

THE CORRAN HERALD

A Ballymote Heritage Group Production.

Issue No. 27

CHRISTMAS 1994

Price £1.00

HOW THINGS CHANGE

Molly Howard



Part One of this story appeared in Corran Herald, Summer 1994, Molly Howard continues her story here.

I'm retired now but winter here reminds me of the holidays I spent, summer and winter, at a farmhouse when I was a child. The farmer and his wife became our adopted aunt and uncle, (I've two sisters and one brother) and as such I still treasure them.

The inside of their farmhouse was quite different to what I was accustomed to in the city. For a start, they did not have electricity. Lighting was by kerosene lamps, some were in wall sconces but others were large elaborate glass affairs which stood in the dining room and the other was the cooking range in the kitchen.

The pot-bellied one was lit only during the winter and the smoke-pipe did not go straight up and out the roof. Instead, it was carried on brackets across the room just below the ceiling until it reached the outside wall furthest

from the stove, where it exited. The theory was that warmth from the escaping smoke would help to take the chill off the upper rooms. To assist in this project, each upper room had a hole in the floor, about eight inches across. In the summer, the hole was covered with a lid. In the winter, the lid was removed to allow the warm air in the living/dining room to rise into the bedrooms. As kids, we used the hole for other purposes. When sent to bed when there were visitors and we wanted to stay up, we would remove the lid to spy on

END OF ANOTHER ERA



Group photographed at BALLYMOTE CREAMERY a few days before it finally ceased to operate as an intake-point for the Ballymote catchment area, after almost 100 years in operation (1896 - 1994).

Left - Right: TONY HOGGE, MICHAEL McBRIEN, P.J. BRENNAN, BERTIE QUINN, CHARLES LYONS, PETER KEARINS, PATRICIA ROGERS, DES ROGERS, ENDA HEALY, SEAN McMENAMIN, THOMAS HEALY

what the grown-ups were doing. And while I am in the bed-rooms, each one had a large 'gezunda' as my father used to call it – a chamber pot, to be precise.

The kitchen range fire rarely if ever went out. It provided heat in the winter, it provided heat for cooking all year round. It provided heat for ironing and it got rid of any burnable rubbish. The ironing was another activity I was allowed to help with, if I was good. There were, I think, four irons. Two of them had their own handles and two were a little more modern and had a handle which clipped off and on. While you were ironing with one, the other one was heating up again. This meant that with the modern ones there was no problem with hot handles but of course, one could always forget and press the release clip at the wrong moment. One of those falling on your foot was a very painful experience. You could develop a good strong arm doing the ironing with one of those things.

Another use for the kitchen range was the supply of hot water. On one side of the fire box was the oven and on the other side was what was called the reservoir, an iron box about a foot wide, the length of the range from front to back and, I think, a foot deep, maybe a little more. This was the hot water supply for the house. If ever you removed water from the reservoir with the dipper which hung at the side for that purpose, you were expected to replace it, without fail. No excuses.

The kitchen ran the full width of the house except for one room which was as wide as it was long. The kitchen range backed up against this dividing wall and the smoke pipe from the range went through the wall and across the ceiling before exiting through the outside wall of the bedroom. This, understandably, was the bedroom of Aunt Ada and Uncle Wallace, it being warmer in the winter than any other bedroom in the house.

At the other end of the kitchen to the range was the sink. By the sink was the water supply for the house, an iron pump. It stood about two feet high, had a large jug-type spout and a long handle like a flattened S which one pumped up and down. During the day, it produced water whenever the handle was used, but every morning, it would need priming with a cup of water from the reservoir. I was delighted when I finally learned in school physics why this was so. Also in the kitchen was something that I would like to have myself. Aunt Ada bought her flour by the sackful because she made all the bread, cake, biscuits, etc. required and it is her flour storage bin that I yearn for. From the outside, closed, it looked like a normal cupboard door, except that the handle was in the middle of the top edge of the door. Pull on the handle and the door, being hinged along the bottom edge, would lean out, only to be stopped half way to the floor by two chains attached to the top edge. On the back was a large, metal, prism-shaped container, big enough to hold half a hundred weight of flour.

Not only did the house have no electricity, it had no drainage, not even a septic tank. The drain from the kitchen sink emptied onto the ground outside. Not far away was a flourishing clump of horseradish. I don't know if there was any connection. Baths were taken in a large tin tub in the front of the kitchen range. Not that I can remember many such baths. During the summer, the times I was generally there, faces and hands were generally washed under protest at the sink. More formal washings were usually carried out in the bedroom with warm water in the large china jug and its accompanying large china bowl. We spent so much time down at the stream, which we had partially dammed to make a swimming hole, that we didn't need a lot of washing. I learned to swim in that hole, a



*The members of
Ballymote
Heritage Group*

and the Editor of

**The
Corran Herald**

James Flanagan

*would like to wish all our
readers, contributors and
advertisers a very happy
and peaceful Christmas
and a prosperous New
Year*

**Nollaig Shona Óirsh
Go Léir**

small pool about ten foot across. I remember once, we dug a hole in the bank beside the pool and put enough water into it to make a mud bath. We would scrunch down in the hole until we were absolutely covered in mud, from chin to toe and then we would leap out and jump into the swimming hole. There we would splash around until all the mud was gone, then it was back to the mud hole again. Definitely one of our better games.

The other part of the normal bathroom arrangement was a two-hole seater in the large wood house

attached to the house, reached by a door from the kitchen. When I was small, I did worry about falling through the holes into the unpleasant smelling mass below, though I don't think that was really a possibility. Toilet paper, at times, would be a mail order catalogue. These were fascinating things to read, which often kept us ensconced longer than necessary. Another place entered from the woodshed was the root cellar under the house, where the potatoes were stored over the winter in big wooden bins. It was dark and exciting but I hated the times I stretched down to get the potatoes only to put my hand into a rotten one which then had to be removed, plus any others around it that were rotten.

I have mentioned lighting by kerosene lamps. One of my jobs when I grew a bit older, which I absolutely hated, was washing the fragile glass chimneys of the many lamps. I cannot recall ever breaking one which was perhaps why I was given the job. I never considered it an honour, though.

I cannot recall where the horses were housed, oddly enough, though I know they had them because that is how we would go to the village on our shopping trips. Dolly would be harnessed to a buggy and off we would go. The buggy was a four-wheel two-seater with an open box-body behind the seat. Today, I suppose, one would have a little pick-up truck. One of the pleasures of going to the village was the covered bridge over the river just before entering the village. From the outside, the bridge linked just like a barn with the two end walls removed. Inside it did, too. It did more than protect one from the weather. There was a tale that Aunt Ada used to enjoy telling of how one day she had walked into the village. On the way, she felt the elastic in her knickers snap. Try as might she could not prevent the inexorable downward drift of her bloomers. Fortunately before they

disgraced her, she reached the covered bridge. Once inside, where no one could see her, she wriggled until they dropped around her ankles, stepped out of them, concealed them in the bottom of her shopping bag and then marched out the other end of the bridge as though nothing had happened.

The horses were used to get in the hay as well. I can't remember the mower— I've a feeling that the brothers shared one between them and it was probably housed at one of the other farms. I do remember the hay rake and being allowed to sit on the remarkably comfortable perforated metal seat and being given permission to operate the handle which caused the tines behind to move up and down. Another pleasure was forking the hay up onto the hay cart though I can't believe that I was allowed to do a great deal of that. Uncle Wallace and his mates were much quicker and far more efficient but they put up with us chasing around their feet and always let us ride on top of the hay when it was taken back to the barn. I have also memories of being put up onto the back of the cart horse when I was quite small for a ride to the hay field.

I could go on. The more I write, the more memories come to the surface, all of them pleasurable. I am sure that I must have been scolded because I was not the best behaved little girl but these two became the aunts and uncles and grandparents I never knew. I hope that what I have described has given some pleasure and revived someone else's memories. Perhaps I should have said so before that these people were the descendants of the Empire Loyalists who moved north to Canada at the turn of the American Revolution and settled in the southern part of Quebec Province, in a place known as the Eastern Townships and that the city on whose outskirts I grew up was Montreal.

Was it like this with you? ●●

Michael Perry



T/A L. Hayden

Ld Edward St., Ballymote

**BEER, WINE, SPIRITS
WHOLESALE & RETAIL**

071-83188

Season's Greetings to
ALL
our Customers & Friends



PHARMACY

Christine Lennon

M.P.S.I.

COMMUNITY PHARMACY

Prescriptions, Medicines,
Cosmetics
also
Veterinary

**Lord Edward St.,
Ballymote**

071-83320

Christmas Greetings

TO ALL



An evening with

BRENDAN KENNELLY

Aiden Foley

6TH CLASS SCOIL MUIRE GAN SMAL BALLYMOTE.

It was 6.45pm when we set off for the Sligo Park Hotel. As we were travelling out of the town mystical gathering of clouds seemed to linger over the soft green grass. Soon the fog thickened and it came into masses of white fluff but as soon as it reached the ice cold car window the magic cloud seemed to disappear.

As we approached Sligo a row of lights on high poles marked out the road and sometimes the bright amber colour made it even more difficult to see. As we neared the turning a silence fell over us. We anxiously waited for the line of traffic on the right to disappear. The fog seemed to have vanished now as if the bright lights of the town were too powerful.

We searched the carpark for a space and eventually we found a small space in a dark corner. We briskly walked towards the door of the Hotel for the cold seemed to nip at us. When we got inside we were greeted by a group of very nice people.

We took our seats and after a while Brendan Kennelly stepped on to the rostrum. I listened carefully as he spoke of great writers and poets. He read extracts from childrens poems. He told us not to

be afraid to express our feelings, and put them in writing. He told us not to be ashamed of the sub-conscious and not to be afraid to tell our dreams. He told us that writing is an attempt to be honest with ourselves and that writers waste nothing and that no opportunity or event is let go. When he was finished we got his autograph. He walked out side and to the car.

All five of us and Sr Regina were on our way home. The mystical cloud was back again and this time it was not going to give up. The

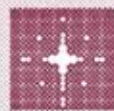
" He told us that writing is an attempt to be honest with ourselves and that writers waste nothing"

white lines seemed to be the only bright object in a world of pure and utter darkness. It was then you would appreciate the warm glow of a light or even the luminous green from the buttons and dial in the car seemed to brighten up our dark world. It was late when I reached home and on the high point in Carrigans where I lived the fog couldn't reach me. * *



8 to 8

GENERAL
GROCERS



FRESH VEGETABLES

*Best Christmas
Wishes*

from

Cathleen & Brendan

071-83481

**Ulster
Bank**

Ballymote



TRAVEL FACILITIES A SPECIALITY

Christmas Greetings to all

FOR ALL YOUR FINANCIAL
REQUIREMENTS
CONTACT:

MANAGER :

CIARAN MCGOWAN

ASST. MANAGER:

JOHN McSHANE

071- 83324

Eva Gore-Booth

Part 11

Part I published Summer 1994

THERESE RYAN

Eva abhorred the executions which took place after the rising. In a speech given during this period, she condemned capital punishment and later joined the League for the Abolition of Capital punishment in England. Two deaths which profoundly affected Eva were those of Francis Sheehy Skeffington and Roger Casement. Eva lobbied her political connections on Casements' behalf and even took part in a delegation to beg the king to use his prerogative of mercy. She appears to have been enthralled by Casement. In ways they were alike. Both worked abroad to help the underprivileged and both desired Irish freedom. Casement was a symbol of that selfless and imaginative pity which she considered would bring a new peace to the world. The rebellion was for Eva as it was for Yeats "a terrible beauty". She was torn between admirable aspirations and violent tactics, and her pacifism came into conflict with her non-condemnation of the rebels.

During World War 1 Eva and Esther, through their anti-war activities brought hatred and attack upon themselves, and became pariahs in a feverishly pro-war society. The women's movement feared that the government would withhold their right to vote if they were not seen to actively support the war effort. Ironically the war irrevocably changed the position of women in society. They were now needed to replace the men in the labour force. "Peace Women", including Eva and Esther became isolated in the women's movement. During 1915 and 1916 Eva and Esther toured

England as members of the Womens' Peace Crusade. The pair were part of the British Organising Committee for the Women's International Congress which was held at The Hague in April 1915. This was the first international meeting to outline what the principles of any peace settlement should be. The Women's International League in Britain of which Eva and Esther were members, educated themselves about international affairs and discussed the possibilities of a federated world. The pair were also members of the non-Conscription Fellowship, founded in 1916. They travelled to tribunals held to investigate individual cases of conscientious objectors and spoke in their defence.

Eva and Esther left Lancashire in 1913 because of ill-health and moved south to London. There they became involved in move-

ments based around London such as the anti-war campaign and the Hampstead Theosophical Society. They remained involved in Trade Union and Suffrage work. Their most unorthodox connection was with the journal *Urania*, which they helped to found in 1916. Eva, who is frequently referred to in *Urania* as "our leader", edited it until her death. *Urania* advocated the abandonment of traditional male and female roles, favouring a move towards a neutral gender without learned characteristics. A neutral and perfect sexuality would evolve when for example, men unlearned aggression and became more tender and caring, and women learned to become more responsible and assertive. *Urania* was a response to the aggression of World War I, fomented by male power and aggression. It was also a reaction against the militant suffragettes who were adopting masculine methods and were thus abandoning the original precept of feminism, which was to change people's attitude towards women. The

unorthodox ideas on sexuality expressed in *Urania* isolated Eva and Esther from many of their fellow suffragettes who felt that the pair endangered the respectability of the movement.

Eva and Esther made conscious decisions to lead asexual lives in an era when spinsters were mocked and feared as threats to family oriented society. They were an example to thousands of women to whom they showed a viable alternative to courtship and marriage. Pairings between women were quite common at this time. Women from the suffrage movement especially seemed to derive great strength from these spiritual relationships between

*The rebellion
was for
Eva as it
was for Yeats
"a terrible
beauty"*

partners. Eva and Esther, alone with many other feminists believed that non co-operation in sex was the only answer to the male sexuality they criticised. In 1918 women over thirty received the vote in England and in 1925 women were allowed to vote on the same basis as men. As women enjoyed a new-found political, sexual and social freedom, the original feminist ideal of changing male attitudes towards women was replaced by a "welfare feminism" which sought benefits for women instead. Eva and Esther remained loyal to the more demanding traditional ideal which they radically expressed in *Urania*.

Eva became increasingly religious during the last seven or eight years of her life. This preoccupation with religion was the

culmination of a life-long belief in the power of love. She developed bowel cancer, the symptoms of which became evident around Christmas of 1924. Yeats saw Eva around this time and apparently was not aware of her illness. His poem 'In memory of Eva Gore-Booth and Con Markievicz' dismisses with two words "vague Utopia" all that Eva lived for. He considers Constance and Eva to have wasted their lives.

*The older is condemned to death,
Pardoned, drags out lonely years
Conspiring among the ignorant.
I know not what the younger
dreams-
Some vague Utopia- and she
seems,
When withered old and skeleton-
gaunt,
An image of such politics.*

Eva's transformation from 'gazelle' to an aged withered creature is due in Yeats' poem to the "folly of a fight". Misunderstanding of Eva's political philosophy and dismissal of her utopian socialism have contributed to the underestimation of her achievements. Her life was a reflection of the changing society in which she lived and a reaction to its needs. Eva's writings are the route to her personality and they reveal a strong, independent woman, driven by a humanitarian dream to which she devoted her life. She deserves admiration for the integrity and beauty of this dream, which still has much to offer to our modern society. Eva Gore-Booth died in Hampstead in 1926. ○ ○



A GROUP OF PUPILS (aged 11-12) from SCOIL MHUIRE GAN SMAL, BALLYMOTE, Co. Sligo have won a National Award for their Water Safety Project in the Church and General Children's Safety Awards competition. The Awards were presented by the Minister for Health, Mr Brendan Howlin, T.D., on April 23rd.

Pictured at the Awards ceremony are, from left, Dick Smith, Church and General Insurance; Angela Mullen; Amanda Martin; Mr Brendan Howlin, T.D., Minister for Health; Emma Davey; Sara Mullin; Sr. Regina, Principal and Michael Heffernan, teacher.

The School at Coolbock

Lines suggested on seeing the old School clock at Coolbock, Co. Sligo, after a Dance, Whit Sunday, 1928.

(THE WRITER IS A MEMBER OF A DUBLIN CITY DIVISION)

PRESENTED BY JACK MARTIN

Memories, sweet memories, come over me now,
More precious than silver or gold:
When I gaze on the face of a pal that is left,
Slowly those memories unfold.
Once again I am back - a country School boy,
With my comrades of old Irish stock,
Careless and gay, as in those happy days,
In the desks in the school at Coolbock.

It is now forty years since I last saw your face,
what troubles and trials I've gone through,
But the Master's advice helped us all in good need:
"boys, be honest, be upright, be true."
With a laugh and a smile I have trodden life's road,
And many a buffet I've got;
These were softened I know by the sermons I heard
In the church that's three miles from Coolbock.

From Kincellew, Rusheen, we oft came in a crowd,
And from Carransprawn over the hill,
From Tuer, Knockanarrow, and from the Bog Road,
Rain or shine saw us there with a will.
With our books and our lunch we all joggled it along,
And often the master we'd mock;
"You're late, boys, to-day; tell me where is your sod
for the fire in the school at Coolbock?"

In Dublin's fair city, in Sligo's fine town
Many comrades have now made a name;
In Chicago and elsewhere far over the sea,
Wherever they go, tis the same.
But whenever they return on a visit, I know,
To the old home, to see the old stock,
They always make sure in their wanderings around
To visit the school at Coolbock.

Some lie far away from the land that they loved,
Some Erin has caught to her breast.
And light lie the clay on those friends of my youth
Whose souls are above with the blest:
Mid the song and the dance what memories arise
As I gaze on the face of the clock
With some staunch trusty pals on this blest Sunday night,
In the thatched school at home at Coolbock.

The old school will soon be a thing of the past,
A new building will rise on the hill,
Like myself, my old pal, you'll be all out of place,
Though as good as the best of them still.
My heart feels quite sad, my eyes fill with tears,
So I'll light my old pipe for a 'seac',
May God's blessing be with you wherever you are,
My old pals who were taught at Coolbock.

Seac - Gaelic for pull of a pipe. Pronounced 'shock'

GERRY CASSIDY

Lord Edward St., Ballymote



GROCERY

&



NEWSAGENT

FRESH COOKED CHICKENS DAILY

A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND
A BRIGHT NEW YEAR TO ALL



T. CASEY

COSMETICS: Estee Lauder, Elizabeth Arden, Yardly and Max Factor Gift Sets, Paco Rabanne, New West, Drakkar Noir for men

and many more

M.P.S.I. PH. C.

Teeling Street, Ballymote

Phone: 071 - 83370

M
A
C
R
A1
9
6
9

EMER

Today we are concerned
 About pollution
 And the environment
 The smog and
 Leaded petrol
 As I watched
 Four year old Emer
 Buy her head
 in the cushions
 On the couch
 When the television at 6 o'clock
 Was switched on again
 And she screamed
 "I don't want to see the news"
 I began to wonder
 Are we creating
 More Pollution
 In our homes today
 From the type of
 Television programmes
 That we are given to watch
 Than any of the political issues
 We scream so loudly about
 We may be trying to
 Save the world
 From another catastrophe
 But do our children
 Have to see
 So much violence
 Constantly

Mary Guckian (Reproduced from 'Tuar Ceatha')

Members of Ballymote Macra na Tuaithe with the I.C.A. Cup which they won in a talent competition organised by Co. Sligo District Council of Macra na Tuaithe in 1969.

Included in the picture is MRS SALLY REGAN, their leader.

CRYAN & CO.

M.I.A.V.I.

TEeing ST, BALLYMOTE

071-83316



AUCTIONEERS AND
 VALUERS



AGENT FOR
 IRISH PERMANENT BUILDING
 SOCIETY

HAPPY CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR
 TO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS &
 FRIENDS

*Master Denisey was a hedge-School teacher and
lived for some years in the townland of
Townaneileen where the people provided him with a
very comfortable cabin which they kept in good
repair while he lived there.*

THE LEGEND OF

Master Denisey

He was given plenty to eat and an adequate supply of turf to keep his cabin warm. He was very comfortable and might have ended up there, but some of his pupils went to England or America, and what he used to call the "Curse of Emigration" left him with very few schoolgoers, so he decided to leave Townaneileen, and he entered in his diary – "It was not without emotion, I was well looked after, and very happy there."

'The Old Master' as he was now called, had been expected at Lough Easkey, where the two Ruane families lived, and on many occasions since he came to Mountaaffe he had made a social call to the lakeside where boating, fishing and water sports were witnessed by large crowds of spectators, and even though there were no organised games, the sightseers were never disappointed. It was always easy to start up

something, and judging by the scanty information passed on to us it would seem that there were no sports or pastimes banned. The people were innocent and happy, and played at any game if there was fun in it.

The Master enjoyed this type of simple recreation. It would seem that provided the weather was suitable large crowds of spectators would line the shore to view the various contests that would continue during the day. The Master was overjoyed. This was the kind of life he always wanted and without delay he made it known that if he had reasonable living quarters at the Lake he would stay and continue to teach. He wanted no remuneration other than a roof over his head and something to eat. The families at the Lake soon provided the accommodation he required, and there on the windswept side of the Ox Mountains, high above the west-

ern shore of Lough Easkey the Master lived and continued to teach until failing health forced him to retire.

But retirement was not the life for a man of the Master's mentality and even though he retired he still had classes two or three times a week more for company than anything else. During the daylight hours he had other places to go but for every different reasons.

Conacre was land that was sublet mostly for tillage, and it must be measured before being paid for. This was done with a chain, (it was illegal to use a tape). The Master himself said it was the "best method ever invented". The man who had no land could nearly always get a portion of land suitable for his own requirements, and



Christmas greetings to all
our
customers and friends
from

**JOHNSON'S
FURNITURE**

**LORD EDWARD STREET
BALLYMOTE**

All your house Furnishing
requirements at keenest prices

**VISIT OUR
EXTENSIVE
SHOW ROOMS**



The Corran Herald

published by
**BALLYMOTE HERITAGE .
GROUP .**

**Editor James Flanagan
Design and Typesetting
Drumlin Publications**

Manorhamilton, Co. Leitrim.

072 - 55237

Printed by the Sligo Champion

the man who owned the land often found that Conacre was more profitable than livestock rearing. In the case of lost property, without leaving his own cabin the master could give information on missing objects, living or dead persons, and on many occasions he told anxious parents when to expect a visit from some members of their family that had been missing for years.

Many journeys were made across the moors to consult the Master on matters of great importance – for instance – if a new dwelling house was to be erected in a certain place, the master could advise whether to build it there or not. Indeed he would often be invited to lay the first stone.

About the time the Master retired a woman with a young child came to Lough Easkey on her way to Dromore West. There was a boat on the lake shore, and while the woman rested on the sandy beach, the child climbed into the boat and began to rock it from side to side.

The boat slipped out into the water with the child still in it. The mother's screams attracted the attention of a member of the Ruane family (Jim), a champion swimmer.

The boat had gone out from the shore and was being propelled by a strong wind. Young Ruane had no time to remove his clothes, he just dived into the water, and being unable to swim with the extra weight of the weight clothes he sank to the bottom and was drowned.

The child remained in the boat and landed safe on the other side of the lake. All efforts to locate Ruane's body failed, until somebody thought of the master. He came and stood on the exact spot where the boat went out and directed two boatmen who were already on the lake to drop their anchor at a certain place when he would give a signal. He gave the signal. They dropped the anchor, and looking over the gunwhale of the boat they beheld fully dressed in his heavy working clothes the

remains of the gallant noble-hearted Jim.

The untimely death of Jim Ruane brought much sadness to Lough Easkey. The Master's words of consolation were helpful but life would never be the same again. Jim was the real breadwinner. He was a great manager and a great home-lover. The Master was old but he gave all the help he could. Everybody now breathed a sigh of relief when they heard that another member of the Ruane family was returning to the old homestead.

He came shortly afterwards and invited the old master to come and live with him, but the answer was "no". He was happy in his own cabin, and he wanted to meet the messengers who daily converged on the schoolhouse, sometimes on very special business.

For instance, a woman died suddenly and her neighbours knew that her family owned a grave plot in the local cemetery but it could not be found. Again the old Master's name was mentioned, and again a messenger was dispatched to the Master's cabin to seek advice. There was no delay as the messenger came back with what seemed like a plumb-line such as builders might use with the simple instructions that – "the person who is going to use this must first touch the fingers of the dead woman's hand with a pear-shaped weight on the end of the cord, and then carrying the swinging pendant walk slowly over the graves. It will not oscillate over the grave where the remains of that woman's husband now lies".

They found the grave.

Shortly afterwards the Master paid a cordial visit to every occupied house in Mountaaffe. He said he was leaving, and he wanted to thank the people for their kindness to him while he was there.

Nobody knew where he intended to go – that was his secret and he kept it. Most people knew that he was in Banada in his younger days, and believed it was there he now intended to go. They were right. Some time later he was

seen at Ban-Fada (Banada) Fair by some people from the Mountaaffe area who knew him, and that was the last time he was seen or heard of

There is no person alive today who ever saw him, and very few if any have ever heard of him. The ruins of his cabin at Lough Easkey are still there, and more is the pity that the old man himself is absent.

The above story is reproduced with permission from "CLOSE TO THE FOOTHILLS – A Journey in Prose and Poetry through the Ox Mountains." Written by Patrick James Rochford, this book is a delightful miscellany of personal reminiscences, local stories and older lore and legend from the Ox Mountain area of our NorthWest.

Hurleys



O Connell St.
Ballymote

* Newspapers *

Magazines * Confectionery *

* Tobacco * Stationery *

*National Lottery Tickets &
Lotto *

COME AND SEE OUR SANTA'S
TOY GROTTO

FULL RANGE OF CHRISTMAS
CARDS & DECORATIONS IN
STOCK

Christmas Greetings from
Michael, Patricia and staff

071 - 83185



Cloonkeavy Census 1911

1 ANDREW WIMBS HEAD OF HOUSE AGE 43
 MARY WIFE AGE 45
 MARY KATE DAUGHTER AGE 1
 MARY WIMBS SISTER AGE 40

4 Years married 1 born and living

2 DENIS BRADY HEAD OF HOUSE AGE 66
 JOHN BROTHER AGE 74

3 THOMAS WIMSEY HEAD OF HOUSE AGE 62
 CATHERINE WIFE AGE 56
 MARY KATE DAUGHTER AGE 12
 PATRICK SON AGE 10
 JOHN SON AGE 8

14 years married 3 born and living

4 PATRICK CORLEY HEAD OF HOUSE AGE 42
 MARY SISTER AGE 31
 MARGARET SISTER AGE 25

5 THOS MULDOON HEAD OF HOUSE AGE 66
 CATHERINE WIFE AGE 57
 MARY ANNE DAUGHTER AGE 26
 THOMAS SON AGE 25

PATRICK SON AGE 23
 WINNIE ANN DAUGHTER AGE 14
 NORAH DAUGHTER AGE 12

27 years married 7 born and living.

6 LUKE HEALY HEAD OF HOUSE AGE 80
 ANNE WIFE AGE 79
 EDWARD SON AGE 42
 ANNE DAUGHTER AGE 38
 JOHN WILLIAM SON AGE 34
 THOS MICHAEL SON AGE 30
 JULIA HUNT GRANDDAUGHTER AGE 19

53 years married 5 born and living.

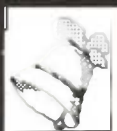
7 JOHN HEALY HEAD OF HOUSE AGE 54
 MARGARET WIFE AGE 45
 ANNE HEALY MOTHER AGE 79
 MARTIN HEALY BROTHER AGE 41

8 JOHN BRADY HEAD OF HOUSE MASON AGE 54
 JANE SISTER AGE 30



VINCENT Mc DONAGH & SON BALLYMOTE

MAIN AGENT FOR MITSUBISHI TV &
VIDEO



ZANUSSI & HOTPOINT WASHING MACHINES

SHOPS OPEN 6 DAYS

BALLYMOTE: MONDAY - FRIDAY, 9.30AM - 7.00PM

SATURDAY- 9.30AM - 7.30PM

SLIGO: MONDAY - THURS & SAT, 9.00AM - 6.00PM

FRIDAY 9.00AM - 7.00PM

Christmas Greetings to All Our Customers

Bank of Ireland

Ballymote

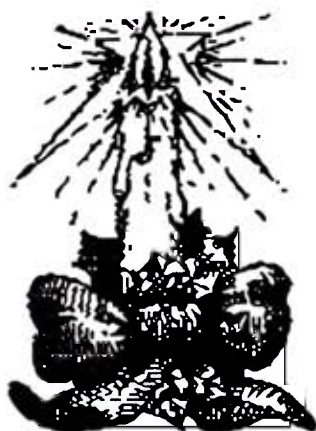
For all your Financial needs



*Christmas Greetings to all our
customers*



**Declan Gallagher
Manager**



The Small One

Stan Casey

Some fifty two years ago Bing Crosby sang for the first time Irving Berlin's son "White Christmas". This song proved to be one of the greatest and loved songs of all time.

The opening verses of this song give a true insight into the true meaning of Christmas Eve and was greatly appreciated by all, great and small. It goes as follows:

*"I'm dreaming of a white
Christmas
Just like the ones we used to
know.
Where the tree tops glisten
And children listen
To hear sleigh bells in the snow.*

At the same time as the recording of White Christmas Bing Crosby also recorded a lesser known work called 'The Small One'

The story begins in a village in Mexico where Bing was on holidays.

While relaxing in the shade on a hot afternoon, he was suddenly aroused by the voice of a young boy severely scolding a donkey. The boy maintained that the animal was lazy and good for nothing. "Hello Pablo", said Bing, "Your donkey is not lazy as you might think but he is proud because of all the donkeys in the world he has fulfilled his destiny. Bemused Pablo replied, "And what kind Sir, is destiny?"

"You come here Pablo and

bring your donkey into the shade and let me explain."

"On the first Christmas Eve long ago a little boy had a donkey which he called 'The Small One'. This poor animal was old and scraggy – actually he was fourteen years old and had a bad limp. Yet the boy cared for him very well, feeding him adequately and giving him a fresh straw bed each night.

"The boy's father was a wood-cutter by trade and he had four younger donkeys in his charge. These donkeys were used to carry lumber to the nearby market town. The family had lived on the breadline and knew hard times. When Pablo's father saw that 'the small one' was no longer useful to pay his way, he ordered Pablo to go to the village and sell the old decrepit animal for a piece of silver. Pablo realised that the shop where 'the small one' was to be sold was a tannery. The poor animal's fate would be sealed and would be killed and his hide used to make leather for shoes.

"Sadly the young boy brought the donkey to the town to sell as instructed by his father for one piece of silver.

"But on reaching the town the boy realised that there was a horse fair taking place, so he decided to try to sell 'the small one' rather than have him made into shoes. But in the horse fair he was laughed at and he could not sell his donkey.

"On reaching the tannery with tears streaming down his face he suddenly heard the voice of a kindly old man asking him to sell the donkey for a piece of silver. The man's name was Joseph and he needed the donkey to carry his wife Mary to Bethlehem where their son would be born in a stable.

"Now all donkeys dream of having the important task that 'the small one' had of carrying Mary to Bethlehem at Christmas. ○ ○

Patrick Rogers Ltd

Ballymote Co Sligo

Phone 83318

Fax 83676



BUILDING SUPPLIES FOR SALE

- Cement ● Lime ● Timber ●
- Slabs ●
- Galvanised Iron ●
- Plumbing
- Materials ● Fishing Tackle ●
- Cement £90 per tonne ●

8.00am -6.30pm six days per week

*A Very Happy Christmas & a
Bright New year*

The Following Text is
reproduced from a
RATION BOOK of the
War Years, supplied by
P.J. Duffy

YOUR RATION BOOK

Types of Ration Books

Two main types of General Ration Books are being issued. The ordinary General Ration Book is for use by all persons except the Heads of Households. General Ration Books with diagonal red bars on the covers are provided for the Heads of Households. The coupons in both books (pages 1 to 50) are similar. The only point of difference is that Householder's Folders (pages 51 to 53) are included in the General Ration Books issued to Heads of Households. This folder is provided for commodities which may be rationed on a household instead of on an individual basis.

Have you got the right Ration Book? – You should examine your ration book when you receive it to make sure that you have got the

THE "STAR" NEW ONE MAN HAY CAR.



Size : 9ft. 6ins. by 6ft. 6ins. wide.

This Pattern of Geared Car is becoming increasingly popular. The large gear wheel can be released by pressing a thumb latch and removed when required. Fitted with best Manilla Ropes and Quick Release Grips as on all our other patterns.

These hay cars can, at extra cost, be fitted with pneumatic tyres, tractor hitch, brakes and removable sides. Special lists available with full particulars.

From A 1955 CATALOGUE

Memories

"STAR" No. 5 GENERAL PURPOSE PLOUGH



LIGHT TWO HORSE.

Recommended as especially suitable for small Holdings. Available with Flat or Round Coulters, and also one or two wheels.

NOTE: A Ridging Body can be supplied to fit this plough.

Average Weight (Without Wheels) 160 lbs.

ALL "STAR" WEARING PARTS ARE MADE FROM SPECIAL MATERIAL, CHILLED BY SPECIAL PROCESS TO GIVE DURABILITY AND KEEP THEIR CORRECT SHAPE.

From a 1955 CATALOGUE

right one. If you are not the head of a household and have received a ration book with Householder's Counterfoils (pages 51 to 53) you should cut out the folder immediately along the line indicated on left-hand margin on page 51. You should then insert (in block letters) on the folder your name and full address and post the folder to the Department of Industry and Commerce, Griffith Barracks, Dublin.

If you are the Head of a Household and you receive a ration book not containing householder's Folder (pages 51 to 53), you should write immediately to the Department of Industry and Commerce, Griffith Barracks, Dublin, for the folder, giving (in block letters), your name, full address and the serial number of your ration book of your book.

Head of Household – For rationing purposes, the Head of a Household means a person who holds or occupies a house or part of a house, whether separately valued or not, as his her own dwelling and that of his other household, including family, servants and guest (including paying guests and boarders).

The Head of a Household is not normally regarded as including any person residing in a ship, vessel, boat, hotel, club, hostel, boarding-school, residential educational establishment, religious institution, county home, public or private hospital convalescent or nursing home, mental hospital, institutions for the blind, deaf and dumb or other residential charitable institutions, prison, industrial and reformatory school, lock-up or other place of detention, military barracks, garda station, or any establishment or institution similar to those mentioned.

Changes in Household – Where the Head of a Household dies or leaves the household the householder's folder in his or her ration book should be cut out and used by the person who succeeds him or her as head of the Household. Where in any case the household breaks up, the Householder's Folder should be returned to the Department of Industry and Commerce, Griffith Barracks, Dublin, enclosing at the same time, name, full address (in block letters) and serial number of ration book.

New Households – Where a new household is set up, e.g. on marriage, the Head of the Household should apply to the Department of Industry and Commerce, Griffith Barracks, for Householder's Counterfoils, giving (in block letters) his or her name, full address and the serial number of his or her ration book and a statement as to the circumstances in which the application is being made.

How to Use Coupons.

Sugar, Tea, Butter, Flour and Wheatmeal – You must register with a shopkeeper in order to draw your rations of sugar, tea, butter, bread, flour and wheatmeal. To register you should either enter you name and address and the date on the appropriate page of the coupons in the space indicated. Bring or send the ration books to the shopkeeper. The shopkeeper will cut out the page of coupons and he should insert the date, the number of the page detached and sign his name and insert his address on the first vacant line on the inside of the cover (front or back) of the ration book. Directions will be given by the Department of Industry and Commerce in the public Press from time to time as to the appropriate pages of coupons to be used in drawing sugar, tea, butter, bread, flour, bread, flour and wheatmeal rations.

Births – To secure a ration book for a newly-born child a form of Notification of Birth, which is obtainable from the local Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages, should be completed. This form will be forwarded to the Department of Industry and Commerce by the Registrar and, on receipt, a ration book will be issued.

Deaths – When the holder of a ration book dies, the person then having possession of the ration book should endorse the front cover "Dead" and forward the book, together with any pages lodged with shopkeepers, to the Department of Industry and Commerce, Griffith Barracks, Dublin, within seven days, unless the death resulted from an infectious disease, in which event the ration book should be disposed of as directed by the local Medical Officer of Health.

Leaving the State – Persons leaving the State temporarily or permanently are required to take their ration books with them.

Where a person has left the State without taking his ration book with him, the head of the Household where he resided immediately prior to departing should post the ration book to the Department of Industry and Commerce, within four weeks of such departure.

WARNING

It is illegal to tender loose coupons or for a shopkeeper to accept them.

This book is the property of the Minister for Industry and Commerce and may be used only by, or on behalf of, the person to whom it was issued and during the period to which it relates.

Heavy Penalties are attached to breaches of the rationing regulations.

pages lodged with shopkeepers, to the Department of Industry and Commerce, Griffith Barracks, Dublin, within 7 days, unless the death resulted from an infectious disease, in which event the ration book should be disposed of as directed by the local Medical Officer of Health.

Leaving the State.—Persons leaving the State temporarily or permanently are required to take their ration books with them.

Where a person has left the State without taking his ration book with him, the Head of the Household where he resided immediately prior to departing should post the ration book to the Department of Industry and Commerce, Griffith Barracks, Dublin, within four weeks of such departure.

WARNING.

It is illegal to tender loose coupons or for a shopkeeper to accept them.

This book is the property of the Minister for Industry and Commerce and may be used only by, or on behalf of, the person to whom it was issued and during the period to which it relates.

Heavy penalties are attached to breaches of the rationing regulations.

REPRODUCED FROM A
RATION BOOK OF THE
WAR YEARS, supplied by
P. J. Duffy.

Londis



Kane's
Superstore
Ballymote 071 - 83315

Loads of Christmas Specials in

GROCERY, FRUIT & VEG.,
MEAT, FROZEN FOODS,
WINES

Assuring you of continued excellence

Season's greetings to all our
customers and friends

JOHN
DODDY
O'CONNELL ST
BALLYMOTE

BAR & LOUNGE
(with Meeting Room)

Statoil Petrol
Diesel
Oils
Christmas Greetings

HE N° 98216

(Ainm an Chustaiméara
(Customer's Name))

Seoladh
(Address)

A -26	A -25	A -24	A -23	A -22	A -21
A -20	A -19	A -18	A -17	A -16	A -15
A -14	A -13	A -12	A -11	A -10	A -9
A -8	A -7	A -6	A -5	A -4	A -3
A -2	A -1				

Standing Stones

by
Mary Guckian

At the highest point in
counties around Ireland
We walked around the
standing stones
and remembered the
burials of so many
centuries ago,
the view took us
across many miles
and we could see
places where our
ancestors chose
for their burial.
I feel the history
of the island
overwhelm me
and try to capture
a sense of this time

Reproduced from 'Studies'

May Hunt

wishes all her
**FRIENDS AND
RELATIVES,**
and also all in
**Northwest &
Mid-West Radio,**
a *Happy Christmas and a
Prosperous New Year.*



A Different Era

DEAR MAG, When First Communion comes up in our parish my thoughts wander back to the day nearly seventy years ago when it was my happy day. The young people speak of my time as "the good old days", as if they knew! With no food or drink from 8 o'clock the night before, I walked to the Church, through the fields and a stretch of rough road, with my mother, a journey of over a mile. My mother put on my white dress, shoes and veil, under the gallery in the Church. There were no accessories, no cards, no money as presents. When Mass was over, we went to the teacher's house and had a cup of tea and a scone. That was it. We went back home then, my big day over. What a contrast with today's 'Big Days'.

Old and New, Ballymote

Recalling the Past

Dear Mag, I agree wholeheartedly with the lady who gave her views on Christmas in a recent issue of the 'Journal'. Very few people give a thought to the real meaning of the feast. Weeks before Christmas comes parents are asking their children what they would like to get from Santa, and amidst the moans and groans about times being hard Santa brings whatever they want, money no object.

The housewife's problem is to get cakes and puddings done in good time. Wouldn't it be a good thing if they did without some of these luxuries and donated something towards helping those who have no Christmas dinner and hope of Santa.

In the earlier part of the century Christmas was a happier time. It had more meaning than nowadays. Eating and drinking habits were not abused either.

Past Times., Ballymote



Patchwork

DEAR MAG, I read a letter some time ago, in which the writer figured that women patched and darned in the bygone days as a pastime. Well, I cannot speak for people in different walks of life but certainly, as a farmer's wife which usually meant working inside and outside the house without the mod cons of today, there was no need for a pastime. The woman was on the go from dawn to midnight. We did darn and patch, but not for leisure. We had to darn and patch of necessity and for economy. The elbows and knees and cuffs were darned or patched. The collars were turned, the toes of socks and the heels were darned. This was usually done at night with the light of the single wick oil lamp and I'm sure everyone knows after the ESB strike of a few weeks ago what that was like. I don't see many patches or dars nowadays when patching could be more interesting. To say that it was past time to sit for a couple of hours darning socks or other garments is something I don't agree with. I still do it in the name of economy.

'Darner' Ballymote

LAVINS

★BALLYMOTE, CO SLIGO★

Phone: 071 - 83354

*For Better Value In
Drapery & Footwear &
Sportswear*

LAVINS

Lord Edward St., Ballymote

Christmas greetings

to all our customers and friends

Scanlon's Corner House O'Connell St Ballymote

071 - 83777



Christmas

Greetings to all our
customers and friends.

James Flanagan reports on the



Heritage Group A G M

At the tenth annual general meeting of the Ballymote Heritage Group, held recently, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Stan Casey; Vice-President, Vincent Jordan; Chairperson, Eileen Tighe; Vice-Chairperson, Yvonne Perceval; Secretary, Betty Conlon; Treasurer, Nelly Tansey; PRO and Editor of Corran Herald, James Flanagan.

A very successful year was reported, the highlight being the Heritage Weekend at the August Bank Holiday.

The Heritage Group expresses its thanks to all those who attend its lectures and outings, to its sponsors of the the Heritage Weekend, to its advertisers in 'The Corran Herald' and to all those who helped make its recent Fashion Show succeed beyond all expectations. A special word of thanks to all those people who have written and continue to write for the Corran Herald, or contribute photographs or any other material.

The Group looks forward to continuing its work in 1995.

Spread a Little Happiness

DEAR MAG, I wonder if any your readers especially the old, feel better by getting a smile and a cheery word from younger people whom they meet when shopping after Mass, on the train, or whatever. Very often older people seem to go unnoticed. Meeting someone who is smiling and happy-looking is a tonic and even more so since I became a widow. What does a smile cost? Many years ago I remember reading a few lines of a poem entitled "If I knew the box where the smiles were kept". I have forgotten the words but the smiles were to be scattered, here, there and all over the countryside. If I knew where the box was I would certainly try scattering the smiles and in that way make life more cheerful.

Smile Please! Ballymote



PICNIC BASKET

*Imelda wishes all her customers both old
and new a
Very Happy Christmas
and a
Prosperous New Year*