage.

A group of businessmen, headed at the moment by John Durkan, was set up with the long-term aim of setting up an Enterprise Centre in the area. On the 26th of August last a delegation from this group went to New Ross to view a similar scheme which had been put together by the New Ross Chamber of Commerce and had been a very successful venture. This group was set up under the umbrella of the Chamber and members are very enthusiastic about the prospects for such a centre in the

area. Other developments during the year included the granting of a licence by the Minister for Enterprise and Employment, Ruairi Quinn, to issue certificates of origins to those companies exporting their products overseas. This is an important development and introduces an important service into the area for which previously companies had to travel as far as Tuam.

As you can see this year has been an exciting and successful one for the Chamber. We hope to go on to bigger and better things next year with the aim of improving the town and its environment for everyone.

On behalf of myself and Daire may I thank everyone, both in the chamber and the town, whose help has made our jobs a little easier. New members are always welcome and anyone who is interested in any aspect of the chamber, or its work, can contact either Daire or myself at our office above the Credit Union Offices, our telephone number is (0907) 30311.

■ EMMETT KEANE

Ballyhaunis Golf Club

Ballyhaunis Golf Club enjoyed a very busy and successful year under the leadership of our two Captains, Mr. Pat Martin and Mrs. Ciat Dillon.

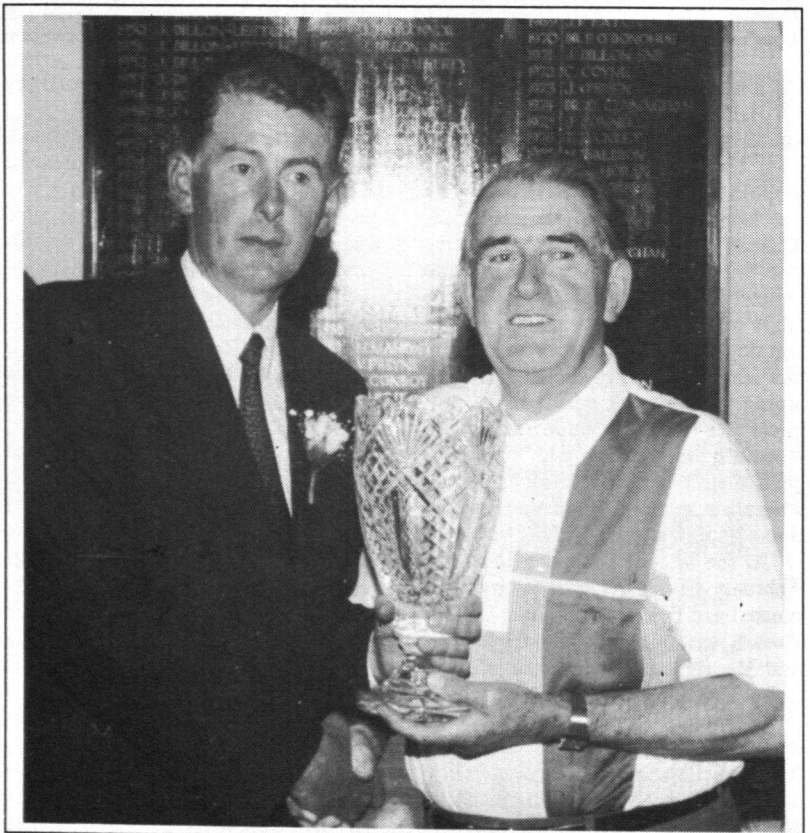
Pat Martin did an excellent job in, what was for him, a very difficult year. All the members sympathise deeply with Pat on the sad loss of his wife, Mary. May she rest in peace.

Both Captains were ably assisted by a hard-working committee, which included the President, Mr. Tom McNicholas; the Secretary, Mr. John Forde, and the Vice-Captains, Mr. John Moorey and Mrs. Ann Mahoney.

All-Weekend competitions throughout the year were very well supported with well over a hundred members taking part each Sunday. The winners of the Captain's Prizes were Paddy Laffey and Kay Buckley. The President's Prizes were won by John Scarry and May Francis Cleary, and the Golfers of the year were Paul Walsh and Fiona Prenty.

The two most improved golfers were Martin Silke and Barbara Dillon. With the club going from strength to strength and with our increasing membership, 1994 is sure to be every bit as successful as '93.

■ Fiona Prenty., PRO.



Captain's Prize, '93 – Pat Martin, Captain, presents his prize to this year's winner, Paddy Laffey.

Golden Ballyhaunis Memories

When it was suggested that I should write about my early recollections of Ballyhaunis, I thought to myself, where could I start? Which years could I remember the most about? What would be of interest to other ardent Annagh magazine readers? Hopefully, the following passages will shake a few cobwebs of the memories of the old days of Ballyhaunis.

EARLY YEARS

I was born in the Fair Green. The son of "Blue" Gavin, who worked as "Boots" in the Central Hotel, then called Waldron's Hotel. I had a brother, Tom, and sister, Maggie. A younger brother, Tony, sadly died at the tender age of seven years. My mother was Sarah Brennan. It was a very happy household. I have fond memories of the early years with my cousins, Christine Brennan, her sister, Kathleen, and their brother, Tom.

A row of terraced houses lined the Green. It was known as Moran's Terrace and housed such lovely families as the Brennans, the Webbs, Lannigans, Molloy's, Foxes, Devaneys and Plunkets, to name but a few. Most of us went to school together.

SCHOOL DAYS

School days were great fun. Rogues gallery in my time included Paddy Fox, Martin James Cleary, Sean Mugan and the Plunkets. As infants we attended the Convent school and were taught by the Sisters of Mercy. We then brought misery to the teachers of the "Masters" school. The poor unfortunates who had the pleasure of trying to drum some knowledge and sense into us were Bill Mulligan and Mrs. Cooney. The patience, and indeed, sanity of the teachers were further tested by the arrival of Mick O'Connell, Johnny McGuire and Jimmy O'Malley.

OUR PASTIMES

The Summers, then, seemed to be longer and hotter. We went to school in our bare feet and races were often organised to see which one of us could get to and from school first. Popular games included hop scotch, kite flying, marbles, played by the Church gates, and tipsy cat. Topsy cat was a fascinating game and one of great skill to a young school boy. A six inch piece of twig or mop handle was required. Many a mother would be pleasantly surprised at her son's sudden and rare enthusiasm to sweep or mop the floor, only to find that the floor was not any cleaner, but the handle on the twig or mop some six inches shorter! This piece of handle was then meticulously pared to a point at either end and laid on the ground. With great determination it was then hit by a second length of wood. When it sprang into the air a second swiping blow propelled it through the air. The first to cover a pre-set course was the winner. As one can imagine, injuries and broken windows were often left in its path. Go-kart racing was also popular. Winter sports consisted of a long slide down through the town. Most of these activities would now probably be referred to the Health and Safety Executive.

GREAT OCCASIONS

Nearly every shop in the town had a bar, so poor old dad had to stand at the bar drinking porter, while mum and the family strolled around the grocery section, picking up the weekly shopping. One of the great highlights was the annual arrival of Duffy's Circus. It paraded through the town with great displays showing the animals and the clowns. How we looked forward to that!

Another great occasion was the arrival of Ms. Mahon's Amusements with "all the fun of 'he fair", there were chairplanes, hobby horses, swinging boats and many different stalls. These were staged in the Fair Green.



Barney Davey and Mickie Gavin holding the Sam Maguire Cup in Manchester earlier this year.

Lynch's Garage and the Friary Field were the areas for great boxing matches. Some of the champion fighters were Paddy Walshe and the Moylettes. Paddy Walshe and Paddy Benson were renowned trainers of aspiring champions.

The Fair Green was the venue for great pitch and toss schools. These were played behind Veldon's Row. Veldon's Row is owned by Paddy Phillips.

The ball alley was another stadium of great sporting events. Handball was very popular and great exponents of the game emerged. Paddy Noone, Paddy Tighe, Val Morrison, Jimmy Morrison and many others are still talked about today. The Parochial Hall stands in its place now.

Bonfire nights were also spent in the Fair Green. The whole population of the town seemed to gather at the Bonfire, enjoying tea, bread and cakes. Huge flames lit up the night sky.

Mrs. Killeen had a shop, where a bag of Rainbow sweets could be purchased for a penny and a giant ice-cream could also be bought for a penny, across the road at Mr. Alex Greene's. Mrs. Green's shop has now become "Greensprint".

Bill Carney had a blacksmith's in the Fair Green, another one owned by Mick Moran was situated at the top of the town on the way to Tooraree – the home of the Tooraree Races.

About twelve Gardai looked after the town during those days, although one was not afraid to walk alone at night, even though the only illumination was by a couple of gas lanterns. It was quite a long time before electricity reached Ballyhaunis. Sergeant Conway was in charge. I remember Guard Bob Kelly, Guard Ryan and Guard Larkan. The school guard was Guard O'Connell. He certainly instilled fear into us when he visited the school. Sergeant Nally came later and took charge of the barracks. He was also in charge of the LDF during the War Years.

FAIR DAYS

One of the highlights was "Fair Day". Carts lined each side of the streets. Shops were bustling. It was intriguing to witness the bartering between buyers and sellers. My Uncle Mickey John Brennan was renowned for his great bargaining power.

At that time drinking water was collected by bucket from the "well". So I am sure that one can imagine people's concern when it was announced that a water main was to be laid, to supply

fresh water to the town. How could this be as fresh as the water available from the "spring"? However, we now know that all those acres of land which were excavated to build the reservoir and to lay the water main changed the lives of everyone. Would we look forward to a couple of miles walk for a bucket of water? I very much doubt it!

I left school at fourteen. Jobs were not quite so scarce then and I started work at the Post Office; employed as a telegram messenger. The Postmaster was Mr. Jennings. I was there a number of years, during which time my father passed away.

There were five thriving egg merchants in Ballyhaunis and an opportunity was offered to me to work for one of them, Pat Murrays. The others were P. J. Caulfields, Jimmy Byrnes, John Foudys and Milo Cunninghams. All provided travelling shops and supplied eggs and groceries to the surrounding areas. This service was invaluable to the remote farms and households. A high proportion of eggs were exported to England.

THE SECOND WORLD WAR

With the outbreak of World War II in 1939, things became very scarce, with rationing imposed on most goods. Petrol and diesel were hard hit, so horses and carts became the most common form of transport again.

In common with thousands of young men, I had to decide to emigrate to England to earn a living in the 1940s, to rebuild the war-torn cities, which were devastated by the relentless bombing missions of the German Luftwaffe. Airports, hospitals and essential services, such as electricity and water supplies were all targets. I returned to Ireland and to Murrays at the end of the War in 1945 where I resumed my old job for a number of years. It was, at least, pleasant not having to run for air-raid cover every time that a siren sounded.

I am sure that many of you will recall what has become to be known as the "Big Snow" of 1947. This was a time of another great hardship for the people and business communities of Ireland with practically every rail and road route blocked and things generally at a standstill. It was certainly dedication to duty that helped people to brave the elements to make it to work.

It was at this time that I met a young girl who worked at John Durkans, the publicans on Abbey Street. Her name was Nora Henry and

later to become my dear wife. We set up home together in a little house on Hazel Hill Road, near to the Quarry. Nora gave birth to our son, Michael, there. A new estate of houses was built at Tooraree shortly after and with the help of Dalgan Lyons we managed to secure Number 32. Michael was six months old when we moved in. Neighbours included Mrs. Mary Regan, the Brennans, the Webbs, the Dalys and the Walshes.

Michael grew up with Johnny Flannery, Michael Regan and Peg and Bernice Webb. Messrs. Carton Bros of Dublin had a branch of their egg and tea business in Claremorris and I joined them in 1953 and was employed there until they closed down the Claremorris branch in 1959. Work was almost unavailable in Ireland at this time, so I was forced, once again, to look across the Irish Sea to England to secure any sort of future for my wife and young son.

I will never forget the emptiness in my heart, the tears in my wife's eyes and the bewilderment in my son's face as we said good bye to our neighbours and dear friends. I can still see their faces on the platform as we left Ballyhaunis en route to Dublin and onwards to the unknown.

Well, thirty-three years have passed since that sad day in 1959. It is lovely to return home, to see the "old" places and in particular the "old" faces. Peg and Bernice Webb are now Mrs. Peg Greene and Mrs. Bernice Tighe. It is comforting to visit Peg, Mickey and Tom Daly and Alfie Webb, who still lived in Tooraree.

Most of the shops have changed in Ballyhaunis. the corporate image has had to improve with the times, but the warm welcome is the same now, as it was thirty-three years ago.

Mid-West Radio now broadcasts loudly and clearly across the airwaves. This is a phenomenal boost to Ballyhaunis. How many of our young lads in 1941 could have envisaged this? I wish that it was in existence when I was a young man in the town.

Another great asset to modern-day Ballyhaunis is the annual festival. During this time, the place is "alive".

I love to return as often as I can. There may have been a few changes to the face of the town, but the character is the same now as when I was growing up. I think that you can take the person out of the town, but never the town out of a person.

■ M. GAVIN,
Manchester.

To school across the hills

sugar-coated, which turned the countryside into a silent fairyland, which made the Winter-time so different. There is an old saying that Winter in the country without snow, is like Summer without the rose. My "Winter Wonderland" was to vanish that first Winter as I plodded to school over the snow-laden hills in the sharp frosty air. We had an old school rhyme that went like this:

"In snow walk fast, in frost walk slow,

*When frost and snow come together,
Stay at home and save shoe-leather"*

The bad weather was never a reason for staying at home from school then, unless there was a blizzard and the roads became impassable. Sometimes I think it must have been a healthy lifestyle, when I think of all the hardship we endured we were seldom ill, as I recall. Before braving the elements my mother made sure that I had a good nutritious breakfast. The lunch and a bottle of cocoa packed in the bag and was well wrapped in my woollen clothing for this expedition. Swinging my satchel over my shoulder, I set off at a brisk pace down an old boreen, which was little more than a cart-track, winding between stone walls, hawthorn hedges and briars. The only sounds were the rippling of a stream, or the cries of the curlews on their flight from the bogland. The well-worn paths I had to take were used by generations of people before me. It was a short cut to the public road and was the most tedious bit of the journey. There were two isolated cottages along the track. There lived at the time two elderly men in the first cottage, which was almost surrounded by high stone walls and gates. Close to the cottage and path they kept a vicious dog chained to a cart wheel. He would bark furiously as I ran past. Morning and evening I dreaded passing by that savage-looking dog. From there the old stony path wound across the hillside and through a shapeless expanse of rock and heather. Another elderly man lived in the next small cottage which nestled in the shelter of the hill. His family had emigrated and he was left there to grow old alone. By the time I arrived at his house he would be brewing up his first cup of tea of the day. He suffered from arthritis, which he would call "the old rheumatics". I would ask him how he was as I peered anxiously at the old eight-day clock on the wall. Often I brought messages from him to neighbours, who in those days were kind and caring and came to the aid of any old person living alone.

Many of us have vivid memories of the place we went to school – of our teachers, our school pals or the long weary road some of us had to travel each day. My own memories of school days are many and varied, for instance, I can still remember how hard it was to get up in the grey light of dawn to walk well over three miles to and from Coolnafarna National School, where I received my early education.

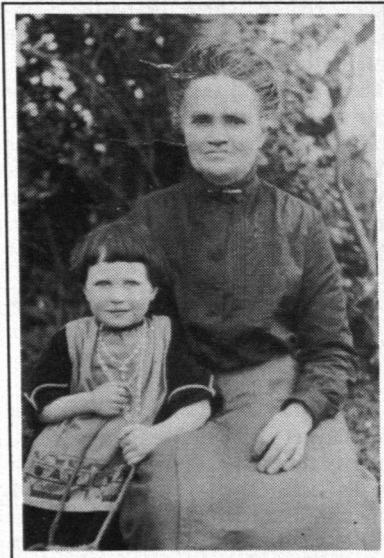
For many years I trudged in all weather carrying my books in a satchel on my back, because that was the only way of getting there. After all, not for us, busses and cars from door to door like the fortunate school children of today. Time has changed a lot since then and mostly for the better too. The introduction of school transport came as a welcome change, especially for school children living in remote areas. Who would have imagined a generation or two ago that today our village school children would be travelling by

bus to their lovely modern schools in town. Sometimes I wonder if those school children realise how lucky they are or do they take it all for granted and imagine that it was part and parcel of human living for centuries.

We must remember that one hundred years ago motorised transport was only a mere dream, yet today our roads are jammed. This seems to be the age of change, even the weather has improved. The Winters in my childhood were more severe than they are now. From early November to March bitter winds blew from the north-east, snow frosted the hill tops and lay deep in the valleys, and ice made the roads treacherous. As a young child I used to think that the first fall of snow was a magical event – you go to bed in one world and wake up in another. After scraping off the "frosted ferns" that patterned the window glass I gazed on a real Christmas card scene. The sparkling white snow everywhere, the trees seemed to be ice-tipped and



Coolnafarna School, 1930s – Back: J. Jennings, M. Flynn, Mary Freeley, Sally Mulkeen, P. Naughton, M. Flatley, P. Flynn (R.L.P.). Front: Billy Mears, Annie Fitzmaurice, Una Gribbin, Breege Mullarkey. (Photo courtesy Agnes Heany.)



(Mrs.) Mary Freeley (R.I.P.), and granddaughter, Mary Freeley-Suhly, age 2 years (1930s). Pic. courtesy Agnes Heaney.

Still following the well-beaten path through small stone-scattered fields, climbing over walls and ditches, I came to the next village where the path ended in a stile bordering the bye-road. Here, two school girls usually waited for me. If they had to go earlier, they would let me know by leaving a small stone on the stile. Then I had to proceed alone down a long and lonely road through a wind-swept bog which continued downhill, dipping steeply into a valley known locally as "Frossie", a landscape of wild rugged scenery as far as the eye could see. I well remember the tangle of hazel-wood running alongside the bye-road that offered a supply of tasty nuts in Autumn. This stretch of road was a well-known stopping place for generations of the travelling Ward families. Every Summer they made their camp in the valley, their pie-bald horses and donkeys grazing by the side of the road, or the "long acre" as it was sometimes called. Goats and dogs were tethered to up-turned carts, barefooted, ragged children ran about while the older people sat around a big blazing turf fire. At first I was scared walking past them, but they were friendly and would always ask me for the time. They would stay in this area for a while, the men selling their tinware to the farmers, while the women begged for food and clothing. Then they would move on whenever the mood struck them, and only the grey ashes of the camp fire and discarded clothes betrayed where they had been. Then everything was peaceful and remote

once more.

A few lines just came to my mind:
 "I'm weary of mist and dark,
 and roads where there's never a
 house or bush,
 and tired I am of bog and road,
 and the crying wind and the
 lonesome hush"

The road led down to Scrigg village where I joined a number of school children. One of the girls, Mary Freeley, was my school companion. She lived with her grand parents in a pretty thatched cottage with its gable end to the road. We were in the same class at school and most evenings we walked home together. If the evenings were very cold or raining, her grandparents invited me into their house for tea. I always accepted the offered hospitality because I knew that I was welcome and was soon made to feel at home. I can still recall the delicious aroma of cooking that filled the air. In quick time I got a big mug of strong sweet tea – the best tea I ever tasted – from the old brown earthenware teapot, with a plate of home-made treacle bread, spread with freshly churned yellow butter.

It was great to relax in that cosy kitchen, and stretch my weary feet to the open fire, listening to the flames crackle, and the wind sighing down the chimney. I have many cherished memories of my visits to that happy home and the great hospitality of its people.

After spending many years in America, Mary returned recently to visit her old home in Scrigg. We spent an enjoyable evening together recalling the "good old school days" and our class mates who have now gone their separate ways, or who are no longer with us.

Every morning on our way to school we met the postman, Jim Byrne, as he toiled on his high bike the steep hills and stony roads. I can remember looking forward to my first day at school with excitement and apprehension, until I met my first teacher, the late Mrs. Lena Mulligan. I can still see her gentle smile as she shook hands with each newcomer. After showing us to our desks she gave us sweets and some educational toys to play with. Her kindness helped to make my long walk bearable, and school more acceptable. She was special, a patient teacher, reading lovely biblical and nature stories to our class, which left a deep impression on our young minds. She was responsible for encouraging our spiritual and creative development. The "Memorare" (Remember) was one of the many lovely prayers that she taught us and I still recite it daily. Everyday our attention was directed to the observance of the beauty of creation, like the flowers, birds and the little lambs. The classroom was always made stimulating and attractive with flowers of the current season, especially for the altar in May. A memory



Left to right: Una Giblin-Walsh, Mary Freeley-Suly, Agnes Mullarkey-Heaney.



Whose the man with Joe Hosty – Mayor Daly and Joe Hosty in Chicago this year. Pic. courtesy Joe Hosty.

that will always be with me from my school days was our May-day celebration. The "Queen of the May" was always chosen from the First Communion class, dressed in her white dress and veil and adorned with flowers and ribbons. All the children joined in a Marian procession saying the Rosary and singing the beautiful hymn:

*"Bring flowers to the fairest
Bring blossoms the rare-est"*

May was always a month of hope when we looked forward to the long Summer holidays. Occasionally, our parents gave us a little pocket-money for sweets. Then at lunch hour we would run to Baby Moran's shop for a penny worth of toffees. The children of today would be envious indeed, did they know what we could buy for a penny then. We got at least twelve or thirteen sweets. Bulls eyes, liquorice pipes or conversation lozenges were other favourites with school children in those days. I used to enjoy walking to school when the countryside was bright with the radiance of Spring, the season of new life, its bright sunshine, lengthening days and cheerful flowers made it a time of joy and promise. The miracle of Spring, when we think of all the generations of people who have grown old and passed away, while every year the Spring has renewed its youth.

Thinking back again, I remember that the Summers of our childhood

were filled with constant sunshine and warmth, when time stood still. At least it didn't seem to fly by so quickly as it does today. In those golden halycon days my cross-country walk was more interesting. Men and women working in the fields and bogs greeted me as I went by. The old traditional custom was to say "God bless the work" – You too, they answered. If we got thirsty on the way we knew the location of practically every spring well in the area and, of course, we knew where to find the bilberries, luscious blackberries and nuts, the free bounty that nature provided. In those days pollution was a far-off cloud in the horizon. We knew every field on our way and what could be found in them.

Coming from school one Summer's evening I found a lake in the village of Leow, a bog lake with rushes about it and set in a rocky landscape. My grandfather told me its history. He said that in his youth he helped neighbours save turf where the lake is now, then one day, when the bog was coming to an end, two men were going to have a fight for the last bank. They decided they would go home for their dinner first, leaving their barrows, sleans and even their jackets after them, but when they returned the lake was there. Sometimes I would take a short-cut home by this "mysterious" lake and it was pleasant to loiter after being cooped up in the classroom all day, to

sit on a flat stone close to the water's edge contemplating on the reflections of the bushes and deep blue sky in the water and watching a pair of swans floating in picturesque beauty on its surface, while the scent of bog myrtle hung in the still air.

We cannot stop the moving hand of time but each and every one of us have our own treasured memories of our schooldays, when the simple things of life made us happy. Our old school was demolished some years ago, but those of us who were privileged to have passed through its classrooms owe a debt of gratitude to its teachers, and this exceptional, but not forgotten school that gave an inspiring start to life for many, and who now look back with great fondness on those memorable bygone days.

■ AGNES HEANY

Ballyhaunis Bridge Club

The Bridge Club was first founded in 1962. Its first captain was the late Dr. Eamon Waldron, who held the office until 1965 and its first President was the late Fr. T. Rushe, who held that office until 1968.

The club has gone from strength to strength since and now has about seventy members. We meet every Tuesday night in Albertos, Main Street, at 8 p.m., and there is a special night for beginners on Thursday night but all are welcome to attend either night.

The Captain this year is Mr. Michael Cameron; President, Mrs. Peggy Henry; Treasurer, Mrs. Corrine Flatley, and Tournament Director, Mrs. Angela Joyce. The major competitions of the year are the Captain's Prize, the President's Prize, the Bankers' Night, very kindly sponsored by our local banks, and the Murphy Cup in honour of the late Mrs. May Murphy, Devlis, who initiated a lot of us into the game of Bridge.

The winner of the Captain's Prize, '93/'93 was Mrs. Angela Joyce, and the winner of the President's Prize was Mrs. Nuala Denny. New members are always welcome and if you enjoy a game of cards and a sociable night out, do come along and join us.

■ JOAN FLYNN,
Hon. Secretary.

Cór na nÓg '93

At the beginning of September, 1992, we were back at school again for another year of work. We were in sixth class and we had our own choir, but this year we were also joining the National Children's Choir.

There is a concert which occurs every two years and children from all over the country take part in it. There is also a local concert wherever the local choir live before the main concert in Dublin. We had to learn twenty-three songs of all sorts and of many kinds. The difficult part was that it had to be learned in firsts, seconds and descants, which took a long time to learn and took a lot of practice.

Sometime during April we were asked to sing solo onto a tape. Three people would be picked to sing in the Concert Hall in Dublin where two or three pupils from each school that had learned all the songs would sing together. Two weeks later the results came back, everyone wanted to be picked, and for once the whole class was quiet as Sr. Rosario, our teacher, read the letter. For descants Emma Kirrane, for firsts Rachel Cleary and for seconds Jennifer McCafferty. Everyone clapped and congratulated us.

We would go to Dublin the day before and stay the night in a girl's house who would also be singing in the Concert Hall. There was one let-down when Sr. Rosario said that Rachel and Emma would be staying together and Jennifer would be on her own in another choir member's house.

We weren't too happy but we had no choice. On the 27th of May we had our local concert in Roscommon, it was fantastic. Mr. Sean Creamer conducted us, he was also the organiser of it all in every part of the country.

On the 16th of June we all met at the town station to go to Dublin. Sr. Rosario came with us. When we arrived we were met by one of the teachers from a Dublin school. She brought us to our houses and we said goodbye to Sr. Rosario.

We met again the following morning for rehearsals in the Concert Hall. When we first saw it it was huge with thousands of empty seats in front of us. We practiced for two hours. That evening we said our goodbyes to the people we were staying with and went to the Concert Hall at 7.30 p.m. Everyone was in their uniforms and everything was neat and tidy.

We went on stage at 7.45 p.m. and sat down in our seats. Families and friends were coming in at the same time at 8 o'clock. Mr. Creamer appeared from the side and there was a great applause for him.

We sang beautifully and everyone enjoyed themselves. It ended at about 11 o'clock. It was kind of sad to think it was all over. We met our parents afterwards in the reception area and talked for a while, then we got photographs taken. We were all glad that we had taken part and we would like to give a special thanks to our teacher, Sr. Rosario Waldron, who put everything she could into it and making us sound so good. We hope she will continue to do this for many a year to come.

■ JENNIFER McCAFFERTY
RACHEL CLEARY
EMMA KIRRANE.

The Abbey male choir

The past year has been a busy one for the choir. The highlight was our singing at an open-air Mass in the restored Augustinian Abbey in Ballinrobe. We also performed in the concert in aid of the Mayo/Roscommon Hospice, as well as at several weddings. In August we combined with the parish choir to sing at the Novena in Knock.

New members are always welcome and practices take place after 11.30 Mass on Sundays.

Members are Michael Grogan, Georgie Hannan, Luke Murray, Vincent Healy Snr., Michael Keegan, Mick O'Connell, Michael Egan, Dermot Eagney, John O'Neill, Brian Byrne, Michael Byrne, Paul Donnellan, Sean O Domhnaill, Eamonn Murren, T. J. McCarrick, Jimmy Walsh, Michael Lyons, Anthony Curley, Paul O'Neill, Vincent Healy Jr.

Our organist is Darragh Eagney and our musical director and conductress is Nuala Fitzgerald. We would also like to thank Maria Judge for her help during the year.

■ E. MURREN



Teacher, pupils and parents at the National Concert Hall for a concert given by the National Youth Choir. St. Joseph's Convent School, Ballyhaunis, was the sole representative for Mayo, left to right: Tina Kirrane, Emma Kirrane, Sr. Rosario Waldron, Mary Francis Cleary, Rachel Cleary, Helene McCafferty, Jennifer McCafferty.

Ballyhaunis Pilgrimage to Lourdes

July 20th - July 25th, 1993.

It all began in 1991 when Anne had two serious operations, February, 1991, and again in April, 1991 (brain tumour). It was such a traumatic time during and after these two weeks that we decided if everything went ok we would make a pilgrimage to Lourdes that year. We got our passports and got on a trip with a group from Portarlinton. They were lovely and we had a great time there, but Anne was very sick during the trip. There was one big disadvantage on that trip, namely that the flight arrived in Dublin Airport at 1 a.m. and we had to mess around the airport until 7 a.m. when we got a bus into the train station.

We went again in 1992 with a group from Rathvilly, Co. Carlow, and

this time thoroughly enjoyed ourselves but the same problem of arriving at Dublin at 1 a.m. arose. We decided there and then that we would organise a pilgrimage of our own the following year. We had the contacts in the Cara Holiday office so we knew we could get a good deal on a trip to Lourdes if we dealt directly with the tour operators.

The wheels were put in motion in March, 1993, and we were informed we could get a plane to come Knock Airport if we could guarantee 60 peo-

ple. We were quoted a price of £330 inclusive of all taxes, etc., which would be saving about £70 on what we had paid in previous years. A massive advertising campaign began consisting of notes in the local papers, plus a circular to every church I could think of in the West of Ireland. A lot of dioceses had their own pilgrimage arranged so were not interested. Another big blow was that a Connacht Pioneers pilgrimage was to fly out from Knock on the next day to our flight, so we were fighting a battle from the beginning, but decided to persevere.

The dates were fixed for 20th-25th July and the 'phone started buzzing with enquiries about the trip, most of them genuine, but the odd call just making enquiries about how we could run it so cheaply and that the weather would be too hot. We arrived at 40 and the scheme just seemed to stick in gear for a while, but due to some help (from above I have no doubt), we started rolling again and when the big day came we had arrived at 64.

We were to have the remainder from a Dublin diocese but they were a few short so we made up for them by being over our quota. Fr. Costello, who was our P.P. for so many years, was given a free ticket as was Sr. Assumpta, who had her Golden Jubilee during the year. Nothing that Anne or myself had ever done in our lives gave us as much pleasure as being able to do something for Fr. Paddy Costello and Sr. Assumpta, who had given so much of their lives to the Parish of Annagh. We must have been the proudest couple in Ireland as we stood on the tarmac at Knock Airport in front of our banner (generously donated by Fr.



Ballyhaunis Pilgrimage to Lourdes, July, 1993 – Congrats on a job well done, Murt and Anne Hunt watched by Sr. Assumpta and Jim and Christina Fraine.



The Ballyhaunis party pictured with their beautiful banner in Lourdes

Costello), with our very own pilgrimage group to Lourdes.

After a delay of two hours at Knock due to the original plane breaking down we finally got off the ground about 9.30 p.m. overloaded with calories from all the cups of coffee and tea and cream buns. We had a lovely flight and made up some time in transit and arrived in Lourdes Airport at 12.30, which was 1.30 really as France is one hour ahead of us. We were brought to the Hotel Mediteranee by two coaches and I recognised the bus driver, Lulu, and our courier, Fionnuala, from the previous year. The rooms had been allocated previously and we all were in bed happy but tired by 2 a.m. with the assurance we would be woken for breakfast at 9 a.m., a bit of a lie-in as we were going to bed so late.

Our schedule for Wednesday was to be a very light one. All were down in the diningroom by 9.15 and after the usual Continental breakfast, which we knew by now consisted of orange juice, croissants and numerous cups of tea or coffee, we headed off behind the banner for mass at 10 a.m. in the Seven Dolours Church. It is very important for everyone to follow the banner for the first day or so until one gets used to the routes and crowds.

After a lovely Mass at the Seven

Dolours it was down to the Crown Virgin Statue in front of the Basilica for a photo session of the entire group. The Crown Virgin Statue is a famous meeting place for groups. It is a large statue surrounded by circular railings enclosing the most beautiful flowers and shrubs. The railings are completely covered with wreaths and bunches of flowers being left there all day by pilgrims from all over the world.

Then it was to the baths where one has to queue for a long time to get in. There one has to undress, go down some steps into the water, be gently submerged and say a little prayer to Our Lady and St. Bernadette. There is something wonderful about the baths as one feels so refreshed afterwards. The usual routine is to go to the baths three days in succession.

Then it was back to the hotel again for lunch at 12 noon. A wonderful meal was served each day and not one person complained. Anne and myself had chosen this hotel ourselves having been there the year before and been looked after so well. A bit of a rest afterwards was recommended by Fionnuala, our courier, as we had a busy schedule the next day. So we decided not to participate in the procession of the sick at 4 p.m. and opted instead for the candlelight procession at 8.30 p.m.

So after dinner at 7 p.m. we all assembled outside the hotel behind our banner, which was carried by Thomas Caulfield and myself for this auspicious occasion. From then on we could assemble each night under the arches beside the Basilica in our little part of Lourdes. The candlelight procession in Lourdes is the most moving, fulfilling experience available. To see the crowd weave its way like a giant snake along avenues around the Basilica is something out this world. As the multitude of every race and creed under God's rising sun sung those beautiful hymns and raised their candles skywards, and recited the rosary in every language on earth, a feeling of peace, joy and love descends on all and sundry. The crowd is accommodated at the end of the procession in the large square in front of the Basilica whilst the banner bearers bring their banners up the Basilica steps where they stand side by side in reverence to Our Blessed Lady. What a strange feeling to see "Ballyhaunis 1993" and "Pobail Connaught" mingling with banners from dioceses in Africa, US, etc. Our banner was the focus of much attention and, dare I say in all honesty, it was one of the nicest ones there. Thanks again, Canon.

As I said before, Thursday, 22nd July, was to be the busiest schedule of

the entire Pilgrimage. At 9 a.m. sharp the coaches were outside the hotel again to bring us to Bartres. A visit to Bartres, a small village three miles from Lourdes, is a "must" for all pilgrims. Here Bernadette was fostered by Marie Aravant and later worked as a shepherdess. It is chiefly a farming community and the "farmers" amongst us were admiring the crops of maize, sheepfolds and charolais cattle along the route. The house where Bernadette lived is still there and there is a souvenir shop in one room. The best souvenirs were probably the photographs of Bernadette's bedroom where she knelt and prayed each night so many years ago.

Then it was up the hill to the little church where Bernadette learned her catechism. A mass had been arranged for our group in this little chapel so close to Bernadette's heart. Sr. Angela was put in charge of the hymns and a lovely job she did as leader of the choir, which included the odd crow here and there. I was delighted to be asked by Canon Costello to do one of the readings and felt so proud to do so. Canon Costello gave so many beautiful homilies on this trip but this one in Bartres was exceptional and indeed brought tears to many eyes. A few prayers at the grave of Marie Aravant and it was back to the coaches and a look up to the sheepfold on the hillside where Bernadette tended the sheep so carefully in those days long ago.

A stop was arranged at the Lake of Lourdes on the way back. There some sat on the chairs and relaxed in the beautiful sunshine, others went out on the lake in dinghies and paddle boats, whilst others partook of refreshments, both alcoholic and non-alcoholic and still others went for the chocolate cakes and black forest gateaux on display without checking on the prices first.

After lunch we assembled at the Crowned Virgin Statue again for the Stations of the Cross. The choice was optional, one could do the High or Low Stations. The Low Stations are on the flat along by the banks of the River Gave, whilst the High Stations go up thousands of feet in the air. Canon Costello was put in charge of the Low and Fr. O'Toole, who was with the Dublin group, was in charge of the High. A very big group came on the High Stations with us, including our video man, Seamus Durkan. It made his day as when we were on the second last Station at the summit of this mountain he spotted a scouts' camp in the valley below which he duly checked out the following day. Once a



Showing the flag, Fr. Costello and Sr. Assumpta on the Lourdes Pilgrimage, July, 1993.

scout, always a scout is the old saying and Seamus certainly remembered camping there in that same valley about 35 years previously with a group of scouts from all over Ireland. Anyways the Stations of the Cross finished up okay having survived the steep ascent up one side of the mountain and the steep descent down the other. We were passing by the Confessional Chapel on our way back to the hotel so some of us took advantage to get confessions. There were confessionals to suit every language so we were soon accommodated at an English-speaking one.

At four o'clock we were under the Arches again for the procession of the sick or Blessed Sacrament Procession. It seemed simply amazing that so many hundreds of handicapped were assembled together again from every country in the world. The deformities that some of those people had was beyond description and still they were happy to be at Lourdes seeking solace if not a cure from God, His Mother and St. Bernadette. This procession usually takes an hour until all the invalids and sick are pushed and wheeled and assisted to the square in front of the Basilica where they are lined up in rows for the blessing of the sick.

Dinner, again at seven o'clock, had a special extra this evening as we had a cake baked especially for Canon Costello and Sr. Assumpta to celebrate their Golden Jubilees. Again it was comparable to the parable of the loaves and fishes, how a cake so small could feed so many, because everybody got a

sample. The torch light procession at 8.30 that evening was optional on account of the busy day's events, but needless to say most of us attended. That evening we met Cardinal Hume.

Friday, 23rd July, we had our Mass at St. Bernadette's altar beside the main entrance to the Basilica. It was a beautiful sunny morning and all were in fine voice for the singing of the hymns. Many pictures were taken by complete strangers of our colourful group and banner, and we got many enquiries about where we came from. We went to the baths again before returning to the hotel for lunch. We all realised by now that in "Piscines Hommes" were the men's baths and "Piscines Femmes" were the ladies' baths and had nothing at all to do with men's and ladies' toilets.

A walking tour of Lourdes was arranged for after lunch visiting all the places of interest in Bernadette's childhood. In the Boley Mill we saw where she ate and slept and prayed and helped her father operating the mill. Indeed she was born here and we saw the bedroom where she was born and everything was preserved just as it was around 1850.

We went to the cachet (a single room) where the family lived during the time of the apparitions, when they had fallen on harder times. One can not imagine a family living, eating and sleeping in a cell but an independent observer had stated at that time that there never was one argument or raised voice in that cell between the family members.

Some went to the markets afterwards which are situated just above the cachet. Here traders sell all kinds of items to the public. The biggest bargains are in jewellery and leather goods, but one has to wrangle with the dealers to get a good price. Anne and myself went to see the font where Bernadette was baptised. The original church was burned down but the font was rescued. We strolled in after Canon Costello and he explained to us what all the French writings (to do with Bernadette), meant in English. Only then I discovered that he could speak eight different languages. "How a head so small could carry all that he knew" (Goldsmith).

Saturday morning after breakfast and it was coach time again as we departed for the excursion to the City of the Poor. This was to be highlight of the tour as our Mass was celebrated in a little sheepfold which is an exact replica of the sheepfold where Bernadette tended her sheep. The flag stoned floor, thatched roof, wooden

beams and dried sheepskins, would remind one of the olden cottages in Ireland of yesteryear. The anointing of the sick was done after Mass and all were in praise of the priests, singers, readers and organisers afterwards. A guided tour of the city took place afterwards. The Cité Saint Pierre is evidence of the Church's decision to favour the poor. Bernadette (the little poor girl of Lourdes), wished for this, as did the Bishop of Lourdes and Mgr. Rodhain, who founded it in 1956. The Cité Saint Pierre welcomes the favoured of God, families, men, women, young people and the children who come to Lourdes but are unable to pay hotel expenses because of the burden of poverty, exclusion and injustice. It is run entirely by volunteer labour from all over the world, plus donations and sponsorship. The 18 hectare estate contains six guesthouses with 500 beds, 1 self service restaurant, seating 160 people, one open-air Cathedral for between 500 and 5,000 people; 5 places of worship, accommodating 500 people; 3 conference rooms with from 100 to 500 seats. Since its inauguration in 1956 more than 600,000 pilgrims have been welcomed and more than 5,000,000 meals served.

Sunday morning, 25th July, and we were to be down at the Grotto at 6 a.m. for our very own Mass but there was a mix-up in times, etc., and we finished up with Canon Costello concelebrating Mass with the Pioneer Pilgrimage leader from Galway. We had all our own little prayers of the faithful to read but they had to be forfeited. But my disappointment was lessened somewhat when I was asked to hold one of the four umbrellas for the four priests administering Holy Communion. Later on we had the procession to the Grotto with our very own candle which we were assured would burn for many days after we were gone home to Ireland.

There was an optional tour to Gavarnie later on that morning and many took the opportunity of going on it. Situated 32 miles from Lourdes, Gavarnie is a picturesque village high in the Pyrenees. Here you will be interested to visit the old 14th century Church built by the Knights of Malta. You can enjoy a nice walk along by the River Gave to see the highest waterfall in Europe, from which the River Gave takes its source. Also an interesting shopping area which can be recommended.

Sunday was rapidly drawing to a close and it was coming near going home to Knock time, so we went down to visit the Grotto for the last time

before departing and to fill our containers with Holy Water from the taps. The Grotto never seemed more beautiful and there is something peaceful and serene about it that will allow you to concentrate on prayer and thanksgiving. The Shrine is preserved as it was in 1858 when Our Lady appeared to little Bernadette and the spring that Bernadette scooped from the earth on that February day, still flows as clear and as freely as it did then. The old crutches and the new crutches hanging on a rope there are testimony to the cures down through the ages.

We were soon waving goodbye to Lourdes as our Boeing 747 took off on time at 11.30 to arrive in Knock at 1 a.m. The sweet tones of the Ave Maria seemed to linger on in our ears as we

jettied out over the ocean. Most of the party shed tears on the flight but tried to conceal them as best as possible by joking and laughing amongst themselves. But everybody had their memories not all of the religious kind. There was the memory of the sing-song in the hotel lobby each night, the card games, having one of the "Clancy Brothers" with us on the trip, the craic in the diningroom, and, for Anne and myself, the wonderful generosity of the group for the beautiful presentation to us. But life must go on and it was soon back to the bogs again. But at least Mayo had won the Connacht final in our absence. And if we feel down we always have the beautiful video of Lourdes to look back on.

■ MURT HUNT

Is there a doctor in the house ... take your choice!



Doctors all ... Dr. Gerard Waldron, Knocknacarra, Salthill, with his mother, Mrs. Beryl Waldron, and brothers, Dr. Michael, Dr. Ronan, Dr. Brendan, Dr. David, and sister, Dr. Dymphna, after he was conferred with his MB, B.Ch., B.A.O. Degrees at UCG yesterday. Absent when this picture was taken were three more brothers, also doctors, Dr. Sean, Dr. Brian, Dr. Mary and Science graduates, Beryl-Anne and Claire, both sisters.

It looks like the Waldron family from Knocknacarra might be set to enter the Guinness Book of Records ... for ten of Mrs. Beryl Waldron's children are doctors!

Ronan (the eldest of the family), Sean, David, Mary, Brendan, Brian, Pat, Dymphna, Michael and Gerard are all practicing medicine, while two other members of the family, Claire and Beryl-Anne, are science graduates.

Mrs. Waldron, whose late husband, Ronnie, was a doctor, does not seem very surprised that ten of her children became doctors. "I feel they admired their father because he was a very car-

ing person and they always seemed to be interested in medicine as a career."

Mrs. Waldron brought up her twelve children single handedly since her husband's death eighteen years ago.

Gerard, the youngest of the family, who received his medical degrees last week, was only five years old when his father died.

Mrs. Waldron says she is very proud of all her children. "They never gave me any trouble and they were always good and kind to me."

Mrs. Beryl Waldron is sister of John O'Brien, Main Street.

In 1970 my late and dear friend, Ted Webb, wrote an article about the Ballyhaunis Racecourse in the St. Patrick's College magazine, "Lorica". In the same issue Eamonn Healy wrote an article about the "Holywell Races". The following article is taken from information in "Lorica", plus further data which I have taken from the archives of the "Western People"

Ballyhaunis Racecourse



Ballyhaunis Races in the mid-'thirties in the new Tooraree Racecourse.

The Ballyhaunis Racecourse was situated in Toraree. It was a testing course that covered seventy-five acres in area. It stretched from Glynn's land to Prenty's and the finishing post and grandstand were near where Emmet Keane's house now stands. The "Western People" of August 5th, 1916, described the course as one with "all the best of grass going and all bush fences."

The first meeting was in 1866. The last meeting was held on September 7th, 1916. The racecourse closed because the land was allotted in 4 acre plots to local farmers. The seventy-five acres was divided by the District Board after they bought it from the owner, Mr. John Crawley.

Prior to the last meeting several advertisements appeared in Tuam and intermediate stations. There was a special evening train departing to Dublin at 7 p.m. Horses were carried free under certain conditions.

The entry fee to the meeting was five shillings which allowed one access to the grandstand. On the final day the weather was good, however, fields were on the small side. The "Western People" reported ... "that 'the feature of the day'

was the treble success gained by the Eastwell stable. Mr. H. V. Linehan made his debut as starter and his dispatches were all that could be desired. The efficient secretary, Mr. John J. Waldron, J.P., had all the arrangements for the meeting in excellent order."

All the races carried prizes of 25 sovereigns and it was ten shillings to enter each race. The winners on the last day were Nellie Mac 10/1, Princely O'Neill 10/1, Dooley Ooley 1/3, Yours Only 3/1, Scotch Wolf 1/1, Happy-go-Lucky 2/1.

The stewards of the meeting were H. L. Fitzpatrick, Martin Curran, A. F. Crean, C. J. R. Clarke, John Lyons, M. B. Costello, Edward Webb and L. J. O'Reilly.

The officials were – Handicapper, General Waldron; Auctioneer, Mr. J. C. Fitzmaurice; Treasurer, Ulster Bank.

Due to a row over rent with John Crawley a number of meetings were transferred to Holywell. On July 26th, 1894, a meeting was held at Austin Crean's land in Holywell. It is estimated that about 6,000 spectators attended and a stand which held 300 was specially built for the occasion. The winner of the first race was a horse called, "Sir Isaac" and other winners were "Weird Cooper" and "Pickwick Papers". The next meeting was held on June 24th, 1895, and 2,000 people attended. "Sir Isaac" was again in the winner's enclosure. There was also a local winner at this meeting. This horse was called, "Holywell Cottage", and rumours were rife that the owner refused to sell the horse for £180.

There is no clear reason why the Ballyhaunis Course closed. Some said it was over rent, while other said the local farmers were demanding that the land be divided. Whatever the reason for the closure, Ballyhaunis lost a great amenity. Flapper meetings were held up to 1937, but these did not generate the same interest, although several good stories have emerged from the flappers, but that is for again.

■ E. MURREN



Studying form – Eamon Murren, Pat Donnellan, Eamon Meath. Pic. courtesy Pauline Curley

ADVERT IN "WESTERN PEOPLE"



Ballyhaunis Races,

On Saturday, 4th July, 1931,

Under Irish Racing Association Rules,
OVER THE NEW TOORAREE COURSE

President: Mr. James Byrne.

Vice-President: Mr. P. J. McGarry.

Treasurers: Messrs. Ml. Curley and Milo Conway.

Judges: Messrs. John Gallagher and J. J. Coyne.

Clerks of Scales: Messrs. Patk. Kenny and Thomas Flatley.

Clerks of Course: Messrs. Michael Greally and Thomas Forde.

Stewards: Peter Hannon, John Conway, Austin Crean, Solr.; Dr. Smyth, Dr. Waldron, M. F. Waldron, L.L.D.; John D. Leetch, Solr.; E. W. Kelly, Churchfield; F. E. McNelis, Manager Ulster Bank; H. E. Grennell, Manager National Bank; John Durkan, P. P. Waldron, M.P.S.I.; M. Walshe, Solr.; Paddy Smyth, Pat Neary, B. Curran, Feamore; John Byrne, P. J. Caulfield, P. Jennings, Postmaster; James Waldron, Main St.; B. T. Lynch.

Handicapper: Mr. E. Condell, 18, Bective Terrace, Cabra Road, Dublin.

Starter: Mr. Peter O'Malley.

1st Race: 1.30 p.m.: Ladies Plate of £15, out of which second horse receives £3. Distance 1½ miles. Entrance fee 7/6.

2nd Race, 2 p.m.: Farmers' Plate of £10, out of which second horse receives £2, and third £1. Confined to within a radius of 4 Irish miles of Ballyhaunis, and to agricultural horses, not winning any previous race, owned by bona-fida farmers from 1st January, 1931.

3rd Race: 2.30 p.m.: The Ballyhaunis Plate – an Open Handicap flat, £20; out of which second horse receives £3. Distance, 2 miles. Entrance fee, 10/-.

4th Race: 3 p.m.: The Toraree Plate. For ponies, 14 hands and under. Confined to within a radius of seven Irish miles of Ballyhaunis. Stake £7; out of which second receives £1. Distance, 1½ miles. Entrance fee, 3/-.

5th Race: 3.30 p.m.: Visitors' Plate, £10; out of which second receives £2, and third £1. Confined to ordinary draught horses within a radius of 8 Irish miles of Ballyhaunis. Distance, 1½ miles. Entrance fee 5/-.

6th Race: 4 p.m.: Traders' Plate, Open Handicap, £15; out of which second receives £2. Distance, 1½ miles. Entrance fee 7/6.

Free stabling for all horses competing at the meeting

Entries close on Saturday, June 27th. No entry will be accepted after that date.

Notice to Owners: The Handicapper wishes to draw attention of owners to the fact that any unregistered horse or pony which is not properly described, and whose previous performance and full particulars are not given, will be placed at the top of the Handicap. Application for Registration Forms should be made to the Secretaries.

The Committee shall not be responsible for any loss, injury, or damage which owners, jockeys or horses may sustain, not for any accident that may occur to any person on the Course, and Entries will only be accepted and admission granted to Course on these conditions.

Any horse not at starting point at the appointed time will not come under the Starter's notice.

JAMES CARNEY & P. BYRNE, Hon. Secs.

Trains are being run at specially reduced rates from the following Stations: Athlone, Ballina, Westport, Ballinrobe, Tuam and Sligo. (See Railway Posters).

A DANCE WILL FOLLOW IN MCGARRY'S HALL.

Coming Meetings: Crossmolina, 9th July; Strokestown, 2nd July.

Fine Gael

There is nothing like the prospect of an election to focus the mind of political activists. So when on the 5th November, 1992, the 26th Dail was dissolved and polling day fixed for the 25th November it was all systems go for Ballyhaunis Fine Gael.

An early meeting in the Scouts' Den and under the able and astute directorship of John Prenty, a comprehensive election plan was put in place. By the eve of the election every house had been knocked on, every hand shaken and the party message sold through a variety of channels – canvassing cards, election addresses, advertisements in the Western and Connaught and, of course, panel discussions and news slots on MWR NWR. The local branch took a certain pride in the fact that 'our man' Jim Higgins was also figuring prominently on the national scene, taking part in the popular current affairs tv. programmes 'Questions and Answers,' Cursai and Today Tonight.

The less than favourable opinion polls, however, did hover as a grim background reminder that nothing nowadays can be taken for granted. There was no need to worry, however, as on the day local Jim Higgins streaked to the top of the pool for the third election in succession with 7,631 votes, was elected on the first count and got the third highest Fine Gael vote in the country. As Shadow Minister for Education he features on Oireachtas Report virtually every week.

The Derrylea, Logboy and Tulrahan branches held another annual outstanding social in Keane's of Cloonfad. The guest speaker on this occasion was Senator Madeline Taylor Quinn.

The national collection was deferred by two weeks to accommodate the training fund for the Mayo team. When it took place on the last weekend in August it showed an increase of 20% on last year.

June 9th sees yet another election, this time the election to the European Parliament with outgoing MEP, Joe McCartin seeking to be returned to Brussels for the fourth successive occasion.

■ JOHN MOONEY,
Chairman, Ballyhaunis
Fine Gael Branch.

Land of welcomes?

The following is a fine letter penned by Mr. Harry Lamberth, Devlis, who passed away on November 10th of this year. Written in November of '84, this was a contribution to the Gay Byrne hour with reference to a call by a Yorkshire person who found that Ireland had not lived up to its reputation as an island "of the welcomes". Harry pointed out the very positive experience in Ballyhaunis of him and his late wife, Ethel. The reference to a supermarket bag is about one from a "Gaybo's" supermarket chain in Spain. Researcher, Julie Parsons, wrote back on behalf of Gay Byrne, asking him also to do a radio interview, as a follow-up to reading out his letter. However, Harry, an unassuming man, declined the offer.

Dear Mr. Byrne – My wife and I have recently returned from Fuengirola on the Costa del Sol in Spain and although we knew you were an enterprising young man, we were surprised to find you had a flourishing supermarket there as the enclosed bag indicates! Staying in an apartment, we shopped there regularly as the prices were very competitive.

Seriously, though, we thought we would send you the bag 'just for the crack', as you Irish say!

Apropos to the enquiry from your listener in Yorkshire last week, you may be interested in our experience.

My wife and I are Londoners (born and reared), and always worked there until our retirement at 65 in 1974 when we came to live in Ballyhaunis to be near our only daughter, who is married to a local man she met in London. We had no Irish connections prior to this and had never set foot in Ireland even for a holiday.

On her return from her first visit to our daughter in 1964, my wife told me "When you retire, we are going to live in Ballyhaunis!", so taken was she with the friendliness of the people and the place.

From our very first visit we were always treated as if we were natives with greetings of "Welcome Home", etc., so that when we eventually came to live here it was like 'coming home'.

The people of Ballyhaunis have a

reputation throughout Mayo (at least), for their friendliness and we appreciate that we are fortunate in settling in a very small town and that our reception might have been quite different in Dublin, Cork, Limerick or other large cities.

I could go on at length about the many kindnesses we have received and still receive from neighbours and shopkeepers.

Incidentally, we are not Roman Catholics, but what might be regarded as 'lapsed Protestants'. We have friendly relations with the P.P. and specially with the Fathers of the Ballyhaunis Augustinian Abbey with whom we have a good rapport. Most of our friends in London thought we were mad to come here. Some, we feel, even regarding us as "traitors", but after ten years we still have no regrets.

We haven't visited London for six years and as far as my wife is concerned, she says it wouldn't worry her if she never saw it again! After we were married we lived in the same house (not far from Epsom) for thirty-eight years, were very happy there, but left it without a pang to come to Ireland. We remember what London was like before World War II and are shocked and saddened by how sleazy and shabby it has become, particularly the West End where we were regular theatre goers.

Although we are loathe to offer

advice, as circumstances differ so much, we feel it is most helpful for the newcomer to "make the first move" with a smile and a 'Good morning'.

We are regular listeners and viewers to your radio and television shows and particularly enjoy the debates on controversial subjects on the Late, Late Show and admire your courage in presenting some of the emotive issues. We share your love of jazz, especially Dixie-Land and Trad. I first became 'hooked' as a teenager in the 1920s, listening every Saturday night to the Savoy Orpheans and Savoy Havana bands relayed by the BBC from the Savoy Hotel. Following them Jack Hylton, Jack Payne, Henry Hall, Gerald, Roy Fox, Harry Roy, Ambrose, Edmund Ros, Lew Stone, etc., etc., not to mention the popular American bands of that era. Benny Goodman being a special favourite. I had better conclude before you nod off (if I am not already too late). Wishing you Good luck!

Slainte,

HARRY LAMBERTH.

St. Vincent de Paul Society

This year was a special one in our society's history. Our founder, Frederick Ozanam, was declared Venerable by Pope John Paul. A special Mass of thanksgiving was offered in Tuam. We are now praying for his beatification.

We continue to give financial and moral support to people in need. Your generosity is greatly appreciated. "Even a cup of cold water given in my name shall have its reward."

We were saddened by the departure of Canon Costelloe – our Spiritual Director since 1977. We thank him for his wit, wisdom and spiritual counsel. We wish him every happiness in his new parish. We welcome Very Rev. Fr. Cooney, P.P. We hope he will be very happy among us. We miss Sr. Dymrna, who is a great friend of the poor, from our meetings. She is with us in spirit and we wish her a speedy recovery. We hope that Sr. Rosario will be back to us next year.

Two new members joined us this year. We would also welcome others. We meet every Wednesday night in the sacristy at 8.30 p.m.

■ MATT O'DWYER, Secretary.
LUKE LAWLER, President.



Children of Joe and Kay Healy, Annagh, attending Primary School, June, 1993 – Laura, Alan, Rachel, Aidan and David. Pic. courtesy Gerry Cribbin.



Six members of the Kilconne family, Station Hill, who attended St. Mary's Primary School this year. Front, left to right: Eddie, Edelle, Brenda. Back, left to right: Brian, David and Paul. Pic. courtesy Jim Lundon.



Ballindrehid Stations – Mary Healy, Kay Healy, Delia Flanagan. Pic. courtesy Mary Healy.



Clare Street ladies celebrating at Patricia Curleys. Left to right: Anna Fahey, Maisin Meath, Mairin Cleary, Maura Gribbin, Delia Grogan. Pic. courtesy Robbie Herr.



1893 or 1993 – the answer is in Knockbrack. Pic. courtesy Mrs. Delia Grogan.



Alice Lyons and Maureen Cleary.



Getting train to the first Ireland v Northern Ireland match in Dublin in March, 1993. Tadhg Buckley, Mickey Curley, Robbie Herr, John Collins, Joe Grogan.

Ballyhanis to Guilers under Sail

In the Summer of 1992, the biggest ever gathering of traditional wooden boats from all over the world took place in Brest about 10 kilometres from Guilers, the twinned town of Ballyhaunis. I decided to take the Kinvara-based Galway Hooker to the event to represent the West of Ireland.

The Galway Hooker is a traditional sailing boat which evolved in design over the past two hundred years to suit the Atlantic waters. The boats were used to ferry turf from Connemara to the southern shores of Galway Bay and the Aran Islands. I remember three boats as a young child coming into the pier at Kinvara discharging their cargoes of turf; the "bádóirí" would often have to wait around for a few days to get the best possible price for their load, or perhaps until the weather

would improve sufficiently for them to return to Connemara with groceries, sheep or cattle bought at the local fair. Unfortunately these boats became used less and less as the roads in Connemara improved and trucks came on the scene. However, the traditional sailing of the boats didn't die, and I was fortunate enough to learn some of that tradition from the old "bádóirí" who still sail the waters of Galway Bay. It was unusual that the Galway Hooker would travel outside the environs of Galway Bay, but nowadays, with improving technology of navigation, it is becoming more common to undertake long passages. Luckily a few of these graceful boats have survived to the present day and are sailed and maintained in the old ways.

On the 4th July at 20.00 hrs. we passed the lighthouse at Inisheer in the

Aran Islands heading southwest. The boat ploughed gracefully through the Atlantic swell, carrying full sail in an even force 4-5 westerly – the crew of eight were eagerly preparing for their first night at sea, having put in weeks of preparation for the voyage – having organised the crew into two teams of four to work a rota over the following few weeks at sea. I, myself, decided to get forty winks before taking over the "dog watch" from midnight to 4 a.m. I was just beginning to nod off when I felt the boat lurching and heard an almighty thump on the deck above me. I rushed out on deck to find that our mast had broken in a sudden squall; all the rigging and sails were in the water. My first reaction was to check that all the crew were on board and safe. For a short while we could not locate my brother-in-law, Paddy Egan, and I feared he might be in the sea, trapped in the rigging or underneath the sails.

Fortunately we found him, fast asleep in his bunk, totally oblivious to the unfolding drama. Once there had been nobody lost or hurt, I didn't care too much about the damage. It was still day light as we pulled the tangled mess on board; after some reorganisation we were able to switch on the engine and swing 180° for Kilronan in the Aran Island. Was this to be the end of our much anticipated trip to France? I experienced the same feeling as I had recently when watching the North of Ireland scare in Windsor Park!

We must have looked a dejected sight as we entered Kilronan Harbour. However, not to be defeated, I telephoned Raidió na Gaeltachta and soon word went out around Connemara that we were looking for a replacement mast. The man who had built the boat contacted me to say that if I found a suitable seasoned tree, he would have a mast fashioned and ready within twelve hours. But to find such a stick at short notice would be very difficult. Our problem was solved when a good friend of mine, the skipper and owner of the "American Mór", Tom Dairbe O Flathearta, offered me the loan of his own mast, as his boat was not currently being used.

Early next morning we left Kilronan for Coladh Thaig near Carraroe, and finally pulled in at 11.00 hours. Everything was ready and waiting for the changeover. There was a crane to lift out the broken mast and install the replacement. A generator was to refashion the "partners", which is the sailing beam and main support for the mast. The whole operation was completed in six hours. One of our crew,



"Mac Duach" with crew and friends in Douarnenez.

Victor, from Russia, couldn't believe that the Irish could be so well organised!

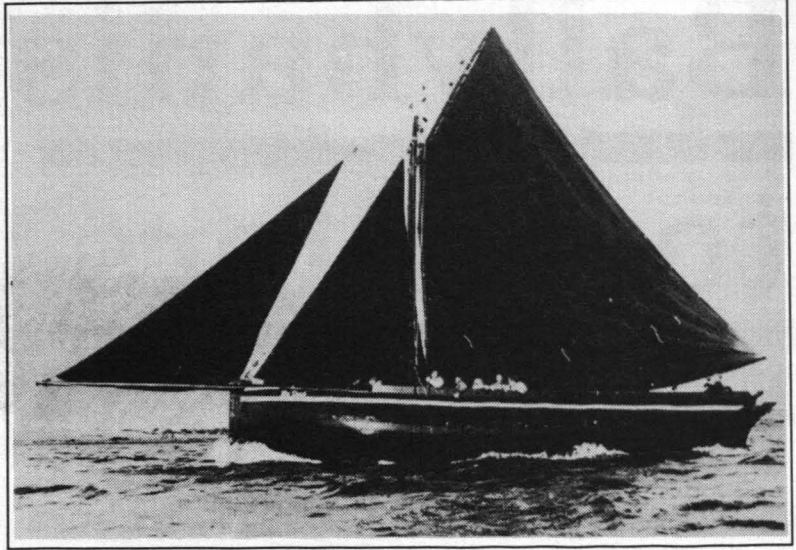
It seemed that all the seafaring people of Connemara were gathered on the pier to see us off again as we departed for France with renewed hope in our hearts. We lost not only 24 hours, but also one of our crew members, who reckoned he'd had quite enough excitement for one Summer.

The next morning we passed Loophead at 3.15 hrs. and on towards the Blasket Sound as the sun was rising over the mountains of Kerry. We were already one day behind schedule for the beginning of the regatta in Brest. Therefore I decided that if the weather forecast was favourable and having plenty of provisions on board, we would push on non-stop for Ouessant. On board we had a mixed but experienced crew. I was skipper; John Beag Ó Flaitharta, musician and skipper of the "Mac Dara"; Mick Kenny, a well-known banjo player and a whizz kid on computers and navigation; Micheál Linnane from Kinvara, skipper of the "Traonach" (The Corncrake); Victor, from Moscow, who had sailed Olympic standard in the USSR; Paddy Egan, my brother-in-law, who had done numerous trips with me. The other members were also very experienced.

Three days and nights later we pulled into Lampaul, the main port on the Island of Ouessant, having had favourable northerly winds and an uneventful passage from Carraroe. That night we played a few tunes on board (the pubs were shut), and Victor decided that we were entitled to a taste of real Russian vodka; we had no trouble getting to sleep later!

The next day, having had a look around the island, which looked like a modern version of Cape Clear, we departed for Brest at 1500 hrs. In the distance we could see craft of all shapes and sizes converging from all points of the compass. As we got closer we came on a school of whales. I identified one tallship, the Norwegian barque, "Stoatrad Lemkhül", which I had sailed on in 1990 from Tromsø to Bergen. There were Thames barges, a Chinese junk, a Viking longboat which sailed from Norway, a replica of the original ship Columbus sailed into the new world (complete with dirty sails and motley crew). It was an incredible sight to behold.

We were given a berth alongside the other members of the Irish fleet, who were all from the east coast. However, there was to be no rest – who did



"Mac Duach" before being decked in.

I hear calling from the pier but our own Bernie Freyne, along with half the population of Guilers. The hospitality for the next few days was well up to the usual Guilers standard. I met many old friends and, of course, we had no problem with laundry and accommodation, etc. While in Brest the starter motor of the boat engine died but we were saved by a farmer from Guilers (Fanche Quingius), who helped install a replacement from an old Bedford truck – such are the advantages of twinning!

The scene at Brest was incredible, but there were too many boats and separators for comfort and three days was enough. I was happy when we left for Douarnenez, the fishing port South of Brest on July 15th. The weather was beautiful as we sailed south with the flotilla. Douarnenez is a pretty port which has become famous internationally for holding traditional boat regattas. I cannot talk of Douarnenez without mentioning my friend, Con McCann, who influenced me to make this trip. He, himself had travelled in 1986 in his own hooker, the 120 year old "Connacht". Unfortunately, Con and the "Connacht" were both lost off the Down coast on the 28th July, 1989.

We had some very good sailing in Douarnenez, but we also nearly lost the boat on a foul mooring; however, that is a story for another day. It delayed our departure by a further day, but the crew had got accustomed to these hiccups, so we took it in our stride.

We left Douarnenez on July 20th in favourable weather – the Irish fleet had already gone on ahead of us. For the

next four days at sea we had winds ranging from Force 3 N-NW to gale-force 8 SW. The journey home was a bit hairy, to say the least. I heard on the radio that the rest of the fleet had had to pull into the Scilly Isles because of the bad weather. At midnight on July 22nd the boat clocked up her fastest ever speed of 12 knots, which is exceptional for a 20-ton hooker.

It was a tired but happy crew that pulled into the village of Glandore in West Cork at 11.00 hrs. on the 24th, in time for the Glandore Classic Regatta. It was a great change from the crowds of Brest and Douarnenez, and we won our race in Glandore, beating the "St. Patrick" by a half boat length after three hours.

With two extra crew from the locality, we left for Kinvara and had some great sailing, passing between the Cow and the Bull and through the Blasket Sound, the home of Peig Sayers. Then on by the coast of Clare into the familiar waters of Galway Bay. We couldn't resist the temptation to pull into Monks' Pub in Ballyvaughan for pints and seafood chowder before departing on the final leg of our journey to Kinvara.

To say the least it was an eventful 25 days in the life of the "Mac Duach" and left myself with a few extra grey hairs.

Next Easter I am going back to Guilers with a delegation from Ballyhaunis to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the twinning of the two towns. I haven't decided yet if I will travel with Brittany Ferries or stick with the old reliable, the Galway Hooker!

■ MICK BROGAN

Continued trivial pursuits of the '30s

Cycling for pleasure became an obsession with me during my early years, when I worked for John Gallagher at 2 Main Street, Ballyhaunis, during the 1930s.

I purchased my first new bike from B. T. Lynch (Bertie's father), for the nominal sum of seven pounds. It was a beautiful Humber model of the latest type, with all the usual extras. I must say it attracted a good deal of interest outside the local church on Sundays. I really believe that a new car today would probably attract less attention than the new bike of the 'thirties. It was still the era of the horse and the ploughman and the farmers took great pride in working and caring for their farmlands.

As we pedalled our way throughout the outlying districts of Ballyhaunis, Beken and Logboy of an evening in the Springtime, we had the opportunity of observing the farmers at first hand, actively employed in preparing and cultivating for the various crops.

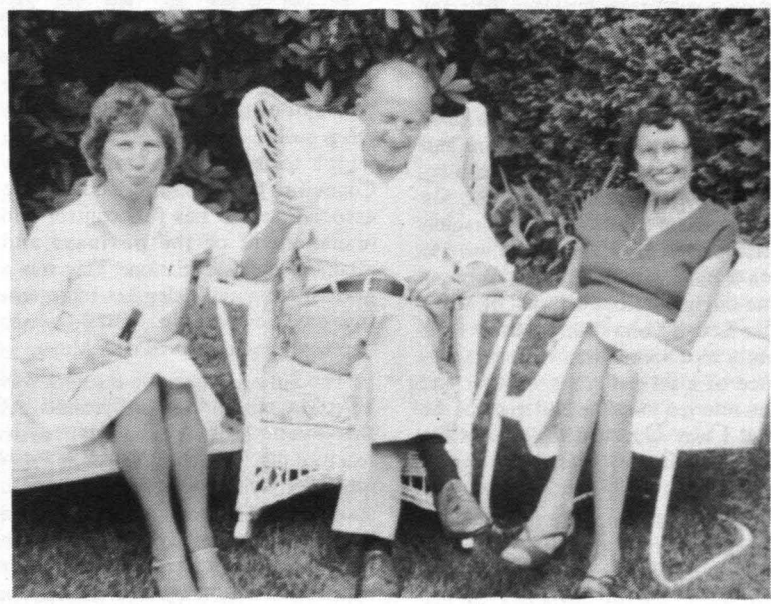
I felt that nothing adds a more human note to the landscape than a ploughman and his team making a lonely furrow. Machinery, however, has taken the place of the old fashioned plough and of the patient animals that used to drag it. We didn't have to worry about pollution in those times and there was no problem of our environment being at risk.

Similar idyllic scenes may have inspired the 18th century poet, Thomas Gray, as he surveyed the rural landscape from his vantage point when he penned the following opening lines of his great poem – "The Elegy":

*"The Curfew tolls the knell of
parting day,
the lowing herd winds slowly o'er
the lea.*

*The ploughman homeward plods,
his weary way,
and leaves the earth to darkness and
to me."*

I am back on the bike again with Fred Herr, who worked next door in



John Healy with his sisters, Peggy and Kathleen, 1987

McGarry's. We planned our annual holidays to coincide with the Galway races. So we took off one morning and travelled light except for our swim suits, which were high necked black costumes, fashionable at the time, that bore some resemblance to a habit. As our friends came along to see us off they were trying to discourage us from such a long journey.

They said: "You'll never make it," and we thought that they were right, but we kept on pushing onward, because I hoped we might. And they shook their heads in wonder, that we lacked the sense to quit. But I held my chin up higher, and we didn't mind a bit.

We encountered no difficulties on the road and as the weather was calm and dry we found ourselves in Tuam in a few short hours. We called at Cahill's hardware shop to see my friend, Martin Bailey, who went to

work there when he left Gallagher's, where he had previously served his apprenticeship.

After some food and other refreshments we were on the road again and it wasn't long before we had ourselves settled into a B&B accommodation in Salthill. The charge was only five shillings per night, and we settled for tea and cakes with the compliments of a decent landlady. After putting away our two-wheelers in the turf shed at the rear of the premises, we made our way together with our swim suits to the nearest bathing spot at upper Salthill. Now, suitably attired we dived in and thrashed the waves for a couple of hours. As we came ashore we found that we were just in time to save our clothes from the incoming tide.

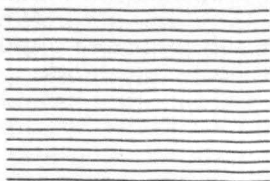
So, with our energy restored, we made our way to Eyre Square where all the action was taking place and Toft's Amusements were the centre of attraction. We met several people from Ballyhaunis, and one family in particular were the McDonnells who used to

live in Abbey Street, before they all moved to live permanently in Galway. They were delighted to meet us and to be brought up-to-date with the latest events in the town. Particularly, as one of the girls used to do a "line" with Alphonsis Carney who had worked as a barman in Gallaghers. His brother, Jack, worked next door in what was then Michael and Joe Freeleys. When the Freeleys retired the place was sold to Thomas O'Boyle, who returned from America with his family and carried on a successful business there for a considerable number of years.

Incidentally, Jack Carney was a talented footballer and played with the Mayo senior football team in the early 'thirties. He later moved to Ballina and started his own business in a partnership known as Carney and Hunt. On my occasional trips to the Sligo region I often parked my Humber and went to have a chat with Jack. The Carneys came originally from that part of Mayo in the Lough Conn district beside Pontoon, a nice scenic area with an abundance of mild mountain heather and often referred to as the Killarney of the West. I was saddened to learn of the death of J. Carney a few short years ago. R.I.P.

Finally, I'd appreciate the privilege to include here a short verse of a beautiful poem by Percy French, and to dedicate it to the memory of my mother:

*"For when you're really tired,
having done your level best,
When the story's nearly ended,
and the sun sets in the West.
Then you'll lie down very gently,
and the weary will find rest,
and I fancy you'll deserve it, later
on.
Later on, later on,
Though the many friends have gone,
Sweet lips that smiled and loving
eyes that shone,
through the darkness into light,
one by one they've winged their
flight,
and perhaps we'll play together,
later on."*



■ JOHN P. HEALY.

Ballyhaunis

I.C.A. Guild

Nineteen ninety-three has been a stimulating and eventful year for our guild. We began the year by preparing, in conjunction with other guilds, for the Council meeting which took place in Ballina. The Council is the governing body of the association and has full control and management of the business and affairs of the association. This was a great success and delegates representing each county in Ireland were impressed and delighted with Mayo.

The Spring Federation meeting was hosted by our guild in Ballyhaunis. At this event Mrs. Veronica Freyne received the "Chain of Office" as President of Mayo Federation. Veronica, a stalwart campaigner for women and the family, is currently working for the National Committee of Consumer Affairs and is now by right of office a member of the National Executive of the Association. We wish her a happy and successful three-year term of office.

In May a number of our members attended our ICA College "An Griannan" in Co. Louth. Courses were taken in calligraphy, leatherwork, painting and sketching and other leisure activities. An enjoyable and profitable time was had by all in this splendid haven of peace, beauty and tranquility.

At our annual general meeting in June great tribute was paid to Mrs. Margaret Kenny, who has been our President for the last three years. A presentation was made to her with the grateful appreciation of all the members.

Our newly elected President is Mrs. Maura Fitzmaurice, and we look forward to the next three years under her leadership. A special word of thanks to our Secretary, Mrs. Mary Donnelly, who is the linch-pin of the Guild. We welcome as our treasurer Mrs. Angela Waldron.

Through the ICA women all over Ireland are in constant touch with the

I.C.A. President



Mrs. Veronica Freyne, President, Mayo Federation ICA Guild, and member of the National Executive of the Association.

government at national and local level. We work for peace, international understanding and goodwill.

Our meetings take place on the second Wednesday of each month at 9 p.m. in the Horse Shoe Inn, Abbey St. We cordially invite the local ladies to join in the benefits and friendships forged through ICA.

OFFICERS

President: Mrs. Maura Fitzmaurice.
Vice-President: Mrs. Margaret Kenny.
Secretary: Mrs. Mary Donnelly.
Treasurer: Mrs. Angela Waldron.
PRO: Mrs. Catherine Carney.

Annagh Wheelers

On the 10th September, 1992, a group of people gathered in Mike Byrne's in Clare Street to form a cycling club. The people present were Michael Cleary, John Cleary, Bernard Jennings, Eddie Campbell, Brian Corcoran, Dessie Woods, Martin Connery and Michael Byrnes. Apologies were received from Michael Flanagan and Brid Cleary. Officers and committee were set up and the following decisions were

taken. The club to be known as Annagh Wheelers and it would cater for racing cyclists and leisure cyclists. The club colours are to be Black and Red. It was agreed that we apply for affiliation to the FIC (Federation of Irish Cyclists).

On 1st of January, 1993, we were accepted into the FIC. We also applied for and got July 18th, 1993, as a date to run the Annagh Grand Prix, this was a race that was opened to licenced

cyclists. On 18th January we took part in the FIC Regional Meeting in Hollymount to discuss a race series for the coming year. We agreed to hold four of those races – 27th April, 22nd June, 3rd August and 26th September.

On the 14th March we took part in the first of the Mayo Race Series, run by Hollymount in Castlebar. To our great delight Michael Cleary came in first in this race and in doing so he recorded our first win in our first race.

Eddie Campbell came in third with Tom O'Toole, Bernard Jennings and Dessie Woods arriving in the main group. There was also a vet's league run. Next on our agenda was a club outing and for this we decided to take on the Mara-Cycle from Dublin to Belfast and back on the 26th and 27th June. Thirteen members took part – Siobhan Byrne, Paula Moran, Bernie Jordan, Marie Campbell, Martin Connery, Eddie Campbell, Brian Corcoran, Bernard Jennings, Brid Cleary, Michael Cleary, R. O'Driscoll, B. O'Driscoll, Donal O'Sullivan. It was a great achievement to have cycled 200 miles in two days.

The Grand Prix proved to be a great success with one hundred and eight registered cyclists taking part from all parts of the country. The overall winners were – 1st, Pdraig Mooney, Ballinrobe; 2nd, Ken Maye; 3rd, Ashley Clancy; 4th, Derick Joyce; 5th, Jim



On your bike ... Eddie Campbell, Mike Byrne, John Cleary, Martin Connery, Bernie Jennings, Des Woods and Brian Corcoran.

McCullagh; 6th, K. Fox. 1st placed junior was Aidan Flanagan; 1st unplaced veteran was Martin Connery; 1st lady was Paula Moran.

Our next outing was at the Western Regional Time Trial for Veterans in Castlebar and here Bernard Jennings won a silver medal by finishing second. August 6th Martin Connery won 1st unplaced Vet. at the Castlerea Grand Prix. August 21st Michael Cleary came in 7th overall in the Vets two-day in Oranmore. On September 7th Michael Cleary won the Western region Vets league and Bernard Jennings took 3rd place.

Martin Connery won gold in the Western Region Road Race Championship for Veterans held in Galway. On September 12th Martin also won gold in the Western region hill club for Vets and Michael Cleary won silver.

Needless to say we are very pleased with our victories, what we are short of is young cyclists. We would ask parents to encourage their children over ten years to join Annagh Wheelers. We will teach them to cycle properly and the rules of road cycling. All you child needs is a road worthy bicycle and a helmet. We also want older people – anyone between 10-100 to join our leisure cyclists, which go out every Sunday at 11.00 a.m. for a few miles to keep in shape and see the beauty of our countryside. Following on our success in the Maracycle this year the club plans to give its members and anybody interested the chance to push their personal best distance cycled in a day to new heights in 1994.

We will be organising a day-long continuous cycle of the Knock-Claremorris-Ballyhaunis circuit (25 miles), and hope that at least some of the participants will manage 10 circuits. The idea will be that people are invited to join at any stage and complete as many circuits as they are able, hopefully achieving a personal best in the process.

We feel that this event has the potential to raise considerable sponsorship for the Hospice movement, as well as being a satisfying challenge to cyclists.



■ MARTIN CONNERY
Hon. Secretary.

Ballyhaunis and District Credit Union



Credit Union float at the Easter Parade, left to right: Maura Murphy, Rita Lundon, Francie Mulhern, Helen Lyons and Pat O'Connor.

The past twelve months has seen the continued growth of the Credit Union in Ballyhaunis. Membership has increased to over 1,250 and shares have grown to almost £700,000 that's a 30% increase in the year. Some of the highlights of the year, in no particular order were:

Catriona Biesty became the first person to win through to the All-Ireland final in the annual poster competition. Some of the Credit Union personnel changed their profession for the Easter parade.

Maura Fitzmaurice retired as a director after 10 years. A presentation was made to her to mark the occasion. Frances Mulhern was co-opted to the board to fill the vacancy.

It was decided, because of the continued growth in business, to appoint an office administrator, and to expand our opening hours. The post was advertised and the interviews were conducted by an independent panel. As a result Miss Kathleen Meenan has taken up the position. As and from the

5th December our new opening hours will be: Monday, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.; Tuesday, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.; 3 p.m. to 5 p.m.; Wednesday, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.; 3 p.m. to 5 p.m.; Thursday, closed. Friday, 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.; 3 p.m. to 6 p.m.; Saturday, 11 a.m. to 1 p.m.; 8 p.m. to 9 p.m.

The Education Committee have started collection points in St. Mary's and St. Joseph's National Schools and later hope to do the same in other schools in the area, in order to get the children into the habit of saving regularly while still young.

The members of the Board of Directors for the past year were: Pat O'Connor, Chairperson; Pat Fitzgerald, Secretary; Helen Lyons, Treasurer; Rita Lundon, Helene McCafferty, Aidan Kelly, Paddy Brennan, Mary Frances Cleary, Marie Murphy, John Tuohy, Eileen O'Brien, Ina Freyne, Maura Fitzmaurice and Frances Mulhern. Supervisors: Barry Butler, Patricia O'Connor and Mary Rudden.

■ PAT O'CONNOR

Feile na nGael 1993



Mick and Eileen Dunne presenting Keith Higgins with Special Medall, sponsored by Tom Eagney. Pic. courtesy Peter Higgins.

Following the outstanding success of Feile '92, the hosting of Feile na nGael, 1993, presented our club and underage hurling with a challenge of further rejuvenation and a goal towards even higher standards. The participation of seven Mayo clubs also helped significantly in promoting the game within the county. Since 1970 Feile has grown to be hurling's most successful promotional vehicle. The huge 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 our young people from all thirty-two counties of Ireland. Ballyhaunis Club are privileged to have hosted such an event for two successive years.

Feile Officers in Ballyhaunis were as follows: Chairman, John J. Hoban; Secretary, Peter Higgins; Team Manager, David McConn; Selectors, John O'Neill and Peter Higgins.

Feile Committee: Gerry Lyons, Ann Curley, Fr. Martin Greaney, Ray Lucey, Aine Whelan, Eugene Morley, Jim London, Paddy Ryan, John O'Neill and Mayo GAA County Secretary, John Prenty.

The panel of players was forwarded in October, 1992, and training com-

menced at that time for this very special event in June, 1993. Initially further development of our GAA pitch was also a major priority. From April of this year many devoted Club members gave their time and energy – building, painting and landscaping. Our sincere thanks to all concerned.

During the week prior to Feile special school visitations were organised. Highlight of this programme was the visit of TV and sporting personalities, Mick and Eileen Dunne, to St. Mary's N.S. they got a great welcome from local dignitaries, teachers, parents and pupils. Thanks to Paddy Ryan and Aine Whelan for accompanying the personalities throughout Mayo.

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. Particular thanks to the many households who opened their doors to the visitors and made them so welcome. Special thanks also to Mr. Jim London, who organised this mammoth task with ease once again.

Weekend entertainment was shared with our neighbouring

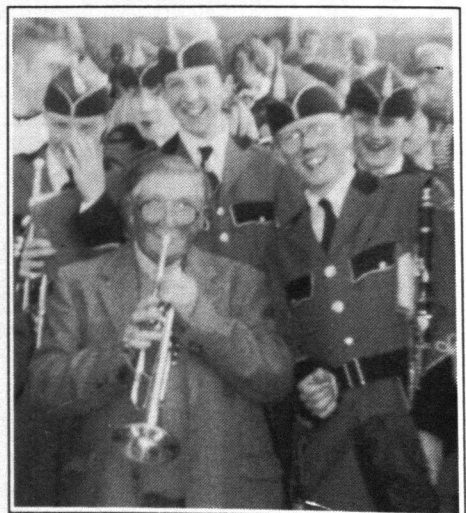
club, Tooreen. The Ladies' Committee deserve particular praise for the manner of preparation and layout of meals for twenty-two teams and officials on final day in the Scouts' Den. At this point special mention must again be made to our many generous sponsors. In particular we must mention Avonmore and Paddy Ryan, Super Valu. We also thank the local community for their financial support given to the Feile Under-14 hurling team sponsored walk, which was a great success.

Highlight of the weekend was the parade of twenty-two teams and officials. This was organised in a first-class manner by John Prenty and John Biesty and other members of the club. A huge crowd enjoyed the occasion of splendour which was led by the Artane Boys' Band. The parade was received at The Square by GAA officials from club, county and national level.

Finally, many thanks must go to Ballyhaunis GAA Club for hosting Feile, also the local community for their support and special thanks also to Mayo County Board and Secretary, John Prenty.

The Ballyhaunis panel of players who performed admirably, were as follows: Seamus London, Dermot Murphy, Robert Morley, David Murphy, Gerry Neenan, Paul McConn, Michael J. Nolan, Paul Finn, Michael Ryan, Anthony Lyons, Don Regan, Michael Bourke, Derek McConn, Johnathon Kilduff, John Gallagher, Shay Walsh, Michael Walsh, Gareth Delaney, Vincent Healy and Thomas Murphy.

■ DAVID MCCONN.
JOHN J. HOBAN.
JOHN J. KELLY.



Christy Dignam of Killinaugher, photographed with the Artane Boys Band when they visited Ballyhaunis in June, 1993. Christy was a student in the Christian Brothers School in Artane from 1933 to 1939. Pic. courtesy Christy Dignam.

Gurteen

We are in the next village to the town although we are almost two miles away, but a big part of Ballyhaunis is in Hazelhill townland, our adjoining village. Gurteen, the small tillage fields, would have been a suitable name at the time it was named, which must be some centuries ago.

But with the coming of modern farm machinery and modern earth movers the face of the place soon changed as most of the fences were moved. The little field would have suited when all the cultivation was done with the spade, the smaller the field the less discouraging it was. In a census of the village taken in 1901 it shows there were 25 farm families, all living off the land, when there were little or no hand-outs and, of course, no EC grants. That census shows there were about 120 people, now there are 34 persons. The 335 acres is farmed by half a dozen of us with half that again farmed outside the village by a few of our younger and more progressive farmers. So the fields and the farms have got a lot bigger and the people a lot fewer as has happened all over the West at least, and as you stop and ponder as one is wont to do, you are reminded of the shrewd lines of Goldsmith:

*"Ill fares the land to hastening ills
a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men
decay"*
... and so on

But could it be any other way in a modern and ever-changing world.

At the time mentioned Gurteen could field its own football team and their skill and speed on the sports field was often the topic of conversation, at least locally. Look-



Left to right: Michael Henry, Tom Coyne, Clara Coyne, Pat Coyne holding grandson, Pat. (about 1928).

ing at a list of occupiers of land in Gurteen in 1856, a number of people had no outhouses (and probably very few animals), so it seems all creatures great and small, human and animal lived under one roof. There wasn't much incentive to improve much as people didn't own the land and if you didn't have the huge rent for the landlord, out you'd go. Haven't we come a long way since then.

The few men that had a trade probably had it a bit easier. An ancestor of Seamus Mulrennan by about four generations, was a wheelright/joiner and employed a number of skilled tradesmen at his workshop. And my great grandfather was a weaver. Trades you would rarely hear of now. That would be about 150 years ago.

The village is in two parts. Sean Bhaille and Bail Úr. Although the latter is well established as a place of abode for 200 years it is still often referred to by that name.

The land of Gurteen is mostly level but at the southern end there are two lines of low hills with a long sheltered valley between.

Before 1960 part of the valley was flooded for a good part of the year and had a good supply of fish, mainly trout (the river runs along side). When we were kids we used to catch them with our bare hands when the water got low, but the drainage schemes of the 1960s did away with the fish life. It was also a fowling paradise in those days and still is but no one bothers now.

Anytime I would meet our good friend, Bob Biesty (R.I.P.), even in his last few years, he would always ask if there were "any ducks comin' to the lakeen." I often heard that there was a much bigger lake there years ago – the place was very picturesque. A man from Gurteen with a poetic mind was prompted to write these few lines in praise of his native place. I am indebted to my close friend, John Brennan, for the words –

*You have often heard of Killarney
And its enchanted well
It failed the pen of many poets
its beauty rare to tell
But in beauty rare it can compare
with the Lakes of Sweet Gurteen
With hills bedecked with shrubbery
and the Ballcoots they set sail
And slow sails on the gentle swan
on the lakes of Sweet Gurteen.*

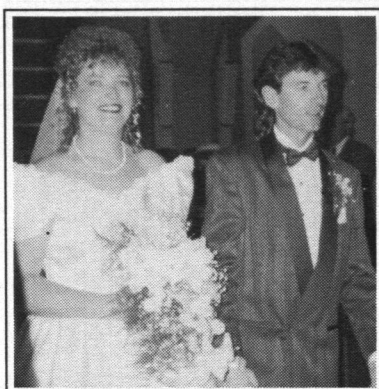
Not bad for a man with the minimum of schooling (hedge school), and more pleasing to the ear than what they call poetry now, I think. What do you think ye learned readers of Annagh.



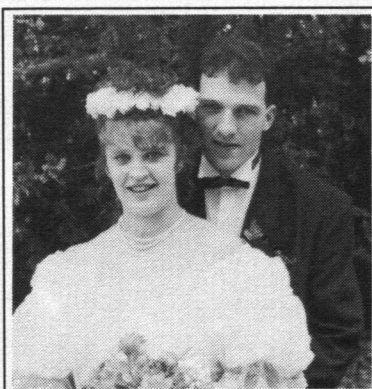
Mulrennan and Brennan families.

■ BY A PASSING OBSERVER.

Wedding Bells



Patricia Cruise, Knockbrack, to Gerard O'Grady, Lisdoonvarna, in St. Anne's Church, Walliston, Massachusettes, July 3rd, 1993.



Joanne Madden, Hazelhill, and Kevin Byrne, Glanmire, Cork, married 3rd August, 1993, in St. Patrick's Church, Ballyhaunis.



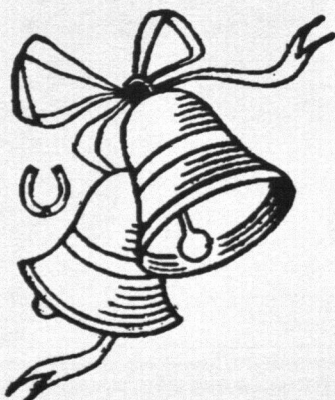
Karen Keane, Knox Street, and Andrew Cockburn, Glasgow, married 17th July, 1993, in St. Patrick's Church, Ballyhaunis.



Fiona Kilbane, Derrynacong, and Damien Mullen, Ballymote, married St. Patrick's Church, Ballyhaunis, 17th July, 1993.



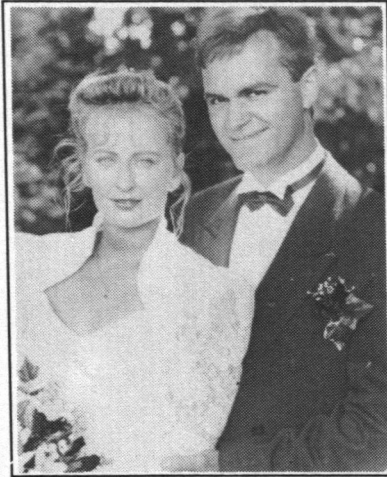
Gabriel Morley, Woodpark, Ballyhaunis, and Bridie Caulfield, Carralackey, Kilmovee, married on April 3rd, 1993, in Kilmovee.



Vincent McNamara, Brackloon, and Kathleen Caulfield, Kilmovee, 14th August, 1993. Married in Knock Church.



Noreen Keegan, Hazelhill, and Paul Kavanagh, Dublin, married in Dublin, Oct. '93.



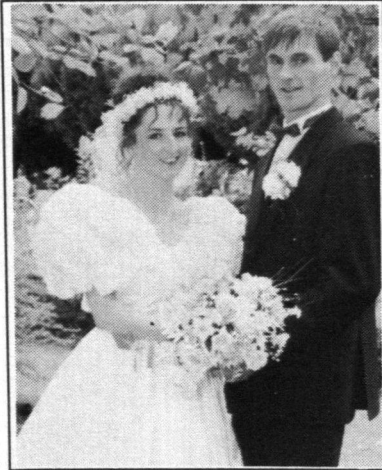
The wedding took place in Galway Cathedral in July, 1993, of Lisanne Fitzgerald, daughter of Edward and Marie Fitzgerald, Upper Main St., Ballyhaunis, and Jean François Bruchmann, Angers, France.



Wedding



Seamus McDonagh to Helen Maughan.



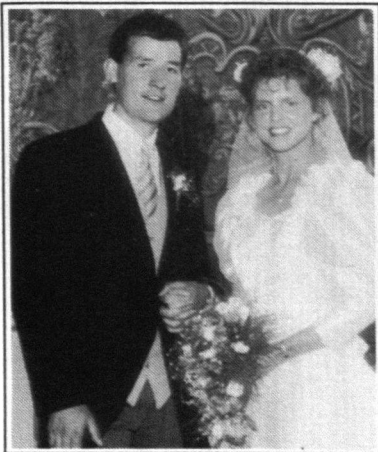
Maria Conway, Hollywell, and Pat Higgins, Ballindine, married in Augustinian Church, Ballyhaunis, on 21st August, 1993.



Michael Heneghan, Tullaghane; Margaret Cooke, Devlin, Co. Westmeath, married in Devlin, 29/5/'93.



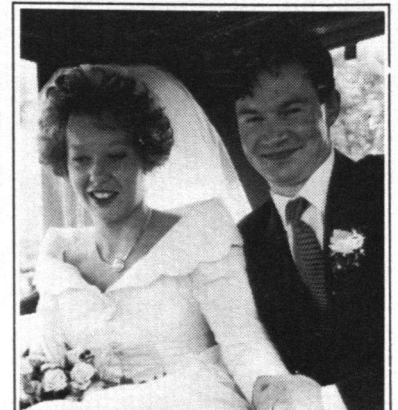
Joanne Finn, Hazelhill, and Seamus McKermitt, Hazelhill, married in Augustinian Church, Ballyhaunis, on 14th February, 1993.



Enda Moran, Knox St., Ballyhaunis, and Ann Marie O'Leary, Leap, Co. Cork, who were married on August 28th, 1993, at St. Mary's Parish Church, Leap, Skibbereen, Co. Cork.



Frank Henry, Upper Main St., and Regina Hetherton, Kells, married 2nd Oct., 1993, in St. Colmcille's Church, Kells.



Johnny Davitt, Brackloon; Michelle Farrell, New Ross, married 4th September, 1993, in Sts. Paul and Michael's Church, New Ross.



Bells



John Cribbin, Lecarrow, Ballyhaunis, and Breege Kilkenny, Derrrough, Kilkelly, Co. Mayo, at the Augustinian Friary, Galway City, on Sat., 27th Feb., 1993.



Samus Geraghty and Mary Ann, married 11th July, 1992, Stamford, New York.



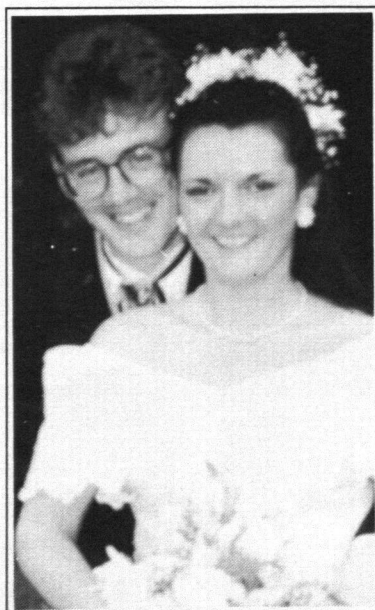
Padraic Shannan, Kiltimagh, and Marita Webb, Devlis, married August 28th, 1993, in Friary Church, Ballyhaunis.



Catherine Grogan, Leeds, and Pat Moriarty, Kilorglin, with Catherine's parents, Brendan and Teresa Grogan, married in St. Patrick's Church, Ballyhaunis. 24th July, 1993.



Patricia Curley, Clare St., and Billy Connell, Galway, married 13th March, 1993, St. Patrick's Church, Ballyhaunis.



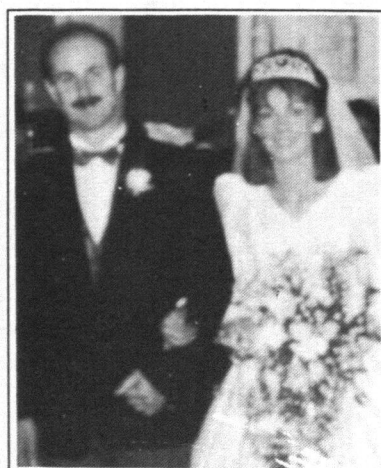
Kevin Henry, Upper Main St., and Anna Gillespie, Killala, married 5th August, 1993, St. Patrick's Church, Killala.



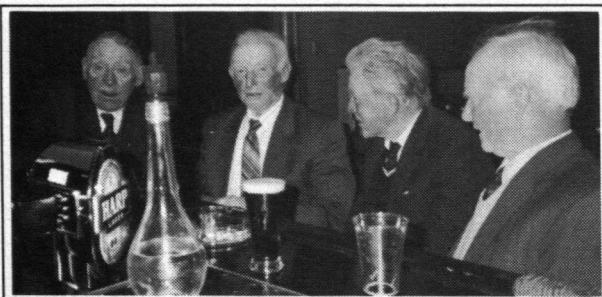
John Heneghan, Tullaghane, Ballyhaunis, and Elizabeth Shine, Pearl River, New York, married in New York, 25/9/'93.



Mary Ruane, Johnstown, and Martin Ryan, Australia, married 26/6/'93, in St. Patrick's Church, Ballyhaunis.



Anthony Keane, Knox St., and Olive Carney, Knock, married 29th July, 1993, in the Church of John The Baptist, Knock.



Ned Eagan, Clagnagh, Mike Tarmney, Holywell, Pat Joe Lyons, Holywell, Mick Mulrennan, Bohogue.



Olive Waldron, Cave; Lilly Lyons, Spaddagh, and Catherine Dyer.



May Moyles, Abbey Street, and Kathleen Finn, Main St.



Mr. Ruane, Derrintogher; Mick McNamara, Uppr. Main St., and Pat Doherty, Uppr. Main St.



Mary Healy, Holywell, and Delia Brennan, Gurteen.



Johnny McGrath, Curries, Mrs. McGuire, and Mrs. McGrath, Curries.



Elizabeth Lyons, Holywell, Nell Waldron, Holywell, Catherine Cunnane, Carrowkeel.



Norah Sweeney and Delia Reyan, Abbey Street.



Mary Conway, Uppr. Main St.; Elizabeth Hunt, Tooraree, Mg. Tolan, Aisling Drive.



Mary Hunt, Derrycong, and Mrs. Plunkett, Derrycong.

Gleanings from Gurteen

The written word, the photograph and the moving picture can all, to a certain degree, speak about a particular place. Nothing can speak as loudly or give the authentic feeling of a place as to make a trip there and join the circle around the fire. Gerry Cribbin and myself made such a trip, last night (October 28th). Not a very long journey either. Past Manor House, turn left at the statue, turn right and turn left and there we were at our destination in Gurteen.

The featured townland in this year's Annagh is Gurteen. We had requested and received an article from a well-known resident, but our Editor felt he could do with a few more sentences to tidy up a sheet for the printers (past experience has shown that you can satisfy a tax man but you cannot satisfy an editor). So we were delighted to go out to Gurteen to glean a few more paragraphs of local interest. Neither of us were strangers to the locality. We had both been there before. Gerry had walked practically every field there in search of archeological remains and visited many homes asking questions about its people and its history.

We were calling on the man who had already put pen to paper, to jog his memory a little further. He and I go back a long way. We were on a county team together once. Not in a high profile competition like football or hurling but in a Macra na Feirme national quiz with the late Pat Hughes as trainer and manager.

We were not given a chance to state our business before we were ushered inside by our "interviewee" and his wife. The reception we got would indicate that the Christmas festivities start very early in Gurteen.

I twigged early on that our hosts were in for a rapid fire round of local history questions by the way Gerry was sitting on the chair. I know the form. It was described to me once by Agnes Freeley. "He will stretch his legs, sit back in the chair, stretch his neck and when you see the Adam's apple he is about to ask you a question about somebody who died two hundred years ago."

One of Gerry's questions sent our host into an adjoining room and he returned with some documents, two of which are of interest to local historians.

One is known as the Griffith's Poor Law Valuations and the other is the census returns for 1901. Griffith's PLV is interesting in that it gives, in addition to other information, a list of the occupiers of holdings in Gurteen on August 20th, 1856. The following is a list of occupiers as they appear on the document – Mary Brennan, Patrick Finn, John Brennan, Eleanor Finn, Micheal Walsh, Patrick Brennan, James Frihelly, Thomas Henry, Myles Henry, Thomas Freeman, Andrew Freeman, Micheal Frihelly, Austin Frihelly, Thomas Ryan, Andrew Freeman, John Fitzmaurice, John Lynskey, Thomas Lynskey, Micheal Lynskey, Thomas Lynskey Snr., and Myles Murphy.

One noticeable thing is the continuity of family names in the area. Many of the names mentioned above sound very familiar and it is easy to put faces on them. Another interesting change that took place between 1856 and 1901 was that the name Frihelly had become Freeley. The answers to other questions revealed a people who had a love of music with nearly everybody able to play a violin just a generation ago. Now there's just a lone violinist left. Credit for the great number of musicians at that time seems to go to a wandering minstrel who spent a lot of his time in the Gurteen area sleeping here and there wherever he was welcome. He was by all accounts a very educated man. Stay-

ing with the subject of education the site of at least one hedge school can be pointed out to this day. It is located close to where Michael Cameron lives. John Higgins was the hedge schoolmaster's name. Moving forward to very recent times, Gurteen had a modern version of a hedge school for at least one day about twenty years ago. At that time the agricultural advisory services organised visits to farms where modern methods of production were being used. One of the earliest such visits to be organised in this part of the country was to the farm of Henry Madden.

Our host, too, is a progressive farmer with a great memory and can quote at length Goldsmith and Yeats and many others. Asked about his earliest memories he said they would include listening to the "bellman" in Ballyhaunis proclaiming that there would be a football match between Gurteen and Lecarrow in the afternoon and he can recall the death of a man by the name of Tommy Keane, who was reputed to be the last survivor of the 1847-8 famine in the area. Another person who was talked about was a man who had a great head for facts and figures and who disliked being contradicted. He would go to great lengths to prove a point as the following example shows. There was a dispute one night as to the date of a certain person's death. Unable to convince others that he knew the correct date he leaves, gets his bicycle, cycles to Began cemetery, shines a bicycle lamp on a headstone and arrives back with "documentary evidence". This man is still remembered in the area. His name was Mike Smyth.

Those are some pieces of information we gleaned during a very enjoyable evening in Gurteen. We hope they suit the editor. We sincerely hope they suit our readers.

■ JIMMY & GERRY CRIBBIN.



Gurteen Stations, 1993 – Delia Brennan, Mary Waldron, Lena Finn, Sadie Flatley, Mrs. K. Lynskey, Kathleen Caulfield.

When old friends meet ...

For a few years before his untimely death the late John "Doc" Healy, that doyen of Mayo footballers, spoke of Brian Clarke, one of his team mates on the Ballyhaunis Gaelic football team of the 'fifties, and suggested that if ever I happened to be in Cork city to pay him a visit.

The opportunity to do just that presented itself last September when I paid my first ever visit to the city by the Lee.

St. Finbarr's GAA Complex, where Brian holds an important managerial post, was high on my agenda, and within a few hours of arriving in the city I entered the hallowed ground of this renowned GAA bastion.

Unfortunately, Brian was not available that night, but my companions and I were given VIP treatment by Brian's co-worker, Seamus White, who conducted us on a tour of the complex.

Most impressive was the trophy room with its massive array of silver cups, plaques, medals, photographs and other memorabilia.

My attention was, however, drawn to a massive ornate plaque which bore the inscription – "P. W. Nally Memorial Plaque, 1892".

Most Mayo students of history known that P. W. Nally was a native of Balla, Co. Mayo, and that he was a prominent member of the Fenian Brotherhood. It is also now fairly well established that he would have been present at the historic meeting in Hayes' Hotel, Thurles, at which the GAA was founded were it not for the fact that he was serving a term of

imprisonment for his activities in connection with the struggle for Independence. It had also been previously stated that he was a personal friend of Michael Cusack, and that he resided for a long time in Cork where he

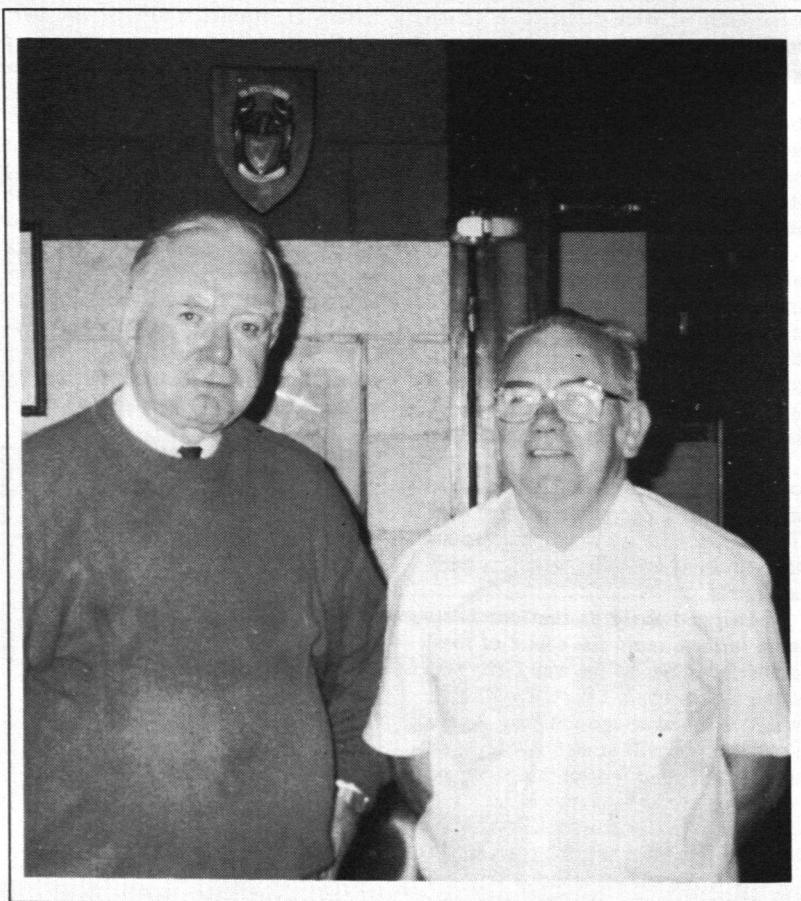
became prominently associated with the fledgling Gaelic Athletic Association, hence the plaque in St. Finbarr's to his memory.

NALLY STAND

In later years Nally's name was revered when his townsman, the late Paddy Mullaney, the Mayo Central Council delegate, succeeded with the wholehearted support of the Cork delegate in having the Nally Stand in Croke Park so named, so as to perpetuate the memory of this true Mayo gael and Irish patriot.

To get back to the purpose of my visit to St. Finbarr's. I returned to the complex the next morning and a gap of 36 years was bridged when I met Brian Clarke for the first time since he left Ballyhaunis for England way back in 1958. Like most of us who are getting on in years, age has taken its toll on Brian girth-wise, but he still remains his old affable self, while his humour retains all of its effervescence.

Brian, who is a native of Ballina, returned to Ireland in the 'sixties and has been attached to the staff at St.



Brian Clarke pictured with Mick O'Connell at St. Finbarr's G.A.A. Club, Cork, earlier this year.



Back row, left to right: Joe Webb, Rita Webb, John Dillon, Virginia Biesty, Brian Clarke. Front, left to right: Johnny Biesty, John "Doc" Healy, Tony Greene.

Finbarr's since 1970. He recalled working as a barman in Gallagher's, Main Street, in the 'fifties and playing football with the local team when his work-mates and team mates included the late Charles Phillips and the late John "Doc" Healy. He expressed his profound regret at the death of both, and also referred to his sorrow at the death of another player of the 'fifties – the late P. J. Moran, who captained the Ballyhaunis Senior Football Mayo Championship winning side of 1958.

John "Doc" Healy being a commercial representative, was a frequent visitor to Cork and he met Brian on several occasions over the years. It is for that reason that the "Doc's" recent death left him with a deep feeling of sadness and loss. Brian recalls with pride that he was a sub on the Ballyhaunis junior football team of 1957, which won the Mayo title and is distinctly proud of the Mayo championship medal in his possession.

As well as those forementioned, several members of Gallagher's staff were members of Ballyhaunis Gaelic football teams over the years and the

names that immediately spring to mind are Eugene Dolan, Willie Lyons (R.I.P.), father of Tommy Lyons of Clare St., himself a captain of the Ballyhaunis team, winners of the Mayo Intermediate title in 1967; Milo Henry, Jackie Higgins, though I am sure there were others.

Unluckily Jackie Higgins, who had moved from Gallagher's staff to that of Ballina Gasworks, was on the Ballina side defeated by Ballyhaunis in the 1958 Mayo senior football final.

CLARE STREET "DIGS"

Brian Clarke is friendly with Gregory Mulkeen, a native of Cloonacurry, Began, now a Garda Sergeant in Cork city, who he meets on a regular basis. Taking a nostalgic look back to his days in Ballyhaunis, Brian recalled staying in the excellent "digs" of Mrs. Frank Glynn, Clare St., with his good friend, Paddy O'Connell of Drimbane, himself a former Ballyhaunis Gaelic footballer, who was at that

time Manager of the Drapery Department in Concannon's of Main Street.

He wished to be remembered to all the surviving footballers of that era. He also wished to be remembered to all of Gallagher's staff still surviving from that period, and regretted the deaths in the meantime of John Gallagher, the proprietor; Miss Kilbride and the other deceased members of staff.

He wished especially to be remembered to Johnny Biesty, who was then a leading Ballyhaunis and Mayo footballer and to many others.

Now married and settled down Brian keeps in touch with events in the West through the "Western People", and from its columns follows the fortunes of the Ballyhaunis GAA teams.

Though he visits his native Ballina periodically, he has never set foot in Ballyhaunis since he left in 1958.

He intends to remedy that situation next year when he will make a brief visit to Ballyhaunis where he expects to meet many old friends and renew several acquaintances.

■ MICK O'CONNELL.

The more things change!! Plus Ça Change!

Since I came to this parish of Donaghpatrick, Kilcoona, I received a visit from a good friend who suggested that I should put a few thoughts together under the title "home thoughts from abroad." It seemed a good idea until I began to reflect on where is "home" and where is "abroad". After all a priest has no home – no fixed abode; he is always under obedience and must go where he is needed. So wherever I am is really "at home" and there is no "abroad" for me.

However, what did strike me was that while places and people do change there is a certain sense in which every place and every people do remain the same in their hopes, their fears, their frustrations, their disappointments and their weaknesses – in fact the differences are really superficial – their similarities are deeply rooted within themselves.

And so in leaving Ballyhaunis, my beloved "Annagh", my mind was a turmoil of joy, sorrow, memories, faces, events ... all the things that tie one so closely to a place and people that I find it hard to know where to begin. And yet where else does one begin if not at the beginning?

I came to Ballyhaunis in 1961 to establish a secondary school for boys. I need not rehearse the story of that school here or its evolution together with the

Vocational School and the Convent Secondary School for girls into the present Community School which has served and still serves this part of east Mayo and west Roscommon. It is enough to say that I enjoyed those years and built up a wide circle of friends whom I value so highly. I had been familiar with Ballyhaunis for many years before this: as a child I was brought to Knock and was brought to the Friary. That was the beginning of a close friendship with the Augustinian Community that has lasted to this day. I played golf on the fine golf course in Coolnaha – if "play" is the right word to use in this connection. There were many varieties of "rabbits" to be met there – human as well as animal!!

During the years I spent in the old St. Pat's I had the friendship and close assistance of priests like Fr. Rushe, Fr. Hegarty, Fr. Diskin, Fr. Ball, Fr. Delaney, O.S.A., as well as my colleagues there, lay, clerical and many others. Of course Canon McGarry was a great influence on me too. He had been my teacher in St. Jarlath's, my Professor in Maynooth, a brother priest and life-long friend. At the Bridge Club I widened the circle of my roots delved deeper and deeper. Everywhere I found the people warm hearted, generous and loyal. It was good to live in Ballyhaunis

in those years.

In 1977 the biggest change came when I succeeded Canon McGarry as parish priest. And yet it was no change – people, scenery, amenities, work and play remained much the same and life went on.

My next move was to a curacy in Co. Galway. Though born in that county most of my life was spent in south and east Mayo and in the ordinary expectation of life I should have died there – three score and ten is the ordinary life span of the average human person. But – ni mar siltar a bitear and I am still at work. At first I expected the change to be difficult; it is hard to turn one's back on loved ones, on the hills and leafy lanes of Ballyhaunis, the old habits, comfortable as old shoes or old clothes. The secure pattern of events, changing and not changing from day to day, humdrum and exciting, volatile and yet comforting, uncertain and yet secure. These had to be left aside and God was good to me – He gave me the strength to let go.

And now I have a new set of duties, new people, new schools to visit, new children to get to know, less demanding work but similar work all the same. And what do I find? I find that people are basically the same. I am making new friends, getting to know the names of new villages, developing different relationships – and all the time finding them deeper and fundamentally the same.

I am happy in my work, my memories, my situation – indeed I am happy in my old age and my expectations. I hope to continue to work to full capacity in my declining years.

Declining years! What am I saying? I never felt better in my life!! Plus ça change, plus ça reste la meme chose – The more things change the more they remain the same – Voilà Tout!!



Second year class of '66 Mercy Convent, Ballyhaunis. Back row, left to right: Angela Cunnane, Margaret Hopkins, Margaret Cribbin, Irene Prendergast, Angela Meehan, Mary Burke, Beatrice Healy. Middle row: Mary Hunt, Nonie Wallace, Delores Tarpey, Delores Henry, Margaret Rattigan, Del Swords, Maureen Nyland. Bottom row: Mary Coyne, Elizabeth Healy, Brid Moran, Triona Moran, Mary O'Boyle, Helen Waldron. Pic. courtesy Colette Byrne.

■ Patrick O. Costello
C.C., Kilcoona,
Headford.

Poor Clares Perpetual Adoration

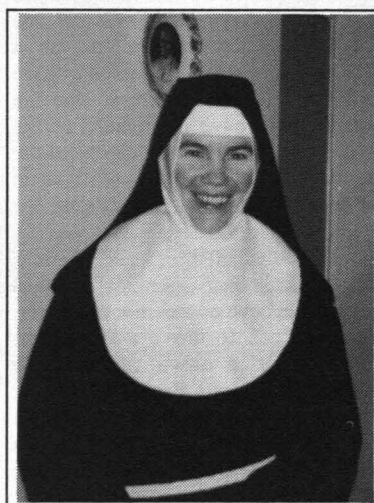
GRAIGUECULLEN, CARLOW

1893 – CENTENARY OF FOUNDATION – 1993

Two enclosed Poor Clares from the Manchester community arrived in Drogheda to found a monastery on their native soil. The Abbess of the Manchester community had been negotiating for some time to find an Irish Bishop who would accept them into his diocese, and the saintly old Bishop of Kildare & Leighlin, Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, had willingly agreed on the understanding that the foundation was to be financed by a rich gentleman cousin of the Abbesses who lived in Drogheda. Unfortunately, this man went back on his promise – so Mother Seraphine Bowe, the foundress and her companion, Mother Angela Tait (a Scottish Presbyterian convert), had arrived via Drogheda to try to persuade him to change his mind. But he refused to see them.

But providence directed their steps that morning in the person of a little old lady, dressed in full cloak and white cap, who insisted on escorting the two nuns to the Augustinian Church where the feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel was being celebrated. Up the centre aisle of the packed church she marched, clutching a huge black umbrella tied with string at the top, then ushered them into the front pew already occupied by two prim ladies, squeezed in herself beside them and triumphantly deposited her wand of office on the seat in front, completely disregarding their looks of very evident displeasure. Mother Angela's confidence was restored and her spirits lifted by Mother Seraphine's calm and brave attitude. Never for a moment did she think of turning back, but decided to make their way to Carlow, "and if man will not give the means to build," she said, "God can and He will."

After a most hospitable and warm welcome by the Dominican Sisters in Siena Convent, Drogheda, the two



SR. CLAIRE MAIRE,
who is Byrne from Johnstown

Poor Clares were sent on their way to their longed-for destination, meeting with an equally warm welcome from their Poor Clares Sisters in Ballyjamesduff, who had taken on the teaching apostolate at the end of the Penal times.

Finally, the Brigidine Sisters added their whole-hearted welcome and hospitality towards the two travellers when they went directly there in order to present themselves to the Bishop, who at that time, of course, resided in Tullow.

Most Rev. Dr. Lynch welcomed them most warmly to the diocese and encouraged them to persevere in spite of the trials and crosses that new beginnings invariably encountered. And indeed, his deep faith in the power of prayer, matched by Mother Seraphine's childlike faith and trust in God, were put to the test from the outset. On arrival in Graiguecullen, the Parish Priest could only offer the nuns

a ramshackle old house on the Bridge as their temporary home. The owners of the house he had in mind for them refused to sell – the house adjacent to the then parish church (now St. Fiac's Hall), and which was itself in a deplorable state and unfit even for renovation as a church.

This, however, was a blessing in disguise. On Sundays the little community (the original two having been joined by three other sisters from Manchester), attended this old church for Mass, when the priests from St. Patrick's College were unable to come to offer Mass in their own make-shift oratory.

But there was much opposition to the foundation and Dr. Lynch was strongly urged to send the nuns back to Manchester. The community had no site for a monastery, not even a prospect of one, and even if they had, they had no money. Others urged that if a convent were needed in Graigue it should be one of an active congregation, and that it was too much to expect the poor people to support a community who lived solely on alms. The aged Bishop continued to encourage them: "Keep on praying. If God wants you here He can and will arrange all in His own good time – so pray away!"

In spite of their precarious position, postulants began to seek admission. It was a happy day when the first sister was professed by Dr. Lynch.

From poor, as well as rich, alms came steadily in. The poor shared the little they had with the Poor Nuns, so they called the Sisters, because their deep faith had clearly recognised the value of a life of prayer and praise. One woman always came first to the nuns with the best of her market produce before continuing on to the market. And old Francis, tramping the roads with his donkey and cart selling small wares, invariably arrived back with a list of small offerings. A very generous benefactor was Count Moore of Tipperary, even offering them a site on his own ground at one stage when prospects in Carlow seemed hopeless. Most generous of all were Michael Governey and his wife. Hardly had the nuns set foot on the bridge than Mrs. Governey arrived with a huge basket of provisions and from then on the generosity of herself and her husband to our community was unbounded. We owe our very existence to those friends, rich and poor, to this very day and as long as our community continues prayers of thanksgiving and intercession will rise unceasingly, day and night, for them.

When their great supporter, Dr. Lynch, died in 1896, he was succeeded by his coadjutor, Dr. Foley. He also was a good friend of the community, but had no option but to put to them a proposal that the nuns should adopt an active apostolate and take on some "useful" work such as teaching. The sisters expressed their determination to be true to the profession they had made of the Rule of St. Clare, to their contemplative vocation. Dr. Foley told then he would put the whole question to the Roman authorities and abide by their decision. During his very first audience with Pope Leo XIII, before he had time to speak of the nuns, the Holy Father asked the bishop if he had a contemplative order in his diocese. Dr. Foley replied that he had some Poor Clares but they weren't established yet. "Provide them with a convent then, and be kind to them," said the Pope. "If I had my way there would be a convent of contemplatives in every diocese in the world."

The sisters were delighted. A ray of hope at last began to shine. Friends had noticed a certain field which would be an ideal site for a monastery – but the owner, a Quaker, together with his two sisters, absolutely refused to sell for religious reasons. Mother Seraphine and her sisters promptly began a siege of prayers for the coveted field – and in a remarkably short time the two old ladies, one after the other, were followed to the grave by their brother! To a priest friend who jokingly enquired of Mother Seraphine how she had killed them off, she answered most seriously: "Oh, we never pray for anyone's death. We just asked the Lord to remove obstacles!" Remarkably, when the Quaker's property was auctioned everything was sold very quickly – all except the precious field which was to be sold by private treaty. As soon as Mr. Governey realised the position he bought the field, offering the community as much as they wanted, not only for a convent and garden but a site for a new parish church as well. No words could convey the overwhelming gratitude that burst from their hearts when the news was announced to the sisters at morning Mass.

Divine providence continued to provide for the community, sending a postulant whose wealthy parents were only too glad to finance a chaplaincy so that the community could be enclosed without having to go out for Mass on Sundays. After seven years of waiting our Lord's promise was fulfilled: "Everyone who asks, receive." The convent building was sufficiently

advanced in July, 1990, to allow the sisters to occupy it, so on July 22nd a joyful procession – the Bishops and priests, followed by the Poor Clares and then the entire congregation from the old church entered the new monastery. The ceremony of canonical enclosure was the ending of another never-to-be-forgotten day in our community.

Three years later Mother Seraphine initiated adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, which has been a treasured privilege of our community in Graiguecullen.

With many young women seeking to enter, Mother Seraphine was enabled to found two new monasteries – one in Dublin in 1906, the second in Cork in 1914. But there was yet one last long-standing desire in her heart, a new parish church. She wanted to have it attached to the convent so that the sisters would have the benefit of the Masses and in return take charge of the vestments and altar linen. Walking in the garden, a church spire attracted her attention. She was told that it was St. Anne's Protestant Memorial Church, now unused. Day after day she laid siege to the coveted treasure by prayer, which helped to move a Protestant church a mile down the road to become St. Clare's Parish Church of Graiguecullen, opened for Catholic worship in 1929, when Ireland was celebrating the centenary of Catholic Emancipation!

But Mother Seraphine did not see that glorious day. She died exactly a fortnight after the foundation stone was laid, on the feast of Corpus Christi 1928 – surely a fitting day for this great lover of her Eucharistic Lord.

One hundred years of Poor Clare living in Graiguecullen, depending solely on the providence of the Father of Mercies for our upkeep, have deeply rooted us in faith and trustful confidence. The generosity of our kind neighbours, friends and benefactors has been unbounded, enabling us to make many useful additions and renovations to the original building. Day and night, as we keep vigil in turn before our Divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament exposed, we praise and thank Him for all these wonderful people. We praise and adore Him on behalf of all our brothers and sisters throughout the world who neglect this duty of grateful love. And for the needs of all we intercede continuously before him. "This is our vocation in the church – to be co-workers with God himself," as St. Clare expressed it. For our sisters during the last hundred

years who have handed on this glorious heritage to us we give thanks above all. May we be as faithful and dedicated as they were as the dawn of a new century breaks on a restless world.

Saint Clare was the lofty candlestick of holiness that burned brightly in the tabernacle of the Lord, to whose great splendour many hastened, and do now hasten, to light their lamps from her light ...

Document of Canonisation.

■ Article submitted by:
SR. CLAIRE MAIRE,
Carlow Convent,
who is Byrne from Johnstown.

Hospice Foundation

A public meeting was held in Manor House on Wednesday, 3rd February, 1993, to set up a local support group for the Mayo-Roscommon Hospice Foundation. The meeting was addressed by members of the foundation from Castlebar. There was a large attendance from Ballyhaunis and the surrounding areas.

The following officers were elected – Chairman, Dr. M. Brogan; Secretary, Cait Webb; Treasurer, Joe Hosty; PRO, Grace O'Connor-Lundon. It was decided at the meeting that Ballyhaunis and the surrounding areas of Brickens, Began, Aughamore, Tooreen and Kilkelly would amalgamate to avoid duplication of fund-raising events.

The aim of the Hospice Foundation is to provide a home-care service for the terminally ill and eventually to build a hospice. A site for this building has been donated by the church authorities in Knock.

To date the support group has raised over £11,000 through numerous fund-raising events. We would like to take this opportunity to thank most sincerely everyone who helped in any way during the year.

■ Cait Webb, Secretary

Community Games



Our Mosney Teams – back: Deirdre O'Connor, U-16 1500 metres; Mary Webb, Pitch & Putt Manager; Cormac O'Connor, U-17 marathon; Pauline Madden, Elaine Webb. Front, Noirin Lyons, Margaret Nestor, Clodagh Lyons, Aileen Nestor.

OFFICERS:

President: Jim Lunden.
Chairman, Pat O'Connor.
Treasurers: Sr. Teresa and Paddy Phillips.
Secretary: Kay Curley.

As the 1993 season draws to a close on Community Games activities our success continues to be noted. This year saw our first ever gold medal win in track and field events when Deirdre O'Connor won U-16 1500 metres in fine spirit.

Results this year: Art U-10, Caroline Noone; U-12, Sara Coen; U-14, Caitriona Biesty.

Basketball: Girls' U-13 were beaten by Knock. Trainer, Marie Flynn.

Draughts: U-14 County Silver medal winners – Clare Butler, Claire Flynn, Michelle Curley, Jennifer McCafferty, Kathrane Dennedy

Gaelic Football: U-10s, trained by Barry Butler, were beaten by Parke in the first round.

Hurling: Trained by Peter Higgins,

were beaten in the semi-final.

Rugby: U-11s travelled to Ballina for County Final but were beaten by The Quay (trained by Tony McDonagh).

Pitch & Putt: All-Ireland fourth place and merit certificate winners. Trained by Mary Webb (see picture).

Athletics: (Brid and Michael Cleary trainers). Walk, U-13 Boys', Damian Byrne; Girls', Eimear Hanon.

Girls' U-1, 1500m., Deirdre O'Connor, U-8 60m., Sarah Kelly; U-10 Hurdles, Claire Gallagher; U-10 200m., Tara Nevin, bronze medal winner; U-10 100m., Heather Noone; U-12 100m., Rachel O'Connor; 600m., Caitriona Fahey; U-14 100m., Noelle Waldron; 800m., Rachel Cleary; 200m., Annette Healy.

Boys': U-8 80m., Aidan Healy; U-10 100m., William Lynskey; U-10 200m., Eoin McManus; U-14 100m., Diarmuid Cleary; U-14 200m., Murty Hunt; U-14 800m., Joseph Freeley.

Girls' U-16 100m., Evelyn O'Connor.

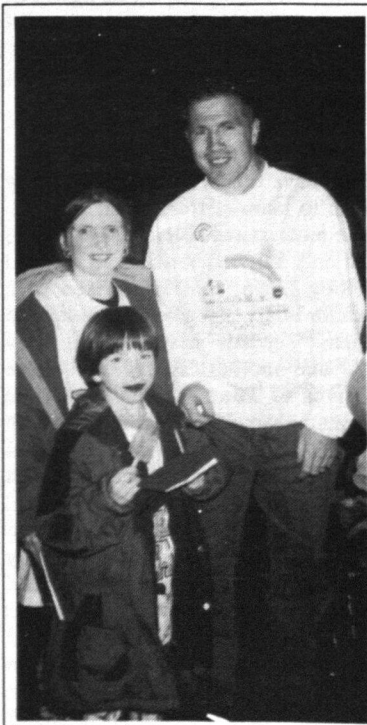
Long Puck: Patricia Mulhern.
Marathon, U-17 Boys', Cormac O'Connor.

A special word of thanks to parents for their help with various events. To Seamus Durkin for use of the Den for draughts and quiz competitions; to the GAA for use of pitch for athletics; to Chris Pratt for organising the art.

To our sponsors, Allied Irish Bank, Credit Union and Golf Club – their generous sponsorship helped to get our teams to Mosney. Lastly to all the children who took part in the true spirit of Community Games – “Meus Sana in Corpore Sano” (a healthy mind is a healthy body).

■ Kay Curley, Secretary.

Meeting the Champ!



Liesel Ronan, Granlahan and Emma Herr, Ballyhaunis, with Olympic Gold Medalist Boxer, Michael Carruth.

"Packets"

When you reach your 50th year and celebrate your Silver Jubilee, nostalgia plays a role. When an album of songs is released bearing the title, "All The Way From Tuam", then it is time to listen. Because "the true Tuam Sham" is making a big comeback.

I have had a very good year to date, and I say thanks to the many many people who celebrated with me in 1992. The goodness and kindness of people never ceases to amaze me and in an age of very tough times for the church in Ireland, to be affirmed as I have been this year, is indeed a big plus.

So I look forward and I look back and for the purpose of "Annagh" I look back to what shaped me – the town I love so well.

If you are not wide to the lingo, sham, I suggest you nose off somewhere and don't let the shades collar ya.

I understand that the Sawdoctors were thinking of a suggestion from Tom Murphy about a title for their album – "Play It Again Sham", and if you have not heard about the author Murphy or chart-toppers Sawdoctors, then let me explain.

Tuam "Shams", "the lads" or whatever you call them, come in all ages. They have their own language. They seem to know it from birth, although their mothers and sisters don't speak it, and only half understand it. It's a kind of bog Latin, thickly layered with extraordinary slang words, unique to Tuam. "The lads" never forget it. They call one another "sham", these true natives of Tuam, which is strange because sham is the one thing they're not. Their quick wits are lethal weapons, cruel and merciless. Don't try to fight back. You won't win. These are hardened warriors who regularly practice on one another. They thrive on a verbal skirmish and out of those wars are born the nick-names which most of them carry for life.

"The lads" don't have to be born in Tuam, nor even to have grown up in the town. There are genuine "lads" with Cork accents, Mayo accents and so on. They fit in and if they have to leave they never forget.

SOURCES:

- (1) The works and utterances of Tom Murphy (playwright).
- (2) The works and utterances of the Sawdoctors (chanters).
- (3) The Great Tuam Annual, 1990.
- (4) The Great Tuam Annual, 1991.
- (5) Torch Magazine (St. Jarlath's College).
- (6) Any sham, anywhere, anytime.

● I am wide to the fact that considerable numbers of clems, buffs, gomes and cakes will only gawk at the above article, so, to facilitate all spares, I enclose a beginner's guide to Tuam slang.

Bat – (v.) Woo, seek friendship of. Also "Tap".

Blight – (n.) A dolt, e.g. "That sham is pure blight". Pox

Budgie – (n.) A young person of female gender.

Cake – (n.) Impolite term for a country person.

Cane – (n.) A place where one resides, one's house. Also Kasie.

Chairwheeze – (n.) Passing wind gently or vigorously.

Coonick – (n.) Person who performs religious rites. Also "Supercoonick". Person of higher authority.

Dropsie – (n.) Money on the Q.T.

Drugs – (n.) A can of Drugs - a can of Coke.

Fanny Gee – (n.) Giving wrong information, setting up a Comie with Fanny Gees.

Feek – (v.) To love one's partner with feeling. Also noun, "Tome Feek" – a fabulous lovely girl.

Gloak – (n. & v.) To go for a look – "I might as well go for a Gloak anyways".

Gomie – (n.) Dolt, fool, idiot.

Hydrogen – (n.) Tuam name for a well-known beer.

Kaedia – (n.) An object worn on top of the head, a cap.

Lettie – (n.) Framework with mattress and covering. Bed.

Lift – To squire, escort or court a lady.

Maille – (n.) Pronounced Mawille – five fingered organ at the end of the arm; hand.

Muffdive – (v.) To find oneself in the lap of

Packets – (n.) Untruthful statement, fiddle sticks.

Pineapple – (n.) A place for religious services.

Scan – (n.) A person from the parish of Milltown.

Sham – (n.) Citizen of Tuam, gentleman, upright person.

Shaft – (n.) A low type from nine miles out the road.

Smuts – (n.) Films.

Whid – (v.) Look at, stare.

When you were sweet 16!



Frank Dillon, Brian Byrne, Tommie Cribbin, Jimmy Toolan, Mark Forkan (R.I.P.).

Opposites attract – but their departure subtracts

At the 1984 Feis Ceoil a special medal was struck to mark the John McCormack Centenary – only one was made, then the mould was thrown away. The winner of that medal was Limerick-based John O'Neill. That same year he won the operatic and baritone awards also. Two years later he arrived in Ballyhaunis to become manager of the Irish Ale Breweries Depot here.

Now, seven years later, he is being promoted again and is due to leave Ballyhaunis, one certainly feels against his own better wishes, as he will take over as manager of the Dundalk McArdle and Moore Ltd., also part of the Guinness Ireland operation, next month. John and Maura and their family, will most certainly be missed as they have been involved in many organisations in the town and have made many lasting friends.

Relaxing after a meeting of the Musical Society at their bungalow in Doctor's Road, John and Maura told me they originated from opposite sides of the bridge in New Ross. "I'm Wexford and she's Kilkenny, at least she claims she is but her address was Wexford," jokes John.

They didn't know one another, however, as John left at age ten when his father began the family connection with the brewery business and went to a Waterford brewery.

"We met in a pub, where else(1), when I was singing in a concert for the dependants of the shootings in Derry all of twenty-two years ago. The pub was owned by Maura's sister and brother-in-law," recalls John.

"Yes, but he couldn't bring me out because he had no money – he was

paid every month and for the first fortnight he had money, for the second he was broke, so it was two weeks before he asked me out and I was the one who had access to a car through my father," interjects Maura laughing.

John was already involved in a musical in Waterford with the De La Salle group and had just finished one in Carrick-on-Suir, while Maura, being shy, had not yet hit the dramatic stage as she was to do later. However, the religious sisters had cajoled her into being a part of St. Mary's Choral Society in Haddington Road, in Dublin when she was there and they both had been involved with the "Tops Of The Town" with Waterford Glass.

John moved to Limerick where he was based for eleven years and was there a year when they got married. During that time he was involved in the Cecilian Musical Society and Maura became involved in the College Players and the Anvil Players.

"When I got to Limerick I knew no one but when we left we knew everyone. Four of us got together and began to do our own shows and that was just getting going when we left – it always seems to be the same as the musical is just getting going here and we leaving," notes John.

Maura remembers coming to Ballyhaunis: "The first think that happened when I came was Pat Doyle got me involved in the play "Sharon's Grave". Only for Pat I might never have gone outside the door. I was delighted about being in the production. John got involved in Cantairi Beal Atha hAmh-

nais and in the Castlereagh musical and we met "only by appointment" but there was always something to talk about."

She recalls that Mrs. Mary Dillon-Leetch and a friend, whom she thinks was Maye Moyles, called to their door to welcome them when she was at home in the first few days and she thought it a tremendous gesture.

Their three children, Paul (12), Mark (11) and Lindsey (8), have also very much taken to Ballyhaunis. They love the swimming pool, Paul is involved in GAA and boxing, Mark in GAA and soccer and Lindsey does set dancing, learns the piano and is in the latest radio play being done by St. Patrick's Dramatic Society.

John adds: "We'll miss our friends and the West is a lovely place to bring up children and the people of the West and Ballyhaunis are more friendly than any other part of the country. There are great facilities here: golf club, swimming pool, GAA, rugby, soccer, racquetball, squash, schools, churches and so on. And I have to say the James Lyons' club on a Sunday morning was an attraction also!"

From early on they were involved in activities in the town. John was on the founding committee of the summer festival. That first year Maura dressed up as a travelling woman, and with Jack Greene as her (eligible!) suitor, they did the town, getting mistakenly thrown out of one or two commercial premises such was the havoc they insisted on causing as part of the festival fun!

John has also been involved in the hurling committee of the GAA, and the squash committee, and local choirs; while Maura has been involved in St Patrick's Dramatic Society, the swimming pool committee, and racquetball and set dancing activities.

John, is, of course, also the chairman of the new Ballyhaunis Musical Society. "We have to get this going. People have been talking about it and now it's up to us all to stop talking. We have three senior choirs, two junior choirs and all the ingredients are there. Ray Leonard, as producer; Noel Henry, as musical director; Aine Whelan as choreographer, and Nuala Fitzgerald as chorus mistress, are all of great quality and so we hope the effort will be a great success."

■ SEAN O DOMHNAILL

"We'll miss our friends"

St. Patrick's Dramatic Society

Review of 1992-1993



"All Souls Night", from left to right: Anna Gillespie, Tony Carney, Martin Forde, Aisling Toal, Pat Doyle, Sean O Domhnaill, Michael Grogan.

This year has been a busy and eventful one for drama in Ballyhaunis. A radio play and two full acts were produced.

The radio play, "The Fife In The Field", was produced by Martin Forde and it proved to be very successful. Those taking part in it enjoyed a very good night out in Sligo at the yearly MWR drama presentation.

"The Country Boy", by John Murphy, was produced last December by Pat Doyle. It featured in its cast the experienced Tony Carney, Ann Cosgrove of Ballinlough; Maura O'Neill, Stella O'Neill, Sean O Domhnaill and Eddie Campbell, who played a spell-binding role in only his second time on stage.

We are all very sorry to hear that

John and Maura O'Neill are leaving Ballyhaunis. Maura has been appearing with the group since 1986. She will be missed by the group who wish her all the best in the future.

In May of this year Jack Greene ably produced, "All Souls Night", a play written by Joe Tometty. The cast was Anna Gillespie, Aisling Toal, Tony Carney and Sean O Domhnaill, once more; Michael Grogan, Martin Forde and Noel Lyons, who played "Stephen", the ghost. Set design and back-up for the play was provided by Kit Keane, Chris O'Neill, John Greene, Kevin Henry, Seamus O'Boyle and Moira Noone.

A concert for Somalia was organised under the auspices of the drama group and it proved very successful. Anne Greally and Moira Noone have been invaluable this year as secretary and treasurer. The annual general meeting showed its appreciation to Anne and Maura for their efforts throughout the year.

The new officers elected are: President, Seamus O'Boyle; Chairman, Martin Forde; Secretaries, Aisling Toal and Anna Gillespie; Hon. Treasurer, Moira Noone (outgoing). All in all it has been a busy year and hopefully the spirit of drama will stay alive and well in Ballyhaunis in 1994.

■ Aisling Toal.

Copy of Souvenir Programme of the Play "Let Erin Remember" by M. F. Waldron.

"Let Erin Remember"

A Melodramatic Tale of '98 By
M. F. Waldron, author of
"Wearing of the Green", etc., etc.

FIRST PRODUCTION

(under the auspices of the
Ballyhaunis Pioneer Association)

MOYLETT'S HALL,
SUNDAY, FEB. 5th, 1922.

SOUVENIR PROGRAMME

Performance at 8 p.m. sharp.

Do cum Clois De agus
Onosa na hCircann



CAST:

Cahal O'Driscoll
Sir George Percy (Landlord and Captain in the English Army)
Pinch (a young Hunchback)
Kevin O'Driscoll (Cahal's Father)
Terry Hanrahan (in love with Oonagh)
Turlough O'Gorman (one of the Insurgents)
Simon The Smiler (a Strolling Tinker)
Mickey Finnegan (a creature of Sir George's)
Alphonse Martineau (French Officer)
Master Dominick (rivals for the)
Roddy Lannigan (hand of Kitty)
Sergeant Smallhead
Corporal Grimes
Messenger
Mrs. O'Driscoll (Kevin's wife, Cahal and Eileen's Stepmother)
Eileen O'Driscoll
Oonagh O'Moore
Kitty Hanrahan
Peasants, Soldiers
Music Mr. Joe Mannion

Mr. P. J. Hartigan
Mr. J. McGarry
Mr. James Smyth
Mr. Sean Gilmore
Mr. Sean Healy
Mr. J. Fleming
Mr. T. Sweeney
Mr. E. Donnellan
Mr. Michael Lyons
Mr. T. Cribbin
Mr. T. Dillon
Mr. M. E. Freely
Mr. B. McConville
Master M. Clune
Miss A. Kennedy
Miss A. J. Kilduff
Miss A. Dillon
Miss W. Healy
Master P. Smyth/Master T. J. Lyons
Irish Airs - Drimbane.

Ready for the spray?

A wet and windy May; very difficult to hope for and visualise sun-soaked days ahead in the local sun-trap known as "the pool".

But, looking at the filthy rain water littered with bags of rubbish, plastic bottles, books, leaves and other general debris filling what is approved to be a swimming pool, imagination and optimism are essential for the weeks ahead.

Eddie started on the slow and unpredictable process of emptying the water – will the pumps do the job? will they last the season? Meanwhile, wives and mothers heavily disguised, leave their homes bereft of the buckets, old knickers and shields, paint scrapers and paint brushes, which is their equipment. These women open the engine – red doors to admit the fresh air and rain and launch the attack on the quiet and musty changing rooms, lime-stained showers and loos to prepare them for the onslaught of the town's children.

Opening day is set for Saturday, June 5th – will it be ready. Initial progress is slow. Lifebuoys, life-guards, bank accounts, parents' rota, publicity, first-aid box, all being organised. The scrubbing continues, the rain relentlessly continues, what about the outside of the building?

Despite the rain, two brave females hire a power hose and one aims it with great determination at the outside of the building. A sight to behold – if only a camera was available that day ... but the Lord must have beheld that undaunted spirit and decided to regard it with favour. At 9 a.m. next morning, Thursday, 3rd June, the sky was clear.

Opening tins of paint, brandishing paint rollers instead of the hair variety, the frenzy of painting the outside began. One painter has to be back in her kitchen by 1 p.m., with lunch prepared, giving the impression to an unsuspecting husband that she had never left her post. So time is short.

Despite great spurts of activity there are a couple of distractions, one from a lady carrying coffee, kettle, cups and cakes, who would be more familiar in the driving seat of a bus. A further interruption from a male member of the "caring community" carrying large glasses of a locally distributed product who'd be more accustomed to providing fuel for motor vehicles, he is exceptionally successful in this refuelling mission, as the sun is now beating down. Oh Lawrence, they know how you felt!

Back at 3.30 p.m. – accompanied by males this time. Inspection shows: outside painted, inside painted, benches still be scrubbed. So the aforementioned males – Paul, Mark, Michael and Darren – with more enthusiasm than brawn, come to the rescue.

Meanwhile, feed the "wheely bin" with empty paint tins and newspapers, general tidy-up. The footbaths were forgotten! – out with the buckets, disinfectant and decks scrubbed again! At 5 p.m. on Thurs. the door was banged shut, all traces of work and workers gone – a day to spare – must. "Pat Murphy's meadow" to be transformed into a lawn suitable for sunbathing. The suggestion of a couple of goats seemed a tempting option at that stage.

At 2 p.m. on Saturday, 5th, the queue started forming. At 3 p.m. Fr. Delaney, having heeded the call of the pool rather than that of Mother Theresa, arrived to open the pool, while on the decks the children stood impatiently and unsteadily poised to see who would "break the ice" in 1993.

**S
A
F
E
T
Y

W
E
E
K**



A group of participants from the Ballyhaunis area who took part in Water Safety Week at Ballyhaunis swimming pool recently. Also included is Nuala O'Donnell (instructor).



Left to right, front row: Yvonne Byrne, Laura Murphy, Eddie Murphy, Lyndsey O'Neill, Karen Morley, Mark O'Neill and Damien Byrne. Second row: Alan Egan, Laura Nestor; Joanne Butler, Claire Butler, Tomas Murphy. Back: Sharon O'Dowd, Noreen Flanagan (hidden!), Rachel Cleary, Irene Byrne (hidden!), Carol Donnelly and Aiden Paul Kelly and Michael Webb on grass.

As Fr. Delaney concluded his blessing, the divers did what divers do, and with one hundred and nine splashers another year in the pool had begun.

Postscript: So the weather couldn't have been more unkind but the hopes weren't unfounded. Over 140 children and adults completed a water safety course and took a further step up the ladder of water safety, survival and rescue – now recognised as being so vital a part of health and social education.

The pool provided an outlet for the energy of our children – for so many parents it was a haven to which their children could depart each afternoon in what could only be described as a “terrible” Summer. Despite the weather, over 4,000 “swims” were recorded in Ballyhaunis this year, proving that it's a most valuable asset to our town – one we can't be without. We'd need to “build an extension” if the “hot Summers of our youth” returned!

Many thanks to those parents and young adults who gave of their time voluntarily and so thoughtfully to “man”(!) the office or who supported us and their own children in any and every way.

■ PEG BYRNE

Mac's Hill

“Mac's Hill”, which was owned by the late Miss Bridget McDermott, is the site of the present swimming pool, children's playground, public library, fire station and car park. I would like to relate for the record the story of the purchase of that property. The late John McCormack, Ballinlough, who died during the past year, was married to a niece of the late Miss McDermott or “Bridgie Mac” as we used to call her. A generous soul, she owned a sweet shop where “The Gem” now stands.

John McCormack approached the late Jack O'Connor and the writer in the early 'sixties and offered to sell “Mac's Hill” to the people of Ballyhaunis. He stipulated that the ground be used for the benefit of the town, especially the children of the area.

A committee was then formed, all of whose members were then involved in the Ballyhaunis Development Association. Eleven people were involved in the purchase and they subscribed towards the cost. The price of £440, which was indeed less than the real value of the property, was agreed. The committee members were Jack O'Connor (R.I.P.), Dr. E. A. Waldron (R.I.P.), Dr. Thomas Joyce (R.I.P.),

Bertie Curley (R.I.P.), Michael A. Keane (R.I.P.), Jim Connell, Seamus Durkan, Val Byrne, Austin Grogan, Michael Tarmey and Noel Waldron.

The hill was cleared away and a level site ensued. Finance for this purpose was raised from a carnival held on the grounds. The site was left in that state for several years until the arrival in the town of students from the Continent, who worked voluntarily and dug a place for the swimming pool. Further development of the pool took several years, and many people were involved. Stephen Durkan, writing in “Annagh 1983” told the story in great detail.

Mayo County Council subsequently took over the whole property. The eleven original purchasers signed over ownership of the ground. In the years which followed, the Council built the library, fire station, children's playground and developed the grounds and car park. It is only fitting that Mayo County Council be complimented in this regard for the excellent work they did for Ballyhaunis. The area benefited greatly from the generosity and foresight of the late John McCormack.

■ NOEL WALDRON.

—Sunny side of— —Ethiopia—

The popular image of Ethiopia is one of starving children, barren land, disease and hopelessness. This is the legacy of the 1985 famine, which brought these scenes into the homes of millions of people all over the world. Indeed, Ethiopia, as one of the least developed nations in the world (so classified by the United Nations), has had an unfortunate history and is still experiencing many difficulties on the road to peace, democracy and self-sufficiency.

When I first declared my intention of going to Ethiopia in 1988, peoples reactions varied from "isn't she crazy?", to "what a great girl to make such a sacrifice!" (Assuming that the only reason anyone would go to Ethiopia is as a Concern volunteer). Others who know me better knew that my motives were not so self-sacrificing. I actually went to Ethiopia to join Mitiku (now my husband), and experience life in a different society.

I was in the special position, being the guest of an Ethiopian, to experience life very much as it is. Often foreigners do not have such an opportunity. During the few years I

spent there I spent a lot of time with Mitiku's family and experienced the everyday life of an ordinary family. Most Ethiopians live in an extended family system which includes parents and children, as well as grandparents, and often uncles and aunts, as well as relatives all living under one roof. My welcome into this family was warm and it didn't take very long for me to feel at home.

Initially language was a barrier almost everywhere except at the university where I lived and worked. English is the medium of education from about the age of 12 but it is rarely used in daily speech. Some 80 languages are spoken in Ethiopia but there is one official language – Amharic. After a couple of years I have managed to learn the rudiments of Amharic at least orally and can manage transactions at the market place and simple conversation. Amharic has its own script with over 250 characters and I always found this to be a barrier when learning – at least if I could read it, I felt I could have learned faster. That's my excuse anyway!

The staple food is "injera", a type

of bread baked in the form of a large, spongy pancake. The bread is made from a grain called teff, which itself is peculiar to Ethiopia. When serving a meal the injera is spread on the bottom of a large circular tray and the sauce or "wot" is ladled on top. One dish is shared by many people with extra injera and wot being added from time to time. No knives or forks are used. Rather you tear some injera with your fingers, wrap your sauce in it and pop it in your mouth! Guests will be fed in this manner by their hosts. It's rather off-putting at first to find someone coming with a handful of food to feed you but now I regard it as a rather endearing tradition. The food is cooked using hot pepper and lots of spices and the festive dish is always chicken. Beef is eaten raw as a delicacy, the threat of tapeworm, which really makes people quite ill, not enough to put people off. Chickens are bought live at the market place and killed at home, which is also the case with lambs and goats. We generally bought beef from the butcher, although occasionally a group of people would arrange to have a cow killed and share the meat.



Coptic Rite Priests



Epiphany Ceremony, Ethiopia.

Cooking in Ethiopia is a demanding task, especially for someone from a society like ours where we rely so much on convenience foods, canned goods, etc. There every meal has to be prepared from scratch with a limited amount of ingredients available locally. The basic ingredient in all Ethiopian cuisine is the onion so I spent much time chopping onions. I tried to cook a mixture of European and Ethiopian food for variety – we ate lots of pasta and rice, which are easily available. Meat is an important part of any Ethiopian diet but so also are pulses, lentils, peas and beans. Vegetables are generally easy to obtain and fruit is abundant and delicious. One of the foods I missed was pork, which is neither eaten by the Muslims nor the Christians, although it is available in Addis Ababa. We were living in the countryside, an eight-hour drive from Addis so it was not feasible to have a regular supply of pork. I also missed goodies like chocolate, which my mother once parcelled up and sent off to me. Never was chocolate enjoyed more! We eventually established a supply line of cheese from the city so we were never without this important commodity. Sometimes cooking was made extra difficult if the electricity supply was cut, which was a frequent occurrence. I then cooked on charcoal, which is difficult to light and very slow. Fortunately, Mitiku, unlike most Ethiopian men, is not averse to putting a foot in the kitchen! Ethiopia produces very good tea, a fact worth mentioning because it is so much better than what is available in America, where we are now living.

Beer is produced in many places in Ethiopia, although the supply cannot

always keep up with the demand. Sometimes deliveries were quite irregular and the beer would be in limited quantities. On the day of the delivery everyone headed for the "local". Homebrews are also popular, particularly for holidays and occasions. There is a type of beer which is brewed at home and also a honey alcohol. Legally distilled at home is a spirit called oragay, which to me tastes absolutely terrible but which my husband assures me tastes just like our poteen. Smoking is common, especially among younger men, though it is rare to see an older person or a woman smoking.

Coffee forms a very important part of the Ethiopian tradition and each coffee ceremony involves roasting the coffee beans, grinding the coffee and brewing it in a traditional pot, usually over a charcoal stove. So if you are invited for a cup of coffee in Ethiopia be prepared to wait a while! Most people will prepare coffee in their homes, in this manner at least once a day and neighbours will be invited in to share it.

Many of the things that I found strange and different in Ethiopia when I first arrived have now ceased to be strange to me. Handshaking is the common form of greeting when you meet friends, even casually on the street and you also shake hands when you say goodbye. If you haven't met someone for a longer time you will greet with a hug, which takes a very specific form. Greetings vary from one part of the country to another. People maintain very close physical contact and it is common to see two men walking down the street holding hands or with their arms around each other's shoulders.

Nowadays most people, especially in the cities, dress in clothes worn all over the world. However, traditional clothes are still worn, particularly by women and more particularly on occasions like church going, attending a wedding or a funeral or on holidays. Men also wear a traditional garment called a "gaby" as outer clothing in lieu of a coat or jacket. Again dress varies from one part of the country to another. Where we lived the women wear dresses that are very brightly coloured and very beautiful.

The country is now about 50% Orthodox Christian and 50% Muslim with a scattering of other christian denominations accounting for small numbers of people. The Orthodox Christian church is known as the Coptic Church. The most striking thing for me about the church is its fasting laws, which are very strict. During Lent, which lasts for 56 days, Coptic christians do not break their fast until after mid-day. People fast from all dairy products for the entire time – no meat, eggs, milk products, etc. Aside from Lent this fasting also takes place every Wednesday and Friday and there is also another short fasting season of 16 days in August. Easter is the biggest celebration in the church. Feasts like Christmas and Easter do not coincide with ours because Ethiopia follows a different calendar – the Gregorian calendar. It is now in the year 1986, there are 13 months in the year – 12 months each with 30 days and the 13th month with 6 days. New year begins in September.

I feel that in this essay I have given a very brief and sketchy overview of the culture of Ethiopia. I am sure that I have forgotten so many things that deserve to be mentioned. Ethiopia is a country with a very rich history, it is mentioned in the Bible and many scholars believe that the Ark of the Covenant is to be found there. It is the one African country that was not colonised and, indeed, it repelled the Italian attempts to colonise. Rastafarians get their name from Haile Selassie, the well-known emperor of Ethiopia until 20 years ago. Haile Selassie's name was Tafari and his military title, Ras, and he is still revered by that group.

My purpose in this essay is to expose people to a more positive view of Ethiopia. While Ethiopia has many problems to grapple with as it "develops", it is a beautiful land populated with a warm and welcoming people. I look forward to returning to live there after a few years when Mitiku will finish his studies in America. We pray for peace and good fortune for Ethiopia.

■ BRIDGET GRIFFIN

I've th' ould pass!



Tony Boyle and Dom Moran, Knox Street. Before Dom died a few years ago, he presented several copies of newspapers to the local Vocational School. This photograph was taken in 1943 (just 50 years ago).

I believe it was Charlie Haughey who was the relevant Minister away back in the early 'seventies who first introduced the free travel for the old age pensioners (or senior citizens as most of us prefer to be called), in this part of our island, and we should all be grateful to him for it. And we must be one of the few countries where free travel is allowed to this section, as recently I had been in the United Kingdom and other countries and I could not enjoy the same concessions as we do here.

Yes, it's great to have the free travel – there's no denying that – especially when both partners can enjoy it, and indeed the benefits of the holder of the pass are many and varied. There are many stories told about those who make full use of the pass and those who never use it, and there are those who would not admit that they are eligible for its benefits (and I suspect that the majority of the latter would be female).

There is the story told of the senior citizen in Galway who was sent to the Post Office by his daughter to post a parcel to Ballina and when he was told that the cost of postage was £2.65 he

immediately decided to deliver the parcel himself and travelled to Ballina, courtesy CIE – and Charlie Haughey! For the £2.65 he enjoyed a pint and a sandwich in the County Mayo town and was back in Galway that evening.

There's always a tendency of pass holders to be shy of the bus driver, but this need not be the case, as my experience of the CIE busmen is that they always treat our section with the greatest respect. And I also discount the belief that holders of the free pass are known as "FLASHERS" to busmen. (I always thought that this term was reserved for a less dignified section of the community). Furthermore, those with the pass must be less trouble to the CIE staff than those who never have the proper change for the fare, despite the fact that it's there in black and white asking to facilitate the driver in this manner.

Using the train with the free pass is a little more complicated. You must first produce your identification at the ticket office and you are then issued with the ticket in the ordinary way and

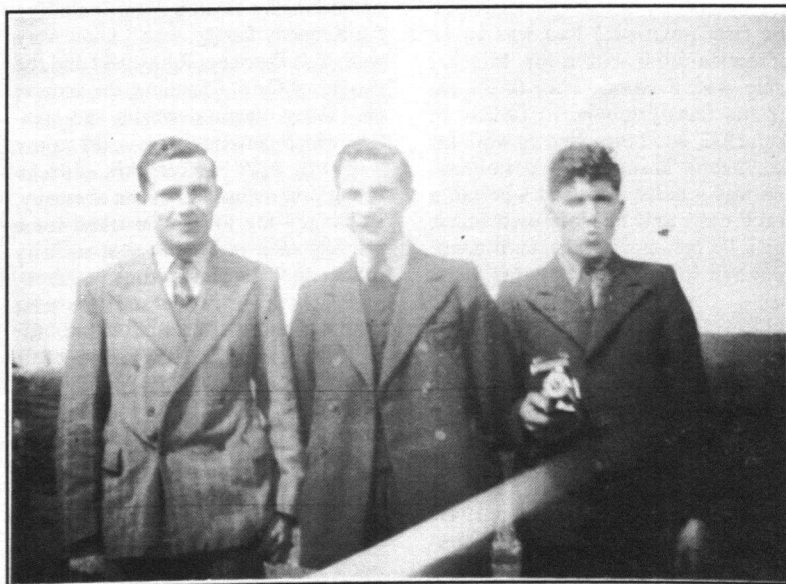
your Social Welfare number is recorded there. And I have knowledge of somebody who, after going through this procedure, pay a fiver to go first class. Yes, it takes all kinds!

Apart from travelling, there are other benefits from being in possession of the free pass. Admission to shows and other fixtures come under this heading and the GAA in particular are in for special praise for their great consideration for the senior citizen and, indeed, this is much appreciated. And I always enjoy the few pounds reduction we get at the Galway Races.

It's great, too, that only one partner requires the free pass and it covers both and this is a further concession. And, indeed, although it is a condition that the pass must always be produced, I have never experienced any difficulty in this area. It would appear that the busman knows his job well as frequently I notice the odd customer pass through, merely saying, "I've the ould pass".

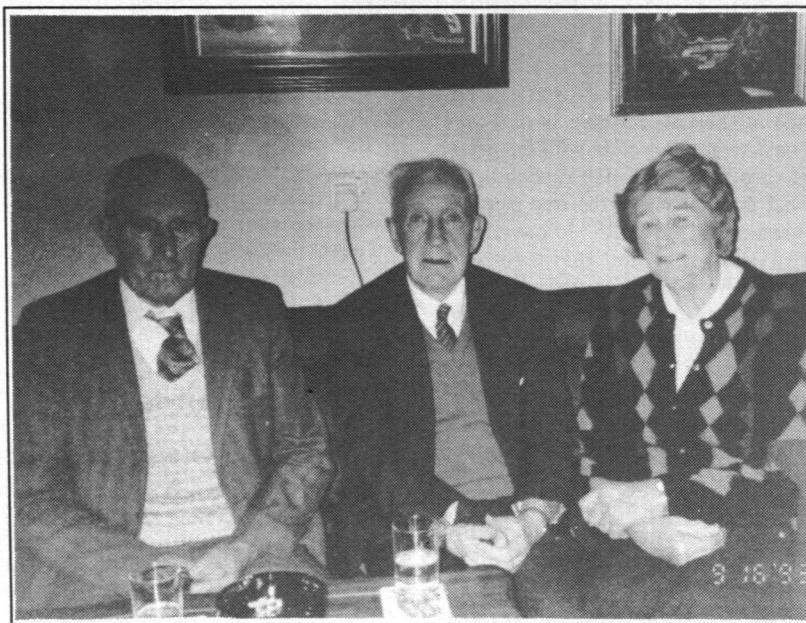
■ BY TONY BOYLE.

Old Friends



Left to right: Joe Keane, Knox Street; Patsy Cunningham, Ballyhaunis, and Jackie Gibbons, Upper Main Street. Picture courtesy Patsy Cunningham.

My years in Ballyhaunis



Pat Judge, Ned Curry and Mrs. Judge.

I first arrived in Ballyhaunis on January the 26th, 1931, at the age of 16 years (my birthday incidentally). The first position I had was as an apprentice tailor with a Mr. Michael Ganly, who lived on Abbey Street. He and his family moved to Dublin in June, 1932, and I then went to work for Mr. Joseph Manning in Drimbane, who was a tailor also, and who ran a dance hall, and had his own band, which he ran successfully until dance halls had to be licensed some years later.

Life in those years in Ireland was rather hard as the very bad depression in America seemed to effect the whole world until the event of the second World War. I have some happy memories as a young man and of the Ballyhaunis area in general, until I emigrated to Boston, USA, in 1949, where I joined my sister and her family.

I worked in Boston for a large real estate company in the city from the time of my arrival until 1983. Whilst

there I had the privilege to be acquainted with some very prominent people in the Boston area, including the Kennedy family, who I know very well, also Baroness Rothschild and the parents of Carol Channing, the actress; plus many others of wealth and prestige which certainly gave a lift to my working days. After this, due to changes in ownership of the company, I changed my job and worked for a security firm in Boston as a security officer up to the present time.

I have been in Ireland this past Summer and visited Ballyhaunis for the first time since 1975 and met lots of old friends from years gone by, but sadly many others have gone to their last reward. During my years in Ballyhaunis I was interested in all sporting activities, like the GAA and the local boxing club, etc. I am actually a native of Co. Cavan, which had some very good football teams in the '30s and '40s.

Myself and Mr. Peter Lynch were the only Cavan men in Ballyhaunis in

those days, so we had a lot in common, as he was an ardent GAA man also. Myself and Micheal Tarmey used to go to Croke Park in Dublin to some of the All-Ireland finals. In those days he was involved in running the local team in Ballyhaunis, a great sportsman. I was involved in running the local Sarsfield team, which participated in the league of 1945. I was also a member of the local Defence Force during the emergency war years.

What impressed me most, I think, is so many changes. All the beautiful houses around now and the improved farming techniques which makes work so much easier since my time there. Soon I returned to Boston but hope to be in Ballyhaunis for a longer visit in the not too distant future, God willing.

■ EDWARD (NED) CURRY

John (Plum) Hunt



John (Plum) Hunt (R.I.P.), with Murt, aged 2

Dates on a schoolbook

16th March – 5th April, 14th May and so on, a date for every month of the year written with pencil on the flyleaf of a school book. This might indicate that the owner of the school book had a great interest in history or perhaps Christian doctrine. The twelve dates may very well be the anniversaries of battles fought long ago or the feast days of saints. They were not written down for these reasons.

Let us read a few more of those dates – 2nd June, 2nd July, 7th August, 22nd Sept. By now they have taken on a familiar ring and brought back a few memories to many middle aged and senior citizens in town and countryside. Looked forward to by generations of schoolboys out the country because they usually meant a day off from school, and a trip to town to be part and parcel of the hustle and bustle that was the fair day.

We can liken the journeys into town on a fair morning to a sort of invasion. Steady columns of men and animals moving in from all directions before dawn in Winter time and shortly after in Summer time. Armed with ash or hazel plants specially cut the day before, schoolboys turned drovers were always to be found at the head of the parade. Like scouts they checked every perch on the route, an eye there for a gap in the fence, an eye there for an open gate. Stand gently at a by-road until the animals had safely passed, then over the wire to get ahead again.

Those journeys were in themselves lessons in responsibility. If cattle broke away or other problems cropped up guess who got the blame (even amongst cattle drovers there is sometimes need for a scapegoat).

With cattle being driven five or more miles there was many a fence to be jumped and if you did not look before you leapt you might finish the journey with second thoughts, dreaming about a warm fire and dry clothes and wondering was all this worth a shilling.

If care and attention were called for in getting the cattle to the fair green,

skill was called for on arrival there. Although there were no pens, no rules as to where cattle were to enter, stand or leave, the proceedings were in no way disorderly. In most cases the herd instinct kept each farmers cattle together. They stood as if they were bewildered at finding out that there were so many other cattle in the world and that they had been mistaken in thinking that they had the place to themselves.

It was when the buying and selling started that real skill was called for. It is not the colour or size of an animal that is important but the quality and the man who is a good judge of this can earn more money with his two eyes than with his two hands.

In one of the schoolbooks someone is quoted as having said that all men are created equal. We had not made many trips to the fairgreen when we found out that this proposition was flawed. All men may very well be created equal, but as they grow up many inequalities manifest themselves. We quickly found out that there are at least two classes of people, rogues and honest men and that it took experience to tell the difference.

There were jobbers with brown boots and brown coats who knew their business and would not spend all day doing what could be done in five minutes. There were farmers who wore black coats and cloth caps who knew as much about selling as the jobbers knew about buying.

The deals were done according to a traditional ritual. The buyer casts a keen eye over the animals and asks, "how much?". The seller asks more than he expects to get. The buyer bids less than he expects to pay. Then follows much bargaining. The dealer walks away, the seller out of the corner of his mouth whispers to a bystander, "call him back". The bystander extends an invitation, "come back you'll get them." By now a crowd has gathered no doubt to get up to date information as to whether there is any lift in the trade.

Wherever a crowd is gathered there is a wit or two amongst them and the

fellow with the gift of the gab kept many a deal alive with his inquiries as to "what's between ye", and his advice "to split the difference" and split it again and again if necessary. The seller may get a chance to inquire of the buyer, "will you break this man's word" or assure him "you'll get good luck."

The gap between them has narrowed. "Hould out your hand, will you do what this man is saying before I go." There might be a chorus from the crowd, "give them to him." The deal may be finished by the laying on of hands or the buyer might walk away and start the procedure all over again with some other seller, while the first seller waited for some other buyer to come his way.

While all this was going on the young fellows had to keep an eye on the cattle, but they also managed to lend an ear to what was going on. This was educational, giving them a glimpse of the real world and listening to real people. Far better than sitting at a school desk reading about Finn McCool poaching salmon on the Banks of the Boyne.

There was an interesting type of dealer known as a "tangler". You needed you guardian angel with you when dealing with this species. Very handy with the tongue and skilled in the art of deception he was always on the look out for a "chape one". Even if given a good price by the tangler, caution was still called for as the following true story indicates. The tangler buys three cattle from an old timer for £90 a piece, which was a good price at the time. With a good flow of talk and a roll of notes he goes to pay for the cattle. "Three cattle at £90 each – three nines are twenty-seven, that's two hundred and twenty-seven pounds I owe you, isn't it?"

There was buying and selling between farmers as well and stories survive about some those deals as well.

All the activity on a fair day was not confined to the fairgreen. The sheep occupied the footpaths. Sometimes the footpaths from the Post Office to the top of the Main Street



Street Fair in Ballyhaunis, at a time when all fairs in the country were held on the town's main street. That is, if the town had a railway structure for shipping pigs. Drovers handled cattle and sheep. Ballinlough was the centre for Williamstown. From the far end of the parish the journey could take four hours with an ass and cart. The Irish bacon was American fatback and to this day American bacon is still fatback.

were packed tight with sheep. The pigs and horses took over The Square on their days out. The pig fair was held on the second Tuesday of each month.

Preparation for a pig fair differed somewhat than for sheep or cattle fairs. The "cribs" had to be put on the cart and secured with ropes. At that time it was considered to be in the public interest that each donkey, mule, pony and horse cart have the name of the owner displayed on the shaft of the cart. This name had to be constantly touched up.

The donkey's hoofs required special attention. There was many an ass held up coming into the pig fair and had its hoofs examined more meticulously than if it were on its way to London to take part in "the troopng of the colours."

With the buying and selling done, unsold animals were put in Freeleys Yard or Delaneys Yard. Those that had been sold put aboard lorries or driven to the railway station where a train of cattle wagons was waiting to take the animals to the fattening land of the Midlands or straight on to the North-wall and a trip across the Irish Sea.

Time for refreshments. Pints or the half ones for the men, coffee and sandwiches for the lads and a stroll around window shopping or a look at the

stands of the "Cheap Jack" and the delph man who amazed us at the way he could throw plates in the air and bang them on a tea chest without breaking them. He was constantly suggesting to his audience that he did not care whether he sold or not as he had "the house thatched, the rent paid and the eviction won't come off." Another man with a numbers game encouraged us to have a go – "your mother won't know, and I won't tell."

Election time provided another such show as candidates with mission-like zeal preached to the faithful and unfaithful. Not many quotations from election rallies are recalled, possibly because in spite of all the talk little was said.

As I watched French farmers on T.V. protesting against E.C. cutbacks one election quotation that I have heard repeated many times over the years comes to mind. It is from the period of the '30s known as the economic war when there was no export market for Irish farm produce on account of high tariffs imposed on them by the British government.

On a fair day when it was almost impossible to sell anything a speaker on a political platform proudly proclaims that "the British market is gone forever, thank God."

Letting my imagination run loose I am trying to visualise a politician standing in front of those fiery French farmers and telling them that their markets were gone forever, thank God. The French are great at philosophy and they might advise the speaker that while the right to freedom of speech was sacrosanct, the safest way to exercise that right is to talk to yourself.

There were many negative sides to the fairs as well, not least being the filth and untidiness which were the result of hundreds of animals standing on streets and footpaths for hours on end. Despite those big problems there never was any pressure by towns people or legislators to end the street fairs.

During the '60s and '70s great strides were made in modernising production on the farms and it naturally followed that farmers would look for more modern methods of marketing as well.

Mention of the "delph man" earlier on prompts me to mention that this year is the "China anniversary" of the ending of the fairs. Just twenty years ago the farmers of their own accord abandoned the streets and took their animals with them to the more modern environs of the cattle mart.

■ JIMMY CRIBBIN

A look back over "Western People" files at ...

Ballyhaunis in Past Decades

The following are random extracts from Western People microfilm files over past decades. The reporter of many of these more recent items was well known local scribe, Mick O'Connell, who worked for the Western People for a number of years, and still shows an active interest in happenings around town.

I am indebted to colleague Anne Bourke for her help with research.

1983:

FEBRUARY: 38-year old Jim Higgins received a triumphant welcome home to his native town following his election to Seanad Eireann. Two years previously he had been a personal nominee to the Seanad by Garrett Fitzgerald. This time he made it on his own.

MARCH: First prizewinners in an art competition organised by Ballyhaunis Junior Chamber were 8 and under-Francis Maguire, Granlahan; 11 and under- Graham Morgan, Granlahan; 16 years and under - Paul Waldron, Devlis; and 20 years and under -Peter McHugh, Main St.

Bernie Byrne's Bohemians, the holders of the Ballyhaunis Quiz title were defeated by Coyne's 19th team, in the semi-final. Representing Bohemians were Eamonn McDonnell (captain), Micheal Murren, John Cleary, and Terry Coleman, while Joan Flynn (captain), Norrie Dillon, and Breege Coyne represented Coyne's. Coyne's went on to win the final, after defeating Forde's Newsreaders. Members of the Forde's team were Alex Eaton (captain), Kevin Flanagan, Michael Cleary and Sile Forde.

MAY: A study group of twenty people have been working on a preparatory study on the formation of a Credit Union branch in the town.

AUGUST: As part of the Town Improvement Plan, a mural was completed on the gable of Keane's old workshop at Knox St. The painting was carried out by upwards of forty

children, under the guidance of teacher Helena Caulfield.

SEPTEMBER: At the annual Scout camp in Buncrana, The Eagle Patrol won the best patrol award. The P. L. was P. Waldron, A.P.L., Don Delaney, and other members were Ultan Cruise, Jonathan Cleary, Eamonn Thorntan and Eamonn Freyne.

Michael Lyons, who left Spaddagh, Ballyhaunis at the age of ten to live in the United States, returned home for the first time, after an absence of fifty six years.

A new Handball Alley, built at a cost of £30,000, was officially opened.

1973:

FEBRUARY:

Ballyhaunis Scoutmaster Seamus Durkan, accompanied by Assistant Scoutmaster Joe Byrne, P.R.O. David Dwane, and senior patrol leaders John Griffin and Michael Hegarty, met with their counterparts from the Castleblaney Troop in Longford. The meeting was called to discuss the proposed joint camp to be held in Lourdes and San Sebastian, Spain.

The official opening of Ballyhaunis Mart took place this month.

MARCH: Rehearsals for the St. Patrick's Dramatic Society production of "Don't Bother To Unpack" were in full swing. Produced by Canon J.G. McGarry, the play's cast included John O'Neill, Elizabeth Jordan, Mary Griffin, John Lombard, Eileen O'Kelly, Martin Forde, Gus Kearns and Jack Greene. Lighting was by Joe Greene.

APRIL: A number of local pubs were in the process of, or had recently changed hands, including The Eagle Bar (from Hegarty's to Gormleys), The Horseshoe Inn (from Hannon to Morris), The White Horse Inn (from Moran to Murray), and Dillons, Knox St. to Noones.

St. Patrick's College Gaelic football team defeated Headford in a crucial Connacht Colleges Juvenile game in

Hollymount. Best for the College were John Fahey, Eamonn Glynn, Paul Cunnane, Liam McDonnell, Tommy Nolan and Michael Hegarty.

The latest new band in Ballyhaunis was Country Comfort, set up by Tom Jones, a native of Kilkenny, Padraic Moran and Vincent Kelly.

In the semi-finals of the Mayo Post Primary Schools Basketball, Ballyhaunis lost to Ballinacorney, 63 to 39. Best for St. Pats were Kieran Folliard, Gerry Lyons, Alex Eaton and Anthony Hegarty.

1963:

SEPTEMBER: At Ballyhaunis Fair bullocks and 3-year old heifers fetched £50 to £70; 2-year olds from £46 to £48; yearlings £25 to £35; and fat sheep £2 and ten shillings to £5. At Ballyhaunis Show, prizes were awarded as follows: Best Colouring by a Vocational or Secondary School Student- Patricia Henry, Upper Main St.; Wild Flower for Schoolchildren- Thomas Fox, Devlis; Gents Jumper- Mrs. T. Larkin, Devlis; and Dozen Pod Beans- S. Hostey, Moigh, Cloonfad.

OCTOBER: The Smithwicks Trophy at Ballyhaunis Golf Course was won by Mrs. Kiernan, Ballinlough, with Mrs. K. Flynn, Ballyhaunis runner-up.

Mr. Thomas Stenson, Upper Main St., was appointed Clerk at St. Patrick's Church.

NOVEMBER: The following officers were elected at Ballyhaunis Bridge Club: President, Very Rev. T. Rushe; Captain, Dr. E. A. Waldron; Hon Sec., William Smyth, N.T.; Mrs. Holmes and Miss May Moyle.

Local Publicans decided to increase the price of the pint by a penny, to one shilling and seven pence. The half pint (glasheen) remains at 10 shillings.

It was decided that Cullintra Lake, near Ballyhaunis, was to be planted with trees and shrubs by members of Ballyhaunis Angling Club, who believed that more trees would mean a better fly-life, and subsequently better angling in the area.

Ballyhaunis Billiards Club were joint top of the County league table with Ballina. Playing well for Ballyhaunis were Willie Murphy, Mick Webb and Martin Moran.

1953:

FEBRUARY: Successful participants in the local heats of The Connacht Ballroom Championships were P. Gilmore and Miss Lyons, Ballyhaunis; J. Breen and M. Flatley, Ballyhaunis; and E. Walsh and partner, Ballyhaunis.

Ballyhaunis branch of the Irish Red Cross arranged a church gate collection for Feb. 15th. to aid the Dutch flood victims.

At a meeting of Ballyhaunis Town Improvements, chaired by D. P. Sweeney, B.D.S., it was decided to allocate a sum of £30 to a special sub-committee looking into the forthcoming An Toastal celebrations.

MARCH: The results of the first round of the snooker handicap being played by members of the St. Patrick's Catholic Club, Ballyhaunis were :S. Corcoran beat V. Byrne; J. Forde beat M. Kearns; C. Coyne beat R.Jordan; Tony Molloy beat K. Barry; P. Walsh beat J. O'Malley;

J. Greene beat M. Henry; and E. Meath beat W. Baker.

APRIL: The I.L.C. acquired an 80 acre holding at Feamore, Ballyhaunis from H. Curran, and divided it amongst families who had left uneconomic holdings in the Kilvine area.

It was like old times in Ballyhaunis when crowds packed the Star Cinema for a boxing tournament under the recently reorganised Ballyhaunis Boxing Club. Local boxers who won their bouts were F. McKenna, P. and H. Benson, M. Hannon, T. Slevin, M. O'Shea, Steve Hannon, B. McArdle, and M. McKenna. Rev. E. A. Mansfield, O.S.A. thanked the large crowd, and especially P. J. McGarry for the use of the Cinema and P. J. Caulfield, who brought the ring from Galway to Ballyhaunis.

MAY: Stephen Garvey and his international orchestra and Hammond Organ supplied the music for a dance in the Eclipse Ballroom on Sunday May 10th, fresh from their British tour.

1943:

JANUARY: Mr. T. Forde won the turkey in the Christmas competition in the mens section of Ballyhaunis Golf Club, returning 69 off a 15 handicap.

FEBRUARY: Local residents, particularly in Clare St., were worried that the inadequate sewerage system which aggravated the bad floods following recent heavy rain, resulting in the flooding of many houses, could cause a serious outbreak of fever.

Rev. G. J. Prendergast, P.P., Ballyhaunis became patron of the newly formed Gasra Na Fainne. Officers elected included P. Waldron, President; S. O'Dwyer, N.T., Secretary; W. Smyth, N.T., Treasurer.

Some startling disclosures were expected at a Court case, following a break-in at Moran Brothers in Knox Street.

Prizewinners at a 25 drive held under the auspices of the local Legion

of Mary were T. Sullivan, Ballindrehid; J. Finn, Abbey St.; Jas. Boyle, Carrowkeel; J. Lyons, Brackloon. The raffle for 100 cigarettes was won by John Cunnane, Carrowkeel.

1933:

JANUARY: Thomas Waldron was appointed Principal of the Boys N.S., following the retirement of P. A. Waldron.

On January 11th Mr. E. Byrne and Miss N. Conway were married in the Abbey.

FEBRUARY: Speaking after Mass, Rev E. A. Moane, O.S.A. (brother of E. Moane, T.D.), referring to the result of the General Election, said the people should thank God for the victory. The election was won by Fianna Fail.

Organist at St. Patrick's Church, Professor Atherton, gave a recital in his studio, with vocal assistance from Messrs P. and M. Freeley, and Mr. P. Kilroy. On violin were P. A. Gilmore and E. Norry..

At Ballyhaunis Fair, fat sheep went from 35 shillings to fifty shillings; lambs from 28 shillings and six to 30 shillings; Yearling cattle from £4 to £5; and two year olds from £8 to £9 and ten shillings.

It was rumoured locally that forty new houses would shortly be built in an area of the town known as The Dardanelles.

Ballinaman Sid Ruddy was transferred from Ballyhaunis Post Office to his native town, and replaced by Martin Coffey, Galway.

MARCH. Fr. Colleran, P.P., officially opened the new Ballyhaunis Water Supply on Sunday March 12th. The scheme cost £5000 and the two pumping machines were each capable of delivering 100 gallons of water per minute, against a height of 150 feet. Each pump was driven by a five horse power motor. The reservoir had a capacity of 45,000 gallons of water.

APRIL: A real maple leaf floor was laid in McGarrys Hall, and an all-night dance was planned for April 16th.

NOVEMBER: A major Irish-German Boxing tournament was held in Ballyhaunis, under the auspices of the local Boxing Club. Both teams arrived in the town on Monday, November 6th. to a rousing reception at the local railway station. All business houses in the town closed for the forenoon, and many gathered in Waldron's Hotel to give the Germans a warm welcome. The Irish Team stayed in Holmes' Hotel.

That night the German team arrived at the ringside in the packed Lynch's Stadium, wearing black and white togs, black singlets with shorts shorts,

the swastika on the left leg. The orchestra played "De Wacht On Rhine". After the playing of the two National anthems, the Germans gave the Hitler salute.

The tournament went Germany's way, by five bouts to three.

Afterwards, at a banquet in Waldron's Hotel, toasts were called by Wm. Dillon Leetch, Fr. Mansfield, F. V. De Vere, Ballina, and Austin Crean. A pair of Shillelaghs were presented to Herr Mueller manager of the team.

Afterwards a dance was held in McGarry's Hall, with music by Stephen Garvey.

■ DAVID DWANE

Use your Library

Ballyhaunis Library is situated in Clare Street - (Tel. 0907-30161). Joining the Library is a simple procedure of signing a form. A year's membership costs just one pound! On every visit to the Library a person is entitled to borrow two books. Books are issued for a period of two weeks and can be renewed, either by 'phone or by taking the books to the Library for re-stamping (unless the books are requested by another person).

Members are asked to return books promptly. Fines are charged on overdue books. Please do not loan any library books in your possession. Books loaned from the library must be returned in the condition in which they were lent. Anyone who loses or damages a book must pay the replacement cost of the book.

A request service is provided whereby books which are not in stock can be requested by completing a request form.

Expand your horizons, read for fun, read for information.

The opening hours are:

Monday, Closed.

Tuesday, 12.00-5.00 p.m.

Wednesday, 3.00-8.00 p.m.

Thursday, Closed.

Friday, 3.00-8.00 p.m.

Saturday, 12.00-5.00 p.m.

The Library is closed on Church Holidays and on the Saturdays preceeding Bank Holidays.

If you require any information, Eleanor is only too willing to help.

Mary's memories



Connors House in Logboy – Left to right: John Connor, Kate Tully, Bernie Connor, Bridget Connor, Jimmy Connor (in van), working for Cunningham's; Tom Connor, Jack Shevlin (driver in van).

Having been born and bred in Ballyhaunis and indeed lived in three different streets, I will try and put on paper some of my memories. As a child we lived in Knox Street in a house known as Mary Watts (I don't remember that), then Main Street opposite the church where now stands the community welfare office and laterally in Abbey Street.

Life was pretty simple back in the late 1950s and early '60s. Hardly anybody had television, indeed I remember the first night RTE opened watching it on Halpin's television. We had none then, so all our amusement was outdoors. We played in the fair-green and in the woods where there was plenty of open space. We played

ball, Sally, Sally Red Light, Hopscotch, etc., in Nellie Mullins, in front of the Courthouse and the back road behind the Garda Barracks. Also Macks Hill, up the banks of the railway line where in the summer time we had our picnics. The summers then appeared to be very warm with the tar bubbling on the roads. The only place we could swim was Annagh Lake or Pol na Cruiche down Knox Street. I, myself, split my

hand with glass and had to get stitches. I remember Joe Webb bringing me to Doctor Waldron's that day. Winter time on the hill outside our house in Main Street, when the weather was frosty, was a great place for sliding. There were always plenty of young

Pennies went far then and we seemed to have gotten a lot of sweets for them.

people around Main Street. The Halpins, Dillon-Leetches, Murphys, Cribbins, Henrys, Glynn's, Waldrons and Mulherns and, at different times, we all seemed to have been involved in something or other – bonfires, games or when we had snow, playing in the Friary field in front of the church.

In those days, before evening Mass on Saturdays came into being, all grocery and drapery shops were open until eleven and were always busy and loads of people around. Thursday was half day in the town. Everything then was weighed in either 1 or 2 lb. bags. Sugar into brown bags from a sack, raisins into red boxes and also sultanas and currants, tea from the teachest, biscuits were loose as were most sweets. Even the Guinness was filled into five naggin bottles and the people brought their own bottles to have them filled.

As a child I can recall a little shop in Devils around where Seamus Coen's garage now stands, where two sisters lived and they were known as the Dawson sisters. Across from there was a little cottage where lived Florrie Morris. Then under the bridge lived Tessie Keenan. Quite a few elegant ladies lived around the town. Miss Reilly, who taught the piano, always wore a flat topped hat and always walked very upright as did Miss Hoare with her blue/grey hair, who lived in Upper Main Street. There were the Freeley sisters, who lives where Horans Pub is now, and also the sister who lived opposite the church in the grey house, now in flats. Sarah Cooney and her sister lived next door to P. D. Freeleys. I also recall a Mrs. Benson who lived in a cottage near Jordans shop. Maureen Higgins and her mother lived in Bridge Street where a grand aunt of my own, who owned a shop, Delia Lyons, also lived. Sadly all these characters have passed on.

Pennies went far then and we seemed to have gotten a lot of sweets for them. There were plenty of shops that I have good memories from. Byrnes shop in Main Street, Mike McGreals, well-known for the dishes of ice-cream; Tom Kellys, Greenes, where beautiful home-made ice-cream in cones and ice lollies were made, as did Lucy Flynn's in Main Street; Padraig Waldrons shop, Halpins shop in Abbey Street, and Lilian Delaneys. We, ourselves, have a shop in Abbey Street and a travelling shop, which went out the country with groceries and every day in a different direction. In my dad's day he used to gather the free range eggs which were then tested, packed in wooden boxes and

later brought to Dublin and sold. Wednesday was the day Jack Halpin and himself went to Dublin and, on one occasion, they brought home a cold storage display fridge. I think it was the first one in town. This travelling shop is still on the road, sadly all the others have ceased. If anybody reading this has any old photographs of the old travelling shop I would be very interested. Fair days were a big affair. From early morning cattle, pony and traps, etc., made their way to town and these could be parked all along the streets so much so one could hardly pass going to school. The Square would be full of stalls selling everything, the shops were busy and there was a great buzz in the town. In the evenings the whole place would have to be washed and hosed down. I remember one particular day a bullock getting loose and going into Smiths house in Abbey Street where there was a restaurant, poor Mrs. Smith, R.I.P., was not able to get it out so passers-by had to go to the rescue.

My class in the Convent in Ballyhaunis was known as the Mary Class and tell those wherever they may be in Ireland or over the world to name but a few – Halpin (Australia), Dillon-Leetch (at present in India), Joyce (England), O'Dwyer (Galway), McGrath (England), Grogan (Ballina), Dillon (Boyle) and all the other class mates I say hello and with them well and remember Ballyhaunis is still going strong.

■ MARY CUNNINGHAM.



The Jordan Family, Main St., Ballyhaunis – Ursula, Oliver, Coleman and Jarlath.

Golden Jubilee



May Moyles, Sister Assumpta and Mrs. Waldron (Cave), celebrating Sister Assumpta's 50 years as a nun. Pic. courtesy B. Brennan.

Congratulations to Sr. Assumpta, who has celebrated the Golden Jubilee of her profession. She spent some forty years as a dedicated teacher in Ballyhaunis Convent of Mercy and Community Schools. She retired from teaching a few years ago but did not retire from active participation in the work of the parish: helping

out in the Church, reading the lessons, leading the rosary, consoling the bereaved, rejoicing with the newly weds, giving her time and generosity to all. A truly Christian lady, full of humanity and humour. Long may she grace our parish.

■ Mary Freeley, Derrynaconng

Ballyhaunis Foroige Club

Ballyhaunis Foroige Club has members from first year to Leaving Cert. level. Meetings are held each Friday night in the Scout Den from 8-9 p.m. during school terms. The year starts in September and ends the following June. Our officers for most of 1993 were: Chairperson, Cormac O'Connor; Vice-Chairperson, Imelda Flynn; Treasurer, Ruth Gaffney; Secretary, Una Butler; PRO, Seamus Landon, and Games Committee: Siobhan Walsh, Maria Higgins, Anne McManus; Club Leaders: Rev. Fr. McCarthy, O.S.A.; Tony Flynn, Jim Landon. Thanks to those leaders for their time and patience.

OUR ACTIVITIES

We began the year by organising a children's Christmas Disco on a Saturday afternoon. It was a great success. We then invited Began Foroige to a Table Quiz. We then took part in the Easter Parade and organised events for children in the car park at the Lochán.

Then came the Mayo Foroige Talent competition. Our Ballad group first won a heat and got to the county final in the

Welcome Inn in Castlebar. We were trained by Mrs. Anna Butler. The group was Evelyn O'Connor, Imelda Flynn, Claire Flynn, Colm Jordan, Una Butler, Seamus Landon and Aine Fahey.

We then went to Delphi Adventure Centre. For weeks in advance we worked at various jobs in the area to earn enough money for the trip. We had a brilliant day there – canoeing, rock climbing, orienteering, abbsailing, etc.

In September we resumed again. The following committee were elected: Chairperson, Imelda Flynn; PRO, Colm Jordan; Secretary, Una Butler; Treasurer, Natalie Colm; Vice-Chairperson, Claire Flynn, and the Games Committee, Seamus Landon, Shay Walsh, Claire Butler, Rachael Clery.

In October our club attended a workshop in Knock given by John McKenna. The theme of the workshop was "New Beginnings" and over two hundred members from other Foroige Clubs attended. Our membership this year is at its highest ever level.

■ PRO, Seamus Landon.



Brackloon School, 1953 – back row, left to right: Billy Lyons, John Hoban, Patsy McDonagh, Evelyn Fitzmaurice, Margaret Hunt (R.I.P.), Margaret Forde, Mixy Regan (R.I.P.), Jack Murphy, Paddy Rogers, Patricia Lyons, Kathleen Scally, Mary Murphy. Front row, left to right: Tommy Carroll, Michael Forde, Padraig Regan, Luke Rogers, Michael McDonagh, Josephine Fitzmaurice, Norrie Hoban, Moira Ganley, Michael Hunt, Helen Kearney, Helen Regan, Joseph Fitzmaurice, Bernie Hunt, Eileen Moran, Dom Murphy, Jim Fitzmaurice, Jimmy Hunt and Tommy Joe Murphy. Pic. courtesy John Freeley.



Wedding day – left to right: Dominick Murphy and his bride, Julia Dyer, bridesmaid, Mary Murphy; groomsman, Jim Dyer, all from Brackloon.



Walk in the Holy Land – Maureen Neary and daughter, Denise, raised £6,000 for Rehab.



Stephen Waldron, Mickie Smyth (R.I.P.), Billy Flatley (R.I.P.)



Man at work – Kevin Eagney.

Cead blian ag fas



Mother Pauline, Reverend Mother of Mery Convent, North Carolina; Dr. John McGarry (formerly of Abbey Street), Sister Mary Jarlath McGarry (formerly of Ballyhaunis) and Ms. Mona McGarry (formerly of Abbey Street), pictured admiring Sister Mary Jarlath's tri-coloured 100th birthday cake at the convent in North Carolina – Sister Mary Jarlath is sister of John and Mona's late father, Paddy McGarry.

Every Ballyhaunis person received either the introduction to or their total education from the Sisters of Mercy in Abbey Street. For all the impressions are everlasting and many have taken these impressions and guidelines to the four corners of the earth. The contributions made by the Sisters, and, in later years by the lay teachers, ensured that all received the basic principles of education and nurturing process to equip them with essential values and self esteem.

Sister Jarlath described the happiest day of her one hundred years – the day she made her First Holy Communion. They played in the haystacks in the convent grounds and her mother brought a basket of queen cakes, one for each communicant. If such a memory has remained so vivid and beautiful with one centenarian what impact has the

convent made through the century on all its past pupils?

Countess Markevitzv and Maude Gonne were considered very emancipated in 1902 when they formed "The Daughters of Erin" for the education of Irish ladies. By that time the Sisters were already lighting the early morning fires to heat the large rooms for their students who were to either walk or cycle as far as twelve miles to get fundamental education. Lunch was prepared by leaving the milk bottles in front of the fire.

In later years the Sisters provided the money for secondary education for girls. This was a great opportunity for the girls, who, prior to this, had been denounced to the seclusion of the home and had "been too rebellious and overstepped themselves by achieving the vote for women in 1914."

The sense of commitment from these guiding lights is depicted also in the good work carried out by people like Seamus Durkan. The Scouts' Den is a fitting monument to his love of Ballyhaunis. Incidentally, Seamus is Sister Jarlath's god child.

In the fast changing world of the mid nineteen hundreds the sisters had to do much adjusting to cope with not just Vatican II but with the local changes which developed in the town. During the early days of the secondary school emigration was rife. However, in the early 'sixties the town underwent industrial changes with the coming of Webbs factory (later Halal). Liga and the Pottery factory instigated by Michael A. Keane, Denis Sweeney, Larry Freeley and Paddy McGarry under the Town Improvement Committee, brought more employment to Ballyhaunis.

Even we as youngsters in Abbey Street were driven by the industrial revolution. We had our own enterprise. Sister Margaret Mary taught us our Domestic Science. We industrialised tuition setting up Ireland's only Swiss Roll factory. Dyers van made a weekly visit to town with their sponges but a new opposition was set up called Abbey Sunbeams. The entrepreneurs involved in this project were Denise and Peter Sweeney, John McGarry, Edward Moran and myself and we produced swiss rolls three times a week. Cunningham's were generous with their supplies of cracked eggs at half price. Orders were inflicted on those who were unfortunate enough to answer the door to the resounding banging. Mrs. Gallagher, Mrs. Dora Forde, Maria Cribbin and Mrs. Concannon always succumbed to the pressures of our marketing. No wonder Denise is one of Ireland's top cooking advisors today!!

Prior to the introduction of household television our cultural development was not lacking. Each year unabashed, we invited the townsfolk to our play in the Star Cinema. Our director was Mary Joyce and the cast was made up from John Dillon-Leetch, Christopher Greene, John O'Dwyer and the Moran family. Unlike our predecessors, the Abbey Dramatic Society, the most important character played was often the prompter as he could be heard more distinctly than the actual cast. John O'Dwyer began training early in life – he was the best narrator at the age of nine. Like the Late Late Show of today a real must for everyone in the audience was the home-made ice lollipop. A frost-bitten tongue quelled all criticism of the show so we could refill our auditorium.



Yvonne McGarry, Mary Dillon, Mary Elizabeth Dillon-Leetch.

The culture of the world at that time was changing. Sunday night was no longer the Radio Play. The dance hall and cinema had opened up a new world. Clare Road took on a new dimension. The Big Bands had come to town. Mother Dymrna's classical music was tragically drowned by the vibrating amplification of Dickie Rock's Band.

By the time Brendan Bowyer hit the eclipses the sound advice of the sisters to "resist all temptation" was "huckle-bucked". The bubbling personality of Mary Nally and her supporting friends of Corinne Lyons, Noreen Cullinney and the Byrne girls of Clare Street, the beehive hair styles, hoorah skirts and stilletoes had responded to the excitement of the new opportunities. Poor Sister Assumpta had great difficulty trying to instill the theorems on Monday mornings, while Finola Dillon-Leetch and Ann Curley whispered the exciting reports of the previous night's events.

But the sisters drummed it in (in Irish), and ensured that whatever the distraction of the time, always recognising the background of fun, their pupils made a great success of their lives. They encouraged and developed their talents and heightened their awareness of how much more there was to learn. The live music lost its popularity, the discos and the points system of education brought a new era with new values. Unfortunately emigration had prevailed throughout all the decades, depriving the town of much of our cultural ethos. The Sisters of Mercy have coped magnificently with all the changes through the past century. Much gratitude and debt is owed to them for the nostalgic happy memories all their pupils have taken with them throughout the globe, even as far as the red soil of North Carolina.

May they find continued success and fulfillment in their great work through the next 100 years.

■ MONA MCGARRY

Citizens' Information Centre

PAROCHIAL HALL
TEL. (0907) 30212.

The Citizens' Information Centre has been operating its voluntary service at the Parochial Hall for almost seventeen years, a fact which must surely endorse the need for an independent, impartial, community based information-giving service. The centre is one of a network of 80 centres around the country, all independent organisations registered with the National Social Service Board – a public service body which promotes public awareness of and access to social services. It is staffed by trained volunteers drawn from the local community and equipped with the most up-to-date information on all aspects of social welfare, health services, taxation, consumer affairs, housing, etc. A comprehensive range of application forms for various schemes and entitlements is also available. Many leaflets and special publications by the National Social Service Board are also freely available, for instance, "Entitlements for the over sixties", "Information for School Leavers", "Coping with Bereavement", "Part-time Workers", etc.

To mark this year as European Year of Older People and solidarity between generations, a special booklet entitled, "Now's the Time – Volunteering Opportunities for Older People", was published by the National Social Service Board and is available at the Centre. They have also introduced and it is proving to be of great benefit. They also provide an excellent back-up service for the volunteers in addition to their monthly publication "Relate".

During the year the volunteers at the Citizens' Information Centre attended for duty for an hour or two every fortnight and also a monthly meeting which included a training session.

The annual conference was held in St. Patrick's College, Dublin, in Sep-

tember and was attended by Deirdre Diskin and Frances Maye. The theme of the conference this year was "Empowering The Citizen" and Mr. Brendan Howlin, Minister for Health, gave an address.

A number of volunteers attended the regional seminar in Breaffy House Hotel, Castlebar, on 31st October. Volunteers from Ballina, Boyle, Castlebar, Claremorris, Tuam and Westport also attended. The seminar incorporated workshops on Lone Parent Payments, an information update and a general exchange of news and views from the centres taking part.

As always there is a need for new volunteers in the centre. Volunteers are not expected to be experts in anything as they receive basic training in the main areas of entitlements and services. It is a very confidential service and all volunteers are required to abide by the rule of confidentiality. Anyone wishing to become a volunteer or in need of further information should contact any of the under-mentioned people.

At present the centre is staffed by the following:

Chairman, Johnny Lyons, Organiser, Deirdre Diskin; Training Officer, Sr. Assumpta; Deputy Organiser, Bridie Brennan; Secretary, Mai Murphy; Publicity Officer, Mary Donnelly. Mary Hopkins, Frances Maye, Kathleen Murphy, Mary Folliard, Kathleen Waldron, Anne Flanagan, Mary Waldron, Nora Sweeney, Marian Regan, Maura Griffin, Anne McHugh, Mary Healy.

The opening hours are as follows: 11.30 a.m.-12.30 p.m. Tuesday, Friday, Saturday. 5-6 p.m. Tuesday, Friday. The telephone number is (0907) 30212.

The Great Famine and the Poor Law in the Ballyhaunis area

"Observations of the administration of the Poor Law in Castlereaugh Union, 1845-1949"

Famines were not unknown in Ireland before, or indeed since the 1840s, but that which halved the country's population between 1845 and 1849 was without equal and caused such misery and upset through hunger, disease, death and emigration, that few of those who lived through it could bear to talk about it afterwards. Today, though, there are still quite a number of people who knew and spoke with survivors of the Great Famine, relatively little has been passed on orally concerning it.

The article below looks at the Famine years in this part of the country from the point of view of a number of Government officials sent to examine the running of the Union of Castlereaugh, the operation of the Workhouse in Castlereaugh (Ballyhaunis in the 1840s was in Castlereaugh Union, but after 1850 was included in the newly-formed Claremorris Union), and the administration of the Poor Law in this part of Connacht.

Though the correspondence on which it is based, as preserved in Parliamentary Papers, is bound to be biased, it is one of the few locally-written primary sources of evidence on the Great Famine.

The 1838 Poor Law

In 1838 a Poor Law system was established in Ireland. It was based on the English Poor Law which had existed there in one form or another since the Sixteenth Century. Ireland was divided into 130 unions, and in each of these a Workhouse was built. Idleness was regarded by those in authority as the main cause of poverty and so the workhouses were to be made miserable and

uncomfortable so as to make the prospect of having to enter one as undesirable as possible. All relief to the poor was then to be confined to the Workhouse.

The Unions were run by Boards of Guardians, who were usually members of the local 'landed gentry' or well-off townspeople. The financing of the Union and the Workhouse came from rates. Rates had to be paid on properties of more than four pounds valuation, jointly by the landholder and Landlord, and on properties of less than four pounds valuation, by the Landlord alone. Rate Collectors were appointed by the Boards of Guardians, and were very unpopular (much of the correspondence about famine relief in the Parliamentary Papers relates to the collection of rates). The system of poor relief set up by the 1838 Act was designed to deal with the 'normal' state of poverty at the time and functioned with a fair degree of efficiency. It was, however, not capable of dealing with such a catastrophe as the Great Famine of the late 1840s.

Peel's Temporary Relief Scheme

When the scale of the potato failure became apparent in November, 1845, the Prime Minister, Robert Peel, realised that the existing Poor Law wouldn't be able to cope so he set up a temporary relief scheme independent of the Poor Law. "The Relief Commission of Ireland" was to be in charge of this. They organised the importation of meal and grain from America which was to be stored and distributed only to retailers in

order to keep local prices from rising too high. Local committees were set up and were helped financially by the Commission.

A scheme of Public Works was also set up, but the projects it initiated were usually unsuccessful. John Russells Government, when they came to power in June, 1846, continued the Public Works Scheme and the distribution of food. The food had to be bought at the price prevailing in the nearest town and it could only be given free to the old and infirm when there was no room in the Workhouse. Government Soup Kitchens were also set up, but these didn't help the many who died from disease rather than from hunger.

The major flaw in this temporary relief scheme was its assumption that a primary cause of rural poverty was lack of money. It assumed that if people had enough money, then they would be able to buy enough food. This, of course, was not true as very little money ever changed hands amongst those who were worse effected by the famine as Ireland had a subsistence economy in which a cash wage, and the purchasing of food were foreign concepts.

The Irish Poor Law Commission

A most important event in the administration of relief during the famine came in the Summer of 1847. In June an Act was passed which abolished the temporary relief scheme and widened the scope of the existing Poor Law to enable it to deal with the crisis at hand. In August an "Irish Poor Law Commission" was set up, whereas before, the Commission had been based in Britain. Edward Twistleton was appointed Chief Commissioner. The number of Unions was increased. The Commission could appoint inspectors to see if the Unions

were being run satisfactorily by the Boards of Guardians. Two important changes that came in along with the 1847 Act were: (a) the destitute now had the right to be supported, and (b) under certain conditions outdoor relief could be allowed.

There were to be no more Government Soup Kitchens or Public Works. Relief was now available after recourse to the Poor Law Guardians who could either send you to the Workhouse, or, if you were old, very ill or had dependants make outdoor relief available to you.

The Union of Castlereagh

Castlereagh Union at the time of the famine was very big. It comprised all of West County Roscommon, part of North County Galway and part of East County Mayo, that includes the parishes of Annagh and Began. The Workhouse was in Castlereagh and other towns in the Union were Ballaghaderreen and Ballyhaunis in County Mayo; Ballinlough, Loughglynn, Frenchpark, Ballinagare and Castleplunkett in County Roscommon; Ballymoe and Glenamaddy in County Galway. In the 1850s the new Unions of Glenamaddy and Claremorris took these parts of Galway and Mayo respectively from Castlereagh Union. The main landowners were the O'Connor Don of Clonalis House, Castlereagh, and the Viscount Dillon, an absentee who's agent Mr. Strickland, lived at Loughglynn. Most of the land holdings were small and geared towards subsistence farming.

James Auchmuty, Temporary Inspector

Mr. James Auchmuty was sent by the Poor Law Commissioners as a Temporary Inspector to Castlereagh Union in November, 1847. The correspondence between himself and the Commissioners over two and a half months is regular and the issues which arise there reflect the state of the Poor Law in Ireland at that time. The Union of Castlereagh, as he found it, was in a bad state, for two interconnected reasons. Firstly, rates, the reluctance of ratepayers to pay and the difficulties of enforcing payment, and secondly, a Board of Guardians which was ineffective and uninterested because of a shortage of funds.

In his first letter to the Commission, dated 28th of November, 1847, Auchmuty describes the 'shocking' state of

the Workhouse – grass and dirt in the yards, broken windows, low walls which 'the paupers can get over . . . as they please', ragged clothes on the children, some men without shirts, and very few in the prescribed Workhouse dress; overcrowding . . . 'there are five girls sleeping in some of the beds', no room to conduct a class; choked up sewers and general bad organisation. 'Some of the paupers didn't get their breakfasts 'til half past one o'clock, for want of fires'. The matter of the state of the Workhouse falls into the background over the weeks as its condition seems to have improved. Auchmuty, in his letter of 5th of December, says that things are getting into a better state, certainly a lot of equipment and clothing was ordered, and received. The numbers in the Workhouse were reduced by getting rid of some of the landowners amongst them, also a house was leased from Mr. Wills, an agent of the O'Connor Don, which accommodated about 500. Land was acquired adjacent to the Workhouse which was to be used in part as a graveyard, and in part as a place for employing the men.

The Problem of Rates

The correspondence between the Inspector and the Commissioners is dominated by the problem of rates. Mr. Auchmuty, in his first letter to the Commissioners, says that when the new relief Act was implemented, the Board of Guardians struck a rate of 2s 11d in the pound, and that afterwards they passed a resolution that only one half was to be collected first. In the three months since this agreement only 2,500 had been paid out of 17,456 8s and 10d which was the total rate due! Now, in most Unions it was difficult to get the ratepayers to pay at the best of times, but to add a clause which allowed for the payment of the rate in instalments was ridiculous, and made ratepayers all the more reluctant to pay and collection of same all the more difficult. By February 7th, 1848, only 1/3 of the rates had been collected. It was the rates which funded the Board of Guardians administration of relief to the poor of the Union, and the less rates being paid, the less money the Board of Guardians had, and the less amount of relief of any kind they could administer.

It wasn't just plain stubbornness which stopped the ratepayers from paying, throughout much of Ireland at the time, they simply couldn't afford to pay. The Rate Collector from Williamstown, Co. Galway, was Mr. Michael Connell. In a letter to the Board of Guardians,

dated 13th January, 1848, he sums up the situation: "The great cause of my collection being so backward is poverty. Some of the people are well inclined to pay, but they have not the means." Landlords were burdened with the full rates of small-holdings of less than 4 pounds valuation. There were many such small-holdings in this Union, and it is easy to see why Auchmuty says: "I am told that the collectors find it hardest to get the large ratepayers to pay." Most of the rate-payers in Castlereagh Union were small holders who only grew cash crops to pay the rent. After the rent was paid (if at all) there was little if any money left to pay a rate as well. The Landlord too, if he wasn't getting his rents, would find it difficult to get money to pay rates on all his property.

On top of all this, most of the Guardians themselves were ratepayers, some of whom hadn't paid by the time a permanent inspector was sent in, six months since the rate was struck, e.g. Richard O'Grady and Hugh Burke Esq. of Began Electoral District and Robert B. Power of Ballyhaunis Electoral District. This, needless to say, would have set a very bad example for the other ratepayers – if the guardians themselves wouldn't pay. Why should anyone else?

The Commissioners in Dublin advised Auchmuty to direct the Guardians to make a list of all the defaulters, and to proceed against them by Civil Bill. Seemingly, lists were made and some non-payers brought to court but all-in-all it was difficult to enforce the law against them. Petty sessions were held infrequently because the stipendary Magistrate was too busy, anyway, some of the local Magistrates seldom attended them.

Mr. Auchmuty recommended, soon after his arrival to Castlereagh Union, that "a person (should be) sent down to reside in this town to collect the entire rates of the Union, with full power to have the stipendary magistrate and the police to assist him," because from what he can see, the rate collectors "never will do their duty in collection the rate, some from intimidation, others from being in the hands of the guardians and magistrates." He regrets to add: "this part of the country is in a very bad state, the magistrates are afraid to act; in fact no man's life is safe that has any dealing with the country people." The rate collectors job was therefore very difficult. They hadn't the authority to get the assistance of the police or an armed force to enforce collection. There was clearly much intimidation of them,

Michael Waldron, rate collector, for Began electoral district (this E.D. shares Ballyhaunis Town with Ballyhaunis E.D. and takes in the area west and north of that town) pleaded for authority to have an armed force to assist him because he feared for his life after successfully issuing civil bills against certain non-payers'; "I beg to state that I have about 60 decrees obtained, and am sure that if I execute them my life will be endangered."

It soon becomes obvious that it was impossible to collect all the rates. Because of this Auchmuty, by mid-January, 1884, had come to the conclusion that the guardians would never be able to administer the poor law effectively because of the shortage of funds. Many of the Guardians lost interest and stopped attending board meetings. Mr. Wills, the Chairman, and others agreed with Auchmuty that a paid board should be sent down from Dublin in their stead to run the Union.

The non-payment of rates led to a shortage of funds which resulted in a deprived and ineffective Board of Guardians for the Union of Castlereagh. There is evidence that the Castlereagh Guardians did become so ineffective as to have caused death in some cases. Two cases of death from want are given in the correspondence. In both cases, the inquest held that the deceased died from starvation. The Commissioners wanted Auchmuty to find out if the deceased had made application for relief, or if application had been made on their behalf. In the case of Michael Cunnawn (Cunnane), the Relieving Officer, Mr. James Ekins of Ballyhaunis Electoral District (who lived in Johnstown), put him and his family on his list himself without being asked by the family, but there were no funds available to give them relief. The same is true of Mark Granville, an old man in Loughglynn E.D. whose relieving Officer, Mr. John Tighe, said he had no funds available to relieve him either.

In early February, 1848, Mr. Flanagan, Inspector, was sent by the Commission to inspect the Union. To himself and Auchmuty were clear that "nothing will save this Union except a paid board." Auchmuty goes on to say in a letter dated 6th February, 1848: "Yesterday the Guardians did very little business. This is a very large Union, none of the landed gentry ever attend the board, the only two gentlemen that attended are Mr. Wills, and sometimes Mr. Strickland, they are only agents. I regret to state that distress is daily on the

increase." There was an important meeting on the 5th of February attended by Flanagan, Auchmuty and the Board of Guardians though it's not stated how many of these were present. In his report back to the Commissioners, Flanagan confirmed that the board was unable to function "10,000 names on the application and report books of the Relieving Officers of which 8,000 were destitute, yet not one person who needs outdoor relief is getting it!" He continued and says that the collecting books for the rate weren't given out, until over a month after the rate was struck, and that since then only one third of the rates of 17,456 8s and 10d had been collected. Flanagan finishes the report with: "I trust the above statement of the destitution in this Union, the utter want of relief, and of executions for procuring the means to provide it, will induce the Commissioners to exercise the powers vested in them, and to dissolve forthwith this most negligent and inefficient Board."

Dissolution of the Castlereagh Board of Guardian

Inevitably, on 11th of February, 1848, the Board of Guardians was dissolved and two Vice-Guardians, Messrs. Baker and Murphy were sent into run the Union.

The next correspondence relating to this Union is dated 12th of August, 1848, but it gives no insight into the state of the workhouse or the administration of relief. It was in reply to a circular sent by the Poor Law Commissioners to every Union in Ireland inquiring as to the condition of the potato and other crops. Mr. Auchmuty states that throughout the Union the potato crop was diseased, the only grain crop is oats, and there hasn't been as near as much grown as last year. Turnips were the only green crop sowed, but most were 'cut off' by the fly. After this statement of the conditions in the Union are descriptions given by the Relieving Officer of each district. These vary little from Auchmuty's summary for the whole Union.

The next correspondence is from the Temporary Inspector (Mr. Auchmuty) and Vice-Guardians (Messrs. Baker and Murphy) in answer to a circular from the Commission into "The Peasant conditions and prospects of the most distressed Union, and Unions for which temporary inspectors or Vice-Guardians have been appointed," dated 16th Janu-

ary, 1849, almost a year after the board of Guardians had been dissolved. The response for Castlereagh Union is dated 21st of January and consists of two reports.

The first is one from Auchmuty. He says the parties receiving outdoor relief are widows, orphans and permanently-disabled persons, numbering in total 3,823. There were 2,724 in the Workhouse he adds to which 387 are 'able-bodied.' He reckons 20,000 will need relief before the next harvest. The latest rate was 24,000 pounds, a rise of 7,000 in one year, of which 15,029 pounds hasn't been collected. "There seems to be still a difficulty in collecting the rate, mostly because most of the land is in 'the hands of small occupiers.' The people were living on Indian Meal, Oaten Meal and Turnips and had sold what cattle, sheep or pigs they had in order to buy food, and thus had no money to pay a rate.

The second report is from the Vice-Guardians Baker and Murphy. Some of the numbers in this differ from Auchmuty's report, e.g. they say that 4,211 are receiving outdoor relief. They, too, think that judging from present conditions, many more will need relief before the next harvest. They feel that if more workhouse accommodation was provided, then there wouldn't be as many demanding relief, because many would not accept relief in a workhouse, therefore the workhouse system according to them is a good test of destitution. Baker and Murphy realise that the rates will never be able to pay for the relief needed. Many of the ratepayers are small 'cotters' who've depended 'til lately on potatoes for subsistence, and who only grew grain to pay for the rent; now they have to eat the grain, and thus have no cash either to pay rents or rates, and if the landlords aren't getting their rent, then they too are unlikely to be able to pay their own rates. The Vice-Guardians noticed that very decided opposition to rates originated in Loughglynn and Frenchpark Electoral Districts, this may have something to do that the estates of two big landowners were based here, respectively, Viscount Dillon and Lord de Freyne.

In December, 1848 a circular was sent to the Unions regarding 'distress indicated in the clothes of the peasants and pawnbrokers returns. This, too, is answered by two sources, the first by the permanent inspector in charge of districts of Unions, in this area it was Mr. Flanagan whose area covered Roscommon, Leitrim, Longford, parts of Cavan,

Galway, Mayo, Kings and Queens County, Westmeath and Sligo. The second report is by Auchmuty, who says that "the poor are in a sad state for the want of clothing, attendance's at Mass have decreased because people can't make a decent appearance." There was only one pawnbroker in the Union, Simon Greene of Castlereagh, who enclosed returns of his business. Greene says that many had to enter the workhouse for want of clothing because they pawned their clothes for food and fuel.

In summary, Castlereagh Union was a very big Union with some parts over 12 miles from it. Most of the land-holdings were small subsistence holdings held from large landlords. The Workhouse at Castlereagh soon became crowded, but it was outdoor relief which suffered most because of the rates. It was impossible for most ratepayers to pay, therefore the Board of Guardians lost interest and had to be dissolved. They were replaced by Vice-Guardians who didn't succeed either in collecting enough in rates. The whole Union suffered heavily, until after 1849. When like the rest of the country, it started to recover slowly but surely. In conclusion, then the Pool Law didn't work effectively in Castlereagh Union, but then it didn't in any other Union either, hence the many Boards of Guardians were dissolved throughout the country. The Poor Law could never have been expected to work in a subsistence economy like . . . of the 1840s.

■ PAUL WALDRON



Front row: Ann Halpin, Mary Halpin, Dolores Halpin, Helene Halpin, Jack Halpin. Back: Des McAuliffe, William Dillon-Leetch.



Dancing the night away in the '50s - Charlie Meehan, Mona Gilmore, Marie Byrne, Leonie Webb, Nora Sweeney, Aggie Byrne, Jimmy Gilmore, Corrie Webb, Marie Byrne, Maura McGreal, Paddy Waldron, Bridie Smyth, Liam Smyth, Nox St.



Convent School, 1950, back row, left to right: Bridie Greene, Mary Flannery. Middle row: Carmel Hunt, Ita Morrison, Rita Foody, Josie Tarpey, Angela Levins, Margaret Kelly, Pauline Kelly, Pauline Henry, Josie Caulfield, Pauline Tarpey, Helen Sammon, Sadie Murphy. Front row: Teresa McGuire, Rita Kelly, Noreen Dillon, Margaret Lyons (R.I.P.), Carmel Johnston, Mary Fitzmaurice, Imelda Melly, Catherine Biesty, Kathleen McBride, Brid Waldron, Gertie Caulfield, Attracta Smyth, Marceline Byrne. Pic. courtesy Joe Keane, Knox St.

A visit with Fr. James Cribbin

(of Lecarrow) at San Antonio de Pala, California, USA.

While on my recent stay in Phoenix, Arizona, visiting with my daughter, son-in-law and grandsons, I had the good fortune of spending time with Fr. James Cribbin, a former next door neighbour of ours in Lecarrow. I have known Fr. Jimmy since he was knee-high to a grasshopper and so I was thrilled to be able to visit him, 5,000 miles from Ballyhaunis.

Fr. Cribbin is currently assigned to the Mission of San Antonio de Pala in Pala, California, a 50-minute drive north of San Diego, California. Prior to my visit to the mission, Fr. Jimmy came down to San Diego to see me at the hotel. We all spent a wonderful evening reminiscing and catching up on all the happenings in Ballyhaunis and environs. Fr. Cribbin is blessed with a wonderful sense of humour and his intelligence and ready wit thoroughly entertained us. We accepted his invitation to visit with him at the mission on our way back to Phoenix.

The drive to Mission San Antonio de Pala is so breathtakingly beautiful, the mountains reaching several thousand feet on either side of the highway, the tallest being Mt. Palomar, site of the Palomar Astronomical Observatory, 5,600 ft. above sea level. Turning off the highway we wended our way through magnificent scenery of the Pala River valley, the farms, horse farms, dairies and orange groves provided a beautiful pastoral setting for a mission founded so long ago. Pala (meaning water in the indian language), is itself a tiny community not much bigger than Lecarrow. The mission, surrounded by huge shade trees and lush greenery and flowers everywhere is quite a large affair. We drove into the courtyard and paused to take in the beauty of our surroundings. Several tourists were already gathered taking pictures and savouring the history of the place. We knocked on the Rectory door and Sr. Mary Beatrice Kelly greeted us warmly and led us over the compound to Fr. Jimmy's quarters. He was delighted we made it and proceeded to show us around his newly renovated house, with a full modern kitchen, dining area and sitting area and an outdoor patio with a wonderful view of the mountains all around. After much joking, picture-taking, we proceeded on



Kitty Jordan, Fr. Cribbin and Sister Mary Beatrice Kelly outside residence of Fr. Cribbin.

the grand tour! We toured the lovely gardens with their lush foliage and abundant flowers of every description, including massive red geraniums growing as shrubs, bougainvillea and oleanders, palm trees galore and massive shade trees towering over all. The inner courtyard has an outdoor Stations of the Cross. The bell tower, many grottos and the ancient cemetery where the original indian parishioners are buried with some of the crosses still intact. The complex is dominated by a long one-storey white adobe building which houses the chapel, rectory, museum and gift shop. The chapel is simple but beautifully adorned with artwork and murals painted right on the walls of the structure. The cathedral ceiling, with its rough-hewn beams, is a masterpiece of design. The uneven tile floor and the simple wooden pews transports one back to a simpler time and way of life and one can't help but wonder about the parishioners who walked the aisle, in joy, or sorrow, so long ago. The entire interior is so colourful and magnificent it defies description. The exterior courtyard houses a grammar school for 100 pupils from Pala and surrounding areas, and a separate building which houses a Head-Start Pre-School programme for very young children. Not far from Fr. Cribbin's quarters is a convent which is home to St. Beatrice and two other sisters. The Rectory houses the administra-

tive offices and living quarters for the senior parish priest. The mission was founded in the early 1800s and serves several hundred parishioners in Pala and surrounding parishes. Fr. Cribbin shares all duties with the senior pastor, and performs Mass every two weeks at the tiny church on the La Jolla Indian Reservation, a twenty-minute drive up the mountain road.

Pala is a very poor community inhabited by the Pala Indians and several Hispanic families. Although materially underprivileged, the local people are generous of spirit and always willing to assist the pastors and the Mission. Fr. Cribbin is a much-loved individual both by the parishioners and the staff of the Mission. Along our "tour" he was greeted many times by parishioners in Spanish, and he returned the greeting in Spanish also. He performs Mass in Spanish, as well as English, a feat which endears him to the local people. Fr. Cribbin serves the Mission at the discretion of the Bishop of San Diego and is usually assigned to a two-year term. However long Fr. Cribbin remains at Mission San Antonio de Pala it is evident that he is very highly thought of and much beloved by everyone, and we in Ballyhaunis can be proud that Mission San Antonio de Pala is being well served by "one of our very own."

■ KITTY JORDAN,
Lecarrow, Ballyhaunis.

Ballyhaunis Hurling 1993

In the Ballyhaunis GAA Hurling Committee we have determined the numbers of children playing and enjoying themselves as the yardstick of success and any titles or medals won is seen as a bonus rather than an end itself.

This year, 1993, on both accounts was an outstanding success, with more boys than ever participating and the medals and trophies won a record. We entered in various competitions a record number of teams. U-10, U-12, National School, mini-sevens, U-14 and U-16.

NATIONAL SCHOOL

At National School level the Ballyhaunis boys reached the East Mayo final by inflicting solid defeats on Tooreen N.S. and Knock N.S.

In the East Mayo final a hard game of hurling between near neighbours and old rivals, Tooreen, resulted in a

victory for Ballyhaunis by a margin of four points. Despite the margin the game was on the balance until the final whistle and it was this necessary concentration that enabled the Ballyhaunis boys to account for Westport in an equally tough game by a margin of 2-1 to 1-2 in the county semi-final. In the county final our opposition for the third time in a National Schools' final was Culleens N.S.

Having disposed of Culleens twice in the past, Ballyhaunis played with poise and confidence to run out worthy winners and take the Corn Conradh na nGaeilge for the third time in five years.

UNDER-14

In the Under-14 competition, which is run on a league basis, Ballyhaunis defeated Belmullet and Westport but were defeated by Ballina, Tooreen and Crossmolina and thus did not reach the

county final. However, a special word of appreciation for these players as many of the team are very young and despite this they played with a maturity which belied their age. Indeed, those same boys played a huge part in the sporting highlight of the year in Ballyhaunis, 1993, i.e.: the hosting of Féile na nGael, 1993. This was an outstanding sporting event, which is described elsewhere in this magazine and one must compliment the Ballyhaunis team, who, even though did not reach the Féile final, were a credit to the town and their parents for their approach and dedication.

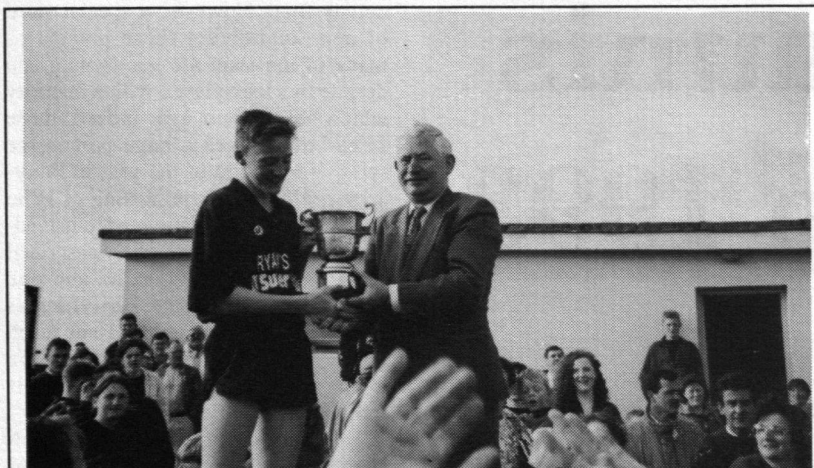
Special compliments to the club members and townspeople who had the town and pitch in resplendent condition for the parades on the Saturday evening in June.

UNDER-16

Two years ago Ballyhaunis Under-14 team were beaten by Ballina in the county final. In this year of 1993 Ballyhaunis Under-16 team had a chance to avenge that defeat of two years ago with exactly the same panel as played then. On the path to the final Ballyhaunis team accounted for Tooreen and Westport with relative ease to meet Ballina in the county final. In what was described by the Hurling Board Chairman as one of the outstanding displays of hurling ever at this level, Ballyhaunis had an emotional, if narrow victory by a score of 5-3 to 3-4 – a victory



Ballyhaunis U-16 County Winner, 1993 – back row: J. J. Kelly (manager), D Walsh, J. Burke, Darren McConn, Paddy Ryan (sponsor of Jerseys), Michael Freeley, Seamus London, Brian Flanagan, Hugh McKermitt, Peter Healy, Ray Lucey (selector). Front row: J. J. Hoban (selector), Pierce Higgins, Mark Neenan, Dermott Murphy, David Murphy, David Conlon (capt.), Paul Finn, Kenneth Kirrane, Michael Curley. Pic. courtesy Peter Higgins.



T. J. Tyrrell, Chairman, Mayo Hurling Board, presenting David Conlon with the County U-16 Hurling trophy – won by Ballyhaunis for the first time. Pic. courtesy Peter Higgins.

described aptly as “the sweetest one ever”. This was the first time a Ballyhaunis Under-16 team had ever won this trophy and all compliments to the team and mentors. A special word of congratulations to the boys of this team who won their place on the Mayo U-16 hurling team – Derek Walsh, John Burke, Brian Flanagan, Hugh McKerrmitt, Pierce Higgins, Michael Curley.

We would like to thank Paddy Ryan of Ryans Supermarket for his generous sponsorship of a set of jerseys to the Ballyhaunis boys.

INTO MINI-SEVENS

Earlier in the year the INTO Mini-Sevens competition was held in Ballyhaunis. Eight different teams from the county participated and again Ballyhaunis boys played with panache and ability and reached the county final against Knock N.S. In a lovely clean game of hurling Ballyhaunis N.S. overcame a gallant Knock side to represent Mayo in the Connacht Mini-Sevens.

As a result of this competition three Ballyhaunis players were selected to play at the interval in the All-Ireland semi-final in Croke Park. Our heartiest congratulations to these three hurlers – Michéal Walshe, Derek McConn and Keith Higgins, who did Ballyhaunis proud with their performances.

We would like to thank Tom Eagney of Eagney Insurance, Ballyhaunis, who sponsored a set of medals for the entire panel of the Mini-Sevens hurlers.

UNDER-12

This was the first year that an Under-12 county competition was organised and even though the Ballyhaunis youths won no trophies they

reached the county semi-final and did their part in making an inaugural competition an extremely successful one.

THANKS

Overall, in a marvellous year, the young hurlers have been a credit to the club and town and we wish to thank them sincerely for their training and commitment. We would like to thank also the Ballyhaunis GAA Executive and Bord na nÓg for their help and encouragement. A special thanks to Jim Lundon and all our sponsors. Above all we can never forget the people who put in endless hours in training and organising teams and games, i.e.: mentors and parents who gave endless help and support.

An added feature in 1993 was the appointment of a coach who visited schools and clubs and trained the boys. With this type of application of training and skill the game can only grow in the future.

Finally, a special congratulations to Dave McConn, who captained Tooreen to win the '93 county hurling final and to T. J. Kelly, manager of the Mayo senior team for 1992-1993.

Go néire agus t-adh héithe go léir.

UNDER-10 TEAM

Patrick Freeley, Brian Mulrennan, Steven Carney, Hugh Carney, Padraic Carney, Keith Higgins, Christopher McCrudden, Michael Kilconiso, Martin Kilbride, David Murphy, R. Morley, Eddie Murphy, Alan Lucey, Christopher Kilcourse, Niall Richardson, Fergal Walsh, Paul Cunnane, Garrett Morrissey, Patrick Waldron.

UNDER-12 TEAM

Michéal Walsh, Shane Conlon, Anthony Lyons, Paul Cunnane, Steven

Carney, C. McCrudden, Derek McConn, Keith Higgins, Jason Power, Thomas Murphy, Hugh Carney, Martin Kilbride, Eddie Murphy, Gareth Morrissey, Alan Lucey, Paraic Carney, Steven Gateley.

UNDER-14 TEAM

Seamus Lundon, Michael Lyons, Robert Morley, Dermott Murphy, David Murphy, Gerry Neenan, Paul McConn, Michael J. Nolan, Paul Finn, Michael Regan, Anthony Lyons, Don Regan, Michéal Burke, Derek McConn, Jonathan Kilduff, John Gallagher, Shay Walsh, Michéal Walsh, Garrett Delaney, Vincent Healy, Thomas Murphy.

UNDER-16 PANEL

Seamus Lundon, Kenneth Kirrane, Peter Healy, Mark Neenan, Hugh McKerrmitt, Derek Walsh, Darren Conlon, Pierce Higgins, David Conlon (capt.), Michael Freeley, John Burke, Brian Flanagan, David Murphy, Michael Curley, Paul Finn, Dermot Murphy, Robert Morley, Shay Walsh, M. J. Nolan, Paul McConn, Duncan Hannon, Sean Fitzmaurice, Don Regan, Michael Regan.

■ PETER HIGGINS

Memories from Ballyhaunis

I remember Sister Borgia of Mercy Convent, Ballyhaunis, she was Henry, The Square. Her brother, Dickie, was responsible with Joe McGrath and Mr. Freeman for starting the Hospitals Trust Sweep Stakes. She taught me the following prayer at six years of age. I have said it all those years of my way to Mass. I hope it brings to others the great peace it brought me.

*Jesus dear I come to greet thee
and to offer you this day, all my
thoughts and words and actions.
Take them to your heart I pray.
Keep them while the hours are
fleeting and the sands of life are
run of thy tender love and mercy
ever let me mindful be quick to
bear thy cross of sorrow as the
joys thou givest me then dear
Jesus are I love thee. Hold me in
thy loving care.*

Nellie Cunningham-O'Riordan.

Searching for roots

The Rev.

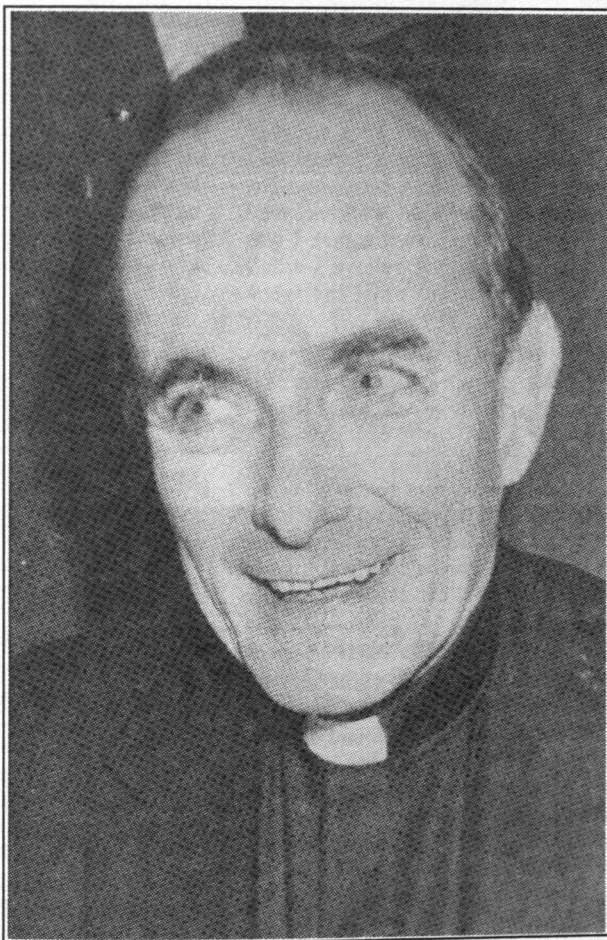
Andrew Greeley,

who came to

Ballyhaunis in the

Summer of 1965 to

find his roots.



It was noon on a rainy July day in the Summer of 1965. I was travelling through Mayo with my friend, Father John Hothckin of Chicago and his cousin, Father Louis Dunleavy (God be good to him), of Salt Hill and Florida. My companions went into the hotel for lunch and I promised I would follow them after I took a picture of the parish church where perhaps my grandfather had been baptised. (He had not; it turned out that the church was relatively new).

It being 1965 I was wearing my Roman collar.

As I stood in front of the church, firing away with my camera, a priest who had been clipping the hedge over

on the right, stopped his work and joined me.

"You'd be a new man around here, wouldn't you, Father?"

"I would."

He took off his red rubber gloves and extended a strong hand. "Well, you're most welcome. My name is Rush. I'm the Administrator here."

"My name is Greeley," I said.

He peered at me intently. "Ah, you'd be the sociologist fella from Chicago, wouldn't you now?"

"I would," I said cautiously, not sure whether in this part of the world such a confession would count me among the angels or the other gang.

"Well now," he said, "you go down

the main road and take the third turn to your right and at the end of that road there's a little cottage where your grandfather was born and they have your picture on the wall and if they find out you were here – and won't I tell them – and that you didn't stop by to say hello, it will break their heart."

Not much choice, huh?

I hurried back to the hotel, collected Louie and Jack, and said, "there's relatives here that are supposed to have my picture on the wall."

"Near the Sacred Heart, I bet," Jack joked.

"About that I don't know."

But my friends were almost as eager as I was to explore this somewhat unusual manifestation of roots.

At the end of the road we found, sure enough, an attractive cottage with neatly painted windows and flower pots filled with blossoms. I knocked on the door.

A pretty girl child with a bow in her hair appeared at the door.

"Mam," she exclaimed in astonishment, "there's THREE priests here!"

"Woman of the house," I said, "Is it true that you have my picture hanging on your wall?"

She considered my face carefully. "Ah," she grinned, "'tis true enough."

And so in Ballindrehid I found my cousin, Mary Waldron, and her husband and her three children and my roots in County Mayo.

The picture was my ordination photo which someone had clipped from our parish bulletin at St. Angela in Chicago and sent to the Waldrons. With little hope of ever meeting me, they still put the picture on the wall (I don't think it was next to the Sacred Heart!) because I was the priest in the family and that was enough. And that is Ireland.

Since then I have been back to Mayo often, as have my sister and her husband and their seven kids and the Waldrons are not only relatives but good friends. My sister and a couple of her kids who are very much interested in family history, have sorted out the story of our family back to the beginning of the last century, a century which seems to have been dominated by the patriarch of the clan, an earlier Andrew Grealy and his bride, a certain Peggy Cunnane, both of whom lived long lives, herself into the beginning of this century. What enormous changes they had seen – the end of the penal laws, the Catholic Association of Daniel O'Connell, the famine, the land league wars. The Ireland they had passed on to their children was very different from the one they had inherited – an Ireland which was not yet

free but close to it, not yet prosperous but which no longer faced famine.

For most of those years their land was not part of the parish of Ballyhaunis but of the nearby parish of Began on the road to Knock, the same parish from which came my colleague and good friend, Enda MacDonagh of Maynooth (and himself the "chaplain" to the Mayo woman who lives in Phoenix Park). Interestingly enough, the records show a larger population in their townland of Bracklaghboy at the end of the famine than at the beginning, perhaps because the land was so good as to sustain people who would have starved elsewhere.

I am, perhaps, not as much interested in the details of the family tree as are my sister and her brood, though some day I would like to try to write a novel about those times. I am more interested in the almost mystical experience I have whenever I turn down the road to Ballindrehid, as the little hamlet is called. I marvel at the brave, brave people who wrestled a living from the soil and stayed alive and kept the faith through the long years of suffering, hunger and oppression. I don't believe in genetic determinism, but I do believe that part of what we are is inherited from our ancestors. I am what I am in part because my people came from Ballyhaunis and to those people and their ancestors I must always be grateful.

My proximate roots are in Chicago (Richard M. Daley, Mayor!), Cook Country, roots of which I am inordinately proud. But I have remote roots in the soil of Ballindrehid and those roots are important too.

Whatever we may be today, we stand on the shoulders of giants. Let their praises be sung –

A Blessing For The New Year

*May you find truth in the year's
smallest grace*

*And hope in the year's heaviest cross
May a pillar of light before your face
Drive off the darkness so you're
never lost.*

*May your journey be safe wherever
you go*

*And the angels protect you from
hassle and fuss*

*May you learn to walk a little bit
slow*

*And to grow each day in hope and
trust.*

*And may the God of new beginnings
Grant you a New Year of love and
peace*

Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

■ FR. ANDREW GREELEY

Thoughts of France

After the initial French delegation had departed and returned to their native soil we started making arrangements for our own trip to Guilers six months later approximately. During that time I must have driven John Dillon-Leetch and Dr. Michael Brogan up the wall because I was going, then I wasn't, then I was and so on and on. I believe I didn't make up my mind until the week before.

Thankfully John made allowances for me. Since then I have been over there twelve or thirteen times. I am not sure how many times exactly I have been but please God I will make the trip again. As you can see I like it over there, if I were to emigrate I would go to France in preference to Great Britain or the USA. Maybe in a way that is saying an awful lot about the family that my family has been fortunate enough to be twinned with.

The day appointed came and we made our way to Cork city and after lunch in the Metropole, found our way to the port of Ringaskiddy and there she was, The Quiberon, our mode of transportation across the briney. She was sitting there like a beached whale with its mouth open waiting for us. We eventually got on board and parked the car and then made our way to the bar for a light refreshment. Before we knew it there was a shudder and we were moving, no turning back now!!!

The upper decks were just like a hotel with their bars, restaurants, television room and, of course, the duty free and shops. After an hour or so at sea we went to the restaurant for a bite to eat. Now they are something else, you pay at the door going in and once inside you can eat as much as you like. Now this is very important because there is nothing worse than going on a sea journey on an empty stomach or with a hangover, those are two definite nos. After you have eaten your fill you can sit back and enjoy a drink or two in the bar (no fizzy ones please), and afterwards enjoy a good night's sleep,

if you are fortunate enough not to be near the engine room, enough said!

Six a.m. next morning the boat docks at Roscoff. The morning mist is just clearing, the morning sky to the East is just brightening up and the black backed seagulls are complaining on the pier wall. Just up from them are some familiar faces that we got to know about six months previously. After the compulsory hugs and kisses we travel in convoy to Guilers. We reach our destination after a journey lasting about three-quarters of an hour, there behind the Marie, which is their Municipal Council building, the French families are waiting to greet us. My first encounter with my opposite number in Guilers was when a man put his hand on my shoulder and said, "you, go with him", pointing to a man who was to become, and thankfully still is, a very good friend of mine as is his wife, Marie Therese, and son, Pascaland, daughter-in-law, Marie.

That first week was a great one. We made some awful blunders but they were taken in good fun and understanding. The people in Brittany are very much like ourselves. Of Celtic origin, they work hard, they like to relax, enjoy their food and wine and they like the company of their neighbours and friends. It takes a day or so to tune in on what they are trying to say or explain, but it comes to you after a while.

It's a very short week and it passes all too fast, Friday evening comes and you have to leave. There's a bit of a do for us before we go. You can see your hosts are sad and you're not too dry yourself and then the short journey to the boat for a little bit of rest and recuperation after a great week.

If after all this I have whetted your taste buds for a trip to France well let me tell you we are going at Easter, April 2nd, to be precise, for one week. So get your name in as quickly as possible and enjoy yourself. Au revoir!!!

■ BERNARD FREYNE

Ongoing developments at GAA grounds



Ballyhaunis Senior GAA panel, 1993 – Back row: T. Moran, S. Caulfield, T. Morley, B. Murray, D. Nestor, G. Morley, J. Kelly, M. Regan, S. Kenny, P. Phillips, T. Cribbin, R. Phillips, E. Moran, T. Morley. Second row: K. Henry, B. Lyons, E. Cunnane, D. Morley, G. O'Neill, M. Phillips, T. Leonard, B. Phillips, T. Waldron, capt.; C. Phillips, J. Cribbin, T. Grogan. Front: J. Biesty, J. Phillips.

As has been the case over the past number of years, there are ongoing developments at the Knock Road GAA grounds, which continue to upgrade the level of services provided there. As we write work has commenced on concreting the sideline under the new stand, and also on the development of the second pitch to the left of the complex, a pitch that should relieve the great pressure on pitch space last year due to the training of county and club teams at the grounds, and the attraction of Ballyhaunis as the location to stage important college and club matches. FAS workers, Joe Diskin, Liam Lyons and Jarlath Nevin, also substantially improved the roof of the old dressing-rooms so that progress is being made in an unobtrusive way.

However, all of same requires money and, as you will have noticed, there has been a fund-raising drive over the past months, culminating with

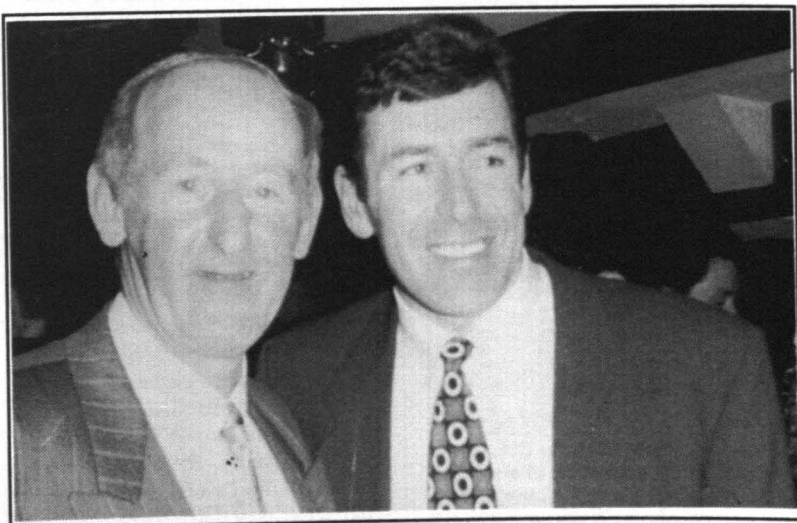
the finance committee organising the race night earlier this month. Throughout the year the GAA club has pro-

vided an overwhelming amount of games at underage and senior level, and the grounds have come to host more important matches as the years go by, this year hosting the Intermediate County Final for the second year in succession, as well as the Feile na nGael event (see separate article). However, the grounds are not classed as county grounds so, for the present at least, county matches cannot be played there.

There have been some very good guests at the annual dinner-dances over the past two years also, with Miceal O Muirheartaigh visiting last year, while GAA President, Mr. Peter Quinn, graced us with his forceful presence the year before.

This year also saw the visit of two senior teams – one from Milltown Malbay and another from Roger Casements Club in Coventry, while at underage level a visit from the Passage Club in Cork is expected early in the New Year as part of a return visit.

Although doubtlessly well covered in a separate article, perhaps the most outstanding successes on the field of play were had in the hurling arena during the year. At U-16 level a county title was won with wholehearted grit and determination; county titles were also won at National School level and in the INTO seven-a-side event.



Could this be the new beginning – Mayo's new selector, Hugh Rudden, with Packie Bonner. Pic. courtesy Hugh Rudden.

Perhaps the most gratifying aspect at underage level in both hurling and football has been the genuine emphasis placed on coaching by the club. Qualified coach, Shane Kenny spent six weeks in the town from when the schools reopened in September and made a great impact, while the club are at present getting a coach on an East Mayo FAS scheme to continue the good work.

At underage level in football the Mick O'Connell Cup perpetual competition was successfully run off within the club in October. Our U-12s reached an East Mayo final, while our U-14s and U-16s reached East Mayo semi-finals. Our minor team won the minor league and reached the East Mayo Championship final, and teams were also entered in the county U-13, U-15 and U-17 leagues. Gratitude is due to everyone who made this high level of activity possible by their assistance.

Ar an leibhéal cultúrtha, reachtáileadh an comórtas Scór na nÓg do Oirthear Mhaigh Eo anseo in mBéal Átha hAmhnais ar's agus d'éirigh go han mhaith leis le sé club ag glacadh páirt san iomlán.

The senior team, though relegated in the Welcome Inn League, had a marvellous first round championship win over Garrymore and, at time of writing, have reached the semi-final of the Statoil League. Without a doubt mentors, John Beisty, Tony Morley and Tommy Moran, will be hoping for a quick return to the top flight in 1994.

■ SEAN O DOMHNAILL



Pictured about 1969-'70 at the G.A.A. Dinner-Dance in the Central Hotel were back row, left to right: Patsy Keane, Vinnie Healy, Joe Webb, Pat Rattigan. Front, left to right: Martin Groogin and Mick McQuinney.

Ballyhaunis Soccer Club



Ballyhaunis U-13 Soccer team, who reached the last eight in the All-Ireland FAI Cup.

Ballyhaunis Soccer Club had a very successful season in which they ran U-12, -13, -14, -15, -16, -17 and U-18 teams in both league and cups. The U-12s started slowly in the league but improved later on and finished mid-table.

The U-13 team had an outstanding run in the All-Ireland Cup, beating a lot of the fancied sides on their way to the quarter-finals, where they narrowly lost to the might of Dublin's Tallagh Town, going down 3-2 after extra time, incidentally, Tallagh Town were beaten 4-3 in the final to Home Farm.

The U-14 had a good season in the league where they finished third. The U-15s also had a very good run in the All-Ireland Cup, where they reached the last 16 in Ireland, but were unfortunately beaten 3-1 by Stella Maris, Dublin, who had 5 international players on their side, including Ross Darcy, who was Opel Young Player of the Year. It was a great achievement by the U-15s when you consider that all of the Stella Maris team are attached to English Clubs, including Simon Webb, former Ballyhaunis player.

The U-16 team had a very short season as the league was called off after three games. The U-17 team were the sole winners of a trophy for the club, when they defeated Ballina 2-1 to win the Connacht Cup, captained by Francis McGuire.

The U-18 team reached the semi-final of the league cup.

The club also ran a 2-hour session in the Community School Gym on Sundays from 1-3 p.m. for both boys and girls, this, once again, proved to be a great success. It was decided at a meeting of the club that as well as providing sport for the youth of the town, they should get involved in social events in providing an outlet for the teenage boys and girls. It was decided to hold supervised discos on a regular basis, these have proved to be very successful. The '94/'94 season is well under way and the club is progressing well.

At the annual general meeting the following officers were elected.

Chairman: Chriss Pratt; Secretary/Fixtures Secretary: Dolores Murphy; Treasurer, Tom Finn; Finance/Social Committee: Tom Finn, Cait Webb, Maura Murphy, Ann Horan, Mary Cregg; Grounds Development Committee: D. Murphy, T. Egan, C. Lyons, M. Nolan.

Managers: U-12, -13, -14, Michéal Murphy; U-15, -16, Aiden O'Boyle; U-17, -18, Pat O'Connor.

NEWS UPDATE: Ballyhaunis U-18 team have got a plum draw in the All-Ireland Cup, they play Derry City at the Brandy Well some time in the New Year.

■ DOLORES MURPHY

Legion of Mary



At a prayer house in Achill – Mary Ellen Freeley, Agnes Heaney, Sister Eithne, Kit Freely

The Legion of Mary was started in Ballyhaunis in 1934 and has been active in the parish ever since. Next year we hope to celebrate our Diamond Jubilee. As the name of our praesidium is Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, celebrations will probably be held around the feast day, 27th June. Unfortunately there are no records available of the earlier years but, thankfully, two of the founder members are still hale and hearty, Mrs. Agnes Freyne, Clare St., and Mrs. Margaret Hoban, Derrynacong.

The object of the Legion of Mary is the glory of God through the Sanctification of its members by prayer and active work done in union with Mary.

The meetings are held every Wednesday night at 8 o'clock in the Parochial Hall. The meetings last just over an hour and members are expected to do two hours work each week. Some of the works would be visiting the sick and lonely in their homes, visiting hospitals, promotion of the Rosary through the travelling Virgin which is taken to the homes on a weekly basis, taking care of the church, organising discussion groups, recruiting people to be adorers of the Blessed Sacrament and sale of Catholic papers. Anyone interested in becoming a member of the Legion of Mary should contact any of the members.

Officers:

President: Agnes Heaney.
Vice-President: Helen Hoban.
Secretary: Frances Maye.
Treasurer: Christopher O'Neill.

The Junior meeting is held on Monday evening at 5 o'clock in the Parichial Hall.

Junior Officers:

President: Helen Hoban.
Vice-President: Mary Dillon-Leetch
Secretary: Jennifer McCafferty.
Treasurer: Laura Nestor.

■ Helen Hoban

Ballyhaunis Apostolic Work

Ballyhaunis Apostolic Work is in its 32nd year of existence and is looking forward to many more years of helping our missionaries abroad. The primary aim of the association is to supply things necessary for the priests and religious to continue their work of evangelisation. Apostolic work depends on the continuing generosity of benefactors who give not only their money but their time.

Our annual exhibition held in June was one of the best as there were a lot of garments of display. The display is a very important part of the branch's activity, it brings the work to the notice of the parisioners and it is an opportunity to recruit new members and bring in donations.

Canon Costelloe performed the official opening of the exhibition for the last time. Our President paid tribute to him for his interest in and generosity to the apostolic work since he came to Ballyhaunis and wished him well for the future.

During the year our members attended a mini-vigil in Knock for all members from the Archdiocese of Tuam. Fr. Martin O'Connor, C.C., presided and gave a very enlightening homily on the missions.

Getting new members always presents a problem. Should anybody wish to join us, our branch meets every Monday night in the Parochial Hall from 8-10 p.m.

We all wish a speedy recovery to our very loyal President, Miss May Moyles, and hope she will be back with us soon.

■ Bridie Brennan, Secretary.



Legion of Mary outing, 1993 – left to right: Margaret Johnston, Mary Lyons, Sr. Assumpta, Helen Hoban.

Show Business

Here's hoping the Ballyhaunis Musical will not be a calamity!

At time of writing (late October), it has to be said that rehearsals for the new Ballyhaunis musical are going very strongly with up to fifty people in attendance each Monday night from 9 p.m. to 10.30 at the Scouts' Den and with a good atmosphere among all concerned hoping that this new venture (there wasn't been a musical in town for many a long year, with the last being held in the Star Cinema), will prove successful.

"Calamity Jane" is, of course, a delightful show, with many of the numbers already known by audiences. There are also a good deal of "cowboys" around the Deadwood stage, and it has to be said to the credit of the new society that a musical was chosen which included quite a few men, and that these were forthcoming, although with some encouragement (even threats!).

Some smart person commented that there were always plenty of "cowboys" around Ballyhaunis and all we had to do was give them hats but this comment has been put down to begrudgery! However, it has been noted that some of the men in the saloon scene seemed totally natural at the bar, and, at one rehearsal where REAL beer was put in the taps, were more than anxious to sing pieces that were not in the original score at all. I mean, sure Danny Boy was never HEARD of when Katie Brown and Calamity Jane travelled from the Windy City!

As was pointed out by the chairman, John O'Neill, at the first public meeting about the musical, the aim of the project was to put on the best show possible while having a very enjoyable and entertaining time, and while the effort would be serious, nobody involved would be allowed to get too serious! It was a way of amusement for the winter.

Ballyhaunis had been for many years "exporting" talent to other musical societies, and while this was good for them and for music, it seemed a pity that they could not put on a show before a home audience. People such as John O'Neill,

Frankie O'Malley, Nuala Fitzgerald and others had been playing lead roles in such as the Castlereagh musical for yonkers, and so it seemed a pity they could not do so here in town.

Apart from individual members, it was also felt that there was generally a great deal of musical talent, and indeed acting talent, in Ballyhaunis, that had not received a local stage either. There are three choirs in town, including the very highly acclaimed Cantairi Bheal Atha hAmhnais, who have brought their efforts to a fine art and won many prestigious prizes. Finally, it was felt that a musical is a boost for a town. People work together to achieve something, we all get an artistic thrill or at least a laugh, and it is something happening in the long winter nights when summer (what summer, says you!) seems very distant.

However, as said earlier, it is a major project, and as was said at the first public meeting, had not enough people

shown up, the idea would have been dropped as just another good idea. There is a certain amount of fund-raising necessary, which Moira Noone has very successfully co-ordinated thus far, and the committee have decided to take it only one step at a time. They will be more pleased if they succeed to put one musical on stage, what happens next year will depend on the experiences gained and the feelings of the members of the society and the town at large.

It has already developed several offshoots which are of importance by themselves. Mary Smyth, of Originals, has got permission for a FAS Scheme under the auspices of the society, to make costumes. At time of writing she is researching various premises with a view to having a location where up to five will be employed learning the sewing skill, making costumes, and helping with other artistic aspects of the musical.

The Society has also been asked by MWR FM to put on a twenty-minute show to represent Ballyhaunis in a series they are starting in December, when various towns will put on twenty minutes of entertainment from their areas. We hope it all promotes Ballyhaunis.

Producer of "Calamity Jane" is Ray Leonard; Musical Director is Noel Henry; Chorus Mistress is Nuala Fitzgerald; Choreographer is Aine Whelan and it is felt that between them they have an enormous amount of ability indeed. The officers for 1993 are: Chairman, John O'Neill; Asst. Chairman, Noel Henry; Secretary, Sean O Domhnaill; Treasurer, Moira Noone, and PRO, Nuala Fitzgerald.

■ Sean O Domhnaill



Front row, left to right: Tina Kirrane, Sylvia Denny, Eileen Jordan, Celine Murray, Helen Lyons, Mary Smyth, Madeline Niland. Second row, left to right: Ann Fitzgerald, Chris Concannon, Betty Coen, Renee Burke, Daire Loughran, Elaine Walsh, Caroline Walsh. Third row: Michael Byrne, Ann Henry, Louice Foley, Aisling Toal, Siobhan Harte, Una Shields, Ray Leonard, Jack Green. Back row: Nuala Fitzgerald, Aidan Kelly, Micheal Smyth, Michael Horan, Emmett Keane, Adrian Murray, Michael Grogan, Kevin Henry, Kieran Sherry, John O'Shaughnessy, Georgie Hannon, Sean O Domhnaill.

Characters of former days

It's been a privilege to have been asked to contribute to this excellent magazine, which I have eagerly looked forward to "devouring" each year since its inception. Long may it continue.

I now find myself with pen in hand having difficulty in choosing a subject which has not already been covered by someone else ... however, here goes.

In my young days in Ballyhaunis the town boasted of some wonderful characters, who, taken as part and parcel of everyday life at the time, are still a vivid memory more than half a century later. There was for instance, blind Joe Devaney, the match seller. His wife, Biddy, was a slightly built, pale faced little woman draped in a long black shawl wrapped tightly round her

and held closed from the inside, which gave her an elfinlike appearance as she glided along the pavement. In contrast I remember Ellen Finnegan as a buxom woman who roamed the streets in a shawl, green with age, underneath which could be seen her red petticoat and everpresent muffler loosely knotted about her neck to ward off the elements. When asked if she had ever married her reply was - "'Twasn't married I was but scalded."

The Devaneys had three sons, Sharkey, Michael and Tawdy. All were small in stature and rode at Flapper Races throughout the West. I recall seeing them riding at Tooraree where Paddy Smyth's "Bow Wow" was a regular runner as was Jack Morley's "Jackdaw". Sharkey was, for a time,



Alfred Webb, Tooraree, 1950s.
Pic. courtesy of Peg Greene.

attached to a racing stable in England, something of which Tawdy was very proud. He was often heard to proclaim that "Sharkey was the best kid that ever looked thro' a bridle!!" Tawdy always appeared very dapper and once on an overcrowded train on our way to a Connacht final when we travelled in the guards' van, he took the floor in his short sleeved silk shirt, neatly creased trousers and highly polished tan shoes and danced a selection of jigs and reels to the accompaniment of Tom Tarpey's accordion, while a captive audience sat on the floor around the perimeter ... now THAT's entertainment! The same Tawdy could be seen at the Square on Fair or Pattern days laying the odds to anybody who could land a coin in a bowl, placed on the ground, from a line drawn some yards away. It was very exciting as the punters' pennies flew fast and furious. Some actually found the target but because of its shape invariably hopped out again to cheers and groans from the crowd. The fun was often abruptly brought to an end with a well directed stone hurled at the bowl by some spoilsport in the crowd. We then turned for amusement to Tom Barret, the tumbler from Westport, who, having introduced himself, proceeded to go thro' his contortions and gyrations to the delight of the audience which somehow seemed to vanish into thin air just before the collection began.

Michael Joyce was another charac-



Left to right: Mrs. Coyne, Devlis; James Cunningham, Ballyhaunis; 4th from left M. Waldron (Mrs. Coyne's sister). Like father like son, they say. Compare this picture with the one outside the Parochial Hall and you'll see I'm also wearing a collar pin and the suit looks like a hand-me-down with the crease still missing!!

ter of those days and a gentle soul until someone shouted "Leather lubber", a most unkind nickname with which the poor fellow was struck. It might have to be repeated a couple of times to get him revved up but once he decided to give chase there was no knowing when he'd let up altho' I don't think he ever actually caught anybody.

Canon Geoffrey Prendergast's two loves were cigarettes, which he chain smoked, and a game of bridge, which he played into the early hours of the morning. He had a regular caller to the Parochial House every Saturday night around eleven o'clock. The arrival of the visitor was announced by a faint sound of a tin whistle outside the parish priest's front door. This was the signal for Father Geoffrey to temporarily call a halt to the game and lead the members of the card school to the doorstep to listen to his favourite character, Pat Killeen, go thro' his rather limited repertoire before making their donations and returning to the comfort of the house. Pat was of slim build, about five feet tall, if that, who wore a grey tweed suit, the jacket of which was much too long for him but the pockets of which could have been much bigger to accommodate all they concealed. He was greyhaired with bushy eyebrows and a pinched face that looked as if it had always been shaven with a second-hand Gillette. His dark eyes always had a merry twinkle and he wore a tweed cap. He spoke to himself as "Poor Pat, God help us" and always had a "God bless you ... God bless you" for those kind enough to give him charity. At election



Pictured at the Rugby Dance, September, 1954, at the Great Southern Hotel, Galway were left to right: Jack Eaton (R.I.P.), Josie Eaton, Jack O'Connor (R.I.P.), Mary Hannah O'Connor, and Patsy and Eileen Cunningham.

times he was often encouraged to make a speech especially, on fair days, when he was assured of a sizeable audience or even while some genuine candidate was speaking at another point of the Square. I put together a monologue regarding this which I first recited in Coolnafarna school at a concert organised by Jimmy Dwyer. I am writing it here, from memory, to close this article and for the people mentioned in my musings who have long since passed away, may they all Rest in Peace.

Pat Killeen's Election Address

'Twas walkin' down the town I was,
Before the last election.
I saw Pat Killeen in a crowd
Makin' a collection.
The boys were askin' Pat to make
a short election speech.
And promised, if he did,
they'd all subscribe a tanner each.
He jumped upon a box nearby
Without a single word.
I waited for to hear his speech
and this is what I heard.

"Friends and fellow country men
You needn't have no fear
For if I am elected I'll
Bring down the price of beer.
The whiskey will be tuppence
And porter almost free
For I will see to that me lads
Begob I will j'see.
There's coppermines around us
And other mines as well
An' there's goldmines an' coalmines

Abroad in Holywell.
I'll open all these places up
An' have work for all I can.
I'm tellin' you no lie in that
For I'm your only man.
I'll build a tramline out to Knock
An' one to Tooraree
An' tickets will be free of charge
Begob they will j'see.
I fought an' died for Ireland.
I'm the best man here today
I love this dear old land of ours ...
Well ... more than I can say.
So all I'm askin' fellowmen
Is just give me your vote
An' if I'm not elected
Well, Becripes I'll cut me throat!!!"

■ PATSY CUNNINGHAM



Front, left: Mrs. Moran, Foxford (Mrs. Teresa Cunningham, Ballyhaunis. Back: James Cunningham, Ballyhaunis, Mrs. Coyne, Devlis.



Maura McAuliffe (nee McGreal), and Noel Waldron, early '50s.



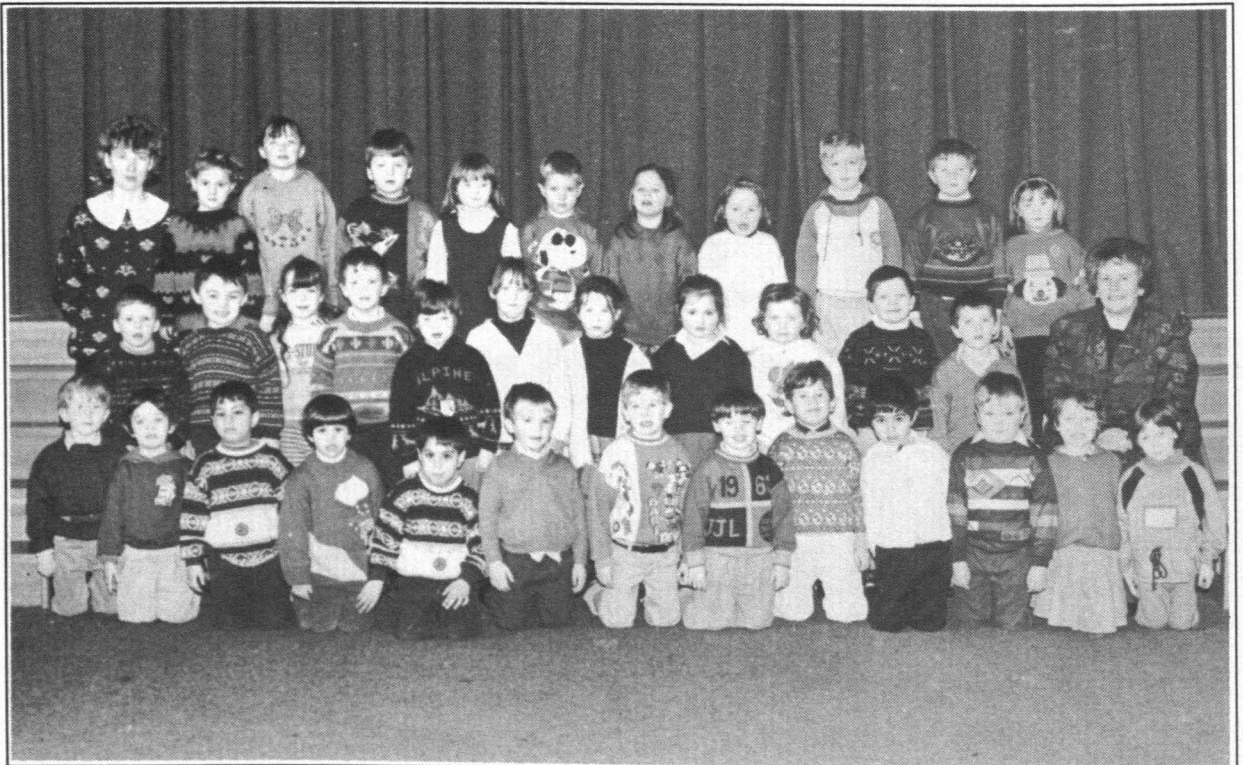
First Communion class of St. Mary's Primary School, 1993, in St. Patrick's Church, front row: Michael Mullarkey, Ciara McDonagh, Phelim Carroll, Edel Kilcourse, Mary Freeley, Cian Higgins, David Connolly, Siobhan McNamara. Second row: Janette McGuire, Jane O'Connor, William Nestor, David Lynch, Emma Herr, Colm Gallagher, Samantha Gildea, Patrick Heaney, Declan Ward, Ciaran Griffin, Sarah Kelly. Third row: Laura Freyne, Rebecca McCormack, Peter Maughan, Lorraine Fitzmaurice, David Hannan, Darren Doyle, Paul Kelly, Anthony Doherty, Michael Jordan, Liam Lyons, Siobhan Quinn. Back row: Teachers, Miss L. Finn and Mrs. M. O'Flaherty, Sarah O'Connor, Aisling Finan, David Coffey, James Keogh, Carla Marie Allen, Annie McDonagh, Martin Morgan, Albert Madden, Rev. Canon P. Costello.



5th Class St. Mary's Primary School, Ballyhaunis, on Confirmation Day, 16th May, 1993, in St. Patrick's Parish Church – Back: Paul O'Neill, Nathan Murphy, Adrian Lilly, James Mulrennan, Christopher Lyons, Geoffrey Dillon-Leetch, Shane Conlon, Michael Webb, Diarmaid Eagney, Augustine Kearns. Middle: Canon Costello, P.P.; Damian Byrne, David Lyons, Darragh Brogan, Brian Kilcourse, Anthony Curley, Jonathan Powers, Patrick Higgins, James McGuire, Glin Jordan. Front: Conor O'Dwyer, Oisín Cleary, Terry McDonagh, Eoin Maughan, Stephen Carney, Garry Nolan, Paul Kilcourse.



St. Mary's Primary School Sixth Class on their Confirmation Day in St. Patrick's Parish Church. Front: Shay Walsh, Joe Freeley, Declan Kirrane, Alan Egan, Dr. Joseph Cassidy, Michael Nolan, Micheal Walsh, Alan Caulfield, Gordan Biesty. Second row: Robert Morley, Vincent Healy, Frank Fahy, Diarmuid Cleary, Des Lyons, Alan Kelly, Brendan Rudden. Third row: Canon Costello, P.P.; David Kilcourse, Jonathan Kilduff, Amar Javid, Gary Davitt, Brendan McNamara, Ronald Robinson, Andrew McGabhann, Jim Lunden. Back: Ronan Jennings, Peter Meenan, Declan Shields, David Murphy, Karl Coyne, Dermot Murphy, Thomas Murphy, Richard Vahey, Christopher Lyons.



Front row: Kevin Gallagher, Ian Mooney, Nadeen Cherbatji, Aya Cherbatji, Mohamad Cherbatji, Declan Murphy, James Waldron, Brian Gallagher, Matthew Cregg, Muhammad Khaleeq Nazir, Jerney Freeley, Siobhan Lyons, Janice Folliard. Second row: William Lyons, Kevin Higgins, Louise Cleary, James Ronayne, Anne Marie Lennon, Lisa Carney, Elaine Carney, Kimberley Dowdall, Lisa Freyne, Conor Mulrennan, Seamus O'Dwyer, Mrs. Leonard. Back: Mrs. Cosgrove, Colleen Waldron, Martina Maughan, Patrick Kelly, Beatrice Shanley, Luke Cribbin, Maria Hunt, Maria Connolly, Michael Waldron, John Lyons, Clare Byrne.



Confirmation, 1993 - Sixth Class, back row, left to right: Caroline Kilcourse, Carol Donnelly, Ellis Murphy, Sharon O'Dowd, Anne Marie Keane, Michelle Moore, Rachel Doyle, Jennifer McCafferty. Second row: Patricia Mulhern, Patricia Gaffney, Lorraine Murphy, Brigitta Burke, Claire Butler, Michelle Conlon, Rachel Cleary, Martina Mongan, Ann Maughan. Third row: Canon Costello, Mary Teresa McDonagh, Sharon Broderick, Amy Gately, Deirdre Finn, Lorraine Barrett, Karen Gildea, Roisin Thornton, Claire Callaghan, Nora Rabbitte, Sr. Rosario. Front: Ann Doherty, Emma Kirrane, Siobhan Ryan, Claire Gallagher, Bishop Cassidy, Emma Broderick, Michelle Curley, Caitriona Cunnane, Laura Healy.

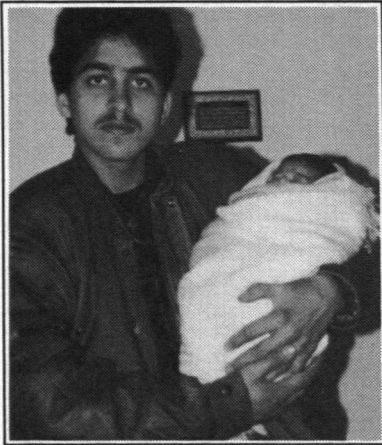


Confirmation, 1993 - 5th Class, back row, left to right: Audrey Keane, Elizabeth Burke, Selina Gallagher, Louise Cleary, Orlagh Nevin, Kathryn Deneny, Sinead Hannon, Patricia Kilbride, Sr. Teresa. Second row: Canon Costello, Marita Byrne, Joanne Butler, Siobhan Kedian, Breda Flanagan, Caitriona Fahey, Bridann Halpin, Annette Healy, Sandra Walsh. Third: Audrey Biesty, Caitriona O'Dowd, Caitriona Biesty, Claire Cunniffe, Laurann Byrne, Aileen Gallagher, Lorraine Moroney, Laura Nestor. Front: Aileen O'Boyle, Martina Waldron, Gillian Nestor, Bishop Cassidy, Lisa Kirrane, Angela Heaney, Yvonne Fitzmaurice.

BIRTHS - DEATHS - MARRIAGES

Births

from November, 1992.



Shahid Akbar holding baby Frazina Nazir.

Billy and Kathleen Phillips, Doctor's Road, son, Ciaran; John and Kathleen Maughan, Toraree, daughter, Melissa; Edward and Rita Mooney, Scrigg, daughter, Stephanie; Martin and Mary Therese O'Toole, Abbeyquarter, daughter, Louise; David and Mary Jordan, Lecarrow, daughter, Lisa; Gerard and Geraldine Plunkett, Fonthill, daughter, Tara; Domnick and Geraldine Murphy, Devlis, son, Shane; Thomas and Eileen Lynch, Holywell, daughter, Edel; Seamus and Johanne McKermitt, Hazelhill, daughter, Siobhan; Peter and Noreen Gallagher, Bangariff, daughter, Theresa; Michael and Geraldine McDonagh, Lisband, daughter, Aoife; Noel and Christina Monley, Woodpark, daughter, Vanessa; Michael and Mary Theresa Griffin, Devlis, son, Sean; John and Anne Durkan, Devlis, son, Eugene; Kevin and Johanne Madden, son, Kevin; Thomas and Judith Regan, Killinaghen, daughter, Tracey; Patrick and Mary O'Driscoll, Abbeyquarter, son, Andrew; Tom and Satomi Joyce, Japan, daughter, Monami; Frank and Judie Mulligan, Tampa, USA, son, Jacob.

Deaths

from November, 1992.

Michael Mannion, Drimbane; Mary Jane Cooney, Bargarriff; John J. Mullarkey, Tullaghane; Michael Car-

ney, The Crescent; Mrs. Sarah Freeley, Clagnagh; Mrs. Bridget Sloyan, Brackloon; Mrs. Agnes Kelly, Devlis; Mrs. Norah Kelly, Island; Tom Morris, Cloonbullig; Michael (Sonny) Lyons, Upper Main Street.

Mrs. Helen Swift, Aisling Drive; Martin Lyons, Ballindrehid; Austin Muldoon, Annagh; Kathleen Carney, Knox Street; Miss Norah Clarke, Hazelhill; Monica Dillon, Abbey Street; Miss Bridget Meehan, Curries; Patrick Ryan, Derrylahan; Thomas Fitzmaurice, Gurteenbeg; Brian Slevin, Toraree.

John McDonagh, Limerick; David Cunningham, Devlis; Mrs. Margaret Greene, Main Street; Thomas Murphy, Island; Mrs. Helena Barrett, Devlis; Mrs. Kate Dunleavy, Carrowrea; Ned Grogan, Holywell; Eugene Carney, Island; Mrs. Celia Tarpey, Carrowkeel; Mrs. Mary Martin, Doctor's Road; Mrs. Rita Wall, Dublin; Jim O'Donnell, Scrigg; Michael Diskin, Killinagher; Michael Barrett, Island; Mrs. Mary Brennan, Cultibo; William Cribben, Moneymore;

Rev. James Griffin, Mrs. Anne Walsh, Knox Street; Michael Carney, Coolnaha; Michael Connolly, Killinagher; Mary (Bonnie) Justice, Upper Main Street; Sally Kenny, Foxhill; Martin McDonagh.

Natives of the parish who died elsewhere:

Mary Cooney, Bargarriff; Hugh Carney, Classaroe (London); Mrs. Mary Tucker (nee Lyons), Colloughra; Michael Healy, Drimbane; Desmond Warde, Main Street; Josephine Waldron (Brackloon), Boston; Sean McGuire, Devlis; Mrs. Anne Sullivan (nee Hunt), Lecarrow; Tom Fitzgerald, Knock Road; Mrs. Clare Donovan (nee Morley), Knox Street; Mrs. Bridie McDonagh (nee Fitzmaurice), Togher.

Marriages

within Parish of Annagh
from November, 1992.

Thomas J. Ryan, Athlone, to Mary Collette Rattigan, Lecarrow. James McKermitt, Hazelhill, to Joanne Finn,

Hazelhill (The Friary). Seamus McDonagh to Helen Maughan, Tooraree. Billy Connell, Galway, to Patricia Curley, Clare St. Martin Ryan, New South Wales, to May Ruane, Johnstown. Damien Mullen, Ballymote, to Fiona Kilbane, Derrynacong. Andrew Cockburn, Signapore, to Karen Keane, Knox St. Patrick Moriarty, Co. Kerry, to Katherina Grogan, Bekan. Kevin Byrne, Cork, to Joanne Madden, Hazelhill (The Friary). Patrick Shannon, Kiltimagh, to Marita Welsh, Devlis (The Friary). Patrick Higgins, Ballindine, to Marie Conway, Holywell.

Natives of the parish who were Married elsewhere:

Kevin Henry, Upper Main St., to Anne Gillespie, Killala; Frank Henry to Regina Hetherton, Kells; Enda Moran, Knox St., to Anne Marie O'Lary, Bantry; Vincent McNamara, Brackloon, to Kathleen Caulfield, Kilmovee; Jean Francois Bruckmann to Lisanne Fitzgerald, Upper Main St.; Tony Keane, Knox St., to Oliva Carney, ——— Timoney, Upper Main St., to ———.

Remembrance of Ballyhaunis

There was a farmer called Tim Clyne who served in the first World War. A huge man who rode a huge white horse and cart. He would spend half the day in Cunningham's Bar when he came to town entertaining his listeners to fantastic, outrageous stories of war, the occult, ghosts, etc. He left his cart in the yard and tied his horse in a shed. My brother, Mido decided to have a joke on him. He got Petie Hannon and Jerry Dillon to dismantle the wheels of his cart with him and brought it into the shed and tethered his horse to it inside the shed. The shed was too small to even turn the horse and the door too narrow. He was so frightened he called the neighbours to see the miracle. He was so drunk he slept in the cart for hours. He told the story for years.

Nellie Cunningham-O'Riordan

The "Annagh" Magazine Society is grateful to the following for their support: thanks is also due to the patrons who wish to remain anonymous.

AIB Bank, Bridge Street	30464/30726.
ALBERTOS Bar, Restaurant, Carvery Lunch Daily	Fax (091) 756678.	30443.
ALMA'S Ladies' and Gent's Hairdressing Salon, Clare Street	30354.
AUGUSTINIAN Fathers (Hon.), The Abbey	30031.
BALLINLOUGH Refrigeration Co. Ltd.	...	(after 7 p.m. 30426).	Fax 40230. Tel. 40045.	
BALLYHAUNIS Transport Service - To-from Dublin, Mon-Wed-Fri.	...	(088) 549077.	30477.	
BALLYHAUNIS Tyre Centre (Prop. Kieran Dyar).	...	Car 88569155-30573 / late at 30677.		
BANK OF IRELAND, The Square	30073.
BOSS Forklifts, Clare Road, Ballyhaunis	...	Fax 30674.	088-571603.	30633.
BOXING Club, Ballyhaunis				
B.P.H., Ballyhaunis Plant & Tool Hire, Knox Street...	...	Fax (093) 38559.	(0907) 30979.	
BRIDGE Club, Ballyhaunis.				
BURKE, D. H., Supermarket, Upper Main Street	30482.
BURKE, Patrick, Fruit & Veg. Distributor, Hazelhill.				
BURKE, Tom, M.R.C.V.S., Abbey Street	30275.
BYRNE, Patrick, Victualler & Grocer, Knox Street	30283.
BYRNE'S Bar, Foodmarket, Clare Street	30039.
CAMPBELL, Bill & Eddie, Auctioneers & Insurance Brokers, Knox Street...	30082.
CARNEY, Eugene, The Gem, Newsagency, Toys, Jewellery, Grocery	30840.
CENTRAL Hotel (Prop. John and Carmel Vahey)	30030.
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, John Halpin (Secretary)	30012.
CHURCHFIELD HOUSE HOTEL, Knock	(094) 88281.	
C. J. COTTAGE CRAFTS, Upper Main Street	30555.
CLOCK TAVERN, Knox Street	30344.
COEN, Seamus, Garage, Devlis	30087.
COLLERAN'S Pharmacy, The Square	30028.
COMMUNITY SCHOOL (Ballyhaunis), Knock Road	30238.
CONNACHT SCAFFOLDING LTD.	30198.
CONROY, Pat, Gent's Outfitter, Household Goods, Knox Street.				
COONEY, Rev. Joseph, P.P. (Hon.), Parochial House	30006.
CREDIT UNION, Ballyhaunis & District, Main Street	30998.
CREHANS Restaurant, Clare Street, - Meals all day, 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.	30328.
CUNNINGHAM, Paddo, Londis Foodmarket, Abbey Street	30730/30162.
CURLEY'S Bar, Clare Street	30077.
CURLEY'S Chemists, Main Street	30110.
CURLEY'S Jewellery & Cosmetics, Bridge Street	30110.
CURRAN'S Pub, Bridge Street	30357.
CUNNIFFE, Patrick, Building Contractor, Tooreen, Ballyhaunis	49035.
DALY'S Electrical, Domestic Appliances, Bridge Street	30987.
DELANEY, Paddy, Select Bar & Lounge, Abbey Street	30024.
DELANEY'S LTD., Hardware, Wallpaper, Paint, Household, Gifts, Bridge Street	30296.
DE-LUXE Cleaning, Vincent Higgins, Carpets, Upholstery, etc., Ballyhaunis	30284.
DILLON'S Travel Agents, Fancy Goods, The Square	30021.
DOHERTY'S Betting Office, Main Street	30628/30738.
DONNELLAN'S Joinery, Undertakers, Funeral Home	30045.
DURKAN'S, Drink Distributors, Devlis	Fax 30615	30034.
EAGNEY Insurance Services Ltd., Bridge Street	Fax 30795	30793/30794.
ELECTRICAL & Pump Services Ltd., Ballyhaunis	Fax 30761	30226.
ENDELA'S Fast Foods, Bridge Street	30458.
FARAH Exports (Irl.), Ballyhaunis	30101.

FINN, Tom, Footwear Specialists, Main Street	30141.
FITZGERALD'S Grocery & Confectionery, Bridge Street	
FLOGAS (Ireland) Ltd, Ballyhaunis.	Fax 30040. 30883.
FORDE'S Ltd., The House For All The Family, The Square	30013.
FORKAN'S B & B (en suite rooms), Knox Street	30888.
FREYNE, Bernard, Freyne Gas Services, Hazelhill	30152.
FREYNE'S Garage & Filling Station, Clare Street	30043.
GAA Sports Club (Chairman: Jimmy Walsh), Knockbrack	30737.
GALLAGHER'S Builders' Providers, Furniture, Main Street	30020.
GARVEY-MORAN, C., School Supplies, Knox Street	30079.
GERRY'S Barber Shop, Barrack Street.	
GLYNN, Pat, Photographer, Doctor's Road	30026.
GOLF Club, Ballyhaunis, Coolnaha	30014.
GREANEY, Rev. Fr. M., C.C. (Hon.), Upper Main Street	30095.
GREENSPRINT, Main Street	30597.
GRIFFIN, John, Orthodontist, Knock Road	30534.
GRIFFIN, Mike, Taxi Service, Clare Road / Devlis	30213.
GROGAN, Austin & Sons, Concrete Products, Cave	30072.
GUN Club, Ballyhaunis & District (Chairman: Eamon Burke)	30151.
HANNAN'S, Denis & Clare, Oak Bar, Bridge Street	30099.
HARVEST Fresh, Fruit, Veg., Main Street	30736.
HAZELHILL, Bed & Breakfast (Prop.: Martina & Michael Gallagher)	30605.
HAZELHILL Enterprises Ltd. (Milo Henry), Timber, Europallets	30094/30774.
HEALY, Joe, Building Contractor, Annagh	30441.
HELEN'S Laundrette, Barrack Street	30841.
HERR, Fred, Grocer, Knox Street.	
HIGGINS, Jim, T.D., Devlis	30052.
HIGGINS, SPAR Foodmarket, Main Street	30023.
HOPKINS, Tom, Grocer & Newsagent, Upper Main Street	30076.
HORAN'S Tudor Inn, Main Street	30885.
HORSE SHOE INN, Abbey Street	30178.
IRISH Ale Breweries	Fax (0907) 30158. 30130/30158.
IRISH COUNTRY MEATS (Ballyhaunis), Clare Road	Fax 30561. 30555.
IRISH RUNNER, Frank Greally, Martin Joyce, 109 Old Country Rd., Dublin 12	(01) 545135/6.
JACK HALPIN'S Pub Grub, Traditional Irish Music, Main Street	30012.
JACKIE'S HAIR SALON, Main Street	30807.
JENNING'S, Barnard, Knox Street	30315.
JOHNSTON'S Machinery, Farming Community Specialists, Knox Street	30019.
JORDAN Windows, Clare Street	30641.
JOYCE, Michael, 9 Washington Street West, Cork	(021) 270391.
KAY'S Salon, Knox Street	30062.
KEANE'S Kitchens Ltd., Kitchen, Bedroom, Furniture, Clare Road	30038.
KEANE, Joe, Merchant Tailor, Knox Street	30751.
KELLY, Padraic, Furniture Manufacturer, Drimbane	30089.
KELLY, Rosaleen, R.P.N., M.S.R.I., Natural Therapies, Kinesiology, Learning Difficulties	30022.
KNOCK Road House, Bed & Breakfast (Prop.: John & Margie Gallagher)	30372.
LILLY, John J., Plant Hire, Johnstown	30352.
LITTLE Brook House, Bed & Breakfast (Prop.: Breda Burke)	30151.
LOUGHRAN, F. J., M.V.B., M.R.C.V.S., Upper Main Street	30017.
LYONS, Gerard, Wisebuy Foodstore, Abbey Street	30323.
LYONS, James, Publican, Main Street.	
LYONS, Michael J., Coach & Minibus Hire, Lecarrow	30347.
McGARRY, Gerard & Associates, Development Consultants, Architects, Engineers	30170.
McGARRY'S, Ladies' and Gent's Outfitters	30084.

McNAMARA Car Dismantlers, Dublin Road	30439.
Mac SIURTAIN, Publican, Main Street	30854.
MADDEN, Gerald, Snooker Tables, Gurteens	30228.
MANOR House, Restaurant, Accommodation, Weddings, etc., Knock Road	30700.
MEADOW Farm Eggs (M. Caulfield), Carrowkeel	30183.
MEEHAN Memorials, Clare Street	30599/30203.
MERCY Sisters (Hon.), Abbey Street	30108.
MOBILE Tractor Repairs – on call Day and Night	Ring Eamonn	30386.
MORAN, Donal, Television Systems Ltd., Knox St.	30569.
MORAN, Donal K. & Sons, Building Contractor.	30079.
MORAN'S Coaches & Minibus Hire, Knock Road	30346.
MORAN BROS., Construction Ltd.,
Building & Public Works Contractors. – Work fully insured	30146/30725.
MORAN, Tommie, Sweets, Ices, Fancy Goods, Fuel Merchant, Main Street	30493.
MORLEY, P. J., T.D., Bekan	(094)	80217.
MORLEY, Tony & Sons, Exterior & Interior Decorators, Knox Street	30944.
MULHERN, Edward, Bar & Taxi Service, Clare Street	30249.
MULRENNAN, James & Sons Ltd., Fitted Kitchens & Bedroom Specialists,
Keane's Kitchen Centre	30038.
MUNRO, Brian & Sons, Insurance Broker	30343.
MURPHY'S Auto Sales, Main Hyundai Dealer, Dublin Road	30307.
M.W.R. F.M. 96.1, Abbey Street	Ads: 30553 Requests	30169.
N.C.F. Ltd., Mart & Stores	30166.
NESTOR & Co., Accountants, Upper Main Street	30005.
NEWSROUND, Newsagency, Toys, Giftware, Cards, Main Street	30897.
NOLAN'S Pub, Undertakers, Knox Street	30205 / 30235.
O'BRIEN, John, Auctioneer, EBS Agent, Main Street	30088.
O'CONNOR, John Ronaco Ltd., Doctor's Road	30037.
ORIGINALS, by Mary Smyth Ltd., Designers of Unique Clothes, Upper Main St.	30373.
PAROCHIAL Hall, Bingo	30212.
PATTERSON, N. & P., Animal Health Centre, Main Street	30113.
PHILLIPS, Charlie & Sons, Shoes & Drapers, Main Street	30368.
PHILLIPS, Eamonn, High-class Victualler, Upper Main Street	30381.
PHILLIPS, Paddy, Publican	30118.
RATTIGAN'S Bar, Knox Street	30157.
ROCHFORD Motors, Main Mitsubishi Dealers, Knock Road	30163 / 30350.
RUANE, P., Radio & T.V. Dealer / Repairs, Knox Street	30129.
RYAN'S Super-Valu, Main Street	30359.
RYAN'S Fashion Salon, Main Street	30359.
ST. MARY's Primary School, Abbeyquarter	30310.
ST. JOSEPH'S Convent of Mercy Primary School, Abbey Street	30505.
ST. PATRICK'S Dramatic Society.
SOPHISTICUT Hair Salon, Ladies' & Gent's, Abbey Street	30492.
T. C. Fast Foods, Main Street, also The Square, Ballaghaderreen	30357.
THE CLOTHES Closet Boutique, Upper Main St. "Quality, up-to-the-minute Styles"
TRUCK Lift Services, Lissaniskea, Bekan	(094)	80174.
TYNAN DILLON & CO., Chartered Accountants, Clare Street	30261.
ULSTER Bank Ltd., Abbey Street	30049.
VAL'S Lounge, Bar Food Specialists, Main Street	30068.
WASH Tub, Launderette & Dry Cleaners, 24-hour service, Ironing Service	30449.
WEBB, M. J., Master Butcher, Main Street	30003.
WESTERN Brand Chickens Ltd., Fresh & Frozen Daily	30069.
WIMPY, Bridge Street, Ballyhaunis – Tasty Snacks Served, early and late	30159.
WINSTON, Gerard, Family Grocer, Devlis	30395.

“Annagh”

ORDER FORM

Please forward me copies of “*Annagh '93*”

Name

Address

.....

.....

Enclosed, please find IR£.....

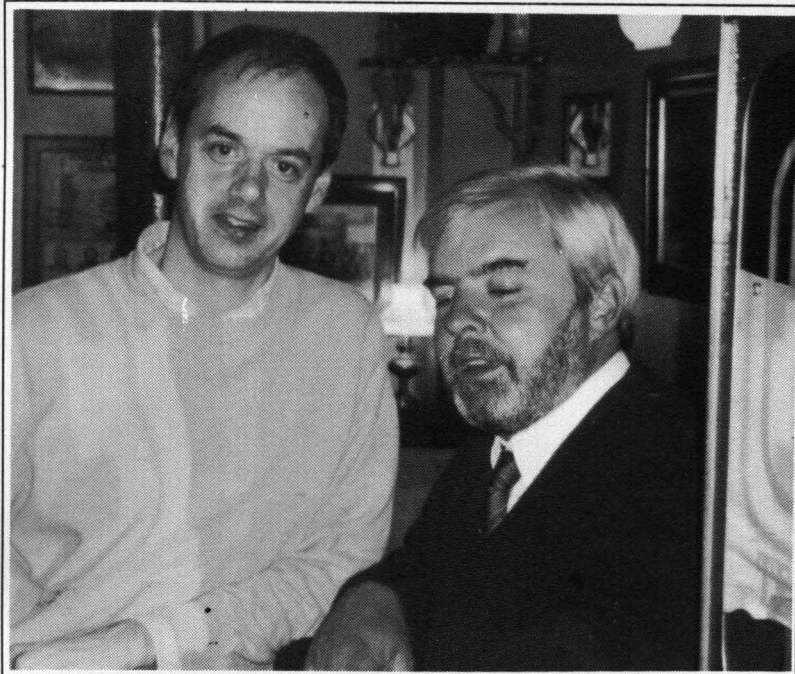
Cost: Magazine plus Postage

within Ireland ... £3

Great Britain£4

Elsewhere£8

C/O The Secretary,
Annagh Magazine Society,
Ballyhaunis,
Co. Mayo,
Ireland.



Having a chat! – Ger Cleary and Georgie Hannon. Pic. courtesy Mike Byrne.



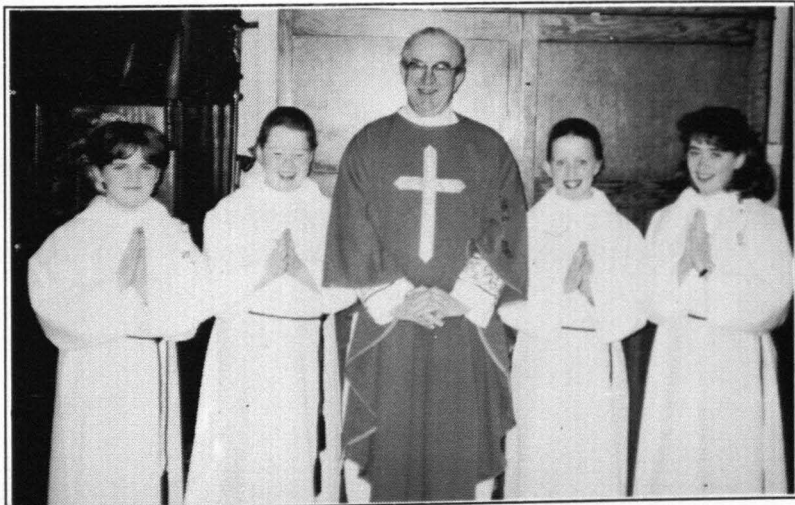
Not Chicken George – Fred Herr



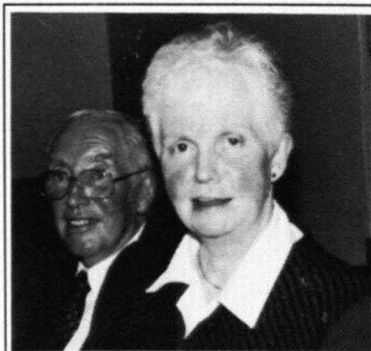
Derrylea Stations, Spring, 1993, left to right: Connie Gilden, Vera Walsh, Mary Lyons, Lily Rabbitte and Mary Cleary.



Mary Martin (R.I.P.), and Mary Smyth at Knock for Mother Teresa's visit. Pic. courtesy Pat Martin.



Altar girls, November, 1993, left to right: Caitriona O'Dowd, Yvonne Byrne, Fr. Cooney, Anne Marie Madden, Elizabeth Burke.



Paddy and Bridie Brennan, Upper Main St., who celebrated their 40th Wedding Anniversary in 1993. Pic. courtesy Bridie Brennan.

Annagh '93

