

THE CORRAN HERALD

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BALLYMOTE MAN ON SPANISH ARMADA

Batty Connell left Ballymote in March 1973 to join the Garda Síochána. His two brothers, John and Michael, also 'joined up'. In physique and character and in their education at Ballymote Boys' School and Corran College, they were ideal recruits. They have done well!

Batty was posted to North Donegal and has been in Greencastle since 1976. The sea and recreation associated with it attracted him. He became a strong swimmer. He could leave a trawler three miles out and swim ashore. Here he took up a sport or passtime which has brought results that will surely have repercussions among historians and in the museums of the western world. As a sub aqua diver one might say he has joined a ship of the ill-fated Spanish Armada many leagues under the sea.



His earliest, truly amazing report of the discoveries there is sent to the Corran Herald in his native Ballymote. We are deeply grateful for this and look forward to him playing a big part in the events of 1988, the fourth centenary of that expedition that brought so many tragedies to our North-Western coast.

This is the story — 'I have been diving for 12 years. In February '86 I decided to start a diving club in Moville, Co. Donegal, where I have been working for the last 11 years. We, as a new club, found our first ship-wreck off Inishowen Head on 5th May, 1986. From here we went from one ship-wreck to another.

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THE TAAFFES OF BALLYMOTE

Co. Louth and Bohemia

By Nial Farry

David is the Welsh equivalent of Taaffe and this Norman-Welsh family is descended from Sir Nicholas Taaffe who settled in Ireland in 1196. This man's grandson, Richard Taaffe, was Sheriff of Dublin in 1295 and he later became Sheriff of Co. Louth. Richard's son, John, I was an Archbishop of Armagh. Smarmore Castle, near Ardee, Co. Louth, is still in the possession of the Taaffes.

In the 1580's Bunninadden Castle was granted to William Taaffe, a Catholic Royalist adventurer from CO. Lough. He was appointed Sheriff of Co. Sligo in 1588. William fought on the English side at the Battle of Kinsale and he distinguished himself by capturing and hanging Doctor Eugene MacEgan, the Catholic Bishop of Ross (1601). For his services to the crown William Taaffe was rewarded with a knighthood and with extensive grants of land in Co. Sligo and nine other counties.

Sir William made Ballymote Castle his home. Those lands in the Ballymote area which Taaffe did not hold himself he regranted to the Mac Donaghs and others for an annual rent. On August 1st, 1621 his eldest son, John, was created 1st Baron of Ballymote and Viscount of Corran.

The 1633 Civil Survey gives two examples of the leasing arrangements between the Taaffes and two of their tenants.

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Ballymote Man

— on spanish armada

In March of 1987 which I was diving with the Moville Sub-Aqua (all four of us) we were approximately thirteen miles south of Malin Head, and approximately a half mile north of Kinnagoe Bay where 17 years ago, wreckage from La Trinidad Valencera was found by the city of Derry Sub-Aqua Club. La Trinidad Valencena was one of the biggest boats in the Spanish Armada fleet, which set sail from Spain to conquer England in the Spring of 1588. Here I found a 50 pounder bronze siege cannon. This gun is 10 feet long and bears the crest of the then King of Spain 'Phillipus Rex', weighing 2½ ton and in mint condition. We refused and in mint condition. We raised the gun on the 11th April, 1987, and it is now at my house in Greencastle. On our new site we have found a large wooden ships gun-carriage, pewter plates, wooden ships, gun-carriage wheels, and ships planking, and approximately 200 yards last of our site, we located the ships main anchor. One might say we have found everything from a needle to an anchor.

Because of the amount of wreckage found on our site, we located the ships main anchor. One might say we have found everything from a needle to an anchor.

Because of the amount of wreckage found on our site we decided to call in a leading world expert on Armada Shipwrecks, Dr. Colin Martin of the Scottish Institute of Maritime Studies. He arrived on the 16th May, 1987 and carried out a limited survey of materials on the site. On his completion of this survey he finished us with a report. It now seems that we have indeed located the wreck of the La Trinidad Valencera.

With most of her cargo, and at last 33 bronze cannons to be raised yet, this is indeed the find of a lifetime. On National Museum have shown a great interest in the new discovery, and they have sent their representative to inspect the site with us. Because of its valuable contents, a preservation order was placed on the site at our request.

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Dr. Colin Martin returned to the site on the 8th September, accompanied by a team of B.B.C. camera-men to record some of the most interesting finds, particularly a ships gun-carriage. This particular gun carriage is the only one of it's kind in existence in the world, and certain measures had to be taken to protect it from the ferocious seas and gales of the Atlantic. An extensive sand-bagging operation was carried out around the gun-carriage which lies in 30 feet of water. With the diving season coming to close for this year, we are looking forward to an exciting and successful season next year.

Culfadda Show

The people of Culfadda held their sixth annual Agricultural and Horticultural Show on the 17th August '87. It was by all standards an excellent show of which all who participated should be justly proud. Obviously a lot of hard work has gone into it and the response from the community was very good, both with regard to quality and quantity. The Judges sent by the County Committee of Agriculture and other judges expressed surprise at the quality of the exhibits and said the show was as good as could be expected anywhere.

Availing of a pleasant day a large number of people turned out to see the exhibits in the Hall and to watch the judging of cattle, ponies, goats and sheep. They were also entertained by a colourful Fancy Dress Parade, a Dog Show and a very entertaining Cat & Kitten Show. All in all it was a great day for the area and it came to a wonderful close in Higgins' Lounge that night with the selecting of the 1987 Queen of the Show. She was a lovely Ballymote Girl by the name of Caroline Hever who was crowned by the Chairman of the Show, Mr. Joe Cryan.

DIVORCE

by Una Preston

Divorce is very much in the news today. Even those who would have recoiled from the notion of breaking what they regarded as a life-long contract for 'better or worse' are now being brain-washed into giving it second thoughts. The family is the corner-stone of society and that has nothing to do with ones religious beliefs. The human child takes 18 years to mature and during those years the future citizens with need the guidance and example of both parents. The parents who have given the child life owe it what is necessary to enable it to fulfill its role in society. It will be said that many marriages have the constituents of failure from the beginning. There are many reasons for this but one basic reason cannot be ignored — the ignorance or otherwise of the contracting couple. They should be old enough and mature enough to understand what marriage is about. They should have the material needs to set up house. They should realise that they are both human with human faults and that they will have to be patient and forbearing with each other.

Women in the past were in a disadvantaged position. The marriage contract made them subordinate to their husbands. The state treated a wife as the chattel of her husband having few if any rights of her own. This has now been largely remedied, thanks to the efforts of some worthwhile feminists. She must now be regarded by the law and by her husband as an equal sharing partner in every respect. Given this equality and a mature and prepared approach to marriage with due pre-marriage assessment of compatibility, there should be no need for the trauma of separation with its disastrous effect on the lives of children of the marriage or, in the case of divorce, when one or both partners re-marry, the tragedy for the children of losing both stable home life and parentage. Those who advocate divorce should take a serious look at its effect in other countries.

THE FRUGAL YEARS

by P.J. Duffy

Johnie was a schoolboy in the late nineteen thirties during those stringent years that followed in the wake of the economic war. The school he attended was located in a remote rural part of the west of Ireland. It consisted of two classrooms which were fitted with open fireplaces where turf supplied by the parents of pupils attending, burned away throughout the day.

The old schoolmistress who was about to retire introduced him to his first exercises on the old school slate which was still in existence at most rural schools. Now and then she would issue a stern warning 'Don't drop your slates on the floor or you'll break them'.

The schoolmaster, a spruce young man in his thirties raced back and forth on the classroom floor, head erect and grashing in his right hand a wooden foot rule which he used as an indicator. During the day he would digress from subjects at the blackboard and move to the school map for instruction in geography. On a sidewall hung an ancient map of Europe with two round wooden rails, one at the top, another at the bottom. Half of the underneath portion of the rail had come away from the fabric reinforcing, and was dipping in a semi-horizontal position, towards the floor.

On an opposite wall hung an old map of Ireland tattered and moth-eaten, it also was a product of the old establishment, and had Kings and Queens counties clearly outlined in its inner contours. Londonderry, that was a word, and a name that tended to boggle the mind of the most docile pupil as he scanned the upper portion of the map, but how was a young mind to come to grips with the fact that not very long ago we were part of an empire on which the sun never set.

The young teacher would ignore those old charts and take his class to a glossy new fangled Irish map, outlining in Gaelic the counties and towns of the new state. Yet, even to a forth

grader attending primary school, this new medium was equally confusing, but by degrees, at least part of it finally sunk in.

Come the month of May and an improvement in weather conditions, those hardy boys and girls would discard their shoes and socks and plod barefoot to and from school each day. All children would follow suit, or else run the risk of being dubbed sissies.

Constant trodding on the rough shingle often brought on painful festering blisters called stone-bruises and to add to the agony hacks and other irritations would erupt around the ankles and insteps. These minor abrasions were usually taken for granted, the parents comparing them with similar ones they had got in their schooldays.

Johnies father and mother differed little from the parents of other children in their district. They owned a small farm of around twenty acres of land. Most domestic footstuffs were produced on the farm and money was parted with only when other bare essentials of life were needed. Yet they were always preaching about how hard times were and how difficult it was to get by. His father was the product of an old school which was replaced by the one his son now attended, the old place being a sort of all-round institution that prepared it its pupils for life. He emerged as no mean scholar and at nighttime used to read the daily newspaper for his family and some neighbours. He told Johnie that the country they lived in was impoverished because of strife and disruption brought about by three skirmishes of war, a war of independence, a civil war and more recently an economic war — on the latter conflict, no shots had been fired, that was at least a consolation, but the hardship it inflicted on small farmers had brought them to the brink of bankruptcy and despair. One good thing had however emerged at the end of the day,



and that was that the leader of the country, DeValera, had secured the ports.

Now people were facing the prospect of an even greater conflict in Europe, as some of its weaker nations began to reckon with the menacing demands of the German dictator, Hitler. With daggers drawn the battle-hardened Nazi had sought revenge for the humiliation of his country in a previous clash that had taken place in Europe from 1914 - 1918.

September 1939 now saw Europe plunged into conflict once again. Bombs rained down on its capital cities, ships were sunk at sea.

How did all this affect Johnie and his family and others like the them living as they were in the west of Ireland? At first little change was felt, but by degrees, shortages all securities forced the Government to declare a state of emergency. Ration books were delivered to the home of every citizen resident in the state, and at the local store your coupon became more important, than cash.

Still it was amazing how people adapted themselves to the emergency situation. Housewives cursed Hitler for denying them the sweet things of life, others blamed the Government for their stingy rations. At the end of the day, the vast majority accepted, their lot, and some witty human composed a ballad about the Governments handling of the situation:

Truogal Years

Cheers for Lemass and Sean
 MacEntee,
 Bless their brown loaf and half
 ounce of tea,
 We're saying good luck to them all
 The long, the short and the tall
 We'll get no white flour while Dev
 is in power,
 So cheer up young lads bless them
 all.

In desperation many people took to purchasing extra foodstuffs on the blackmarket. This often proved a risky adventure and brought them into conflict with the law. Housewives pleaded with their grocers for that extra grain of tea, or little bit of butter.

There was a little story told of an incident involving the late James Dillon, which took place in his grocery store at Ballagh-dereen, when a young clergyman asked him for an extra pound of butter on the premises. When seconds later an assistant came up with eight ounces, and offered it to the disgruntled clergyman, he at once rejected the offer saying, 'I'd rather eat cart grease that touch it now'. Well, said the indomitable James, 'Everyman to his taste'.

A law compelling all farmers to till one fourth of their arable land brought the tillage inspectors to the farms to make sure the order was carried out.

Johnnie would follow his father and the instructor out into the fields where the latter would unroll a large ordinance survey map, which he kept under his arm. He would ask to be shown the farm boundaries, and then using a short modulator would estimate the acreage that must be tilled.

After he had gone away his father described him as an impudent little upstart, who professed to know much more than he actually did, and that nobody knew the acreage of farms better than the people who owned them.

Come night time and the neighbours would gather in to hear Johnnie's father read the latest war news from a newspaper. The paraffin oil which filled the old paraffin oil which filled the oil lamps got scarcer and scarcer with the

once familiar oil tankers seldom seen replenishing supplies at local shops. The tiny drop that was available was set aside so that the newspaper could be read, and children's homework done for school on the following day.

For young Johnnie, now approaching his teens, the names of two people were to remain indelibly imprinted in his mind and these were DeValera and Hitler. Who is DeValera? the inquisitive youth would question his father. He is the leader of our country would come the reply. 'Isn't DeValera a strange name?' he'd chuckle. It is indeed a strange name, you must understand that this man had a Spanish father and an Irish mother. The subject would then rest there, for the time being anyway.

As the battle intensified and spread across Europe our people's attitudes to the conflict varied greatly. There were those who thought it was just good enough for those British bullies to be getting a pounding, it served them right, if their country were occupied, weren't they past masters at this kind of thing themselves.

Then, you had people like Johnnie's father who believed that Hitler was a tyrant and a scoundrel, who wouldn't stop there, and would occupy our piece of territory as well. We might think we were badly off, but we could have another Cromwell who might drive us out altogether and replace us with his so-called master race.

With boyish curiosity Johnnie would question at length those people who visited their house, and ask for details of the happening abroad.

'Who is this man Hitler?, and where does he come from?' He was told, that Hitler was a corporal in the German army, and had by devious means gained power in the German state. He was now hell-bent on establishing a German empire.

Johnnie grew into his teens with memories of scarcity, and warnings and messages of worse to come. His thoughts would often go back to the days when as a tiny boy, his mother used to take home oranges and bananas and divide them up

among members of the family. He now hadn't seen an orange or a banana for years.

Members of the Local Security Force came to the school and cast mortar on the limestone plaque that bore the name of the school and the date of its erection. They did the same thing to the old milestones situated alongside the main roads. The teacher explained that this was done to baffle foreign troops in the event of an invasion taking place. The expected invasion did however not come about, and luckily we escaped the ravages of this savage war that finally came to an end in 1945. Thousands had died on the battlefields of the world, and the little devil who began it all had died by his own hand.

Johnnie, was now to gain his own insight into death and its meaning, when an old man who used to visit their house, during those dark years, passed away quite suddenly. He went to see him, lying there motionless in his coffin, thus learning his first important lesson about life and it's inevitable insecurities.

Years later, he went to a nearby town to see this man DeValera, who had come down to the west to address an election meeting. Now a slashing young man of twenty one years, he stood at the foot of the rostrum looking up at the lank statesman, who was dressed in what appeared to be a long dark showerproof coat. Johnnie could scarcely believe his eyes. Here was the leader who had guided the country through critical times and steered it clear of the war, here was the man with the strange name his father used to read about in the newspapers back in those dreary war years. Here at last in the flesh was the enigma, the mystery, the man who was adored by some people and disliked by others. He seemed neither pompous or conceited, just a plain simple individual, who outlined in great detail his plans for the country's future.

The meeting drew to a close and the large gathering disposed in various directions. Small groups stood by at street corners discussing, of course, the events of the day, and their various impressions, upon seeing the great man.

The Taaffes

'Lord Taaffe gets Knockadalfen, a townland of 245 acres near Ballymote to under tenants for £15 per annum and country charges, 5 fatt muttuns, 40 workmen, 1 fatt beefe, 40 quarts of butter, 1½ barrells of wheate, 4 barrells of malte, 20 hennes with a number of eggs and 40 horses for carriage'.

'Tomaltach Bacach O'Scanlon leased two quarters of Emlaghfad (240 acres) from Viscount Taaffe. At a rent of £11 16s. He paid £7 in cash, four fat muttuns, two medders of meal, four medders of butter, three barrels of malt, 30 workmen for one day and 10 horses for carriage'.

A number of Sir William Taaffe's relatives also settled in the Ballymote area. Christopher Taaffe arrived from Ballybriggan, Co. Dublin. He was the ancestor of the Taaffes of Kingsfort and Ballinaglough. Sir William's son-in-law, Jasper Brett also came from Fingal, Co. Dublin to settle in Derroon, where he built a tower house. Jasper was High Sheriff of CO. Sligo in 1627, 1628 and 1635.

When Sir Phelim O'Neill's rebellion broke out in 1641 Lord John Taaffe, of Ballymote, although a Catholic, refused to have anything to do with rebellion against the English parliament. His sons, Lucas and Francis, however, marched with Hugh Mac John Glas MacDonagh against the English of Sligo town when the rebellion spread to this county. Sir Phelim O'Neill and Lord Taaffe's own son, Fr. Peter Taaffe, Drogheda Franciscan monastery, wrote to Lord Taaffe appealing to him to join in the war in defence of his religion but Lord Taaffe refused to rebel. He died in January, 1642 and was buried near the High Altar of Ballymote Abbey.

John's son, Theobald, now became the 2nd Baron of Ballymote. He joined the Catholic Confederation of Kilkenny and he commanded the Catholic army of Munster that was defeated in battle at Knockanross near Mallow, Co. Cork in 1647. His brother Lucas Taaffe, became governor of New Ross in 1649. He was a Major-General in the Catholic army and he ordered that the moate of Ballymote Castle should be deepened in the face of possible attack by Parliamentarian forces. In 1649, their brother, Fr. Peter Taaffe was executed during the massacre of Drogheda after being interviewed by Cromwell himself.

In 1652 Lucas surrendered Ballymote Castle to the Cromwellian, Sir Charles Coote, on very favourable terms. His sister-in-law, Lady Taaffe, was allowed to live in Ballymote Castle under the protection of the state of England and she was allowed to enjoy the Taaffe estates without interference. The Taaffes were very fortunate in this instance because almost all the Catholic landowners of Ireland, who took part in the war against Parliament, lost their property in the Cromwellian settlement. Lucas Taaffe was allowed to transport a thousand Catholic soldiers to Spain. This batch of Irish soldiers was one of the first groups of 'Wild Geese' who swelled the armies of Spain, France and Austria for the following century and a half. Lord Theobald Taaffe also went into exile in France and Spain.

After the restoration of King Charles II in 1660 as King of Great Britain and Ireland, Lord Theobald Taaffe was allowed return to Ballymote and he was created 1st Earl of Carlington in recognition of his services to King Charles during his exile in France. Lucas also returned to live out the remainder of his life in Ballymote. His son had lost his life in the service of the King of Spain. Theobald died in 1677 and he was interred in the family tomb in Ballymote Abbey. Theobald's son, Nicholas, inherited the family estates and the titles, 3rd Baron of Ballymote and Viscount of Corran and 2nd Earl of Carlingford.

Francis, the second son of Viscount Theobald Taaffe, was born in Ballymote in 1639, probably in the Castle. He was educated Olmütz in Germany. He was appointed pager to the Duke of Lorraine's son. Having joined the Austrian Imperial Army he quickly rose to the rank of Field-Marshal. At the siege of Vienna in 1683 he left the left wing of the Christian army against the Turkish invaders. After routing several regiments of Turks and Tartars, he captured Cara Mustapha, the Grand Vizier and his headquarters.

Francis' brother, Lord Nicholas took the side of King James II in the war against William of Orange. Another brother John Taaffe died at the siege of Derry. Nine Taaffes fought as Jacobite soldiers in the Battle of the Boyne where Lord Nicholas Taaffe of Ballymote lost his life. Francis, who was in Australia, inherited the family lands and titles to become 4th Baron of Ballymote and 3rd Earl of Carlingford. He never returned to Ireland to claim his possessions.

When the British civil war was over the victorious King William of Orange recognised Francis' titles. Francis died in 1704. In recognition of his military exploits on behalf of Christendom, the Cathedral of Nancy was draped with black and his corpse lay in state for one month attended by the Duke of Lorraine's guards. During his life, Francis had also been Chamberlain to the Austrian Emperor, Ferdinand, and a Councillor of state.

It seems likely that the Taaffes did not live in Ballymote after 1677. They had castles at Ardee and Carlingford in Co. Louth and they were spending more time on the European mainland. Francis' son, Theobald, inherited the lands and titles in 1704. He died without children at Lisle in Belgium in 1738. He was the 5th Baron of Ballymote and the little Earl of Carlingford became extinct with his death.

Theobald's possessions now passed to his cousin, Nicholas, who became the 6th Baron and Viscount of Corran. Nicholas was born in O'Crean's Castle in Sligo in 1677. Like his ancestors, he also fought the Turks in Europe with the rank of Field Marshal and he won fame by leading the Austrian army to victory over the Turks at Belfgrad in 1738. All through his life he campaigned in Europe, Britain and Ireland for Catholic Emancipation in Ireland and Britain.

Nicholas won the last of his family to own the Taaffe estates in Ireland. According to a Penal law of the time a Catholic could not inherit property if that property were claimed by Protestant relative of the testator. Under this law, Robert Sutton, a Protestant relation of Nicholas Taaffe, claimed Ballymote and the other Taaffe estates in Ireland. The dispute was settled in court. Nicholas Taaffe received one third and Robert Sutton was granted two thirds of the value of the property. The entire property was then sold to William Fitzmaurice (Lord Shelbourne). Nicholas Taaffe received £25,000 as his one-third share of the estate. Fitzmaurice made a private deal with Taaffe received private deal with Taaffe that if a Catholic would ever be allowed to own such a vast estate in the future, Fitzmaurice would resell the property to Taaffe at the price Fitzmaurice had paid, i.e. £25,000. After the death of Lord Shelbourne in 1761 his wife refused to ratify her husband's agreement with Nicholas Taaffe.

The Taaffe's

Nicholas and his family then decided to go into permanent exile in the Austrian Empire. Nicholas feared that his descendants, pressed by Penal Laws, would become Protestants if they remained in Ireland. The Taaffes decided to reside in Bohemia at Elischau and Kolinetz. Nicholas became a Chancellor to the Empoeror and he lived to be 92. His castle at Elischau is now a Czechoslovakian military school. Among Nicholas' many distinctions was that of introducing the potato into Silesia in East Germany. He died in 1769.

Randolphus succeeded his grandfather as the 7th Baron and Viscount in 1769. In 1830 the titles passed to his son, Francis, who became the 8th Viscount. Francis held the post of Chamberlain, Privy Councillor and Minister of Justice. Lewis wrote the Taaffe family memoirs in 1856. Lewis' son Charles inherited the titles and he established his right to sit in the British House of Lords as 10th Baron of Ballymote and Viscount of Corran in 1860.

Charles' brother, Eduard Graf Von Taaffe, the 11th Viscount (1833- 1895) was Imperial Prime Minister of the Austrian Empire for fourteen years (1868 - 1870 and 1879 - 1893).

All through his life, Eduard enjoyed the complete confidence of the Emperor, Franz Joseph. When the Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria and Marie Vetzerra died together in a hunting lodge at Mayerling in 1889, the Emperor entrusted the documents of the case to Viscount Van Taaffe rather than to the State Archives imposing absolute secrecy on Von Taaffe and on succeeding generations.

In 1919, Eduard's son, Heinrich, the 12th Baron of Ballymote and Viscount of Corran, was removed from the Roll of Viscounts by the British Government because he had fought for his native country, Austria against Britain in the Great War (1914-18).

Heinrich's son, Eduard Karl Richard (1898-1967) used only his Austrian Imperial title, Count Taaffe. He married an Irish woman in 1931 and they settled in Dublin. In 1937, his estates in Czechoslovakia were confiscated by the Czech government. Eduard was entered as a candidate for the office of President of Ireland in 1937 but Douglas Hyde was deemed a more suitable agreed President by the political parties.

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In 1929 the American publisher, Randolph Hearst, offered Eduard \$200,000 for the secret Mayerling documents. Although living in considerable poverty in Dublin, Eduard rejected this and many more tempting offers. He died in 1967, leaving unanswered all questions concerning the deaths of the Crown Prince Rudolf and Marie

Vetzerra. Before his death he placed the papers in the Vatican archives. The tragic Mayerling deaths became the subject of an epic Hollywood movie starring Omar Sharif and a BBC television drama.

With Eduard's death this renowned Norman-Welsh-Irish-Austrian-Czech line of Taaffes became extinct.

VIDEO SERVICES

BALLYMOTE

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BALLYMOTE BADMINTON



L - R
 Jim Gallagher, Eva Gill, Eddie Sweeney (Ulster Bank)
 Ona Kilbane, Martin Golden.



L - R Back Row
 Jim Gallagher, Gerard Kielty, Eddie Sweeney,
 Front Row -
 Carmel Mulligan, Eva Gill, Kathleen O'Connell.

As our local Badminton Club reopens its season we wish them as successful a season as in 1986/'87 when they made history by gaining promotion to Division III of the Sligo County Championship. They did it in style, qualifying top of the Division and beating Manorhamilton in the playoff. The team: Eva Gill, Siobhan Davey, Kathleen O'Connell, Carmel Mulligan, Jim Gallagher, Eddie Sweeney (Captain), Gerard Kielty and Raymond Underwood are the first from Ballymote to win out Division III.

Ballymote also reached the final of the annual Ulster Bank Plate, where they were narrowly defeated by Sligo City (Division III County Champions). This extremely close and exciting match was played in the Gilhooley Hall, Sligo, and was only decided on the last point of the final game.

Ballymote were victorious when Jim Gallagher and Eva Gill beat runners up Martin Golden (Ballymote) and Una Kilbane (Manorhamilton).

All in all a great year!

The club is grateful to the Hall Committee for the use of hall on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights ... 8.00 - 12 p.m. New members are most welcome and may wish to contact Kathleen O'Connell (Chairperson), Martin Golden (Secretary) or Eddie Sweeney (Treasurer).

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JIM McGARRY

Deprived of the use of one leg by an accident in early youth, he used a crutch. But with that crutch, he could move faster than most people could walk. That he always did not choose to do so was his own affair. When occasion demanded however and he did move fast it was usually to the discomfiture of others.

While Charles lived at the bottom of the hill, we lived at the top of it. We always knew the outlook for the day's weather as soon as Charles appeared in the doorway of his little house. The first thing he did was to examine the sky to see if the day was going to be fine enough to hang out the cages with his birds in them. If it did not look good, he retired that it would be a good day, Charles cupped one hand to the side of his mouth and called out in the cheeriest voice I ever heard, 'Dear, oh dear, oh dear. Drive on the cart; drive on the cart'. After this we watched him carry the cages one by one across the street, and hang them on nails in the high wall on the opposite side.

When this operation had been completed, Charles stood in the doorway, whistling to the birds until he got an answering whistle. Then he closed the door and hopped off with a jug in his free hand for the milkshop on the corner. Next door to the milkshop was a grocery and pub, so naturally Charles continued on to it for a loaf, as he said. Once there he usually decided that what he needed most was a hair of the dog rather than the loaf. Most times he delayed so long over the purchase of the loaf that he returned home without it.

On his return, Charles did not always settle down to work at the Last. He worked when he felt like it and when he had an urgent job to do for one of his regulars. Many a bossy female demanding expeditious service had retreated into the street in confusion, there to pick up the shoes that had been hurled through the always open-door, while everyone within earshot heard him tell her where to go with her so and so shoes.

On the other hand, Charles took the deepest personal interest in the footwear of his regulars. For them he exercised the greatest care and suffered the deepest disappointment if his work did not stand up to the wear he expected. I always remember the cry of anguish when I returned one day with a pair of brogues in my hand on which a couple of months earlier Charles had put iron tips on the toes and heels. Taking the shoe shoes in his hands and sadly examining the broken plates, he cried 'God Almighty I can hold anybody in this village with leather but I cannot hold you with iron'. And then throwing them on top of the heap of shoes in the corner, instead of as I had feared, through the doorway, he put back his head, gave a loud laugh and shouted 'Oh, drive on the cart, drive on the cart'.

Apart from his birds, Charles' other passion in life was fishing. Those parts of the walls of his living-room-workshop not covered with cages were covered with fishing gear.

On the days Charles did not feel the urge to work at the Last, he took down his favourite fishing rod and whistling gaily hopped off to the river. Nobody knew the river as Charles did. He fished not just to catch fish for that was purely incidental to the act of fishing. What fishing meant to Charles was the joy of patiently pitting his skill against the lethargy of a lazy fish. Indeed it was quite usual to meet Charles returning from an evening's fishing with an empty bag but whistling as joyously as if the bag were full. For him, the play was the thing.

Charles' favourite fishing perch was from a rock jutting out from the middle of the waterfall. From here he fished so often into the pool below that it became known as 'Charles' Rock'. To get there when the river was in spate was a tricky job for anyone, but it seemed to present no difficulties to Charles.

He was a usual sight sitting on the edge of the rock fishing into the dark pool thirty feet below.

One day while playing a particularly tricky fish, he unbalanced the crutch where it lay beside him. It was not until he heard it splash in the water below that he realised what had happened. Mockingly it whirled around before moving off downstream. Without a moments hesitation, Charles dived into the waters below, swan after the crutch, and climbed out of the river more than a hundred yards further down. Such a feat is unknown before or since.

Or his way home, he had the bad luck to meet the Parish Priest's prim housekeeper. One look at Charles and she knew the worst. 'Drunk again, Charles. Did you fall into the river?' Without pausing in his agitated hop, Charles flung over his shoulder at her 'God Almighty, woman, can't a man fall into the river if he wants to, without having to confess it to the Parish Priest's housekeeper'.

One dark wet night, Charles was coming home alone, from the pub. He no longer was able to carry as much drink as formerly. His hop was unsteady. There was nobody about to give a helping hand. So when he stepped into the watertable, unbalanced and fell into the road, he lay there. The road was dark and unlighted. A car coming on that side of the road met another with full lights on. The driver did not see the little man lying on the side of the road. A crunch and a bump told him that he had hit something. When he got out of the car, he found a little old man lying on the road murmuring weakly 'Dear, oh dear, oh dear'.

Charles was taken to hospital. He died there a few days later.

But that was a long time ago. The wind now whistles through the paneless windows of that little house where Charles once whistled to his beloved birds, while he tapped away with his hammer, stopping now and again to call out cheerily to passers by 'Drive on the cart, oh drive on the cart'.

Our District Council

Ballymote Community or District Council has been in existence for nearly 5 years but has not achieved its full potential. It can however claim credit for a fair number of useful initiatives. These would include Park Development, Town Lighting, Area Survey, An Open Employment Day, The Heritage Group, The Corran Herald, and now the Tourist Development Group. Yet interest in the body seems to have declined. Perhaps it is the fault of the officers. They may be too busy with other projects to give the Council the time it needs and deserves. The Community and District Council is too vital and essential a body to be allowed to die especially in the Ireland of today when the voice of the people at grass-roots is so necessary if we are to preserve anything of our independence and identify and escape being swept away in a flood of European Directives.

We existed too long as a people with a language, culture and set of laws of our own to be incapable of re-vitalising ourselves and recovering from the present impasse. The basic functions of a Council are to co-ordinate, initiate and educate. The means employed must vary and can be determined by the members themselves and the needs of the area.

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GURTEEN PARISH

This parish is formed by the Union of the old parishes of Kilfree and Killaraght, Kilfree is the head of the Union and contains the remains of an old Church and also a well called Tober na Naomh — 'Well of the Saints' from where the Owenmore River rises.

The parish of Killaraght takes its name from St. Attracta. Few Irish Saints have left after them, such vivid traditions and so many lasting memories as St. Attracta.

The Castle of Moygara, the stronghold of the O'Garas stands on the Northern slope of Mullaghroe. In 1581 it was burned by Malby, Governor of Connaught, and according to the Annals of Lough Cé, Diarmuid Óg was put to death there, also Teige the son of Rory. In the South Eastern tower was the Sycamore Tree, which tradition says is the spot where the O'Garas used to long malefactors.

Frugal Years

Johnie and a neighbouring lad journeyed home on their bicycles. In the days that followed he would ponder seriously on those words DeValera had spoken, and his endeavours, to secure employment for all of the country's citizens.

On first thoughts he harboured within his mind great expectations for his country's future, and that of his own, but as the years passed by he could see little noticeable change. Most of his contemporaries had drifted abroad in search of employment in England's industrial heartland.

Johnie would be joined their friends and family, pulled out from Dun Laoghaire, he and his friends would join in a slightly varied version of the chorus of the old rationing song:

We're saying goodbye to them all;
The long and the short and the tall,
We'll get no promotion this side at the ocean,
So cheer up my lads bless them all.

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DESECRATION OF THE FORTRESS OF Pomposity

By the 'Lough Mask Pedlar'

To a Courthouse not remote -
Well it's christened Ballymote -
Now myraids uv good men
gethered there;

Up from Shligo, Screen, and Curry.
Layguers (Leaguers) hastened in
a hurry;

But the crame uv all the dandys
was the Mayor.

YIS:—

Faix he's spunky, he's a ripper!
he's a boy.
Who for Orange cads or Tories
doshent care.

Midsht cheers an' wild uproor.
He shledged in the bloomin' dure.
Ye should see them shoneen
fogies watch the Mayor.

Now, the Courthouse was
refushed.

An' the bigots felt amushed:

Thin them shells uv pompous
nothin's glowed out pride.

'A sledge-hammer', yis bedad!

An' the people cheered like mad.
Fwhile P A bruk wide the dure
an'stepped inside.

YIS:—

Faix, he's spunky, he's a ripper!
he's the boy.
Who for orange cads or Tories
doshent care.

Midsht cheers an' wild uproor.
He shledged in the bloomin' dure:
Ye should see them shoneen
fogies watch the Mayor.

The hirelin' bigots had to bind
Now they've got their hair on ind.

Like a 'grisly' who whun
corner'd shows his teeth
Hello! Castle loons beware.

CORRAN HERALD

A

Ballymote

Heritage

Group

Production

Editor: James Flanagan

Printed by:

FAST-PRINT, SLIGO.

Two Pictures From Opposite Side Of Wolfe Tone Street

Eugene Gilhawley had a long and dedicated career in the service of his county and his country as a Councillor and a T.D.

A native of Tireragh he was trained as a teacher and came from a post in North Leitrim to work in Knockalassa N.S. in the Riverstown area. When Knockalassa School closed due to fall in attendance, he transferred to Keash.

He served for some years as a member of the Connacht Council of the G.A.A. for Sligo.

He was elected to Sligo Co. Council as a member for Ballymote Electoral District, and soon

turned his ambition towards membership of the Dail.

He took the seat formally held by the late P.J.

Rogers on behalf of the Fine Gael Party and except for a short period he held that seat until he

retired from active politics. With his retirement

Ballymote lost a resident T.D. He will be remembered

as a courteous kind gentleman, who throughout his

public life worked diligently on behalf of his constituents.



We extend to Mrs. Mai Hunt and the Hunt Family sincerest sympathy on the death of her husband Pat. Pat Hunt was among the last few survivors of that neat band of soldiers who came to be known as the old I.R.A. who took on the struggle for freedom against the British Army reinforced by the Tans. Scarcely out of his teens he was given the rank of Captain under Comdt. Sonny Marren of the Killavil Company. He took part in many stirring engagements and was the local authority on the history of that period.

His funeral was met on the outskirts of the town by a guard of honour comprised of the sons and relations of old I.R.A. men and towns people led by that distinguished piper Larry O'Dowd in full regalia. His funeral to Carrownanty was attended with full military honours.

POVERTY

What is it? It is not necessarily the ill-clad child begging in the street, the hungry, the homeless. These are obviously poor and in a 'welfare state' such as ours are being taken care of as far as possible. But there is an immense amount of hidden poverty that is rarely noticed. There are many who go through life having barely enough with frugal care to live, who have never had a holiday nor had enough means to do any of the

things that would have given significance to their lives. The bulk of small farmers in the West of Ireland and indeed in other parts of the country belong to this category. They are classified under the general names of Farmers which takes no note of size of holdings or amount of land. So their condition is not understood nor do they tend to publicise it themselves. The remedy for their condition won't be easy to find or to apply nor is it likely to be sought in the present

financial climate of our country, so we are likely to continue with the present pattern of the poor getting poorer and the rich getting richer. The remedy for this as for other forms of injustice and inequality must rest with local communities themselves. Growth and new initiatives must come from the bottom: they cannot be imposed. We have had Combat Poverty and Enterprise Connaught talking about the problem. We are still waiting for developments.

CULTURE & HERITAGE

GRIFFITH'S VALUATION

We are living in an age of advanced technology. Rural Ireland is moving into the Commercial world and we find ourselves out of focus with Mother Earth. Young people should join An Taisce and get involved in preservation, conservation and wildlife in general, by improving a sense of awareness in our local environment. Take note of the characteristics and advantages of each barony as a recognised territory, i.e. each diocese in Ireland has a water outlet to Rome.

Bogs are unique in Europe today, an important habitat for animals, birds and plants. Ireland will be the only country in the western world to retain boglands. Since the energy crisis demands have been made by a national plan development and our boglands are diminishing rapidly and are being replaced by waste dumps, golf courses, airports and so forth.

This is a land of unspoiled beauty, where materialism for survival dominates society today. Here we have Archaeological and Historical remains all too numerous to relate.

In the north we have the Giants Causeway known as the 8th wonder, basaltic rock, stones everywhere, a silent witness of the past.

Also the Seat of Armagh, a Cantabery in its own right, the hill of Tara, and Slane, all of which are connected with St. Patrick's Ecclesiastical Capital, the Monastic and Megalithic sites in the Boyne Valley.

Crossing the great divide and going south of the border, everything east and west of the Shannon is God's creation. The River Shannon flows 35 metres above sea level.

above sea level. Cruises are a big tourist attraction.

In the distance rise the Celtic Crosses of Clonmacnoise 1,400 years old.

In Lough Key on the Shannon, dotted with 32 islands each representing every county in Ireland, you will find natural vegetation which has survived the centuries.

See the stretches of the Burren, once a forest before the Ice Age, the only place in Ireland where you will find Arctic Species. To a passer by, it is a stone desert, miles and miles of rock formation, a place in Europe's stone age — where there is not water enough to drown a man, wood enough to hang a man, nor clay enough to bury a man. There upon fertile rock is a paradise for the botanist, ecologist, geologist and archaeologist. There are remains of giant Gallery Graves and Dolmens of pre-Christian times.

In the distance are the Cliffs of Moher cut in sandstone standing 200 metres out of the ocean, renowned in song and story. The Rock of Cashel where St. Patrick spoke out on the Holy Trinity, using a comparison to the three leaf shamrock. Descending towards the Armorian south one can enjoy the frolics of wildlife along the milky way, the glen of Aherlow, the Golden Vale landscape, and Killarney famous for its lakes and dells and woods of fragmented tapestry.

I must not forget our home county of Sligo, the infinite variety of the west rainbowed together leaves a lot to be desired.

County Sligo is encircled by mountains and lakes. Temple House, on our doorstep, Lough Talt situated in the Ox Mountains, 450 feet above sea level, Croagh Patrick and the twelve Bens that sweep down to the sea which takes you into the heart of Yeats Country. The motto 'The Land of Hearts Desire'.

Beneath Ben Bulbena's head is W.B. Yeats' resting place. In a little Church yard in Drumcliffe there stands a limestone.

In this issue of the Corran Herald, we begin a series which we feel will be of interest to the people in the various townlands and in Ballymote itself.

In the period 1850 — 1864 under the direction of Richard Griffith a Valuation was placed on each tennent (holding) throughout the country. Griffith was a man of many parts — he is referred to as a mining and canal engineer and as commissioner in charge of the Bord of Works Relief Department during the Famine.

This Valuation was entrusted to the Guardians of each Poor-Law Union and was carried out by local valuers appointed by them. The finished work is commonly referred to as Griffith's Valuation. It is largely the basis for valuation as we know it today.

The retail of each townland were given in eight columns. Column I contained a number which had reference to a prepared map showing the position of the holding or tenement. If, for example, number six was before the tenants name in the list for his townland, then number six on the map showed where his holding was. The other columns can be seen and understood from the example below. The 'Immediate Lessor in the third column was the landlord of the property as very few if any of the 'Occupiers' were actual owners at that time. Ownership was a gradual development brought about by the Land Acts at the end of the last century and the beginning of the present one.

It is interesting to note what names are still there and what families still hold on to the property their people were tenants of at that time.

The series begins in this issue with two townlands picked at random. * Emlahnaghton — Naughton's borderland or land of better quality than the land around it and Cloonamonagh — the meadowland of the monks; it was it seems Abbey lands at one time, and it is recorded in 1684 by Roderic O'Flaherty as his 'West-Connaught' as being 'in the sight of the Abbey of Boyle'.

* This townland has a rather assorted collection of landlords.

T. McGettrick

GRIFFITH'S VALUATION

No. and Loc. of Reference on Map.	Names.		Description of Tenement.	Area.	Rateable Annual Valuation.		
	Townlands and Occupiers.	Immediate Lessors.			Land.	Buildings.	
EMLAGHNAGHTAN. (Ord. S. 33.)							
1	a	James O'Brien, .	William P. Nott, .	Land and herd's house,	73 3 34	12 0 0	0 10 0
-	b	Vacant,	James O'Brien, .	House,	—	—	0 5 0
-	c	Thomas Cunniane,	Same,	House,	—	—	0 3 0
2					7 2 30	0 5 0	—
3					1 1 20	0 8 0	—
4	a	James Breheny,	William P. Nott,	Land, house, & offices,	0 2 15	0 10 0	1 0 0
5					10 3 0	8 0 0	—
6					12 0 25	2 7 0	—
7		Judith Phillips,	James Breheny,	Land and house,	0 2 16	0 2 0	0 3 0
8					6 0 30	0 15 0	—
9	a	Thomas M'Gettrick,	William P. Nott,	Land, house, & office,	3 3 0	1 10 0	—
10					0 1 30	0 8 0	1 0 0
11					22 2 31	11 2 0	—
12					40 0 15	12 0 0	—
13	a	Patrick M'Gettrick,	Same,	Land, house, & offices,	1 3 19	1 15 0	1 0 0
14					4 1 15	2 0 0	—
15	a	John Hannan, .	Reps. Dorothea Handy,	Land, house, & offices,	2 1 20	1 5 0	—
16					34 0 34	17 0 0	1 5 0
17	a	James Cooney, .	John Hannan, .	Land and house,	0 1 35	0 3 0	0 5 0
18	a	Bartholomew Hannan,	Reps. Dorothea Handy,	Land, house, and offices,	23 2 32	9 0 0	0 10 0
-	b	(See Exemptions),		National school-house,	—	—	—
-	c	Daniel Tansy, .	Bartholomew Hannan,	House,	—	—	0 5 0
-	d	Patrick Quigley,	Same,	House,	—	—	0 5 0
-	e	Mary Dyer,	Same,	House,	—	—	0 5 0
19	a	John M'Gettrick,	Same,	Land and house,	1 0 30	0 12 0	0 8 0
20	a	Patrick Feighny,	Same,	Land and house,	0 2 16	0 2 0	0 5 0
21	a	John Dunne,	Same,	Land and house,	0 2 30	0 2 0	0 5 0
22	a	Bryan O'Rorke,	Same,	Garden and house,	0 0 27	0 2 0	0 3 0
23	a	Thomas Hannan,	Reps. Dorothea Handy,	Land, house, and offices,	33 0 0	8 10 0	0 10 0
24	a	Connor Healy,	Same,	Land, house, and offices,	9 1 10	2 3 0	0 7 0
25	a	Horatio N. Wallace,	Viscount Lorton,	Land, house, and offices,	95 1 29	48 5 0	1 15 0
26	a	John Lesnan,	Horatio N. Wallace,	Land and house,	2 3 30	1 13 0	0 7 0
27	a	Thomas Quigley,	Same,	Land and house,	5 0 20	1 15 0	0 5 0
28	a	Bartholomew Mooney,	Same,	Land, house, and office,	31 2 37	19 0 0	1 0 0
-	b	Mary M'Gettrick,	Bartholomew Mooney,	House,	—	—	0 3 0
-	c	Dominick Kilcowley,	Same,	House,	—	—	0 7 0
-	d	Laurence Quigley,	Same,	House,	—	—	0 7 0
-	e	William Grimes,	Same,	House,	—	—	0 3 0
29				River (part of),	3 1 3	—	—
				Total of Rateable Property,	430 2 33	162 14 0	13 1 0
				EXEMPTIONS:			
				National school-house,	—	—	1 0 0
				Total, including Exemptions,	430 2 33	162 14 0	14 1 0
CLOONAMANAGH. (Ord. S. 33.)							
1	a	Thomas Kilmartin,	William Phibbs,	Land and house,	50 1 12	10 0 0	0 15
-	b	Mary M'Grath,	Same,	Land and house,	—	10 0 0	0 10
-	c	Margaret M'Grath,	Mary M'Grath,	House,	—	—	0 5
2	a	Ellen Tarsney,	William Phibbs,	Land and house,	33 0 15	7 10 0	0 5
-	b	Patrick Tarsney,	Same,	Land, house, & offices,	—	7 10 0	0 5
-	c	James Butler,	Same,	Land, house, and offices,	—	4 10 0	0 10
3	a	Henry Supple,	Same,	Land, house, and offices,	25 2 25	15 0 0	1 0
4	a	Arthur O'Neill,	Same,	Land, house, & offices,	12 1 12	3 10 0	0 10
-	b	Margaret Alcock,	Same,	Land and house,	—	3 10 0	0 10
5	a	John Mullanney,	Same,	Land, house, and offices,	24 2 37	18 0 0	1 0
6				Water Owenmore River,	11 3 39	—	—
				Total.	158 0 20	79 10 0	5 10

Culture & Heritage CHILDREN OF IRELAND

command these words were cut — 'Cast a cold eye, on life, on death. Horse man pass by' 1865-1937. A circuit of Lough Gill and its 22 islands connected to Sligo City by the Garavogue River rivals Killarney for sheer beauty. Next the Valley of Glencar and the two waterfalls on the outskirts of the town in Dooney Rock immortalised in Yeats' lyrics. 'The Fiddler of Dooney' and 'The Lake Isle of Innisfree'. HAZELWOOD NEAR BY IS AN Hazelwood near by is an interesting venue for Art Students.

The City of Sligo brings us into the christian era. The Catholic Cathedral, 19th Century Romanesque style. The Dominican Abbey founded in 1252. The Town Hall built in 1878 Italian style and the town Museum contains exhibits of local history.

Three miles away is the Stone Altar and the vigorous waters of the Cliff Well at Tobernalt used in thje penal days to celebrate Mass in the native tongue.

From the new highway one catches a glimpse of the Majestic site of Knocknarea on the summit there is a most spectacular cairn of Queen Maeve of Connacht.

Beneath the shadows is Carrowmorc which has the largest group of megalithic remains in these islands.

A prominent land mark close to Sligo which was the centre of controversy in recent years is the Victorian Gothic House 'Classiebawn Castle'. Completed in 1874 by Lord Mount Temple, it was occupied by the late Lord Mountbatton.

Lissadell is another stately home of the Gore Boothe family. History tells us that George and Lady Gore Booth mortgaged the House to feed the poor during the famine. Countess Markievicz was a well known figure who took part in the 1916 Rising. In its demesne are the pine forests, a favourite picnic site. It still holds the memory of the victims who rebelled against the famine and the crown only to face deportation at the Bay to join the coffin ships on the broad Atlantic.

Dear land of my birth,
My island of dreams,
How dearly I love thee
Your woodlands and greens,
The boats in the harbour,
The children at play,
O why do you wander,
To lands far away.

While God has bestowed us,
With treasures supreme,
Our children they grown up
And live with a dream,
To leave the old hometown,
And wonder away.
To lands in the distance,
For years they will stay.

Then in the twilight of life
How they hope and they pray,
To return to old Ireland,

While planning to stay,
See these mountains of
splendour,

Our rivers and streams,
In the homeland they left,
When still in their teens.

Elizabeth Murray

Letter to The Editor

Dear Editor,

I refer to issue No. 10 of The Corran Herald, page 6, column 3, under the heading 'Military Operations'. No such ridiculous debacle took place as therein described.

Early in 1919 local farmers raised the cry against abesentee ranchers, 'land for the people, bullocks for the road'. Volunteers in the face of police opposition seized grazing ranchers at Keenaghan, Ardsallagh, Rusheen, Ballygawley, Cloonlurgh, Ardumber and Lugacahia. In all these seizures the Volunteers stood guard while large tracts were ploughed up by local ploughmen. Afterwards the land was let on conacre to local men for cropping at the rate current at the time.

Arrests followed and as a result seven men were awaiting trial in Ballymote. On the eve of

the Quarter Sessions, Judge Wakeley arrived in Ballymote protected by five plain clothes detectives and received the red-carpet treatment by Matthew Hannon and the staff of the Hotel. He was also provided with a large heavily armed police guard. You can guess the reception awaiting such clumsy approach as described in the article. Imagine Judge Wakeley putting his head out a window under gun-fire.

I decided a suitable reception for Wakeley. I had already collected two double-barrel 12 bore Rockingham shot-guns from my collection and arranged with P. Coen then a trusted IRB man who lived on an isolated farm suitable for concealing such equipment, to take my gun until I could collect it.

At three o'clock on a dark calm morning Albert Farry and myself took up position between the then Hibernian Bank and Haydens' directly opposite the Hotel. Each of us equipped with 24 rounds of specially re-loaded cartridges. Bertie Farry a younger member was there to collect the spent cartridges and take off with Albert's gun.

We had agreed beforehand on the windows each was to blast and it took only a few seconds for us four to take up positions. The silence was overwhelming and when we opened fire it sounded like an earthquake re-echoing back in our ears. It felt an eternity before we had fired off all our rounds. In the meantime, the cyclists had, as arranged, collected all the shells, leaving no evidence and took off with our guns. We were left to get away under cover of darkness.

Next morning it was found that the ceilings were brought down, every window in the building was smashed, large ball bearings and links of bicycle chains were found embedded in woodwork, ceilings and walls.

A contact within the RIC Barracks informed me afterwards that they believed that the attackers numbered hundreds and that the whole town was under siege.

BAT. J. KEANEY, Commdt.
(Ret.)

CARROWMORE

A pre-historic cemetery with massive tombs and stone circles scattered over a wide area and dominated by a flat-topped hill with the Cairn known as Maeves Grave outlined against the sky. The whole surrounded by a circle of mountains. Impressive-Weird-Mysterius. Was it a place of worship as well as a graveyard or even a seat of government. One thing is fairly certain. The people responsible for it's being must have lived in the area for a considerable time and must have been numerically strong as a community. According to a recent survey this cemetery is one of the oldest of it's kind in Europe and pre-dates New Grange, going back to about 5,000 B.C. Who were these people? Did they move across the country to the Boyne Valley at a later date and having acquired more skills in the meantime, could they have been responsible for the more sophisticated Tomb-building of that area. We will never know they assimilated into the kaleidiscopic pattern of our ancestry.

Whatever the history of the Cemetery and its builders may be, the place itself is too important a milestone in our country's history to be turned into a municipal dump. Much damage has been done already but it is time to call a halt. We talk of attracting Tourists and at the same time allow things that are unique to be wantonly destroyed.

BROTHER TED

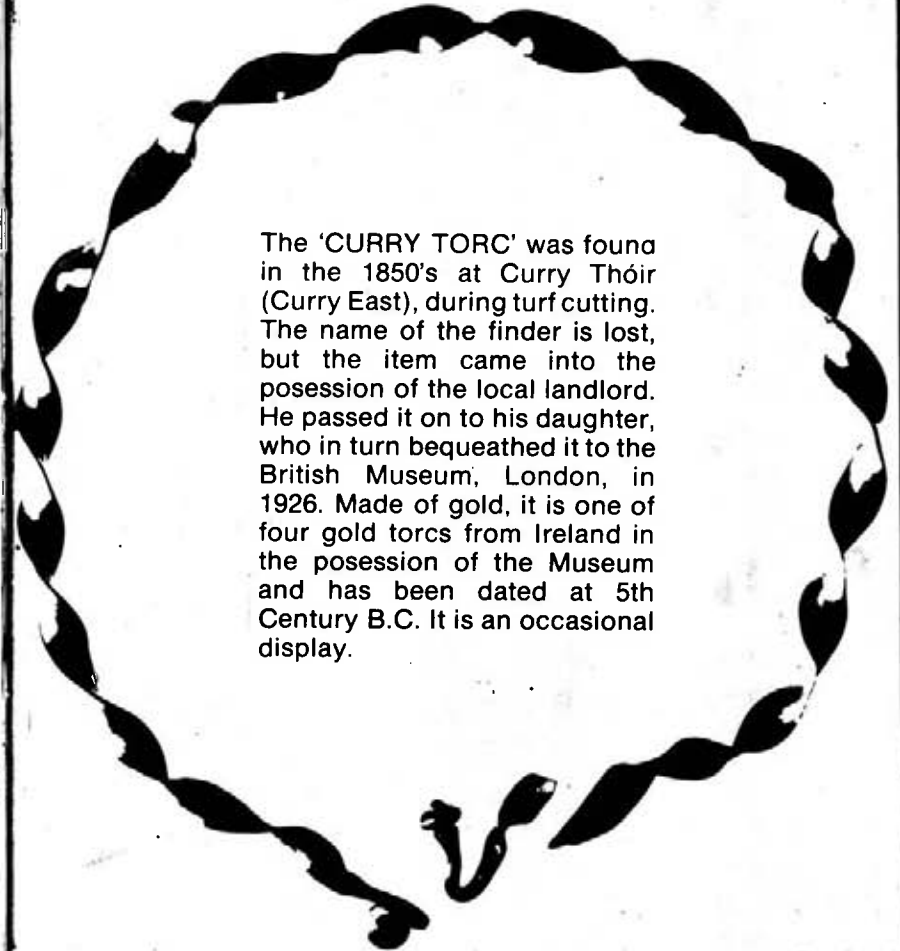
We had a brother called him, Ted
 Once he was living now he is dead.
 In life he had so much to give,
 Wished for a few more years he
 did live.
 His soul now has left the body's
 shell,
 Now in Heaven he will surely
 dwell.
 Gone now to his Lord up above,
 Left us below with our sorrow and
 love,
 Two brothers and a sister we were
 three,
 Now there is one sister and there
 is me.

By The Flintstone

Vincent McDonagh

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The 'CURRY TORC' was found in the 1850's at Curry Thóir (Curry East), during turf cutting. The name of the finder is lost, but the item came into the possession of the local landlord. He passed it on to his daughter, who in turn bequeathed it to the British Museum, London, in 1926. Made of gold, it is one of four gold torcs from Ireland in the possession of the Museum and has been dated at 5th Century B.C. It is an occasional display.

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