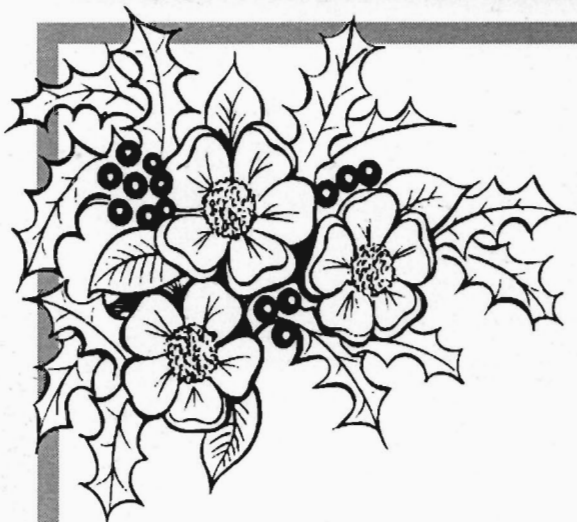


Annagh '94



Ballyhaunis Annual Magazine



Christmas Greetings

As another year draws to a close and Christmas approaches, may I take this opportunity of wishing all the people of Ballyhaunis, a very happy and 'holy Christmas, and every blessing in 1995.

We remember also with affection all our exiles who will not be coming home this Christmas, and we assure them that they will have a special place in our Masses on Christmas Day.

1994 is drawing to a close and in its wake it leaves different memories for many people. Some will have happy memories – the joy of a birth or a wedding while others will have sad memories of sickness or death. For those who have suffered bereavements in the past year, we pray that God will help them to cope with the loneliness and sadness of not being able to share Christmas with a loved one.

The last year has seen some changes in St. Patrick's Parish Church. The sanctuary has been remodelled and the altar brought forward, nearer to the congregation, thus ensuring, that it is in keeping with liturgical standards as we approach the 21st century.

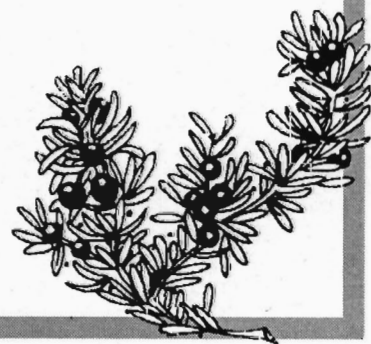
A new Blessed Sacrament Chapel has been constructed at the back, and it is hoped that this will provide a haven of peace and prayer for people trying to escape for a few minutes from the turmoil of daily life.

I would like to thank sincerely the many people who have given generous donations towards this chapel.

May God bless you all and give you a wonderful Christmas.



Very Rev. Fr. Joseph Cooney, P.P.



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The Annagh magazine makes its seventeenth appearance in as many years with the publishing of the 1994 issue. Once again I can only say that working with the Annagh committee has been a most enjoyable experience and their enthusiasm and endeavour when it comes to chasing articles or names or photographs is as always first class.

I would like to think that Annagh '94 will be the source of some pleasure to its readers, and that photographs, reports, articles or poems held within its cover will hold something you will want to keep for a long time to come.

To all those people who think so much of Annagh, as to keep giving us the material that appears each year, I thank you on behalf of the committee and myself, without your proven interest we would not be able to continue. To the clubs, organisations and authors, young and old, new and not so new, we say a sincere thank you.

It is your interest in wanting to record memories, events, or faces that allows Annagh to keep up its standard. This year we have used Clagnagh as our featured village. The detail given to this article is indeed one of the main features in this year's magazine. To the Annagh committee let me say that the short introduction of "table thumping" has not put you off the task in hand, and this year's Annagh is a tribute to your dedication.

To you our loyal patrons and fervent readers your continued support is as always welcomed and our sincere thanks goes out to you all.

Finally, in the year when our island sees a new peace come over it, let me wish you and all your families, where ever you are, all the joys, blessings and peace the season of Christmas brings.

• Editor, Peter McCafferty.

Officers 1994

President	Jack Halpin.
Chairperson	Maura Griffin.
Vice-Chairperson	Maisin Meath
Editor	Peter McCafferty.
Assitant Editor	Paul Waldron.
Secretary,	Matt O'Dwyer.
Assistant Secretary	Agnes Heaney.
P.R.O.	Jim London.
Treasurer	Noel Waldron.
Assistant Treasure	Gerry Cribbin.

Committee

*Johnny Biesty, Jimmy Cribbin,
Joe Hosty, Michael Byrne,
Martin Forde, John A. Freeley,
Murt Hunt, Austin Grogan,
Michéal Smyth, John Cleary.*

Cover Photographs

Front Cover, clockwise, from top left: Eamon Phillips, Noel Morley, Mick Freeley; Garda Pat Powers, Denise Moran; Cyril Foudy (centre), his son and a friend outside Byrne's Bar, Clare Street, where Mr. Foudy was born in the 1930s; (back row) Joe Byrne, Pat McMahon, John Coll; Nollaid O Muirthile and Joe Greene, (front) Alex Greene, Adrian Kenny, John Conneely; David Herr, Seamus O'Dwyer; Sr. Assumpta, Sr. McCarthy, O.S.A., Michael Neary (MWR), Helen Hoban, Darragh Eagney, Dermot Eagney, Frank Connolly (back); Una Phillips, Mary Clare Dunleavy, Seamus Flatley; (back) Mary Caulfield, Mercy Flatley, Helene McCafferty, Mary Flatley (front) Jennifer McCafferty, Mary Hunt, Noreen Culliney and husband, Angus.

Back Cover, clockwise, from top left: Pat Burke and his wife, Anne; (back row) Tommy Grogan, John O'Connor, Seán Hession, George Delaney, Thomas Moran, Liam Smyth, Sarah J. Johnson, John O'Boyle, Pauline Moran, Declan Phillips, Grace Connelly, (front) Margie Phillips, Aine Whelan, Louise O'Connor, Patricia Grogan, Maura Flynn, pictured outside Giant Stadium, New Jersey; Eddie Murphy; Aiden Kelly and Enda Caulfield; Mary Lyons, Maura O'Neill, Fr. M. Greaney; Patricia Kilbride, Brídaun Halpin, Fr. M. Greaney, Sinéad Hannon, Rachel O'Connor; Kate O'Connor and Christy Barrett; Maura O'Dwyer, Edel Moroney; (Fair Day in town) Jimmy Cribbin, Bill Freyne, John Brady, Tom Murphy; Seamus Conneally, Bernie Jordan, Martin Forde, Pat Flatley; Seamus Geraghty, Maggie Finnegan, Laura Burke, Seán Drumm, Aisling Webb, Joanne Morley.

A visit to Aras an Uachtarain

AS President Robinson sipped a mineral water, she assured us that she definitely regarded herself as a Ballina person. I had asked her whether the fact that, like myself, living out of Mayo for so long, had diminished or changed her sense of belonging. "Ballina is my home town," she said. Her father still lives there, and certainly while he remains, she could not imagine any change in her outlook.

I had read in March, 1993, that President Robinson had been invited to address the Council of Europe on the occasion of its 45th birthday, on June 29th. My recently published biography of Sean MacBride had dealt with his role as a co-founder of that institution, a role of which he had been most proud. I wrote to the President suggesting that as a mark of respect to MacBride's memory, she might consider accepting a copy of the book from me. Her reply was positive, giving me an appointment some months hence, provided no business of State intervened at the time.

For the following few months I paid particular attention to the President's itinerary and kept an eye out for potential constitutional crisis at home. My nervousness grew as D-Day, the 14th of June, approached, but the country, thankfully, remained calm. I had little difficulty in choosing my ensemble for the occasion, but I cannot say the same for the three women in my life, who were to accompany me. But, finally, they, too, were clad and we drove to the Phoenix Park giving ourselves plenty of time lest the lunch time traffic cause us delay.

I had been asked several times who else was going to be there, apart from ourselves. In truth, I did not know and presumed that we would be part of a wider group, the President would meet that afternoon.

I drove to the entrance of Aras an Uachtarain and parked at the gate. A Garda emerged from the lodge and opened the gate to talk to us. "I have an appointment with the President," I said. "Ah, you must be Mr. Jordan," he said. He went back to the lodge momentarily and then returned to open the gate. We drove along the avenue past a lake and a herd of Charolais chewing the cud. As the house came into view our excitement grew. An Army Officer awaited our arrival at the house as we reached the doorway. She introduced herself as Captain Collette Harrison (who volunteered to go to

Goma in Zaire during the Rwanda crisis), one of the President's ADCs. She made us feel very welcome and invited us to sign the visitors' book. We were then taken on a tour of the State reception rooms. Portraits of all the past Presidents hung in one room, which also included paintings of Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins. A Sir John Lavery painting of Roger Casement's trial also hung there. We saw a fireplace which carried an inscription implying that it had



Anthony Jordan with President Mary Robinson; his wife, Mary, and daughters, Judith and Fíona, at Aras An Uachtaráin.

been donated by the bould Timothy Healy of Anti-Parnell fame. We were then briefed on the protocol for meeting the President as we awaited her arrival. We appeared to be the only guests apart from two photographers from the Independent and Press groups, who were there to cover the event.

A door opened and Mrs. Robinson entered. I moved forward to shake hands with her and introduced my three companions. We exchanged pleasantries and then she suggested we get the formal part of the proceedings over with. The photographers came forward and proposed the presentation take place on the front lawn as it was such a sunny day. This we did, the President sitting on a park bench, where I presented her with the book, the photographers recording the event. A presidential aide took photographs with our own camera, as we had been advised this was in line with protocol.

The President then took us on a brief tour of the garden pointing out in particular the long-life candle which burns in the upstairs kitchen window. She had made reference in her inaugural speech to the Irish diaspora saying that she would put a light on in the Aras, as a sign that they were remembered there. This light is visible from the one spot on the main road through the Phoenix Park to Castleknock, where Aras an Uachtarain comes into view.

We then returned to one of the State reception rooms where we were served tea. The President told me that I was sitting in the same position as the President of the Council of Europe when he had invited her to address the Assembly. She said that she intended to highlight Sean MacBride's role at Strasbourg and my presentation had come at a very opportune time. She engaged each of the family in conversation, making the point that it was unique to have an entire family visit her. She said that it was enhanced by the fact that we were all from Mayo. My younger daughter, Fiona, told the President that she had been to the Aras just three weeks' previously with a large Friends of the Earth group. The President laughed as she said: "I wish I could remember shaking hands with you, Fiona, but I don't. There's so many."

Our conversation went on for quite some time as the President spoke freely of her family, her position and her new home in Pontoon. I commented on her recent reported speech at Strokestown House, where she said that the present day Irish emigrants could find it harder to gain entry into the country of their choice than those of Famine times. She took up the point saying that her actual speech made this point globally. She said that if the well off countries shut off the Third World emigrants, where will they go? What would have happened to our Famine people if that had occurred to them?

In that short exchange, among several, Mrs. Robinson illustrated once again how in a short time she has become a vibrant symbol in a real and meaningful way, which transcends local politics and contributes to all humankind.

All too soon Captain Harrison re-entered the room and stood unobtrusively. We read her arrival as leading to the end of our visit. Within a few moments the President acknowledged her ADC and hoped that we had enjoyed our visit. Goodbyes were said and the President departed. Captain Harrison escorted us outside and took a group photograph of us. The entrance to the Aras is actually through the rear of the house. As we drove away we all agreed that the visit had been a most memorable one.

■ Anthony Jordan.



Tom Dillon and Caroline Walsh.



Martin Drudy and Noreen Connell.



James Naughton and Bernie Dowdall.



Anthony Henry and Christine Murphy.

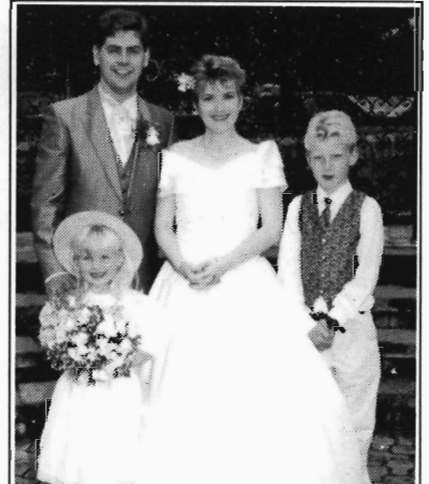
Wedding

Congratulations to . . .

Cathal Phillips, Main Street, and Patricia Kenny, Knockbrack; Brendan Vessey, Carracastle, and Helen O'Reilly, Holywell; John Coffey, Abbeyquarter, and Mary Maughan, Cherryfield; Joseph Reynolds, Sligo, and Sheila Waldron, Woodpark; John Drudy, Charlestown, and Noreen Connell, Redford; Martin Noonan, Castlebar, and Bernadette Caulfield, Bohogue; Thomas Gibbons and Brenda Bernadette Henry, Ashling Drive; Harry Woods, Castlerea, and Barbara Moran, Lecarrow; Anthony Brennan, Dublin, and Nora Waldron, Cave; Michael Callaghan, Loughglyn, and Monica Carroll, Drimbane; James Naughton, Ballindine, and Bernadette Dowdall, Devlis; Noel Neilan, Dublin, and Kathleen Hunt, Laraghanboy; Stephen McKermitt, Hazelhill, and Deirdre Munroe, Dunmore; Anthony Henry, Ashling Drive, and Christina Murphy, Tooreen; Sean T. Ruane, Holywell, and Muriel O'Meara, Offaly; Michael Daly, Main Street, and Mary Lavin, Swinford; Martin Timoney, Upper Main Street, and Mary Killeen, Carrowneadan; Brian Murray, Doctor's Road, and Valerie Hurley, Clooncan; Thomas Dillon, Ballindrehad, and Caroline Walsh, Jonhstown; Martin Waldron, Devlis, and Natasha Franst, in St. Petersburg; Brian McDonagh, Tooraree, and Rose McDonagh, Castlebar; Nicky Kelly, and Helena Caulfield, Upper Main Street; Adrian Kelly, Castlerea, and Ann Marie Cruise, Coolnaha; Sean Moran, Knox Street, and Catherine Morrissey, Cork.



Adrian Kelly and Ann Marie Cruise.



Sean T. Ruane and Muriel O'Meara.

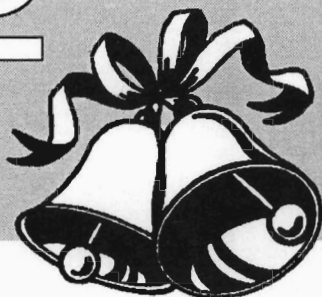


Michael Daly and Mary Lavin.



Brian McDonagh and Rose McDonagh.

Bells



Brian Murray and Valerie Hurley.



Martin Timoney and Mary Killeen.



Tony Brennan and Nora Waldron.



Michael Callaghan and Monica Carroll.



Noel Neilan and Kathleen Hunt.



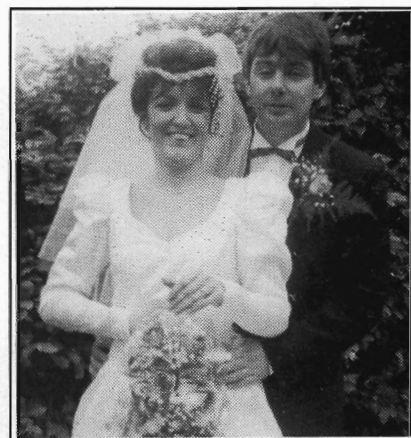
Harry Woods and Barbara Moran.



Joseph Reynolds and Sheila Waldron.



Sean Moran and Catherine Morrissey.

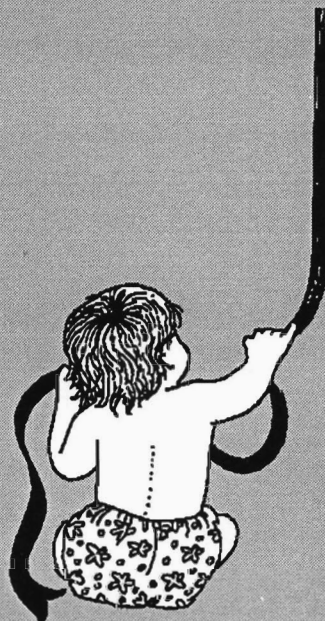


Paul Timoney and Carmel Galvin.



Annagh Magazine are happy to welcome into the community the following children born in 1994:

*Eoghan Collins;
Jennifer Mary O'Neill;
Martin Joseph Stephen McDonagh;
Hanna Al Jumaie;
Darragh Joseph Richardson;
James Maughan;
Lisa Máiread Hunt;
James Patrick Cribben;
Martin Joseph Regan;
Aine Patricia Waldron;
Winifred Bridget Mongan;
Conor Stephen Nolan;
Natasha Catherine Webb;
Gavin Christopher Kupczak;
Damien Michael Nolan;
Ellen Marie Maughan;
Louise Mary McNamara;
Jacqueline Mary McGinty;
Cathal Walsh;
John Charles Vesey;
Ultan Patrick Griffin;
Diarmuid Patrick Byrne;
Adrian Charles Phillips;
Sammy Asilir;
Edward Christopher Cleary;
Kieran Edward Christopher Webb;
Jarlath Carney.*



Deaths from November, 1993

Mrs. Bridget Ann Maloney, Redford;
Mr. Harry Lamberth, Devlis;
Mrs. Kathleen Mulhern, Clare Street;
Michael Mulrennan, Bracklaghboy;
Mrs. Celia O'Donnell, Scrigg;
James Gilmore, Upper Main Street;
Michael Coen, Lecarrow;
Kate Mulloy, Upper Main Street;
Michael Rattigan, Lecarrow;
Michael Waldron, Woodpark;
Patrick Folliard, Kiltiboe;
Mrs. Delia Ellicot, Devlis;
Mrs. Kathleen Higgins, Curries;
Mrs. Agnes Hunt, Forthill;
Mrs. Anne Hunt, Lecarrow;
Anne Dyar, Brackloon;
Patrick Kearns, Upper Main Street;
Mrs. Annie Biesty, Carrowkeel;
Delia Biesty, Bohogue;
Elizabeth Moran, Logboy;
Mary Kate Lyons, Classaroe;
Thomas O'Malley, Barrack Street;

Mrs. Margaret Sloyan, Kiltaboe;
John Lyons, Upper Main Street;
Katie Fitzmaurice, Cherryfield;
Mrs. May Morley, Carrowkeel;
Mrs. Kathleen Madden, Upper Main Street;
Mrs. Agnes Meehan, Annagh;
Mary Bailey, Bargariff;
Paddy Noone, St. Gerard's Crescent;
Richard (Dick) Lyons, Spaddagh;
James Cribben, Togher;
Kathleen Byrne, Abbeyquarter;
Bridget Kenny, Brackloon;
Sr. Kevin Gibbons, Mercy Convent;
Michael Hopkins, Drimbane;
William Waldron, Tavnaghmore.

Died elsewhere

Ellen Donnellan, London; William Duffy, Dublin; Anne Bristly, Dublin; Mary P. Murphy, Dublin; Mrs. Maeve Mullaney (formerly Knox Street), England; Patrick Walshe (formerly Barrack Street), Manchester.

Noreen is Annagh Rose for 1994

On Friday night, July 29th last, the Annagh Rose for 1994 was chosen from a variety of girls representing the various businesses in the town. Though tough on the nerves at times, the day was an exciting one for the girls as they attended interviews with Gerry Glennon, Claire Kelly and Hilary Murray at the Central Hotel.

That night there was the public interview and the show itself, with compere, Henry McGlade. Finally the judges announced that Noreen Freyne, representing The Wardrobe, was declared the Annagh Rose 1994, "The Wardrobe" is a Costume Design and Hire Company situated above the Credit Union building in Ballyhaunis.

Second place went to Paula Jordan, representing Valerie's Hair Salon, and third was Geraldine Kelly, representing The Clothes Closet.

Noreen was an excellent representative as her wit and bright sense of humour shone in the public inter-

view, specially when answering questions posed by Henry to catch her out! When asked a question relating to boyfriends, she cleverly answered by describing Gerry Glennon, one of the adjudicators, as one of the most eligible men in Ballyhaunis. She sang Christy Moore's "The Voyage" to round off the occasion.

Noreen received a cheque for £100 and a crystal vase, a tiara, and her duties included making an appearance at the annual welcome Home in the Church grounds on Sunday, July 31st, when she welcomed the emigrants, and partaking in the parade through the town which followed.

She also had the honour of presenting the prize for the Best Dressed Lady to Mrs. Mary Dillon Leetch, and also made an appearance at the Barn Dance on Tuesday night, August 2nd, which proved to be a fitting climax to the festival. The efficient organiser of the 1994 event was Helen Lyons.

Ballyhaunis Boxing Club

As the Ballyhaunis Boxing Club commences its fifth year in progress since its inauguration in 1989, never has Ballyhaunis enjoyed such success as of the later years in boxing circles. The Club is the proud holder of over fifty County and Provincial titles, and also three National titles.

During the month of November Ballyhaunis boxer, John Waldron, brought the first Senior Connacht title to Ballyhaunis. We, as a Club, have no record of this being achieved before (open to contradiction).

John Waldron, together with the Conlon twins, make up one-third of the Connacht team which is, at present, contesting the Duggan Shield. Our Club is the only Club in Connacht to have three boxers competing on a Connacht team, thus, showing the esteem in which we are held. With the support of you all (our sponsors), in the last year, we have purchased a new ring, together with a new set of equipment.

With our achievement over the last few seasons we hope that the Ballyhaunis Boxing Club is a Club you are all proud of as it's your Club, and we take this opportunity to thank each and everyone of you (our sponsors), for all your help throughout the year.

Officers for '94/'95 season: President, Very Rev. Fr. Cooney, P.P.; Chairman, Michael Nolan; Coach, Michael Conlon; Treasurers, Jim McKermitt and Maura Fitzmaurice; P.R.O., Margaret Kilcourse; Secretary, Séamus Waldron.



Annagh Rose finalists in the 1994 Ballyhaunis Festival.

Ballyhaunis Hurling — 1994

After all the glory of the previous season, 1993, this was always going to be a hard-act to follow and so it turned out to be.

The trophy cupboard was a little barren this year but, on the other hand, success must be measured in much more than numbers of medals won. Enjoyment and pleasure are infinitely more important and on this basis, 1994 was a very successful season.

Teams were entered in the following competitions — Under-10, National School, Under-12, Under-14, Under-16 and, for the first time ever in the history of the Club, at Minor level.

At National School competition, St. Mary's of Ballyhaunis, had an excellent triumph over Tooreen N.S. and qualified to play Knock in the East Mayo final. In an exciting game Ballyhaunis won by a margin of one point, having scored a goal in the last minute. In the County semi-final they duly accounted for a good committed side from Scoil Padraig, Ballina, before going down to The Quay, Westport, on a margin of 1-2 to 2-1.

In the Under-14 League, Ballyhaunis had excellent wins over Crossmolina, Ballina, Westport and Castlebar, but were narrowly beaten by Westport and Tooreen and so were denied a place in the final. However, full credit must be given to the boys whose average age was quite young and yet gave their full heart and commitment in each game.

There were high hopes within the Club

this year gone by for the Under-16 team. This team had performed very well two years previously at Under-14 level. However, a series of misfortunes whereby two players were unable to play due to accidents and another two who couldn't be available seriously weakened the team.

Defeats by Ballina, Crossmolina and Tooreen finished off any hope of the Under-16 team.

In the County Minor Championship Ballyhaunis were unfortunate to be drawn against Ballina in the first round. All of the Ballyhaunis youths can be proud of their performance in that game, because even though they were comprehensively defeated they kept their dignity and composure even in defeat. What must be remembered is that all of the Ballyhaunis Minors will be eligible to play Minor in the '95 season, so a more successful season is anticipated at this level.

At the Under-10 Mini-Sevens Blitz held in the early Summer, Ballyhaunis were beaten in the semi-final stage by Tooreen who, in turn, were beaten by Westport in the final.

Similarly, at Under-12, Ballyhaunis were beaten again in the semi-final by a one-point margin.

However, in both of these competitions the young boys of Ballyhaunis played with courage and great skill and can be proud of their behaviour, both on and off the field. There is no doubt that the future of hurling is well secure with players like these coming on-stream.

We would like to congratulate also the Mayo Minor team who captured the All-Ireland 'C' final for the third time in four years. A special word of congratulations to the Ballyhaunis players on the panel; Michael Curley, Derek Walsh, Peter Healy, Hugh McKermitt and Pierce Higgins. One of our more memorable moments in 1994 was, undoubtedly, the arrival back of the team from Cavan to Ballyhaunis and the realisation that with the Tooreen representatives of Brian Delaney, Paul Hunt and Peter Burke, that eight All-Ireland Hurling medals had been brought to the Ballyhaunis area.

On the Under-16 County Hurling team Ballyhaunis were well represented by Brian Flanagan, who captained the team; David Conlon, John Burke, Mark Neenan. Unfortunately, both Seamus Lundon and Darren Conlon, who also made the county panel had the misfortune of both breaking bones in two separate freak accidents, and so missed making the panel.

A special word of thanks also to the Mayo Under-21 team, who won the special Connacht competition back-to-back. Representing Ballyhaunis on this team were Pierce Higgins, Peter Healy, Hugh McKermitt and Derek Walsh. Congratulations to Dave McConn and John J. Hoban, who managed the Under-21 team.

Ballyhaunis do not, as yet, have a Senior or Junior team and so our Club Senior players play with Tooreen. We would like to compliment these players in winning County Junior and Senior finals in 1994. These include John Joe Hoban, Dave McConn, Tom Phillips, Micheál Gorman, Peter Healy, Hugh McKermitt, Pierce Higgins and Derek Walsh.

At this time of the year we reflect on the year gone by. We would like to thank all of the young hurlers whose commitment is an inspiration to all of us. Many people are involved in the success story of hurling — Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club and Executive, Bord na nOg and, in particular,



Ballyhaunis Primary School hurling team, 1994, with selectors Peter Higgins, Eugene Morley and Martin Kilbride. Front, left to right: Brian Mulrennan, Keith Higgins, Stevan Gutely, Paul Jordan, Patrick Waldron, Fergal Walsh, Alan Lucey, Padraig Carney, Hughie Carney and Gareth Morrissey. Back: Martin Kilbride, Jason Powers, Shane Conlon, Anthony Lyons, Tadhg Buckley, Stephen Carney, Eddie Murphy, Paul Cunnane, Derek McConn and Christopher McCrudden.

all our selectors and trainers. In particular, we would like to thank Jim Landon, Micheál Gorman and James Waldron for their work with the schoolchildren, and parents who provided transport to training and games.

Belatedly, a very sincere congratulations to John J. Hoban, who was selected as "Hurler of the Year" in Mayo by the "Western People" in 1993. From our early days John Joe has been constantly helping and encouraging both mentors and hurlers and, in our eyes, he is "Hurler of the Year" every year.

Thankfully, 1994 was again completely free from injuries on the field of play. This is due, no doubt, to the wearing of proper equipment, i.e., helmets, shin-guards to proper coaching from an early age in the matters of conduct, both on and off the pitch. Long may it last!

Finally, we would like to thank all of our sponsors, some anonymously, without whose constant generosity this would not be possible, and to the children and adults who take part in our annual sponsored walk we wish a special gura míle maith agaibh go leir.

TEAMS:

Under-10: Fergal Walsh, Patrick Waldron, Paul Jordan, David Hannon, Declan Ward, Keith Higgins, Brian Mulrennan, Paraic Carney, Colm Gallagher, Cian Higgins, Jarlath Morrissey, Liam Lyons, Shane Buckley, William Nestor, Mark Kelly, Alan Fitzpatrick, Ciaran Griffin. Selectors: Gerry Kilbride, Eugene Morley, Peter Higgins and Ray Lucey.

Under-12: Fergal Walsh, Tadgh Buckley, Jason Jones, Anthony Lyons, Derek McConn, Hugh Conmy, Alan Lucey, Keith Higgins, Martin Kilbride, Brian Mulrennan, Patrick Waldron, Paul Jordan, Paraic Carney, Stephen Gately, Christopher McCrudden, Edward Murphy,



Left to right: Ray Lucey, Paddy Ryan, J. J. Hoban, J. J. Kelly, P. J. Molloy, J. Walsh, Mick O'Connell, D. McCann and Peter Higgins.

Garrett Morrissey, Christopher Morley, Stephen Carney, Yvonne Byrne. Selectors: Eugene Morley, Gerry Kilbride, Dave McConn and Peter Higgins.

National School: Fergal Walsh, Shane Conlon, Christopher McCrudden, Jason Powers, Anthony Lyons, Derek McConn, Stephen Carney, Tadgh Buckley, Hugh Carney, Keith Higgins, Eddie Murphy, Patrick Waldron, Paul Jordan, Martin Kilbride, Stephen Gately, Brian Mulrennan, Alan Lucey, Paul Cunnane, Garreth Morrissey, Paraic Carney. Selectors: Peter Higgins, Eugene Morley and Gerry Kilbride.

Under-14: Dermot Murphy, Robert Morley, David Murphy, Paul McConn, M. J. Nolan, Anthony Lyons, Derek McConn, Jonathan Kilduff, Shay Walsh, Micheál Walsh, Garreth Delaney, Vinnie Healy, Thomas Murphy, Christopher McCrudden, Martin Kilbride, Shane Conlon, Stephen Carney, Jason Powers, Mark O'Neill, Keith Higgins, Alan Lucey, Hugh Carney, Eddie Murphy. Selectors:

Dave McConn, Micheál Gorman, Ray Lucey and Eugene Morley.

Under-16: David Conlon, Darren Conlon, Paul Finn, Brian Flanagan, John Gallagher, John Kilduff, Kenneth Korrane, Seamus Landon, Michael Lyons, Paul McConn, Robert Morley, David Murphy, Dermot Murphy, Thomás Murphy, Mark Neenan, M. J. Nolan, Don Regan, Michael Regan, Micheál Walsh, Shay Walsh, Adrian Muldowney, Derek McConn. Selectors: John Joe Hoban, Jim McKerritt, Micheál Gorman.

Minor panel: Paul Finn, Kenneth Korrane, Peter Healy, Mark Neenan, Hugh McKerritt, Derek Walsh, Doreen Conlon, Pierce Higgins, David Conlon, David Murphy, Brian Flanagan, Sean Fitzmaurice, Don Regan, Michael Regan, Michael McDonagh, Jonathan Kilduff, Paul McConn, John Gallagher, All Curley. Selectors: Ray Lucey, John Joe Hoban, Dave McConn, Micheál Gorman.

— By **PETER HIGGINS.**



1993 "Western People" Mayo Hurdler of the Year, John Joe Hoban, with family and friends.



Photo taken 1960/'61 – Front row: Frank Grealley, Ollie Hannon, John Coyne, Liam Connell, Eamon Smyth and Fr. Buckley. Back row (centre): Seamus Connell, Austin Boyle, Joe Byrne, Junior Connolly, Joe Conboy, Gerry Lyons, Martin Joyce, Michael Joyce and John Plunkett.



Convent of Mercy and Schools (view from Clare Road), Ballyhaunis.

(Picture courtesy of Rosemary Dalton-Keck, New York).

He said "I was born in a place called Garryedmond"

— *Willie Costello.*

A well known personality on the streets of Ballyhaunis when I worked there in the 'forties was a man named Pat Killeen. Every Tuesday, which was the Market Day, and most Fridays and Saturdays, saw him strolling through the town playing a tin-whistle. One did not have to be a connoisseur of classical music to realise that Pat's repertoire of same was somewhat limited. But for the entertainment which he considered he had provided, he expected a monetary response from passers by, and from the customers in the pubs and shops into which he went to collect donations. Their benevolence provided his main source of income which was augmented by the not over-generous old age pension of those days.

Pat's appearance was rather unkempt. A small man of slight build he wore the same dark grey threadbare overcoat in Summer, as well as in Winter. Like his tattered cap it always appeared as if a visit to the cleaners would not go astray. He lived in an area known as The Dardenelles.

There was no pub or shop in Ballyhaunis from which Pat was not ejected at some stage, during the course of his long career. But that never prevented him from entering again when next on his rounds which could well be the following day. He was really a very harmless man, to whose nature vandalism and any kind of rowdiness were totally alien. I never heard of him to insult anybody or even to raise his voice. He accepted abuse from people in the same gentlemanly way that he accepted the few pence when he got them. Many people gave him money because they were charitable, while others gave it to him, or rather threw it to him in order to ensure that he wouldn't physically touch them as he nudged his way through the people in a bar, or on the street.

I first met Pat within days of my arrival to work in The Eagle bar in Bridge Street, which was then owned by Tom Lyons and his wife, Mary. They did a good business and they were very concerned about the image of their premises which could be considered to have a middle to upper class clientele. Whenever Pat made his appearance, Tom quickly called him to the counter, gave him a few pence and instructed him to leave. Pat always quietly obeyed, because he knew that Tom would allow no begging from his customers.

One day I was alone in the bar when Pat entered, and trying to engage him in conversation. I asked him from whence he had come originally. His answer surprised

me. He said: "I was born in a place called Garryedmond." For the information of those who are not familiar with the area, Garryedmond is situated about eight miles from Ballyhaunis, and it adjoins Brickens on the Claremorris road. It is my native townland also. Hence my surprise that there were two of us from Garryedmond trying to eke out a living in Ballyhaunis, albeit in somewhat different ways.

Pat was an old man at that time. He was anything but articulate, and he had difficulty in remembering any details of his boyhood years. No doubt his lack of memory was due to the effects of heavy drinking over a period of many years, combined with poor nourishment.

On my next visit to my home in Garryedmond, I made enquiries about him. Almost everybody who had ever visited Ballyhaunis had either seen him or heard of him, but few knew where he had first seen the light of day. However, after some research, I discovered a few interesting and amusing facts concerning him.

He was born near the level crossing in a small thatched house to which access was gained by a narrow lane running close to the McNeive family home which is now derelict. The Killeens had no land, so I can only assume that his father was a labourer. Had he been a tradesman it is likely that his memory would not have been so completely obliterated, while the local tailor who was a dummy, and the local blacksmith, both of whom lived about the same time, were still talked about.

Pat was an only child and while very young he was sent to Ballyhaunis to become an apprentice to what was then called the bar and grocery trade. I failed to trace the name of the establishment or the exact location of where he worked. It seemed that early in life he succumbed to drink which took possession of him for the remainder of his long life.

As a young fellow he found an ingenious way of getting free lifts to his home in Garryedmond from Ballyhaunis. It was in the days of the steam engine and as a train left the station it always took several hundred yards to gather speed. Pat waited a short distance from the station and as it was passing he hopped on to the buffer of the rear carriage or wagon. He sat there until the train reached the upward slope near his home. As the engine lacked the

power of the modern diesel, it was forced to slow down on every hill, and this enabled Pat to jump off in reasonable safety, almost beside his own house. How he returned to Ballyhaunis after his visits home was not known.

Another story was that after he lost his job he returned to live in Garryedmond for a time. He had noted that every time that the train slowed down as it ascended those hillocks, some male passengers leaned out on the open windows, probably to view the landscape. In those days practically all men wore hats. Pat cut a long sally or osier rod and he stood close to passing trains. As the men leaned out he knocked off their hats with the rod, and these he sold later at whatever price he could get. Eventually he went back to Ballyhaunis and he slipped into the life of a vagrant musician which he remained to the end of his days.

Pat, who passed to his reward many years ago, did not marry and he had no known relatives. There was no trace of his old home in Garryedmond, even in my childhood days. The number of people who remember him is, naturally, getting smaller with each passing year. Harmless though he was, he was looked upon with disdain and regarded as a nuisance. Over the years we have come to learn that alcohol addiction is a form of illness with which the victim cannot come to terms without help. Should a similar casualty appear in our midst today, it is likely that we would be more tolerant and supportive and, perhaps, guide him or her to lead a more normal and fulfilling role in society. Those of us who knew him and shunned him might, with benefit, reflect on the fact that like all of us he was once somebody's child. Had the circumstances of his birth and upbringing been different, or had he lived in a more enlightened age, he might have achieved much. Apart from whatever talent he had as a musician, surely the ingenuity of his escapades on the trains suggest that he had potential for better things.

An array of unconventional characters was part of the daily scene in the Ballyhaunis of those days. There were corner boys and cattle drovers; there were vendors of camphor balls and matches, and there was the only town crier that I have ever seen or known. But Pat Killeen was the doyen of them all. Let us hope that they are all now enjoying in eternity the comforts which circumstances and society denied them in this world.

Ar Dheis Dé go raibh siad uilig.

Mother

I remember certain remarks when I was on my first return visit to my mother's village in Mayo that gave me a new understanding of her. I was thirty-five at the time, and mother would be in her late sixties. But she had taken on that mild and humbled look of age which women who have worked hard and pray a great deal take on, as though the deeper part of them had already moved on, and what was left was not much more than a bent figure, that responded to life and the things of life with such gentleness and abstraction that it seemed were habit and politeness, and their real person was already elsewhere. I was living in London at the time, and not only had become infected by the enthusiasm and liveliness that can get hold of a person after publishing a first book that had over-praising reviews, but was exhibiting these qualities, and was actually relating myself, although not wholly, and only temporarily, to the word success. Now it is a peculiar human trait, I find, that if a person tends to give out a feeling of modesty and unworthiness, one is only too willing to connive at this (as in the same way, one finally does it, perhaps, reluctantly and unwillingly but, nevertheless, does it, with a person who takes on worthiness, rank, snobishness and other things). What all this is intended to convey, is that in my heart, although I had dearly loved my mother, I had very willingly joined in with her spirit of self-effacement. We often do this to the ones we most love. Perhaps there is a good reason.

My cousin introduced me to a man we met along the road.

"This is Maria Fleming's son," he said.

"Maria Fleming," the man shook my hand long, strong and intensely. "I knew your mother well, God preserve her," he said. Then he seemed to think back for a moment as he looked at me, and he added: "She always had nature for every single living thing – from God downwards."

Nature is a word used in that part of Ireland to suggest good-natured warmth, in addition to the sort of instinctive response certain people have towards others; a person that reveals an exceptional degree of gladness in meeting and being with the ones he or she may love – and these are many – and who responds with swift unquestioning compassion to another's trouble, and, if I may go on so wordily to explain a simple thing, the person of nature is one who seems to manifest a fetish and, indeed, affinity, with almost all living things, and who delights in the existence of life itself and all its mysteries.

This remark happens to be up with something a man had recited to me one evening in Ireland. I had visited a widower with five fairly young children, one of whom had trodden on his spectacles a year or so before, so

*– By the late Bill Naughton,
courtesy of
Mrs. Erna Naughton.*

that he had been unable to read poetry since, which had been one of his main pleasures. And he had put a piece of Irish poetry into English, which was: 'I will never believe you are dead, Until they bring me the word that death has struck you.'

It was small encounters of this kind that somehow changed the notion I had of mother, the little woman, white-haired and now stooped with work, worry, sorrow and bronchitis, that I had visited in Bolton for a day on my way from London to Ireland. I had always had true affection for her, but had not thought to regard her with the very special respect she was remembered by in her native village.

On that same visit I had to proceed through the village, calling at each one of the dozen or so homes with an apparent casualness of order, yet at the same time, managing to call on third or fourth cousins just ahead of fifth or sixth. Finally, I called at the last home, where I met two old ladies, Bid and Anne O'Rourke. Bid was eighty-nine and Anne, ninety-three.

It was a bare and simple room, with an uncovered earth floor, a table, one chair and a couple of stools near the low turf fire, and an old dresser with a little shelf. They greeted me with dignity and warmth, dressed in their old black clothes. We chatted and Anne told me that she remembered last seeing me when I was four years old, and I was crying with the toothache, and my mother had warmed an old sock at the fire and put it

round my head to ease it, and my father had gone to Ballyhaunis Fair to sell a cow for a neighbour.

Bid suggested that they make tea for me, and I said: "No, thank you. The dinner will be waiting for me, because Maria Logan said she'd put the potatoes on when she saw me cross the big hill, and they'll be well done now – so please don't go to the trouble."

At this Anne looked at me and said: "Did you say trouble, agra? – then she pointed to the bare empty table standing in the middle of that moundy earth floor, and she spoke with strong conviction: "If that table was loaded with the richest and rarest of goods," she said, "it would be little enough to give to a son of your mother."

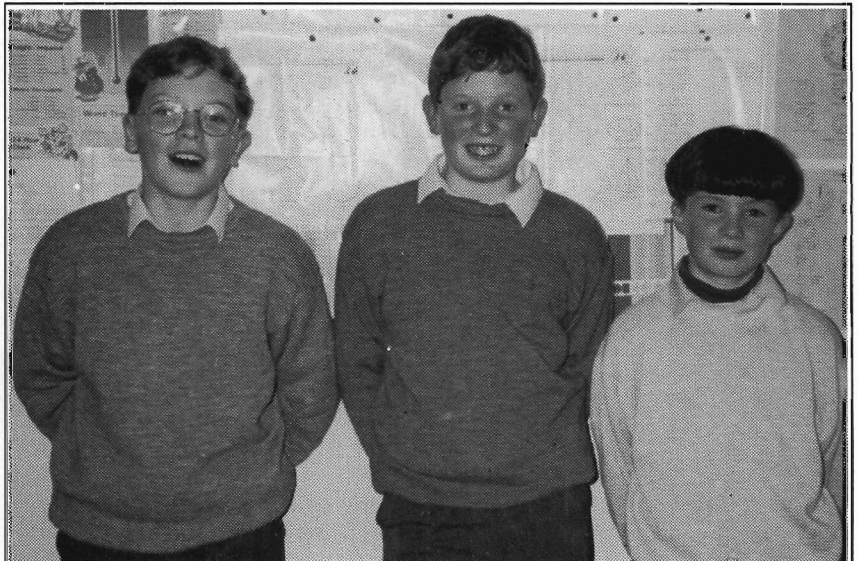
I'm afraid I had to wipe tears from my eyes when I left the house and was alone again along the road. And later that day another remark not only brought mother back, but gave me a newer idea of what may have been my humble beginnings.

I was chatting to my Aunt Ellen in the ruins of a tiny stone cottage just beside her little home. She was then in her seventies, a small woman, holding on to a bent walking stick, smoking a little pipe of tobacco, and generally putting on a bogus air of arrogance. The place was roofless, and I looked round what seemed to have been a very small room, with the old broken walls, and clumps of strong flowering weeds almost as high as my head, and I asked her might this be the room where my mother was born. She took the pipe out of her mouth and she struck the floor at my feet with her stick.

"Where you're standing is the very spot she was born," she said. "On the floor there it was. I remember I was sent running off for Aunt Una. I was about that size at the time. And our mother, God rest her, I can see the way she was lying down there on the floor, as your mother was born."

And I looked down and I suddenly felt that spot at my feet had more meaning to me than the entire city of London.

(London, August, 1965).



Kenny/Naughton Primary School Essay competition: Winners from St. Mary's N.S. (left/right): Derek McConn, Tadhg Buckley and Declan Ward.

My peasant attitude to a job

(also Paddy Kavanagh out-of-work period)

WHAT may appear puzzling to the bourgeois or, indeed, the urban mind about that ambitionless peasant temperament I had inherited – and possibly need explaining – was that all I longed for with regard to a job, was that it was simple, safe and sure, a steady job, with only moderate wages – such jobs were never well paid – in which there was no prospect of rising up in the world – that sort of job carried a certain uneasiness – and little fear of falling down. A job for the Bolton Corporation, for instance, such as road-mending would be ideal, out in fresh air and work not too demanding, earning exactly the same wages at sixty as at twenty-one, and pension at sixty-five. The reason for this was not altogether idleness or lack of spirit – although I would not rule these out – but simply that in the way it was with everyone else I had taken up the values I had inherited, and in my heart could not bring myself to belong to those people who looked on their particular work as an important element in their lives; people who allowed their jobs to make a deep impression on their personalities. (It will be understood that my heedless attitude towards a job was supported by various appraisals of the same that were becoming common amongst the unemployed, and one was the multi-voiced conviction that no matter how hard any of us worked it would get us nowhere in the end, since we belonged to the nobodys, the ones who were allowed so far and no further, and it was no use a chap putting himself out, for he'd be very little better off in the long run. The door's shut against our sort, they used to say). I was an Irish peasant, and although the work of a man with a few acres might be hard and laborious enough at times, and the fruits of it uncertain, yet it all balanced out at the heel of the hunt, there were good idle periods in the Winter months, when a man might have time to come to know himself, and all that one wanted from it was to be able to live, to eat, bring up a family, have the price of a drink, and pay one's way. The whole procedure to be carried out as naturally as breathing in God's holy air and drinking the water from the well, and in with it all enjoy the richer side of life, in talking, eating, drinking, dancing, some religion, of course, and thoughts and gen-

– By the late Bill Naughton,
courtesy of
Mrs. Erna Naughton.

eral reflections on life. There should be no split – or not much – between the man and the job, for the two somehow fused, as was only natural. Now that we were in England, and landless, and I was married, it meant that I had to have a job but, at the same time, I could not shed my peasant idiosyncrasy, so that no job could take on more than a makeshift meaning for me, and no boss, no matter how good he was, could hope to engage but a measured loy-

alty. I was after some form of employment that would make me feel more myself, not less (eventually, for the last forty years or so of my life I was to stumble upon it).

A chat I once had with another person, Patrick Kavanagh, an Irish poet, back in 1947, may explain the matter further. Paddy was out of work and broke at the time, and one day we were enjoying a pot of tea and toasted tea cakes in Bewley's, when he began to read a letter out to me, which he had got that day. The writer had given Paddy a recommendation with regard to what was described in the letter as a "very good job." Paddy laughed outright at this and scorned the idea: "Sure isn't that a contradiction in terms," he said to me, "a good job? How can a job be any bloody good when the term itself implies a duty – a stretch of work a man has to do before he gets paid. This man must be out of his mind altogether to use an expression like that – a good job," went on Paddy, as he warmed up to the subject, "for there's no job doesn't make some inroads or other on a man's freedom. The only good job, if you ask me, is to have no job at all, but to be sittin' here like the two of us, suppin' tea." I was the one who was carrying, and so I took the hint, paid the bill, and we went off together for a jar or two.

(Isle of Man – 1st September, 1980).



Left/right: Mrs. Erna Naughton (widow of Bill Naughton, R.I.P.); Pat McMahon (County Librarian); Mrs. Eleanor Freyne (Librarian).
(Pic.: Courtesy Gerry Cribbin).

Some dreams do come true

Noel Henry had always dreamt of staging a musical in Ballyhaunis. He and John O'Neill, of the golden voice, who had starred in musicals in other places, had often chatted about it. Once or twice these chats were enlivened by Mick O'Connell and Johnny McGuire recalling the Ballyhaunis musicals of the 'fifties which Dil Hughes (nee Faton) produced.

Nuala Fitzgerald had a yen, too, to put on a musical locally. She had been involved with shows in other towns, too, and she had helped form the Friary Male Choir and conducted it – one result of this was that she knew there was the makings locally of a good male chorus. The Parish Choir was evidence of the potential of a female chorus.

Frankie Ralph had starred in some musicals in nearby towns and had won awards while acting with the local and other drama groups. She was taking a drama based course in Maynooth.

In the Fall of '93 (how Americanised we have all become), I became aware of a meeting in Mike Byrne's Pub of John, Nuala, Frankie and those two enthusiasts of Drama, Sean O Domhnaill and Maura Noone. I guessed immediately that a musical was the subject of their discussion. I, too, had had dreams of staging a musical here but that's all they were, dreams – now these enterprising people were about to put flesh on the bones of all our dreams and I volunteered to take part.

This core Committee was augmented by the addition of Noel, with his dream and lots of experience as Musical Director in other shows. Aine Whelan, a much experienced choreographer of school and other productions, and Mary Smyth with both professional and amateur experience as a costume designer and producer.

A public meeting in the Parochial Hall got local approval and guarantee of co-operation – and so it all began. They chose "Calamity Jane." John was Chairman; Sean, Secretary; Maura, Treasurer; Noel, Musical Director; Nuala, Choral Director; Aine, Choreographer, and Mary as Costume Designer and Producer – all home-grown, as the saying goes. To produce overall they went for experience and how! – we were blessed that they got that supremo of Producers, Ray Leonard, from nearby Claremorris.

The word went out – Monday night, the Scouts' Den for those interested. A bevy of beautiful and marvellously voiced females with just a few men (we'd get more) were there. Noel and Nuala put us through the Black Hills of Dakota, I think, and we were

– By MICHAEL SMYTH

off. The following Thursday and Monday nights, Ray, Noel and Nuala auditioned us all for parts. I had got a script from the Community School and having read through the character descriptions and a cursory glance through the whole book decided that if I got a part I'd like that of Doc Pierce.

When the parts were announced they had chosen Louise Foley as Calamity; Anna Henry as Katie; Aisling Toal as Adelaide; Ann Fitzgerald as Susan; Michael Horan as Wild Bill Hickock; Michael Grogan as Lieutenant Danny Gilmartin; Mike Byrne as Miller; Kevin Henry as Francis Fryer, and in the smaller parts, Jack Green as Rattlesnake; Kieran Sherry as Joe; Aiden Kelly as Hank; Adrian Murray as Pete and, you've guessed it, yours truly as Doc Pierce.

Monday and Thursday nights were allocated as practice nights – Principals in Horans and Chorus in the Den. I was involved in both and was privileged to work under such masterly Producers as Nuala and Ray.

Maura Noone organised some fund-raisers and some money started coming in.

One of the first things Ray asked the

leads (major and minor) to do was to write out a profile of ourselves and how we related to the others in the cast. That really got us into our parts. He got us to "lift the lines from the pages" from night one and to feel the part. He gave us a tip for learning the lines. He told us to put the cues on a tape and play them back to ourselves when learning the lines. I did it and played it every time I drove the car – it worked – I knew my lines (all eight or nine of them), after a week (ask Mike Byrne). By night three or four he expected us to do without the books – was he genuine? was he mad? – the former yes, the latter not quite.

By Christmas time Noel and Nuala had put us through most of the choruses and we had read all the script twice with Ray, while Aine was getting some feet a-tapping.

January 4th, all in the Den – words, music and movement. By now a few extra males had appeared – nothing like the attraction of beautiful women to draw the men – don't you agree, Brian?

The costume team, aided by FAS, were hard at it in a room over what was to become the Booking Office which was over the Credit Union. The set crew, led by Terry Coleman and Xanthe Pratt, were getting the set organised. Photographers were taking photos of all the cast for programmes and newspapers. Posters appeared on windows in the town and advertising hoardings on the outskirts. John Cleary with Jimmy Fleming, Tommy Grogan and Alan Henry made up the back-stage crew. The Sound Company were aided and abetted by Padhraic Forkin, Jimmy Walsh and Tony Flynn. Maura Noone had organised her front of house team and ticket sellers. Noel Henry had put his orchestra through their paces.



February, 1994: Some of the cast of "Calamity Jane" – Back row (left/right): Lorcan Higgins, Luke Murray, George Hannon, Arian Murray, Kieran Sherry, John Leonard. Front: Emmet Keane.



Back stage, make-up time ("Calamity Jane") – Left/right: Lorcan Higgins, Brian Hunt, Jack Greene, George Hannon. Seated: Miceál Smyth. Applying the make-up, Ann Hosty.

Dress Rehearsal night was Sunday, February 6th – every school child from here to Jericho was at it and they liked it.

Monday was a rest night with orders to the principals to go over their lines.

Opening night, Tuesday, the 8th – nervous? All except Mike Grogan and myself denied it. Noel put us through the scale in the basement (as he did each night), and then we hit the boards with more of a whimper than a bang. But it was ok. I missed two lines. Afterwards to the Festival Club, where a great sing-song was had 'till the early hours.

Patrons' night was Wednesday with a cheese and wine reception first. Some of the wine leaked into the dressingroom! We socked it to them and they loved it. We were beginning to relax and enjoy ourselves. I improved a 100% – I only missed one line. Festival Club again 'till the early hours.

Then came Thursday night – will we ever forget it? The audience began it, clapping in time to the overture. Had we some fun? It was absolutely powerful, like as if ourselves and the audience had trained together – we got every laugh, every word, every note in the book and one or two "yokes" not in it. It was something else. I got all my lines, just about. John O'Neill asked us to wait on stage afterwards to clap the audience. Back to the Festival Club, where some of the audience (made up mainly of people from other musical societies), put on a great concert.

Friday night was slow to start and the audience was not as enthusiastic as the night before. But they liked it. I was getting cocky and got all my lines pit-pat and was so excited about it that I had to be reminded to return the microphone to the Lieutenant who needed it for the finale. The Club again 'till late.

Saturday night was our final night and we ensured we went out with a bang. Everybody was loud in our praise. I got all my lines again but this time cut Joe off before he finished his line – I'll never have a chance now to get it dead right! Back to the Club 'till late and then to Dr. Brogan's – 'till breakfast time for some!

We're launched. The Musical Society has arrived and no more will there be barren

cold Winter nights. This dreary season will now be warmed by the words, music and dancing of whatever show we choose to do long may it last!

Thank you, Noel; thank you, Nuala – Dream on.

Backstage Bliss

*An empty stage,
A red-chaired hall;
Cold corridors hide it all,
For beneath the stage;
The cast's abuzz,
Cowboys dressing;
Dancers rehearsing,
Bodies hustling to and fro;
The den is filling,
Chairs are clinking;
Cast are smoking,
Singers choking;
The band are playing,
We start praying;
Actors scatter,
Pitter patter;
To the side stage,
We'll all go;
Lights are lowered,
The music ceases;
The audience eases,
The tension increases;
We dance, we sing,
We have a ball;
The crowd applaud,
We give it all;
Calamity Jane,
Is almost done;
Did we ever think we'd have such fun!
It's not over, it's just the start,
We made new friends, we had great
crack;
And this time next year we'll all be back.*

By PATRICIA FADIAN.

The Abbey Male Choir

This past year has been a busy one for the Abbey Choir. On May 8th, we did a live Mass on the local MWR Radio. In August we joined forces with the Parish Choir to sing at the Knock Novena. In September we were back in Knock again to sing at the Augustinian pilgrimage.

However, the highlight for us was on October 23rd, when we sang in the Abbey on the occasion of May Moyles and Frank Connolly being presented with their Bene Merenti medals.

On a sad note during the year we lost one of our founder-members, John O'Neill. John, an employee of I.A.B., was transferred on promotion to Dundalk. We wish John, Maura and their family every happiness and success in the future.

This was also the year that Nuala Fitzgerald, our conductress since our founding, retired due to pressure of work and other commitments. Nuala gave an enormous commitment to the choir and we will miss her. We are fortunate to have got an able deputy in Moira Delaney, and we look forward to working with Moira.

Practices are held after 11 a.m. Mass every Sunday and new members are most welcome. Members are: Luke Murray, Mike Grogan, George Hannan, Vincent Healy, Mick O'Connell, Michael Keegan, Sean O Domhnaill, Frank Dillon, Dermot Eagney, Dara Eagney, Brendan Morrissey, Ned Murren, Emmet Keane, Jimmy Walsh, Kevin Henry and T. J. McCarrick.

St. Vincent de Paul Society

This year the Society of St. Vincent de Paul celebrates 150 years of community service in Ireland. It is disappointing that poverty is still a big problem in this country. The Society has brought hope and comfort to countless thousands and has helped them to cope in times of hardship and adversity.

The generous response to fund-raising and other appeals indicates the esteem in which the Society is held. We are grateful to the members of Ballyhaunis Golf Club who organised a very successful golf tournament in aid of S.V.P.

Also we are especially grateful to people from Ballyhaunis and surrounding parishes for their unfailing generosity down the years. Conference meetings take place each Wednesday in sacristy at 8.30 p.m. New members are always very welcome.

LUKE LAWLOR (President)

Western Care Association in Ballyhaunis

THE last two years has been a period of great activity for Western Care Association in the Ballyhaunis area. There has been the opening of the new Training Centre at Tooraree, the opening of the Group Home, Knock Road, and the movement of people with an intellectual disability into paid employment in the workforce.

Western Care Association has a policy of providing a community-based service for people in their own locality; these developments were provided in Ballyhaunis through the ongoing support of the area and the extraordinary help and generosity of people in the past.

The new Training Centre was officially opened in April of 1994, by Minister for Health, Mr. Brendan Howlin. A buffet lunch, which was sponsored by businesses in the town and surrounding area, was prepared by staff and trainees for the occasion. It was an event when people gave again, but also an opportunity for those, whose past generosity and voluntary time had led to this, to get together and view the results.

The purpose-built Centre was designed by engineer, Eugene Waldron, following consultation between Trainees and their families, staff and branch members, and is leased from Milo Henry of Hazelhill Timber Products Ltd.

The rooms in the Training Centre are multi-functional and are used for

Horticulture, Crafts and Catering Programmes. There is an Organic Garden at the back, and callers to the Centre can purchase seasonal produce from the Centre's Shop. Anyone who missed the celebrations is welcome to visit the Centre.

Some trainees who have now completed their Centre-based Vocational Training Programmes and have moved to part-time employment in the community. This has been very successful for all concerned and the workers are happy with their new status as wage earners.

The majority of trainees live at home with their families and travel to the Training Centre by bus daily. The new Group Home, in Knock Road, is now home to five people. Their home is a particularly warm place, with an inviting atmosphere, where friends are welcome.

Ballyhaunis people have an established tradition of supporting these efforts, and their open attitude has been a vital factor in the successful integration of people with a mental handicap into the community. Trainees, families and staff are deeply grateful for this help and support, without which the services could not improve. Ongoing support and contact with volunteers and people in the community is essential for the future. We would like to congratulate and thank people for their generosity and to invite them to visit their local Group Home or Training Centre.



Kathryn Collins, Seán Phillips, Brendan Howlin and Annette Rhatigan.

St. Patrick's Dramatic Society review of 1993-1994

THIS year has been another busy and eventful one for drama in Ballyhaunis. Martin Forde produced a very poignant radio play. It was called "Christmas Eve" and it was about a family on the verge of bankruptcy due to their financial position. The cast were Martin Forde as the mean landlord; Aisling Toal as the mother; Kevin Flanagan as the grandfather, and Moira O'Neill as the grandmother; Jimmy Griffin was the postman; John O'Neill, the missing husband and Lynsey O'Neill plays a great debut performance as the little girl.

"Don't bother to unpack", a three-act comedy play was produced in April. Martin Forde was the director and the cast included Kevin Henry and Aisling Toal as the young idealistic couple who have just acquired a guest-house; Anna Henry played the role of Rita, the irrepressible maid. The guests were Leo Forkan, making a fine debut performance as Mr. O'Grady and Maura O'Neill, who gave a beautiful performance as the eccentric Miss Harmon. Local feelings in the "friendly" farming community have been aroused in the form of a motley crew comprised of Martin Forde, Padraic Lyons, Jack Greene. However, amidst all the strife, an unlikely romance blossoms, and everyone receives their just rewards.

Maura Noone was the able Stage Manager and set design and back up for the play was provided by Kit Keane and Sean O'Domhnaill. Kit Keane and Stella O'Neill did the make up and lighting was done by Padraic Forkan.

A presentation was given to Maura O'Neill on the occasion of her departure from Ballyhaunis. We are all very sorry to lose Maura and wish them well in Dundalk. A presentation was also given to Kevin and Anna Henry to mark the occasion of their wedding.

The incoming officers are the same as last year: President, Seamus O'Boyle; chairman, Martin Forde; secretaries: Aisling Toal and Anna Henry; hon. treasurer, Maura Noone. The Society hope that this year will be a successful one for drama in Ballyhaunis.

Ballyhaunis Chamber of Commerce

FOLLOWING the annual general meeting of Ballyhaunis Chamber of Commerce in January last, a new Committee under the guidance of President, John Durkin, was appointed. A detailed programme of activities for the year was drawn up and outlined at a March meeting. Over the past eight months there have been a number of public meetings held under the auspices of the Chamber, in addition to the monthly Executive and sub-Committee gatherings.

John Higgins, General Manager, I.R.D., Kiltimagh, addressed Chamber meetings on April 14th, 28th and 31st, respectively. The first two dealt with the European Union, "LEADER" programme which helps communities to help themselves. The May meeting looked at the types of programmes that can be introduced into an area such as the above-mentioned "LEADER" as well as FAS schemes. In addition, some time was allotted for a discussion on the preparation of a Business Plan for the area. Arising out of these meetings, Ballyhaunis decided to join with Kiltimagh, Foxford and Ballina for the LEADER Two programme, funds for which will come on-stream in January, 1995.

As a follow-up to the discussion on F.A.S. schemes, Ms. Attracta Lyons of the U.C.G. Centre for Development Studies, addressed members explaining in detail the purpose and workings of the various schemes and the criteria laid down for participation.

A feasibility study grant to ascertain whether or not an Enterprise Centre should be established in Ballyhaunis was sanctioned by "Forbairt" in May, and the Chamber nominated Gerry McGarry of European Consultancy Services to carry out a six-month study. Mr. McGarry was to be assisted by Seamus Caulfield in this detailed analysis. A notice looking for a suitable site or building for such a centre subsequently appeared in the local newspapers. The response engendered has been very positive and a number of suggestions for a possible site or building location have been received. It was also unanimously decided that all development plans should encompass Ballyhaunis and District.

In late June the Finance and Planning sub-Committees were formed and subsequently convened on a regular basis to formulate a Business Plan for Ballyhaunis and District. The Finance

Committee succeeded in raising a considerable sum of money from business, farming and private interests. This was interpreted as a clear indication of the level of goodwill among the community for the earnest and diligent efforts of Chamber members. The work of the sub-Committees culminated in a highly successful public meeting in the Central Hotel, on Thursday, September 22nd, to launch the Ballyhaunis Community Development Initiative known as B.R.C.I.E. The capacity crowd witnessed the formal opening of the meeting by Chamber Vice-President, Michael Grogan. The success of the evening was due in no small part to the excellent way in which it was chaired by Peter Cunnane of Cashel's Engineering Ltd. Peter was receptive to all points of view in the Plan and, as a result, a considerable number of people made contributions from the floor. The gathering was also addressed by Pat Higgins, Chairman of the Planning Committee, who unveiled the meticulously prepared plan; he was followed by Robert Potter-Cogan of the Finance Committee, and Gerry McGarry of European Consultancy Services Ltd. The role of "LEADER" in the development of communities was expounded by John Higgins of I.R.D. Kiltimagh. He went on

to speak of the forthcoming LEADER Two programme and the participation of Ballyhaunis and District. He also added that he was highly impressed by the Business Plan produced by the Chamber, but cautioned against trying to accomplish too much quickly, saying that initially it was better to get two or three projects within each programme off the ground successfully than to simultaneously launch a plethora of projects, which subsequently could have a very low success rate. Judgment and common sense allied to a pragmatic approach must be exercised at all times, he said.

The objective of 'B.R.C.I.E.' initiative is to promote the economic, cultural and social development of Ballyhaunis and District by way of integrated and managed internal planning. The development programme encompasses five areas:

- Tourism;
- Business and Small Manufacturing;
- Agriculture;
- Cultural and Heritage;
- Social Fabric and Infrastructural.

In early October the Planning and Finance sub-committees held a joint meeting to analyse the outcome of the public meeting. At the time of writing, the Tourism and Social Fabric and Infrastructural programmes are up and running. The remaining three programmes should be in motion by mid-November. Chamber members exhort all interested in the development of Ballyhaunis and District to join one or more of the afore-mentioned sub-committees where the emphasis will be community-based projects.



Pictured at the Abbey Hotel, Roscommon, after Mayo's victorious win over Roscommon in the Connacht final, 1989, were, left to right: Kenneth Waldron, Ballindrehid; John Clarke, Boston; Jimmy Browne, Mayo's Captain, and Pado Moran, Ballindrehid, a former Mayo selector.



Group of young swimmers at the swimming pool in Ballyhaunis with Lifeguard, Gillian Keane.

The monthly executive meeting of the Chamber of Commerce unanimously decided that the Planning and Finance Committees would merge to form a seventeen-member Board of Directors. It would be empowered to examine projects submitted to it and to decide whether or not they should be financed. This Board would be responsible for the disbursement of funds which were collected earlier this year by the Finance Committee, and will have sole responsibility for the "B.R.C.I.E." initiative. When judging projects the Board will have certain guidelines and criteria which will be clearly delineated, following consultation with the Council of the Chamber of Commerce.

While a considerable amount of time has been given over to community-based projects and the "LEADER" programmes, Chamber members have been active in the campaign to include Ballyhaunis and District in the programme for economic and social progress known as P.E.S.P. The Officer Board attended a public meeting on this in Claremorris last April. In addition, it has sought to ensure that the Ballyhaunis station's main railway line status will be preserved. Also attended a meeting in Cloonfad chaired by Fr. Des Walsh on the N.83 road network which needs to be improved. National Roads Authority are now giving consideration to its upgrading. It also scored a notable success in being included in a special feature on the

West in the March issue of Business and Finance magazine. The significance of this is further illustrated when cognizance is taken of the fact that Ballyhaunis was one of only seven Chambers of Commerce to be profiled.

The Easter Parade which was organised by the Vintners' sub-committee and co-ordinated by Chamber Secretary, Bernie Jordan, proved once again to be a resounding success, and must now be an annual fixture on the calendar of activities. Bernie also did trojan work in the organising of the Festival at the end of July.

In summary, considerable progress has been made but much more needs to be done. Ballyhaunis Chamber of

Commerce are encouraged by the response of the many people prepared to join the various sub-committees and make the many programmes a success. This high level of co-operation, based on teamwork will, undoubtedly, benefit Ballyhaunis and District.

■ **WILLIE RYAN,**
Public Relations Officer.

The Officers of Ballyhaunis Chamber of Commerce are: President, John Durkin; Vice-President, Michael Grogan; Hon. Secretary, Bernie Jordan; Hon. Treasurer, Tim Shanley; P.R.O., Willie Ryan; Planning Committee Chairman, Pat Higgins.

Ballinadrehid

*Grandpa walked down this winding track,
Left the white stone house where his life began,
Squared his thin shoulders, never once looked back,
The second son no one would see again.
The first-born stayed here, lucky, on the farm,
Wrestled life from this stern and soggy ground,
Enjoyed the stone fences, and homes familiar charm,
Mourned for early death, all his brother found.
His quiet, gentle offspring still work the land,
A hard task but healthy folk and strong,
Their life prospects, I fear, not exactly grand,
Unneurotic, they know where they belong,
Sorry cousins, I'm from beyond the sea,
Poor sad grandpa; affluent, lucky me.*

• Fr. Andrew Grealey (Chicago)

Derrylea School

- The school with two doors

I face this task not as a script writer but as a conscript. At a meeting of the Editorial Committee as members were making mental excursions here and there seeking subjects that might form the basis of articles suitable for inclusion in the forthcoming edition of Annagh. Somebody or other mentioned that the now disused school at Derrylea first opened its doors to pupils just one-hundred years ago.

One of the two former pupils present succeeded by means of forceful oratory in convincing the meeting that it was imperative that as part of the centenary celebrations an article on the school be included. The meeting thus found itself in circumstances where it had to find somebody to tie the school bell to the cat's tail. The person who was most enthusiastic in proposing the project showed least enthusiasm in handling either the bell or the piece of string. This fellow has a good vocabulary which he can use with vigour (and very often does). Although prominent at every cock fight, He will have nothing to do with the risky business of putting pen to paper. It's hard to blame him. It can be distasteful having to reveal the names of people who have given information in confidence. There is, however, a brighter side to this matter, people who write fiction (although they may have to flee the country), are never called upon to reveal their sources.

Another person who adopted a position similar to Mr. Hosty was Mike Byrne. Why Mr. Byrne should show interest in a long abandoned National School is unclear. As far as we are aware the only connection he now has with education is that he is nick-named after the man who taught the Yanks a lesson on how to behave themselves when touring foreign lands.

Eyes were cast and fingers pointed in my direction. I had been sitting there contemplating on the fact that it was over fifty years since I first set eyes on the place, and that all this hullabaloo about the place being one-hundred years was baloney.

I must have dozed off and talked in my sleep because when, at the end of the meeting, the editor read out a list of scribes who were likely to submit articles, I found reserved for me a page for an article on Derrylea National School.

Because it is a difficult subject to be objective about, I would have preferred if somebody else were conscripted. However, since it was there that I learned

- By JIM CRIBBIN.

the letters of the alphabet, how those letters could be placed one after another to form words which, in turn, can be placed one after another to form sentences. I will pen a few sentences if only to prove that the time I spent there was not entirely spent in vain.

It may be fact, it may be fiction, but the story goes that this school was not long opened when students went home one evening and told their parents how they had seen a carriage being driven along the Cloonfad road knocking smoke out of the road with its wheels as it was pulled along by invisible horses. It is fact that shortly before the school closed, pupils out in the playground noticed a white line across the sky stretching from horizon to horizon, creating an illusion that the sky was about to split into two parts.

The teacher, when her attention was drawn to this strange phenomenon ushered the children inside and prayers were said.

The coming of the motor car and trans Atlantic flights by jet aircraft mark the time span during which Derrylea functioned as a seat of learning.

It was built on a site beside a stream, and a bridge on land made available by the Sullivan family. It catered for children from three parishes - Annagh, Began and Killtulagh. Structurally, it has changed little from the day it was built. Although it has been used as a cattle shed for a few decades, it is still in fairly good shape and in the eye of many who went to school there, it has changed little since the day they first laid eyes on it.

Some of the original furnishings were still in use at the time of closure. When I was last in the building some time after that, the master's press was lying on the floor.

Inside was posted a notice entitled: "Rules for national school teachers." The notice was in good condition due, I believe, to the fact that another notice had been posted over it protecting it from the ravages of time. It was divided into numbered paragraphs. Paragraph one read (as far as I can recall). "It shall be the duty of national school teachers to instil in the pupils loyalty and respect for the Sovereign, Her gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria." (They made a bad job of teaching that one).

Other paragraphs laid down strict rules as to when and how corporal punishment was to be administered. Underneath, written with pencil in good hand-writing was the following postscript: "You did not keep the rules, you b s."



Derrylea N.S., 1926. Back row (left/right): Gus Freeley, Jim Naughton (Flood); Mike Flatley, Christy Buckley, Ted Doyle, John Naughton (Rose). Middle row: Pete Connell, E. Plunkett, Johnny Lyons, Mike Byrne, Willie Eganey, Pake Connell. Front row: Dave Freeley, Tony Connell, Josie Cooney, Martin Comber, Toss Criggin and Malachy Tarpey.



Stations at Gildea's, Johnstown in the 1950s – (left/right): Mary Kelly, Pat Gildea, Patrick Gildea (Snr.); Paddy Lyons, Tom Egan, Tom Connell, Jim Cribbin, Mick Kearns, P. J. Greally, Jim Griffin and Tom Rattigan.

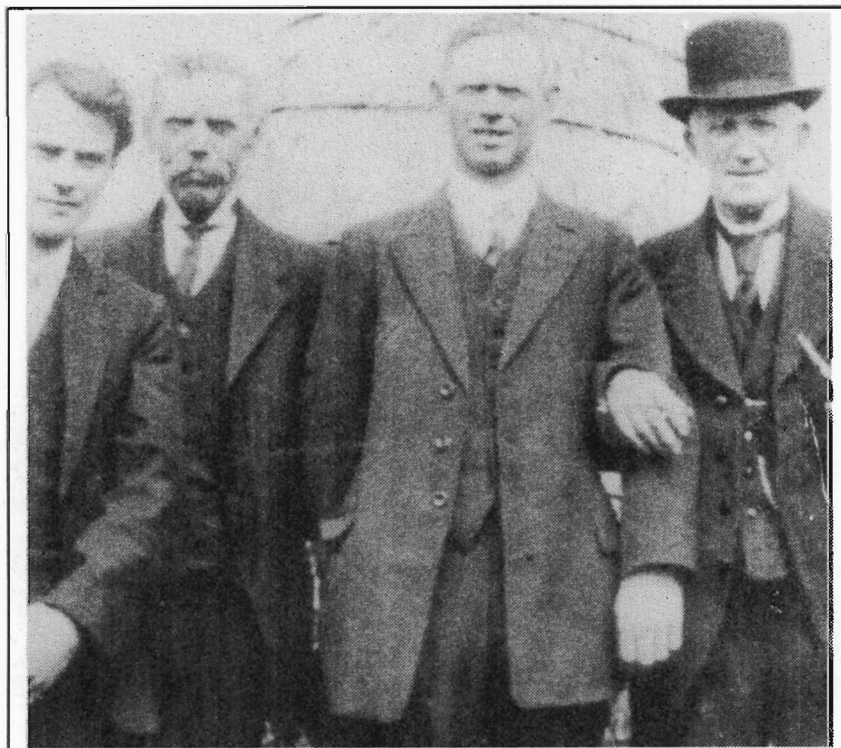
Moving backwards in time to the day I made my first educational expedition I can clearly remember that Nancy Coughlan was my supervisor and guide on that trip. The only other person that I recall meeting on that day apart from two ladies, was Michael Waldron. Nancy presented me to Miss Jordan, who put talk on me, as the saying goes. I can clearly recall that she got very interested when I told her that we had Derry Kelly visiting the night before and that he told my father that it would

give England and America "full of the belt of it" to beat Hitler. She pressed me for further military intelligence. I formed an opinion then that has stood the test of time. That Miss Jordan was a nice teacher.

Before I forget I should mention that some time later Miss Jordan was to become Mrs. Johnny Higgins and Miss Coughlan was to become Mrs. Sean Jordan. Michael Waldron and I were still going to school when Nancy got married. I can recall the pain of us standing outside

her uncle's (Derry Kelly's), on the way home from school listening to the fiddlers playing inside, as the wedding celebrations were in progress.

Just one more anecdote about the first day at school and the rest in blank. Mr. Cooney came into our classroom some time later. Miss Jordan relayed to him, Derry Kelly's analysis of the military situation in Europe and North Africa. I have a vague recollection that he said Derry Kelly was right. I thought he was a nice man, an opinion that I was to change some time later, I want it to be understood this change was not for any personal reason. He was under a misconception that slow learners could be speeded up by using a hazel plant early and often. Thanks to the writings of William Shakespeare, the story of how Burnham Wood went to Dunsanay is well known. A local and more authentic version of that story tells how Walshe's Wood went to Derrylea on the back of Mr. Cooney's bike. "Oh then tell me Sean O'Farrell" Well Sean O'Farrell told us lots of things in the classroom. Opinions differ but I regard him as having been a good teacher. Apart from an odd occasion he managed to spare the rod without spoiling the children. I found him to be false on just one occasion. On Friday he gave me a good "hiding." On Sunday he met my mother and told her I was a great scholar. He did not subscribe to the view that everybody needs good neighbours. With a name like his you could hardly expect him to hold our neighbours across the water in high regard. He was a great admirer of "the Master Race." Breedge Walsh, who was a pupil of his at the outbreak of the War, recalls that he had a picture of Adolf Hitler pasted inside the door of the press in his classroom. That's the second press



Photograph taken in the 1920s, shows (left/right): Austin O'Brien, Ballyhaunis; William Gildea, Tullaghaun; Jack O'Brien, Ballyglass, and Pat Gildea, Johnstown.

door I have mentioned in a short time. Maybe this was all part of War time strategy. If the British invaded they could open the Master's door and if the Germans invaded they could open Sean O'Farrell's door.

There is a lesson there on neutrality but not the most convincing lesson I have had on the subject. The most profound lesson was given not in Derrylea N.S. but in Gorthnageevagh Bog only a stone's throw away. Towards the end of my school days I would not go straight home when the school closed at 3 p.m., but take my satchel and cross a few fields to the bog where I would engage in spreading, scattering footing clamping or changing out the turf as the seasons came and went. It was not all hard work and many an hour was whiled away in conversation about subjects grave and gay. The subject of neutrality was on the agenda when John Lyons made a statement that has influenced my thinking on the subject to this day. "There would be no neutrality if we had as many oil wells as we have holy wells."

The fourth and final teacher who taught me at school was Mr. Johnny Higgins. It was after I left school that I really got to know him. We often met socially and on more than one occasion I asked for clarification on some historical matter or other. It was a handy way to get the crack going by just saying: "Tell me were the snakes St. Patrick deported boa constrictors, rattlers or anacondas?"

Seamus McGuire often mentions that the first time he saw and got to know me I

was deep in conversation with Johnny Higgins.

The every-day routine and curriculum differed little from other national schools. There was the same variation in the teaching abilities of the staff: some teachers being excellent; others appeared to have been to a bad school or left a good school too soon. There was the same wide variation in the pupils. There were pupils who loved to dip their pens into the ink well and proceed with a composition or copy a headline. There were pupils who loved to dip their pens into the inkwell and splash ink on the neck of the pupil sitting in front.

Our school might have differed a little from other schools in that we had a weekly visit from a priest. One of those weekly visitors never concerned himself with Christian Doctrine. The main purpose of his visit as far as I can recall was to find out who had not attended 10 o'clock Mass in the Parish Church on the previous Sunday. When a pupil admitted he had not attended, swish went the plant four times.

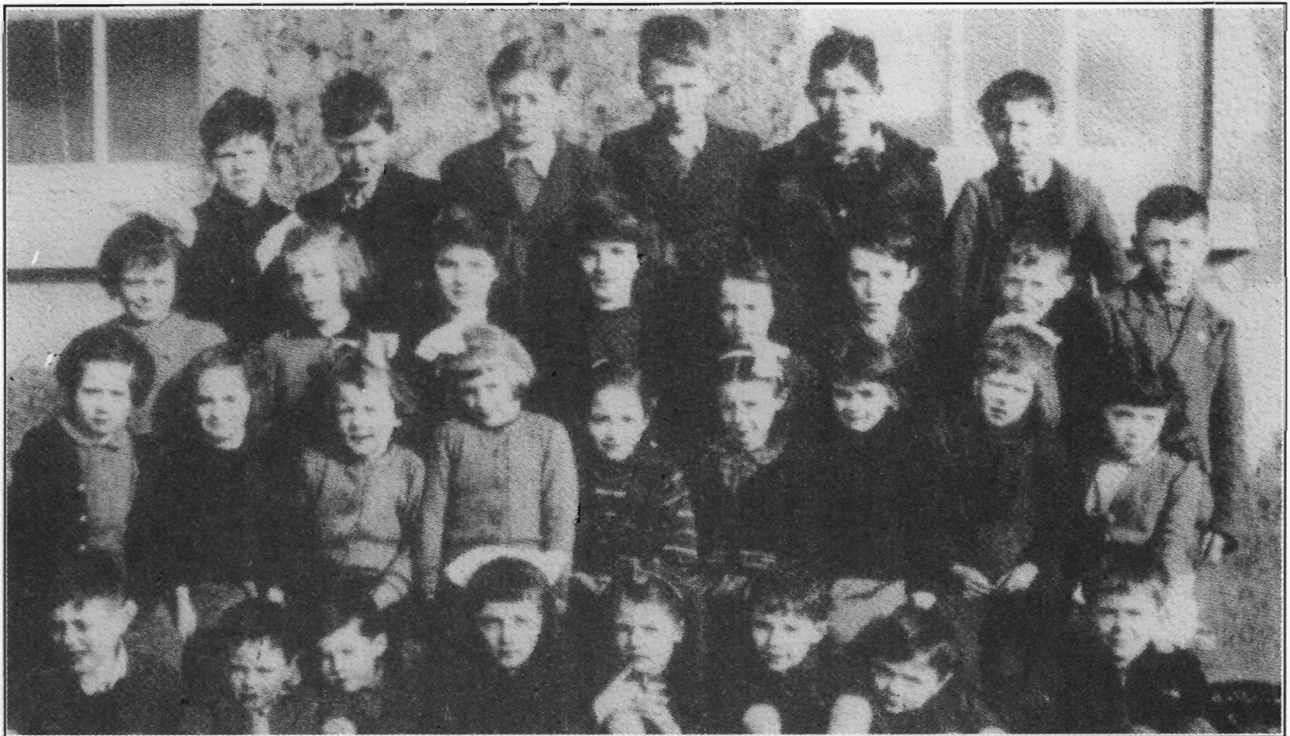
Tom Greally from Gurraune recalls how pupils from Gurraune, Ballyglass, Carrowmore, Carrowbeg and Toonragee greeted this fellow's appearance with glee. "The Johnnies are in for it." Those townlands being in the parishes of Began and Kiltullagh were outside his jurisdiction but Johnstown, Redford and Derrylea were in a disadvantaged area as far as this matter was concerned.

So far we have had only a fleeting glimpse of the school through the eyes of just one past pupil who is not in a position to make comparisons with other

schools based on personal experience. The only record that includes his name is the roll book of Derrylea N.S.

Apart altogether from making comparisons with other schools, there are still comparisons to be made between what was expressed in the few paragraphs above and what other past pupils might have to say on the subject. In the words of Edgar Allen, Poe, we can sit here "engaged in guessing with no syllable expressing" or we can sit here engaged in educated guessing and put those guesses down on paper to make a few further paragraphs.

For the sake of convenience we will arrange those past pupils in three classes. In the first class we will include the philosophers because there are not many of them. Those are the fellows who see Derrylea School as the spot on the strand where they dipped their big toe into the ocean of knowledge commencing a voyage that would never end. They are reconciled to the fact that, even if they gain sufficient points to gain a place in Heaven, they will find that their education is still incomplete when they reflect on how little they know about Hell. Oh yes, they shook hands with the hazel plant, but since those who suffer capital punishment never complain why complain about corporal punishment? While being "top of class" made life easy for one or two, the majority know it was a title that had a short life expectancy. At the other end of the spectrum there were those who left school not knowing what the capital of England was, yet went on



Derrylea National School (1951) – Back row (left/right): Tommy Joe Ruane, Jimmy Cribbin, Jim Griffith, John Joe Cleary, Michael Waldron and Matt Costello. Third row: Florrie Greene, Mary Cleary, Kathleen Cribbin, Freddie Cribbin, Mary Dowling, Jarlath Connell, Michael Moore and Paddy Costello. Second row: Rita Moore, Carmel Cribbin, Dollie Greene, Bridie Cleary, Bridie Waldron, Angela Finn, Margaret Cribbin, Mary Rabbitt, Rita Burke. Front row: Brian Moore, Pat Higgins, Pat Byrne, Josephine Gildea, Mary Fitzmaurice, Tom Byrne, Jim Higgins and Eamon Sullivan.
(Photo courtesy of Mrs. Mary Higgins).

to accumulate massive capital in England.

In our second class of past pupils we will find those who will agree that it was as good if not better than an average national school, and will point out that pupils left other schools to come and study here. They will also point out that scholarships were won by pupils who studied here, and the few who got a chance to move on elsewhere more than held their own in the new campus. It is in this class that you will find pupils who are likely to call Mrs. Higgins aside and ask her if she remembered how she taught the difference between stalactites and stalagmites over fifty years ago.

Granted, there were no facilities to cater for pupils with learning difficulties but where in Europe did such facilities exist at the time. In accepting that the history books told only half the story, it must be also accepted that there was never a school history book printed that told the full story.

It was here also that life-long friendships were formed and if you want good stories about the place eavesdrop on them if you see a few of them together in Boston or New York or Birmingham or wherever. In this second class also, teachers may be surprised to find ex-pupils who will readi-

ly concede that teaching is a tough profession and always was. When we reflect back fifty years we see teachers after cycling several miles opening the door of cold, draughty school that had changed little since it was built back in Victorian days. Then we see them proceed to light a fire with turf that was often of indifferent quality, and proceed with the task of serving two masters and teach children the three Rs as well.

Ah, class three, those are hardy boys but, as a rule, they're straight. They don't say one thing and mean another. They can still hear the swish, swish of the plant. They never forgot, they never forgave. For them school was not a place of learning; fear would not allow it. It was a place where more sarcastic remarks were made than kind words spoken; where never a penny was spent on sport until Tom Moylett came from America and bought a football for them. They tend to get angry if you draw them any further.

We will leave Derrylea for the present and as former pupil, Aunt Byrne, would say: "we'll take a gander." Out of curiosity, I made a few discreet inquiries into what life was like in other schools up to about 25 years ago. Tom Diskin found the Monks in Granlahan so far ahead with their education that when man landed on

the moon he was able to point out that there was a shorter way to get there than the way they went. Tom Burke stood up in class one day to answer a question but got tongue-tied. "Sit down," roared the teacher, "you're less than a pig, a pig can grunt." A Kerry man and a fanatical supporter of that county's team. When Kerry lost the pupils were the real losers. The quota went up from four to six.

Mr. Burke was generous enough to concede that in spite of those and other undesirable characteristics the man could teach. One teacher had a wooden leg and the other a red rose in the school Mrs. Hanna O'Dwyer attended. One day the pair fell out and the dialogue went like this: "You and your wooden leg;" "You and your red rose;" "Well it's my own." Ned Shaw recently confided in Paddy Phillips that his primary education started aboard "The Princess Maud." Our next interview took place some time ago, one St. Patrick's Night in a hotel called "The Overlander," a bit out of town. Being the night that was in it, everybody wanted to show some connection with the old country. Two grey-haired Australians assured me that they had survived a Japanese prisoner of war camp, thanks to an education they had received from the Irish Christian Brothers.

Ballyhaunis & District Credit Union

The Credit Union in Ballyhaunis was founded in 1983 with the object of promoting thrift amongst its members by regular saving and thereby create a pool of funds which could be made available to the members in the form of low interest loans.

The Credit Union also teaches the value of voluntary action in improving community development. The members own the Credit Union and provide services for themselves. They control the Credit Union and management is by an elected Board of Directors.

During the past year Ballyhaunis & District Credit Union increased its membership from 1,300 to 1,650. Savings increased from £700,000 to £835,000. Other services available to members are Home Union Home Insurance and Group Membership of the V.H.I.

This year Ballyhaunis hosted the Chapter final of the Primary Schools' Quiz in Midas Night Club, in which fourteen teams took part and the winners were from Ballintubber representing Castlebar Credit Union.

The Credit Union Poster competition was also a marvellous success with over 250 entries with winners in the various age groups from St. Mary's and St. Joseph's, Ballyhaunis, St. Mary's, Bekan, St. Mary's, Aughamore, also Tooreen, Coogue, Logboy, Gortaganny, Tavrane



Gorthaganny National School table quiz team, winners of Ballyhaunis Credit Union Table Quiz '94, left to right: Brid Daly, Carol Grady, Quizmaster Aidan Kelly (Ballyhaunis Credit Union), Paul Prenty and Donna Hora.

and Kilkelly schools.

All savings in the Credit Union are covered by free insurance and dividends on savings are exempt from D.I.R.T.

Officers on the Board of Directors for 1994 are: President, Paddy Brennan; Chairperson, Rita London; Vice-Chairperson, Aidan Kelly; Hon. Secretary, Pat Fitzgerald; Hon. Treasurer, Helen Lyons; Assistant Treasurer, Pat O'Connor; Membership officer, Helena

McCafferty.

Training and Promotion, Maura Murphy, Mary Frances Cleary, Madeline Niland, Eileen O'Brien, Pat O'Connor, Rita London, Ina Freyne, Justina Lyons. Credit Control, John Tuohy, Aidan Kelly and Francis Mulhern.

P.R.O., John Tuohy; Supervision, Mary Rudden, Patricia O'Connor, Barry Butler; Office Administrator, Kathleen Meenan.

Clagnagh – a short history

THE name Clagnagh comes from the Irish Cloigneach, meaning “place abounding in ‘skull-shaped’ or rounded and stoney hills.” This placename captures the character of the landscape of much of Clagnagh, in particular its abundance of gravelly hills and hollows. It is hard to be conclusive about the size and extent of Clagnagh because the name refers to two different entities: in official documents and on the Ordnance Survey map, Clagnagh is a small townland comprising a little over 98 acres; in every-day local usage, however, the name generally refers to a much larger area, one whose size and number of constituent townlands has varied over the last few hundred years. For the purposes of this article Clagnagh is taken to be a collection of the townlands of Clagnagh, Bunnadober, Ballinphuill and Skeaghard, all situated to the east of Ballyhaunis Town, in the parish of Annagh, but in the old or civil parish of Began. Generally, people living in these townlands would say they live in Clagnagh, but would qualify this by using the actual townland name in any official transactions. At different times in the past, the townlands of Cherryfield, Devlis, Knockbrack and Coolloughra were included as part of Clagnagh.

From an examination of any Ordnance Survey map it is evident that Cherryfield, Devlis, Clagnagh, Bunnadober, Ballinphuill, Skeaghard, Coolloughra and Knockbrack, taken together, form a compact territory almost completely surrounded by streams flowing from the hills of Leo and Scregg to join the River Clare near Ballyhaunis Town. So Clagnagh, as a collection of townlands, has a firm geographical basis. At its greatest extent, containing the eight townlands listed above, it was a clearly defined unit of land, which eventually came to be divided up by its owners and occupiers into what have become the townlands of today.

There are a number of signs of early human activity in Clagnagh, the most spectacular of which is the Ringfort on the side of the railway hill, behind Brod Boyle's house in Ballinphuill. Though the middle was cut through to make way for the railway line from Dublin to Westport, it was considered important enough to be surveyed and recorded by H. T. Knox, the famous historian. A number of deer traps were discovered in Collín in the form of stakes set into the ground at an angle, with their uppermost ends sharpened in a jagged fashion. Deer were chased by hunters in the direction of these traps, got impaled upon them, were killed and processed to be used

Taken from written sources and oral accounts from the people of Clagnagh themselves, prepared by Paul Waldron.

for food and clothing. There is a barrow grave in Bunnadober called Liosín which probably contains a number of burials from the Bronze Age, in more recent times it was used as a graveyard for un-baptised infants.

Earliest written references

The earliest written reference to Clagnagh is in an Inquisition into the property of Theobald, the first Viscount Dillon in September, 1623. This lists the properties he got from the MacCostello and MacJordan families around Ballyhaunis in the 1580s and includes: “The castle of Beallanagare, with two quarters of land called Cloigneaghe, and the half-quarter of Corrie.” This castle has been identified by historians such as Hubert T. Knox and Fr. Carr as Beal an Ath Gearr, later called Caisleán na Drancaddha or The Castle of the Fleas, a MacJordan Dubh stronghold which stood near where the Michael Coen Monument stands today. “Corrie” is the townland of Curries.

The Stafford Inquisition of 1635 again listed Clagnagh as part of Lord Dillon's

property, but spelt it “Clegnogh.” The Books of Survey and Distribution, which lists the owners of townlands in 1641, as well as the owners of the same townlands in the later seventeenth century, includes as a Lord Dillon property: “Clagnaghiter als 2 quarters. Clagganny & Clagnaghoughter.” This reference gives two interesting variations of the placename Clagnagh: The relative positions of Cloigneach Iochtar and Cloigneach Uachtar – Lower and Upper Clagnagh – are not known, and these distinctions were never used within living memory. The “Upper” and “Lower” might refer to the relative height of the country, or to North and South, where South was regarded in olden times as “Upper” and North as “Lower.” The next available reference to our area is in 1780, when Edmund Dillon of Hazelhill leased Clagnagh from Lord Dillon at an annual rent of £165, and 2 shillings.

The early nineteenth century

Those records that exist for the local historian of the early nineteenth century in this part of the country are of limited worth and make little reference to the people that actually occupied and worked the land. However, a picture of Clagnagh in the early years of the last century can be built up using a number of sources: The Tithe Applotment Books of about 1830 list those tenants in each townland or every parish who paid tithes, or a tax of one-tenth the value of their holding to the Protestant church (in this case, to Ballinlough Church of Ireland): The relevant entry gives: “Clegnagh, sub denominations – Cherryfield, Knockroe, Bunnadubber, Skeaghard, Coologher, Knockbrack and Devlis.” This names only one or two tithe payers in each of the townlands of



Taken in Bunnadober, 1970: Back row (left/right): Mai Waldron, Padraic Ronayne, Tommy Ronayne, Micky Reilly. Front row (left/right): Paddy Andrews (Dublin); Dick Waldron.

Clagnagh, but after most of their names "and Co." is suffixed, meaning that they represented a group of tenants in each of their townlands or villages. So, the tithe-payers in Clagnagh were: John Beasty in Clegnagh, Edmond Murray in Cherryfield; John Dolan in Cherryfield and Knockroe (otherwise called Maol Rua, a part of the townland of Clagnagh, see below), Nicholson Jordan in Knockroe, Devlis and Knockbrack; Pat Boyle in Knockroe and Bunnadober; James Boyle in Bunnadubber, and Skeaghhard; John Lyons in Skeaghhard and Coologher; Thomas Frehelly in Coologher, and Thomas Higgins in Knockbrack.

The first edition Ordnance Survey map (1838) shows the layout of Clagnagh just before the Great Famine and at the country's greatest ever peak of population. An examination of the townlands in Clagnagh on this map show each of them to have been well populated and the 1841 census figures bear this out. Each townland had one, two or three little villages, containing as many as seven or eight houses each, occupied by a number of tenant farmer families, often closely related to each other. In the 1850s and '60s, the land in Clagnagh was "striped" and each tenant got a self-contained and compact holding of land and an inevitable result of this was that some families were moved out of Clagnagh, to places which weren't as densely populated, including the Morleys, who went to Carrowreagh, Cherryfield and Kilmannin; the Boyles, who went to Carrowreagh and Coolnafarna; the MacGarrys and Waldrons who went to Carrowreagh; the Naughtons and Swifts who went to Cooloughra, and probably other families whose names were never recorded and have been forgotten.

The old roadways shown in the 1838 map are of interest. It was said that an old roadway went through Clagnagh leaving the approximate line of the present Ballinlough road at Knockbrack, turning north through Clagnagh and Cherryfield, then skirting the Friary by the river on its northern boundary with Pollnacraughy before reaching the town. This route must have been out of use for years before 1838, as it is not shown on this map. The present road between Ballyhaunis and Ballinlough was built in the middle of the eighteenth century, and was well established by the late 1780s when Taylor and Skinner's "Road Map of Ireland" was produced. The building of this new road must have had a great impact on those who lived along its route. It opened up previously hidden and isolated parts of the country, and conversely, many of those villages and townlands in the route of the old trackways became quiet and remote backwaters. The old village of Skeaghhard situated where Pat "Skeagher" Lyons' house is today, was accessed by a roadway which left the main road just east of Peter Higgins' house, and not where the present avenue to Lyons' is. The roadway into Ballinphuill is still in use and now leads to David Judge's house. The old road



Taken in the 1920s outside Moran's house, Clagnagh (left/right): Patrick "Shoemaker" Lyons, Skeaghhard; Mary Moran, Clagnagh; ? Moran, U.S.A.; Delia Moran, U.S.A.; Mrs. Maggie Moran, Clagnagh; Kate Higgins, Clagnagh; "Kate Patsy Davey," Mrs. Lyons, Ballinphuill.

into Clagnagh and Bunnadober left the main road between where Murphy's garage and Collum's house in Devlis are today; it headed directly to where Eddie Egan's house is now and led onto a roadway which led west to Maol Rua, where the Morleys live, and east along the route of the present road to Bunnadober. Another old trackway, not shown on the 1838 map, went from Maol Rua through Coen's land, into Carrowreagh, and came out on the Brackloon road near Tom Morley's old house: this was the route taken into town by those living down the Brackloon road, particularly when the road was flooded near Kilmannin Bridge.

There are few stories in the Clagnagh area about the Great Famine of 1845-'49, such was the desire of the people to try and put it behind them. While its effect on the population was serious with every family losing some of its members, its effect on the number of houses does not seem to have been as bad as it was in other parts of the country, the townlands of Clagnagh, Bunnadober, Ballinphuill and Skeaghhard losing only nine out of forty-seven houses in all between 1841 and 1851. A letter, now amongst the Dillon papers in Oxford County Library, from Thady Donnellan, a Clagnagh man, to Lord Dillon, written towards the end of the Famine, pleading for him and his family to be spared from eviction illustrates the hopelessness of the absentee landlord-tenant farmer system in Ireland at the time. It was written on 7th April, 1849, in Kidderminster, England, where he had brought his children, apparently after the death of his wife in the Great Famine, and mentions: "... I am a tenant to your lordship for 16 years and occupy about 5 acres in Clagnagh, in Cooloughra, near Ballyhaunis in the parish of Bacon..." He goes on to plea that his mother-in-law, Honora Hunt, and sister-in-law be not evicted from his small holding, but, despite this it appears that they were evicted, as neither of the names Donnellan or Hunt have been found in land records for Cooloughra since.

The Railway

The Midland and Western Railway line from Athlone came to Ballyhaunis in the early 1860s. Its effect on the old territory of Clagnagh was marked. The villages of Skeaghhard and Ballinphuill were inconvenienced by having their access to the main road and to parts of their holdings restricted by the line, and had to come to terms with level crossings and "railway gates." On the other hand, however, the building of the railway provided valuable employment, and some of the locals got permanent jobs with the railway company afterwards. The old road to Clagnagh from the Ballinlough road fell into disuse and was replaced by the present Clagnagh road from where the Scouts' Den is today, and through Cherryfield. The phenomenal growth of Ballyhaunis Town in the 1880s and '90s, mainly as a result of the railway, led to an increase in the number of houses in Cherryfield and Devlis, and the proximity of those townlands to the railway station resulted in their becoming more closely associated to the town than to the rural territory of Clagnagh to which they historically belonged.

Clagnagh from the 1850s

The General Valuation of Tenements or "Griffith's Valuation" lists the tenants of every townland in the country in the 1850s. For County Mayo this source dates from 1856. At that time was a village of six houses around where John Morley's house is now in Clagnagh townland. Five of these were occupied by Morley families, headed by Anthony A., ancestor of John Morley, Anthony E., ancestor of the late Jim Morley, Patrick and his son, Anthony P., who moved to Cherryfield and John, who moved to Carrowreagh. The sixth house was occupied by John Moran, grandfather of the late Mary Moran, this particular house was a favourite visiting house. In the

later nineteenth century, Michael Infant of Devlis married one of the Morleys and they had a house here; Michael was a noted carpenter and wheelwright, and the grandfather of Jack Halpin, Main Street. Where Eddie Egan's house is today there were two houses occupied by the families of Michael and Thomas Frehely. Thomas was known as "Tom Ciotach" as he was left-handed; he lived to a great age and was the father of Jim Freely, known as "Jim Left," who married Bridget Lyons of Skeaghard, and they reared her nephew, Eddie Egan and Jim's niece, Kitty Freely. (Eamon and Pauline Egan's house, though next-door to Eddie's, is in the townland of Bunnadober). Michael was called Micky Bán, and he was the grandfather of Mrs. Lizzie MacNicholas, Mrs. Peg Mullen and their cousin, Miss Margaret Freely of Carrowreagh. Some time before 1856, another Thomas Frehely, known as Tom Bán, moved from here to Brackloon South, where his descendant, John Austin Freely, resides at present.

Bunnadober

The townland of Bunnadober takes its name from the Irish "Bun na dTobar," meaning "The bottom of the Well or Springs." There are a number of wells throughout Clagnagh, but that which gave its name to Bunnadober would seem to have been the one just beside the road, about 100 yards the town side of Jarlath Ronayne's house. Bunnadober is seldom heard in every-day usage today and its residents usually give Clagnagh as their address. There were three villages, or clusters of houses in Bunnadober in the last century, as shown on the 1838 map, and in the "Griffith's

Valuation." Earlier still, there was a village in one of Eddie Egan's fields called Sean Garraí where, it is said, the Boyle and Morley families of Clagnagh came from originally. There was another village in Walsh's low field opposite Waldron's house, another on high ground in Waldron's land and another possible settlement near "Dick's Lake," but all these must have been abandoned well before 1838. Of the three main villages, one was around where Eugene and Martina Freely now live.

Here, in 1855, there were six houses occupied by the following and their families: Bryan Kearns, ancestor of Eugene Freely; Patrick Swift, who moved to Coolloughra in 1862; James Lyons, ancestor of Brendan Waldron; John Naughton, who moved to Coolloughra in 1862; Peter Boyle, who moved to Coolnafarna about 1862, ancestor of Paddy Boyle, Cashel; and Thomas Boyle, who moved to Carrowreagh in 1862, Ancestor of Seamus Boyle. Further in the road from this village and around where Tony Morley lived latterly was another group of houses occupied by the families of Thomas Morley, ancestor of "Red" Tony Morley; Bridget Moran, a cottier, and mother of Michael "Fardy" Moran who left here in the 1900s; Ellen Morley, of whom nothing is known; Peter Waldron, who left no known family; Thomas Waldron, who moved to Carrowreagh, and was the father of "Jim Alex" Waldron, so-called because he married Máire Alex (Mary, daughter of Alex MacDonnell of Aghamore); and Patrick Lyons, who, in the 1880s or '90s, had his farm taken from him, such was the uncertainty of the tenant farmers on the land at the time. He was left with just a house and small garden. His daughter,

Margaret and Anne Lyons, lived to great ages and died in the 1920s. The third village in Bunnadober was known as Baile h-Oir, or the eastern village. It contained six houses in the 1850s occupied by: James MacGarry, ancestor of the Ronayne family; Luke MacGarry and his son, Patrick Garry, who moved to Carrowreagh in the 1860s to the place now owned by their descendant, Margaret Freely; Richard Waldron, ancestor of Anthony Waldron; James Waldron, whose grandson, another James Waldron, married Lizzie Byrne of Knock; she sold this place to Matt Walsh of Mace, Barnacarroil in the 1930s; and Sarah Navin, a cottier whose name lives on in the field called Sally's Field.

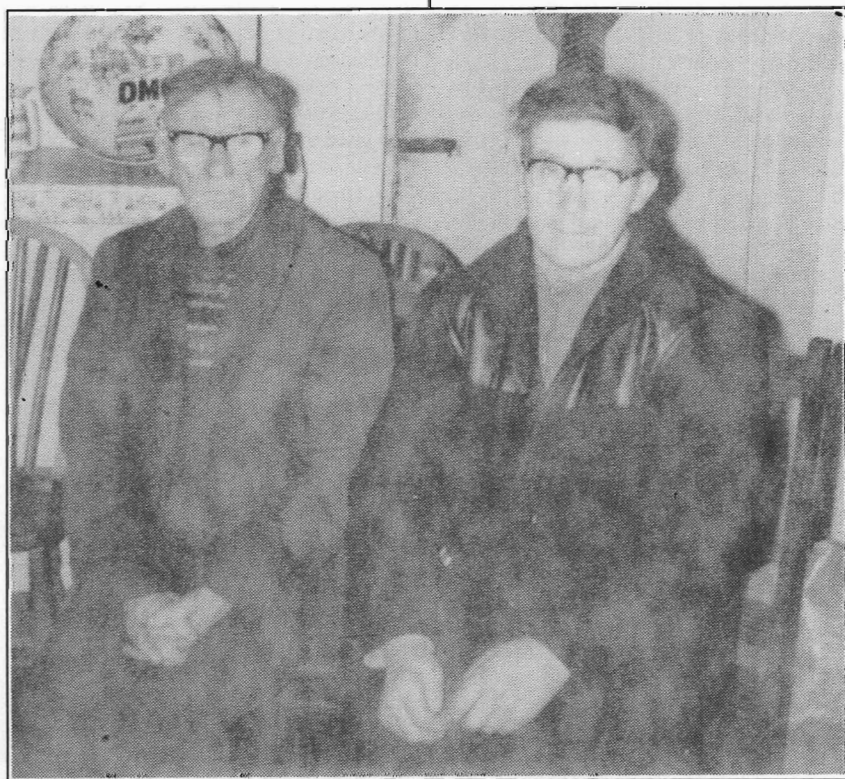
Ballinphuill

Ballinphuill comes from the Irish Baile an Phoill, the village in the hollow. It is an apt name as the houses in the old village were built with their northern gables tucked into the steep side of a hill. Just before the Great Famine there were eight houses here, and in the 1850s there were five, occupied by three Lyons, and two Boyle families. Owen Lyons (Pat), was ancestor of David Judge, who lives beside the old village. Owen Lyons (David), had a son, David, who went to live in Gurteen, and a daughter known as "Mary Owen Davy," who married James Lyons from beside the bridge at Began Station. David Lyons was father of "Patsy Davy" Lyons, great-grandfather of Billy Lyons of Carrownedan, who now owns this place.

Martin Boyle, whose grandson was another Martin Boyle, married Maggie Byrne of Johnstown. Catherine Boyle, who was Lyons before she married, was widowed by 1856, and shortly after, possibly as the railway was being built in and around 1862, she and her family built a house along the main road. Her grandson, Austin Boyle, and his son, Brod, operated the forge in Ballinphuill for many years. Brod and his wife live in Ballinphuill yet, as does their daughter, Mary, her husband, Jim Donnelly, and family. In the last decade or so four new houses were built in Ballinphuill, along the main road, now occupied by Ned and Mrs. Hurley and their daughter, Mary, Tom and Mrs. McDonnell, Pat and Frances Gaffney and family, Peter and Kay Higgins and family. It's good to see that this side of Ballyhaunis has resisted any tendency to use "Dublin Road," or, indeed, "Ballinlough Road" as an address in favour of the old townland names.

Skeaghard

This townland takes its name from Sceach Ard, a whitethorn which stood on a hill which is now in Ned Hurley's land. A younger whitethorn bush still stands on the spot. There were two villages in Skeaghard before the land was striped: one where Pat "Skeagher" Lyons' house stands today, the



Michael Reilly (R.I.P.), Clegnagh, and Christy Dignam, Killenaugher.

other along the main road, where Kenny's house is. This first village contained three houses in 1856 headed by: Bridget Cunnane, a widow, formerly Boyle. She married John Cunnane in the 1820s and they lived here, they were the grandparent of Mrs. Bridget Moran, who died in Cave in 1959. John Lyons was the ancestor of "Pat Skeaghar," etc., and John MacGarry, grandfather of the late Jim "Andy" MacGarry. Along the main road there was James Lyons, ancestor of Bernie Joe Lyons, who lives here with his wife, Bernadette and family. Patrick Hunt, was ancestor of Mick Kenny, who lives here today with his wife, Christina. There was also a cottage here owned by the Hunts but occupied by a Lyons family, the last of whom was Patrick "Shoemaker" Lyons.

Some field names in Clagnagh

Like every rural area, Clagnagh had a collection of local placenames describing the physical and man-made features of the landscape. These are of historical value, and a lot are still in every-day usage, something which ensures their survival for some time to come: Maol Rua, the red rounded hill: that part of Clagnagh townland where the Morley families lived.

Cnocán Rua, the red hill: on Eugene Freely's land, along the road into Lenehan's. Sean Garraí, the old garden: now a field in Bunnadober near the Ballinphuill mearing. There was a village of houses here from which, it is said, the Boyle and Morley families in Ballinphuill and Clagnagh originated. Its existence was verified some years ago when ploughing here uncovered the foundations of several houses. There was another Sean Garraí on Richard Waldron's land in Skeaghard, it used to be a communal vegetable garden for all the people of Skeaghard. Coillín, the little wood: in Egan's land, this boggy area takes its name from a wood which has long since gone.

Cnocán Caitlín, Kathleen's Hill: Either side of the Bunnadober road in Waldron's and Egan's land, beside Coillín; the identity of the woman called Caitlín, who probably had a house here, is forgotten in the locality. Tuar a Lochán, the bleaching green of the little lake: this name was recorded by John O'Donovan of the Ordnance Survey in the 1830s. It refers to a linen bleaching green which was beside the lake in Ned Hurley's land, near Ronayne's and Skeaghar's land. Tón Leathan, the broad back-side: This was the name of the field in which the whitethorn stood which gave its name to Skeaghard. It was recorded by John O'Donovan in the 1830s. Loisín, the little enclosure: There was what appears to be a prehistoric barrow grave here, now divided by a fence between Waldron's and Ronayne's. In later years it was used as a children's burial ground. Ceann Ramhar, the fat headland / promontory: This is



Taken in the Skeaghard, 1920s (left/right): Jim Freely, Mrs. Bridget Freeley (nee Lyons); Eddie Egan, Kitty Freely, all from Clagnagh.

where the sand pit on Ronayne's land is, the Ceann meaning a head, which probably refers to the round hill of sand there. Baile h-Oir, the eastern village: In Bunnadober, where the Waldron and MacGarry families lived. The other two villages must have had names, too, but they have been forgotten. Garraí h-Ein, the garden of the birds: On Anthony Waldron's land. Sruthanna Fada, the long piece along the stream: this field along the Cooloughra mearing takes its name from a stream which separates it from Garraí h-Ean. Lochán Pádraic, Patrick's Lake: A little lake between Waldron's and Kenny's land. Muddy's Garden, Beside Walsh's house and is believed to come from a child's pet-name for its Mother. Sally's field, called after Sarah or Sally Navin, who lived in Baile h-Oir, Bunnadober. Paddy's Fielden, possibly called after the Patrick MacGarry, who moved to Carrowreagh. Maura's, part of Ronayne's land which once belonged to Mrs. Máire Lyons (nee Mullarkey), mother of Margaret and Anne Lyons. The Railway Hill, the highest point in Clagnagh. This hill was a favourite venue for Sunday get-togethers long ago. The Ballast Pit, cut into the side of the Railway Hill, this pit of limestone was used to fill many of the boggy hollows through which the railway passed, in the locality. The Black Hill, this hill near Baile h-Oir contains the traces of a number of potato ridges. The old people alive in the last fifty years never remembered them being made, so they may date back to Famine times or before.

Conclusion

The full history of Clagnagh would fill many more pages than those allowed here, so this account will have to come to a close now, having dealt with the present century scarcely at all. It may be apt to mention those people who lived here in the recent past, who have passed on, and have not been mentioned here directly up to this. First of all, in Clagnagh townland there was Jim Morley; Tom Morley, husband of Mary (nee Prendergast), and father of John Morley; Mrs. Margaret Egan (nee Regan),

Eddie's wife; Reginald Coen, son of Jerry and Delia Coen. In Bunnadober there was Owen Lyons and his wife, Delia (nee Kearns), their daughter, Sarah, and her husband, Jerome Freeley; Tony Morley, Jim MacGarry and his wife, Mary Ellen (nee Freeley); Dick, Mai and Gus Waldron; Jim Waldron and his wife, Lizzy (nee Byrne); Matt Walsh and his wife, Mary (nee Delaney), and their son, Martin. In Ballinphuill there was Austin Boyle and his wife, Bridget (nee Brennan); Owen Judge and his wife, Bridget (nee Fitzmaurice). In Skeaghard Jim "Andy" MacGarry, Pat Lyons and his wife, Theresa (nee Waldron); Michael Kenny and his wife, Ellen (nee Hunt); Bryan Lyons and his wife, Katie (nee Donegan).

These people, and those mentioned earlier, have all contributed to the Clagnagh we know today. Their ancestors all came "from somewhere else" and settled here in the last few hundred years. It was they who divided the land up amongst themselves, built the houses, raised their families and paid the hard-earned rent to Lord Dillon. They had their good times and bad, helped each other, sometimes fell out, but always made up. They laboured to raise the stone walls and sod-fences that still separate the fields. They cut through hills, broke the stone, made the roads and helped in the building of the railway line. The present and upcoming generation owe a lot to them, and they, in time, will make their contribution, and so it is with these we finish: The present school-going and younger generation in Clagnagh include Jerry, John Paul and Sarah Coen; Keith and Colin Egan; James and Sean Ronayne; Jennifer, Carol, Orla and Elaine Donnelly; Lorraine, Ruth and Patricia Gaffney; Pearse and Keith Higgins; Siobhán, Joseph and David Lyons. Clagnagh is not just a place that existed in the past, and this is nowhere better illustrated than by the fact that the present Station area of Clagnagh includes Clagnagh, Bunnadober, Ballinphuill and Skeaghard, along with Knockbrack (which was once regarded as part of Clagnagh), and so the ancient bond between these townlands and their people continue.

Continued trivial pursuits of the 'thirties

THE monthly Fairs in Ballyhaunis hold long-lasting memories for me for a variety of reasons. I have to emphasise that those Fair days entailed long working hours for the staff. We started work early and were up and about before 7 a.m. and would consider ourselves lucky to have been leaving the premises by 9 p.m. – of course, that was the norm at the time. Apart from Fair days the opening hours were from 9 a.m. until 9 p.m.

When the decision to have the closing time reduced from 9 p.m. was first introduced there were many weeks of discussion and controversy before it was later accepted by the Merchants and Traders, and 7.30 became the official closing time. I think it was, perhaps, sometime in 1933 when the change took place and it was generally accepted, even by the Merchants themselves, as an important milestone in relation to the working hours and general conditions of employment. *"The Early Closing"* in Ballyhaunis as it became known was an occasion for great rejoicing and a wonderful feeling of freedom had taken over. The "late callers" and customers had to adjust to the new system to which I'm glad to say they weren't too long in coming to terms with. I remember that the late James Waldron, R.I.P. (Noel's father) was a staunch advocate for the shorter working week and was instrumental in having the working hours reduced to 7.30.

On the very day that the early closing was to commence, I had to go across the street to his shop for a few loaves of his fresh bread for the diningroom, to be consumed later by my healthy colleagues, who were constantly on the Baker's list. Despite the distance in time, I remember Mr. Waldron suggesting to me that we should all pay a visit to the Church in thanksgiving to mark the special occasion. This, I felt, was a wonderful example as he was prompting us in the right direction when we were about to celebrate our *Splendid Release*.

Due to the Bar premises in "Gallaghers," we were one of the first to open our doors of a Fair morning. There was, of course, no electricity when I entered the commercial life of the town in the Autumn of 1929. I was in time to witness the bigger Fairs of the year for cattle, sheep and horses. The first task in the morning was the lighting of the petrol lamps which were hung at intervals on hooks from the ceilings. When working

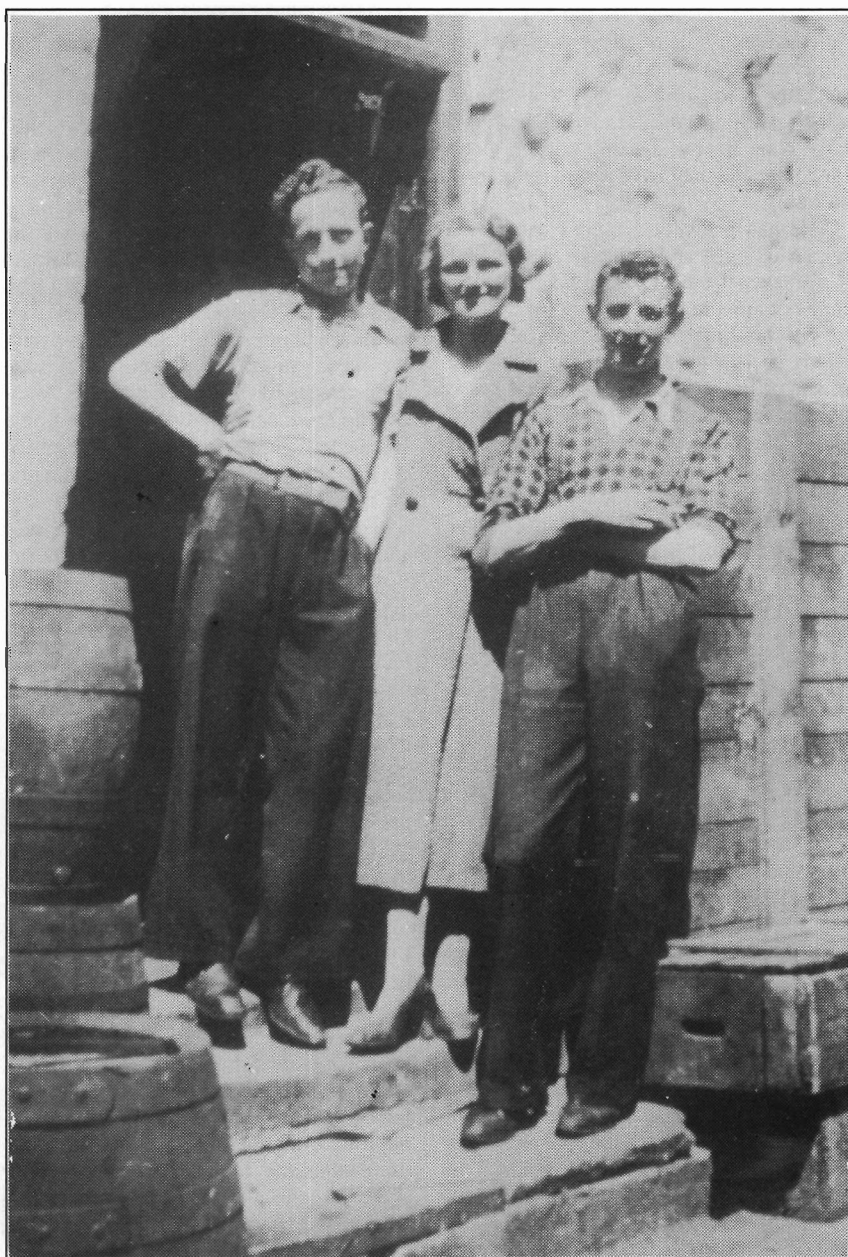
By JOHN P. HEALY.

properly those lamps showed good light and were useful in generating a substantial amount of heat. To increase the pressure they required pumping at regular intervals in order to provide a better light.

Although we never had to call on the fire extinguisher there were occasions

when I felt that we might have done so. We also used the primus stoves which were in common use at the time for boiling kettles of water to make coffee and hot whiskeys for those who could afford such luxuries. There was a combination of fragrant odours floating around the Bar produced from the spirits, the coffee and the strong Guinness from the big wooden barrels, there was also the primus stoves and the petrol lamps making their own very distinct contribution to mingle with the already over-laden aroma of the tap-room.

Allowing for over half a century gap in time, the conditions such as I have tried to describe here may not be so totally out of date after all. There was also a large coal fire kept burning brightly in the tap-room throughout the Winter and it created a welcoming and pleasant atmosphere. So it was possible to warm up and also to nourish the body was substantial cheese or ham



John P. Healy with Annie Caffrey-Lamialea, and Martin Hannon, Togher (Gallagher's yard, 1930s).

sandwiches and "whatever you're having yourself."

It may be interesting to note that best quality coal was retailing at two pounds, five shillings per ton and 2s-6d per cwt. in the early 'thirties. Parker Dillon, who lived beside the Stores had the task of delivering the sacks of coal to the Banks, Hotels, the Post Office and numerous private houses within reasonable distance of the stores. I recall that when rain was imminent the customers usually seemed to worry a little so, they went out to the shop immediately and ordered their coal to be delivered as soon as possible. Now, with Gallagher's reputation for the best personal service, Parker with his crew, went forth to uphold that tradition despite the weather conditions. It was called "*service with a smile*" which, no doubt, may be difficult to find in the busy world of today. Parker Dillon was, indeed, a saintly "old soul" who never raised his voice and was wont to smile a good deal of the time. His sight failed gradually and he eventually had to retire. In fact, only for he was so familiar with the yard and all the areas around which he constantly moved, he would have been unable to continue for such a long time and may have had to retire much earlier.

He had a lovely daughter named Ena with blue eyes and golden hair who was sadly taken from him in her prime. May they both rest in peace.

By this time the cattle were changing hands up in the Fairgreen and didn't present any problems for us. There was, of course, the occasional fluster and rushing about from time to time, as they were driven at a lively pace on their way to be loaded onto the wagons at the station waiting there for that purpose. It's no exaggeration to suggest that those cattle as they stampeded their way to the station often scared the daylights out of many an honest citizen, both young and old. We were all glad as the morning wore on and the cattle were dispersed in one direction or another as peace descended on the town once more.

There were several local buyers who bought substantial lots of cattle at those monthly Fairs. For instance, Mil Webb and Sons, and the Morleys from Kilmannin, who shipped cattle to England are only some of the names that come to mind. There was, of course, Basil Curran and his father from Feamore, who were familiar figures and extensive buyers at all those Fairs in Ballyhaunis. They later moved to a large farm in North Co. Dublin, following a difficult spell of land agitation in their own area, after which their lands were divided by the Land Commission. I recall that Basil Curran paid out for his cattle at the Bar in Gallaghers which, at this juncture, was a hive of activity. It was also an occasion for a little celebration for the farmers when they were paid for their cattle, as they combined business with pleasure and were



Frank Gilmartin, Mary Josephine Healy, John P. Healy, Bernadette Healy, Baby Laurance Gilmartin.

enjoying a welcome respite from their regular routine which they really deserved.

We still had the sheep and lambs with their sad faces and warm woollen coats. They were usually herded on the footpaths facing the shop windows which never sustained any damage whatsoever. In those distant times it wasn't unusual to see the younger members of the sheep farmers who wore neither boots nor shoes, but they showed no surprise or concern as they herded their sheep on the footpaths, paying no attention to the occasional stare from passers-by. Sheep, despite their innocent appearance, tend to have the odd little stampede, so it wouldn't be wise to get too close to their hardy feet without putting on the old brogues.

As the sheep and lambs were duly sold and led away, I suppose one could say that, to some extent, they were fulfilling their proverbial role: and in this way were humanely treated before being displayed later in many of the butcher shops throughout the town. With the benefit of modern technology, combined with their own skills and long working hours, the present day farmers' standard of living has substantially improved over the years. I have a faint feeling that the myth of the so-called "*good old days*" is not as acceptable as it used to be and, perhaps, losing a little of its magic and romantic longings.

On one of my recent visits to the town, I was delighted to see so many men forming a queue for the Bank to transact business of one type or another. It was a strong reminder to me of the old traditional Fair Days when the farmers waited outside the Bank to be paid for their cattle. I felt, therefore, that the scene lent substance to the truth of the old cliché: "*that the more things change the more they stay the same.*"

I recall that the glow of the huge fire in the room at the back of the bar (in order words, the tap-room), particularly of a Fair night played no small part in attracting a

small group of characters loosely described as poets. Some were local men with lots of talent for recitations, etc. Others claimed the distinction of being long distance or journey-men tradesmen who worked locally at their trades for short periods, but otherwise were constantly on the move. They came along to quench their thirst and to sit around the legendary fireside with its warm glowing coal fire. I used to go in there when the front doors were closed for business. Sometimes to lend a helping hand but mainly to listen to the talented performance from the "Poets' Corner." The recitations which were popular in such circumstances were taken from selected verse by Robert Service (b1874) – portraying the primitive conditions of the prospectors and the cold cruel wilderness of the Yukon Territory during the gold strike of the Nineteenth Century.

With "The shooting of Dan McGrew" and the "Cremation of Sam McGee" being only a minor part of the repertoire with which we were entertained. Apart from the sparks flying from the fire there were also sparks of genius, too. Therefore, we were willing captives to the lure of the verse and were spirited away as would-be prospectors to the cold and the gold and hemmed in by the icy peaks of the mountain range of Alaska and the Yukon Territory. Only later, as we all awoke from the daze to see the sparks from the flame dancing round the room, were we assured of having escaped from the spirit and spell of the Yukon.

Now, "*one for the road*" was warmly welcomed by our wandering entertainers who painted vivid pictures from the mines of their imagination, before departing to embrace the cool night air of the main street. Thus leaving with me life-long memories and tales of panning for gold by the hearth of that open fire in the tap-room of a Winter's night "at the back of the bar" – long ago.

They all have the telephone now!

I remember when I was growing up in the country long ago, there were only two telephones in the parish – in the Post Office and Garda Station – and, indeed, that situation prevailed for a whole generation and possibly longer, but in recent years the emergence of the telephone has come in almost mushroom-like fashion to practically every household in the country. I remember, too, that I was as big as I am today when I made my first 'phone call and, of course, I thought it was nothing short of a miracle when I was able to speak to somebody who was a few miles away. And I also remember when I had the telephone installed in the first few weeks of the 'sixties – following a seven months' wait – and, at that time there were only about a half-dozen of my surname from the West of Ireland listed on the telephone directory. Today the same surname fills over two pages in the publication. Such is progress.

Let us spare a thought for Alexander Graham Bell, who started it all in the second part of the last century, and surely he never dreamt the immense amount of pleasure that he was to bring to billions and billions of people of future generations all over the globe. It is, indeed, a fact that earlier generations then ours have missed out a lot. The vast majority of my own generation have never had the pleasure of speaking to their parents on the telephone, and what joy it would have brought them. But, today, thanks to Bell, we can all have a conversation with our children, no matter in what part of the world they may be, and this is a great gift. On a personal note, indeed, one of my greatest regrets is that I never succeeded in talking to my sister, who emigrated to the United States in 1925, when I was only four (now you all know my age!), and passed away in 1969 without my ever seeing her again, even though we had the apparatus here for almost a decade before she died.

Of course, the advent of the telephone – like every other great invention has brought its own disadvantages in its wake. You remember long ago, the saying was: "telegram, telephone or tell a woman." Well, we witnessed the demise of the telegram in the 'eighties (which was in operation for over a century). It became redundant for the simple reason that we had reached a stage when there was a telephone in every townland in the country. And the most regretful disadvantage of all was the almost extinction of the very welcome letter which was so often enjoyed and read and re-read by every member of

By **TONY BOYLE**

the family.

Even our children across the water nowadays seldom write a long letter, as they have such easy access to the telephone. I maintain that the latter will never fully replace the value of the letter from a far-away member of the family. This progress has, of course, lessened the welcome and familiar visits of the postman but, of course, he has an extra letter now every two months – the often controversial telephone bill.

Indeed, the telephone people are to be congratulated on the great improvement of the system here in Ireland, and I believe that no country surpasses us in this direction. Anybody who has experience of getting calls from the Continent, U.S. or even Australia or New Zealand, will tell you that the message is just as clear as if you were speaking to the person next door. It is wonderful, indeed. And the car 'phone and the mobile cordless 'phone are the limit altogether. Probably the next generation will all have telephones in their cars, and it is more than likely that the first person who had a car radio is still around. It is not out of the realms of possibility now that you could find a man (or woman), in the bog footing turf or in the field saving hay or digging potatoes with the telephone beside him. Such is progress, indeed.

Recently I was visiting in a house in the country in an area which, in my time, would be considered backward and a few miles in off the tar road, when the telephone rang. The woman answered and when she returned to the livingroom to resume our conversation she explained: "Oh that was my next-door neighbour ringing to see if I would join her going to the Fashion Show this evening." Indeed, I would not have to go back to my father's time to find a day when both the telephone and the Fashion Show would be foreign in that household. But as I have said before – just another example of progress.

The telephone brings us good news and bad and calls are made for the most important and trivial of reasons, and we have evidence that the convenience of the 'phone can be profitable, despite the size of the bill. A farmer told me some time ago that if he had not the telephone, he never would have been successful in the purchasing of a very valuable parcel of land in the neighbourhood which he now treasures. And there is no doubt about the fact that the 'phone is accepted as a plus

for us all, whether we need a doctor or a vet, or when herself wishes to make an appointment with the beautician or wishes to know if her friend is going to bingo, the little machine always comes in handy.

Then we have the many added advantages of the telephone. We have the answering machine, the card 'phone, the Fax (I think that the Fax is the greatest invention of all), the call-back service, the reverse charge system (or collect call as they call it in the U.S.), and the fact that the subscriber need not have the name in the directory if one wishes. By the way, the inclusion of the spouse's name as well as "the man of the house" in the telephone book is fast catching on and why not, indeed?

Then there was the period here in Ireland – during the 'sixties and 'seventies, perhaps – when telephones were few and far between, and during which time there was always the good neighbours in an area who passed on the message, very often at not a little inconvenience. This was appreciated – probably not sufficiently – in most cases. On occasions during those times, people were unreasonable and on not a few occasions, the telephone subscriber was inconvenienced and out-of-pocket. Indeed, their tolerance was often put to the test and I have personal experience of this.

(Just as I was writing this article, I was visited by a mission priest working in South Africa, who told me that he has to travel over 100 miles for a telephone out there. So Ireland is not such a backward place after all!).



Anna Marie Delaney (nee Johnston) and Maura McAuliffe (nee McGreal, out for a stroll in the '50s.

Bantracht na Tuaithe

Irish Countrywomen's Association

The I.C.A. enjoyed another year of interest and activity under the leadership of our President, Mrs. Maura Fitzmaurice. In the Spring our members attended a very successful course in "Assertiveness" at our College, "An Grianan," in Drogheda, Co. Louth. This was Ireland's first Residential Adult Education College and it has widened the horizon of thousands of women and, hopefully, will continue to make an important contribution to the nation, socially, culturally and educationally.

Ever thinking of progress in I.C.A., Mrs. Mary Donnelly completed a course and was appointed County Development Officer, for Mayo Federation. Mary will visit Guilds with advice and encouragement and give help to other ladies wishing to open new Guilds in their own towns.

At Festival time our members were happy to take part and thanks to Mrs. Maria Cribben who very kindly gave us the use of her premises we held a craft and Irish Lace display of work produced by I.C.A. members. Great interest was shown by our local friends and, indeed, visitors

from many parts of the world. We were pleased to receive a prize from the Festival Committee for our window display.

Our hope was to renew interest in the beauty of traditional work and the joy of creating a unique piece of work.

In June our members were invited to visit Galway Federation members who showed us generous hospitality and brought us on a guided tour of Galway and surrounding areas. Many friendships were made and renewed.

Although social events are very much a part of our activities much work of importance to women is carried out with great success and funds are raised locally and nationally for Women's Health programmes.

Veronica Freyne, Mayo President, was elected to the Board of the Craft Council of Ireland. Interest is shown for all craft workers, but particularly, those producing traditional Irish crafts. The teaching of this work is of prime importance for the continuation of our cultural heritage.

Guild members have just returned from the Mayo week at "An Grianan" College.



Maura Fitzmaurice and Veronica Freyne.

A wonderful and beneficial time was had by all those who attended giving us renewed vigour and enthusiasm for our Winter programme. We extend a warm welcome to our ladies wishing to pursue new interests or just to make new friends. Our meetings take place on the second Wednesday of each month at 8.30 p.m. in the Horse Shoe Inn, Abbey Street.

President, Mrs. Maura Fitzmaurice; Vice-President, Mrs. Margaret Kenny; Secretary, Mrs. Mary Donnelly; Treasurer, Mrs. Angela Waldron; P.R.O., Mrs. Catherine Carney.



I.C.A. function (1960s) – Left/right: Mrs. Healy (R.I.P.), Ballindrehid; Mrs. Folliard, Upper Main Street; Mrs. Kathleen Coyne, Ballyveale; Mrs. Kathleen Byrne, Abbey Street; Mrs. Kathleen Morley, Woodpark; Mrs. Rita Forde (R.I.P.), Upper Main Street.

(Photo courtesy of Kit Freeley, Island).

The Karakoram Highway

Danger! Falling rocks for the next 1,200 km.

Described as one of the biggest public works projects since the Pyramids, the 1,200 km. Karakoram Highway links Rawalpindi in Pakistan with Kashgar in China's Xinjiang province. Since 1986 the road has been open to tourists and anyone with valid visas for Pakistan and China can make the journey through some of the most spectacular mountains in the world. The road follows the ancient silk trade route along the Indus Valley which divides the Himalayas from the Hindu Kush. North of the Gilgit the road continues along the Hunza river valley through the Karakoram range. The Karakoram not only contains some of the highest peaks in the world but the steepest and most jagged, the deepest valleys and the longest glaciers outside the polar regions. Keeping the road open in this terrain is a continuous task as rockfalls and landslides are numerous all year round. After travelling the road it is easy to realise why building the friendship highway took twenty years and cost the lives of more than 500 workers. From Sust the road climbs steadily to the 4,700m. Khunjerab Pass on the Chinese border passing through the more gentle, rounder Pamir Mountains and on to Kashgar.

Our journey started in Rawalpindi Old City. Filthy narrow streets were crowded with lorries, donkey carts and men pulling loads. Maximum speed was 5 m.p.h., dust and diesel fumes were heavy in the air and flies swarmed over open sewers. The sound of car horns was constant and it took us 40 minutes to travel 1.5 kms. by taxi. The law of the road seems to be "On no account give way to anyone." We spent most of the

*By ANDREW and
KAREN COCKBURN.*

the journey in a jam that could so easily have been avoided if a pick-up driver had been prepared to reverse a few yards to let a lorry through. Instead everyone blared their horn and moved six inches forward.

We were glad to get out of the city. Our 20-seater bus to Gilgit was comfortable, the two lane road was surfaced (apart from the rough tracks that had been bulldozed across the remnants of landslides), and the driver went at a steady speed which was just as well, because on one side of the road was over-hanging rock and on the other nothing at all. As the night wore on it became obvious that the main problem was going to be keeping the driver available on the 18-hour journey. The passenger in the front seat talked to him continually and gave him an occasional poke. I sat behind watching the driver's eyes in the rear view mirror. Once they closed for a quarter of a second and I gave him a sharp nudge. I concentrated really hard on the road thinking that my alertness might somehow prevent us ending up in the Indus River 5,000 ft. below.

As dawn broke the bus stopped for prayer. The passenger in the front seat turned to me and said: "These ignorant people are very dangerous. The driver is praying for a safe journey when he should be sleeping." An argument broke out, some people insisting that the driver should sleep while others were impatient to press on. After two hours' rest we continued in a more relaxed fashion past the 8000m. Nanga Parbat.

Along the steep sides of the Hunza

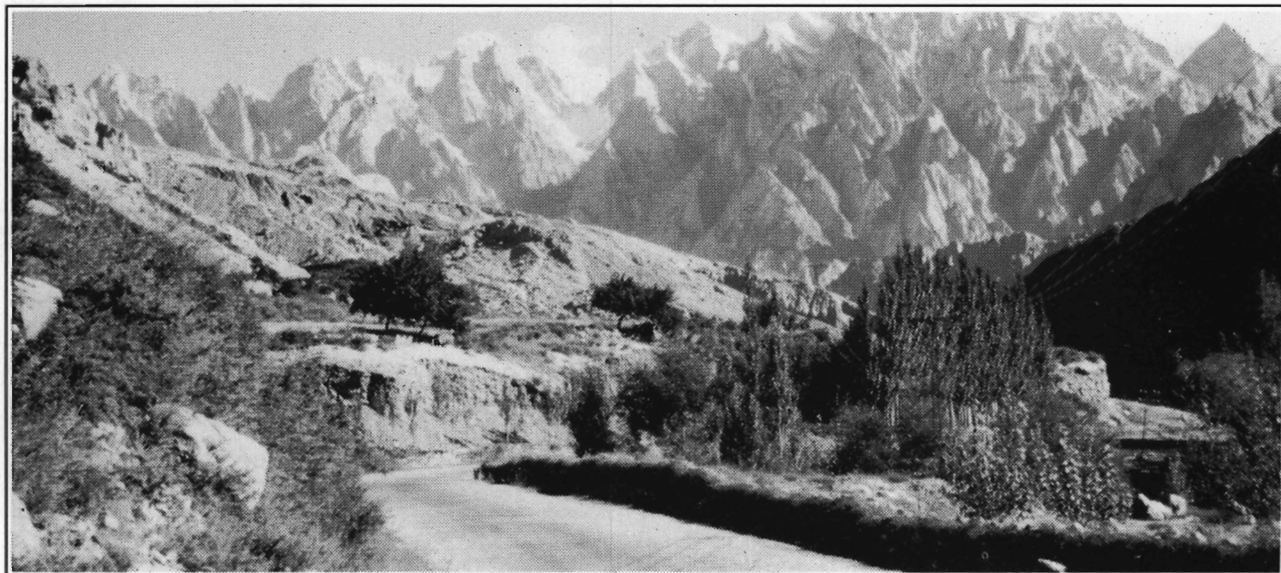


Karen and Andrew Cockburn.

Valley are many thin green lines cutting across the grey mountain slopes. These mark the irrigation ditches which carry water to green fields perched at unlikely angles. The steepness of the slopes never failed to amaze me and some of the unsurfaced jeep tracks running off from the Karakoram Highway diced dangerously with gravity. We spotted a footpath clinging to a sheer rock face and an hour later we were driving along it.

At one point in Hunza we came across a rockfall in progress. The technique for passing this was somewhat alarming. We parked under a convenient overhang while our guide looked round the corner. We then put our rucksacks over our heads while the driver drove as fast as he could with one eye on the road and one on the slope above.

The village of Ghulmat is 50 km. North of Gilgit. It lies at 1,950m. and gives a superb view of the summit of Rakaposhi which is 11 km. away and 5,833m. above you. This is the longest continuous slope in the world. As we continued Northwards past Sust the surrounding slopes became even steeper. Many parts of the road only get a few hours' sunlight around mid-day as the gorge is flanked by 2,000m. almost vertical walls. Huge scree slopes look set to fall if you were to remove one stone from



the bottom. Everywhere the road is pock-marked with impact craters, where falling boulders have landed. I imagined a sign reading "Danger! Falling rock for the next 1,200 km." A rather grubby sign by the side of the road announced: "You are now looking at the edge of the Indian plate." Another more worrying sign announced: "Danger! Ambush Ahead."

Our journey was punctuated by regular stops at army posts, where we had to fill in a large book with our names, passport numbers and, depending on the size of the book, between three and ten other pieces of information. The information requested was never the same and although it was a relief to get out and stretch our legs, it all seemed a bit pointless. Micky Mouse employed as a rat-catcher in Liechtenstein had passed through that morning with Paul Gascoigne.

In one day driving to the Khunjerab Pass, we only saw about 25 vehicles. Most of them were tourist jeeps. There were a few brightly painted Pakistani lorries with carved wooden doors and ornate chains hanging from the front and back. There was also a convoy of regulation drab grey Chinese lorries. The amount of cross-border trade does not justify the huge expense of building the road. The road was built as a symbol of international friendship between Pakistan and China. The political climate between Pakistan and China may have warmed but while we were travelling the Friendship Highway the Muslims in Gilgit were busy fighting amongst themselves. The Sunni and Shia factions were having one of their regular shootouts. Gilgit was put under 24-hour curfew and we were unable to return for seven days. When we did get there the atmosphere was tense. Our bus was stopped nine times and each time the men were searched while the woman in their baggy burkha's were left undisturbed. People were only allowed outdoors between 8 and 10 a.m. and the soldiers wearing full battle dress on the rooftops looked every bit as nervous and out of place as those on the streets of Belfast.

Our guide book claimed that the people of Pakistan are warm and welcoming. We did meet some such people but before we did we had to dodge the sharks looking to make a fast rupee from the tourists and the Muslim men who, like to ogle and touch western women while their wives work covered up in the fields. Young children are as curious to meet strangers and ask for a pen as those elsewhere in the world but once they reach about seven years girls are taught to turn away when they see a man.

Women do not seem to exist on the streets of Pakistan except for a few shadowy figures in the distance. We saw a few brave individuals working in offices and banks but in general women lead their own lives behind closed doors.

Although Pakistan is no honeymoon we found the inconvenience worth it and enjoyed the most spectacular trekking we have ever done.

Ballyhaunis Foróige Club

Ballyhaunis Foróige Club is the most active Club in town. The Club has members from first year to fourth year or Leaving Cert. The year starts in September and ends in June, the following year. The meetings are held each week in the Scouts' Den from 8 to 9 p.m., on Friday evening. At the beginning of each Foróige year we elect a Committee to run the Club.

The Committee are as follows: Chairperson, Imelda Flynn; Vice-Chairperson, Claire Flynn; Secretary, Una Butler; Treasurer, Natalie Colum; P.R.O., Colm Jordan. Games Committee: Claire Butler, Seamus Lunden, Shay Walsh and Rachel Cleary.

We kicked off the year by attending a Workshop in Knock given by John McKenna. Next on the list was the Children's Christmas Disco which was held in the Parochial Hall, on a cold Saturday afternoon. It was very enjoyable and successful.

We, later on in the year, volunteered to collect for the fellowship of Ireland and Vocational Residential Rehabilitation Centre. We surveyed the playground area and alerted our T.D.s. and County Councillors for funds to clean up and install the lighting in the playground. We look forward to better facilities in the coming months. We held a Cake and Jumble Sale to aid our annual trip away. Thanks to all who supported that.

We then went to Brickens Foróige

Club, where we had a challenging Table Quiz, with eight or nine teams – the prizes were exceptionally good. Afterwards we had refreshments. Thanks to all who organised it, it was thoroughly enjoyed.

Mrs. Naughton, the widow of the late Bill Naughton, generously donated £100 to the Club, which was really appreciated. We entered the Easter Parade and we did well to come third. Our float's theme was 'Peace in Ireland.'

At the end of the year we went to Achill Adventure Centre, where we did outdoor pursuits for a day. They were surfing, wind-surfing, rock climbing and orienteering. It was a very enjoyable day. And last, but not least, we organised the Street Art competition for the Summer Festival.

We elected our new Committee for '94/'95, they are as follows: Chairperson, Evelyn O'Connor; Vice-Chairperson, Seamus Lunden; Secretary, Jennifer McCafferty; Treasurers, Micháel Walsh, Clare Butler and Shay Walsh; P.R.O., Karen Muldowney. Games Committee: Ann Marie Keane, Audrey Keane, Patricia Mulhern, Patricia Gaffney, Caitriona Fahey.

Thanks to Mr. Tony Flynn, Fr. McCarthy and Mr. Jim Lunden for their greatly appreciated time and patience. Also a warm welcome to Mrs. Justina Lyons and Mrs. Cáit Webb who are the new Adult Leaders.



Ballyhaunis Foróige members at Fair Day, May, '94 – (left/right): Karen Muldowney, Anne Marie Keane, Roisín Thornton, Clare Butler and Rachel Cleary.

The Legion of Mary

On Thursday, the 27th June, the Feast of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, Fr. Martin Greaney, Spiritual Director of Ballyhaunis Legion of Mary, celebrated a special Mass at St. Patrick's Church, to mark the organisation's sixtieth anniversary in the parish. This was a great achievement and we all thank God and his Blessed Mother for all the graces which they have bestowed on it down the years, and particularly for the grace of perseverance.

By **AGNES HEANEY.**

As we reminded us to pray especially for those inspired people who founded the Legion and those who have responded with continuing fidelity to their commitment within the Legion and for those who have made their contribution to its development. As we rejoice for the sixty years of Legion pres-

ence and activity in this area, our special prayers this evening are that Our Legion will continue to serve the purposes of the Church in our time and in time to come.

Among the members present at the celebration were Mrs. Agnes Freyne, Clare Street, who is the only surviving founder-member of this organisation. Also Miss Eileen O'Dwyer and Miss Mary Lyons and others who have maintained their membership for a large proportion of that time.

After the Church ceremony, the Junior Legionaries entertained the members at a very enjoyable function in the Parochial Hall.



The Ballyhaunis Praesidium of the Legion of Mary celebrated the Golden Jubilee of its foundation this year. Joining them in the celebrations were Legionaries from Ballinrobe, Claremorris, Castlemacgarrett, Knock, Aghamore and Tooreen. Also in picture are past Legionaries who travelled long distances to the present for the happy occasion.



Past and present members of the Junior Legion of Mary with Agnes Freyne, one of the founder members at the Golden Jubilee celebrations in June, '94. Back row (left/right): Audrey Keane, Jennifer McCafferty, Patricia Mulhern, Laura Healy, Clare Butler, Helen Hoban, Mary Dillon-Leetch, Laura Nestor, Ann Marie Keane. Middle row: Janine Gallagher, Lisa O'Dowd, Catheriona Boyle, Brid Ann Halpin, Joanne Butler, Mrs. Agnes Freyne, Siobhan Halpin, Catheriona Fahey, Aileen Gallagher, Yvonne Byrne. Front row: Sarah Coen, Jennifer Egan, Sarah Prenty, Clare Gallagher, Ciara Buckley, Celene Gallagher.

My Italian experience

When the opportunity arose, late in June, this year, for me to travel to Italy and work for the Summer, I decided to avail of it in the hope that it would be an unforgettable experience – that it definitely was!

Feeling a little apprehensive, I flew to Rome on Friday, 8th of July. My "family" were there to greet me and, initially, I felt at ease. However, as I found out, first impressions aren't always right. The first four days were spent on the family yacht travelling north towards Florence and witnessing some of the most magnificent sites in Europe. Following this trip we returned to the family's beach house in Fregene, 30 km. outside Rome. It was here I was to spend the next month.

The whole point of my trip to Italy was to help nine-years-old Veronica improve her spoken and written English. This task proved more difficult than I anticipated. Being an only child, Veronica was accustomed to getting her own way all the time. My days consisted of the mornings at the beach; afternoons by the pool, and evenings trying to persuade a reluctant nine-year-old master the English language. Having applied myself for a mere five minutes she would give up completely. I attempted on many occasions, to cultivate an interest in English in her, but I

By Dee Dee Hosty.

soon realised it was all in vain and that Veronica was the type of child that suited only herself.

At the age of nine this child has ideas of life and her future which shocked me. Money definitely talks in Italy. There is a stark contrast between rich and poor and as the saying goes – the rich get richer and the poor get poorer. This contrast is evident in every part of life, but what appalled me most was the way the employees of the rich are treated, e.g., Italy is full of Philippino women working as housekeepers for next to nothing. My family were no exception – Linda is a 29-years-old woman who hasn't seen her Philippino family for over five years, despite the fact that she is working for an extremely rich family. Veronica and her mother, Costanza, treated her with a total lack of respect. The saddest thing about this situation being Linda herself believes that their behaviour is acceptable, as on one occasion she said to me: "I am a house maid, it is okay for me to be treated like this."

As time progressed Veronica and her mother began to treat me with the same lack of respect. By the end of the month I was feeling very hurt and humiliated but



Somewhere in the heart of Rome – Carmel Johnston, Knox Street, and Maureen Comer, Killenaugh (October, 1990).

also angry at the fact that a nine-year-old could make me feel this way.

Despite all of this I do not regret going to Italy. I visited the Vatican, the Coliseum; the Trevi Fountain and many beautiful places which I know I would never have had the opportunity to do otherwise. I've been asked would I go again and my answer would be a definite "yes," as I learned a lot from this experience, but would be much wiser the second time around.

However, I would advise anyone taking on something such as this in the future to be very careful and aware of all help available in their chosen country.



Dee Dee outside Piazza Venezia.

A Clare Street reunion in New York!

I was in New York in the month of June, 1994. A trip to New York, in June, 1994, would certainly imply that the World Cup was the purpose of such a visit. And though I was there during many of the games of the World Cup, it was not for the football I had travelled over to the "Big Apple." My family and myself were over there for the marriage of my daughter, Maura Robinson, to one Jimmy White – no, not the snooker player! But, indeed, some of the family were delighted to avail of the opportunity of attending the Ireland games in the Giants' Stadium, across the Hudson River in New Jersey.

The wedding, however, was the main event of the trip, and it gave me great personal satisfaction, by affording the opportunity of re-uniting some of us with Clare Street connections.

My mother was born at the town end of Clare Street. She was one of a large family of twelve McGreals who were born and reared in the Street in the years from 1890s to the 1920s. Most of the McGreal family emigrated from Ireland – four of them went to the U.S.A. One of those four was Molly McGreal, who set sail for New York in the 1920s, where she settled and married Jim Murphy. Their son, also Jim Murphy, my first cousin, and his wife, Margie, attended the wedding of Maura Robinson in New York.

Born and reared in a house in the centre of Clare Street, were the five lovely Dalton sisters. They were greatly admired and fondly remembered by all of us who knew them, and played with them along the river and up and down the hills of the Clare Road, in the 1940s.

All of the Dalton girls are now in the U.S.A. Three of them, Rosemary, Anita and Pat, live in New York. Frank and Eileen are in Florida. It was a very special moment for me to see Rosemary, and her husband Tony, in attendance at the wedding of my daughter in New York.

I was born in a house located at what was then called St. Anthony's. So a very strong link was formed by the meeting of the three of us with the Clare Street connection, far, far from

By ANTHONY ROBINSON
(October, 1994).

Ballyhaunis on a warm Summer day in New York!

We visited my cousin, Jim Murphy, during our stay, and we met his two brothers, Eugene and Paul, and their wives and families. All three brothers have visited Ballyhaunis, and have called at the house in Clare Street, where their mother, and mine, spent their childhood and teenage years.

The strong feelings towards Ireland were very obvious, even among the next generation of the Murphy families, some of whom attended the Ireland matches in New York.

The three Dalton sisters in New York, invited my wife, Agnes and myself out to dinner one evening. And we were treated to a wonderful evening. We were seated in a restaurant at the top of a three-storied building, on Pier 17, which is built in the East River, within about 100 yards of the Brooklyn Bridge. The restaurant is owned by an Irishman, and we were served by a lovely young girl from Brickens. We were

there from late afternoon until after midnight, by which time the lights of the buildings, the streets and the bridges had all appeared. It was like a wonderland!

We had a view which stretched all along the East river with its spectacular bridges, to the wondrous lighting on the Empire State Building and the fantastic skyscrapers in the Wall Street area! We agreed that it was all a very far cry from the hills, rivers and fields that surrounded the Clare Street of our youth!

Rosemary gave me the telephone numbers of many of her Ballyhaunis friends, who now reside in New York, including Josephine and Muriel Higgins, Tom Barry, Rosaleen Caulfield, Tom Rattigan and Sean Finn. Time did not permit me to make contact with most of them, but I did manage to contact Sean Finn for a chat on the telephone. He seemed in great form and I was sorry that time did not allow for me to accept his invitation to lunch. Sean and I were in the same class in school, and I have a photograph taken in the Convent grounds in 1941, when we were in High Infants, with Sean and myself sitting side by side. Our two families had always been close friends over the years, so it was with great pleasure that I managed to have a chat, brief though it had to be, with Sean, as we had not met for many years.

Four of the Dalton girls married, and their children are all now adults. Rosemary married Tony, a lovely American whom we met at the wedding. They have four daughters and one son. Anita, Eileen and Pat all seem to have been specially attracted to the name John, as each of them married a man of that name! Anita and Pat each have three daughters. Eileen has one son and one



New York in the 1950s! Standing are: Molly McGreal and Francie McNamara. In front are Rosemary, Anita and Francie Dalton, all Clare Street natives!



New York, June, 1994! Forty years later! A Clare Street reunion. Rosemary, myself (Anthony Robinson); my wife, Agnes, and Pat Dalton.

daughter. The Dalton girls have all made a great success of their lives. We, who grew up with them in Clare Street, and knew their characters, never had any doubt that no matter where they settled, they would brighten up the lives of those who met them, and that they would conquer any obstacles which might confront them.

Rosemary had taken great delight in the visit to Miceál Smith to New York a few years back. One of her greatest wishes is that she might persuade her dear friend, Maiseen Meath, to travel over.

I took some photographs of Clare Street and Clare Road before my visit to New York, and I gave them to the Dalton sisters, so that they could see the changes that have taken place in their street, over the years. The Clare Street and Clare Road area appear to have altered more than any other part of the town.

In the past, a wall with a large hill leading down to the river, stood across the street from the Dalton house. Now this area accommodates the swimming pool, the library, the fire station, a play area and a car park. In addition, there have been many changes to the business premises in the street.

But the greatest alteration of all has been the transformation of the fields on all sides of the road at the western end of Clare Road. The many private residences, the erection of the Keane's Kitchens premises and the massive construction carried out by Halal, now Avonmore, have resulted in all of this district being completely unrecognisable to people who grew up there and have not seen it for many years.

So the photographs which I took all around the area, have served to show some of the former residents, in some way, what the playground of their childhood now looks like.

It was, of course, the experience of the same childhood that dominated the conversation which took place with the Dalton sisters. Rosemary recalled the many pranks she played on not alone her companions, but on many of the residents of the town and the surrounding district. She was capable of travelling long distances in order that she could complete a practical joke on

some unsuspecting victim!

My wife, Agnes, and myself spent just one week in the U.S.A. We enjoyed the wedding of our daughter, we met our new family connections, we saw the sights of New York, both in daylight and in darkness, we met our family relations and we spent an evening with the Dalton sisters, the memory of which will remain with us forever. In fact, the whole trip was a great adventure for us at our stage in life, but we did not make any promises about returning. Even though the air conditioning systems were excellent, the heat outdoors was overpowering. We were glad to find ourselves back home in the Ireland of the cool breeze and "occasional" rain showers! And even though I made no commitment about returning, I must admit that there is a tug on the heart strings to avail of another opportunity to travel over to see again my childhood friends, and some other special persons to whom as always I send my kindest regards!

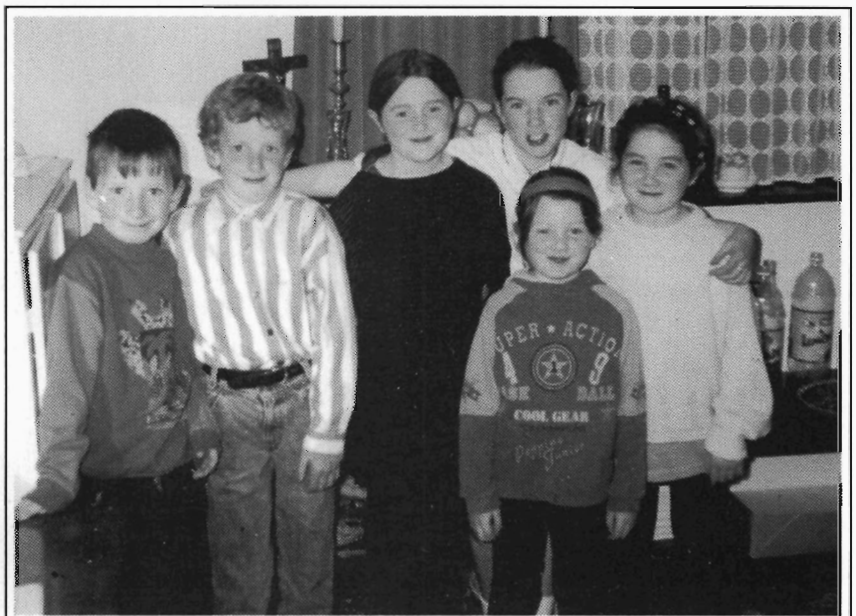
Ballyhaunis Fine Gael

Political activity for the Ballyhaunis Fine Gael area centred around the European Elections. Local T.D., Jim Higgins, who had been the Fine Gael Director of Elections for the West Mayo By-Elections since Michael Ring was chosen as a candidate in March, 1993, was persuaded to put his name on the Party ticket for the European contest. Taking into consideration the fact that he was only two months in the field and the very stiff competition from outgoing M.E.P.s., Joe McCartin, Mark Killilea and Minister Pat the Cope Gallagher, Jim did very well with 30,000 first preference votes and 43,000 votes on the final count. It is quite obvious that there is a definite Euro seat in prospect for Jim Higgins in the next European Elections should he decide to run.

The elections campaign, however, was touched with tragedy when, in the days following the election, 17-years-old Brendan McCartin, son of successful M.E.P., Joe, died following an accident while take down his father's election posters. Our thoughts and prayers go to Joe and Ann McCartin and their surviving son, John.

The local organisation was extremely happy to learn that Jim Higgins has been chosen as one of the six Fine Gael representatives on the Forum for Peace and Reconciliation.

By **MARY BUCKLEY**,
Secretary, Ballyhaunis Fine Gael.



Children at the stations in Tullaughane (Heneghan's), back, left to right: Michael Finnegan, Michael Mullarkey, Bernadette McNamara, Ann Marie Mullarkey and Siobhan McNamara. Front: Marion McNamara.

Wedding and other days recalled by Mrs. Hunt

WE suspect that Mrs. Mary Hunt was doing her own thing with words, pen and paper when we called to her comfortable granny flat attached to the family home at Lecarrow. As she invited us to make ourselves comfortable, we noticed a magazine and lying on a small table near where she had been sitting there was a crossword puzzle on the open page. Her son, Murt, and I were calling to have a chat with her about her life and times and to make a few notes of our conversations for Annagh magazine. The change over from the written word to the spoken word did not bother Mrs. Hunt and soon we were in a world of our own with memories of yesteryear pushing aside the problems of today.

It was about 8 o'clock in the evening when we arrived. Soon it was midnight as we talked mainly about the role of women in the days long before "Women's Lib." When she told us her age Murt and myself were given some food for thought as we reflected on the fact that she was about to finish school just as women were given the right to vote. Many more changes affecting women's rights were to follow after that and as the media keeps informing us there are still some unfinished matters to be dealt with. As we listened to Mrs. Hunt talk about what was involved in rearing a family in the days before the coming of electricity, piped water, cookers or washing machines, it seemed to have a moderating effect on those of us who think that we are living in hard times. In common with other women Mrs. Hunt does not give any hint of being disappointed that she had finished rearing her family just as all the modern conveniences that took the drudgery out of housework were becoming available. "It was in the times" is a common reply one gets when this is mentioned.

In addition to the housework a farmer's wife helped in the fields doing work that men shy away from at the present time.

Mrs. Hunt is now sixty years in Lecarrow. Her journey here from her native Carrowbehy was done in two stages. When



Mrs. Mary Hunt on one of her visits to her daughter, Carmel, in Boston, 1989.

By JIM CRIBBIN.

she was two-years-old she came to live with an aunt in nearby Knockbrack. An early memory of her parents' home was the place being raided by Black and Tans." They were looking for an older brother, although he was hiding in the house they did not find him, instead they took away a younger brother and detained him for three days.

It was in the Convent in Ballyhaunis that she received most of her education. Her school days were, in her own words, "the happiest day so my life." She has nothing but words of praise for the nuns. Not only on account of her own happy school days, but also on account of the great work they did for her own daughters and the girls of the locality in the days before the introduction of free education. There was a fee to be paid then, but in Mrs. Hunt's words: "It was easy to pay the Nuns."

When she reached school leaving age the nuns asked her to stay on as a monitor. At that time the way to become a teacher was to spend three years as a monitor teaching younger pupils. As her aunt was getting feeble she decided to finish up in school and look after her aunt and the farm in Knockbrack. When her aunt

died she inherited the farm and managed it on her own for a while. Soon she was to move again, but not very far this time, just across a few fields. She met her husband, John Hunt (R.I.P.), at the only ball she ever attended. It was held in Hubert Jordan's just a few hundred years from the house that was to become her home. Tickets were sixpence each in the old money.

Wedding day was a busy day for John Hunt. It was the 16th March, Fair Day, in Ballyhaunis. He drove his livestock into the Fair, sold them, came home and got ready for the wedding. He and the best man, Michael Cronin, cycled into town. For the bride and her bridesmaid the travel arrangements were the same.

On the Knockbrack road they met the late Tom Freeley, who gave her a wedding present of five shillings - "to put luck on you."

Mrs. Hunt's first choice of bridesmaid declined the invitation as she had her "eye" on the best man and it was the custom of the time that a girl contemplating marriage did not act as bridesmaid. For many of that generation the first steps on the journey through married life was not marked by lavish style, the clicking of cameras, congratulation cards and big receptions.

After the wedding ceremony the newly weds and their sponsors went to the Eagle Bar, where the proprietor, Tom Lyons, provided refreshments for the two ladies, while the two men had a few drinks. On the way home the bride went into Peter Hannon's shop, bought some tea and sugar and brought them out to her own place in Knockbrack. Three days later she left Knockbrack for good. It all happened just sixty years ago.

Mrs. Hunt can look back over those years with a lot of satisfaction and "some tears as well." They had six children and she now has fourteen grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. Sadly, her husband is long gone as is one of her daughters.

While most of the evening's talk was about change the barking of a greyhound outside reminded Mrs. Hunt that there were

some things that don't change. When she came to Lecarrow her father-in-law had greyhounds. Her son, Murt, can often be seen exercising his hounds in preparation for the many fixtures he attends up and down the country.

At this stage Murt's wife, Ann, arrived with a trayful of refreshments and we left Lecarrow for a while and talked about her native Killinagher while the two boys listened in silence. Hard to know what they made of our conversation. They would have left if they had been bored, and Ann gave the age-old advice: "it's time for bed, you have to be up for school in the morning." Long time since some of us heard that first.

When we speak to people who remember the War time scarcities one always prompted to ask how would we cope if that situation were to repeat itself. At that time people in the country were self-sufficient as far as most items of food were concerned. When the few items of food they were accustomed to buying got scarce they were missed so much that people were prepared to pay exorbitant prices on the black market for them.

Mrs. Hunt told us she paid a guinea for an ounce of tea. On another occasion when she could get no flour in Ballyhaunis she cycled to Ballinlough, where a friend of hers worked in a shop and came home a happy woman with two stone of flour on the bicycle. "Where there's a will there is a way." The truth of this is well illustrated in the story she told us about Hubert's trousers. Hubert Jordan needed a pair of trousers. There was no trouser to be got and no material to make a pair of trousers. Hubert had a spare army blanket and the more he looked at it the more he saw a fine warm pair of trousers. Tailors were busy at the time patching and turning old clothes. There was a waiting list and Hubert couldn't wait. Anyway, he was a D.I.Y. man at other things, so why not at tailoring? He had a few advisers in one night and he asked them to figure out a way to cut the blanket so as it would make a made-to-measure pair of trousers. It was agreed that the best way to do the job was to spread the blanket out on the floor, and Hubert was to lie down on the blanket on the broad of his back. Helpful hands wrapped the blanket round his legs and waist. The job was done thoroughly with allowances made for such useful bodily functions as kneeling and stooping. Plenty of time was taken with the measurements. Some of those present must have known that one of the first things an apprentice tailor was taught was that you can measure ten times but you can only cut once. I worked for Hubert Jordan in later years, and I have reason to believe that the trousers in question was still in use nearly twenty years after the War had ended.

Editor's Note: Since this article about Mrs. Mary Hunt was submitted to us, her daughter-in-law, Ann, who is mentioned in the article, has passed on to her eternal reward. We wish to extend our deepest sympathy to the Hunt family.

A look back

IT is 7.30 a.m., on February 20th, 1930, and I am ten years old. My dad comes into my bedroom and shakes me awake: "Look sharp, son, it's Market Day. Hurry up, your breakfast's ready downstairs." I snuggle under the warm blankets and just as I'm drifting back into a sound sleep, the next shout comes: "Are you ready, Sean? Come on." nothing for it! It's Tuesday and that means all hands to the helm. I struggle into my clothes and race for the kitchen. My plate of steaming porridge is ready: a surreptitious raid on the sugar-bowl, a plentiful dash of milk and the porridge disappears.

Meantime, my father is preparing for the long day ahead. The shop blinds are raised and the oil stove is lighted to ease the chill of a frosty morning. "Run out, Sean, and see how long the line is." I open the door to peep out. It's so cold that my warm breath condenses into a cloud of vapour. Up the Clare Road, I see a long queue of carts. Horses, donkeys and jennets fill the street with the steam of their breathing. The sweet scent of last Summer's meadows fills the air and helps me forget the cold, and my ill-temper of having to get up so early. I drink in the perfume and sprint up the road to survey the scene. Men are stamping their feet on the ground, flailing their arms around their bodies and rubbing their hands vigorously to restore feeling to frozen fingers.

Hurrying back, I report: "The carts are half-way out to the mill" – maybe a bit of an exaggeration but it sounds exciting. Tuesday is the bane and joy of my life. There will be no proper dinner in our house today and I love the Irish stew or bacon and cabbage my mother cooks. On the other hand, some of my farmer-friends usually slip me a penny or two and by this evening my financial state for the coming week could be healthy. I think of the goodies ahead and get to work.

Outside our shop is the weighing scale that weighs the loads of hay and straw which are sold in the weekly market. The first cart is driven on to the machine which is set into the path outside our door: the horse is then unharnessed and led a little distance away. The weight of combined cart and its load is recorded on a dial inside. My father enters this in a notebook and gives the owner a docket stating the weight. The horse is re-harnessed and the farmer goes off to deliver the load to the buyer. He returns later to have the empty cart weighed and then bearing the two dockets, goes back to be paid for his load of hay. It's a slow and cumbersome

By MAURA GRIFFIN.

system, no doubt, but then when God made time He made plenty of it.

You may ask why is there such demand for hay and straw. Well, in this year of 1930, many families in Ballyhaunis, keep a cow to supply the family with milk and, perhaps, a couple of pigs to be sold when fattened. In Summer, land will be rented or, perhaps, family land used as grazing for the cow, but for the Winter, the animal must be stabled and hay will be bought for fodder, and then of course, there will be the farmer who hasn't adequate hay for his stock and will have to supplement his supply. A lot of this hay comes from the Loughglynn area where there is low-lying land – too wet for tillage – but wonderful for producing hay during the Summer.

By mid-day the men and their wives are drifting into our shop to get the groceries. Monday evening I have spent weighing fragrant tea into red tea-bags, sugar has been put in strong black sugar-bags, ounce and two-ounce chunks of Plug tobacco have been weighed and wrapped. Sacks and half-sacks of flour stand ready. I am recruited to pack boxes and shopping baskets, label them with the customer's name and set them aside to be collected later in the day. A well-earned pint or maybe a spot of dinner is next on the agenda and men whose day began at 5 or 6 a.m., scatter to enjoy this. By late afternoon the crowd has thinned and the town settles to its own quiet pace of life. A few stragglers hang on until after dark and the occasional noisy argument or, perhaps, a verse of a tipsy song can be heard.

This all seems a bit like Eamon de Valera's vision of comely maidens dancing at the crossroads. There was great camaraderie and good-humoured banter. People didn't meet very often and friendship were renewed and bonds strengthened by regular contact at the market. Women, in particular, whose outings might be few and far between, must have revelled in a good chat and, who knows what problems with health or children were aired, what recipes were exchanged or household tips and shortcuts passed on. But there was much hard work, and the money made rarely measured up to what was needed. Farm machinery and plastic-wrapped bales of hay were far in the future. If the farmer and his family have an easier and a more prosperous life now, nobody begrudges it to them.

From the archives of Derrylea School

Suddenly it seems as if everything is a century old. The roll books on the table and the table itself are old acquaintances. Both were in attendance at the opening of Derrylea National School. The table may have gone the way of mortal things long ago had I not purchased it for £1 over twenty years ago. Tables and desks that were there since the opening day were being discarded at the time to make way for more modern furnishings.

There was a class in session when I called to collect my table. Tom Cleary, who was pursuing his studies there at the time gave me a hand to remove the artifact from the premises. The roll books were even closer to the point of no return when Paddy Gildea salvaged them as they lay scattered around in a situation where one heavy shower of rain would have rendered them unreadable. Their home for nearly quarter of a century now has been Paddy Gildea's house which, believe it or not, was built in 1894.

There is a large pile of roll books on the table. I mention this not because I fear the table will collapse (it's solid pitch pine and if kept dry is good for another hundred years), but as we are approaching deadline, I will be just able to glimpse at a page here and there.

For opening day alone there are four large volumes, a roll book each for boys and girls, a register book each for boys and girls. While the roll book concerns itself mainly with recording attendance or absence from school, the register goes into many details about individual pupils and because of this is more of interest to us just now.

The details taken for each pupil are as follows. Pupil's name in full; date of entrance; age, religion, residence, occupation or means of living of parents and name of last N.S. at which pupil attended.

We seen in the register of infants from 10-6-1895, to 29-7-1895 - That twenty-five girls enrolled, their ages varying from three years to six years. In the same period fifty-one girls aged from seven years to fifteen years enrolled. Fifty of them are recorded as having attended school previously - twenty-one at Ballyhaunis N.S.; twenty-one at Logboy N.S.; six at Cloonfad N.S.; one each at Brackloon and Granlahan.

An interesting entry occurs for the 14-8-95, when five girls from Ballykillkeen aged nine to eleven years enrolled here. Their names were: Ellen McGuire, Mary Scahill, Nora Roynan and two girls named Lizzie McGuire. We did not expect to see them in

school the day after they enroled it being the 15th of August and a Church Holiday. The roll book shows they never came back. Their names were deleted from the roll book ten days after they had enroled. There is a story there but the copyright property belongs to the Cloonfad magazine. Perhaps some scribe up there would put pen to paper and let us have an update on the five ladies from Ballykillkeen who, by passing Cloonfad and Logboy, paid a flying visit to Derrylea N.S. on the 14th of August, 1895.

Between 3rd June and August 5th, 1885, sixty boys aged from six years to thirteen years were enrolled and placed in different classes. Most of them had been to school previously. Fifteen had attended Ballyhaunis N.S.; twenty-four Logboy N.S.; four Cloonfad N.S. and three had been to the

Monastery in Granlahan.

Those early record keepers had difficulty with the geography of the area. We can understand Coolnafarna slipping across into County Roscommon but how Logboy managed to get into Co. Roscommon is baffling. Nor far from where I sit is a townland designated in the O.S. map as Aderg. We know it as Atha (as in Beal Atha hAmnais), Deargh (as in "lambh deargh abu"). In the early school registers it is variously spelt Ardearig, Adearig, Adarig, Atadearg, Arderig, Adarragh. If you were handed a piece of paper bearing any of the following place names, could you direct a weary traveller in the right direction, Glossaguneen, Glossagh or Clossagh. They are given as the addresses of pupils from the place within the range of a good catapult from where I sit.

The real run started when the Gaeilgeoiri took over. There were now two spelling problems to be dealt with. In the school register pupil No. 425 is named as Michael Byrne from Johnstown. He was the first boy in the roll book to have his name changed from the second official language to the first official language. On the 3rd of April,

Register Number	Pupil's Name	Religion	Register Number	Pupil's Name	Religion
1	Bridget Hattery	R.C.	41	Mr. Linciger	R.C.
2	Bridget Moore	"	42	Robert Griffin	R.C.
3	Honora Murphy	"	43	Michael Keane	R.C.
4	Anne Follard	"	44	Mr. McEnnell	R.C.
5	Delia Finn	"	45	Mr. O'Leary	R.C.
6	Marianne Jennings	"	46	John Finn	R.C.
7	Honora Keane	"	47	John Waldron	R.C.
8	Maggie Waldron	"	48	John Connell	R.C.
9	Honora Jennings	"	49	Pat Morris	R.C.
10	Marianne Sullivan	"	50	James Fitzgerald	R.C.
11	Kate Sullivan	"	51	Francis S. Waldron	R.C.
12	Bridget Sullivan	"	52	Pat Follard	R.C.
13	Bridget Moore	"	53	Lawrence Murphy	R.C.
14	Bridget McEnnell	"	54	William Hattery	R.C.
15	Kate Jennings	"	55	Frank Jennings	R.C.
16	Kate O'Leary	"	56	Michael Finn	R.C.
17	Ellen Leonard	"	57	Markus Finn	R.C.
18	Anne Griffin	"	58	Quentin Coyne	R.C.
19	Bridget Griffin	"	59	Mr. Fitzmaurice	R.C.
20	Maggie Hattery	"	60	James Gaffney	R.C.
21	Bridget McGuire	"	61	James Gaffney	R.C.
22	Maria Morris	"	62	Mr. Jennings	R.C.
23	Winnie Gora	"	63	John Byrne	R.C.
24	Kate Waldron	"			
25	Anne Mehan	"			

Girls Infants Class, 1st July, 1895.

Boys First Class, 1st July, 1895.

1922, his name was laboriously written into the roll book in Gaelic lettering as Miceal O Bronin. In July of the same year we find pupil No. 425 recorded as Miceal O Beirn and that's the way it stayed for the rest of his school days.

It has been indicated earlier on that paper was supplied in abundance for the purpose of keeping records. Yet no separate section was set aside on which teachers could record their coming and their going. Where teachers' names appear it's always at the bottom of a page underneath a list of pupils. The name of a single teacher does not appear in any of the records at my disposal until the year 1901.

Hereunder is given a list of teachers and the date of their first mention in the roll books – Mary A. Swift, 1901; Pa Waldron, 1905; Ellen Snee, 1905; Salina Lyons, 1905; Kate Snee, 1905; Salina Cooney and Helen Gilmore, 1917; Joseph Cooney, 1919; Margaret O'Dwyer (later Mrs. Fahey), 1919. From here on the names are recorded in Irish and are known to me. I will give you the names in the manner after which they're best known, adding the appropriate Mr., Mrs. or Miss. Miss Mary Jordan (later to become Mrs. Higgins), 1942; Mr. Sean Farrell, 1940; Mr. John Higgins, 1948. The following ladies taught for short periods while I was at school – Miss Cathleen Coyne, Miss Cathleen Corrigan, Miss Caitlin Ni Tarpaed and a Maire S. O Maolain appears on the roll book in 1948.

As the school was being phased out a number of teachers taught there on a day-to-day basis. The last man to teach there, as far as I know, was Mr. William J. Mulligan.

I wish to thank the chair for the impartial posture it has maintained during those proceedings. It is the only thing around here that could be relied on to remain neutral. It was made over fifty years ago by Jim Jordan of Devlis and has no connection whatsoever with Derrylea School. As I recall a few lines from one of the first poems I ever learned, I cannot tell whether it was the table and the roll or the table and chair that turned memory's rusty key.

*"Said the table to the chair,
Let us take a little air;
How I suffer from the heat,
I've got chilblains on my feet."*

You're wrong there, Mr. Poet, chilblains are caused by cold not by heat. I didn't know that until I consulted another tattered relic from my school days in order to find out how often the letter 'L' occurred in the word chilblains.

The introduction of Brown and Nolan has highlighted how crowded this old table has become. It has a restored look about it. The restoration would be complete with just a few extra items like, pen and ink-well, blotting paper, box of chalk, duster and school bell. There is something missing from here now – the roll books and ah yes – the hazel mace: "Bhfuil cead agam dul amach"?

Ballyhaunis swimming pool

A new committee was formed in April of this year. Opening day was organised for Saturday, June 4th, and all members set into the big clean-up with power-washers and paint brushes. Many thanks to the County Council for their help in digging up, tracing and repairing leaks which had appeared over the winter months. The dressingrooms were re-tiled and broken paving slabs replaced and the pool was freshly painted.

Two very well-attended water safety courses were ran over the Summer months, and a very high standard was achieved.

A barbecue was organised towards the end of the Summer, which proved to be a great success. The committee are actively pursuing further developments at the pool and with the help of the Council and other agencies we could see it heated in the future with long-term plans to cover the pool.

We would like to thank all the parents who gave generously of their time to help out in the office and supervise the children and look forward to their valued help and co-operation in the future.

By KAY BUCKLEY.



St. Mary's Primary School, Ballyhaunis, First Communicants, 1994, front row, left to right: Joseph Kelly, Anthony Murphy, Daniel Herr, Rita Rochford, Martina Cunnane, Katie O'Connor, Moira Kilbane, Sarah Buckley, Kevin Curley, Máire O'Dwyer and Ciarán Waldron. Second row: Louise Kilcourse, Leanne Murphy, Karen Higgins, Ellis Nevin, Graham Egan, Ruth Dillon-Leetch, Jacinta Ward, Joanne Hoban, Robert Potter-Cogan, Marie Kírrane, Michelle Forde and Brenda Kilcourse. Third row: Deirdre Kelly, Austin Lyons, Fergal Lyons, Aidan Healy, Daniel Carroll, Alan Fitzpatrick, Simon Freeley, Aileen Burke, Ian Byrne, Elaine Cregg, Catherine Nestor and Patricia Quinn. Fourth row: Colin Egan, Bernadette McGowan, Michael Cunningham, Niamh Gildea, Sinéad Mulrennan, Venetia Powers, Róisín Flanagan, Johannah Burke-Rowland and Maeve Lynskey. Priests: Very Rev. Fr. Joseph Cooney P.P. Teachers: Mrs. Margaret O'Flaherty and Miss Laura Finn.

A home draw for the World Cup

IT was hard for the ones left at home. "Did ye hear yer man is gone to the World Cup?, and he has only just paid back the Credit Union after the last one." The stories that were filtering back through 'phone calls from the States were turning most of Ballyhaunis mad with jealousy. There were a few head-the-balls that decided "that's it, I'm going and, work bedamned," and more power to them we said.

Everyone was the same in the days leading up to the games, nervous, eager, worried. People who had sworn that they would not watch "a foreign game" (if you don't count Italia '90 that is) were just the same as those men and women who had sweated over their team's fortunes every Saturday evening at 4.45 waiting for the results. The entire county was wrapped up in the problems that the intense heat and 90% humidity of Florida would bring. Will Staunton stick it? (No), will Manchester City allow Niall Quinn to play? (No), and will Jack Charlton cause bother? (Need you ask?). It seemed that everyone had become Ireland's greatest fan within the space of two months.

This upset quite a few of those supporters who remembered the dark days. Days when we were being beaten by the all-conquering footballing stronghold that is Trinidad and Tobago; days when the only bright spark in Irish football was Liam Brady and his under-study was (Lord help us) Ashley Grimes. "How many of them remember Dave Langan?" they asked, he of the barrel chest and beer belly, "or Tony Grealish," one of a very few International players to have combined the wearing of the green with the wearing of a beard! They were hard days but are now forgotten in the excitement of having a successful International team.

I had missed Italia '90 as, during the last World Cup I was stuck in a little bedsit with three other lads in London and we missed all the crack of Ireland's first World Cup. Two of us got to see the penalty shoot-out against Romania in a pub full of Englishmen who were shouting for Ireland. (I wonder would we shout for England if it was the other way around?). It was terrible, hearing all the crack

from home in the 'phone calls and being stuck in England, so I vowed that I wouldn't miss the next time we made it to the World Cup.

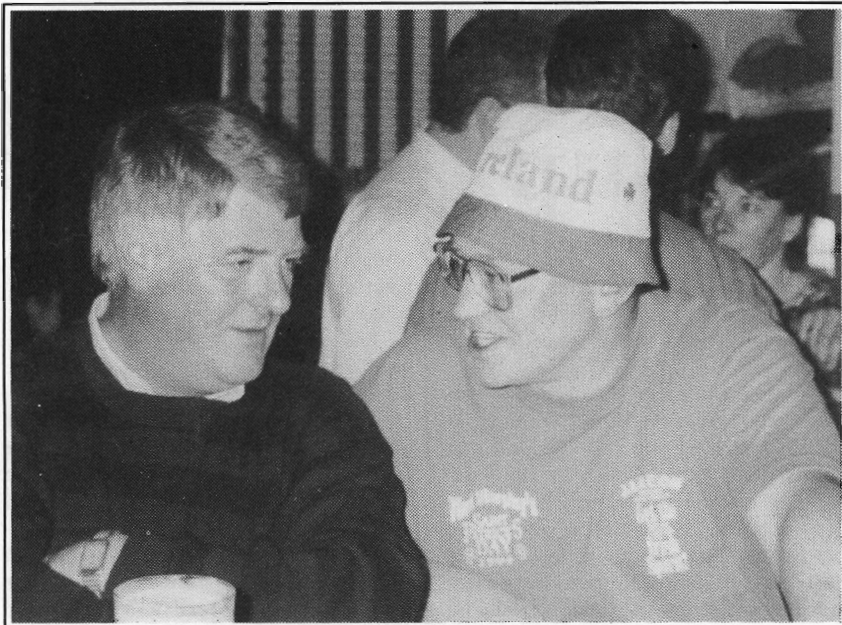
It was ten minutes before the Italy game, I was walking from work up to Mike Byrne's pub and I was the only man on the street. Now when I say that I was the only man on the street, I don't mean that the town was quiet for a Wednesday, I mean that there was no one on the street at all, no one. However, that did not mean that there was no one in town. Oh no. From every pub in the town you could hear it. "There's only one Steve Staunton," "Ooh, aah, Paul McGrath," and that old favourite, "Who put the ball in the English net?". You could feel the excitement

building, the moments before kick-off when 50,000 Irish fans sang "Amhrann na BhFiann" in the Giants' Stadium, New York, brought tears to a few eyes here at home, never mind in America. We sang it with them, and as we sang everyone in the pub stood to attention and you could almost see their chests swell with pride. We were there at last, playing against one of the best teams in the world, in front of what seemed to be a home crowd, 3,500 miles away.

The game kicked off and a huge roar went up from every pub in town. To be honest, I can't remember a lot of the game but I do remember when Ray Houghton turned and shot and lifted the ball over Pagliuca's head in the Italian goal. That was it! As far as I could make out, the roof lifted off Ho-Chi's pub by about six inches, hovered there for about a minute and then slammed back down. Inside, it was bedlam. People hugged and kissed and danced with each other. They screamed at each other, they screamed at the walls, they screamed at the stars and stripes hanging on the wall of the pub, they screamed at the bag of crisps they were



Standing: Margie Phillips. Seated: Declan Phillips, George Delaney and Louise O'Connor.



"Well, its like this . . ." B. Hunt and V. Caulfield.

holding in their hand. They showed the replay on television and everyone shushed each other so that they could see it again. As the ball hit the back of the net, this time in slow motion, everyone roared and started to jump about the place again. Tables were knocked, porter spilled and glasses smashed but no one cared. "Who put the ball in the Italian net? . . . Rayo . . . Rayo."

The ecstasy gave way to agony as everyone held their breath anytime an Italian crossed the half-way line with the ball. "Close him down, pressure, pressure." A mighty roar followed by a round of applause greeted any Irish player that managed to find Row Z in the stand with a clearance. We had our chances but it didn't matter that we didn't score again. All that mattered was keeping the Italians out of our half of the pitch. We turned away, we bit our nails, we smoked cigarettes, anything to keep our nerves calm. Every time the ball ended up in Packie Bonner's hands you could see the relief on people's faces.

It was purgatory.

And then . . . the final whistle and all the tension that had built up since we scored was released as everyone stood and cheered (those that had a voice left), and whistled (those that hadn't). We had beaten one of the favourites to win the World Cup itself. Some couldn't believe it and walked around almost dazed; others came out with the usual "Didn't I tell you, didn't I tell you to back them." As a matter of fact, a few people had made a few bob out of a patriotic bet and "fair play to them" was the general consensus. The crack went on well into the night. It was the same everywhere. My brother, who was watching the game in Dublin, ran out of the pub after the final whistle to see half of Dublin in the fountain in O'Connell Street. Cars were driving up and down the main thoroughfare in Ireland with flags, bunting and

people with green, white and gold faces hanging out of them.

People started to make plans for the next game, time off work, etc., but the other games were an anti-climax. Getting through to the knock-out stages was a thrill but we never really got going against the Dutch. No, the World Cup for me was the night we beat Italy, in New York. And in a way, although it would have been great to be at the match, we didn't miss anything here. The excitement was in watching with a big crowd of your friends soaking up the atmosphere of Ireland being able to play with, and beat, countries whom we weren't supposed to.

To finish, I'll tell you a story I heard which tells you how much crack was had during the World Cup and, seemingly, it's true. A man walked into a Credit Union office in Dublin, in early June, and asked for a loan of a thousand pounds for the World Cup. "But that's not going to be enough to keep you for a month in America," says the manager of the office. "Ah no," says yer man, "I'm not going . . .!"

"Voices from the past"

This was the year of voices out of the past for me. During the Spring, my telephone rang four times and there were people calling me, whom I had not seen or heard from, for periods of time ranging from twenty to thirty-eight years. Two of them were former residents of Clare Street, who had tracked me down through my articles in the Annagh Magazine.

They were two of the Foudy brothers, who used to live in the house now occupied by Mrs. Peg Byrne and her family. The first call was from Cyril Foudy, and we figured out that we had last seen each other in Toronto, in July, 1956. We had a long talk and he told me he was visiting his son, who now lives in Calgary. Cyril is retired, having sold his business, and lives in St. Catharines, Ontario, in the Niagara Peninsula, which is a very pleasant place to live. His wife is from Kilkelly.

Later, I heard from Tom Foudy, who is my age and we went to school together at the National School, in Foxhill. I had not seen Tom since 1962, when he visited me, also in Toronto. At that time he was anxious to move to California and ended up in Los Angeles later that year. He has seen many changes in that city during the past thirty-two years and now chooses to live across the border in Mexico, although he runs a business on the American side, in a place called Calexico.

Tom and I have talked several times since that and plan to get together soon. A visit to Mexico is always a pleasant prospect and I look forward to that. Tom has also been in touch with my brothers, Charles and John, who live in California, too. It was great talking over old times, remembering our "growing up" years in Ballyhaunis and the people we went to school with. Tom has never been back to Ireland since 1955, and we are talking about meeting there for a visit during the next year or two. That would be interesting.

F. M. GLYNN.



Ballyhaunis Railway Station which opened on September 9th, 1861. 1,600 men were employed in the construction of the railway and a journey to Dublin took 6 hours with a fare of 11/4d.

The Rambling House

*"There was an old rambling house in the village,
Where the neighbours used to gather each night;
They would all go along for the stories and song,
As they sat round the turf fire so bright."*

LONG before the advent of radio and tv, people created their own form of entertainment and many today may find it difficult to realise that even the longest Winter evening was too short for the amusements which our ancestors were able to provide for themselves, such as games, music, singing, dancing and story telling in every country parish and village. It was known that there was one house that was a favourite venue for card players. For the young ones there was sure to be a bit of music and dancing and there was certain to be houses where the older people met to chat, smoke their pipes and tell stories.

In my childhood this tradition was called "night visiting" (cuairt, was the old Irish word for visiting). This pastime went on all year round, especially when the work of the year was done, and the nights grew long, or as the rhyme goes: "When the corns in the haggard and the praties dug, the cattle housed all neat and snug." One of my earliest recollections is of the times when I went with my father to visit one of his favourite haunts, I can see it now, almost every evening after the day's work and the Rosary, my father would go out to look at the night sky for signs of good weather and, if favourable, we would take a cross-country walk to Murray's popular visiting house in the neighbouring village of Tullaghane.

During school term, I could only accompany my father on Friday evenings, but Nip, our small Corgi dog, was his constant companion on all his rambles. When my father got the lantern and his walking stick, the little dog began jump-

ing and barking excitedly at the prospect of his nightly walk.

When the countryside was wintery and desolate, we were fortunate to have another "rambling house" in our village. The Baily farmhouse was located down a winding breen, rounded by stone walls. On arrival, there was no need to knock, just lift the latch, walk in and say: "God save all here and after we received a hearty welcome, we took our places in a



Visitors to the Rambling House – Patrick Mullarkey, Bargarriff; Michael Baily, Bargarriff, and Frank Waldron, Redford.

kitchen filled with neighbours all lazing in a semi-circle by a blazing turf fire, in anticipation of an enjoyable night. On a bleak Winter's night the little cottage, snug beneath its thatch, was a warm and cosy place to be. The heart of the place was the big open fireplace with the piled-up glowing sods on turf and the boiling kettle swinging over it from a hook. A bright paraffin lamp, its rays reflected on the white-washed walls. There was an old-fashioned dresser with its blue and white delf a long wooden form outside the "Hag." The familiar Rosary beads and a big picture of the Sacred Heart hung

over the primitive hearth, and the little red lamp burning before it contributed its own piece of warmth.

My favourite seat was a low stool near the fire, listening to Andy telling stories he had heard in his youth. Many of the tales were handed down from his relatives fifty or sixty years earlier. Accounts about evictions of the Famine or he would reminisce about his comrades in the War of Independence. He seemed to like stories with a political slant to them. But there was also an element of humour in his conversation. He told many jokes and swapped yarns while sitting on his "seat of honour" – a small wooden barrel converted into an armchair, which he called his "throne." With his cap far back on his head, his pipe filled and lighted, he was ready to entertain his visitors for hours.

His sister, Biddy, was very light-hearted, too. Her stories were usually recollections of her days growing up in the village, colourful incidents of school days and her many friends and neighbours. When she wasn't darning socks or sewing buttons, she read books. Apart from the Messenger and Ireland's Own, her great favourite then was "Knocknagow" (C. J. Kickham). While the grown-ups exchanged the latest news, she would take time to tell me about the adventures of some characters in the book such as "Phil and Nora Lahy," "Mat The Thrasher" and others. For a short time we lived in the fantasy world of fiction. We were great friends – the generation gap hadn't been invented in those days.

In my mind's eye I can still see some of the "ramblers" who graced these occasions. Some were better listeners than communicators. One Seanachai seemed to believe in the supernatural and night after night he kept the audience spellbound with tales about ghosts, fairies, banshees and haunted houses.

He would give a warning to the others to keep away from the solitary thorn bush growing in the middle of the field or the crooked bush guarding the well. He said it was a grave offence to remove them as one never knew what the fairies might do in retribution!

He also had a strange story about the local fort. He said his father told him about a man that went astray and fell asleep at the mound. Next morning his clothes were found, lying in the same

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE



Teachers Course, Ballyhaunis, July, 1989, left to right: Joe Byrne, Coogne N.S.; Jim Lundon, St. Mary's N.S., Ballyhaunis; Jackie Coyne, Knock N.S.; Ray Forde (R.I.P.) Began N.S.; Seamus Duffy, Aughamore N.S.; John Higgins, Loughglynn N.S.; Liam Costello, Williamstown N.S.; Mrs. Anne Patterson, Holy Family Senior School, River Valley, Swords; Dympna Fagan, Cloonfallagh N.S.; Jerry Markham, Carrick N.S.; Tom Regan, Tooreen N.S.

The Rambling House

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

position as if a man was sleeping in them, but no sign of a body, nor was the man ever seen again. Then someone else would try to tell a more awesome tale than his neighbour until it became worse than the horror films of the day.

Sometimes a neighbouring woman would call and the tea was always made that night, because she said she could "read" the cups and tell everyone their fortune from the tea leaves. It was all good fun and the warm kitchen would ring with laughter. My father was a much travelled man and he kept everyone enthralled with his adventures in faraway California of meeting the Red Indians going through lone prairies and his trips over the towering peaks of the Rockies.

As the evening advanced and the fire burned low, someone would throw in a piece of bog-deal which made the fire roar, sending a cataract of sparks flying up the chimney, and the cats and dogs that were sleeping in the fire light would move away. Now and again they seemed to enjoy a companionable silence, you could hear the proverbial pin drop as they sat quietly smoking their pipes. Then someone would say: "What about a song"?

A man who spent most of the evening

gazing into the fire, pulled his cap over his eyes and sang a fine traditional ballad which had about twenty-six verses and we thought it would never end. I recall a night when the conversation was interrupted by the incessant barking of the dogs. There was a loud rap on the door and a very tall man bending his head under the lenthil, slowly shuffled into the kitchen. A "Knight of the Road" on his annual visit to the area. He was shabbily dressed, a long, black coat tied in the middle with binder twine and a battered old hat over his long hair and weather-beaten face. He wasn't the prettiest of sights but he was welcomed like a long-lost son. While he kept us all entranced with strange stories from his tramping round the countryside, the tea was made and later on he would be sure of a "shake down" for the night because those kind and charitable people would turn nobody away from their door. When the night grew late and we were about to leave, Holy Water was sprinkled on all of us to protect us from evil spirits. Then we were wished "God speed" and invited to call soon again. I always felt reluctant to go out into the cold night air after the warmth of the kitchen and after the "weird" session. I didn't relish the walk home on the dark nights of Winter, especially if it was near midnight, as we were

told that all the fairies would be out in force at this time. We walked in pairs, so as to ensure mutual support, because if you were alone a "mischievous fairy" might leave one awandering until dawn. The weak light of the candle lantern threw airy shadows about us; the trees seemed taller, full of darkness and mystery. I was afraid to look over my shoulder in case I might see one of the phantoms, the Seanachí had conjured up.

Sometimes we thought we heard the "Banshee" but it was nothing more sinister than the cry of a badger, and I remember a night when we were startled by a curlew which rose up with a scream as it flew off into the shadows. Today, we are told that fairies were a race of supernatural beings created in the lively imaginations of our ancestors. Now, as I reminisce on times gone by, I know I was privileged to have been with those people who helped to enrich my life and for the wealth of girlhood memories of happy hours spent with the visitors in the rambling houses of long ago.

*In quiet moments I often recall,
Those times that have long since gone;
I think of my kindly neighbours, too,
Who, alas, have long since passed on;
No more we'll meet around the fire,
As we did in the days of yore;
For that dear old "rambling house,"
We knew, has gone forever more.*

■ Agnes Heaney.



Some of the Ballyhaunis Athletic team that competed in the Mayo Community Games finals in Claremorris, 1994, front row, left to right: Elaine Donnelly, Austin Lyons, Fergal Lyons, William Nestor, Michael Cunningham. Second row, left to right: Rita Landon, Joanna Burke-Rowland, Eilis Nevin, Marion McNamara. Third row, left to right: Declan Warde, Ciaran Waldron, Sandra Hora, Padraig Cribbin, Mark Kelly, John Halpin. Front row, left to right: Rory Coyne, Michael Jordan, Shane Buckley, Brian Mulrennan, Liam Lyons, Colm Rudden, Hughie Carney. Back row, left to right: Jason Powers, Paddy Coffy, James Waldron, Helan Healy, Jonathon Murphy, Derek McCann, Tadhg Buckley, Murt Hunt.

Community Games

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

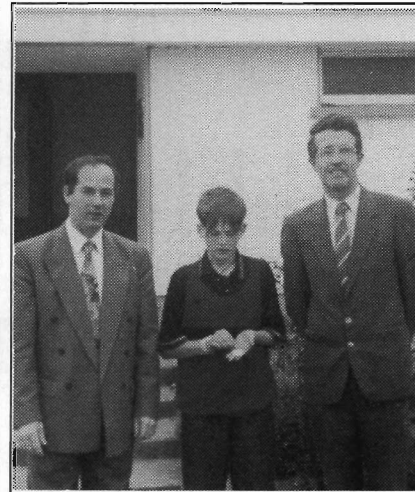
As the '94 season closes we reflect on the glorious Sunday afternoon in the G.A.A. pitch where over eighty children under-16 years of age showed their talents at the various events.

We competed at County level in all events, and these included Quiz, Basketball, Soccer, G.A.A., Art, Draughts, Pitch and Putt, Athletics and Cycling.

Cycling this year was our greatest suc-

cess – Diarmuid Cleary won gold in the Boys' Under-16 and Carol Donnelly won gold in the Girls' Under-16. Both travelled to Mosney for the All-Ireland.

Jason Powers won silver at the local event and took gold in Claremorris. He also took part in the finals at Mosney. We say congratulations to our gold medal winners. In the Long Puck for Girls' Under-16, Siobhan Byrne won silver at the Mayo finals.



Jason Powers, 1994 Mayo Community Games Pock Fada winner with Pat O'Connor, Ballyhaunis, and District Credit Union and Jim Landon, Principal, St. Mary's Primary School.

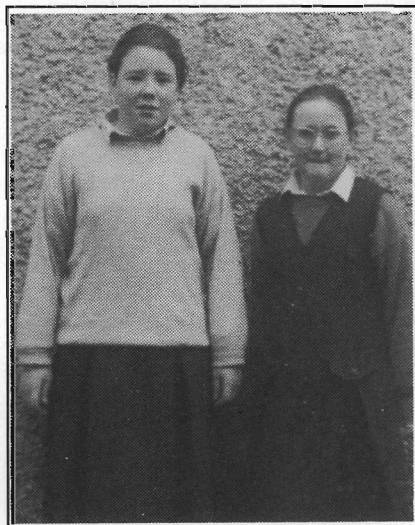
The Boys' Under-10 Football had two great matches, only to be beaten by Foxford, who went on to win silver at Mosney. The team trainer is Barry Butler.

Our Under-17 / Over-17 Quiz team won silver in Mayo and competed in the All-Ireland final at Birr. The team was Una Butler, P. C. Curley, Graham Cleary, Pat Curley and Barry Butler.

Our thanks to the following – Ballyhaunis Credit Union, who sponsored the medals for all of this year's events; to Seamus Durkin for the use of the Den for meetings and the draughts competition; to the G.A.A. for use of the pitch for training; to the parents who supported and helped to run the various events; to the children who took part in the true spirit of Community Games.

"Mens sana in corpore sano."

■ Kay Curley, Secretary.



Yvonne Byrne, Karen Jordan, Long Puck Competition, U-12



Long Puck, U-14 Girls: Orla Donnelly, Yvonne Byrne, Anne-Marie Madden, Elizabeth Rabitte, ———, Alison Ruane. Third row, left to right: Siobhan Quinn, Heather Noone, Caroline Noone, Ciara McDonagh. Front, left to right: Karen Jordan, Claire Gallagher, Tara Nevin, Jeanine Gallagher.

They're bbbbbrrrrilliant in Ballyhaunis!

“They’ll be scared in Skerries, bruised in Burtonport, nervous in Newbridge; There’ll be gloom in Macroom, concern in Clara; Can they go on in Carnacon? They’ll keel over in Keadue, they’ll be rattled in New Ross; there’ll be fear in Ferbane and they’ll be moved with envy in Cobh because they are bbbrrrrilliant in Ballyhaunis!” With such an objective and calculated judgement did Joe Duffy begin the live Gay Byrne Show broadcast from the Scout Den on May 18th last when they town of Ballyhaunis and its people went before a national and indeed an international audience.

On an initiative of Mary Smyth’s the town applied for the Gay Byrne Show/Quinnsworth Crazy Prices event which provided a wonderful opportunity to promote the town and add to its importance and profile. There were a large number of entries from all over the country, possibly as many as a couple of hundred, with about thirty to be chosen for audition and, of them, about seventeen to be then broadcast live with about three to receive prizes, the top prize being £10,000.

To be frank, when, some months later, those who knew of the application received a phone call to say two representatives of the show were coming to audition the programme, it came as something of a shock, as the application had retreated into the dark recesses of memory at that stage. It was press the panic button after that call!

It was symptomatic of the commitment of the various people in the different groups that all preparations were made so quickly for the audition. A programme had to be finalised, based on the original application, and with an enormous emphasis on time and timing, which, apparently, is of the essence in radio. As a matter of fact, the live show went several minutes past the eleven o’clock deadline, thus showing that Ballyhaunis had impressed enough that they didn’t want to cut us or fade us out, as going several minutes past such a deadline is viewed very seriously in such national broadcasting circles.

One of the show’s producers,

Marcus Connaughton, of late, one hears, working from the Cork studios for R.T.E., and an assistant attended the audition and, quite literally, were bowled over by the spirit of the community effort involved and the amount of talent put on stage. While there was perhaps a dearth of a theme or a carefully worked out script into which every act would then have to be straitjacketed, there was a depth of talent from a small area and a spirit of openness about the whole affair that impressed them greatly to the extent that the assistant was very moved as Myra Delaney gave her rendition of local ballad “Máire Bhéal Átha hAmhnais.”

They could hardly believe the fact that the Den was practically full for the occasion, and, joining the group for refreshments afterwards in a local hostelry, they found that for the first time in their travels, they each had to sing for the simple reason that everyone else in the place did so, a fact which also was noted by them. It was clear to them that the people involved wanted to contribute and be involved in their community and the success or otherwise of the competition was merely a byproduct. They took the unprecedented step then of dropping a very large hint that we would be broadcast.

Those concerned received confirmation of this some short time later and had some time to prepare. However, due to a double murder in County Clare at the time, a show there had to be cancelled and Marcus Connaughton asked if we would be willing to go on air earlier, to which we agreed readily. It meant preparations were cut a little short but for us, being broadcast was as good as winning the first prize and the latter never had been the major priority in any case.

The RTE technical people, Marcus and two assistants were in town in Ballyhaunis the previous evening and work was very determined at the Den. It was very impressive to see so many people — a musical chorus, several choirs, young people’s groups etc. — all present and correct for preparations. A rehearsal was held that evening, which in general went very well. Another was

held at 8.30 a.m. the following morning and then came the show coming from Ballyhaunis at 10.20 a.m., when Ballyhaunis took the national stage, with some poise it must be said.

Guests to speak at the occasion were Seamus Durkin who spoke of the growth of the Den to what it is today, and John Mooney, who spoke about the development of the town itself. Seamus also spoke of getting Jack Cruise and Dinjo to Ballyhaunis, and noted that “they came down from the mountains” for another leading personality, Mícheál O Hehir.

Musical Director for the occasion was Noel Henry, stage manager was John Cleary assisted by Jimmy Fleming while costumes were supplied by Wardrobe, the Ballyhaunis Costume Hire Company. Front of house was done by Moira Noone and Seamus O Boyle while production co-ordinators were Mary Smyth, Olivia Fleming, Cathy Jordan, Patricia Coen, Karen Henry and Sheila McEnerney.

The orchestra was made up of Michael Brogan, Sarah McHugh, Myra Delaney, Ita Fahey, Alan Delaney and Anna Butler.

Performing solo for the occasion were Maria McGarry (16) who produced a delightful Chopin waltz on the piano. Maria studies piano at the Royal Irish Academy of Music and has been first prizewinner at many feiseanna throughout the country; John O Neill, who has performed musicals and recitals nationwide and is the holder of the 1984 John McCormack Centenary Medal, sang “Oklahoma Rose”; Myra Delaney who sang the beautiful Ballyhaunis ballad as Gaeilge; and Fiona Jennings (13) who was sensational in her first public performance with her version of the Handel aria “Art Thou Troubled.”

Also to perform with great distinction were the Abbey Male Voice Choir (“Kalinka”) under Choir Mistress, Nuala Fitzgerald; Cantairí Bhéal Átha hAmhnais (“Sing We Peace”) and the Ballyhaunis Musical Society Chorus.

Also to perform were the school award winning Slógadh Group under the baton of Siobhán Devine. Aileen Nestor, Margaret Nestor, Sheena McCrudden, Alan Delaney, Caroline Carney, Evelyn O Connor, Anne Marie Gallagher, Aoife Burke and Michael Lyons performed an Irish version of a “Stunning” Song and a member of the Stunning group, Steve Wall, who wrote the song, rang in the programme to congratulate the group. He was to contact them at a later date to give them the great opportunity of performing before the band came on at the huge “Trip to Tipp” event in Thurles, a wonderful experience for them. It clearly shows that one thing leads to another. ■

"You are appointed to Ballyhaunis"

(how religious transfers happen)

The scene – It's May, 1991; I'm minding my own business; I'm happy and content; my work as a school chaplain to 1,000 Dublin secondary school girls while hectic it's going so well, all's right with the world.

Knock on my door – It's my National Superior (Provincial) visiting me personally (is there a blue moon tonight). Why am I so suspicious of this visit; what is the ulterior motive; where is the hidden agenda. Somehow alarm bells begin to ring; I go on full red-alert; what is behind this visit; I just know this is no mere casual chit-chat visit.

Provincial – Well, Vincent, how is the health? How is the work going? Any problems or difficulties? Have you taken any holidays yet this year?

Aside – This is too casual – where is all this chit-chat leading up to. I'm waiting for the punch-line.

Self – Everything is just fine, we are coming into our hectic end of the school year, so it's all go. I hope to take holidays once the school exams are over.

Provincial – I just dropped in for a chat and to hear your opinions because "we" have a bit of a crisis in Ballyhaunis I want to discuss with you.

Aside – Anytime a superior uses the royal "we," it means you are either part of the problem or part of the solution.

Self – Ballyhaunis, is that the place in Co. Mayo?

Provincial – That's right, it's over beside Knock. Have you ever been there? It's a nice, quiet, peaceful town on the way to Knock. Have you ever visited our Friary there? Do you know anybody in Ballyhaunis?

Self – I must have passed through it on my way to Knock. It certainly left no impression on me. I don't know anything about the place or anybody in it. It's a non-event, a blank to me, as places go.

Provincial – I want to appoint you Prior in Ballyhaunis.

Self – Me! seriously. I really don't think it's my scene. I'm simply not cut out for a place like Ballyhaunis. I mean, I am doing so well where I am in Dublin. Why me of all the Augustinians, I'm sure you could come up with a better choice. This is not false humility. I just can't see myself fitting into a place like that. It's simply beyond me.

Provincial – I know I have dropped a bomb-shell at you, so just take it easy and let's tease it out a bit and see what happens.

By An obedient Friar (with reservations).

Ballyhaunis is really a quiet little town, a few thousand people. It has a large meat factory, a Muslim mosque, a dreadful smell permeates the town, but the people are its greatest asset – a really fine people – who have a great loyalty to the Abbey and they deserve an experienced, youthful Prior at this time.

Self – But how do you see my role in Ballyhaunis. I mean what is there to do, what openings, what involvements, what apostolates. You know me well enough, how do you see my working out in this

place?

Provincial – It's the people that make the place. You are well used to the people in the West – didn't you formerly live and work in Galway for some years, so you are well used to the style and attitude of the people west of the Shannon.

Self – Father Provincial, I must point out that living and working in Galway is a different kettle of fish to Ballyhaunis. You will have to try harder to convince me (under obedience, I'm prepared to go but could you indulge me, just convince me of why, at this time, you need to send me to Ballyhaunis).

Provincial – I want you in Ballyhaunis because things are totally out of control in the Abbey, everything is grinding to a halt. The community of Friars cannot keep going any longer, it's a real crisis. The community is coming apart at the seams: the Prior has had brain surgery and is facing a prolonged convalescence; another is terminally ill, another is getting on in age; it's just simply out of control. The whole place is run-down, neglected, dilapidated for years, it needs a major overhaul. Top priority is to care, mind, help the Friars and treat them with all the tender, loving care



Shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel, the Friary, Ballyhaunis.



Fr. O'Connor and Fr. McCarthy.

you can give them. The Friary has fallen below any acceptable standard of hygiene and living standards. The Friary needs to be renovated, revamped, regared to some frugal standard of living. At present, it's like living in a "time capsule" of thirty years ago, completely un-tracked, intact over years of "let well alone." Just sort it out, make the Priory habitable, comfortable for the elderly community. Whatever it takes just do it. As regards the Abbey Church, get the preaching, liturgical services, all functions up-to-date to meet the modern religious needs and thinking of the people. I want the Friary Church, grounds organised during your time in Ballyhaunis to meet the needs of the people as we approach the 21st century.

You must ensure that St. Mary's Abbey is a viable, vibrant, dynamic religious centre to maintain our continuous future presence and commitment to the people of Ballyhaunis. In passing make sure you treasure the Abbey history, tradition and heritage. Do not bulldoze the altar rails out of it or destroy the beautiful historical Abbey. Preserve rather than destroy. My advice is to just see what needs to be done for the first six months, and then start sorting things out.

Self – Father Provincial, I'm getting the message loud and clear, but with due respect, I must admit, I cannot hammer a nail in a wall and you have all these extensive renovation plans to be carried out by me?

Provincial – By the way, there is one other thing you should know and it's significant – I have no money, so you will have to go it alone and raise the money by fund-raising locally yourself.

Self – You know I'm hopeless as a builder and I have neither the charm nor the neck for fund-raising, so how can all this come about?

Provincial – I have full confidence in you and in your ability to do what needs to

be done. You have your own way of going about things. The bottom line here is, I need you, in spite of your reservations, to go to Ballyhaunis. It's simply a must.

Self – There is no way out on this one.

Provincial – I need you personally in Ballyhaunis.

Self – How soon do you need me, time-wise, to go there.

Provincial – Yesterday.

Self – Can you give me three days to say my goodbyes, get myself sorted out and pack my bags.

Provincial – Sure, no problem, just be there by next weekend. God bless the work.

Self – Thanks, Father, I guess it's going to be one day at a time, Sweet Jesus.

The Abbey "Garden of Remembrance"

The Friars have set aside a plot of ground beside the Abbey Mass path, as a place to sow plants in memory of people.

We invite people to plant a miniature tree, shrub, plant heather, flower in remembrance of any of the following:

- (a) Your family name;
- (b) Deceased members of the family;
- (c) Family member living abroad or elsewhere in the country;
- (d) Your local business, club, community organisation;
- (e) Your civic pride, ecology, beautify for Ballyhaunis.

Let's plant where our "roots" are.

Let's plant where we "belong."

Let's take civic pride and responsibility for our town and trust in our own people.

We invite you to buy your own miniature tree, shrub, heather plant, flower – put your name tag on it, plant it, nurture it, tend it.

The Post Boxes

*Don't place that box by the roadside,
Don't take my postman away;
Let him knock on my door,
For a few short years more;
For life is fast ebbing away.
(Chorus).*

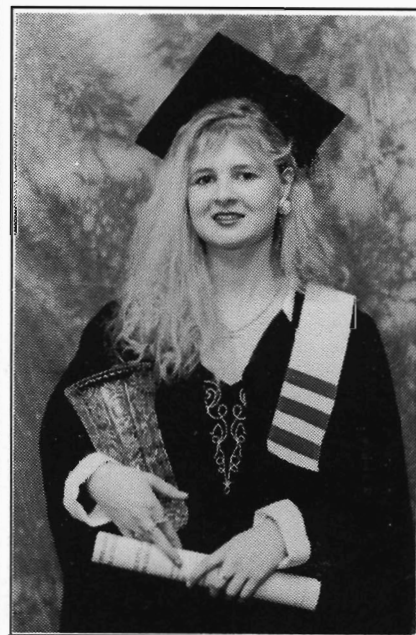
*Don't take him away, let his call make my
day,
Oh I wonder do they understand;
What a sad day,
It'll be, when no postman we'll see;
He's the last link with rural Ireland.*

*No box down the way, can ever repay,
The labours we gave to this land, now in
our twilight years;
Of violence and fears, the postman is our
welcome friend.*

*How he brightens our day as he comes
down our way,
In a village of people bereft the black-
smith is gone,
And the cobbler moved on, now the post-
man is all we have left.
(Chorus).*

Don't take him away.

By MICHAEL GODFREY.



Miss Marie Hunt, Lecarrow, Ballyhaunis, who received her Diploma in Auctioneering Law, Evaluation and Estate Agency at Galway R.T.C. Marie is daughter of Murt and the late Anne Hunt (R.I.P.). She also received the Student of the Year Award and is pursuing her studies at Mohier University, Edinburgh.

Schmidt to Smyth

I was born in Knox Street, Ballyhaunis, Co. Mayo, in Mayo, 1954, in the house where my father was born and probably even in the same room.

From an early age I was conscious of family and relations. The idea that "blood was thicker than water" was instilled in me by my father and he loved to know that the relations were close, but not too close. My grandfather, J. T. Smyth, was very interested in history and archaeology, and I believe that I have the bug. I listened to family legends about origins in Wicklow and Germany. Some members of the family believed that we came from Wicklow because Oliver Cromwell asked our ancestors to go to Hell or to Connaught, so we chose Mayo and were glad. These members also believed that the family name was McGowan, but my father regarded this as humbug, he was adamant that the name was Schmidt from Germany.

Other legends said it was the Black Forest area of Germany and the Blessington area of Wicklow. My interest was always to find the truth since one can only know oneself when one knows where one's family came from. Last June, my hand was forced to do something, when an old friend of the family told me that my

By J. T. SMYTH.

great-great-grandfather was known in Ballyhaunis as the man from Wicklow. This meant that the connection with Wicklow was more recent than I had previously believed, so there was nothing I could do but to investigate.

I first went to the National Library, where I got a lot of advice on investigating Wicklow. This advice was so good that I had traced the family within four days. My next step was to go to Blessington.

By helpful words from the Tourist Office and from Aidan Cruise, I was eventually introduced to the local historian, Mrs. Anne Murphy. I asked her about the Smyths of Oldcourt and I discovered that her grandmother was one of the Smyths of Oldcourt. To test the relationship I asked about legends and family stories which she recognised instantly. She asked me about the origin of the family and when I said Germany, she and I were convinced that we were related. Anne is a third cousin of my father and bears a family resemblance to a number of the women in my side of the family.

Anne gave me enough information to be

able to find my roots back to 1799. She also told me that the religion of the family was Jewish and they were known as German Palatines. This led me to six months of study on the Palatines of Ireland.

Dr. Margaret MacCurtain of U.C.D., pointed me towards Mrs. Vivienne Watson, who has by now completed her thesis on the Palatines for her Ph.D. The information I got from Mrs. Watson told me that the Palatines came to Ireland in the Autumn of 1709 as part of a British Government policy to improve the farming of the land of Ireland and also to increase the numbers of Protestants in Ireland. She also gave me a list that she had gleaned, herself, from the Genealogical Office Manuscript, MSS. 540, of the Germans who were still here in 1720 and with which landlord. I also discovered that a list is available of the Palatines who passed through Rotterdam in 1709 on their way to London and then on to Dublin. The relevant information for me from this document, Mrs. Watson already had. That was that Johan Andreas Smits – as spelt by the Dutch orderly – his wife and five children were logged in Rotterdam on the 29th of September, 1709. These are the most common names in my family, John and Andrew. I then sought an entry for London. This read: "Andrew Schmidt, his wife and four children." In London the recording was very haphazard, so the error can be overlooked.

If the dates are correct and if this family came to Ireland, as I believe they did, then they must have been with the second group that arrived – twenty-five families, comprising one-hundred people – on the 14th of October, 1709.



Family of Pat and Honoria Smyth, Carnalugan (Main Street). Back row (left/right): Lizzie (Elwood); Delia (parent); Mike and Katie (McGrath). Centre: Annie (Wallard); Paddy (Main Street); Nora (Sr. Mary, Sacred Heart); Jimmy (Boston); J. T. (Knox Street); Andy (Abbey Street), and Molly (Waldron). Front: Nellie (Kelly); Pat and Honoria (nee Forde), and William (Dublin).

The name, Andrew Schmidt, appears in the list of Palatines who had remained here and were counted in a census of 1720. He was living on the estate of the Rt. Honourable Thomas Broderick, Privy Councillor, in or about the town of Middleton, Co. Cork. Thus, I have the name in Middleton in 1720, and in Blessington in 1799, so where was I to find out about the intervening period.

Dr. MacCurtain pointed me towards the book, "People Make Places," by Dr. Pat O'Connor from Limerick. I read this book and discovered that a large group of Palatines were taken care of by the Southwell family in Co. Limerick. They had settled in the area of Courtmatrix near Rathkeale. To my immense disappointment there was very little mention of Smyth or even the Smith families in the book. Neither was there any mention of the Middleton Palatines, as there was a large number of Palatines sent to Co. Cork. The reason for the lack of coverage is probably that out of sixteen families who went to Thomas Broderick, only two stayed past 1712. He was either a very poor landlord or the Palatines expected more than they were being given. A further reason for the lack of mention is that when a small group are in a place they are very quickly assimilated into the native population and thus they lose their own identity. This did not happen in Limerick.

In 1759/60 there was an expansion of the Palatines in Limerick out of their enclaves and they colonised other areas such as Palatine Street on the Tipperary / Kilkenny border. It is reasonable to assume that the clans in Co. Cork did the same but to a lesser degree. They appear to have moved to the neighbouring parishes of Aghada, Cloyne, Mogeely, Kinnefeake and Fermoy.

The reason I think they went to Fermoy is that I have just come across a photograph of Brigadier General Thomas A. Smyth, who was the last Union General to die in the American Civil War. He resembles strongly many members of my more immediate family. I now have to find where and if he fits into the Family Tree.

I have written to the Editor of the Cork Examiner to try to find out something about the Cork connection and as they say, I await developments.

When they came to Blessington is a matter of speculation but is most likely to have happened in the middle of the eighteenth century. Why they came to this particular spot is even more of a mystery unless the friendship of the Marquis of Blessington with the Brodericks was the reason. It is possible that they came to work on the building of Russborough House, which was started in 1741 and as some of the descendant generations of Smyths were tradesmen and, in particular, builders it is likely that they came for this reason.

If anyone can shed light on the dark areas of my ancestry I would love to hear from them.

A letter from America

By MICK O'CONNELL

Sometime earlier in the year I had a letter from Eugene Dolan from New York. For those in the younger age bracket it will be necessary to state that Eugene Dolan, a native of Dromahair, Co. Leitrim, arrived in Ballyhaunis in the 'thirties, and worked in the Drapery Dept. of John Gallagher and Co., No. 2 Main Street, Ballyhaunis, for several years.

During his sojourn in Ballyhaunis he was very active in the G.A.A. and was a regular member of the Ballyhaunis Gaelic football team. His team mates at that time included the Hannan brothers, Sean Loftus, Willie Lyons, John Lynskey, Peter Gilmore, to mention only a few.

He became particularly friendly with Tommy Hannon (R.I.P.), being bestman at his wedding, and this friendship was renewed when he moved to Tuam in 1941, to take up a position with Mr. James Cummins, Drapers, Tuam. He later became charge-hand in the Drapery establishment of Luke O'Brien, Tuam. For many years prior to his death, Mr. O'Brien was a frequent visitor to Ballyhaunis, where he had several friends.

Eugene Dolan left for the U.S. in 1947, and in 1961 married Catherine Hopkins of the Hopkins family of Long Island, and they have three in family – two boys and a girl – two stockbrokers and a teacher.

In his bulging letter from America he sent me various cuttings relating to his own personal life, and pieces setting out his beliefs and his fears for the future with specific reference to the growing number of religious cults in the U.S.

What should prove of interest to the

older readers of Annagh Magazine is the following letter which refers to two well-known Ballyhaunis characters of that period – Pat Killeen and Michael Joyce.

The missive goes thus:

"Dear Mick – Reading Annagh '93 takes me back to some events that makes me not too proud. How many times I had to take Pat Killeen by the neck and eject him from the Bar at No. 2. Then he would place the point of his tin-whistle on my nose and shout "God's curse and my curse be on you. May you wake up blind or a cripple." It all scared me so much, and so I told the barman: "You handle Pat in the future."

Sharpshooters

Michael Joyce left town in 1938/40 and on his return he was spotted out the Clare Road. The word was out in time for the sharpshooters to arm. All the windows from the Corner Bar to the door leading to McGarry's Hall were boarded up. It was a well used perfect bombardment area. Dermot Waldron was a left-hand sharpshooter and he took Curley's corner. Johnny Foudy was placed behind the dance hall door. The rest of us were in ambush (Jack Halpin, Desmond Fitzgerald, Tommy Hannon and myself). The missiles were rotten eggs, spuds and cabbage.

It was the most barbaric reception ever recorded in Ballyhaunis."



Photo children (left/right): Jane Dillon-Leetch, Mary Kilkenny, John Kilkenny, David Coyne, Noel Henry, John O'Connor, John Dillon-Leetch. Photos taken at Golf Club, 1974/'75?

Papal awards for Frank and May

Bene Merenti! Papal Awards! Yes, we had heard and read about them, seen pictures of Papal Award recipients on the paper from time to time. We know the Bene Merenti medal is an award made by His Holiness, the Pope, for outstanding and continuous services to the Church over a period of time. Is it any wonder that we were over-joyed when the Bene Merenti medal was to come to the town?

On Sunday, October 23rd, 1994, the ancient and historic setting of St. Mary's Augustinian Abbey was an ideal setting for a most unique and momentous occasion in the history of Ballyhaunis. Frank Connolly and May Moyles were presented the prestigious awards – the Bene Merenti medals. This was the first time that such an honour was bestowed on any citizen in the town. Frank and May have given loyal and devoted services to the Augustinian Abbey in a very generous way for almost fifty years.

Fr. Vincent McCarthy, O.S.A., Prior of St. Mary's Abbey, decided with the Augustinian Community, that this was a time for celebration. For him the Church celebration was of prime importance. Due to his enthusiasm, zeal and untiring work, there was a memorable and impressive Church ceremony.

On Sunday, 23rd, family, relatives,

By Sr. M. ASSUMPTA.

friends and well wishers of Frank and May, together with present and past workers and helpers of the Augustinians, came to St. Mary's Abbey for the ceremony. The Augustinian Provincial of Ireland was the chief celebrant of the Mass. Concelebrating with him were Fr. V. McCarthy, O.S.A.; Fr. B. Delaney, O.S.A.; Very Rev. Fr. Joe Cooney, P.P., Ballyhaunis; Fr. J. O'Connor, O.S.A.; Fr. J. Walshe, O.S.A.; Fr. Matt Cooney, O.S.A., Dungarvan, and Fr. Sean Mac Gearailt, O.S.A., New Ross.

In his Homily, Fr. Byrne thanked Frank and May for their commitment and loyalty to the Augustinians in Ballyhaunis over the years.

He said: "In honouring your contribution here for fifty years, we are honouring the kind of relationship that exists between the Friars and people, and we cannot get on without you. There is a variety of gifts which God has given to people. Frank and May have been willing to put their gifts at the service of the Lord, and in doing so, they have made a contribution that nobody else could make. May our celebration of the way Frank and May have used their gifts generously serve as an inspiration to

all of us to use the gifts God has given us for a good purpose."

The gifts brought to the altar at the Mass reflected the unique contribution of Frank and May over the past fifty years. The C.I.E. cap expressed Frank's sense of punctuality and duty – the bell reflected his link in the Friary's long history of calling people to Mass and prayer as bell ringer; the collection baskets represented Frank's service as head collector and organiser of all Church collections; the Newsletters and posters, his involvement with the Parish Newsletter. The gifts of garden trowel and flowers presents the common bond between Frank and May – Frank, the green-finger, keen gardener, and May's love of flowers and floral arranging for the Friary altars.

The betting slip recalled May's work as Turf Accountant; the deck of cards her skills at Bridge, and the many games she played for charity; the Golf Club highlighted her position as former captain of Ballyhaunis Club, the handmaid cap her devotion to Knock and her concern for the sick and invalids.

After Communion, Fr. Byrne presented Frank and May with the Bene Merenti medals and official scrolls. They were then affiliated to the Augustinian Order receiving the relevant badges and scrolls. Frank and May are now officially "Secular Augustinians" enjoying all the benefits of spiritual indulgences, blessings, Masses of any fully professed Augustinians throughout the world in the Order of St. Augustine.

After the Church ceremony, Frank and May jointly planted a tree in the "Abbey Garden of Remembrance," where it will be a growing living memorial to them. The



Papal medalists, Fr. Fitzgerald, Fr. Walsh, Fr. Delaney, Fr. McCarthy, Fr. John Byrne, Fr. O'Connor, Very Rev. Fr. Cooney, P.P., and Fr. Cooney, O.S.A. Front row: Frank Connolly and May Moyles.



Papal award winner and family: Monica Cassol (Sligo); Patrick (Jnr.), Limerick; Molly (Ballyhaunis); Serena Moroney (Ballyhaunis); Sean (New York); Pauline Corrigan (Leixlip). Front row: Teresa and Frank Connolly.

Mayo/Roscommon Hospice

The Ballyhaunis Branch of Mayo / Roscommon Hospice have completed another year with successful fund-raising events organised by local clubs, in aid of Hospice. We would like to thank all the ladies who took part in the marathon, Annagh Wheelers, the Golf Club, the Gun Club, all who hosted coffee mornings and especially families who gave money, received in lieu of floral tributes.

The Hospice Movement have a Home Care Service operating in both counties. A night sitting service has just been introduced and is proving very successful. Through your generous support the Hospice will continue to care for the terminally ill.

By CÁIT WEBB (Secretary).

celebration at the Abbey ended as on all great occasions with congratulations and photographs. The historic event was then celebrated in Manor House Hotel with a special dinner for Frank, May, their relatives and friends, and a large number of people who have devoted their time, energy and assistance to the Friary over the years.

At this function, Fr. McCarthy, O.S.A., expressed his sincere thanks to all who had helped in preparing for this special day of days in the Abbey's history. He paid tribute to the flower arrangers, the readers, the Eucharistic Ministers, those involved in the commentary and the Male Choir, under the direction of Mrs. Moira Delaney. He presented Mrs. Teresa Connolly, Frank's wife, with a bouquet of flowers from the Friars realising that behind every good man there is a good woman.

In addition, Fr. McCarthy, O.S.A., presented a memorial plaque and gift to Miss Patricia Waldron, Devlis, on behalf of the Waldron family - for the historical contribution of unbroken service to St. Mary's Abbey, Ballyhaunis, of Mattie Waldron, Imelda Waldron and Patricia Waldron.

May and Frank responded by expressing their deep gratitude for the honour bestowed on them by the Augustinian Friars, Ballyhaunis.

Very Rev. Fr. Cooney, P.P., in his speech, spoke of the proud honour May and Frank had brought to the parish. He emphasised the marvellous spirit of co-operation and collaboration between the Friars and the parish clergy. Fr. Mattie Greaney, C.C., was unavoidably absent from the celebrations due to a wedding. However, as always, he slipped in discretely to participate in the last part of the celebrations. Fr. Cooney wished Frank and May many years of good health and best wishes for the future.

Bene Merenti! Well deserved, Frank and May.



Curley's Bar, Clare Street, in their bottle collection for the Mayo / Roscommon Hospice raised the sum of £350. Picture shows Ann Curley presenting the cheque to Dr. Michael Brogan with Hospice Committee members, Cáit Webb and Joe Hosty.

Serving time

"*A*D Deum qui laetificat juventutem A meam." Thus went the first line of the old Latin Mass that we served as altarboys. Harder lines were to follow such as "Suscipiat Dominus sacrificium de manibus tuis." Indeed, some of our pronunciations left a lot to be desired. A line such as "Mea culpa, Mea culpa, Mea maxima culpa," could easily be transformed to "May a cowboy, may a cowboy, may a Mexican cowboy."

We also served in the era when the English Mass was introduced. I always remember the line, "Begotten not made consubstantial with the Father." That line to a ten or twelve-year-old was as well to have been left in Latin as we did not understand it.

Serving in our days, we had groups. The first group I was in was Dom Byrnes. Joe Grogan was also a member of that group. The group leader had the giving of the 'jobs.' At Mass the best job was the patten. The bigger the attendance at Mass the more prestigious this job was. The ringing of the 'gong' was another big job. The louder one could ring it the better. First and last wines were regarded as trivial jobs and were usually given to the junior servers.

Benediction also had various jobs. The big job here was the thurible. The aroma of incense coming from the thurible was beautiful. I recall on one occasion letting the charcoal fall onto the floor of the sacristy. The late Tommy Stenson danced a jig on it trying to put it out.

One of the more difficult jobs at Benediction was what we called "the big cloak." For a small fellow this would be a disaster as one was inclined to trip over it. The beginner usually got the job of holding the incense at Benediction.

There were several bonuses for being a

By E. MURREN.

server. One was the High Mass. This meant that we got most of the morning off school. There was usually a large number of priests in attendance and they sang some beautiful chants. I remember that Pat Freeley was particularly good at helping the priests to chant.

Another big bonus was the Stations. This meant the morning off school, a big breakfast and possibly a few bob. It think that it was at the Stations that I first tasted grapefruit. I served the Stations in a lot of houses, among them were O'Reillys and Morleys in Woodpark, Waldron's in Scrigg and Lyons in Redford.

I recall also an occasion when Michael O'Connell and I were to serve a country Station and, at the last moment, it was transferred to the church. To compensate us for our disappointment Fr. Rushe told us we would be allowed into a film in the Parochial Hall that night for free. On that night we informed Tim Cox of our treat and proceeded to take two seats in the balcony. However, we were just beginning to enjoy our comfort when Tim relegated us to the "Gods."

The highlight of the year for the servers was the servers' party. This was held in the Central Hotel and the menu consisted of sausages, chips, cake, buns and minerals. It was a great event and most people had to do a party piece. The noise was tumultuous and I'm sure that Mike Freeley and his staff were glad to see the back of us.

Yes, serving days bring back many happy memories. It was a great honour and experience to serve on the altar. It was a task that has been fulfilled for years, may it continue ad multos annos.

Ballyhaunis Rugby Club

1994 proved to be a significant year for Ballyhaunis Rugby Club. Sunday, October 30th, saw the first game on one of two new pitches, at Ballindrehid Road.

This pitch is now used regularly for home games by both junior and under-age sides. It is hoped that, within the year, the second pitch will be available for games. The development of the grounds are a credit to Peter Gallagher and all those involved in the FAS scheme. Ballyhaunis R.F.C. is currently running a Thursday night bingo in Julian's of Midfield. We hope to raise funds to complete the pitch developments.

The Club currently fields a junior side, competing in the Connacht League, along with Under-20, Under-18 and Under-16 sides. One of our young prospects, Aidan Gorman, has been selected for the Connacht Under-18 team. We wish him the best of luck.

The Junior side, under the captaincy of Padraig Walsh, has undergone changes in personnel. A number of new players have joined the squad, and more new players are very welcome.

The Juniors, Under-20s and Under-18s, who are coached by Tony McDonagh, train on Tuesday and Friday nights at 8.30. The Under-16s, coached by Kevin Henry, train at 7.30, on Friday nights.

Membership for the current season costs £15, payable to the Treasurer.

Club Officers: '94/'95: President, David Walsh; Vice-President, Peter Gallagher; Secretary, Eamon Healy; Treasurer, John Ryan; Fixtures Secretary, Brendan Morrissey; P.R.O., Tony Smyth; Club Captain, Padraig Walsh; Team Management, Tony McDonagh.



Connacht League finalists, Ballyhaunis Under-18 rugby team, back row: Tony McDonagh (team trainer) Damien Byrne, Timothy Plunket, Ronan Byrne, John Hennigan, Adrian Gormley, John Costello, Kevin Coman and Paul Owens. Front row: Darren Henry, Pat Gallagher, Rory Caulfield (captain), Kevin Waldron, John Leonard, Enda Commer and Mark Gallagher.

Thoughts of a twinning trip to Guilers – 1994

OUR trip to Guilers this year was an eventful one in that the boat journey to and from France was something else. We thought the winds going out were strong . . . it's a good job we didn't know what was in front of us on our way ack. We left Ballyhaunis on April 2nd, with snow on the ground, and made our way to Cork. Only to be told that due to weather conditions the boat would be late up to six hours. Now what do we do for six hours in Cork. Some of us visited relations, watched a match, some of us went to a restaurant and some more of us went to the pub. When we had all passed the time in our varied ways we arrived back at the port in good "spirits" to await the arrival of our boat, "The Val de Loire." The boat arrived later than expected, the harbour pilot having gone on board, the boat steamed proudly up to the loading dock. The intrepid travellers were oohing and aahing about the size of this thing. The bow doors started to open, it shouldn't be long now before we will be on board. Then it happened, the doors stopped opening and started to close again. Something was wrong they tried and tried for over two hours to open those doors and they refused to budge. In the end, the boat had to be taken out into the harbour and turned around. As a result of this all of the heavy goods vehicles had to be reversed off the boat. Many hours later we eventually got on board and set sail for France.

The journey across was a little bit rougher than usual and by the time you had found your cabin, done your bit of duty-free shopping and had something to eat and had one or two drinks in the bar, the only interest you had was to put your head down. The following morning after breakfast we could see the French coast, then after an hour or so we could see the port of our destination . . . Roscoff. There is the usual excitement as the boat is docking with people, myself included, trying to get a first glimpse of our French friends. Of course, it had to be raining and we got the usual greeting of "why did we not leave it at home."

The week passed too quickly as is usual when you are having a good time. At this point in time my story becomes a pandora's box because one doesn't know what is going to come out next. For example, there was the lady who is a fluent French speaker was stopped at a control.

By **B. FREYNE.**

Now a control is our Garda check-point, where everything is checked, including your breath. They are feared by everyone because there are no exceptions. There was consternation in the car because she was driving and she had sampled more than enough of French beverages. Not to be outdone, she figured, let's face this one head-on, so she stuck her head out the window of the car, put on the most innocent face she could master under the circumstances and said in her best Irish accent, "IRELANDE." The gendarme looked at her as much as to say: "I will never get through to this one." "Irlandais, Madame," he said, "passé, waving her on. Needless to say, a huge sigh of relief went up in the car.

This has been my twelfth or thirteenth time going back to our twinned town in Brittany. I don't have to say that I love the area and also the people. I class my twinned family as my extended family, what hurts them, hurts me. What makes them happy makes me happy. Already I am looking forward to seeing them next

August when they plan to visit and stay with me. So this visit to Brittany was of particular interest to me because it was a renewal of acquaintances and friendships not only in Guilers but also around the City of Breast and its environs. For me a week is too short and it passes too quickly, after a few short days we were planning to come home . . .

The boat was delayed for twelve hours and then further because of weather conditions. At 6 a.m. we departed France on what was to be the most frightening journey I have ever undertaken in my life. We headed out into force nine winds on a journey that should take fourteen hours but took twenty-two hours. Every half-hour or so a young lady used to speak over the tannoy system to tell us not to be concerned, that the ship was constructed to all sorts of modern standards and that it was well able to take the force of the sea. Every time when she was finished you could hear the chorus going up around the boat: "They said the same thing about the Titanic."

Conditions were rough. I spent nineteen hours out of the twenty-two in bed and was quite happy to be there. At this time I can't help but think about those people who went down with the Estonia in the Baltic. May they rest in peace. On the lighter side, when I was lying there in my bunk, thoughts like I wonder did the guy in the car behind me apply his hand-brake? did the guy in the front of me apply his hand-brake? . . . worst still, did I apply the hand-brake? The I'd console myself and think of some garage man having a field day out of all this. Thanks be to God, we docked in Cork early the next morning, happy it was over and happy to be on dry land.



Photo of ladies: Back row: (left/right), Lily Wilson (R.I.P.); Angela Joyce, Mary Dillon-Leetch, Brigid Coyne, Joan Fitzpatrick, Noreen Kilkenny. Front row (left/right): Marie Connell, Beatrice Flynn (R.I.P.); Patricia Waldron, Norrie Dillon.

Giving hope to children

On April 26th, 1986, an ill-wind blew no good to the people in the nuclear-free state of Belorussia, when a nuclear power station just over the border in the Ukraine exploded spewing 190 tons of highly radioactive uranium and graphite over an area of 100,000 sq. kms. Belarus, in the path of the prevailing wind, was exposed to 70% of the radioactive fall-out.

Last year, Adi Roche won the "People of the Year" award. I was very impressed by what she had said, and by what she had accomplished in the last four years, in her work in the Chernobyl Children's Project. I decided to do something to help the children of Chernobyl. First, I read everything that I could lay my hands on about Chernobyl and about Nuclear Energy. I then wrote to Adi; she sent me more information on Chernobyl, and she put me in touch with the "Clew Bay Outreach Group," in Westport. They were going to host a group of Belarussian children in Westport in July, 1994. I was invited to Westport to meet the children when they came.

Imelda Hession and I went to Westport to meet the children. The interpreter told us all about the children and their health problems. There were no outwards signs of sickness in the children, but the majority of them would be dead before they were twenty years old.

On 26th August, we held the first meeting on the Ballyhaunis Chernobyl Project.

By PATRICIA HUNT.

The following members were elected – Patricia Hunt, Chairperson; Kay Buckley, Secretary; Michael Phillips, Treasurer; Teresa Murphy, Asst. Treasurer; Jenny Glynn, P.R.O. Committee members: Dolores Biesty, Romy Brien, Christina Concannon, Anne Glavey, Bernard Glavey, Imelda Hession, Francis Mulherne, Geraldine Murphy, Margaret Owens, Brid Nolan, Michael Nolan and Dermot Waldron.

Our aims are:

1. To highlight the problems of Chernobyl.
2. To bring a group of ten children in Ballyhaunis in 1995, for a month's holiday of rest and recovery.
3. To send medicines and humanitarian aid to Chernobyl.

Over the past four years 550 children have come to Ireland for rest and recovery. They were hosted by volunteer families in seventeen centres throughout Ireland. In the words of Dr. Zoluvok of the children's hospital in the Soliqorsh region: "For each child taken to Ireland they are returned two years of life. We are hostages to the hazardous aftermath of radiation and the future of our very race is threatened with extinction as our children, our gene pool, are seriously ill. In the midst of this

tragedy we have been given hope by the people of Ireland. Thank you for supporting the lives of our children."

The children come from hospitals, institutions, orphanages, and from the contaminated zones around Chernobyl. There has been a 92% increase in childhood cancers and leukaemia, and an 800% increase in thyroid cancer. In Belarus, doctors can only cure between 10-15% of childhood cancers, compared with 80% in the West. Parents, some unable to cope with their children's deformities and retardation, abandon them. There have been 100,000 abortions, because of foetal abnormalities since the disaster.

Evacuation of 200,000 people from 2,000 villages and towns has created its own social and psychological problems. Whole communities, many rural, have been uprooted and moved into hastily constructed and some very poor quality accommodation in towns and cities. At least 500 villages have been bulldozed into the ground because they were so contaminated. The suicide rate as well as the unemployment rate has climbed. Medical services are very poor, in one village the only medical help available was a Veterinary Surgeon.

There is a constant need for medicines, drugs, baby foods, medical equipment, diagnostic equipment, radiation monitors, pain-killers, sutures, antibiotics, disposable syringes, disinfectants, multi vitamins, insulin, etc. As needles are often used up to six times, cross-infection is a big problem. People only go into hospital as a last resort.

On 2nd November, Ms. Adi Roche and Mrs. Anne Norman, Directors of the Cork-based Chernobyl Children's Project, visited Ballyhaunis to speak at a public meeting. Adi spoke at length about her trip to Chernobyl and the immense problems in Belarus and the Ukraine. Anne set out the guidelines that they have put in place, regarding the children's visit.

I presented Adi with a cheque for £3,788.11, on behalf of the Ballyhaunis /Chernobyl Children's Project. The money will be used to pay for the flights/insurance of the children that are coming to Ballyhaunis. The remainder of the money will be used to buy vital medicine, for the children that are unable to come to Ireland.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all of the families that have agreed to host children, and everyone who made a contribution to our fund.



Back row: Jenny Glynn, Bernard Glavey, Anne Glavey, Adi Roche, Patricia Hunt, Margaret Owens, Geraldine Murphy and Dolores Biesty. Front row: Michael Nolan, Frances Mulhern, Mrs. Anne Norman, Kay Buckley, Christine Concannon and Séan Roche.

Ado Kenny R.D.S. kingpin

He has been described as the "Prince Hal" of the Irish Showjumping world. A man, who in his seventies, established the Strokestown Horse Show as the leading Show in the country by offering cars as prizes and attracting leading European showjumpers to compete.

This activity led him into conflict with the powers that be and set him on a course of involvement with showjumping that was to see him become Chairman of the Connacht Branch and, ultimately, to serve as National Chairman for an unprecedented three-year-term.

I speak of Ado Kenny who, despite being on a collision course with the Central Office, became one of the most successful Chairmen in the history of the Association.

Ado was born in Knox Street and attended the Boys' N.S. under the late Bill Mulligan. Incidentally, he was to marry Gertie Duffy, the daughter of an old I.R.A. comrade of Bill's - the late Commdt. Luke Duffy. He then went to Garbally College and later to Teacher Training College; from there he arrived at Strokestown, where he was to teach and become Headmaster until his retirement in 1989.

A useful athlete in Garbally, he played Inter-Provincial Colleges' Rugby and excelled in Athletics.

In Strokestown he was involved with

By **JOE GREENE.**

the local Dramatic Society and with the Tidy Towns Committee. He was also very active in the local Vincent de Paul Society for a twenty-five-year period and for seven years he was President of the Dioceses of Elphin, Achonry and Killala Conferences.

Ado, though he has retired as Chairman of S.J.A.I., still keeps fairly well involved going to the Shows and doing a bit of judging to keep in touch with the many friends he has made over the years.

A measure of respect he has earned in Showjumping circles can be gauged from the fact that he is one of a group of twelve involved in the management of the S.J.A.I., who control Showjumping in Ireland and he is a member of the Equestrian Federation of Ireland.

Francis Kenny, his son, is a popular local chef. His brother, Joe, another retired teacher in Tullamore, is a well-known Radio playwright, and his cousin, Adrian Kenny in Dublin, is also a well-known writer and critic.

So, now that he is taking things a bit easier on the Showjumping and other scenes, some of that writing bug might take him over to record his stirring achievements on the Irish Showjumping scene.

The Fisherman

*'Twas down by the banks of a river,
Near the place where my young life began;*

*'Twas there in my young years of childhood,
That I first met an old fisherman.*

*Many hours did I spend by that river,
As I listened to stories he told;
'Twas he knew the best day and climate,
And the secrets a river unfold.*

*How I long to go down by that river,
And fish there whenever I can;
'Twas there that my first catch was landed,
With the help of that old fisherman.*

*It brings back my youth and my childhood,
And the evenings I hurried and ran;
As my fond heart forever was yearning,
Just to be with that old fisherman.*

*No more will he fish on that river,
For that old man to heaven did go;
I feel I can still see his shadows,
In that mirror of water below.*

By **MICHAEL GODFREY.**



Left/right: Brian Gormley, Ray MacSharry, Ado Kenny, Donal Johnson, M.R.C.V.S.I.; Dr. Alec Lyons, to celebrate Ado's achievement of serving an unprecedented three years as Chairman of S.J.A.I. Ado was presented with a special memento of the occasion by Ray MacSharry.

Back on a bicycle – 42 years on

WHEN Bernard King, Blackrock, Co. Dublin, applied to Annagh Cycling Club, Ballyhaunis, to cycle in Mayo 200 km. on 5th June last, he did not fully appreciate the familiar scenes and fond memories which would be re-awakened for him around Ballyhaunis.

Bernard, a native of Breaffy, Castlebar, was, in the late 'forties and early 'fifties, employed by Mayo County Council. These were the days of the steam roller and stone crusher. Young men of his time cycled all over Mayo to and from work on big Raleigh bicycles with 28" wheels. Sitting in the Annagh Club Group he recalled that a man engaged in tar-spraying operations was paid less than 45p in today's currency. A man with his horse and cart received £1 per day.

In 1950-'52 Bernard describes the jobs he worked on at Cloontumper, Drimbane, Brackloon, Tooreen and Hazelhill. He

recalled his happy memories of kindly people from those areas and beyond. There were Dyers, Dolans and McGees from Cloontumper; the Regan brothers, Carrolls and Ruane from Drimbane, and Healys from Tooreen. Martin Moran, Greenwood, was his personal assistant in 1952.

He remembered the "No Dancing" Rule during Lent and he attended local Drama Group Productions in the Town Hall and new Hall in Tooreen. He remarked: "I'm glad to see the Star Cinema is still here, where I saw many films."

Bernard left Mayo in November, 1953, like many other young men of his day to join the Garda Síochána. He spent almost all his 39 years in the Force in Dublin City, with the exception of brief periods as a Superintendent in Boyle, Co. Roscommon, and Chief Supt. in Cavan /

Monaghan Division.

He recalls on the advice of Professor Richard Mulcahy at the age of 51, he took up cycling as a means of healthy living. For the past eleven years he has managed to cycle three-and-a-half-thousand miles annually and see a lot of Ireland proving, as he says: "There's life on a bicycle after fifty."

Recounting his cycling achievements to date he proves his point:

1. Maracycle: Dublin / Belfast / Dublin (five times).

2. Wicklow: 200 km. (four times);

3. Belfast / Derry / Belfast (three times);

4. Sponsored cycle: Bray / Castlebar / Bray (1990);

5. Malin Head / Mizen Head (1991);

6. Sligo / Bray via Mayo, Galway, Clare, Kerry, Cork, Tipperary, Waterford, Kilkenny, Carlow, Wicklow.

All those trips were used to fund-raise for national and local charities.

Apart from Mayo 200 – Bernard has cycled from Dublin / Galway and back for Irish Heart Foundation, and in Garda-sponsored cycle from Bray / Arklow / Bray for mentally handicapped in Co. Wicklow.

Bernard sends his best wishes and grateful appreciation to Annagh members for a friendly cycle run, hot showers and fresh sandwiches on June 5th last. Not to mention the opportunity to see the beauty of his native county.



June 5th, 1994, Mayo 200, Byrne's Pub, Ballyhaunis. Left/right: Des Woods, Annagh Wheelers; Brendan Leahy, Eire Og, Sligo; Martin O'Hara, do.; Andrew ????????? Toyota, North Down; Brid Cleary, Annagh Wheelers; Bernard King, Dublin; Martin Connery, Annagh Wheelers; Tommy O'Toole, do.; Bernard Jennings (seated) do.

A trip down under

It was late August when it was announced that my mother and I were going to visit my Auntie Mary, Uncle Michael and my cousins, Emma and Andrew, in Melbourne. I thought the 23rd of November, '93, would never come but it did. It was really cold that morning we left and there was actually snow on the ground in certain parts, so I was glad to be leaving Ireland except the thing that did disappoint me was that dad and my brothers weren't joining us. We were joined on our journey over by Mrs. Fitzmaurice from Brackloon who was going to visit her children in Melbourne. Our flight over took 23 hours of flying; we had two stops (London and Singapore). We were met by my relations and Mrs. Fitzmaurice's at the airport in Melbourne. As we drove back to Mary and Michael's house I was taken in by the city of Melbourne with its trams and shopping centre and famous buildings.

My aunt and uncle live out in the country in a place called Nar Nar Goon. We visited many exciting historical places in Victoria. We visited a gold mine in a place called Ballarat. I panned for gold for about half-an-hour but, no! I didn't find gold, just gravel.

Christmas, it was different, going to Christmas Mass in a short-sleeve dress. As we weren't near a beach we didn't

have "turkey on the beach," as many people in Ireland think! We had the usual turkey and ham dinner. Santa came to my cousins and we were up at about 5 a.m. on Christmas morning to see what presents we had got from Santa!

After Christmas we paid a visit to Sydney, where we stayed with Mary Flatley. I noticed that the temperature up in Sydney was much higher than in Melbourne. I visited the famous Opera House and Centre Point, took a ride on the mono-rail around Darling Harbour. We also met Mary Caulfield and Noreen Culiney, Ballyhaunis, when we were in Sydney.

We visited Palm Beach, the home to most stars in "Home and Away" but, unfortunately, I didn't bump into any of them. The day after visiting Palm Beach the bush around it was set ablaze and the beginning of the disastrous bush fires started. The smoke was thick and black which darkened the clouds for the remainder of our stay in Sydney. When we arrived back in Melbourne around the 11th of January, we decided to extend our stay by two weeks.

While in Melbourne we visited the Victoria Museum, the old Melbourne Gaol and the Opera House there. My cousin, Emma, had her birthday shortly before we left, so we had a big party. My

aunt had a barbecue for mum and I, and had invited a lot of people, so we had arranged a date and over fifty people and children were invited. When the day came to have the barbecue it rained all day, so we had the barbecue indoors. It was still brilliant.

I didn't leave Australia without seeing the native animals – the koalas and kangaroos, dingos and emus. The kangaroos were beautiful and the dingos looked harmless until one decided to yawn to reveal a fine set of sharp teeth. The koalas were also beautiful – they usually sleep during the day, so I was very lucky to have seen one awake. The sanctuary had Rangers looking after them who told us not to pet them, but I had to when I was inches away from one – they were so cute.

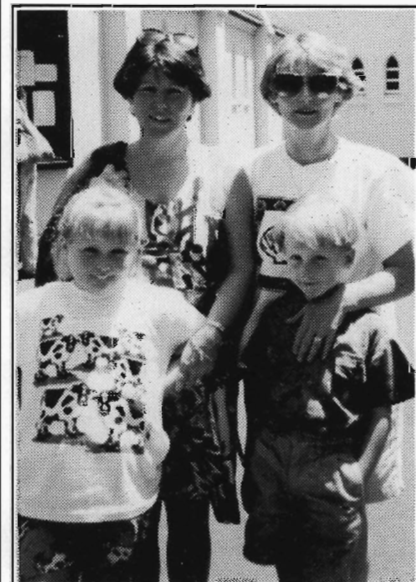
We left for home on Australia Day and I was very lonely because I really loved it. We stayed in Singapore for a few days. I personally was not impressed by Singapore. – I felt it was too humid for me. We had dinner with friends; it was very different from restaurants here. We bought our fish alive first; then you were asked how you wanted it cooked – everything tasted lovely.

We arrived in London and it was miserable and then, arriving in Dublin instead of having a tube connected to the plane, we had to get out on the runway in the freezing cold. Then I knew I was home!

I'd like to thank all the people who made our holiday so enjoyable, especially Mercy and Mary and Andy, Noreen, Mattie and Pauline Rogers and their family, and most thanks to my Uncle Michael, Aunt Mary, Emma and Andrew for giving Mum and I a most enjoyable and interesting holiday, and the memories will never fade. I just hope I can return the favour sometime for giving me the best holiday of my life!



Jennifer McCafferty and Mary Caulfield, Sydney, August, '94.



Helene McCafferty and Mary O'Brien with Andrew and Emma O'Brien, Melbourne, 1994.

Coolnafarna revisited

On Friday, August 5th, Coolnafarna past pupils gather in the Parish Church for a Reunion Mass. Frs. Michael Kenny and Brendan Jordan concelebrated, assisted by Very Rev. Fr. Joseph Cooney, P.P. We then went to Manor House to enjoy each other's company and swap "old school stories." A special thank you to the two Eileens – Lyons (Freeley) and Grogan (Folliard) – who contacted practically every living past pupil. We were pleased to see former teachers, Mrs. Mary Higgins, Mrs.

Nuala Forkin and Tom Higgins; also Mrs. William Mulligan and Mrs. Mary Dooley (O'Dwyer).

We were glad that Dominic Moran could be with us - he has since passed to his eternal reward, and we extend our sympathy to his relatives.

Incidentally, the most senior past pupil was Michael McNamara and the last pupil on the roll.

Thomas Cribbin (1971), also attended. As a result of our Reunion we include two memoirs in this issue.

Dr. Michael O'Dwyer, Lecturer in French, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, remembers his first year in Coolnafarna, forty years ago . . .

Coolnafarna – 1954

I first went to Coolnafarna in early July, 1954. I had spent the previous three years in the Convent School and on our last day Sr. Benignus organised games for the boys while the girls were given an introduction to second class. At three o'clock she bade us farewell but she wished me good luck in Irish as we always communicated in the first official language.

That evening at home I was duly equipped with the books which I would need in Coolnafarna. It was only then that the true significance of the word "out" used frequently by visitors to the house in previous weeks began to dawn on me. If the visitors had been talking to my father, they would say: "I suppose you'll be bringing him 'out'" while if they had been talking to my mother they would say: "I suppose he'll be going out with the boss." While these were pre-Thatcherite days, the word "out" still seemed to have a threefold pattern. The third "out" came on my first Friday in Coolnafarna. Fr. Rushe would visit the school at Catechism time every Friday. He would walk about the classroom while explaining the Catechism and when he came to where I was standing he paused, looked at my father and, in a typical gesture of his, held out his left hand and said: "Oh! I see you have him out." Incidentally, I can remember that the subject of his lesson was the choirs of angels. Words like "Thrones" and "Dominations" resounded all over the room. Is mó idir inné agus innfu, with the poor angels now struggling as they say in Wimbledon, "to stay in the championship."

In the course of my first year in Coolnafarna I was "chauffeured" by Mrs. Bridie Hannon, whose sons, Peter and Martin, attended the school. The Hannon's were one of the many families from the town who attended Coolnafarna, such was the excellent reputation of the quality of the teaching. Mrs. Hannon was a fast dri-



ver, but I only wished on that day that she would not drive so fast. When we "got the car" my father and later my mother drove us to school. On the outskirts of Devlis the train would invariably pass us on the left and we always met the Castlereagh bus between Waldron's statue and Boyle's forge. We would wave to the driver (a Mr. Cuffe), while the conductor sat at the back of the bus reading the paper. I always envied that conductor – as far as I was concerned, he had it made! On fine mornings my father would often drop us off at McHale's as he thought that we should have some experience of what it was like to walk to school. Folklore had it that one of the Robinson family used to make it to Coolnafarna on a tricycle. On such mornings I would have settled for that tricycle. We got little consolation from elderly men whom we met on the way. They reminded us that we were "spoilt" as the main roads were now tarred and children wore shoes even in Summer, so there was no suffering from stone bruises! The theory of relativity was alive and well. In retrospect, this

was an excellent experience which I, by no means, regret.

At the entrance to the school my inquisitive mind was fascinated by an iron object near the front door. It was explained to me that this was a foot-scraper which ensured that one would enter the classroom without "muddy soles" on one's shoes. I tried it out, but I think that was the first and last occasion on which I used it. The classroom had a photograph of Pádraig Pearse on one wall, while on the opposite wall was a photograph of the signatories of the Proclamation of 1916. With hindsight and with the aid of some modern jargon, I can say that I probably suffered from "culture shock." The desks did not seem to be as well polished as in the convent. There were no "shiny presses" with jars of sweets while senior pupils swept the classroom and prepared the fire. In the convent this had all been done by a lady called Rosie before we arrived at school. It also seemed strange to me that the same teacher would be teaching five or six classes in the same room. To put it in modern parlance, Coolnafarna appeared to be a more cost-effective outfit than the convent! It also struck me that my new classmates were bigger and stronger than my counterparts in the town school had been. The simple and proud explanation which I was given for this was that the country boys were brought up to work hard while the "townies" were only "sissies." Physical prowess was an important "success image" in Coolnafarna in those days. It was reckoned that Tom Neenan was the strongest man in the village, because of a feat he performed in freeing himself when tied to the ground by a group of other men.

The morning's teaching was punctuated with the roll call and the visit of the postman, Jimmy Byrne, "a picturesque figure in his peaked cap and uniform" as our third class Reading Time book would have put it. After the roll call a slate was put on the wall behind the blackboard indicating the number of pupils present. The total figure declined from 65 to 47 during my five years in Coolnafarna.

After the eleven o'clock play time the word "tagaí" would resound across the yard. This meant that we were to resume duty. The word was presumably a deformation of the word tagaí used by the

teachers (they probably said "tagaigí isteach"). So it is not only today that incorrect grammar is falling on deaf ears!

On arriving back in the classroom we could always hear the hoot of the passing train as there was a level crossing nearby. On Fridays this could be a sad occasion as a father, brother or sister of some pupil in the room might be on the train on the first stage of their journey to England. Emigration was a fact of life and most of the boys who were in Coolnafarna with me accepted that they would eventually have to emigrate.

Twelve o'clock was, of course, Catechism time but the first ritual was the arrangement of bottles of milk and cocoa (the advertisers with their "Growing up on Fry's" slogan were beginning to have an influence) around the fire so that they would be at the appropriate temperature by lunch time. Sometimes over-eager pupils might have their bottles placed in too close a proximity to the source of heat with the result that the Catechism lesson would be interrupted by explosive sounds. Of course, the teaching of Catechism reached a crescendo in November as "the day of the priest" as the Catechism examination was called, approached. Both my father and mother tried to make the point that "the day of the priest" was not a "fashion show" as it was more important to know what was forbidden by the various Commandments. They would both quote the late Canon Curley in this context. Apparently some years earlier brooches with the motif of a little dog were *à la mode* and featured prominently on jumpers and jackets on the big day! On visits to schools in the parish before the examination, the Canon is reputed to have told pupils that the evening prior to the event should be spent with Catechism in hand and that time should not be wasted looking for "the dogeen." One could imagine a latter-day journalist running with the headline, "Canon prefers Dogma to Dogeen."

Speaking of religion, I should say that Church of Ireland and Presbyterian families also resided in the area. (I remember the Pughs and the Mayers). Their children also attended the school. They had left the school in 1954 and I understand that they went home for an early lunch break during Catechism time.

As the travelling people camped regularly on their visits to the area at the entrance to the Leo Road they sometimes sent their children to the school for the duration of their stay. I remember two occasions when this happened. I also remember their statements to the effect that they would not like to settle down but that they would "sooner be moving around."

The football match at lunch time was a serious affair. As my father had been a prominent Mayo footballer, he regarded the match as a coaching session and would sometimes join in and play with the "los-



Marie O'Connell and Dr. Eamon Waldron (R.I.P.).

ing" team to try to restore the balance. This game usually took place in Dalton's and sometimes Neenan's field. The final whistle was, of course, "tagaí."

The afternoon was usually devoted to reading and History and Geography. There was also Preston's History of Ireland, which would not meet with the approval of the modern revisionists but which, nevertheless, presented the events of history in a dramatic and exciting way. The "Reading Time" books covered a wide variety of topics while we covered the Geography of all the countries of Europe, using John D. Sheridan's text book with its smooth shining pages and excellent black and white photographs. We were, of course, preparing for the "Primary Cert." at an early stage, where we would be tested on parsing and analysis, composition writing and what we would nowadays call comprehension tests and précis passages.

However, the reading lesson was not confined to the prescribed text. A pupil might sometimes be asked to read aloud a report of a match from the "Western People." We were taught to be critical of "over-flowery" language such as "he lofted the leather over the horizontal to register his side's first minor towards the close of the first moiety." We were also encouraged to look critically at the way in which society was presented in the paper, e.g., the excessive emphasis on court cases. We were engaging in media studies long before the discipline had been established.

Heating for the school was provided by families of pupils who either brought a "load of turf" to the school or sent a sum of money (ten shillings). As the gate of the school was too narrow for a cart to enter, this meant that the pupils had to be employed to bring the turf around to a shed at the back of the school. 1.45 p.m.

was, therefore, a popular time for the arrival of a load of turf. The senior boys would allocate the quota which the younger boys could be deemed able to carry without causing them undue strain. It was not considered appropriate to move with excessive speed when carrying the turf. This ensured that the operation would last until 3 p.m. One also became a connoisseur on the variety of qualities of turf which could be obtained in the area!

The remains of a flower bed dominated the entrance to the school. This was a relic of early days when nature study formed part of the curriculum as were the beakers, graduated cylinders and other scientific equipment which could be found in the presses and which were taken out from time to time to give us an introduction to Science.

The Stations were, of course, a big event. In the afternoon a member of the family which had the Stations would call to the school for the teacher's children and bring us to their house for a party. This was one of the many tokens of gratitude expressed by the people of Coolnafarna for the high quality of teaching which they felt their children had received. There were also regular Christmas cards from past pupils. The first card to arrive always came from Fr. Jackie Jennings, whose mother also taught in the school, and whose brother, Jarlath, I meet each year in Ballina on a visit to partake in an Open Day for secondary schools.

The hoot of the three o'clock train seemed to have a more pleasant sound than that of eleven o'clock. It was the signal for a winding down operation as "home lessons" would be given and great care had to be taken to see that the fire was put out and the dying coals put into the ashes before we wended our way towards "dulce domum."

Fifty years is a long time – yet . . .

Fifty years is, indeed, a long time; yet when I was kindly contacted by the Coolnafarna National School Reunion Committee to be their guest at their September Reunion reminiscences began and memories came flooding back; and not with a little nostalgia . . . memories of happy children, gracious, kind people, life-long friendships and many, many changes . . . many for the better, but some, no doubt, for the worse.

A change from Drogheda

Coming to Coolnafarna was a big change for me. I had been teaching in Drogheda, where I taught 5th class. Coolnafarna being a two-teacher school meant I began teaching infants through the second class. I loved the country children; so innocent and natural. It was great to meet so many at the reunion; it brought back such happy memories; so many are now parents and, indeed, grandparents. It's amazing how the memory can be jogged; as I talked to Mrs. Dalgan-Lyons I could clearly recall the bouncy personality of the vividly red-headed young Bridie Giblin. I was so pleased by Billy Comer and others telling me about my teaching them in infants.

Cycling companions

In Drogheda we lived near the school and we could walk to work; but teaching in Coolnafarna meant an 18-mile round-trip cycle. However, it didn't daunt me; youth is a marvellous gift. There were compensations along the way in the people one met and who, in the words of the old adage, "shortened the road." One regular cycling companion was my Principal, the late Jimmy Dwyer. I have very fond memories of Jimmy's humour and jokes as we cycled through the sunshine or mist; a heavy shower would see us sheltered under a bush – much to the delight of the local gossip; it was frequently we were ragged about it.

Raising dust on the Spadagh road

Later I was to purchase an auto-cycle and I was much amused in later years to hear that I was regarded by some as a real Sterling Moss. Mechanics weren't as reliable as today, so a morning failure-to-start

By **MARY HIGGINS,**
B.Comm., N.T.

would cause me to be seen raising dust on the Spadagh road, not my usual route from my native Aughamore; but a route designed to avoid the Inspector, of whom, in those days, we and the kids lived in dread. The change in this area is, indeed, a welcome one; with our modern teacher and student welcoming the Inspector as an adviser.

In digs in Daltons

Severe January and February weather meant hazardous roads and I procured "digs" in Daltons. It was a very pleasant, happy, welcoming household, and I made a life-long friend in Mrs. Dalton. This was a time of no television and very few radios, or "wirelesses" as they were then called, so there was more social life; visiting neighbours, fire-side chats and playing cards and the meitheal mentality were the norm. Mrs. Dalton and I would do our round of "visitations" and I have very happy memories of such neighbourly visits; to the Murphy home in Lurgan, and to Baby Moran. When Bill Mulligan came to visit the "craic" was really good . . . "if only them walls could talk . . ." but good, clean, innocent humour; everyone being the butt of the joke. Mrs. Greally, over the

road, was a regular call of ours. She had a great reputation for a good cup of tea and for "reading the cups." So, home we would go convinced that we knew what the future had in store for us; so convincing was she in her pronouncements and, of course, the foretold future good luck always outweighed the bad.

However the average was falling

The primary teachers' bogeyman, the falling average, haunted us, too. To counteract it, I gave classes in Bookkeeping and the senior pupils stayed on an extra year. A number of boys came out from Ballyhaunis Town: Paddy and Georgie Delaney, Brendan Byrne, Des Healy and others. I'm sorry the old memory is vague here. The attraction was supposedly the Commerce class, but, I suspect a greater attraction was the marvellous footballing reputation of Jimmy Dwyer. These boys would cycle; and would be expected to do so, hail, rain, sleet or snow. This expectation was brought home to the Delaney boys early in their career with us. A rain shower, one morning, was the excuse to return to whatever was the greater attraction, that day, at home. These were the days of parental control. Daddy Delaney, as my own boys were to later affectionately call him, met them at the door, and there was an abrupt about-turn for destination Coolnafarna. It was two red-faced boys who had to explain their lateness that day.

Transfer to Derrylea

After a short few years I was transferred to Derrylea National School; but that is a tale of great happiness and friendship for another day.



Mary Higgins with her fellow octoganarian siblings, back row: Josie, John David and Mary. Front row: Margaret (Baby), Paddy and Annie (Sr. Camillus).

Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club

The major aspiration of the G.A.A. Club in Ballyhaunis has been to involve as many young people as possible in our own traditional sports and pastimes. Throughout the year we have had teams which varied in grades from Under-10 right through to our senior teams – a total of thirteen teams involved in football. This also includes thirty-five adults in management and training. In hurling we have also fielded teams from National School to Minor.

Our senior team was successful this year in winning The Byrne-Morley and

Canon Henry competitions. These teams were managed by Tony Morley, Johnny Biesty, Tommy Moran and Johnny Cribbin.

During the Summer holidays a Sports Camp was held in the pitch for 8 - 14 year olds. Over one-hundred-and-ten boys participated in an enjoyable week under the guidance of Liam MacHale, Eugene Lavin, Shane Kenny, Declan Sweeney and John Carney. Our Under-10 team won the Blitz competition held in Ballyhaunis.

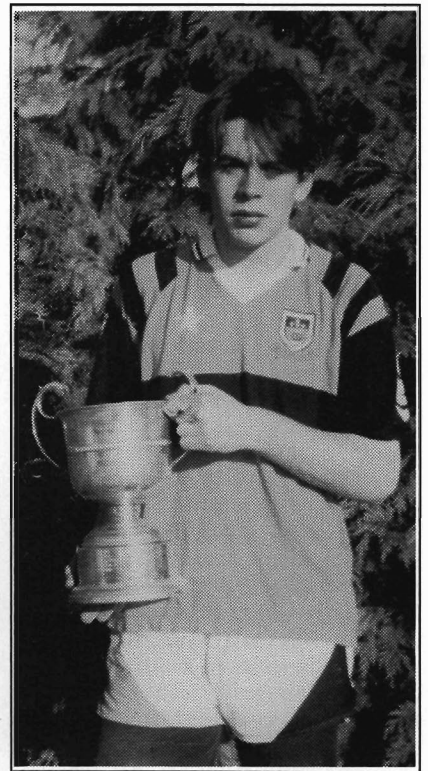
At present a FAS scheme is in progress in the Ballyhaunis G.A.A. grounds, where

the steps of the stand are being completed. During the year the goal areas of the pitch were re-sodded by members of the Club.

Our county representatives over the past year were – Under-16: Johnny Burke (Capt.); Brian Flanagan; Under-18: Feargal Kelly, Paul Nolan; Under-21: David Nestor; Senior: Tony Morley. Selectors: Under-16: Padraic Reagan; Senior: Hugh Rudden; County Secretary: John Prenty. Club Officers: Chairman, Jimmy Walsh; Secretary, James Reidy; Treasurer, John Joe Kelly.



Ballyhaunis team who won the Bank of Ireland 7-a-side Byrne-Morley tournament.



Fergal Kelly, captain Mayo Minors, 1994, photographed with the Connacht Minor League Cup, won in May, 1994. Fergal is son of Aidan and Mary Kelly, Hazelhill.



Junior B final (11/9/94): Back row (left/right): T. Morley (Selector); G. O'Neill, J. McQuenney, P. Jennings, F. Kelly, D. Moran, T. Moran, T. Leonard, P. McGarry and T. Lyons. Front row (left/right): N. Phillips, M. Lyons, J. Phillips, D. Walsh, B. Lyons (Capt.); J. J. Hoban, C. Phillips, G. Cleary, J. Biesty (Selector).

Barrack Street in the early 'forties

WHEN I met and old friend, Donal Phillips, during the 1994 Ballyhaunis Festival of Lughnasa, he exacted a promise from me to pen a few lines about Barrack Street, Ballyhaunis, concerning the period he resided there while attending school in the early 'forties.

Donald, who was on holiday from Panama with his wife, Ofelina, and daughter, Jaime, recalled, during the course of our conversation, many of the people who resided there, some of them now sadly not with us, and reminded me of the events, some joyful, some sad, which entwined the lives of those in the Barrack Street community during this rather austere period, when war ravaged Europe, and neutral Ireland (26 Counties), was in a state of "Emergency."

My affinity with Barrack Street, stemmed from my friendship with Donald's elder brother, Eddie Phillips which originated while we were members of the Ballyhaunis Boy Scout Troop, and that close friendship endured right up to the time of his sad death on the 31st of May, 1943, at the tender age of 16 years.

Both Donald and Eddie were born in the U.S. and came to Ballyhaunis with their mother in 1938. Their parents were originally from the Ballyhaunis area, their father being the late Dominick Phillips, a native of Foxhill, Ballyhaunis, while their mother, Mrs. Bridie Phillips, was formerly Miss Bridie McLoughlin, a native of Lakehill, Knock.

By **MICK O'CONNELL**

The Barrack Street residents were always friendly and outgoing, very rarely were the doors shut, and the closeness and hospitality of the people could be gauged from the fact that they visited each other's houses with great regularity. The Phillips family were soon integrated into the Barrack Street community, and helping in no small measure to bring this speedily about was a sister of Mrs. Bridie Phillips – Mrs. Margaret (Peg) Mulligan, who was already resident there with her husband, Dan, and family.

Boyhood memories

Donald Phillips tells me that he has an irresistible urge to return to the scenes of his childhood, and last Summer he was paying his third visit to Ballyhaunis since he returned to the U.S. in 1948. During these trips he makes a nostalgic visit to the street, where he lived; calls on relatives and friends, and renews several acquaintances.

He delights in recalling boyhood memories, as well as recounting the number of minor escapades he became involved in while attending Coolnafarna National School.

I was a frequent visitor to the Phillips' home in the early 'forties and also visited their neighbours on a regular basis, where



Eddie Phillips.

I was always made to feel "at home." As I said at the outset, there were good times and sad times, and one of the saddest occasions was the tragic death of Eddie. I do not wish to dwell unduly on this heart-rending occasion, which resulted from the sting of an insect, but when I say that it had a devastating effect on the family, relatives, and the entire local district, it does not really adequately describe the great grief and sorrow which overtook us all.

Though comprised of only a small number of houses, Barrack Street, can proudly boast of a number of excellent people who prevailed in sports and entertainment.

One has only to look back on the activities of the Kilduff brothers – Jimmy and Jackie, and the Walsh brothers, Kevin and Paddy – (recently deceased), all four of whom excelled in the boxing arena. Paddy Walsh was also a keen G.A.A. enthusiast, and became Chairman of the Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club in 1943. He was also a leading performer on the billiards and snooker tables.

County players

Two county footballers emanated from Barrack Street – Jimmy O'Dwyer, N.T. (who, incidentally, was Donald Phillips' schoolmaster), who played inter-county football with Mayo, and toured America with the Mayo team in 1932, and Paddy Mulligan, who assisted Roscommon against Mayo in the 1916 Connacht final. Paddy was one of the guests at the fiftieth anniversary celebratory dinner organised by the Connacht G.A.A. Council in 1966. Both also starred for the local Ballyhaunis team.

In the same sporting category Mikie Walsh (brother of Kevin and Paddy) was, when I was a youngster, generally consid-



Dan Phillips and Mick O'Connell, Panama (late of Barrack Street).

ered one of the most outstanding Ballyhaunis Gaelic footballers of that era, and gave some masterful displays. I think his last appearance for Ballyhaunis was in the 1946 South Mayo Junior Football Championship, when Ballyhaunis were victorious over Shrulue by a one-point margin in a keenly-contested encounter played at Laurence Reilly's field in Tooreen.

Another footballer of proven ability at that time was Brian O'Malley, and I recall to this day an incident when a few of us, young lads then, were playing "Scoring In" in The Fairgreen, when the words "Well held," uttered by Brian, were considered by me the utmost in praise after I had fetched a high ball.

Brilliant exponent

Brian's brother, Cyril O'Malley, who was the local E.S.B. engineer in Ballyhaunis for many years, and whose death occurred only recently, was a brilliant exponent of the art of billiards. He often demonstrated his dominance in the game by winning several handicaps, even

though, because of his prowess, having to give away a large number of points to his opponents before commencement. He was also the leading player on the Ballyhaunis Billiards team in several Inter-Club Championships and contests.

On the entertainment scene, Rita Mulligan (now Mrs. Fred Dunne), won wide acclaim for her versatility on the stage as a member of the local Dramatic Society, and was also an accomplished performer on the concert platform taking part in several local productions, all of which enhanced her undoubted talent.

I could go on and on, but I must call a halt as I have exceeded my allotted space.

As I said earlier, some of those mentioned above are still happily with us, but some also, have passed to their eternal reward, including Mrs. Bridie Phillips, the traumatic experience of Eddie's death lingering with her up to the time of her demise in the U.S. some years ago.

I am looking forward to meeting Donald Phillips, his wife, Ofelina, and daughter, Jaime, on their next visit to Ballyhaunis which, I hope, will not be too far into the future.



Four generations, back, Denise Nolan (grandmother) and Christina Concannon (mother). Front: Lyndia Concannon (daughter) and Betty Burton (great-grandmother).



Back row (left/right): Seamus O'Connell, Oliver Cunningham, Paddy Gibbons, Mick O'Connell. Front row: Tim Mulligan and Seamus Hannon.

Space Camp '94

IT was a crisp, sunny Wednesday afternoon, the middle of November. I'd just returned home from school and was preparing to start into my maths homework for Mrs. Reaney when the telephone rang. I answered it as I would have for any other call, but little did I know then that by the end of that call, I'd be the holder of two tickets to the U.S. Astronaut Training Centre in Huntsville, Alabama. It's difficult to describe my reaction at the time, disbelief and joy, entangled with the occasional scream or two. However, it was going to be another couple of months before I'd be stepping onto any plane and, anyways, I'd a couple of things to take care of first – the dreaded Leaving Cert.

I decided I was going to take my brother, Simon, along for the spin. I guessed he'd enjoy it as much as anyone else. Passports and visas were taken care of, shorts, T-shirts and socks were bought, not to mention plenty of sun block. Finally, some nine months after the telephone call the big day came. Marketing Network, a Dublin advertising firm, did the presenting, while Simon and I, along with eight others, did the accepting. We said our goodbyes and left a lonely Dublin Airport, thus opening the first page of what was going to be the experience of a lifetime!

Plane journeys were not a regular habit of mine and it took a lot of getting used to. My brother, on the other hand, well, excitement had set in and he immediately started to get to know the other Irish people who had won their trips along with us. As for me, I guess Avonmore had taken its toll, so I slept – I was always the shy one anyways!

Some eight hours later, stage one was completed. We had arrived in Atlanta, Georgia, where our chartered plane was waiting to take us to Huntsville. Now I thought Dublin Airport was fairly big, but

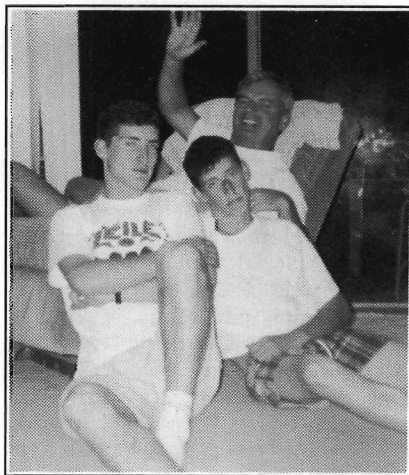
By MARC McCafferty.

Atlanta Airport just seemed to have no end. Eventually, we found our new terminal and left Atlanta more or less straight away, catching only a glimpse of its many towering skyscrapers from the air. One thing that had started to affect me, was the many time changes we had gone through – we seemed to be constantly in daylight!

Huntsville was reached, an hour's flight from Atlanta. At first everything was very much like home, that is until we stepped outside. For most of us it was our first time in America, so we just stood there speechless. It was so weird; the cars, the lights, the roads, then boom, the heat! "Mum, why did you let me wear jeans back at Dublin Airport?" The hotel bus was prompt on arrival and took us directly to our air-conditioned rooms in the Hotel Marriot, a hotel which was to become the source of great entertainment that night, especially for myself and a lad from Cork, who was among our party of explorers.

The next day we changed location and moved into the space camp, which was just across from the hotel. Now I know how Americans like to do things differently, but sometimes this got out of hand! We found ourselves being issued with flight suits, books, paper, pens, a shuttle programming manual and a name tag with our call sign on it!

Without doubt, the space shuttle museum was the centre-piece of the camp. It contained every type of rocket and missile imaginable, from the Saturn V and the space shuttle "Endeavour," to Cruise and Skud missiles which were seen in the Gulf War. The museum was open to the public during the day but camp residents received special privileges. Divided into different groups according to age, we learned



Marc McCafferty, Simon McCafferty with Frankie Mulligan, Tampa, Florida.

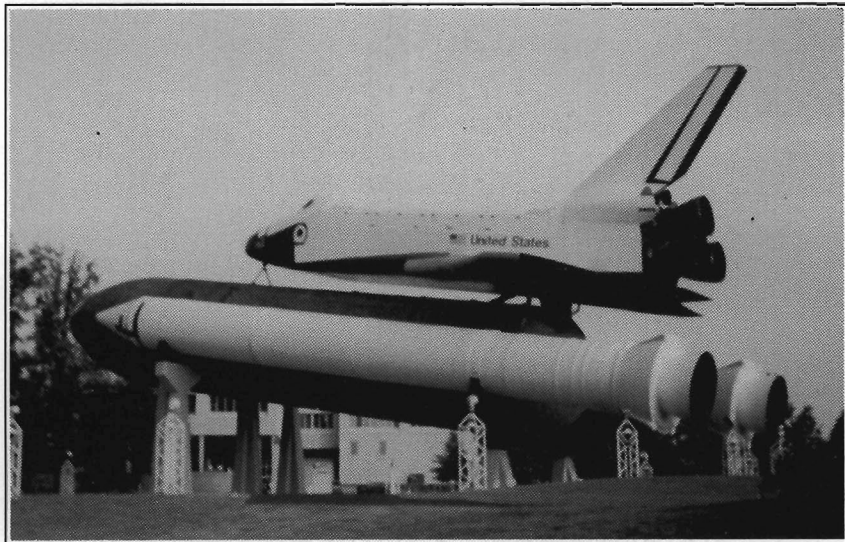
everything from how to programme an "oris-burn" on the shuttle, to an E.V.A. (extravehicular activity) while in orbit.

The camp itself was very like a boarding school with dormitories, refectory and an obligatory curfew! Unquestionably, the Irish delegation were a huge hit with the Americans. Our way of life seemed to be in total contrast to that of the average American kid. It was an education in itself, the conversations I used to have with some of my new American friends. Our backgrounds and cultures were so different, but there were still those who loved basketball and listening to Metallica!

The highlight of the week was the E.D.M. (Extra Duration Mission) – a twelve-hour mission in which every member of the group got assigned to a specific position of responsibility, ranging from the Commander of the space shuttle, to the Director of Missions Control, back at Kennedy. The mission involved the launch of the shuttle into orbit, the retrieval of damaged satellite, the link-up with a space station where the crew changed over, and, finally, the return back to earth by the shuttle. Dressed in our official flight suits, we carried out the mission as if it was the real thing – all I can say is thank God it was only a simulation, as the pay load specialists kept coming in and out through the side hatch when we were supposed to be in orbit!

Graduation was on our last day. Unbelievably, everybody graduated and we all got presented with a certificate, and our astronaut training wings. For Simon and I the ceremony was short as we had a plane to catch for Florida. It was time to take off the flight suit and work on our tans!

Huntsville had provided me with many fond memories and new experiences, some of which I'll never forget. Before I finish up, I'd like to thank Franky Mulligan, his charming wife, Judi, and their two young boys, Zach and Jake, who put up with myself and Simon for two sunny weeks in Tampa Bay following our memorable adventure in the Space Camp.



Full size space shuttle mounted on its booster rockets.

Citizens Information Centre

The Citizens Information Centre continues to provide its voluntary service at the Parochial Hall. Here the ordinary citizen can get information on a whole range of Government schemes and services, e.g., Social Welfare entitlements, health services, PAYE, housing, education, etc. Application forms for all types of benefits, i.e., old age pension, child benefit, free electricity, widower's pension, carer's allowance, medical card, along with driving licence and passport forms are freely available. We also have supplies of a range of very useful and informative leaflets and booklets dealing with such topics as bereavement, part-time work, school leavers, general social welfare entitlements and rates of payment, lone parent payments, etc. Copies of all these can be obtained free-of-charge at the office.

New and up-to-date editions of our booklets, "Entitlements for Disabled People" and "Entitlements for Over Sixties," are currently being compiled by The National Social Service Board and will be available in the New Year.

To mark this year as The Year of the Family, the Dept. of Social Welfare have produced a special booklet entitled "Families First." This booklet is a comprehensive guide to all the schemes and

payments which apply to the family unit, including single parent families, widowed or separated, as well as information on general family entitlements. Copies of this are also freely available at the office.

The Citizens Information Centre participated in Lone Parent Information Week in October, which was co-ordinated nationwide by a number of organisations including the National Social Service Board. To prepare for this a number of volunteers attended a special information seminar in Castlebar on lone parent entitlements. Volunteers also took part in on-going training as part of the monthly meeting in addition to attending for duty on average once a fortnight.

The annual conference was held again this year in St. Patrick's College, Dublin, and was attended by Marian Regan and Anne McHugh, who presented a comprehensive report on the proceedings.

The Centre suffered a major loss during the year in the death of Johnny Lyons. Johnny was a very efficient, hard-working and reliable volunteer, and our esteemed Chairman for a number of years. We offer our sincere sympathy to

his wife, Bridie, and to his family relatives.

New volunteers are always welcome at the Information Centre. Anyone interested in becoming involved in the service we provide or in finding out more about it should contact any of the existing volunteers or call to the office during opening hours.

At present the Centre is staffed by the following: Chairman, Kathleen McBride; Organiser, Deirdre Diskin; Deputy Organiser, Bridie Brennan; Secretary, May Murphy; Training Officer, Sr. Assumpta; Publicity Officer, Mary Donnelly.

Anne McHugh, Mary Waldron, Mary Hopkins, Maura Griffin, Angela Waldron, Mary Folliard, Mary Healy, Kathleen Waldron, Nora Sweeney, Frances Maye, Anne Flanagan, Kathleen Murphy and Marian Regan.

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

The telephone number is (0907) 30212.

Ballyhaunis Bridge Club

1994 was a very successful year for the Bridge Club. At present we have about seventy members. The Club meets every Tuesday and Thursday night in Albertos. The President, this year, is Mr. Martin Winston; Treasurer is Miss Patricia Waldron; Tournament Director is Mrs. Angela Joyce.

The main events of the year include the President's Prize, the Murphy Cup (in honour of Mrs. May Murphy, R.I.P.), and the bankers' night, sponsored by the local banks. This year we had a very successful drive, in aid of St. Mary's National School. The captain's prize was won this year by Mrs. Mary Walsh and Mr. Donal Geraghty, and the winners of the President's Prize were Mrs. Mary Morley and Mrs. Nuala Denny.

There was a new departure this year, the annual general meeting being held in May, and not in September as heretofore. The Bridge year concluded with a very enjoyable dinner and presentation of prizes.

By **FRANCES GAFFNEY**,
Hon. Secretary.



Mrs. Angela Joyce, Tournament Director, and Mrs. Joan Flynn, Secretary, being presented with a bouquet of flowers by Mr. Michael Cameron on the occasion of the captain's prize.

75th anniversary of the Pioneer Total Abstinence Association in Ballyhaunis

The Pioneer Association was established in 1898 but it was not until 1919 that the Centre was formed in Ballyhaunis. At present only a few members attend our monthly meetings, but we carry on and trust in God that some young people will have the inspiration and courage to join us.

By SR. ASSUMPTA.

When we read in the Pioneer magazine that our Centre is seventy-five years old, it was decided that this is an occasion to celebrate. Fr. Greaney, C.C., Spiritual Director of the Centre, was very enthusi-

astic about having a celebration. Mass, of course, was to be the first and main focus of the celebration. On the suggestion of Fr. Greaney it was decided to invite older members of P.T.A.A. as special guests.

On 27th July, 1994, Fr. Greaney celebrated a Mass of Thanksgiving; Very Rev. Fr. Cooney, P.P., concelebrated with him, and also present was Fr. John Gorman, Barnacarroll, Regional Spiritual Director, and Pádraig Brady, the National President of the Association, gave the Homily and then presented the special guests with certificates. The Church celebration over, we went to the Parochial Hall for "a cuppa." There was time to meet and chat with friends and neighbours. Fr. Cooney presented a pen to each of the special guests, who were delighted to be guests of honour on this day.

"Tempo," the music group for the occasion, were now on stage ready to get young and old on the floor to "trip the light fantastic" and a most enjoyable evening was had by all.



Pioneers, Michael Byrne, Johnstown; Mrs. Peg Byrne, Clare Street; Mrs. Mary Dillon-Leetch, Main Street; Mrs. Mary Boyle, Clagnagh, and Sr. Assumpta.



Front row: Sr. Assumpta, Mrs. Mary Dillon-Leetch, Mrs. Peg Byrne, Mrs. Kit Freeley, Michael Byrne, Paddy Connell, Mrs. Sarah Waldron, Mrs. Mary Boyle and Mrs. Mary Fitzmaurice. Back row: Fr. Mattie Greaney, C.C.; Joe Byrne, Mrs. Helen Byrne, Mrs. Patsy Flanagan, Fr. John Gorman, Mrs. Brady, Pádraig Brady, Mrs. Eileen Lyons, Kevin Lyons and Very Rev. Fr. Joe Cooney, P.P.

Patrick Joseph Dyer

Born in Knox Street, Ballyhaunis, 1898, his father, Thomas, came from Brackloon. Ellen Waldron his mother came from Cave. He joined the British Army and served with the Connaught Rangers during the 1914-1918 War in France, where he composed this poem. It is also believed he wrote "Ballyhaunis Revisited", published in the Western People, 1933. He went to U.S.A. and married there, and had a family. He was a regular visitor to Ballyhaunis, until his death sometime in the late 1960s.

War and Peace

Weary and worn from the travail of war,
My body and soul would rest,
For life is hard for such as I
Who have fought and bled and have
seen men die,
And go to their God with a jest.

When I lay in the wreck of this battlefield,
Where death assumed command,
And I felt at my heart the clutch of fear,
And a longing for home and all that was dear,
His presence touched my hand.

But I am one of a host of youths,
Who gave his health for right,
It tore my body and crippled by soul,
I helped to pay the ghastly toll,
I helped to fight the fight.

And God has left me here below,
Until my work shall cease,
To carry my cross that the world may see,
In the youth of today a man . . . like me,
O God let there be peace.

P.S. May God rest all my "buddies".

**Sergt. PATRICK JOSEPH
DYER 4065.
6th Connaught Rangers,
B.E.F. France (1918).**



Bridget Mary Halpin (nee Caulfield, R.I.P.) and Tommy Byrne, both from Main Street.



Stations in Heneghan's, Tullaghane (23/9/'94): Left/right: Patrick Finnegan, Mary Doherty, Patrick Doherty, Margaret Heneghan-Lydon, Marion McNamara, Noreen Gallagher and Bridie Finnegan.



Terry McDonagh.



Stephanie Tarpey on her way to Finner Camp, Summer '94, pictured with David Greene and Declan Mulhern.

Ballyhaunis Soccer Club

The 1993/94 season finished off with the Under-14 team winning the Division One League. We had the following players on the Mayo County selections –

Under-14: Paul Finn, Adrian Clegg, Karl Lyons, Alan Regan and Declan Connaughton.

Under-16: Rory O'Malley.

Under-18: Cormac O'Connor and Francis Maguire.

1994/95 season

The Mayo League made the decision to change over to Summer Soccer this year so, as a result, there was a very concentrated programme of games from July to October.

The current situation is that the Under-15 and Under-13 teams are through to the last 32 in the All-Ireland Cups (Open Draw), and we are anxiously awaiting the draws for same.

Cormac O'Connor has, once again, been selected on the Under-18 County team, and becomes the first Ballyhaunis soccer player to play for Mayo for five consecutive years.

We decided to enter a Junior team for the first time in over ten years. We were competing in Division 2 'B' and finished up in third place. We were beaten by near neighbours, Cloonfad, by just the one goal, in the third round of the F.A.I.

Junior Cup. The goal was scored by ex-Ballyhaunis Youth player, Michael Swords, with just five minutes remaining. The interest in Junior soccer was great with over thirty players totting out for the Club. If this interest is maintained, we may be able to field two teams next season.

The Club have just recently installed dressingrooms at their pitch on the Ballinlough road.

The Teenage discos in the Parochial Hall have continued to be a success. They are supervised and no alcoholic drink is allowed. We would like to thank everyone who helped out during the year, especially the Gardai for their continued support.

We run a Lotto draw every Tuesday night at the Parochial Hall Bingo, and we would like to thank the Bingo Committee for their co-operation on this. Anyone who would like to be in on the draw can do so by getting someone to buy their ticket at the Bingo or by contacting any of the Soccer Club Committee.

The main Lotto winners so far are: Ray Lucey, £1,300; Mrs. M. Coffey, £400; Mrs. Delia Egan, £1,450; Michael Pat Duffy, £650.

The present Club officials are: Chairperson, Chris Pratt; Secretary, Michael Murphy; Treasurer, Tom Finn; P.R.O., Pat O'Connor; Team Management: Junior, Tony O'Rourke;



Mayo/Roscommon Hospice Nurse? Aine Hunt (aged 6), daughter of Murt and the late Anne Hunt (R.I.P.) who won a prize for the prettiest outfit at the Tooreen St. Patrick's Day Parade, 1994.

Under-18, Pat O'Connor; Under-12 through to Under-16, shared by Michael Murphy and Aidan O'Boyle.

The Club have approximately 100 youth and 35 junior players registered this season.

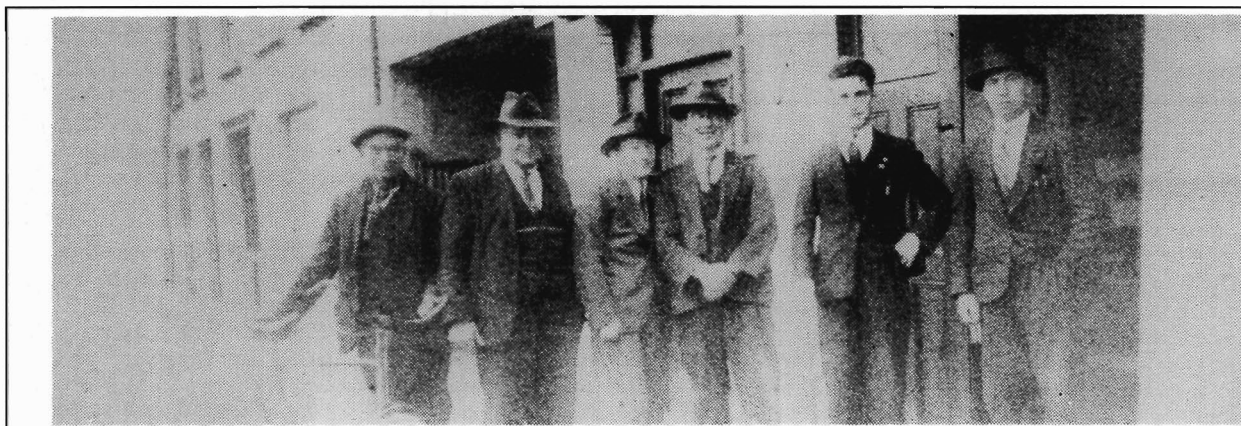
News just to hand is that Tony Morley has been selected on the Mayo League panel for the Oscar Traynor Cup.



Ballyhaunis Under-18 Soccer team, who played Derry, in January, 1994. Back row David O'Connor, Asst. Manager; John Guilfoyle, Grahame Cleary, Michael Swords, Rory O'Malley, Francis McGuire, Paul Nolan, Fergal Kelly, Pat O'Connor, Manager. Front row: Duncan Hannon, Ollie Sweeney, Kenny Lyons, Cormac O'Connor, Martin Clegg, Mark Patterson and Derek Walsh.



Vocational School at the back of Forde's, The Square (1937/'38) – Back row: Annie Morris, Delia Finn, Kathleen Sweeney, Delia Owens, Kitty Lyons, Mary McGrath, Annie Johnson, ?????, Margaret Mary Forkan, Baby Lyons, ????????, Bridie May Sweeney, Molly Folliard. Middle row: Una Walsh, Aggie Byrne, Amy Ruddy, ?????, Delia Boyle, Mary Kenny, Una Mullarkey, Phil Cunnane, Kathleen Feeney, Chris Jennings, Teresa Morris. Front row: Kathleen Forry, Rosaleen Garvey, Mary Duffy, Josie Carney, Kitty McHugh, Betty Wynne, Kathleen Cunningham, Patsy Hannon, Noreen Finn, Mary Carroll, Mary Regan, Josie Grogan, May Henry.



Left to right: Jim (German) Waldron, Dernacong; John Leonard, M.C.C., Gorteenmore; Larry Moran, Upper Main Street; Brodie Morley, Knox Street, Dom Moran, Knox Street, and Jim Forde, Upper Main Street.



Front row, kneeling, left to right: Stephen Hoban, Mohammad Z. Javaid, Patrick Freeley, John Gallagher, Niall Asilia, Joyce Jordan, Nadia Latif and Melissa Kenny. Second row: Kieran Turner, Enda Griffin, Lydia Concannon, Sharon Kirrane, Paul Higgins, Noel Byrne, Syna Idrees and Robert Cregg. Third row: Robert Freyne, Niall Feeney, Kevin MacNamara, Margaret Cribbin, Isobel Morrissey, Ciara Lyons, Colleen Waldron, Brian Waldron, Paul Walsh and James Quinn.

Picture by Glynn's Photography.

Ballyhaunis Library

Joining the Library is a simple procedure of signing a form. A year's membership costs just £1.00! 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).

A request service is provided whereby books which are not in stock can be requested by completing a request form.

If you require any information,

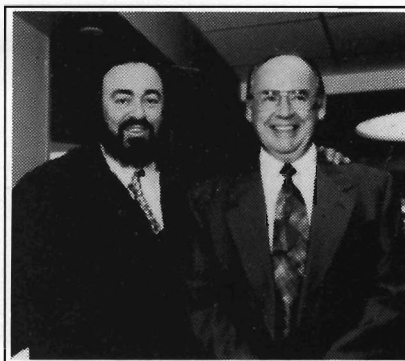
Eleanor is only too willing to help.

USE YOUR LIBRARY

Ballyhaunis Library is situated in Clare Street. Telephone: (0907) 30161.

The opening hours are: Monday (closed); Tuesday, 12.00 noon - 5 p.m.; Wednesday: 3 - 8 p.m.; Thursday (closed); Friday: 3 - 8 p.m.; Saturday: 12.00 noon - 5 p.m.

The Library is closed on Church Holidays and on the Saturdays preceding Bank Holidays.



Dr. Kieran Freyne photographed with world-famous tenor, Luciano Pavarotti, in the new wing of Columba's Hospital, New Jersey, where Kieran is Director of Radiology. The new wing was opened by Pavarotti in Summer, 1994, and is called "The Pavarotti Wing."

(Photo courtesy of Agnes Freyne, Clare St.).

Expand your horizons – Read for fun – Read for information!



Moran family reunion – The Moran family, Coolnafarna, held their reunion in the Manor House Hotel, in June, 1994. Photograph includes family members who reside locally and those who travelled from Strokestown, Meath, Kildare, Waterford, Cork, Birmingham and London.

Spotlight on Connacht sport

Extract from Sunday Independent,
April 6th, 1952.

WHATEVER Ballyhaunis sport lacks in the way of quantity is amply compensated for in quality. For instance, what other town of its size (1,200 population), can claim to have housed four international boxing tournaments in which the home country has been opposed by Germany, Italy and France (twice)?

Ballyhaunis Golf Club, too, is recognised as possessing the best nine-hole course in the West, and the local G.A.A. Club is one of the most enterprising in the province.

Boxing

Lack of proper training quarters is the reason why Ballyhaunis boxers have not been hitting the high spots of late, but now that new premises have been acquired the other Clubs in the West can look to their laurels. Over forty boxers are now in training under former fistic star, Paddy Walshe.

The Ballyhaunis Club was originally formed in 1931 by Rev. E. A. Mansfield, O.S.A., himself a keen follower of the sport: James Caulfield, William Dillon-Leetch and Harry Dillon.

Prominently connected with the club in later years were Sergt. P. J. Nally, the present Chairman; Denis P. Sweeney, B.D.S., Hon. Treasurer; Peter Hannon (Jnr.), Hon. Treasurer, Connacht Council I.A.B.A.

Prominent boxers in the early days of the Club included Paddy Walshe, the Kilduff brothers, Johnny Cooke, Jack Anderson, Garda O'Neill, Jimmy Cribben, the Moylette brothers, Tom Phillips, Con McDonagh, Jim Coffey (Tully), and Johnny Ward.

As already stated, the Club have sponsored four international tournaments, and in 1948 Ballyhaunis was the venue for one of the Olympic Trial tournaments. The local Club have also sponsored Connacht and Mayo Championships on several occasions.

G.A.A.

When one considers that Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club have no secondary school in the town from which to draw "ready-made" talent, it speaks volumes for the enthusiasm and organising ability of members to find that the club is in a thriving condition.

It is not generally known that Ballyhaunis won a Mayo Senior Championship as far back as 1919. For the few years' previous to

*Courtesy of Eamon Dwane,
Clare Street, Ballyhaunis.*

1949 the Club had to weather a rather lean period, but an all-out revival effort made in that year put it back on its feet again.

Chiefly responsible for this "come-back" were the President, Rev. Fr. M. Godwin, C.C.; Michael Tarmey (Chairman), also a member of the Mayo County Board; Thomas Buckley, M.R.C.V.S., and Thomas Flatley (Vice-Chairman); Mick O'Connell (Hon. Secretary); Patrick Keane and Patrick Flanagan (joint Hon. Treasurer), and Committee members, L. Freely, E. Carroll, J. O'Dwyer, N.T.; P. Jordan, P. Forde, J. Tarmey and T. Smith.

The Club are the present holders of the East Mayo Juvenile Championship winning team included: J. Tuoghey (Tooreen); Sean Smith, Andy Smith, "Doc" Healy, John Forde and William Byrne.

Ballyhaunis Minors were East Mayo champions in 1950. They beat Castlebar in the county semi-final but lost the final to Ballina.

Leading players in this section of the Club include Tom Flanagan. A cousin of "Ireland" forward, Mick Flanagan, Tom has played for the Mayo Minors and assisted the Connacht Colleges to defeat Munster in the recent semi-final at Tuam; John Byrne, Henry Forde, Paddy Moran, Sean Freyne and John O'Brien (Hollywell).

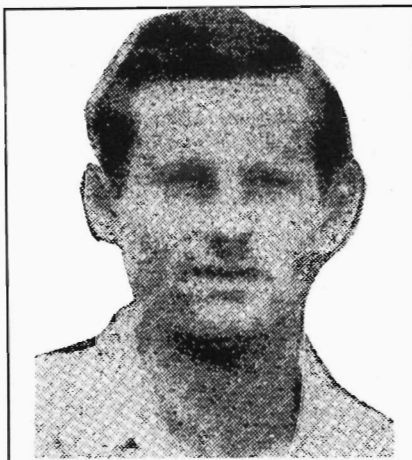
Prominent junior players in the Club are George Delaney, Noel Waldron, Padraig Hannon, Bertie Lynch, Joseph Webb and Mick Murphy.

Ballyhaunis Club has produced many a great Mayo county player. Names such as Tom Forde, a former Chairman of the Mayo County Board; Jack Waldron, Jim Forde, Jimmy O'Dwyer, "Kite" Dillon, George Delaney, the late Jack Moran and the late Rev. Fr. M. Hannon are household words in the county.

Sean Flanagan, T.D., present captain of the Mayo team, is a native of Ballyhaunis.

Golf

The fact that over 600 visitors played over the Ballyhaunis Golf course during 1951 is ample proof that the course is recognised as being one of the finest nine holes in the country.



Eamon Dwane of Ballyhaunis Table Tennis Club, is Mayo champion and a Connacht Inter-Provincial.

Instrumental in forming the Club in 1926 were: Billy Devoy, a nephew of the famed Fenian Leader, John Devoy; Tom Forde, the present President; John Roche, John Dillon-Leetch, P. J. Caulfield, Dr. Kirby, John Dillon and Joseph Cooney. The last named was the first Hon. Secretary.

The Club has about seventy members and receives excellent support from the surrounding towns of Kilkelly, Swinford, Ballaghaderreen, Kiltimagh and Claremorris. Jack Eaton is the present Hon. Secretary.

The Club sponsors two open meetings annually. This year's meetings have been arranged for June 8th (Cairnes Cup), and September 7th (Perry Cup). The Club has not had a captain for the past two years, but this year the popular local all-rounder, Cyril Coyne, will act as "skipper."

The leading golfers in the Club are: John Roche, James Hoey (Hon. Treasurer); Joe Darcy, Rev. Fr. J. Concannon, Charlie Lydon, Cyril Coyne, Frank McAnena, Rev. Fr. James Horan, John O'Brien, P. J. Fahy, W. L. Hynes and Paddy Reilly.

The Ladies' section is also very active. Miss M. Neary, Captain for the coming year, is assured of good support from such as Miss May Myles (Hon. Secretary); Miss K. Cunningham (Hon. Treasurer); Mrs. S. Dillon, Mrs. P. O'Brien and Mrs. D. Sweeney.

Playing off a handicap of eight, Miss Kathleen Cassidy is one of the leading lady golfers in the West.

Table Tennis

Table Tennis has made rapid strides in Ballyhaunis over the last few years. Mainly responsible for this advancement has been Limerick-born Eamonn Dwane, a member of the local Post Office staff.

Eamonn is holder of the County Mayo Singles Championship, and was a member of the Connacht team for the recent Inter-Provincial Championships at Tramore. Rev. E. A. Mansfield, O.S.A., is President of the Club. Fred Dunne is the Chairman, and Jim Sweeney acts in the dual capacity of

Secretary and Treasurer.

Other leading personalities in the Club include: Val Byrne, Sean Griffin, Noel Waldron, John Byrne, Bertie Lynch, Renee Flynn, Mercia Flatley, Ina Phillips, Rosaleen Garvey, Molly Loftus and Ethna Waldron.

Billiards

St. Patrick's Catholic Club is the headquarters for the many billiards and snooker players in the town. Father Tom Rushe is the popular Chairman of the Club; Dr. E. Waldron is the Vice-Chairman; Cyril Coyne is the Hon. Secretary, and William Smith, N.T., is the Hon. Treasurer.

Prominent members of the Committee include: Eddie Beasty, Liam Smith, Tom Freely, P. Tighe, Noel Waldron, M. Moran and M. Rattigan. A handicap snooker tournament, sponsored by the Club, was won by Milo Henry, who beat Pat Kilroy in the final.

Other good players in the Club include Paddy Walshe, Willie Murphy, Sean Corcoran, Cyril O'Malley, Cyril Coyne and Michael Rattigan.

I understand that Fr. Tom Rushe is presenting a Perpetual Challenge Cup for billiards.

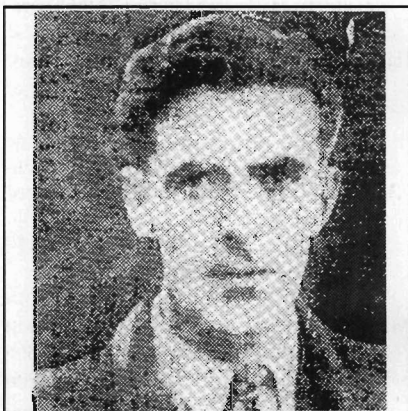
Hurling

Hurling has not been catered for in Ballyhaunis in the past, so it came as a surprise to the townspeople to hear the "clash of the ash" last week, when a group of local enthusiasts decided to turn out for a practice. Prominent amongst the "camán wielders" were: Eamonn Dwane, George Delaney, Des Curtis, Bertie Curley and Val Byrne.

Perhaps, a Hurling Club will grow from this modest beginning.

Angling

While there is no organised Angling Club in the town, there are many keen anglers to be found. Amongst the most prominent are: John Dillon-Leetch, Sergt. P. J. Nally, Patrick Mulligan, P. J. Caulfield and John Gormley.



Michael O'Connell, Hon. Secretary, Ballyhaunis G.A.A. Club.



Mrs. Marie Sweeney (R.I.P.) and Mrs. Teresa Pilling, outside St. Patrick's Church, Ballyhaunis, built by their grandfather, John Charles Fitzmaurice. They are first cousins of the late John Freyne (R.I.P.), Clare Street; Michael Freyne, Coolnaha; and Sean Freyne (R.I.P.), Coolnaha.



Tullaughane Stations (Heneghan's), September, '94: Margaret Ruane, Mary Mullarkey, Mary Coffey. Front: Maureen Finnegan.

A look through "Western People" files

Once again we take you back in time, through the annals of The Western People, to relive some memories of bygone days, as reported in that venerable newspaper. A special thanks to Ann Bourke, also of The Western People, for her help with research.

1934

JULY: Ballyhaunis had drawn some extremely large crowds to its boxing tournaments within the past couple of years, but that which patronised the international between France and Ireland was one of the biggest ever seen in Connacht. It was feared that, because it was the eve of the Mayo v. Galway Connacht football final in nearby Castlerea, the attendance might have been affected. However 3,000 people turned up at the natural amphitheatre of the Priory grounds to witness the French beat the national side. Mr. William Dillon-Leetch was M.C. while the judges were from Paris and Dublin. Present were Fr. Mansfield, President of the Mayo Boxing Board and Mr. F. V. De Vere, Ballina, Vice-President. The winners received Foxford rugs from Fr. Mansfield, and a dance was held afterwards in McGarry's Hall.

AUGUST: Miss A. Freeley was the winner of a cup offered by the local Golf Club in a tournament played with handicaps from 30 to 36. Her sister, Miss P. Freeley was runner-up.

A Testimonial dinner was held in The Hotel Commodore, New York in honour of Rev. Vincent D. Smythe, former Pastor of the Carmelite Church in 28th Street, New York. Rev. Smythe was originally from Abbey Street.

SEPTEMBER: It was announced that extensive structural work was to be carried out on Ballyhaunis National School, at a cost of £900. It was hoped to raise a further £900 for repairs to Brackloon and Derrylea schools. About £400 was to be raised locally, with the rest coming from the Department.

OCTOBER: Julia Cruise, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Cruise, N.T., Logboy, was called for training to Carysfort Convent, Dublin.

NOVEMBER: Under the new relief work scheme about 12 men were employed making a road at Cherryfield, Ballyhaunis. It is expected that the

By DAVID DWANE

Circular Road at Knox Street will undergo similar treatment in the near future.

DECEMBER: At the Pig Fair fat pigs went at fifty shillings per cwt. (dead weight); potatoes at four pence a stone; geese at seven shillings a pair; and turkeys at six and a half pence a pound. Mayo Board of Health discussed the proposed building of labourers Cottages at Cherryfield, on Mr. John Coyne's land.

1944

FEBRUARY: Coolnafarna Dramatic Society presented a three-act play "Troubled Bachelors" and the farce "Revels In The Workhouse" in aid of the Augustinian Abbey debt, in Waldrons Hall.

The local Gaelic League decided to suggest to the relevant authorities that Knox Street be renamed Boland Street in commemoration of Capt. Paddy Boland, killed during the Black and Tan period, and that Bridge Street be re-named Jordan Street in memory of Fulgentius Jordan, an Augustinian Friar murdered nearby by the Cromwellian forces. The following officers were elected: President, Fr. Mansfield O.S.A.; Vice-President, James Smyth, Abbey St.; Chairman, Seamus O'Donnell, Cooloughra; Secretary, Mary Hopkins, Knox Street; Treasurer, Padraic Freeley, Scregg. Working Committee: Kathleen Ganley, Drimbane; Dick Cahill, Lecarrow; Hugh Mahon, Ballyglass; Paddy O'Gara, Ballyglass; Seamus Durkan, Abbey St.; Dominick Moran, Coolnafarna; and Sean Mannion, Lisduff.

MARCH: When Mr. D. Cafferky asked the Minister for Lands in the Dail whether he would immediately acquire and allocate 90 acres of land at Cooloughra, Ballyhaunis, the owner of which had been in America for the last 45 years,

the Minister stated that the question would seem to refer to 73 acres, now in the ownership of Mrs. Booth. It was not proposed to take any action in the current emergency conditions, the Minister said.

JUNE: Ballyhaunis Feis was held in the Convent Grounds, preceded by a parade through the town led by the Balla Pipe Band. The opening was addressed by the Archbishop of Tuam, Dr. Walsh, and also on the platform were Philip Waldron, Frank Swift, Dr. M. Waldron, J. T. Smyth, Richard Tarpey and a Mr. Carney, who had attended the first Feis there in 1903.

1954

FEBRUARY: The annual general meeting of the Ballyhaunis Town Improvements Committee was opened with a prayer by Archdeacon Prendergast, P. P., who later congratulated the committee on their success in getting the diet food factory for Ballyhaunis. The Chairman, Mr. Denis Sweeney, declared that he and Dr. Waldron had gone to Holland to inspect the proposed factory, and were highly impressed. Some months later Messrs. Neuterlings Senior and Junior visited the proposed site in Ballyhaunis, and were satisfied about its suitability. The site was to be purchased from the committee for between £300 and £400. Among the many other items that came up for discussion were the provision of extra lights on the Clare Road and Tooraree Road, the very unsatisfactory condition of the Tooraree Road, and the provision of water and sewerage for Devlis and Cherryfield Cottages. The matter of a much-needed public lavatory was discussed and shelved. New officers elected for the coming year were Chairman, Mr. Denis Sweeney, Vice-Chairman Seargent P. J. Nally, Secretary, Mr. Paddy Waldron and joint Treasurers Mr. L. Freeley and Mr. P. J. McGarry.

MAY: In The Rushe Cup Billiards Competition in the Parochial Hall J. Morley beat J. Dillon; V. Byrne beat T. Buckley; G. Delaney beat C. Jordan; B. Curley beat K. Jordan; and B. Byrne beat V. Caulfield.

JULY: Mr. P. Hughes' greyhound "Honest Bill" was sold for 230 gns. at Shelbourne Park Sales.

In the Scouts Fortnightly Draw E. Dwane won £5, and the following won £1 each—Rev. K. Fahey, J. Eaton, M. Keane, Mrs. L. Moran and E. Maher.

1964

MARCH: In the Parochial Hall Snooker handicaps, M. Curley beat M. Moran; M. Webb beat B. Curley; and Tom McCormack beat Jack Moran.

It was decided at a meeting to organise a carnival in the town with the aim of

making money for St. Patrick's College. The college was built two years ago at a cost of £10,000 and needed a further £2000 for a new wing. Two new classrooms would be added for the increasing number of pupils.

APRIL: C.I.E. Signalman Patrick Lyons from Ballinaphull retired after 49 years service. Patrick had been stationed in Sligo and Ballina before moving to Ballyhaunis in 1946.

Pupils of Sr. Dympna's Convent of Mercy class, Bridie Conway, Cullintra, Knock and Catherine Lavin, Bekan, were successful in an examination for the ESB Head Office.

MAY: Commenting on the few children from country schools in the parish to make their first communion Rev. T. Rushe, Adm. said it was indeed sad to see the population of the parish declining. Brackloon School presented four children. Coolnafarna presented just one, while Derrylea had none for communion.

The top prize of £10 at the weekly Parochial Hall bingo session was shared by Sgt. W. Curran, Mrs. Flynn from the Ulster Bank and J. Toolan, Devlis.

JUNE: In a Junior Football challenge game against a Castlerea team in Ballyhaunis, Patsy Keane, "Doc" Healy, J. Costello, J. Biesty and Murt Hannon helped the locals to a win.

At Ballyhaunis Fair 3-year old bullocks and heifers went from £60 to £70; milch cows from £60 to £70; fat sheep (shorn) from £5 to £6; and yearlings from £35 to £45.

1974

AUGUST: At the monthly meeting of the

Junior Chamber, the President, Seamus Forde read out a letter received by Martin Finn, T.D., Senator M. D. Lyons and the Junior Chamber, from the Department of Local Government informing them that the necessary approval had been given to Mayo County Council for the completion of the swimming pool.

SEPTEMBER: Twenty one year old dark-haired Ballyhaunis beauty Bridget Regan, from Gurteenbeg won the 1974 Wild Rose of County Leitrim crown. Her prize was £250 cash and a fur coat.

OCTOBER: Winners at the weekly Bridge Tournament in the Central Hotel were James Mulhern and Patricia Waldron. In second place were L. Coughlan and May Moyles.

Ted Webb was congratulated on winning an All-Ireland medal with the Mayo Under-21 Team in Croke Park. His cousin Michael Webb was sub-goalie on the same team. He joined the small list of Ballyhaunis players who hold All-Ireland medals, the others being Minor-Tom Fitzgerald and Frank Fahey; Under 21- J.J. Cribben and T. Fitzgerald and Junior- John (Doc) Healy, Charlie Phillips, John Biesty and Mal Nally.

NOVEMBER: The Community Care Centre at the Parochial Hall was nearing completion, under contractor Vincent Geraghty. A local Junior Chamber committee which initiated and guided the project included Rita Webb, Mary Smyth, Jim Higgins, Fr. Des Walsh, and Joe Rochford.

DECEMBER: In a Schools debate on the motion "That the small farmer is a hindrance to the economy and a burden on society", students of St. Patrick's

College and the Convent Of Mercy took opposing sides. The Convent girls, who proposed the motion, won the debate, represented by speakers Finola Lyons (Captain), Ann Moran, Helena Caulfield and Bernadette Regan. The boys of St. Patrick's College were Gerard McDonnell (Captain), John Griffin, Sean Healy, and Joseph Grogan.

1984

JANUARY: Eddie Fitzgerald's greyhound "Inishowen" won a major race at Galway Greyhound Track.

Sean McGrath, representing Ballyhaunis Community School, took three Gold medals at The Connacht Colleges Swimming Championship in Tuam.

The first and second prizes at the weekly 25 Drive held in the Scout Den were shared by Tom McGuire and Paddy Folliard, and John Fitzmaurice and Andy Ryan.

FEBRUARY: Cumiskey's team was defeated by Bernie Byrne's in the Ballyhaunis Pub Quiz. Representing Byrnes were Austin Henry (Captain), Joe Healy, Joe Henry and Johnny Cunnane. William Curran (Captain), Luke Murray, Teddy Webb and Robby Herr answered for Cumiskeys. Chris Pratt was Quizmaster, Gerry Lyons was scorekeeper, and Mary Heneghan was timekeeper.

JUNE: Maureen Towey, Larganboy, was selected to represent Ballyhaunis in the Mayo heat of the Charlestown Western Rose.

Sean Cribben, Knockbrack and Jerome Murray, Lissiniskea left to commence training as recruit Gardai.



Eighty years of priesthood: Congratulations to Fathers Ciaran and Brendan Fahy, formerly of Abbey Quarter, who celebrated the 40th anniversary of their ordinations in Ballintubber Abbey, in August, 1993. Fr. Ciaran now lives in Orlando, Florida, and Fr. Brendan is in St. Asaph, N. Wales. Standing: Frank Purcell, Carmel (Fahey); Patrick and Edward Roulliaux. Seated: Collette (Purcell); Fathers Brendan and Ciaran Fahy.

Cantairi win national title at Sligo

Flanagan Hall, Sligo, was the scene of great jubilation for people from the greater Ballyhaunis area, on Saturday last, when it was announced that the locally based choral group, Cantairi Béal Atha h-Amhnais, had won first prize in the national competition for mixed voice choirs at the prestigious Sligo International Choral Festival.

This is a competition for choirs from all over Ireland who must perform two contrasting part-songs of a high standard.

Second and third places went to Carrickmacross Singers and Trim Singers, respectively.

The Ballyhaunis singers and supporters in the internationally crowded auditorium were particularly delighted for Pauline McGarry when she went on stage to receive the Canon McLoughlin Cup as it

was a fitting personal reward for the commitment, dedication and inspiration she has given to the choir over the past ten years.

Members of the group are: Musical Director, Pauline McGarry. Sopranos: Moira Delaney, Ita Fahey, Nuala Fitzgerald, Margaret Hannon, Eva Johnston, Claire Kelly, Hilary Murray, Frankie O'Malley, Xanthe Pratt, Mary Quinn. Altos: Laura Brogan, Anna Butler, Mary Dawson, Anne Marie Eagney, Monica Murphy, Maureen Thornton, Niamh McGarry, Una Shields. Basses: Terry Coleman, Pádraig Forde, Seamus Forde, Oliver Jordan, Chris Pratt, Noel Waldron. Tenors: Michael Brogan, Tony Flynn, Pat Martin, Luke Murray and Pat Noone.

Cantairi Béal Atha h-Amhnais are cel-

ebrating ten years of excellent in mixed voice choral singing, the highlights of which are:

1983: Prizewinners in advanced choir section of Navan Choral Festival.

1984: First place at Cork International Choral Festival.

1985: Recipients of piano awarded by the E.E.C. European Music Committee.

1986/'87: First prize winners at Sligo Feis Ceoil.

1988: First prize at Cork International Choral Festival.

1990: Radio broadcast on "Donncha's Sunday."

1991: Prizewinners at Sligo Choral Festival.

1993: First prize at Limerick International Church Music Festival; qualified for "Voice of the Year" competition; involved in "Mayo 5000" concert.

1994: Second prize at Cork International Choral Festival; first prize at Sligo International Choral Festival.

Cantairi Béal Atha h-Amhnais have also performed at many non-competitive performances and concerts for charity.

On Sunday, December 18th, at the Augustinian Abbey, Cantairi will present a Christmas Carol service, in aid of St. Vincent de Paul. They will be joined by the senior girls of St. Joseph's National School, and also the Male Voice Choir of the Augustinian Abbey.

Your support of this worthy event would be much appreciated, and all are welcome.



Cantairi Béal Atha h-Amhnais.

Owen Kilduff

(Barrack Street)

YOUTHFUL MEMORIES

I was born in Larganboy. My father was a blacksmith, and had his forge there. When I was very young my father moved into town to a house owned by Henry Lyons, who was a native of Classaroe.

I went to the Convent School – Sr. Aquin and Sr. Vincent taught there. There was a tricycle and a rocking horse for us – they were kept under the stairs. I remember drill – we were all given little wooden guns to march with!

In the boys school we were taught by Willie Smyth, Tom Waldron, Liscat (Peggy Henry's father) and P. A. Waldron. I remember Mikey Freeley and Tom Phillips as fellow pupils. We played catch in the yard.

In school we often got up to tricks – when somebody got up to answer a question we might get a piece of bent cardboard with a pin in it and put it on the seat for him! There were two brothers in the school, and when one was slapped the other cried!

We also played football. One street against another – Main Street might play Abbey Street. I remember lads like Martin Hannon and Jack Eaton.

We used to play games in a shed where Ryans Supermarket is now. Reillys owned it and sometimes the shopboys would forget to lock up. We would hide and jump among the bags.

Fishing was a favourite pastime of mine. People like Packie Caulfield, Pat Reilly and Jim Flatley might stay overnight on the island and get up at dawn to catch trout and pike on Mannin Lake. When I was fifteen or sixteen I'd set off on the bike and collect Tom Boyle and Pat Forde (Martin's uncle) at Island. We had egg and bacon sandwiches and an old kettle for making tea. We'd collect the boat at the bottom of Island castle and as Annagh Island lake was not very good for fishing we'd head up river to Mannin. We might go back down to Currans Lake and across to the White Lake (off Sligo Road).

We'd have a lot of fish and we'd give the extra to the neighbours – though you had to keep an eye out that you got your own.

I served my time at my fathers in Larganboy. Hartigans lived where I live now. Paddy Mulligan snr. and Packie lived next door. They worked as bakers in

Flanagans (Tom Buckley's grandparents). Packie stayed in Philip Morleys. He had an ass cart van for delivering to the shops. We had the twist loaf – round with a rope effect on top – the common loaf – and sole loaf – with a hollow on top made by the bakers elbow. Packie's wife was Roche



Owen and Mary Kilduff

from Cork. She kept seven or eight fine turkeys.

The women visited each others houses when the men played cards. They would have tea and a chat!

As teenagers we played at election meetings in Reillys shed. We would take turns to get up on the barrels and were clapped and heckled. I was introduced as the 'Blacksmith' from Ballinalee (Gen. Sean McEoin). Sergeant Lyons and Michael Dwyer were policemen in those days. A policeman from Ballyhaunis had to walk to Brickens to meet a Claremorris policeman. They would check dog licences and unshod horses (in case of cruelty).

The old R.I.C. barrack was opposite the church (Dillons flats), later at Ard Patrick (Dr. Noone's) and the black and Tans had a barracks.

The top house in the street was occupied by Mrs. Walsh. We lived next door. There were Hartigans, then Mrs. Mulligan, she used to ring the church bell and tidy the church. There were Hanleys – he was

a policeman and Dwyers, Mrs. McHugh (Eddie's mother) lived where Ryan's new extension is and opposite them Mrs. O'Malley whose daughter married Michael Griffin, who worked for P. J. Caulfield; Joyces chemists where Curleys is now.

We played cards in John Freeleys (Horans) after work my father and myself. Tom Kennedy, Dom Byrne (a tailor), Martin Duffy, Devlis, Tommy O'Malley, Eamon Phillips, and Michael Dwyer. We played '25', 2d. and 3d were wagered!

One not so pleasant memory of my young days concerned the Black and Tans. They took over the top flat where Phillips draper shop is now – then owned by James Lyons. Fr. McEvilly, C.C., occupied the flat at the time. They would shine big search lights up to the sky to alert Claremorris if there was trouble. Once when I was sitting on the couch in Hartigans a drunken Black and Tan came in and put a loaded revolver into my mouth., Mrs. Hartigan shouted at him to stop, "don't hurt the boy who does my messages". Luckily he fell down but sprayed bullets all over the room. Mrs. Hartigan told him to get up and go back to the barracks. Mrs. Hartigan's daughter, Lizzie, who was fancied by the Black and Tans, arrived and told me to go on a message and not come back until the coast was clear. The next day Mrs. Hartigan told me that three Tans had come over from the barracks and carried him back with them – so I survived to tell this tale!

• In conversation with Jack Halpin and Matt O'Dwyer.

"Something to live for"

"You must have a hope to inspire you
You must have a path to pursue,
You must have an object to work for,
A plan and a purpose in view.

You must have a sense of direction,
Or lost you go drifting along,
You must have a faith that will guide you,
When life holds no light and no song.

You must have a stake in the future,
Tho' swiftly the years may depart,
You'll always have something to live for,
If you have a dream in your heart."

AGNES HEANEY



Paddy Brennan — Canon Pratt



Maisin Meath — Moll



Jimmy Cribbin — The Bishop

"MOLL"

By John B. Keane

Scene—Canon Pratt's Diningroom/Sittingroom.

ACT I—Two Scenes

ACT II—Two Scenes

ACT III—One Scene

TIME—The Present.

SETTING—Cork/Kerry.

CAST

FR. BREST	Noel Dalton
FR. HORAN	Matt O'Dwyer
CANON PRATT	Paddy Brennan
MRS. ANDOVER	Ria Mooney
MOLL KETTLE	Maisin Meath
BRIDGIE	Peggy Curran
ULICK	Tom Byrne
HIS LORDSHIP	Jommy Cribbin

Production and Set by Seamus Durkan.

Make-up by Tommy Smyth.

Furnishing—Cribbin's Furniture and Antique Stores.



Noel Dalton — Fr. Brest



Peggy Curran — Bridgie



Ria Mooney — Mrs. Andover



Tom Byrne — Ulick



Matt Dwyer — Fr. Horan

Boy Scout Little Theatre, 10th, 11th and 12th March, 1974.



Back row, left to right: John McNamara, Michael McNamara, Kathleen McNamara, Willie McNamara, Mary McNamara, Micheal McNamara and Kevin McNamara. Front row: Kay Buckley (nee McNamara), Joan McNamara, Ann McNamara and Marion McNamara.

PATRONS

*The Annagh Magazine Society is grateful to the following
for their support; thanks is also due to the patrons
who wish to remain anonymous:*

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Crehan's Restaurant, Clare Street - Meals all day, 8 a.m. - 8 p.m.	30328.
Cunningham, Paddo, Londis Foodmarket, Abbey Street	30730/30162.
Curley's Bar, Clare Street	30077.
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Farah Exports (Irl.), Ballyhaunis	30101.



Jim London, Kathleen Lyons, Betty Regan, Margaret O'Flaherty, Augustine Kearns. Front row: Aishling Toal, Peggy Cruise and Laura Finn.
Picture by Glynn's Photography.



Reunion after 41 years, when Lily Foudy, formerly of Clare Street, visited her cousin, Mary D. Waldron, Ballindrehid, during the Summer of 1994. Pictured (left/right): Mary D. Waldron, Vona Moran, Lily Foudy, her daughter, Jennie Sproule, and Lily's nephew, Very Rev. Fr. Michael Joyce, P.P., Curry, Co. Sligo.

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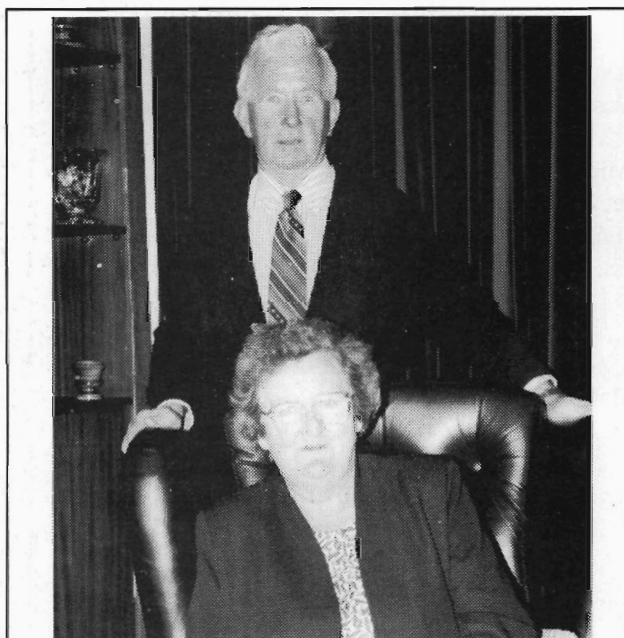
Finn, Tom, Footwear Specialists, Main Street	30141.
Fitzgerald's Grocery & Confectionery, Bridge Street.	
Flogas (Ireland) Ltd., Ballyhaunis	Fax: 30040 / 30883.
Forde's Ltd., The House For All The Family, The Square	30013.
Forkan's B. & B. (en-suite rooms – private parking), Knox Street	30888.
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Freyne's Garage & Filling Station, Clare Street	30043.
G.A.A. Sports Club (Chairman: Jimmy Walsh), Knockbrack	30737.
Gallagher's Builders' Providers, Furniture, Main Street, and Clare Road	30314 / 30020.
Garvey-Moran, C., School Supplies, Knox Street	30079.
Gerry's Barber Shop, Barrack Street	31014.
Glynn (Pat), Photographer, Doctor's Road	'Phone: 30026 / Castlerea 20094.
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.
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Keane (Joe), Merchant Tailor, Knox Street	30751.
Kelly (Padraic), Furniture Manufacturer, Drimbane	30089.
Kelly (Rosaleen), R.P.N., M.S.R.I., Kinesiology, Learning Difficulties	30022.
Knock Road House, Bed & Breakfast (Prop.: John and 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), Foodstore & Newsagents, 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.



Fred and Maura Herr, Knox Street, celebrated the Golden Jubilee of their wedding on the 27th July, 1994.



Patrick and Margaret Mary Judge, Agloragh, who celebrated their Golden Jubilee this year.



Michael and Mary Keegan, Holywell, Ballyhaunis, on the occasion of their 40th wedding anniversary in July, 1994.



Choir presentation to John and Maura O'Neill, in Horan's Tudor Inn, on Friday, May 20th, 1994.



Post Office Retirement: Left/right: Joe Byrne, Margaret Lisibach, Caroline O'Connor, transferred after twelve years; Jimmy O'Malley and John Cleary pictured at presentation to Jimmy O'Malley, Barrack Street, who retired after 45 years' service to Ballyhaunis Post Office, driving the mail car. We wish him many happy years.

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McHugh (Terence), High Class Victualler, Abbey Street	30061.
McNamara Car Dismantlers, Dublin Road	30439.
Mac Siurtain, Publican, Main Street	30854.
Madden (Gerald), Snooker Tables, Gurteen	30228.
Manor House, Restaurant, Accommodation, Weddings, etc., Knock Rd.	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 Bros. Ltd., Building / Public Works Contractors (Members 6-year Structural Guarantee Scheme), Tooraree	30146/30725.
Moran (Donal), Television Systems Ltd., Knox St	30569.
Moran (Donal K. & Sons), Building Contractor	30079.
Moran's Coaches & Minibus Hire, Knock Road	30346.
Moran (Tommie), Sweets, Ices, Fancy Goods, Fuel Merchant, Main St.	30493.
Morley (P. J.), T.D., Bekan	(094) 80217.
Morley (Tony) & Sons, Exterior & Interior Decorators, Knox St.	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.
Murphy (Eddie) & Sons, Menswear Specialists, Main St.	30651.
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, E.B.S. Agent, Main Street	30088.
O'Connor, John Ronaco Ltd., Doctor's Road	30037.
Oak Bar (Niall Delaney)	30099.
Originals, by Mary Smyth Ltd., Designers of Unique Clothes, Main St.	30373.
Parochial Hall, Bingo	30212.
Patterson (N. & P.), Animal Health Centre, Main Street	Fax: 30865 / Tel.: 30113.
Phillips (Charlie) & Sons, Shoes & Drapers, Main Street	30368.
Phillips (Eamon), High-Class Victualler, 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 St.	30129.
Ryan's Super-Valu, 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 St., and No. 60 Bridge St.	30357.
The Clothes Closet Boutique, Upper Main Street ("Quality, up-to-the-minute Styles").	
Tynan Dillon & Co., Chartered Accountants, Clare Street	30261.
Ulster Bank Ltd., Abbey Street	30049.
Val's Lounge, Bar Food Specialists, Main Street	30068.
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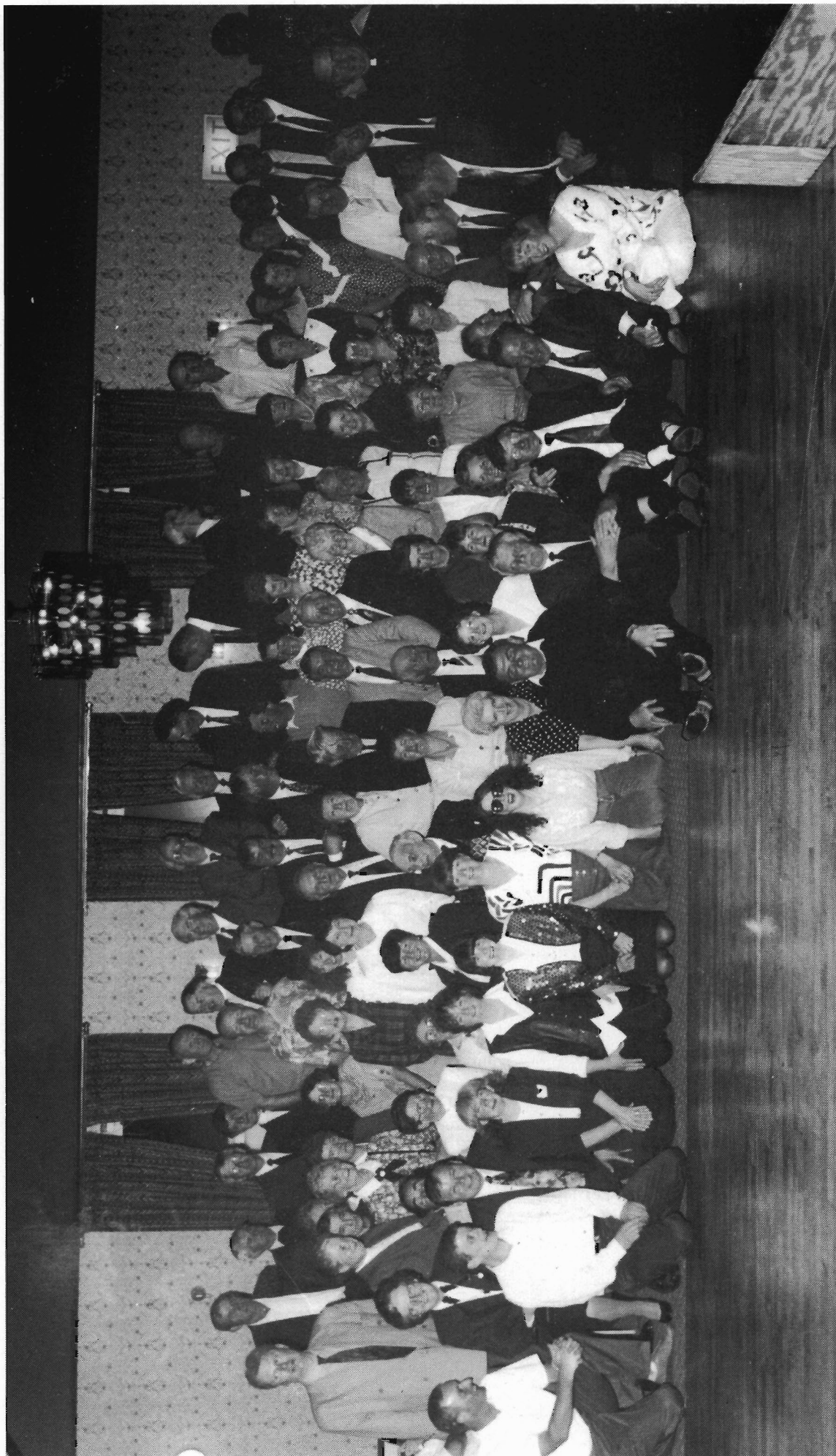
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