The Corran Herald

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The Corran Herald wishes to sincerely thank all those who have written articles or contributed photographs or other material for this issue.

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Remembering Tommie Hunt

Tommie Hunt

The death occurred on April 5th, 2021 of Tommie Hunt at Ballymote Nursing Unit, surrounded by his family and his kind and devoted nurses Mary Doddy and Joanne McMahon.

Tommie was born in Gurteen. He went to Carn Primary School and was subsequently educated by the Franciscans at Multyfarnham. While there he met Padraig Dockry and Fr Liam McDermott, both natives of Ballymote and both now deceased. Fr Liam and Tommie were friends all their lives.

After his university education in UCG, armed with a B.Sc. degree, he took up a teaching post in Derry.

In 1968 he came back to Sligo to teach Maths and Science in Corran College. He worked there as a Deputy Principal until his retirement. Tommie had great respect for his students and in turn, they had great respect for him. They described him as approachable, learned and fair – good qualities in any teacher.

As a young man, he was also a very good footballer and was on the UCG team, which won the Sigerson Cup 1960/61. He loved sport and golf especially. As a member of Ballymote Golf Club, he was on the Connaught team, which played in the Carroll's Pro-am in Portmarnock in 1986 (teammates: Stephen Cannon, Brian Kennedy, Paddy Mullen R.I.P. and Joe Stagg). Playing golf with the famous late Seve Ballesteros was one of Tommie's happiest memories.

Unfortunately, after his retirement he became unwell with bowel cancer. He battled that storm and regained his health after several surgeries. In 2016, he was diagnosed with Lewy Body Dementia, but alas, lost that battle.

Tommie had a "Covid funeral". Even though only ten people were allowed in the Church, many people were with him in spirit.

Tommie was a humble man who did many acts of kindness. He was part of the Ballymote community and will be sadly missed by his family, friends, neighbours, colleagues and past pupils. There were many aspects to Tommie's good deeds, his interests and his lovely personality. He was always described as a "caring gentleman" by those who knew him.

Tommie was husband to Terri and a devoted father to Ingrid, Fintan, Orlagh and Kevin and a cherished grandad to his nine adoring grandchildren.

Rest in Peace "Sir".

Sigerson Cup Winners, 1960-61

Front row: (left to right): B. Geraghty, S. Pettit, C. McCole, A. Kilbane, S. Donnelly, G. Glynn (captain), T. Kenny, S. Jordan, P. Donnellan, J. Langan.

Back row: H. McGonigle, B. Loftus, D. Feeley, M. Newell, S. Kelly, M. Laide, T. Ryan, T.J. Hunt, A. Delaney, E. Geraghty, Professor McKenna.

Kathleen Fitzmaurice

by Bríd Martin

Kathleen Fitzmaurice, a popular contributor to the Corran Herald and a teacher who contributed so much to education in the primary school of St James' Well, Mountown, Cloonagh and Kilmactranny, died on the 24th of March 2021 at the age of 96.

Kathleen's contribution to the Corran Herald provided a local history of the area surrounding her home in Kilmactranny. This history included music and musicians who were of great worth and whose stories may never have been told only for Kathleen's pen and the Corran Herald who printed it. Kathleen told the stories of the "life and times" of country people from her own area and she fully recognised that those people were good, kind and honest-the salt of the earth.

Kathleen Fitzmaurice neé Kavanagh was born in July 1924 in Annagh, a townland near the shores of Lough Meelagh and the village of Keadue in north Co. Roscommon. Her father, William, was a small farmer and her mother, Katie was a national school teacher. From a very young age, for reasons lost in the mists of time, Kathleen became known as 'Saxie' to her family and to all who knew her well. She had just one sibling who died of pneumonia in infancy, so Saxie was raised as an only child.

Her mother, Katie Kavanagh, though having been born in Sooey, had been raised by an aunt in Kilmactranny and that is where she spent her entire teaching career. Consequently, Saxie's early school days were not spent in her local school in Keadue but in her mother's school in the neighbouring parish. It was a tedious journey each day by bicycle, but in the early 1940's the Kavanaghs moved from Annagh to Kilmactranny, beside the creamery which was just steps away from the "new" school (opened in 1932).

By then Saxie was in secondary school in Sligo and following her Leaving Certificate, she went onto Carysfort College, for training to become a primary school teacher and follow in her mother's footsteps. She returned to Kilmactranny to start her career-full of idealism and enthusiasm of a newly qualified teacher. She soon became an active member of the INTO and it was at the INTO congress she met the man who was to become her husband- Pat Fitzmaurice, a Kerryman teaching in Newtownforbes, Co. Longford. They married in 1952 and because of the "marriage bar", Saxie had to resign from teaching. Pat took up the position of Principal, teaching in Kilmactranny and stayed there until he retired in 1981.

However, Saxie did not sit at home twiddling her thumbs. Instead, she subbed in schools that were within travelling distance and when the bar was lifted in 1958, she was ready to return to the classroom on a permanent basis, at first in Mountown on the shores of Lough Bó and a couple of years later in Cloonagh on the shores of Lough Arrow, before finally coming full circle back to Kilmactranny, the school at the crossroads, but without a lake view! It was from that school that she retired in 1985.

Life was always very busy for Saxie. As well as working full time, she raised four children and also cared for her parents until they died. She remained an active member of the INTO and frequently represented the branch at the Annual Congress. She was even a member of the INTO delegation that attended an education meeting of the Council of Europe in Strasbourg in 1966, her first trip beyond the shores of Ireland.

On her retirement from teaching, Pat and herself travelled widely; the United States, Canada, Europe and the Holy Land to mention a few. Then she took on works that were important to her local community with a particular reference to the church, the school, Mission groups and especially her beloved Kiltegan Mission. Saxie took a leading role in Senior Citizen groups in Geevagh and Keadue, with the same interest and dedication that was characteristic to her approach to teaching. Tirerrill Historical Society would be a poorer meeting without her.

Saxie was happiest when she was doing something which contributed to the people she knew and her home place. She was never idle whether it was baking, fruit picking and preservation, knitting or walking. For relaxation Saxie enjoyed a game of bridge; the challenge of bridge appealed to her powers of concentration and intellect that age never dimmed. She never ceased to be a formidable opponent at the card table.

Her deep Catholic faith was central to almost everything that Saxie undertook. Once she and Pat were retired, daily Mass was the usual start to their day. While she was able, a trip to Lough Derg was on the calendar most summers and in later years they took part in the annual Diocesan trip to Lourdes. Saxie also volunteered as a handmaid at Knock Shrine for many years and made lots of friends while working there. She went to Knock twice a year until Covid-19 stopped her.

The Corran Herald and all its readers send their sympathy to her bereaved family, her three surviving children; Fergal, Nessan, Blaithín, daughters-in-law, grand-children, great-grandchildren and cousins. She is predeceased by her husband Pat, her infant sister, her daughter Aingeal and her own parents.

Bean a d'fhág riar a láimhe pé áit a raibh sí. Ar Dheis Dé go raibh a h-anam uasal.

Michael Flatley (whose father was a native of Culfadda) pictured in Higgins' Lounge in June 2010 with locals Padraig Doddy-Ballymote,Tom Pilkington (RIP) -Bunninadden, Alfie Kerins -Bunninadden. Michael Flatley had been invited to officially open the Garden of Memory and Music in Culfadda.

Taking milk to Ballymote creamery in the 1960s. Photo courtesy of Vera Taheny

Farmers, Fishermen, Emigration and the Village that Died: The Story of Aughris, Templeboy, Co. Sligo.

by Kathleen Flynn

The current settlement at Aughris, Templeboy, Co. Sligo consists of a coastal townland in rural Co. Sligo. The meaning of Aughris is derived from the Irish words 'Each ros', meaning 'horse headland' as the shape of the headland is said to resemble the head of a horse. From the mid nineteenth century to the early twentieth century there was a sizable settlement including a village on the headland, known as Aughris village. Aughris was a celebrated Lughnasa festive place until the mid - 1950's and a frequent venue for political rallies in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.[1] This village is now abandoned and there are a small number of houses remaining, dispersed on the farms in the area. Aughris townland also has a small harbour, used by inshore fishermen and a traditional public house, The Beach Bar.

The village settlement that was once located on Aughris headland was a clachán-type village located close to the Atlantic coast. A true clachán would have been a cluster of small single-storey cottages of farmers and / or fishermen, invariably found on poorer land. Clachán villages were related to the rundale system of farming. The land was divided into discontinuous plots and cultivated and occupied by a number of tenants to whom it was leased jointly. The system was common in Ireland, especially in Connacht and Ulster.

The earliest known depiction of Aughris (called 'Augharishe') occurs on a 1589 map of the coast of Sligo.[2] By the year 1659 the following households were recorded on Aughris Headland-See Table 1.

The Settlement of Aughris Village

There was a certain amount of settlement at Aughris by 24th September 1833,[4] the date the Tithe Applotment was completed for the area. The Tithe Applotment books were compiled between 1823 and 1837 in order to determine the amount which occupiers of agricultural holdings over one acre should pay in tithes to the Church of Ireland. The list for the townland of Aughris on 24th September 1833 contains 20 distinct family names as renting land on the headland with 36 individual tenants liable for Tithes.[5] Although these figures do not give the complete population of Aughris at the time, they indicate that the number of households and families migrating to Aughris was steadily increasing. Population figures for the pre-Famine period show that there were 136 males and 133 females in Aughris in 1841, giving a total population for the townland of 269 persons.[6] There were 50 houses in the townland in 1841.[7]

Land Denominations, owners and occupants on Aughris Headland in 1659[(3)]

Parish	Townland	Households	Tituladoes	English Households	Irish Households
Skreen	Carrowcaslan	35	Lewis Jones Esq & Jeremy Jones	0	35
	Laragh	18	Edward Erving	0	18
Templeboy	Aughris	12	Nicholas Rutledge	5	7
	Ballyfaris	8	Lewis Wingfield	0	8
	Corcagh More	22	Christopher Armstrong	0	22
	Garryduff	38	Christopher Armstrong	2	36

Table 1

The 1851 Census states that the population for the townland was 207 persons.[8] Similarly, the number of houses in the townland had decreased to 35 with 1 additional house uninhabited.[9] The decrease in population between 1841 and 1851 of 62 persons was most likely as a result of deaths during the Great Famine in the intervening years and also likely to have been due to the commencement of a pattern of emigration. However, a decrease in population in the townland of 62 persons or 23% during this period was significantly less than might have been expected during the famine and was certainly less that was the case in the other townlands in the parish of Templeboy, Co. Sligo. The total population decrease between 1841 and 1851 for the whole parish of Templeboy was 46%, twice what it was for the townland of Aughris. The proximity to the sea and to food in the form of a plentiful supply of fish reduced the dependence of the people of Aughris on the potato crop, meaning that their famine survival rate was greater than in more inland areas of the parish.

Griffith's Primary Valuation of Ireland recorded twenty-two families living in the townland of Aughris in 1856-1857[10] when the survey of Co. Sligo was completed. The heads of these families were: Michael Healy, Michael McAndrew, Michael Farry, Thomas Higgins, Martin Scanlan, Matthew Golden, Patrick Kelly, James Finnegan, John Giligan Snr,

Daniel Kilmartin, Hugh Flannelly, Bryan Gilhooly, James Jordan, Kitty Kilcullen, Andrew McGarry, Richard Greer, Martin Giblin, Daniel Calpin, Michael Mannion, James Duigenan, Jeremiah Rooney and Michael Radican.[11]

Detail from the Census of Ireland for 1851 gives an insight into the living and housing conditions of Templeboy around the time that the population of Aughris was increasing rapidly:

'Houses in the 1851 census were divided in to four categories. First Class were superior houses, second were good farm houses having five to nine rooms and also windows, third class were mud cabins with two to four rooms and windows, fourth class were mud cabins with one room. In Templeboy in 1851 there were 361 houses in the parish. Of these, four were first class houses, eighty five were second class, two hundred and eleven were third class houses and sixty one were fourth class.' [12]

(Halloran 2000, p.58).

The population of Aughris townland and village continued to increase rapidly in the post-famine period and was 812 persons by 1861.[13] The main landlords of the area, Hillas and Cooper, undertook substantial improvements on their lands during the nineteenth century,[14] using the available local labour and it is likely that the village structure was created at Aughris during this period.

Fisherman at Aughris Pier

In many ways, this village was self-sufficient and provided all the needs of the residents, as evidenced by the occupations of the residents. Aughris had a pier for fishing and a forge for blacksmithing works. Aughris also had its own pub and a school. The Aughris School was established in 1865 and was grant assisted by the Ladies' Scottish Society.[15] The existence of Aughris School was short lived and it closed in 1878, following protests about the teaching of religion at the school by the local priest, Fr. McDermott and the pupils transferred to Kilrusheighter School. By the time of the 1901 Census[16], the occupations of the Aughris community included farming, three blacksmiths, two dressmakers, two publicans, three teachers, two tailors, two seamstresses, two shopkeepers, a carpenter, a boot-maker, a creel-maker, a washerwoman, a plasterer, a herd and a number of agricultural labourers.[17] Therefore the Aughris area was very self-sufficient in many respects by 1901.

Emigration from Aughris

While much of the Irish migration to the United States occurred before the Great Famine, it was during and after the Famine, especially the years 1841 – 1900 that the vast majority of Irish emigrated to the U.S.A. The loss by emigration from Co. Sligo between 1841 and 1891 was at least 120,000, of whom 60,000 left in the period immediately after the famine.[18] The figures for emigration from Co. Sligo from 1861 – 1911[19] were as follows:

YEAR	Number
1861	13,328
1871	12,049
1881	11,708
1891	23,594
1901	14,065
1911	9,157

Table 2

Although the period of greatest famine and deaths was from 1845 – 1849, there were other smaller more localised famines throughout Ireland at various periods throughout the nineteenth century. During the period from about 1870 to the early years of the 1900's, poverty and disease were prevalent in west Co. Sligo. Details of the poverty and the conditions in Templeboy during the period were described in "The Sligo Chronicle" newspaper on 17 February 1883, as follows: 'Sickness and death, the sure followers of famine, have already made their appearance, bringing sorrow and misery to many a poor household. The utter misery of the district transcends anything I have seen before. A whole countryside, fathers, mothers and children, equally starved and helpless and many of them passing through the stages of dangerous illness.'[20]

Emigration was the preferred option for young adults in the Co. Sligo of the late 1800's and early 1900's. Many of the children of the residents of Aughris village had to emigrate in order to survive and to send money home to help the parents support the family. The emigration of most of the children of large families from Aughris resulted in the population of Aughris village declining steadily in the period from the early 1870's to the 1970's. The population of Aughris in 1861 was 812 persons [21] however by 1873, this had fallen to 400.[22]

One of the patterns of migration that pertained to the people who left Aughris was the mass emigration of groups of between five and twenty people together from the Aughris area. There is evidence of this when one reviews a selection of Ships' Manifests (or passenger lists) of passages to the U.S.A. in the late 1800's and early 1900's. Indeed, most of the surnames of those who emigrated from Templeboy, Co. Sligo are from Aughris Village. A comparison of the surnames leaving with the twenty-two family names noted in Aughris about 1856, shows that the reason these names disappeared from Aughris was as a direct consequence of emigration.

Three examples of this type of 'group' emigration from the Aughris area relate to 1896, 1901 and 1902. There were eleven neighbours from the area on the ship the 'Teutonic' arriving into New York on 16th April 1896.[23] Their surnames were: Kilgallon,

Scanlan, Cogans, Dunne, Golden, Knox, Murphy and Kennedy.[24] Four of these surnames were from families that were in Aughris since 1833[25] (Kilgallon, Scanlon, Murphy, Golden) while the other emigrants were from the townlands of Garryduff, Kilrusheighter and Rathglass, which are directly adjacent to Aughris. There were twenty passengers from Templeboy in the ship 'S.S. Oceanic' which arrived in New York on 17 April 1901.[26] A review of the Ships' Manifests shows that all the emigrants from Templeboy were going to join a relative in New York or Chicago. Surnames of emigrants from Aughris village on this ship were: Golden, Jordan, Farry, Kilmartin, Higgins, Kilgallon, Finnegan, Gilgan, Healy and McGarry.[27] All these surnames were from Aughris village, as these names were part of the twenty-two families in the area at the time of Griffith's Primary Valuation in 1856-1857.

In 1902, this pattern of mass emigration from the Aughris area continued. There were fourteen passengers from Templeboy in the ship 'Teutonic' which departed Queenstown (Cobh), Co. Cork for New York on 11th April 1902.[28] Many of these emigrants from Templeboy have stated that 'passage paid by sister' or 'passage paid by brother or cousin.' Surnames of emigrants from Aughris village on this ship were: Golden, Finnegan, White, Murphy, Kilgallon and Scanlan.[29] With such numbers of young people leaving Aughris village, it was inevitable that this level of migration would have far reaching consequences for the future of the village.

The Decline of Aughris Village

From the Enumerators Abstracts for the Townland of Aughris from the Census of 1901 and 1911, it can be seen that Aughris was a thriving and vibrant place at the beginning of the 20th Century. However, the population had decreased significantly compared to the numbers living in the village in the period 1860 – 1880. In 1901, Aughris had a population of 161 residents.[30] By 1911, the population of Aughris had fallen to 114 residents.[31] The reasons for the population decline is clear when one considers the groups of between five and twenty young people emigrating at any one time from the area. All of the townspeople had land, but the smallholdings were too small to make a living on. The people often had no choice but to emigrate. It is possible to see, therefore, that the population decline had already started with 47 fewer residents in 1911 than in 1901.

Aughris - The Town that Died

An article from The Evening Press newspaper, dated 29 August 1973 called "It's Just a Town that Died" outlined details of what the village had been like, based on the memory of the oldest surviving resident in 1973. The article states that '100 years ago, the town of Aughris had 400 inhabitants.'[32] In 1973 Aughris had 7 inhabitants. Today it has none. Mrs. Martin, one of the interviewees for the Evening Press article in 1973 and one of the last inhabitants of the town remembers: 'It was a great town when I was a child. There were lights in every house, music and a game of cards. There was plenty of craic. It is lonesome now.'[33]

Another elderly resident in 1973, Mrs. Kelly, remembers 'a time when there would be dances in two of the houses along the street on the same night. And both of the houses would be packed with people. There'd be music and dancing.'[34] Even though the families at that time were generally large, continuous chain migration to the U.S.A. meant that the town became depopulated. As Mrs. Kelly in the Evening Press article said of those who did not emigrate: 'The men didn't marry. The place died.'[35]

Mrs. Cissy Martin, who herself emigrated to the U.S.A when she was a young woman and later returned to Aughris after she retired, recalled why the young people emigrated: 'We had to get away. There was nothing here for us when we grew up. I first went to the States with the girl next door.'[36] The newspaper article from 1973 also refers to some of the reasons for the decline of the town, 'Much of the fishing, from Aughris Pier, a short distance away, had ceased. The marriage rate was low; the death rate was catching up; the children were gone.'[37]

The decline of the Aughris community accelerated in the 1950s with heavy emigration from the headland and the gradual abandonment of Aughris village by the late 1970s.[38] It is sad to note that the town that was a bustling, highly populated area at the turn of the century is now completely deserted. All the houses are empty and in ruins, as a direct consequence of the migration of people out of Aughris. Most of the houses have lost their roofs and windows with the doors having rotted away. Grass grows down the centre of what was once the single main street of the town. The last resident of the town was a man named Mattie Golden, son of Joe Golden and nephew and brother to the many generations of the Golden family who emigrated to the U.S.A.

One elderly local man, Sonny Finnegan, remembered, in the year 2000, what the town was like: 'Just before my time there were hundreds of people here. Emigration killed the place. It began before my time, but all through my time the people kept leaving it and few came back. They went, one by one, mostly to New York, whole families. People still come up to me in the summer to my home below the town and they ask "where is the town of Aughris which is marked on the map?" I point to the ruins on the hill and say "there it is what's left of it.'[39] Sonny Finnegan also recalled at this time the names of the families that lived in the lively town when he was a boy. There were 'Goldens, several families of them musicians for the parties, Margaret Mullaney, the Higgins family, the Geoghans, the Connors, the McGarrys, the Sleators, Dunnes, Kellys and Mannions. He

Former Golden family homestead, Aughris, Templeboy, Co. Sligo

Abandoned houses of Aughris town, Aughris, Templeboy, Co. Sligo

then adds about each 'and they went to America, the whole family.' [40]

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The author, Kathleen Flynn, grew up in Templeboy, Co. Sligo. She is the granddaughter of Kate Agnes Golden who was born in 1889 in Aughris village, in the house in the first photo above. The last resident of the village, Mattie Golden, was a nephew of Kate Agnes Golden, and a first cousin of the author's father.

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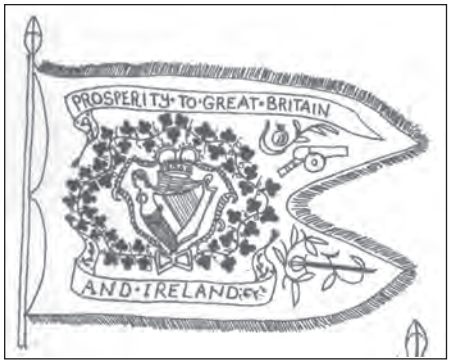
The Sligo Volunteers 1778 - 1793

by Padraig Deignan

The 'Irish Volunteers' of the eighteenth century were a part time militarised force formed in an ad hoc manner by local landlords around the country from 1778 onwards. Local volunteer units in Sligo were mustered under the initiative of resident landlords including Ormsby, Wynne, Dodwell, King, Irwin and O'Hara among others. The Volunteers were allowed concessions by the authorities as they recognised that men served better under officers with whom they were personally acquainted. There was also an ethos of voluntary service in these companies that was lacking in the regular militia units. As Wood-Martin wrote, the Volunteers were '… self-clothed, self-disciplined, and without pay discharged the duties of the army'.[1] Their mission was to protect Ireland from foreign invasion, most likely of course a French attack since France had joined the Americans in their Revolutionary War, or a domestic uprising by Catholics and to generally preserve law and order in the country.[2]

Irish Volunteers infantry uniform

The Patriot Party in the Irish Parliament had been opposed to sending regular army units from Ireland to fight in the North American colonies as no provision was made to replace the departing regiments and the Militia Act of 1755 had been allowed to expire in 1767. With the departure of a large part of the army from Irish shores, the peace and stability of the country was endangered and it was left to the Protestant upper and middle classes to shoulder the responsibility for the formation of a volunteer force to counter potential internal and external threats.[3] The Volunteers acted more as a quasi-police force supporting the magistrates in the country. They drilled in significant numbers and if they had been called upon, would undoubtedly have made a considerable contribution to thwarting an invasion.[4] They acted as recruiting agents for the navy, a task later taken over by the Militia.[5] The Volunteers were later also able to use their influence to put pressure on Westminster into conceding legislative independence to the parliament in Dublin.[6]



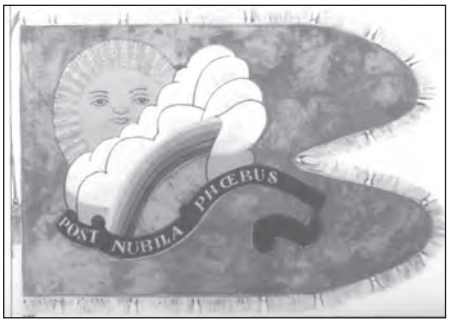
Irish Volunteers flag

Sligo Volunteer Units

The regular military authorities believed that the Volunteers were not capable of repulsing a foreign invasion, however they could be useful in internal security duties and were a 'serviceable riot police'.[7] For example, in July 1779, the Sligo Loyal Volunteers assisted the revenue officers proceeding down the Garavogue River into Sligo Bay to check out two French privateers. They were ordered not to board the vessels but they later arrested three men from the ships in Sligo town. Detachments of the Volunteers patrolled along the coastline searching for others from the ships. The parish priest in Sligo and some Catholics offered to assist but were politely told that their help was not required.[8] Also in July 1779 the Sligo Volunteers were employed in supporting the army by guarding a magazine in the town.[9] In May 1780 the Volunteers were again called upon to support in policing duties.[10] In December 1781 and January 1782 the Volunteers were employed in tracking down criminals in Mullaghmore.[11] On 20 August 1782, while engaged in recruiting for the navy, a crowd at Beltra fair opposed to recruitment assaulted members of the Independent Tyreril Volunteers. Four men were arrested after they were reportedly part of a recently formed gang 'that met in the baronies of Leyny and Tireragh and numbered about 200 men and called themselves 'the regiment of cudgelers' commanded by Meaghan'. They were armed 'with oak boughs, cudgels and other weapons'.[12] These gangs of men were no doubt operating in the same tradition of agrarian movements opposed to the establishment and many surely later joined the Defender movement in the county. Later in February 1784 the Sligo Volunteers were engaged in scouring the countryside looking for private stills.[13]

Guidon of the Co. Sligo Light Horse Volunteers

Volunteer units were formed in all parts of the county and on 25 May 1779 Lt. Colonel Ormsby founded the 'Loyal Sligo Volunteers'. The Right Hon. Henry King raised and commanded 'The Ballina and Ardnaree Loyal Volunteers', with the unit associated on 1 July 1779. 'The Liney Volunteers' were associated in 1778 and were commanded by Major George Dodwell.[14] They were all provided with the necessary equipment largely at the expense of the landlord commanding the corps.[15] Enrolment in the Volunteers proved very popular in Sligo and Wood-Martin noted that '… all sprang to arms, several cadet corps being formed from the various schools in the town and county'.[16] Boys attending Rev. Armstrong's school, the Academy of Sligo, formed a corps of Volunteers with a Captain Grey in charge. The General of the Volunteers, Henry Flood, on a tour of inspection reviewed the boys' regiment on 20 July 1784 and it was reported that he was impressed by their drill, appearance and attention to detail. [17]



Guidon - Sligo Volunteers sunbeam

At a meeting of the Loyal Sligo Volunteers, held on 17 January 1780 with Robert Lyons in the chair, it was reported that the '… corps may shortly be called upon to act and co-operate with the other corps of this kingdom in defence of their country …'. As an indication of the desire for political and commercial separation from Britain, the Sligo Volunteers passed resolutions which included the congratulation of 'our brethren Volunteers in the county and Kingdom towards replacing our commercial rights upon their original and legal basis …' and 'in restoring our political as well as commercial privileges to a proper equality'. Owen Wynne was the captain of a company in this corps and the local representative in parliament.[18] Trade freedoms for the country were a key part of the Volunteers agenda with them also demanding the 'emancipation of our trade'. The importance of the economic independence of Ireland was also emphasised in a meeting of the Sligo Loyal Volunteers later in the year on 23 June 1780.[19]

Officer in Sligo Volunteers

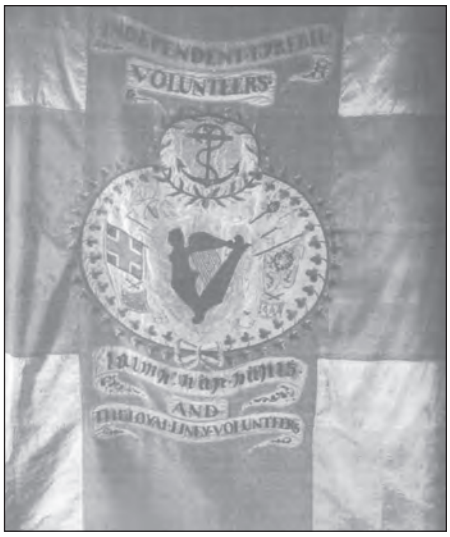
On 19 July 1781. one of the largest provincial reviews was held near Sligo.[20] Provincial reviews were again held in 1782 and in 1785.[21] The Rt. Hon. Henry King was one of the twelve 'Generals' elected by the Volunteers and was one of the delegates who met at Dungannon on 15 February 1782. Delegates from the Co. Sligo Volunteers to the National Convention of Volunteers included the Rt. Hon. General Henry King, Rt. Hon. Joshua Cooper, Col. O'Hara, Robert Lyons and Major George Dodwell. [22]

On 15 March 1782, a deputation of Volunteers Officers from Co. Sligo, including Col. Charles O'Hara, Col. Sir B. Gore Bt, Col. Lewis F. Irwin and Lt. Colonel John Ormsby, attended the great meeting of Connaught Volunteers at Ballinasloe at which were assembled delegates from fifty-nine volunteer corps of the province.[23] Lord Clanrickarde chaired the meeting and resolutions passed included, 'That we will support, with our lives and fortunes, all the just rights and privileges of this Kingdom …'[24]. Similar resolutions were passed by 'The Ballina and Ardnaree Volunteers' on 28 March 1782 with Lt. Robert Jones in the chair and on 1 April 1782 at a meeting of 'The first Tyreril True Blues' held in Collooney with the Rev. John Little in the chair, resolved '… that we will, in every capacity, oppose the execution of all such statutes as the (at present, to us, seemingly) usurped authority of a British parliament has hitherto enacted, or may hereafter attempt to impose on a country, whose great wishes are to be Free'. [25]

Independent Tyreril Volunteers flag

On 31 July 1782, Sligo witnessed one of the largest and most colourful reviews of local volunteer units in Connaught when 1,500 Volunteers from Sligo, Leitrim, Mayo and Roscommon assembled in the town. Col. O'Hara acted as Brigadier General while Lt. Colonel Ormsby and Col. Cullen reported as Colonels of Regiments. The Right Hon. General Henry King reviewed the Volunteers. The different corps of cavalry paraded through Wine St. and the infantry through Knox St., Ratcliff St. and Castle St., which was followed by a review of all the troops at Scarden where manoeuvres and war games

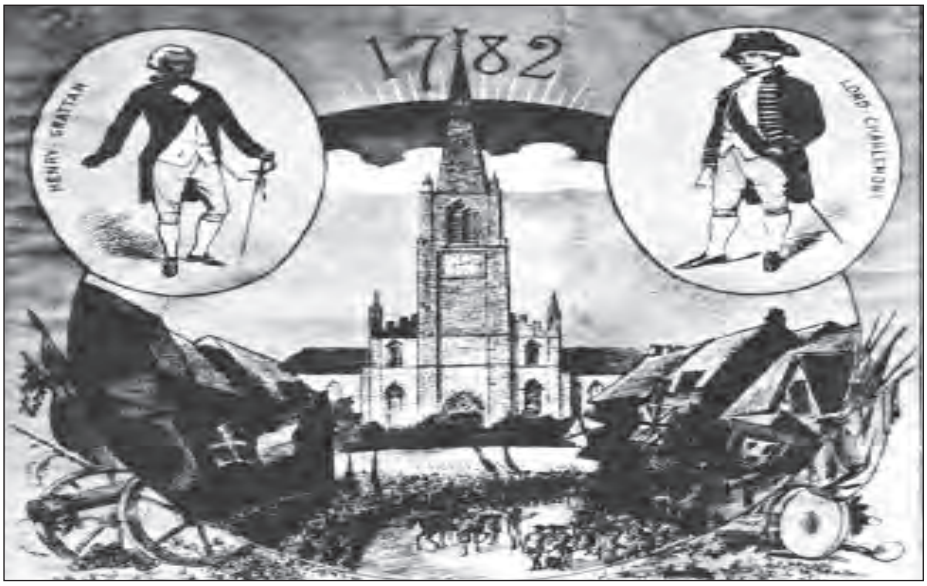
took place. The Leitrim Rangers and the County Sligo Light Horse escorted the general to Scarden. It was reported that the manoeuvres and war games were '…conducted with such alertness, and propriety, as reflect the highest honour to both officers and men and the General returned his particular thanks to every corps in the field'. [26]



Independent Tyreril and Loyal Liney Volunteers flag. The interior of the shield would have originally been in green. The harp is uncrowned and the motto features several words in Irish, the meaning of which are disputed but seem to refer to the O'Hara family who were prominent patrons of the unit (Sligo Co. Museum).

Catholic Volunteers

The issue of Catholic involvement in the volunteers was a controversial subject among officers and men in the movement. However, following the 1778 Relief Act many of the Volunteer units began to admit Catholics and there were only a few corps 'in which intolerance and ancient bigotry were still preserved'.[27] The Volunteers had no agreed policy towards Catholic emancipation and their attitude was not consistently hostile. Catholics were not perceived as a threat and local Volunteers were 'under no apprehensions from the Papists'.[28] In fact, the Volunteers put pressure on the British government to relax the



Volunteers at Dungannon

Penal Laws leading to the Relief Act of 1778 and 1782.[29] The passing of the Relief Act of 1778 led to the Catholic hierarchy lending their support to the British cause in the American Revolutionary War that gave many Catholics the opportunity of showing their loyalty to Britain. Some counties allowed Catholics to enlist in the Volunteers or form their own companies.[30] A number of Catholics in Sligo were also keen to form their own Volunteer units. However, this did not appear to go down well with the Protestants of the county and in 1780, after the formation of Catholic divisions of the Tyreril Volunteers, the Sligo Loyal Volunteers confronted them outside Sligo town and disarmed them.[31]

The Sligo Volunteers approached their commander Owen Wynne and demanded that he vote against Catholic relief and that no Catholics be admitted to the Volunteers. It appeared to Catholics in Sligo that while the Volunteers argued that they '…professed to be soldiers of liberty' it seemed that liberty only applied to Protestants.[32] The conduct of the Sligo Volunteers was rebuked and their intolerance criticised in a series of letters from 'Common Sense' to the Sligo Journal in January and February 1782 arguing that if Catholics are subject to the laws then they have every right to not only choose their legislators but to also defend those laws with force of arms. [33]

One of the resolutions passed at the important Volunteer meeting at Dungannon on 15 February 1782 was that 'as Irishmen, Christians and Protestants, we rejoice at the relaxation of the penal laws against our Roman Catholic subjects'.[34] Wynne opposed the right of Catholics to hold property at the Dungannon meeting.[35] However, on 4 March 1782, the Loyal Sligo Volunteers assembled on parade in the town under the presidency of Col. John Ormsby and they passed a resolution stating 'That as citizens and soldiers, we do heartily approve of the Dungannon address to the minority of both houses of parliament, and do most cheerfully adopt their resolutions of the 15th February last, for obtaining a redress of grievances; and that we will, to the utmost of our power, co-operate with them and the several volunteer corps of this kingdom, for so desirable a purpose'. [36]

The admission of Catholics into the movement remained a divisive subject for many county Volunteer units. Protestants in some of the northern counties, where they were an overwhelming majority, had little to fear from Catholics and became their greatest advocates for joining

the organisation and wishing to grant Catholics more freedoms.[37] However, in parts of the country like Sligo where the Protestants were in a minority they were much more reluctant to admit Catholics to the Volunteer movement. They may have shared the opinion of John Wesley that he would not want Catholics persecuted at all but would like to see them prevented from causing harm believing that the Volunteers would 'at least keep the Papists in order'.[38] By February 1785 it appeared that the Sligo Volunteers were still refusing to admit Catholics into their ranks and there were 'declarations of bigotry and tyranny' from a number of counties including Sligo who did not want to grant rights to Catholics.[39] In a letter addressed to the 'Irish Helot' arguing for Catholic rights, many Protestants were still opposed to reform and did not want to '… communicate the smallest share of that blessing to their catholic countrymen'.[40]

Conclusion

In 1780 the Volunteer movement had reached its national peak strength of about 60,000. The influence of the organisation helped achieve legislative independence for Ireland in 1782.[41] A song celebrating the victory of the Volunteers in securing legislative independence was recorded in Killavil National School in Co. Sligo:

'Hurrah tis done our freedoms won,
Hurrah for the volunteers.
No laws we own but those alone
of ours commons, king and peers.
The chain is broke, the saxon yoke
From off our neck is taken.
Ireland awoke, Dungannon spoke,
with Fear was England shaken'.[42]

(First stanza of 'A Song of the Volunteers of 1782')

At a national Volunteer convention held in the Rotunda in November 1783 the movement's political influence evaporated.[43] Following the achievement of legislative independence, the movement divided into reformers and conservatives thus diluting the organisation's power. In addition to the end of the war in America and the return of regular units, the appetite for Volunteer recruitment, drilling and parading waned significantly. In March 1783 a regiment of the Loyal Sligo Volunteers paraded to County Hall, unanimously resolving 'to continue embodied'.[44] The Loyal Lyney Volunteers made a point of declaring their loyalty and wish to co-operate with the military in the summer of 1782.[45] In order to maintain law and order and with the agreement '… of most of the supporters of the constitution of 1782, the regular army was largely increased …' and the 'Government finally ordered that all meetings of the Volunteers should be, if necessary, dispersed by force'.[46] The passing of the Militia Act in April 1793 brought the Volunteers to an end.[47] How effective they would have been as a fighting force will always remain unknown. However, an article in the Freeman's Journal gives an impression as to the capabilities of the Volunteers as a military force:

'It cannot be forgotten that the former Volunteer Army, however, competent to action in detached corps, was not, well organised to act together as could have been wished. The regiments of different districts and counties wore different coloured uniforms and different arms. Scarcely any two regiments wore the same coloured uniforms or carried bayonets of the same height or muskets of the same calibre or used the same plan of discipline. Consequently, had the necessity occurred for actual service in the field, endless confusion must have been inevitable'.[48]

Some members of the Sligo Volunteer units later joined the Sligo Militia and fought at Vinegar Hill.[49] However, most joined the Sligo Yeomanry, a wholly Protestant force, with units formed between October 1796 and February 1797.[50] The Sligo Yeomanry saw action locally within the county during the 1798 Rebellion.

More information about the military, economic, political and social situation in Sligo during the eighteenth century can be found in Pádraig's latest book, Sligo in the Eighteenth Century, available in local bookshops.

[1] W G. Wood-Martin, History of Sligo, County and Town (Dublin, 1892), iii, p. 7.
[2] David W. Miller, 'Non-professional soldiery c.1600-1800' in Thomas Bartlett and Keith Jeffery (eds), A Military History of Ireland (Cambridge, 1996), p. 327.
[3] R.B. McDowell, Ireland in the Age of Imperialism and Revolution, 1760-1801 (Oxford, 1979), p. 255.
[4]Ibid., p. 257.
[5] Freeman's Journal [F.J.], 7 Sept. 1793.
[6] Tom Garvin, The Evolution of Irish Nationalist Politics (Dublin, 1981), p. 20, Liz Curtis, The Cause of Ireland: From the United Irishmen to Partition (Belfast, 1994), p. 4.
[7] Thomas Bartlett, Ireland: a history (Cambridge, 2010), p. 179.
[8]F.J., 24 July 1779.
[9] Finn's Leinster Journal [F.L.J.], 24 July 1779.
[10] F.J., 27 May 1780, 1 June 1780.
[11] Ibid., 29 Dec. 1781, F.L.J., 2 Jan. 1782.
[12] S.J., 24 Aug. 1782.
[13]F.J., 21 Feb. 1784.
[14] Wood-Martin, History of Sligo, iii, p. 8.
[15] Ibid., p. 9.
[16] Volunteer's Journal or Irish Herald, 30 July 1784.
[17] Ibid., 30 July 1784.
[18] F.J., 5 Feb. 1780.
[19] Ibid., 29 June 1780.
[20] Wood-Martin, History of Sligo, iii, p. 8.
[21] Ibid., p. 9.
[22] Ibid., p 8-9.
[23] Ibid., p. 10.
[24] Ibid.
[25] Ibid., p. 11; O'Rorke, Sligo, i, pp 362-3.
[26] F.J., 1 Aug. 1782.
[27] Thomas MacNevin, The History of the Volunteers of 1782 (Dublin, 1845), p. 151.
28 Jonathan Bardon, A History of Ulster (Newtownards, 2005), p. 179.
[29] Ibid., pp 214-17.
[30] Ibid.
[31] Padhraig Higgins, A Nation of Politicians: Gender, Patriotism, and Political Culture in Late Eighteenth Century
[32] Ireland (Madison, Wisconsin, 2010), p. 147. F.J., 15 Jan. 1780.
[33] MacNevin, The History of the Volunteers of 1782, p. 151.
[34] Sligo Journal [S.J]., 19 Jan., 2 Feb. 16

Feb. & 18 Feb. 1782. Bardon, A History of Ulster, pp 214-17.

[35] MacNevin, The History of the Volunteers of 1782, p. 164.

[36] T. O'Rorke, The History of Sligo: Town and County (Dublin, 1889), i, p. 362.

[37] Bardon, A History of Ulster, pp 217-220.

[38] Ibid., pp 214-17.

[39] Volunteers Journal or Irish Herald, 18 Feb. 1785.

[40] Ibid.

[41] K.P. Ferguson, 'The Volunteer Movement and the Government, 1778-1793', Irish Sword, Vol. 13, (1978-79), pp 208-16.

[42] First stanza of 'A Song of the Volunteers of 1782', The Schools Collection, Volume 0185, page 0479. Cill Ábhaill, location Killavil, Co. Sligo, Teacher Seán Ó Conláin; Collector Bea Finn; Informant Michael Finn. http://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4701757/4699968.

[43] Ibid.

[44] F.L.J., 12 Mar. 1783.

[45] Wood Martin, History of Sligo, iii, p. 11, Declaration of the Loyal Lyney Volunteers, 28 June 1782 (NLI, O'Hara papers, Ms 20,282/2), Neal Garnham, The Militia in Eighteenth-century Ireland: In Defence of the Protestant Interest (Woodbridge, 2012), p. 113.

[46] Wood-Martin, History of Sligo, iii, p. 11.

[47] P. Ferguson, 'The Volunteer Movement and the Government, 1778-1793', pp 208-16.

[48] F. Glenn Thompson, 'Flags and Uniforms of the Irish Volunteers and Yeomanry', Bulletin of the Irish Georgian Society, Vol. 33, (Jan. 1990), p. 3.

[49] Wood-Martin, History of Sligo, iii, p. 14.

[50] Ibid., p. 19, p. 21.

This match was between Killoran and Ballinacarrow and was played in Ballinacarrow in August 1946, and it was a Junior Championship Match. Photo courtesy of Eileen Tighe

Front Row Left to Right:

Thomas Healy, Frank McCann, Paddy Lavin, Edward Lynch, Michael Berreen, Jack Mc Brien, Brian Madden, Tom O'Grady , John Ross, Gerry Gallagher, Joe Gallagher, Peter Healy, Vincent Brady.

Back Row Left to Right:

Charlie Madden, Jack Gallagher, Paddy Gallagher, Tommy Cryan, Patrick Madden, Rodger Cunnigham, Pat Luby, Peter Currid, Ned Murrin, John Quigley, Joe Johnson, Josie Gallagher, John Luby, John Sexton,

Memories of Tom Carroll and John Hannan

by Mary Frances Hannan Simms

Since the first publication of The Corran Herald my sister, Assumpta Hannan O'Connor, has sent me every copy. I have enjoyed reading and learning about the history of my native town, Ballymote, and the surrounding areas.

Issue No 52 (page 79) brought back memories of stories told by my father, John Hannan. He told the following stories about Tom Carroll who lived three doors up O'Connell Street from my father and his family. I had never seen a photo of Tom until now although my father brought him to life in the stories he told about Tom.

The following stories about Tom Carroll were witnessed and told by my father, John Hannan.

Story 1

Tom lived in a thatched cottage in O'Connell Street, Ballymote. Outside Tom's house, on the pavement, on top of two steps was a water pump. Tom used this as his own personal shaving area. One sunny summer's morning, as my father and some friends were chatting by the front door, they saw Tom shaving with his open cut throat razor on the steps by the pump. As the postman, Tommie Clyans, walked by, Tom asked him if there was a letter for

Tom Carroll

him. "No" said Tommie, "were you expecting one?" "Indeed, I was" said Tom, "but it must have fallen into the hands of some dishonest postman". Tommie Clyans being a very serious, honest man was not happy with this retort but just kept walking quickly up the street with Tom following behind with the open cut throat razor in his hand.

Story 2

John Hannan, at this time lived with his father, Stephen, mother, Mary Ann and sister, Susan. One of his other sisters, Lizzie, was visiting from America. Eamonn de Valera was at this time elected into power as Taoiseach. During his first year in office, he gave free beef once a week to the unemployed. Tom Carroll was one of the people who was entitled to this meat. On one occasion Tom had gotten his meat from the butcher. It was about 12" in diameter and Tom, with the meat unwrapped, came down the street with it swinging about in one hand. Tom arrived down to Hannan's house. It was afternoon and the open fire had burned down to ashes as dinner had been cooked and eaten. Tom arrived in with the slab of meat and said to Stephen, whom he called 'D', "Can I cook my meat on your fire D?" "Indeed, you can, and welcome" said Stephen and with that, Tom threw the piece of meat onto the ash filled fire sending ashes flying all over the kitchen. Lizzie said, "Wait Tom and I will get a pan for you to cook the meat on". Tom said, "Leave it there" and then turning to Stephen said, "D, we didn't have to go to America to learn how to cook". Stephen loved having Tom come into the house as he was a lovely singer and Stephen knew that Tom would sing as he waited for the meat to cook.

Thank you to the late Paddy Egan for sharing the photo of Tom and to The Corran Herald for printing it. Now I can put a face to the stories which bring them to life for me.

A Song to the Sun

Submitted by M. Doddy & G. O'Dowd

The first translation into English of any classical work was the Aeneid in ten-syllabled metre made by Gawin (or Gavin) Douglas, who was born about 1474. He was the third son of the fifth Earl of Angus, and was educated for the priesthood.

His principal poems are "The Palace of Honour" and "King Hart". He became Bishop of Dunkeld, but died in London by the plague in 1522.

The following example of his work – an early English spring poem – is, of course, modernised in spelling.

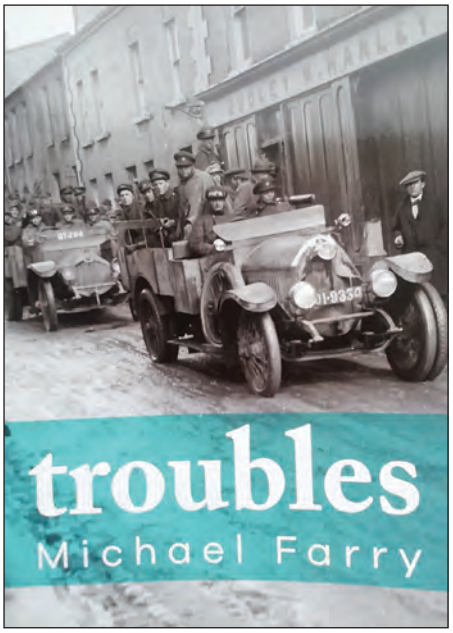
Welcome, the lord of light
and lamp of day!
Welcome, fosterer of tender
herbs and green!
Welcome, quickener of fairest
flowers' sheen!
Welcome, support of every
root and vein!
Welcome, conduct of all kind
fruit and grain!
Welcome, the bird's warm shield
upon the briar!
Welcome, master and ruler
of the year!
Welcome, welfare of husbands
at the ploughs!
Welcome, repairer of woods,
trees, and boughs!
Welcome, old painter of the
blooming meads!
Welcome, the life of everything
that spreads!

Troubles: Poems by Michael Farry

Reviewed by Neal Farry

A promotional review submitted by the publisher, Revival Books, Limerick Writers' Centre. The quotations were selected by Neal Farry, who also provided their associated comments.

The poetry collection Troubles, by Michael Farry, was published in 2020. Troubles insinuates itself into the events of Ireland of one hundred years ago by a multitude of devices, approaching the participants and incidents in a slant way, by entering the thoughts of some of the participants, especially the losers.



"Troubles" by Michael Farry

Troubles contains seventy-seven poems and compositions presented within six distinct thematic categories: **1. The Troubled Past. 2. Between the Lines. 3. The Fuss in Dublin. 4. The Glorious Years. 5. The Sligo Novel: The Assistant Projectionist. 6. Afterwards.**

This collection reflects on the historical background with poems on the famine, the land struggle, the Home Rule campaign, by introducing real people, for instance Kate Thompson, whose voice we hear through the pleas she made for assistance for the poor people on her and her husband's estate. *"Instead of overseeing the garden, genteel sewing circles, / dinner parties, she learned how to beg, distribute food / clothes and seed, watch naked wretches die in ditches"*. Michael quotes the precise descriptions of famine horrors from Kate's letters: *"Let the cry of the orphan and widow / come before you to justify all I portray. / They subsist on nettles and watercress / and more like spectres clothed in rags than human"*.

Pat Gallagher's declaration of impassioned commitment in pursuit of the objectives of Home Rule and Land for the People rings defiantly in Tractatus: *"Each man must pledge himself to do a man's part. / The people must be prepared for any sacrifice, even / life, any time their privileges and liberties are / being tampered with"*.

We get a fascinating glimpse into the life of Louisa Stockdale of Fermanagh, a Protestant who lived through this period, wrote poetry, married a Catholic in a registry office in London in the middle of the Civil War and spent her life in peace in County Leitrim. Michael Farry furnishes twenty-two quotations relevant to Louisa O'Flynn Stockdale from The Index to Forgotten North-Western Female Poets. Two of them read as follows: (1) Her photo, poem, Derry People, 1914: *"She can young and old beguile / With the glory of her smile" ; (2)* The Second Lieutenant, poem, Impartial Reporter, 1915, *"Somewhere in Flanders he lies, / His face upturned to the skies."*

We get a different perspective in the "Sligo Novel" poems, recounting incidents in the daily life of a fictitious Sligo town resident, Beatrice Kilgannon, through the period as she cares for her mother dying of tuberculosis and helps her father run the Palace Cinema. In this rhythmic narrative the sparse economy of language and the urgency of the disclosure is moving and intense. This following quotation proceeds from the family visit to Mother in the Wicklow sanatorium : *"Father was a tower / telling you of home and neighbours, / Meehan's windows and the latest pictures."* Afterwards Mother's passing at home in Sligo: *your breathing short and shallow, your voice a rasping wheeze. / The end a relief."* Mother died in August 1922 during the National Army's attack on the anti-Treaty Republican forces in Sligo town. The narrator describes some fighting in this fashion: *"Nightmares became reality. / I heard outside the tattoo of the army trucks / through cold eternal rain / to and from the train station, destroyed / in drenched darkness by irregulars."* The poetic drama trundles onward with numerous stirring encounters where Civil War and familial relationships are entwined, like when Beatrice helps conceal Daniel Gallagher, an irregular on the run in the Palace Cinema, who was being pursued by *"six soldiers, buttons glinting on fresh green, / polished rifles ready, veterans of Tom Mix matinees."* The silent, simultaneous and apparently spontaneous Civil War conclusion without surrender, is recorded in verse in Dump Arms, May 1923. The poet speculates: *"Will some future turf spade excavate / this bog iron, rekindle the debate / that menaced the foundation of our state?"*

Great use is made of the multitude of sources which have recently become

available such as the military pension records, and found poems scattered through the collection are striking examples of the possibilities of that form. A high point is the found poem detailing the causes of death of twenty-two Michaels during that period. This stark litany of deaths is chilling. The Military Service Record entry for Michael Dockery reads thus: *"Shot dead while defending Boyle Workhouse against the anti-Treaty Group."*

Some poems are set in the present, reflecting on our commemoration or celebrations of those events. One, Hallow-e'en 2019, after a Winnifred Letts poem, attempts to answer the question of why we look back at those times. After surveying our attempts to respond to that inquiry the poet feels disposed to answer along these lines: *"But in spite / of these spirits we will be losers if we live / in the lack of covenant, treaty, proclamation, / astray in the day to day grind, heads down, adrift / without backbone of ideals, of hopes, or of nation. / At least we looked back. The future is all that is left"*.

In the final poem, The Modern Irish Historian is Condemned, which cleverly repeats the "go for me head on" from the well-known Seamus Heaney poem, The Flight Path, an Irish historian is attacked for his refusal to take sides. In this composition the modern historian is confronted in a threatening manner in his imaginative, chronicled memory by The Irish Party at Ballisodare and by the Free Staters after Collooney. Both groups respectively demand recognition from the historian for their past political philosophies. In the last verse we read *"Irregulars ambush the train beyond Ballymote, / identify me by my notebook, pen and laptop, / go for me head on, flat caps at my throat. I'm terrified by their guns, old Lee Enfields,"* Their spokesman articulates in a forbidding tone the Irregular Republican civil war position: *"What you should write, he said, is that we / kept our word"*. *"They kicked me out at Kilfree"*

In War News & Advertisements– Anglo-Celt 1915 we read *"TWO SCUTCHERS, married or single, married preferred. Good terms, Jones, Stonebridge Mills"*.

It is reasonable to expect any reader of a work of literature to register and tally his or her favourite poems in the collection. This is naturally a purely subjective exercise. For the reviewer to focus on a limited number of poems, should not be taken to infer that he believes the remaining poems in the collection are of inferior quality. Nothing could be further from the truth.

The shooting of RIC Constable James Gormley 66800 is simple, direct and final. James, a native of Ballintogher, was killed instantly in a gunfight with 1916 Sinn Féin rebels at Ashbourne, Co. Meath. The poet accordingly surmises the ultimate, frantic apprehension of James. *"Almost there now, at the Cross, shots / We halt, hear an order: Out! Out! / Make for the ditch, the hedge! Shelter! / Relief, no Germans, just ourselves / alone shooting at each other from / behind hedges. I jump and run …"*

The address by John O'Dowd MP to the House of Commons, 1 Aug 1916 is powerful yet futile. *"Since the War broke out we, the Irish Members, / acting according to our instincts, / in the interests of Ireland and of the Empire, / became recruiting sergeants for two years / travelled towns and villages to get recruits. / We thought we should get a better return for what we did, / than this system of coercion and martial law combined"*.

The recovery of the body of a British army deserter John Watt from a turf bank in Tirerrill in 1962 inspires the poet to conceptualize the final thoughts and words of the War of Independence suspected British spy, who was executed by the IRA over four decades previously. John's remains were reinterred in a local cemetery. *"Now I am accepted, allowed to lie beside / McDonaghs, Foleys and O'Rourkes, in a spacious grave / at the proper depth. The local priest recited Latin prayers"*.

In Cumann na mBan the courageous auxiliary activities of the young women of town and country are portrayed with the clarity and language of decisive efficiency that was appropriate to pay tribute to these resilient and effective adversaries of the powerful Crown forces. *"I assisted the Aclare Company to boycott the police and / while in charge of my uncle's shop refused to give them / food or drink, and canvassed for the National Loan. / Never absent"*.

The poet's visit to the grave of Rev. William Pilkington CSsR, formerly O/C 3rd Western Division IRA in the Bishop Eton Churchyard, Liverpool provides us with a profound insight into the historic and spiritual mind set of this patriot soldier who later became a missionary. *"A priest recalls devotion to the Eucharist / well aware of his turbulent history / gunshots and kindnesses / his zealotry at the Moneygold ambush, / his later life of obedient service / on foreign veldts"*.

The Moneygold ambush is featured again when the likely anticipatory musings of RIC Sergeant Patrick Perry 56270 are disclosed in verse: *"We tuck up our great coats, sling rifles, / face the merciless October wind, pedal / south towards forty fellow-countrymen / behind ditches intent on making headlines / challenging an empire with shotgun, rifle and revolver."* Sergeant Perry lost his life in the ambush.

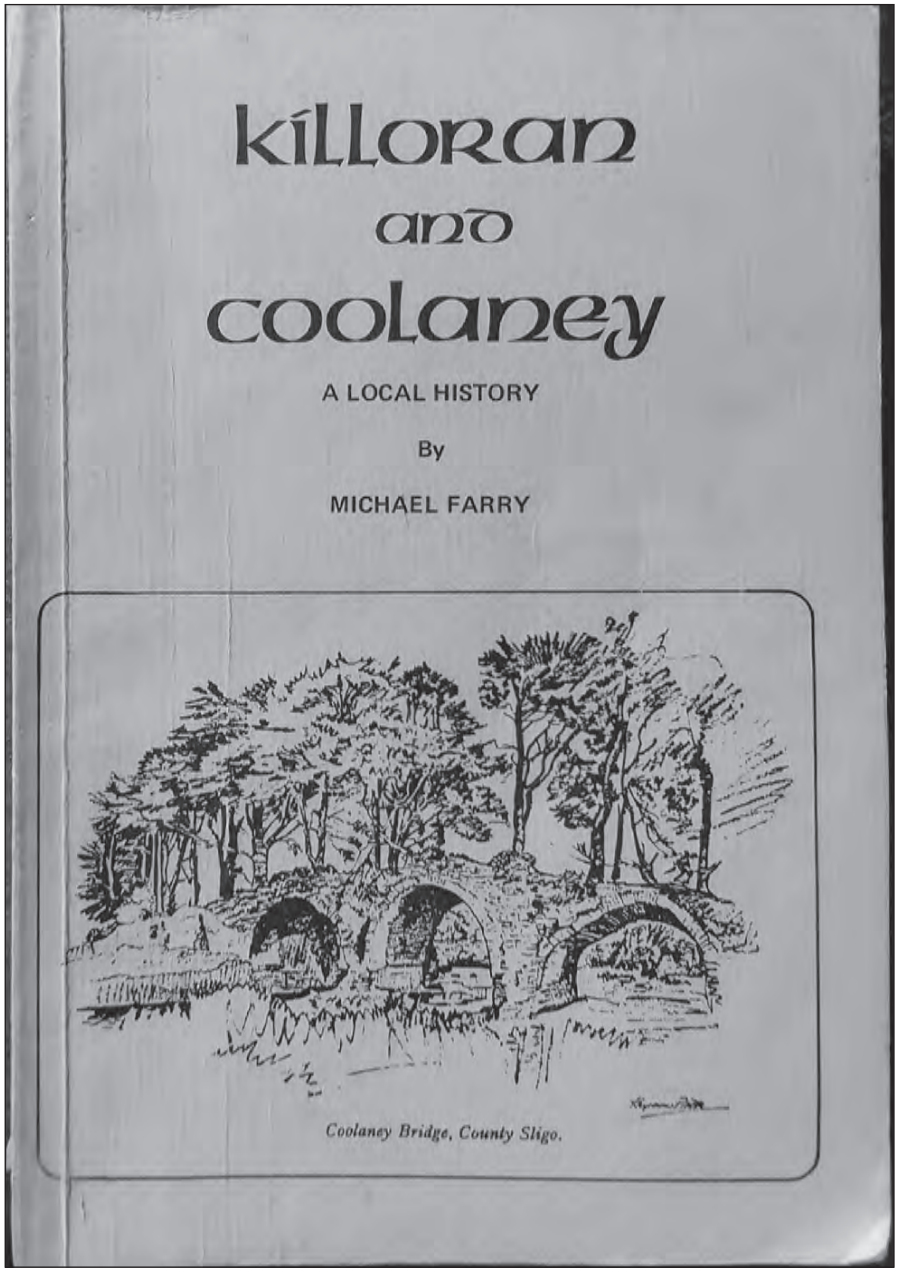
The youthful Irish Volunteer preparing for active combat and ambush is contemplated with sensitivity and understanding of military preparedness in The Veteran Dreams. *"The kiln field, the summer*

wind, / cows lazy in the hedge -shade, / shimmering town in the distance. / Summer girls cycle by / laughing in white dresses, / red ribbons. The young men / ignore them, lie still, close, / alert, hearing every sound: / cricket, corncrake, sheep / grazing in the quarry field, / the distant deadly motor".

Strange Meeting, 26 May 1921 is a verse dialogue arising from an ambush at Seefin near Kilfree railway station when the eastbound train was stopped by a company of local IRA under the command of Comdt. Michael J. Marren, O/C Ballymote Battalion, and the passengers temporarily held captive after an exchange of gunfire. Marren negotiates with his prisoner, Major Edmund Grune, O/C Bedfordshire & Hertfordshire Regiment, to secure better prison conditions for his comrade Jim Hunt, who was being detained by the British in Boyle Barracks. Grune and his Auxiliary comrades are released unharmed. The War of Independence ended on the 11th July 1921. Almost immediately Marren and his friends celebrated. Michael J. was tragically drowned in Strandhill. The poet concludes the dialogue with the envisaged words of Major Grune: *"Three weeks later when we meet his funeral / after the drowning in Strandhill I order my men / to stand to attention with reversed arms"*.

Michael Farry cautions the reader of The Ballad of the Ballad Singer to be wary of the political simplicities that ballads and balladeers disseminate: *"Distrust all ballads including this one / That try to teach you what has to be done / Their rhymes are easy, their wisdom homespun / But we ballad singers lie"*.

This is no dull, single faceted rumination on dead history. The characters, real and imagined, inhabit a world that is immediate and vibrant, clear and relevant. The variety of form is invigorating, the range of reference impressive and the viewpoint continually shifting.



"*Killoran and Coolaney*", a local history by Michael Farry, published in 1985.

Michael Farry is a historian and poet. He completed a PhD at Trinity College on the history of the Civil War in his native Sligo. Further research led to other publications including Sligo: The Irish Revolution, 1912-23 (Four Courts Press, 2012) and an article on Sligo in the monumental Atlas of the Irish Revolution (Cork University Press, 2017). Michael's early local history '*Killoran and Coolaney*' was published in 1985.

Michael's poetry has been published in journals and anthologies in the USA, Australia, Canada, India and Israel and he has two poetry collections to his credit: Asking for Directions (Doghouse, 2012) and The Age of Glass (Revival Press, 2017). He has been the winner of many poetry competitions including Dromineer, North West Words and Siarscéal. Michael is a retired primary teacher and lives in County Meath.

Copies of Troubles are available from: Liber Bookshop, Sligo. Online: http://michaelfarry.blogspot.com/

The Wire

by Padraic Feehily

The Wire File hung inside the Public House window behind the display of wines and spirits occupying the angle nearest the long defunct gaslight.

Out of place to the modern eye, its disorderly appearance fell into no particular arrangement or design. Yet in its day, its function and practical application was as efficient as the modern computer system. In the right hands it was as corrective as the scales of justice.

To follow the business dictum, "It's more difficult to recapture directness and simplicity than to advance in the direction of ever more sophistication". This piece of practical logic was surely penned to apply to the inventor of the Wire File.

Restrained in its simplicity and function, it consisted of a length of strong wire drawn through a square piece of plywood with a hook turned at each end. Every document of a business nature went down the wire; nothing could be removed thus nothing lost. For small businesses the genius of the contraption was well recognised and in general usage throughout the country going back to the nineteenth century.

All invoices, statements and copies of outgoing queries, references and personal arrangements with customer's insurance and personal documents were all stacked awaiting resurrection.

Sunday nights were set aside for an examination of the previous week's correspondence on the Wire File. The necessary correctives were attended to and demands for credit notes for overcharging suppliers were put in the post.
Outstanding loans to customers were reviewed and noted for attention. The sanity of the proprietor and good business practice demanded the publican to have a reasonably solvent clientele. Despite best efforts and good intentions, a goodly number did not fall into this category at all!

The publican was keeper of many secrets; the financial position of any given customer always at his fingertips. Even those perpetually tottering on bankruptcy would be kept afloat provided they gave their total allegiance to one particular pub. The inventive nature or requests for cash were extraordinary in their ingenuity. It could be appeals to bury a dead relative in Scotland. Or possibly funds to attend the fair in Ballymote to buy a horse and cart, or an advance to travel to an away Sligo Rovers game. Some others of such imagination as to put the publican reeling on the back foot. The list was endless.

At times, though not often, the money flowed in the opposite direction. Country customers attending the County Hospital for a spell might deposit their saving with the publican for safe keeping to keep away from the prying eyes of their family.
Out of necessity and demand, the publican offered a wide range of services ancillary to selling drink; on occasion a personal note to Jim... a dental mechanic, ensured an appointment in the private quarters of the public house for a customer to be measured for a set of false teeth. In the main, for wives of country customers, this was a service much in demand as the country moved into prosperity in the mid 1960's.

Curious to appreciate in today's world of the ready - to - wear suit, the important part the local tailor played in the fitting out of the labouring man malformed by years of excessive toil. These men were the publican's stock trade and when one of these decided to take the big step and get married, great interest was taken on the choice of tailor to make his wedding suit. The decision near always for the labouring man was Willie from the parish of Calry. On the day selected, the two men would retire to the taproom, the necessary measurements taken and adjustments made. The tailor, displaying the skills of his trade, might raise a shoulder by padding or discreetly conceal a developing hump guaranteeing the groom on his wedding day to look years younger.

Wednesday was British Army pension day when the old soldiers gathered to reminisce and punch a good hole in their disability pension. The medical referee arbitrating on the amount they received was an army doctor known as 'Blind Louie'. He presided at a clinic held in the Imperial Hotel once a year. In the week prior to the hearing, pandemonium reigned as the old soldiers attempted to get into the worst possible condition. Using a wide variety of concoctions from eating soap to drinking methylated spirits which produced a frightening array of symptoms.

New recruits to the pension benefits were instructed, advisedly, when entering the doctor's presence to always sit on his blind side. The awards were one of unchanging percentages. The old soldier's war wounds, physical or mental, were as the years advanced worth no more, no less.

The few extra bob was set aside for Saturday night when a good night's entertainment of singing and dancing was guaranteed. Music was supplied by Jimmy or Hughie on the accordion, though when the time came to strike up the band the musician was often overcome by a fit of shivering. The problem was solved only when he received a good glass of whiskey. The problem repeated itself sometimes in the middle of a dance; the revellers discovering eventually that the musician's glass had become dangerously low and needed replenishing.

Sometimes old romances that lay dormant could be rekindled to the strains of Jim Reeves or Mario Lanza. At times, jealousy permeated the atmosphere but at the end of the night helping only to keep the people feeling young at heart.

"Time, gentlemen, time". The publican called it 'time out of number'. Now it was his turn to call it a day. Taking the Wire File down from the hook he smiled as he flicked through the contents.
All in all, a fair result as he pondered his years dealing with the general public the far side of the bar counter.

Padraig Feehily's latest book Down at Hyde Bridge is available in Sligo bookshops.

When Cattle were Currency

by Micheál Murphy

From the earliest times, the value of a man's wealth was measured not by the number of acres he held but by the size of his cattle herd. In the old law texts a female slave was given the same value as three milch cows. Expenses such as fines, fosterage fees, ransoms, bride-prices and dowries were commonly paid in terms of milch cows.

Cows were domesticated in Ireland as far back as 3,500 years ago. Evidence from archaeology suggests that cattle then were small, short-horned and black, similar to the modern Kerry cattle. The value of the cow in the distant past lay in her ability to produce milk rather than meat. In fact up until the 19th century, most bull calves were slaughtered so that there was more milk for family consumption.

Kerry cow

As we know from the saga of the "Táin Bó Cuailnge", the cattle raid of Cooley, a good bull was essential to the development of the herd. Jealous of her husband's fine bull, Queen Medhbh (Maeve) of Connacht, assembled a huge army to march on Ulster and steal the famed brown bull of Cooley. In order to sustain such an army, other lesser raids were held to collect enough cattle which would supply milk on the hoof during the march. These included the Táin Bó Flidhais and the Táin Bó Fraích. We cannot verify the story of Medhbh and the battles with the heroic Cúchulainn, which probably date from the 1st century AD, but there are more reliable accounts in the annals dating from the 10th to the 17th centuries which tell of cattle raids all over Ireland. A newly installed chieftain was expected to lead his men on a cattle raid of a neighbouring tuath or tribe, either to increase the size of his herd or to indicate the extent of his power. Such raids were frequent in summer when cows were in milk, days were longer and land was drier. Two or three thousand cattle might be seized in a single foray. Retaliatory raids were inevitable, with much bloodshed and loss of life. If a tribe received warning of an impending raid, cattle were driven to safety into forests and woodlands which covered much of the country at the time.

According to the Annals of the Four Masters, a significant cattle raid was undertaken by Red Hugh O'Donnell in August 1599. Hugh gathered an army at Ballymote from the Mac Sweeneys of Donegal, the Maguires of Fermanagh and the O'Rourkes of Breifne. They marched southwards, eventually collecting booty from all over Co. Clare before assembling at Kilfenora. When O'Donnell saw "all the surrounding hills darkened with herds and numerous cattle", he returned home to Donegal via Athenry and Ballymote. This is just a short account of one of the many raids that the bold Hugh engaged in.

After the Flight of the Earls in 1607, the rule and power of the old Gaelic chieftains declined as did most of the big cattle raids. Undoubtedly, cattle were still lost to unscrupulous raiders and marauding animals. Down the centuries, farmers did their best to secure cattle at night, taking them into their ringforts or cashels, for milking and observation. The small landholder on the other hand, who lacked even a barn to shelter his few precious cows, would tether them at night in his cottage. They were indeed part of the family. This practice continued in some places into the 20th century until the Congested Districts Board offered grants for the building of outhouses so that cattle might be removed from the dwelling.

At a time when pounds and shillings were in short supply, a cow was wealth, worth fighting over in cattle raids and a valued asset when marriages had to to be arranged. A young girl on marriage might be expected to bring a cow as part of her dowry to her new home. Having a large family of girls was not considered a blessing!

Milk and Butter

Before the arrival of the potato into Ireland, milk and its products were the main part of the staple diet. The work of milking and butter-making was left to the women of the house. It was considered that cows responded better to women and let down milk more readily. The average yield per cow up to the 19th century was about a gallon a day. Any surplus to family needs was churned into butter which preserved well and could be bartered in exchange for other goods. In order to make butter, milk was allowed stand overnight until all the cream had come to the surface. The cream was skimmed off and left for about a week in an open non-metal container such as a glazed crock. Churns were invariably either the dash (plunger) type or the small barrel (rotating) type depending on the number of cows on the farm.

Glazed Crock

Dashed Churn

Rotating churn

Butter-making could be a precarious process. The correct temperature and acidity of the cream were especially important. In summer, cold water was fetched from the well early in the morning to cool the churn and its contents while warm water was added in winter to raise the temperature. In the absence of thermometers, the housewife depended on her own experience to guess the volume of water required. It was important to scald the churn well with boiling water before adding the cream and likewise the butter dish and spades used in washing the butter afterwards. This prevented the butter from sticking to the wood. The work of churning was fairly arduous and was shared with other members of the family. A simple prayer was often said beforehand: God bless the cows that gave the milk, God bless the milk that gave the cream. The churning itself usually took about a half an hour until butter specks appeared on top. Then the butter was strained from the buttermilk and washed several times in the wooden butter-dish until the water ran clear. For preservation and to improve flavour, salt was mixed in thoroughly through the butter. Finally it was shaped into a roll with the butter pats and sometimes decorated with a butter-print or simply lined with the spades. Home-made butter was softer, deeper in colour and considered to have better flavour than that made in the creamery.

Buttermilk was a very valuable product of churning, essential to the making of soda-bread and much appreciated as a wholesome, refreshing drink, especially in summertime.

Wooden butter dish and spades

Prayers, Charms and Superstition

Because of the importance of milk in the diet, great care was taken when milking and making butter. It was common to find holy water or a St Brigid's cross or other religious symbol in the cow byre. At the end of the milking, the sign of the cross was traced on the cow's flank with the froth from the milk to protect her until the next time. A nod was given to the fairies too. The first squirt of milk from the udder was dropped on the floor to satisfy the 'good people'. Special rituals were observed on May Day, the day that the fairies were at their busiest and needed to be appeased. No milk was thrown out or given away or borrowed on that day lest the butter or milk from the cows go with it. Indeed it was unlucky to lend or give away anything from the house, even waste water or ashes on May day. There was often a rush to be first to the well on May morning too before another neighbour might steal your luck, especially your butter.

If a visitor entered the house whilst a churning was in progress that person had to take a turn at the dash or the handle. Otherwise they could be blamed for taking the butter away. To counter the possibility of witchcraft, a piece of iron such as the tongs was heated until red hot and plunged into the churn. Sometimes smouldering embers from the fire were placed under the churn for the same purpose.

A Changed Currency

The opening of creameries in Ballymote, Achonry and Collooney in 1897 led to the decline of country butter. Other creameries followed in quick succession and contractors with horse-drawn carts and, later, motorised vehicles facilitated the pick-up of milk from more isolated areas. Larger dairy breeds such as Freisian and Holstein took the place of the lower yielding Angus and Shorthorn. Milking machines and dairy parlours replaced the hand-

milkers and their milking stools. Most housewives were pleased to opt for creamery butter to dispense with the labour intensive and sometimes unreliable method of making butter at home. On the other hand, some complained about the 'tasteless' creamery butter and continued the home-making tradition, sometimes easing the burden by upgrading to an electric churn. Demand still exists for country butter with at least one enterprising company supplying supermarkets today with the authentic product as well as its by-product, buttermilk. Nowadays the tagging of cattle has made cattle raids and rustling less enticing for the criminal and a prospective groom from an urban background would scarcely welcome the arrival of a Freisian cow as his bride's dowry.

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Proverbs in Different Languages

by Garreth Byrne

We all learned seanfhocail (proverbs) and corra cainte (idiomatic expressions) during school Irish lessons. Some of us may have forgotten them. Proverbs are traditional wise sayings memorably said. Sometimes they use alliteration, rhyme and startling contrast to help us remember them. Every language has a stock of proverbial sayings. In Europe, some sayings come from literary sources, such as Aesop's Fables. Proverbs are often translated from one language into another.

Latin was a language studied by educated people around Europe until recent times. Its proverbs are often quoted in novels and newspaper articles. French, Spanish, Italian and other modern languages have translated Latin proverbs directly, but the Latin originals too are often quoted.

I present a small sample of proverbs in Gaelic with equivalent versions in English, French, German and sometimes Latin. Not all proverbs can be translated word for word. Often a foreign language proverb uses different images and literary styles to convey a similar meaning in a different cultural context.

SEANFHOCHAIL	ENGLISH	FRENCH,GERMAN, LATIN
Níl aon tinteán mar do thinteán féin	There's no place like home	G**: Eigner Herd ist Goldes wert** (Your own hearth is worth gold) F**: À chaque oiseau son nid est beau**(every bird's nest is wonderful)
Tosach maith leath na h-oibre	Well begun is half done	F**: Affaire bien enfilée est ademi terminé**
Ní thig luas is léireacht le cheile	More haste less speed	G: **Eile macht Weile.** (speedmakes delay) L: **Festina lente.** (make haste slowly)
Bíonn cluasa ar na clathacha (clathach =fence**)** (There are ears on fences.)	The walls have ears	F: **Les murs ont des oreilles**
Is fearr mall ná go brách	Better late than never	**F: Mieux vaut tard que jamais**
Ní fanann trá le fear mall	Time and tide wait for no man	**F: Il faut prendre le tempscomme il vient. L: Tempus fugit** (time flies). **L: Carpe Diem** (seize the day)
Buail an t-iarann fad is atá sé teith	Strike while the iron is hot	**G: Das Eisen schmieden, solange es heiss ist**

DNA, Passage Tombs...(and The Tooth Fairy)

by Lynda Hart

DNA, deoxyribonucleic acid, is the molecule that contains the genetic code for organisms.
In recent times it has come to the forefront of many sciences including archaeology. I, myself have recently had my own DNA tested. As a child of two only children I grew up without aunts, uncles and cousins. So were there any long lost relations? A third/ fourth cousin in Tipperary and two different fourth cousins in USA and UK, but no surprises.

In the realm of Irish archaeology however DNA has revealed some astonishing results.
Carrowmore megalithic complex, Co Sligo, is one of largest and oldest passage tomb complexes in Ireland. Dating to the Neolithic period, it has small monuments which contain a range of Stone Age artefacts and mainly cremated bone. It is not possible to extract DNA from cremated bone. However, the large central monument at Carrowmore contained both cremated and uncremated bone as well as teeth. As a guide at the site for many years, one of the most frequently asked questions has been, 'Have you been able to get any DNA from the bones?' Up until about 2019 the answer has always been the same; 'No, the bones were in very poor condition and although scientists, in Sweden, where they were taken to be tested, have trialled but the procedure was unsuccessful'. But in 2020 there was a change. The techniques and the science have accelerated at a phenomenal rate over the past few years and now at last we could answer the question with a positive.
But first we must come back to Ireland and a brilliant young geneticist called Dr Lara Cassidy.
Her work with aDNA (ancient DNA) has been outstanding and her work with a research team, led by Professor Dan Bradley, has changed our perceptions of Irish Pre-History. She and the research team have sequenced 2 Mesolithic Hunter Gatherers and 42 Neolithic burials.
To obtain a full genome (the full DNA sequence) you need to have bones in good condition. The hardest bone in the human body is the jawbone, but the best bone for retrieving aDNA is the petrous bone, a small bone of the inner ear, part of the lower skull.

The Mesolithic Hunter Gatherers in Ireland were the first peoples to inhabit the island.
The Mesolithic Hunter Gatherers' bones were from two sites, Killuragh cave in Co. Limerick (dated at 6,700 years ago) and Sramore cave in Co. Leitrim (6,000 years ago). It has already been established that Hunter Gatherers' had a dark skin pigmentation from aDNA taken from an individual known as Cheddar Man in the UK. Both the Irish Hunter Gatherers came from the same grouping as Cheddar Man and other Hunter Gatherers sequenced in the UK, and they originated in northern Europe., although the Irish Hunter Gatherers were distinct in genetic terms from UK Hunter Gatherers. The Hunter Gatherers had dark hair and predominately blue eyes. Although many hundreds of years separate the two individuals, they were closely related, but not inbred, which given the small population (Estimates between 3,000 and 10,000) is quite surprising.

So now we turn to the Neolithic. Farming began at around 11,000 years ago in an area known as the Fertile Crescent, that takes in Syria, Iraq and the Anatolia region of Turkey. It spread, taking two distinct routes, the Balkan route and the Mediterranean route. The latter is through modern day Italy, Spain and France, which is believed to be the path the Neolithic farmers took to reach Ireland. Causewayed enclosures are found on the frontiers of agriculture and during the building of the N4 mid-block route in the early 2000s one was found and dates showed that the first Neolithic peoples landed here in Co. Sligo. Carrowmore, then Carrowkeel passage tomb complexes followed. Although Carrowmore has had more than its fair share of excavators, antiquarians and grave robbers, Carrowkeel has been more of an enigma.

Carrowkeel

Carrowkeel

Excavated only once in 1911 when seven cairns were opened by a small team led by R.A.S. Macalister. He sent the the bones and artefacts to his father, Professor Alexander Macalister in Cambridge University, UK for analysis. The bones and artefacts were placed into storage and forgotten about, until 2003 when they were rediscovered

in the Duckworth laboratory by archaeologist Alison Sheridan. It was then that the *Carrowkeel Human Dynamics at Carrowkeel* team was born, (Doctors Lara Cassidy, Thomas Kador, Jonny Greber, Robert Hensey, Padraig Meehan and Sam Moore). The scientists, archaeologists and researchers then began the slow process of firstly attaching providence and then the scientific process could begin. The work is ongoing, and photographs and written accounts of the excavations have been a massive help in building a picture of the social history behind Macalister's excavations. On the scientific side, aDNA, isotopes, bone analysis and C14 testing have yielded amazing data.

The result was that six complete human genomes were extracted from the bones of Carrowkeel.
The results along with the aDNA taken from other individuals around the island of Ireland show that they are ultimately from the Anatolian region of Turkey.

Neolithic people differed from the Mesolithic in a number of ways.
Firstly, they had far lighter skin colouring and predominately brown eyes and light brown hair. An interesting fact that aDNA has discovered is that for perhaps more than two thousand years after the beginning of farming and the domestication of cattle, a large percentage of Neolithic people remained lactose intolerant. This lactose intolerance gene still remains even to this day.

One interesting aspect was that there was no mixing of Mesolithic and Neolithic apart from one or two anomalies. An individual found at Parknabinnia court tomb in Co. Clare showed recent Hunter Gatherer in his family tree. A female relative found in the same context showed that they at least had integrated within the farming community.

In the meantime, Lara Cassidy had tracked down a petrous bone taken from a male buried at the main Newgrange passage tomb monument in the Boyne Valley, when the monument was excavated by O'Kelly in the 1960s/70s. This produced a full genome. Along with aDNA, isotope testing was carried out. These tests done on teeth and bones show the diet, environmental and geological areas in which the individuals grew up. At Carrowkeel, apart from a few anomalies the population had been there for some time and they were from the surrounding areas.

So back to Carrowmore and an individual that I have nicknamed 'Tooth Fairy', because A) the aDNA came from a tooth and B) the myths and superstitions that implied that the passage tombs had been built by the Sidhe (fairy folk).

The scientists in Sweden had managed to extract aDNA from a tooth found during the excavations of the central monument, Listoghil at Carrowmore during the late 1990s. This belonged to a male, possibly in his twenties and who lived at about 3650 years ago. The aDNA was not a full genome but provided enough data for a clear correlation to be carried out against the other aDNA that is in the Irish database.
Here is where the information becomes truly staggering:
Tooth fairy showed a detectable kinship with three other individuals who all lived at a later time than him, one from a male buried in Millin Bay in Northern Ireland and another from an individual buried at Carrowkeel some 500 years later. The most significant was however the relationship between Tooth fairy and Newgrange man. Tooth fairy was buried some 350 years earlier than Newgrange man, but they were quite closely related. Newgrange man also was related to a different individual at Carrowkeel. So why is Tooth fairy so important? Because he is the first, Male Zero. He is at the very origin of the lineage.

Listoghil

And now came the bombshell. Newgrange man was the child of an incestuous relationship. His parents had either been full siblings or parent and child. This news was jaw-dropping. Many, many years ago when I first became a guide at Carrowmore we would paint a picture of the Neolithic lifestyle. It was of an egalitarian utopia, where everyone farmed together, there were no kings or chiefdoms. As the years went by the narrative changed to ritual ceremony and a more stratified society but still without a statified hierarchy. But this new, and shocking information changes the perspective entirely. Incest is a taboo in almost all societies. We only see it in a few dynasties such as the Egyptians and Mayans, where blood lines were preserved and these elites were considered to be gods.

So were these Neolithic ancestors buried in large and dominant monuments considered gods? The evidence is now very much suggesting of an elite hierarchy. Lineages kept within strict boundaries, with prestigious burials based around high rituals and ceremonies conducted at the most important times of the year. The isotopes show that these people had the best food and consumed a high proportion of animal products. Both religiously and politically they seem to be distinct from the general populous.

Because these elites were buried rather than cremated we have been able to establish kin relationships, but what of the other smaller monuments, filled with cremated remains that make up a large proportion of the passage tomb complexes? In a stratified society were they the extended family? Religious leaders? An elite guard? Keepers of the monuments? These are questions and mysteries that will probably never be answered or solved. However, with a database of aDNA being built around the world our perception, together with the isotope and ever changing scientific discoveries, the world of the ancients is becoming less of a story and more of a narrative. We are learning of life, death and disease. The Neolithic farmers may have been wiped out by a pandemic, a strain of plague. Maybe science will, in the near future be able to answer the question 'what happened to the Neolithic people?' The Neolithic has changed, and we are beginning a journey, a new and exciting phase into the lives of our Neolithic ancestors.

Note: The science of DNA and genetics is highly complicated and not easy for the layperson to comprehend. I have tried to keep a balance in the article and not go somewhere where I myself am lost. I used various sources: An article in British Archaeology (Sept/Oct 2020) by Lara Cassidy; Various pieces from the Carrowkeel project and other sources. Any mistakes are purely my own.

Typing any of the keywords into a search engine will bring you to many papers and articles on the above subjects. ancestry.co.uk (Ancestry Ireland takes you to .co.uk) or Ancestry.com will allow you to build your own family tree and if you take a DNA test, perhaps find long lost relatives. You might even be related to me! Especially if you are a Bolger or a Walsh from Wexford.

Infant Class in The Mercy Convent National School, Ballymote, Co. Sligo. (late 1940's)

Submitted by Richard Molloy.

Junior Infants Class 1948/1949

Back Row: Frances Duffy, Willie Keaney, Brenda Benton, Pauric Brehony, Michael Finan, Michael Hannon.
Row Three: Ann Mc Gettrick, Ann McDonagh, Jim Sreenan, Thomas Healy, John McAndrew, Bernard Tansey, Michael Murtagh, Bernie Murtagh, Martin McDonagh, Mary O'Connell.
Row Two: Cyril Hogge, Leonard Scully, Mary Scully, Ann McDermott, Martha Leydon, Sadie Cunnane, Richard Molloy.
Front Row: Paul Galvin, Mattie Brady, Michael Rogers, John Rogers.

Aengus Cantwell – Adoptive Sligoman of many dimensions

by Garreth Byrne

Boardwalk, Drumshambo.

Aengus Cantwell spent his childhood in Croom in County Limerick. He arrived in Sligo in the 1970s and helped his wife to manage the Imperial Hotel (now beside the Embassy Rooms entertainment venue) and gradually became well-known in the Sligo Yeats Society, Sligo-Leitrim-Donegal Tourism, the Chamber of Commerce and attempts to attract foreign direct investment FDI, and development education especially connected with St. Angela's College. He served on the Board of Management of a school in Sligo. Sometimes he helped to interview applicants for teaching posts. He wore different hats to suit different occasions, but his warm, erudite and relaxed charm was a constant during his busy, multi-layered life.

He was one of nine children born in 1930 to David and May Cantwell in Croom. In the 1950s he had a vocation to the priesthood and studied with the Discalced Carmelite Community at their seminary in Ireland and later in Rome. He took a degree in Classic languages at UCD. In Rome he learned to speak Italian. He had a flair for languages and along the way learned to speak French, Italian and Portuguese. He developed a love for poetry and prose – this led to a lifelong fascination with the works of W.B.Yeats and the Sligo-Galway environment and folklore that inspired the poet. It is stressing the obvious that he had an easy command of spoken English, which impressed colleagues, acquaintances and foreign visitors. He intended to be a teacher and did in fact teach Latin and Greek and possibly un petit peu Anglais, Gaelique et Francais in secondary schools in Castlemartyr, Loughrea and Sligo.

For a few years in the late 1960s into the early '70s he served as a missionary in the Phillippines and picked up a smattering of Tagalog. He told me that, much to his retrospective regret, after saying Sunday Mass in Manila he several times greeted Imelda Marcos the wife of later disgraced dictator President Ferdinand Marcos. After her flight from the Phillippines following a nonviolent popular surge against corruption and martial law that brought Cory Aquino to power (for a few years only until the military intervened again, as they have done so often) it was revealed that Imelda had left behind her 500 pairs of stylish expensive shoes – a monument to the vanity of human wishes.

Aengus became disillusioned with his priestly vocation and left the Carmelites. He never lost their spiritual outlook and kept in contact with friends who stayed in the Order. His spirituality blended harmoniously – some orthodox individuals may have thought heretically – with the elegant secular insights of writers from Graeco-Roman times up to the literary European giants of the late 19th century and the noted Irish poets of the twentieth century as far as Heaney, Mahon and Longley.

After marrying in the 1970s he bacame a hotel manager. He readily joined the Yeats Society and encouraged formal and informal meetings in the Imperial Hotel. He read more and more about the life of Yeats, Lady Augusta Gregory and the Catholic landowner Edward Martyn in whose home near Gort was first discussed the idea of establishing a National Theatre, subsequently called the Abbey. Aengus told me in one of our many chats in St. Angela's College that he had been reading more about the life and personality of Martyn and felt that literary historians had underestimated his nurturing importance in literary and theatrical circles.

Sligo Yeats Building

The Yeats International Summer School has won renown as an important cultural contribution. Its órigins are in the 1957 annual An Tóstal (Ireland at home) tourism festival encouraged by governments since 1953. A small group of enthusiasts met in Sligo and decided to hold a Yeats Country Festival. The festival held on 11-15 May 1958 was a great success. The highlight was '*Salute to Yeats*', directed by Jim McGarry, with Mrs. M. Watson, Jo Lappin and the Mullaney brothers reciting Yeats poetry.

Carried by the momentum of the festival, some key movers of that time including Frank Wynne (Chairman), Nora Niland (librarian and collector of paintings by Jack B. Yeats and contemporaries), Eileen Lambert (Hon. Secretary), Sheelagh Kirby (author of a book, *The Yeats Country*, about places associated with Yeats), Tom McEvilly, Fr. Tom Moran and Jim McGarry (from Collooney) met a few days after the festival and established the Yeats Society Sligo. Dr. T.R.Henn of St. Catharine's College Cambridge had family connections with Sligo and was delighted to be advisor for the first Summer School held in 1959. He served as Director from 1962-1968. His main book about Yeats is entitled "*In Excited Reverie"*.

From tiny acorns mighty oaks grow. A lot of voluntary unpaid work has been provided by Sligo residents during more than six decades of fruitful activity. Notable, sometimes eminent academics, have attended the School and guided students in afternoon seminars. In the evenings much informal socialising in eating places, pubs, hotels and riverside parkland has occurred at which the foreign staff and students have learned about Irish life and heritage. This is the aspect of the Summer School where committed Sligo residents have excelled at convivial, informative talk. Undergraduates have returned to their countries and remembered the conviviality more than the academic work they had to do.

Aengus Cantwell was among several unpaid hosts active from late 1970s into the 1990s. He enjoyed accompanying staff and students on weekend bus tours of Lough Gill, to Lissadell House in its delightful seaside setting, and to Thoor Ballylee and nearby Coole Park in Galway. The latter places inspired the cultural work of Yeats, Lady Gregory and Edward Martyn. He never missed the chance to chat informally to whatever students were near his seat and of course when walking around destination locations he chatted informally when not introducing buildings and landscapes of interest. He listened attentively to personal stories about countries from which students came. In some years students and staff came from 18 or more countries.

In the early 1990s he was elected President of the Yeats Society. Among other things, he toured a small number of campuses in the USA during the autumn to give lectures and raise awareness about the Summer School. He went to London to meet potential lecturers for forthcoming summer schools, including academic heavyweights like George Steiner. One year he invited the singing star Van Morrison, to sing and read poems' – this drew some querying comments in a national newspaper. After serving his term he was succeeded by a new President and withdrew into development education and personal life for a while.

The Chamber of Commerce and Sligo-Donegal-Leitrim Tourism network were always trying to attract industrialists and tourists to the North West. Whenever foreign journalists and travel agents visited Sligo, Aengus was an invited member of

the reception committee. He was on first name terms with members of Sligo Town Council and officials in the Industrial Development Authority. If an Italian, French or US company executive came to see the infrastructure and other attractions for establishing a factory in the area, Aengus was included in the official itinerary. His ability in continental languages and his confident summation of educational and demographic advantages for industrialisation were regarded as a positive asset. He stressed that foreign middle managers and technicians would enjoy social life too. He earned a lot of free lunches and possibly received token payment for expenses, but I think most of his time and talent were given free.

Development Education

From early 1987 until his retirement in 2006 Development Education was to be his main source of income. I had been fulltime education worker for *World Education* Project for six years between 1981 and January 1987. My office had been at ICOS House near the Finisklin industrial estate for a while, then in High Street before I resigned to go to Tanzania with Gorta to promote rural development in a hilly and forested area about five hours drive on dirt roads south west of Arusha. Before my departure Aengus had been hired to succeed me. As I had no opportunity to meet him I left a detailed document containing names, phone numbers and advice. I remember describing Sligo officially as a charter city from about 1610 that architecturally and socially felt like 5 villages stitched together. (He later agreed with my description).

He operated initially from The Clinic at the Wine Street entrance to the car park. This former doctor's rooms may have sounded odd to people seeking him out and sending queries or official correspondence. Visitors never saw him with a white coat and stethescope – they often saw him stubbing out an aromatic cigar as they sat down to discuss business.

After two years in East Africa I paid him a courtesy visit here and discussed my experiences. He remarked favourably on the attention I had given to environmental and cultural matters during my time in development education. He personally did less work in the primary sector and made more efforts to promote development education among second level teachers and students. He remarked that chatting in staffrooms to school teachers was not always easy given the emotional and curricular pressures that different subject teachers were under 'to get results' in state exams.

The move to St. Angela's College

While I was away again, in Muscat on the Gulf, Aengus did something he was able to do because of his range of contacts, and I could never dream of doing because of my limited *savoir faire*. He persuaded Michael Hanley, then Head of Education at St. Angela's College, to apply for a special grant to establish a Development Education reference library within the existing Home Economics library. Aengus would organise modules of lectures and seminars for students. He also obtained from Hanley and the then college Principal Sister Bríd, a small office in the College and moved out of the Wine Street Clinic in a clinical manner. This was a master stroke that gave *World Education Project* added stature. Aengus Cantwell relished the physical situation of an expanding College overlooking Lough Gill and its associations with the poetic influences on W.B.Yeats.

I returned from Muscat within a year and popped into his tiny St. Angela's office. The shelves and floor were cluttered with books, magazines and textbooks suitable for schools and adult study groups. I never asked him to stub out a cigar, but he seemed to have a rear window permanently open to allow smoke out. Smoked cigar aroma always permeated the office. I reported my impressions of Arab culture. He told me about new courses at St. Angela's such as Rural Development studies undertaken with NUI Galway and Theology done in co-operation with a university in Wales.

In 1983 Sister Marianne O'Connor of the Ursulines was appointed as President. In 2001, she stepped down and Michael Hanley served in that capacity until his death in 2004. All the time new courses and sophisticated facilities were being added to the campus. In the summer of 1995 I returned from school teaching in Zambia and Malawi and again popped into the office for leisurely conversations. For a six-month period between the last months of 1996 and early 1997 I was kindly given a primary schools education project in Donegal, Sligo and Leitrim. This brought me on visits to a dozen or more schools to give slide-illustrated talks on water problems, food shortages, waste recycling and cultural aspects of Africa and Asia (India mostly because I had suitable slide sets). In April 1997 the project culminated in an exhibition in Sligo Town Hall and the awarding of prizes. Aengus sent certificates of participation with educational books to all schools involved. This was my last participation in World Education

Project. That autumn I went to a university in South China and spent two interesting years teaching TEFL to English majors and Science students.

At the end of 1999 I was back from abroad. A few weeks before the end of the year Aengus asked me to help him remove from the office all unnecessary publications. He allowed me to choose a few books to take home. Out of date literature was packed in bags for despatch to recycling factories. In January 2000 World Education Project was at an end after 22 years of existence and Aengus now lived on a personal pension. Michael Hanley had funds to pay him for occasional modules of lectures and seminars on development topics at the college. This periodical work continued until Aengus took official retirement from teaching in 2006, at the fine age of 76. When Michael Hanley died in 2004 Aengus felt that he had lost a friend more than a colleague.

I should say something about the circumstances in the late 1990s that led to the Department of Foreign Affairs to end its support for *World Education Project.* One day in 1997 I got a phone call asking me to attend a meeting with a highly qualified woman from Dublin who had been assigned to do a survey of development education projects operating in regional places like Sligo. She interviewed me separately about the origins of my project. (It was started in 1978-9 by a Derry group, *World Development Group*, with funding from the Development Education Fund of the DFA in Dublin.) The first education worker had operated from Letterkenny before moving on. At an interview to replace him I opted to establish an office in Sligo, being more central to the North West, beginning my work in 1981. The rest is history. I promised to work at it for two years and actually stayed for six until my Tanzanian posting.

After meeting Aengus, myself, Dr. Hanley and a couple of other college staff, the visitor bade farewell and went elsewhere. She privately told Aengus and me that her report would recommend that the Department of Foreign Affairs discontinue funding for Sligo and a couple of other projects in the year 2000. I told Aengus that the Project would finish up in three years if no alternative funding could be secured. That is what happened in fact. During its years of operation World Education Project received small supplementary grants from Concern, Gorta and Trócaire. It was always going from one year to the next on an uncertain shoestring budget. Aengus Cantwell's salary was far less than a permanent member of the teaching service would receive. Prudently he had contributed to a modest private pension scheme.

Later years in Dromahair and Ballisodare

Some years before the winding down of World Education Project in 2000 Aengus had separated from his wife, who lived in Rosses Point. He rented a cottage on the edge of Dromahair, called Ellen's Cottage after Ellen Devaney who had lived there many decades before and was caretaker to the nearby Creevelea Abbey ruins with its cemetery. Also near the cottage was a public well called Ellen's Well. I visited Aengus several times, occasionally bringing bags of coal and bales of turf briquettes that were stored in a tin shed opposite the cottage. I had to drive around to the cottage by a road outside the village – only pedestrians could walk directly from the village to his cottage, a journey of five or six minutes. Aengus was then content to live a solitary life. He could drive to Sligo for special events. Occasionally he was invited to give a talk on Yeats to a busload of foreign tourists touring the North West – he went to Lissadell and told them about Yeats and the Gore Booths. Journalists doing travel pieces on Sligo and North Leitrim were sometimes referred to him. I am aware that he talked to individuals from the UK and from Australia. He never missed an opportunity to promote his adopted Sligo and hinterland.

In his rented cottage he had a personal library of literary and theological books collected from his student years onwards. One day we were talking about poetry and I ventured the opinion that the two most important English language poets of the twentieth century were W.B.Yeats, on account of his lyricism, and T.S.Eliot - admittedly a studiously verbose writer of arcane gravitas – on account of his *Waste Land* facing into the 'heap of broken images' that began the cultural collapse of western civilisation after the Great War. Despite my qualifying comment about T.S.Eliot's different style and gravitas, Aengus stared blankly at me and without saying much let me know that I shouldn't have linked these two poets. For him Yeats's well crafted lyrical poetry, sometimes with symbolism in *The Tower* and later works, could not be equalled. Not daring to contest his lifelong judgement, I also added that some poems by W.H.Auden might be high up in the twentieth century canon. Hmmm. We let the awkward moment pass; then Aengus opened

a Penguin paperback collection of poems by Federico Garcia Lorca. His Spanish text was on one page and on the opposite was a literal English translation. Aengus chose one poem and recited it aloud warming to the liquid sounds of the Spanish. He considered Lorca to be the best Spanish speaking poet of the troubled twentieth century. Anytime I conversed with Aengus I felt unequal to his range of literary erudition. He had special acquaintances in Dublin and elsewhere whom he met on rare occasions - with these he could converse freely on language, on literature and on wisdom, philosophical and religious.

I once asked him to recommend a contemporary Irish poet other than Heaney. He lent me a volume by Derek Mahon, commending this Ulster poet for his attention to craftsmanship. He also thought Michael Longley was another Ulster poet who had written some important nature poems in addition to other themes. Aengus read out a few lines from a Heaney poem about driving through Connemara countryside, the experience making his heart burst open, and remarked that Heaney was very good poet, but not the equal of Yeats.

There was only one Yeats, associated forever with Sligo and the North Leitrim landscape. Among his Sligo admirers and advocates there was only one Aengus Cantwell.

Around 2004 his brother living in another part of Ireland bought a semi-detached house in Teeling Road in Ballisodare. After he moved there I visited him a couple of times, bringing a small bag of essential groceries. On one of these visits I found him entertaining a friend Molly McCloskey, a short story writer and magazine editor. She had moved from Sligo to Dublin. One day I phoned and asked if I might visit him on a certain day; he politely declined saying he had something else to do. A week or two later I phoned and he pleaded prior commitment. I took the hint and never phoned again. Aengus wanted to be alone in his declining years, to enjoy reading his favourite books, to pray quietly and to meditate on the nature of things. I was in faraway China when in October 2010 a friend emailed me about his passing.

Aengus knew that third world societies needed economic development, social justice and educational progress. He also asserted that spiritual development was another human requirement. He did not think that consumer capitalist materialism or scientific materialist progress along marxian lines would suffice. Always philosophical, he once declared: Socrates said "the unexamined life is not worth living. Development Education is a call to peace, justice and commitmen."

After his death Colm Regan, active in Development Education for many years and editor of different editions of the schools textbook 80:20 *Development in an Unequal World,* wrote in this 2011 Introduction to a report on an Ubuntu seminar on Teachers and Development Education held the previous year at St. Angela's:

"Unique in his approach to the job, Aengus deployed his considerable talents in literature, poetry and the classics to the subject matter of development education. His particular gift was to go straight to the heart of the matter, exploring and excavating the 'human' in development – he constantly reminded his co-learners of the core essence of DE – the need for authenticity in human existence… Throughout his career in DE, Aengus remained a 'maverick' – one of those precious individuals who combine learning, character, humour and a delicious disregard for authority and structure. His applications for funding (to the then National Committee for Development Education) were a work of art, crafted in pencil and complete with classical references and footnotes; needless to remark, they routinely caused consternation in the Committee."

Link: http://www.ubuntu.ie/archive/dd4/DD4Report.pdf

Maverick, humorous, studiously underawed by Authority and passionately in favour of authenticity in human existence [a concept from Heiddegger? GB] – that was part of the Aengus Cantwell I knew.

Another link
https://www.irishtimes.com/opinion/an-appreciation-1.680123

* Garreth Byrne lives in retirement in Dromahair. He has worked in East & Central Africa, Muscat on the Gulf, in five cities of China – and a few odd places in Ireland.

Mullaghmore Coastguard Station

by Joe McGowan

Just over one hundred years ago, in June 1920, the night sky over Mullaghmore was aglow with reflected firelight from the blazing inferno that was the Mullaghmore Coastguard Station. The soaring flames lit up the shoreline and the grim faces of men hurrying to and fro carrying buckets and drums filled with petrol and paraffin to feed the blaze. The War of Independence was at its height, freedom was in the air and the establishment of an Irish Republic within reach. Nothing must remain of this building that housed another arm of the British presence in Ireland here in Mullaghmore,

Mullaghmore County Sligo Coastguard Station

There were two Coastguard Divisions in Sligo, one having Headquarters at Pullendiva and the other at Rosses Point. Rosses Point had four stations in its area: Mullaghmore with a Chief Officer and eight men; Rosses Point with a Divisional Officer and seven men; Raughley a Chief Boatman and five men and Streedagh with a Chief Boatman and four men.

Coastguard's duties included assisting the Royal Navy in the event of war or emergency, coastal defence, prevention of smuggling, assisting vessels in distress and assisting the R.I.C. in searching out stills and preventing the distillation of poitín. Very few Irish ever joined the Coastguards resulting in the post being filled primarily by English recruits.

As with the R.I.C., the coastguards were seen as just another uniformed branch of a foreign army. Hostility towards such installations resulted in a series of attacks on the R.I.C. country wide, as well as on barracks and coastguard stations during the closing years of the War of Independence. The Inspector General's Report for Sligo for the month of June 1920 reported that the condition of the country was worse at that time than ever before, "by intimidation and outrage, Sinn Fein have put the country in a state of terror and men of loyal or moderate opinion have no chance but to submit". Confirming the IG's opinion the Irish Times of June 28th did publish the following under the heading

COASTGUARD STATION BURNED

'Mullaghmore Coastguard Station, two miles from Sligo (sic) was burned to the ground on Saturday night. It was occupied by the coastguards' families only. They were ordered to clear out before the place was fired. Marines have landed from a destroyer and are now guarding Rosses Point Coastguard Station'.

Many years ago a local man, who was present at the burning, told me of how it came about: 'We heard that a unit of Black and Tans was to be garrisoned at the coastguard station here in Mullaghmore. A crowd of 40 or 50 of us from Bundoran, Bunduff and Grange gathered with the intention of destroying it before that could happen. The families of the coastguards were still in the cottages at the back of the station so we moved them to safety. Ransome the Chief Boatman on duty refused to open the door for us, so we forced our way in and confiscated several items including a service revolver.'

Paraffin oil was in big demand then in that pre-electric age and used as fuel for the countless paraffin lamps that lit every home. Most grocery shops sold it. Hannon's Hotel & Shop, now The Beach Hotel, was one such outlet. Their paraffin tank was a handy source of accelerant. Thomas went on to describe the scene: "A paraffin oil tank was kept at Hannon's shop. We emptied that into buckets and carried them over to the Stations and along with as much petrol as we could find poured it all around the buildings. We finished the job the next day when a huge crowd had gathered to watch as the buildings blazed and collapsed to the ground."

Thomas McShea, Battalion O/C Bundoran Battalion, Fourth Donegal Brigade I.R.A. was at the burning and gave his account in a witness statement to the Bureau of Military History.

Corroborating Thomas's account of how the group gained admission to the Station, he relates that their first attempt was not the complete success they thought it might be. The greater portion, a two storey building, had survived the fire. Returning to Mullaghmore the following day, which was a Sunday, they joined the local volunteers in order to complete the destruction.

Map of Mullaghmore Coastguard Station

On their arrival in Mullaghmore, they found that there was a police guard on the Coastguard Station and also a large crowd of sightseers, many of whom came a distance by motor cars and other conveyances, in the vicinity of the station. Those strangers were apparently attracted to the scene of our previous night's work by the report that the burning was the work of the I.R.A.

On their arrival Thomas went over to the policeman who was guarding the place and commenced to talk to him. Thomas condemned the action of the people who had set fire to the station. The policeman who was from the R.I.C. in Cliffoney barracks, was delighted to get some person to talk to him, as at this time there was a strict boycott on the police and any person seen talking to a policeman was liable to be punished. Whilst Thomas was in conversation with him and occupying his attention, the other boys went round the motor cars in the vicinity and took any tins of motor spirit they found. At this time, cars usually carried spare tins of petrol, as petrol stations were few and long distances apart. By Thomas distracting the policeman's attention, this enabled the others to gain admission unnoticed to the unburnt portion of the building and sprinkle it with petrol and set it on fire. Then they all got into their cars and drove off. Before they were out of sight of the burning building, they could see it was well alight and in a short time later it was completely destroyed.

Prior to the burning, the families of the coastguards were removed, together with their possessions, to the 'Lodges' where 'Star of the Sea Convent' now stands.[1] This building was burnt some time later in mysterious circumstances, not related to any political agitation, but by an individual in order to cover the theft of the items left there for safekeeping. When the fire was discovered, Lord Ashley's agent, Jules Bracken, realised the building and contents were going to be a complete loss, he told the onlookers to salvage what they could. Members of the local branch of Sinn Fein, on instructions from the officers of the Sinn Fein Court in Grange – many of whose members were at the burning of the Coastguards Station shortly before - salvaged much of the furniture and stored it for safekeeping in the Fr. Michael O'Flanagan Hall in Cliffoney.

The destruction of the stations had a rather amusing epilogue that for years caused much merriment when it was discussed around winter firesides. Following the burning, an English gunboat patrolled the bay from which detachments were sent ashore to maintain the Union Flag and flagpole that stood on a plinth opposite the now burned out buildings. As soon as the gunboat left the bay, the English flag was promptly removed by the locals and the Tricolour hoisted. The gunboat of course returned in a few days, removed the Tricolour and hoisted their flag. This time when the flag was taken down and the Tricolour restored, the halyards were cut so as to prevent a repeat. The soldiers returned once again, shinnied up the pole and cut down the offending Tricolour. The Union Flag was of course removed once more when they left but this time when the Tricolour was raised and fluttered proudly from the mast, the pole was greased. 'Let's see them climb it now!'. The British patrol returned, as was expected, cleaned off the flagpole, climbed to the top and once again removed the Tricolour. By this time the locals, having tired of the game, had had enough. On the departure of the gunboat, a more permanent solution was found when the flagpole was cut down and chopped up for firewood!

The stones from the ruins of the Mullaghmore Coastguard Stations were eventually used to rebuild the home of a Cliffoney family that had been burned down in 1920 by Black and Tans following the Moneygold Ambush. Some years later, a local man having acquired the property sold the remaining stones to Sligo County Council who crushed the stones into gravel to pave the roads of Sligo.

A fitting end, no doubt, for the ruins of Empire - sic transit Gloria mundi.
(Joe Mc Gowan's book *Even the Heather Bled* was published recently.)

[1]*This building formerly held four apartments, numbers 8,9,10, and 11, reserved exclusively for the Anglo-Irish families who formerly holidayed there in the Summer season. The ruin was eventually acquired by the Sisters of Mercy who built a convent and chapel there c1928.*

Bridget Healy: A Survivor of the Carrick Shipwreck

by John McKeon

When Bridget Healy was born in Drumfarnoght, Co. Sligo, in 1811, her parents could not have foreseen the extraordinary events and tragedies she would experience in her life. Nor could they have foretold that she would rear two separate families, flee from Famine stricken Ireland, survive a shipwreck in which she lost most of her first family, and start a new life and family in Canada. Now, over two centuries after her birth, it is possible to piece together some of what she experienced over her seventy-seven-years. Even in death she did not get the rest she deserved as her body, and that of others, was moved to a new grave where her remains now lie close to the sea that transformed her life.[1]

Bridget was the daughter of Owen Healy and his wife. They lived in the crowded townland of Drumfarnoght, a drumlin hillock in south Sligo. As a child, her father Owen was an under tenant to Henry Irwin, a Sligo middleman. Irwin held a long-term lease on these lands from their landlord, initially the Second and later the Third Viscount Palmerston who, as Lord Palmerston, became British Prime Minister. Irwin's lease had ended by 1824 and following his departure all the townland's ten tenants had direct leases with their landlord, the Third Viscount Palmerston. As one of these tenants, Owen Healy faced an annual rent of £6 5s in 1824, and owed £11 5s in rent arrears. His annual rent fell to £6 in 1830, and his rent arrears were down to £4. Irwin paid Palmerston £44 10s for his lease in 1813, but by 1830 the total annual rents charged to the townland's ten tenants was £82. One tenant, George Grier, owed £39 of this, and the remaining nine owed the balance (Table 1). This meant that Bridget's early years were shared with several young families in a townland where most faced a subsistence existence seeking to meet their annual rents and any rent arrears. Paying these charges meant that her parents struggled to survive.

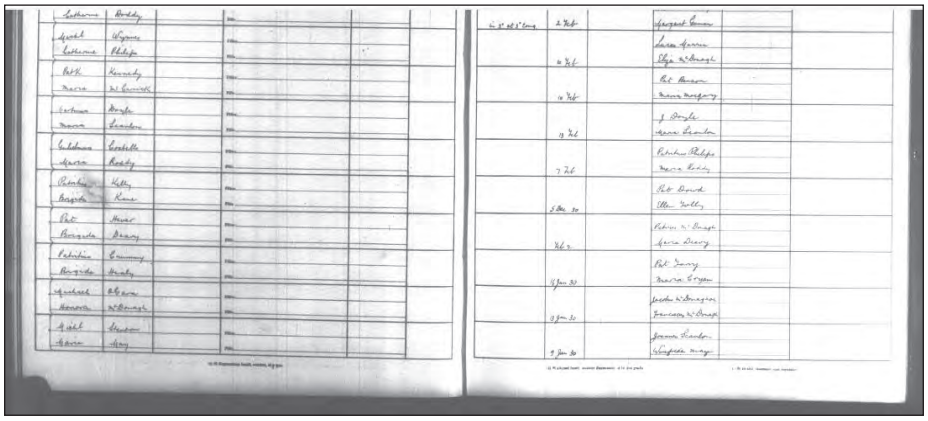

Figure 1: Transcription of the above entry in the Emlefad and Kilmorgan RC Marriage Registers. Married: Patrick Crummy and Bridget Healy. Witnesses: Pat Farry and Maria Cryan.

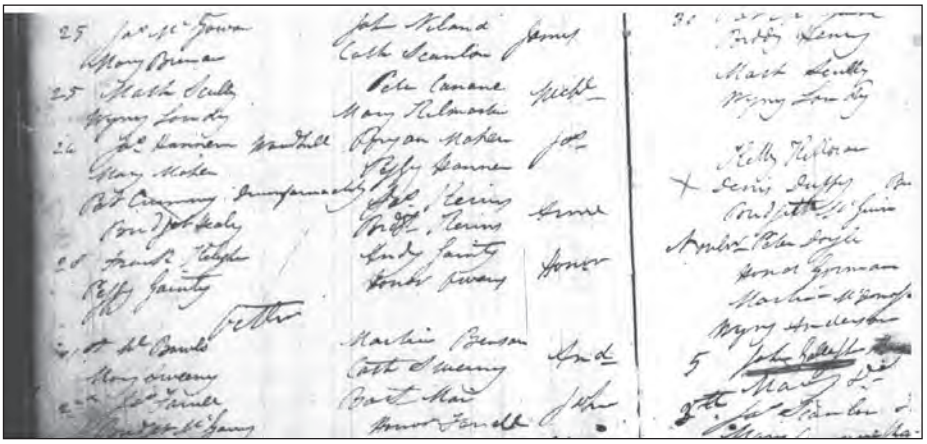

Figure 2: Transcription of the above entry located in the Kilshalvey, Kilturra & Cloonoghil RC Baptismal registers - Parents: Pat Crummy, Bridget Healy; Townland: Drumfarnachty; Sponsors: James Kerins, Bridget Kerins; Child's Name: Anne.

Bridget's Family Life in Ireland

In January 1830, as Bridget approached her nineteenth birthday, she married the then twenty-year-old Patrick Crummy from the nearby townland of Emlagh. They were married in Emlefad (Emlaghfad) and Kilmorgan's Catholic Church (now Loftus Hall) on the 16th of January 1830. The wedding was witnessed by Pat Farry and Maria Cryan (Figure 1). It is not known where they lived after they married; they may have lived in Emlagh where records list different members of the Crummy family. But more probably they lived in Drumfarnoght as baptismal records show that their daughter Anne was baptised in Kilshalvey, Kilturra and Cloonoghil Catholic Church (now Bunninadden Church). Anne was baptised on the 27th of September 1843 in Bridget's parish church and her sponsors were James and Bridget Kerins (Figure 2). [2,3]

When Bridget and Patrick married in 1830, George Grier leased almost half the land of Drumfarnoght, and held its only viable farm. All of the other families had plots averaging

7 to 8 acres each, holdings only capable of providing subsistence living. Bridget and Patrick and their own young family, therefore, knew the difficulties of living on such holdings and the pressures of meeting annual rents. In March 1835, their Drumfarnoght neighbour and possible relative, Bartly Healy, had his firearms confiscated and Palmerston's Sligo agent, Walker, wrote that the magistrate was right to take the firearms off 'such a class of person'.

Drumfarnoght provided a unique microcosm of the complexities and difficulties associated with the land question in Ireland at the time. As a small townland of 138 acres, with one larger viable farm and nine non-viable holdings, it was also isolated from other townlands on the Palmerston estate. Henry Irwin's departure did not free up any land for subdivision, that might have led to the formation of other viable holdings. Removing middlemen did not involve transferring land among remaining undertenants, taking from those with larger holdings and transferring it to those on small holdings. So, the policy of removing middlemen had no real impact there. As an isolated townland on the estate, opportunities did not exist to move tenants on non-viable holdings to larger holdings in adjoining townlands. Nor did land squaring, which was implemented elsewhere on the estate after 1837, offer relief to the small tenants of Drumfarnoght where there were no further middlemen to remove or land to redistribute. So, its tenants with small holdings could only supplement their income by working on their neighbour's larger farm or by doing seasonal work in England.

When fears of Famine grew in the autumn of 1845, Bridget and Patrick probably attended the large rally Palmerston held in Ballymote where he sought to assure tenants that none would lose out, and instead all would benefit, from the land squaring underway across his Sligo estate. But they would have known that squaring would make no difference in Drumfarnoght, even if it made a difference for tenants in other local townlands. They probably shared in the fear and unrest that permeated their community, something their local priest Fr. Henry wrote about to Palmerston in December 1845, when Palmerston was back in England after his visit to Ballymote. Fr. Henry wrote that lay and clerical agitators were promoting unrest and were using the fear of starvation from the potato failure to cause 'the poor tenants … (to enter) into combinations against paying any rents'.

Table 1: Drumfarnoght: Tenant Leases and Rents, 1813 to 1865[4]

Tenant Lease	Lease Duration	Annual Rent
Henry Irwin	3 Lives from Oct. 1771	£44/12/6

Above Table 1A. Tenant Leases and Rents 1813

Tenant Lease	Lease Duration	Rent Arrears	Annual Rent
James Keerin	Annual	£3/0/8	£6/1/4
Dennis Keerin	"	£1/10/4	£3/0/8
Bryan Mahon	"	£3/0/8	£3/0/8
PattFurey& Bart Heally	"	£8/0/5	£8/10/9
Matt Brogan &Thos Brennan	"	£8/15/8	£4/7/8
Thos Brennan	"	£0/6/0	£4/8/10
Patrick Heally	"	£8/15/4	£4/1/10
Owen Heally	"	£3/17/8	£6/2/4
Martin Keerin	"	£5/14/0	£2/19/8
George Grier	"	£45/15/11	£39/6/6
Total		£88/16/8	£81/17/3

Above Table 1B. Tenant Leases & Rents – Arrears & Annual, 1830.

Tenant Lease	Lease Duration	Rent Arrears	Annual Rent
Andrew Grier	Annual	£43/3/8	£53/11/4
MichKerrins	"	Nil	£11/6/6
Patt Brennan	"	Nil	£7/18/8
Total		£43/3/8	£72/16/6

Above Table 1C. Tenant Leases & Rents – Arrears & Annual, 1865.

Source: BR149/19/1-14; Accounts and Rental Returns, Sligo Estate, 1813 -1865.

Family	Number	Destination
John Furey& Family	5	Quebec
Sally Brennan & Family	8	"
John Heally& Family	8	"
Owen Heally& Family	10	"
John Keerin& Family	6	"
Nancy Keerin& Family	7	"
James Heally& Family	4	"
Total	7 Families, 48 emigrants	All for Quebec

Above Table 2: List of Palmerston's Drumfarnoght Tenants Who Sailed on the 'Carrick' to Canada in 1847.

Fear and apprehension must have caused Bridget and Patrick and their neighbours sleepless nights. By early 1847, with deaths from starvation rising rapidly and with many losing all hope, seven of the ten tenant families in Drumfarnoght departed for Sligo port to board the famine ship 'Carrick of Whitehaven'. It left Sligo Port on the 5th of April 1847 and was the first ship which took assisted emigrants from Lord Palmerston's Sligo estate to Canada that year. Records differ on the numbers that were on this ship, estate records list 173 passengers aboard, but Canadian records give total figures, probably including crew, of between 180 and 187. From Drumfarnoght, seven families, a total of 48 people, were aboard. They included Owen Healy, listed in the ship's manifest as with a family of ten, the largest single family aboard (Table 2). Although not named, we now know that these ten included Patrick and Bridget Crummy, and their young children.

Whether the mass exodus of 48 people from Drumfarnoght resulted from forced evictions, or voluntary departures, or of people being 'persuaded' to go, we are unlikely to ever know. Different people will form different views. But the relative number of Famine emigrants who left from this small townland was un-equalled across all townlands on Palmerston's Sligo estate. Following their departure to Canada, only three families remained in Drumfarnoght. The Griffith Valuation of 1858 shows Andrew Grier farming 100 acres there, with Catherine Kerrins and Thomas Brennan farming 15 acres each. Members of these three families still held estate leases through 1865, when their total annual rents were £73, a fall of 11 percent from 1830. This was an unexpected outcome, most would have predicted rents to have increased over those years, not fallen.

All seven of the departing families most likely walked to Sligo on the 3rd or 4th of April 1847 and the Carrick sailed from Sligo Port the next day. Neighbours probably helped them on the journey using horse or donkey drawn carts. Then on the 28th of April, when the ship was alongside the Canadian shore, it crashed into rocks at Cap des Rosiers on the Gaspé coast and most aboard were drowned. Casualty numbers given vary between 116 and 130, but the numbers who survived were 48. Among the known survivors were Bridget Crummy Healy and three of her children - her daughters Bridget and Anne, and her son Thomas. Six members of her family drowned, including her father Owen and her husband Patrick. Of the survivors, 12 stayed on in the Gaspé Peninsula, including Bridget and her three children and the identity of 8 of these 12 are now known. The other 36 survivors sailed on to Quebec within a few months and the identity of only two of them is known.

Bridget's Family Life in Canada

Different accounts exist as to how Bridget and her three children survived the sinking, one says that she and her children were trapped in a section of the ship that lay above water and that locals broke in and saved them. Information presented later suggests that this account was true. An alternative folklore account that circulated in the Gaspé tells of the survival of a 'baby Anne' and of a 'bobbing Biddy'.It is possible that baby Anne was the young Anne Crummy, and that bobbing Biddy was her sister Bridget. 'Bobbing Biddy' could also have been their cousin Bridget Keerin who is now also known to have survived. Later, local inhabitants rescued them and treated them, and other survivors, with kindness, providing food, work, and shelter over their initial months there. Bridget Crummy Healy and her three children needed that support.

Just over two years after this tragedy, on the 14th of May 1849, Bridget Crummy Healy married John James Adams, a forty-three-year-old widower, in St. Patrick's Church, Douglastown. Both were Catholics and both spoke English. John James already had nine children, the eldest was 15 years, and the youngest was just over one year. This large young family, together with Bridget's three, meant that the newly married couple had a full house to look after. A year before they married, John James's first wife had died and a month after their marriage, his youngest daughter from his first family also died. With many mouths to feed and bodies to cloth, neither Bridget nor John James could afford the time to dwell on their own grief or misfortune.

Over the next decade they had five children together, one of whom - John - appears to have died in infancy. Their other four were Eleanor who was born in February 1850, Mary Jane born in September 1851, James born in October 1855, and Elias born in May 1858. These four married, both James and Elias married twice after their first wives died, and all

four had families. Eleanor had ten children, Mary Jane had three, James had nine, and Elias had six.

Among what are probably many descendants of Bridget and John James Adams is Mary Delaney Krugman, a great, great, great granddaughter, and Helen Bond who is their great, great granddaughter. Mary Delaney Krugman is descended from their older daughter Eleanor, while Helen Bond is descended from their younger daughter Mary Jane. Mary Delaney Krugman lives in Mont Claire, New Jersey, USA, while Helen Bond lives near the home base in the Gaspé, Canada.

Mary Delaney Krugman
July 2015

In 2013, Mary Delaney Krugman contacted me after I published the story of Sligo's Famine emigrants of 1847, including the passenger manifests for several of the ships that carried Lord Palmerston's assisted emigrants to Canada that year. Growing up, her father referred to an ancestor who survived a shipwreck together with her son, but with no reference to any surviving daughters. Later, Mary researched her family genealogy which showed that her ancestor was Bridget Crummy Healy, a survivor of the Carrick shipwreck. Her research also indicated that Bridget's husband, Patrick Crummy, had drowned in that sinking and that three of her children had survived. With this information, and other data published on the Carrick survivors in Canada, we established that Bridget and her three children were part of the family of ten who were with Owen Healy from Drumfarnoght on that fateful voyage.[5]

After they married, John James and Bridget lived in St-Majorique, Gaspé, where he farmed and worked as a carpenter and ship builder. He is credited with building a small church for his community in the Gaspé, but much of his work was on boats and ships. At least three male members of his household became sailors, including his stepson Thomas Crummy. Records give Ireland as John James's birthplace. Eleanor, their eldest daughter, was married at age sixteen in October 1866 and her stepsister Anne Crummy, then twenty-three years old, was a witness at her wedding. Anne Crummy never married and she died in September 1878 at the age of thirty-five.

After a spell as a sailor, Thomas Crummy married Sarah Ann Preston in the Wesleyan Methodist Church, Port Hope, Ontario. They married on the 16th of December 1870 and had at least one daughter, Esther Crummy, who married William R. Hyatt. Thomas's wife Sarah Ann died in 1900, and Thomas died after 1920. In 1920, the US census confirmed him living at the home of his daughter Esther in Sioux City Precinct, Iowa. Esther died in December 1958 in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Bridget Crummy, the other surviving daughter of Patrick and Bridget, married Thomas Fingleton (sometimes called William) in February 1869, three years after her younger stepsister Eleanor had married. Bridget and Thomas moved to Montreal where they lived most of their married life. They had no children. Bridget Fingleton died at the age of ninety-three in 1928 and both she and Thomas were buried back in the Gaspé. In 1900, the parish of St. Patrick's, Montreal offered a monument commemorating the 'Carrick of Whitehaven' tragedy to the Cap des Rosiers parish church. They erected this monument near the site of the Carrick sinking. Its inscription reads:

'Sacred To The Memory Of 187 Irish Emigrants From Sligo Wrecked Here On April 28, 1847.
Ship Carrick of Whitehaven, 87 Are Buried Here; Pray For Their Souls'.

It is not known what, if any, involvement Thomas and Bridget Fingleton (then living in Montreal) had in the donation of this monument, but it is likely that they had a role. Bridget Fingleton, as a survivor of the sinking,most likely confirmed the date of the tragedy carved on the monument. Some modern accounts dispute this date, saying that the Carrick could not have got to Cap des Rosiers from Sligo so quickly. But shipping records show that other ships from Sligo that year made the journey in similar, or shorter times, although others took longer. Most who object to the 28th of April as being the date of the sinking opt instead for May 19th, the date when the first report of the accident appeared in the local 'Morning Chronicle'. This newspaper did not give a date for the tragedy, it merely quoted from a letter issued by the Carrick master, Capt. R. Thompson, which was written following a preliminary investigation into the sinking. That letter reported the accident and added that the crew, apart from one boy, were all saved. It did not say why the ship was sailing close to a dangerous lee shore at a time of likely storms, or what the captain and crew did to save passengers or attend to survivors on the night of the tragedy. These issues must not have been considered as priorities. Cap des Rosiers was a sparsely populated and isolated area and it would have taken time for locals to organise rescue efforts, so the Carrick crew should have played a critical role in initial rescue efforts.

Bridget Fingleton told the story of her experiences on the night of the tragedy to Fr. Quinlivan, parish priest in St. Patrick's, Montreal, and one of the people who led the drive to have a monument erected at Cap des Rosiers. She reported that on

Monument to Victims of Carrick of Whitehaven tragedy at Cap des Rosiers

the night of the sinking, she together with her mother, father and four of her siblings, survived after climbing into a sailor's hammock which hung from the wreck. They stayed there till morning when one of her sisters, seeing boards floating in the water below them, felt that the boards would support her. She stepped on them and immediately disappeared beneath the waves taking a younger child she held with her. Their father plunged in after the children and he met the same fate. Bridget, with her mother and two other siblings, remained in the hammock until locals rescued them the following day. Leaving the site of the accident on the night of the tragedy, the ship's captain, and his crew, apparently did not see the Crummy family huddling in the hammock. Had they looked, all seven members of that family could have been rescued. Perhaps others too could have been saved. Bridget Fingleton said that her cousin, Bridget Keerin, also survived when she was swept by the sea to the shore.[6]

In 1919, a Canadian published book also recalled the Carrick sinking, and included an interview the author had with an unnamed old lady who was a survivor of the tragedy. Describing the ship's passage from Sligo, that old lady said that the journey was 'rough and uncomfortable', took 'three weeks and three days', and that the accident occurred when 'the captain missed his reckoning'. This expression, 'missed reckoning',was an unusual wording for most people, but it would be common place for some one brought up in a boating household, or community. The old lady added that she was twelve years old at the time of the sinking and was one of a family of seven children. She said that she was saved after spending 'hours of cold, hunger and fear such as may be imagined'. Her recall of the event suggested that it had remained burned in her soul over her long life.[7]

Sligo newspapers gave the date of departure of the Carrick as the 5th of April 1847, and a passage of three weeks and three days dates its sinking to the 28th of April, the date engraved on the Cap des Rosiers monument. As one of the few survivors of the tragedy, Canadian records confirm that Bridget Fingleton (Crummy) was born in 1835 and was twelve years old at that time. She was still alive and living in Montreal in 1919. She grew up in a household where her stepfather was a boat builder, and her step brothers and brother were sailors. She, almost certainly, was the old lady interviewed for that book. With her seven siblings, their parents and grandfather, they made up the ten members of Owen Healy's family who were listed as aboard the Carrick.

Bridget Fingleton was buried in the Gaspé, near her mother, and near those who died following the wreck of the Carrick. Four of her siblings, together with her father and grandfather, died in that tragedy. Years after her mother was buried with her spouse John James, new developments caused their remains to be moved and reburied at a different location.With this move the site of their original grave was lost. A plaque now marks the graves of those who were reburied at that time. A few kilometres away, the monument to the Carrick tragedy stands, bearing constant witness to a night when the lives, dreams and hopes of the Crummy Healy family were shattered and when their family unit was cruelly ruptured. Now, in death they lie close to their Canadian family, and to their former Drumfarnoght neighbours. They lie far from their birthplace, but beside the place that gave them a new home, and a welcome, when that was desperately needed for their survival.

[This article was written in 2021 but was revised in April 2022 with the addition of a small amount of new information]

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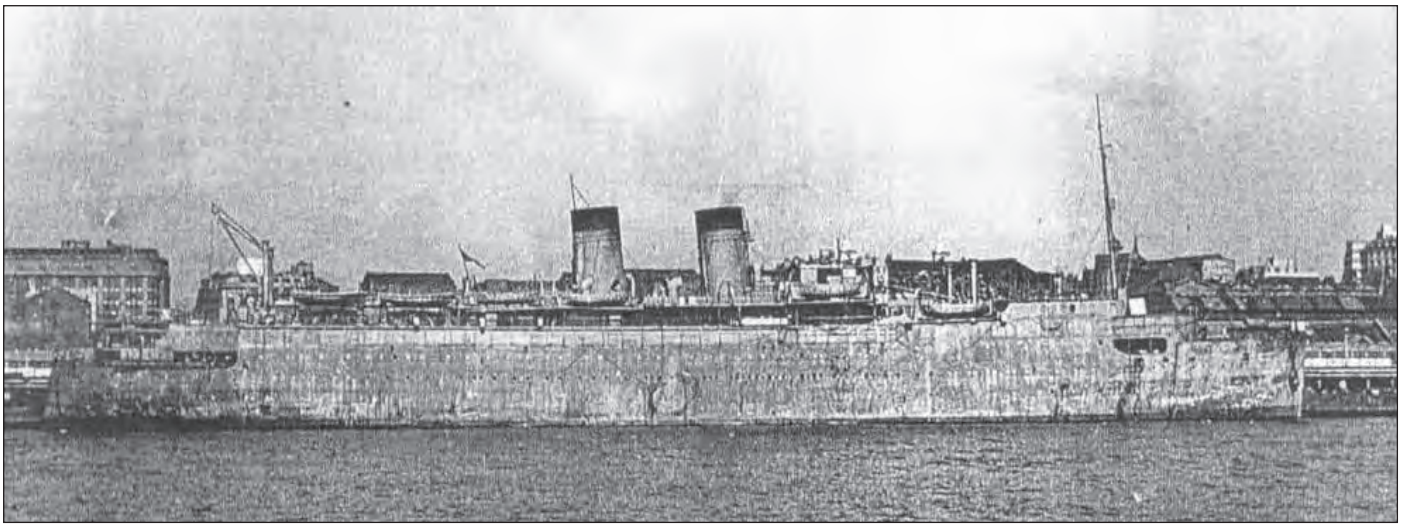
Arandora Star: Ireland's Sad Legacy from a Wartime Disaster

by Michael Mc Ritchie



Arandora Star

THE war grave headstones stand lonely watch in the cemeteries of Easkey, Ahamplish, Carrigans, Carrigeens near Lissadell, and Grange, County Sligo's mute legacy from a forgotten disaster which took the lives of 800 men and touched the lives of many poor communities around the north-western coasts of Ireland.

On July 2, 1940, the liner Arandora Star was torpedoed off Malin Head with the loss of 800 lives, of which 446 were Italian prisoners. It was one of Britain's worst maritime disasters, and came less than a fortnight after the Cunard liner Lancastria had been sunk while evacuating French refugees with the loss of at least 5000 lives. Yet both these terrible tragedies have been forgotten.

THE SLIGO CHAMPION, AUGUST 17, 1940

WAR VICTIMS WASHED ASHORE

MANY BODIES FOUND OFF SLIGO COAST

Pathetic Details At Inquest Proceedings

VICTIMS of the war at sea were washed ashore along the County Sligo coast on Saturday and Monday last. In all, eleven bodies were found floating in the water or left high on the rocks after the receding tides. Two of the bodies were those of British soldiers, two were Italian civilians and one was the body of a German. The

My wife Brenda and I had never heard of the Arandora Star until a friend asked us to photograph the headstone of Giuseppe Capella, who rests forever in the churchyard on Rathlin Island off Ballycastle on the north Antrim coast. He was a waiter from London's Savoy Hotel when he and five colleagues were interned as enemy aliens. Curious, we began searching the 1940 newspaper libraries first in Belfast, then in Donegal, Sligo and Mayo.

Little did we know that the results of that search would occupy us for the next 15 years. Forgotten for decades, column after column of meticulous reporting led us to discover 38 Italians in unmarked and long forgotten graves in 29 cemeteries around the Irish coast

Bardi, north-west Italy

from Rathlin to Mayo, many beside the British soldiers who had been their guards. And the short video of our Rathlin visit we had taken for the Capella family became a 40-minute Youtube documentary which has had many thousands of views and which still brings emails from around the world.

What brought about this terrible tragedy? Between 1840 and 1940, some 150,000 Italians emigrated to Britain and to Ireland to escape poverty at home. Many became ice-cream vendors, caterers, cafe owners, sending money home to their families and saving every penny in order to start a business of their own. By the 1930s there were Italian cafes and shops all over the country, their owners valued members in the country they had made their home.

Then came World War II. In the few weeks up to June 1940, the German blitzkrieg had swept through Poland, Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Luxembourg and France. Britain stood alone against Nazi Germany, its invasion expected anytime as the German Army and its landing craft massed in the Channel ports and the Luftwaffe launched what would become the Battle of Britain.

As the war intensified neutral Eire built 83 concrete Local Observation Posts to watch almost 2000 miles of coastline, each with a telephone, a remarkable achievement in view of their remote sites and the scarcity of materials and fuel over the war years. Four were built in Sligo at Mullaghmore, Rosskeeragh, Aughris Head and Lenadoon Point west of Easkey, and all posts were manned by volunteers throughout the war. Meanwhile the Irish councils were urging people to stockpile food supplies against the very real threat of invasion.

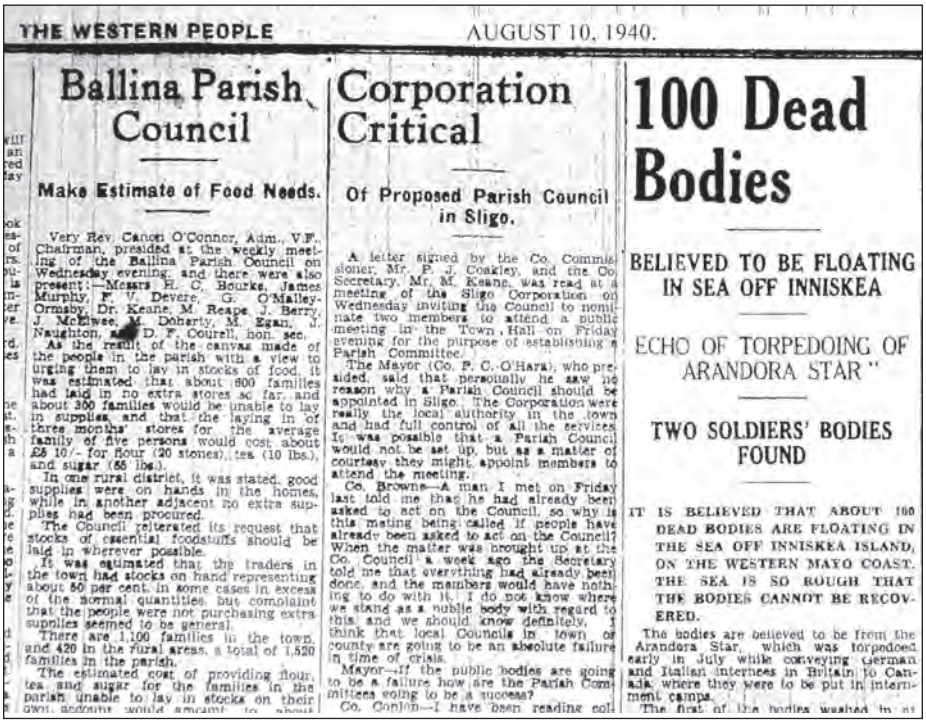
The biggest threat was at sea, where the U-boats were strangling the lifeline to America with more than 50 ships sunk in June alone.

On June 10 Italy declared war on Britain and began bombing the undefended island of Malta the next day, killing six Maltese civilians. In this desperate situation there were fears of spying, sabotage and subversion, so across the United Kingdom all enemy nationals were arrested by their local policemen who were sometimes in tears as they had to detain someone who had sold them ice-creams when they were children.

Two ships had already taken internees to Canada because of fears of famine caused by the U-boat blockade. On July 1 the Arandora Star sailed with 1,200 German and Italian prisoners for internment in Canada, guarded by 200 soldiers. Next morning she was torpedoed by a U-boat 75 miles north-west of Ireland and sank in half an hour.

Her distress call was picked up by Malin Head coastguard and hundreds were rescued by a Canadian destroyer, but more than 800 men were drowned and for weeks their bodies would be washed ashore along 600 miles of coastline from the Western Isles of Scotland to Co. Mayo. The first came ashore in Mayo four weeks after the sinking, and a few days later an Atlantic storm brought a terrible harvest. The Western People reported that up to 100 bodies were seen floating off Iniskea Island, the seas so rough that they could not be recovered.

Wall of the Memorial Chapel, Bardi



THE WESTERN PEOPLE AUGUST 10, 1940.

Ballina Parish Council

Make Estimate of Food Needs.

Very Rev. Canon O'Connor, Adm., V.F., Chairman, presided at the weekly meeting of the Ballina Parish Council on Wednesday evening, and there were also present:—Messrs R. C. Bourke, James Murphy, F. V. Devere, G. O'Malley-Ormsby, Dr. Keane, M. Reape, J. Berry, J. McElwee, M. Doherty, M. Egan, V. Naughton, and D. F. Courell, hon. sec.

As the result of the canvas made of the people in the parish with a view to urging them to lay in stocks of food, it was estimated that about 800 families had laid in no extra stores so far, and about 300 families would be unable to lay in supplies, and that the laying in of three months' stores for the average family of five persons would cost about £5 10/- for flour (20 stones), tea (10 lbs.), and sugar (56 lbs.).

In one rural district, it was stated, good supplies were on hands in the homes, while in another adjacent no extra supplies had been procured.

The Council reiterated its request that stocks of essential foodstuffs should be laid in wherever possible.

It was estimated that the traders in the town had stocks on hand representing about 50 per cent. in some cases in excess of the normal quantities, but complaint that the people were not purchasing extra supplies seemed to be general.

There are 1,100 families in the town, and 420 in the rural areas, a total of 1,520 families in the parish.

The estimated cost of providing flour, tea, and sugar for the families in the parish unable to lay in stocks on their own account would amount to about

Corporation Critical

Of Proposed Parish Council in Sligo.

A letter signed by the Co. Commissioner, Mr. P. J. Coakley, and the Co. Secretary, Mr. M. Keane, was read at a meeting of the Sligo Corporation on Wednesday inviting the Council to nominate two members to attend a public meeting in the Town Hall on Friday evening for the purpose of establishing a Parish Committee.

The Mayor (Co. P. C. O'Hara), who presided, said that personally he saw no reason why a Parish Council should be appointed in Sligo. The Corporation were really the local authority in the town and had full control of all the services. It was possible that a Parish Council would not be set up, but as a matter of courtesy they might appoint members to attend the meeting.

Co. Browne—A man I met on Friday last told me that he had already been asked to act on the Council, so why is this meeting being called if people have already been asked to act on the Council? When the matter was brought up at the Co. Council a week ago the Secretary told me that everything had already been done, and the members would have nothing to do with it. I do not know where we stand as a public body with regard to this, and we should know definitely. I think that local Councils in town or county are going to be an absolute failure in time of crisis.

Mayor—If the public bodies are going to be a failure how are the Parish Committees going to be a success?

Co. Conlon—I have been reading col-

100 Dead Bodies

BELIEVED TO BE FLOATING IN SEA OFF INNISKEA

ECHO OF TORPEDOING OF ARANDORA STAR"

TWO SOLDIERS' BODIES FOUND

IT IS BELIEVED THAT ABOUT 100 DEAD BODIES ARE FLOATING IN THE SEA OFF INNISKEA ISLAND, ON THE WESTERN MAYO COAST. THE SEA IS SO ROUGH THAT THE BODIES CANNOT BE RECOVERED.

The bodies are believed to be from the Arandora Star, which was torpedoed early in July while conveying German and Italian internees in Britain to Canada, where they were to be put in internment camps.

The first of the bodies washed in at

The newspapers reported that the unknown victims had been buried in the nearest cemeteries alongside the soldiers, who had been identified by their Army dogtags and paybooks. The soldiers were named in the burial registers, but the unknowns were not, and we realised that the shallow depressions between the Army headstones were the long forgotten graves of l'Italiani sconoscuiti – the unknown Italians who had come so far to perish in the icy waters of the Atlantic.

Dromore West Cemetery

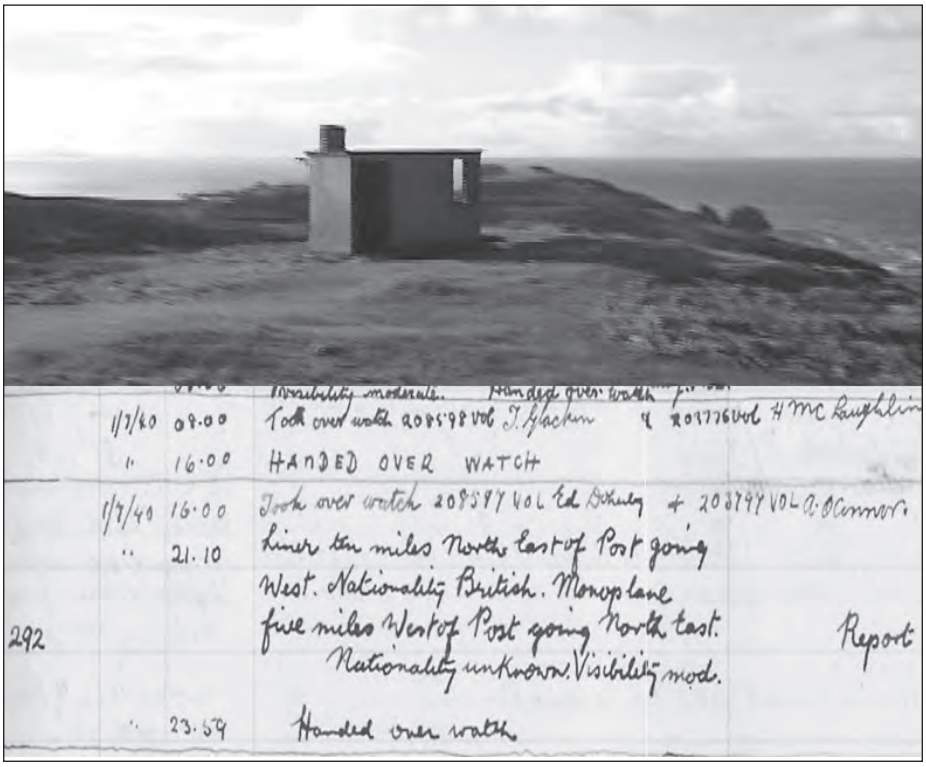
Eugene Forde, Easkey, Michael Mc Ritchie and his wife Brenda

The parish priests were very helpful, but none could find references to these victims in their burial registers. Easkey's priest was sorry he could not help, but he knew someone who could … and so we met a delightful man called Eugene Forde, who not only remembered the recovery of the bodies but also attended the funerals, along with the whole village.

Eugene would join the Irish Army for the duration of the war and end his career as a postman, but his memories of that day were crystal clear. "In August 1940 when I was 16 I heard that bodies had been washed up on the shore and many people went there out of curiosity. I saw two bodies, and along with a soldier who had washed ashore some distance away they were taken to the courthouse where they remained for a few days until the inquest.

"The whole village turned out for the funerals, the soldier was Private Mitchell who was one of the guards, and he was buried where you see his headstone. The civilians were buried beside him in the poor ground, that is the area for those who could not afford a grave. After the war their remains were removed for burial in their home country".

At the same time, more guards were buried in Ahamplish, Carrigans and Carrigeens near Lissadell, and three more bodies were washed ashore near Dromore West five miles away. One was that of a seaman and two were probably Italian civilians, but none could be identified and all were buried in the poor ground of the cemetery there.



LOP80 Malin Head

As more and more victims came ashore the councils had to re-open old graveyards, some dating from the Famine almost 100 years before. Donegal Board of Health was told that 33 bodies had been washed ashore during the previous week and that funeral expenses had been paid by board officers out of their own pockets. The inquest system had to be abandoned because of the difficulty in assembling coroner and jury to investigate so many deaths for which the cause was obvious. Officials from the Italian consulate in Dublin spent a week in the area in attempts to identify the casualties, but could not do so.

In Co. Mayo, there was one body for every kilometre along the Erris coastline west of Belmullet and the Board of Health became concerned at the cost of so many funerals, with coffins costing £2.10 shillings each. Today's equivalent would cost around €400, and these were the poorest areas in Ireland, yet all the small communities turned out to honour every victim whoever he might be, Italian, German, seaman, or soldier. Ireland has long suffered the scourge of emigration, and no doubt the impoverished folk of the West identified with their fellow emigrants who met such a terrible end.

Soon we located relatives of those who had died. Giovanni Ferdenzi had an ice business in London, where his daughter and granddaughter still live, and still own his house in Bardi. They erected his headstone in Clonmany. The people of Carndonagh subscribed for the memorial to Cesare Camozzi, who had owned the Monogram Cafe in Manchester.

Moved by the reaction of the families we contacted, we remade our video in both English and Italian and took the Italian version to the mountain town of Bardi in NW Italy, whence came one in nine of the victims.

While we were learning Italian I was emailing the Mayor of Bardi, Beppe Conti, who has charge of the memorial chapel in the town. Beppe does not speak English but was very moved by our Irish discoveries. I wanted to tell him that bodies had been washed ashore all round the coast, but it was beyond my language skills at that time, so Google translated the phrase as i corpi furono lavado a secco.

This made perfect sense to me; clearly it meant that the bodies were washed (lavado) onto dry land (secco). But when the Italian author Maria Serena Balestracci spent a few days with us she went into stitches when she heard the translation. We now know that lavado means washed or cleaned in the laundry sense, and secco means dry. I must have given Beppe a strange picture of burial customs in Ireland.

Back on Rathlin the island's oldest resident, Loughie McQuilkin, showed us a 1940 Coastguard record stating that on August 10 two bodies had been found near the West Light. One had a document in the name of Capella, the other had nothing, and they were buried together.

In 2017 we heard from Roberto Zazzi in New Zealand: "This video is truly a beautiful thing you have done. The loss of my grandfather, Luigi Zazzi, on the Arandora Star will probably haunt me forever. He was last seen in the water with his boyhood friend and fellow waiter in the Savoy Hotel, Giuseppe Capella. Until now, we did not know that any bodies had been recovered from the sea. Thank you for the comfort you have brought to my family."

It made our day and we were able to tell Roberto that the unknown man buried alongside Signor Capella on Rathlin Island might, just might, be his boyhood friend.

The video can be viewed by Googling 'Arandora Ireland legacy'.

Sligo in the Rare Old Times

by Mary Kelly-White

If Sligo changes as much in the next few years as it has in the last ten it won't be SLIGO it will be SLI…..GONE.

Pound/Connolly Street, where I was born and reared was narrow with seventeen-opposite nineteen mixed, two and three-storey houses which included eleven shops, five pubs, four guesthouses, (which meant lodgers); three butcher shops, a forge, a saddler's shop, a café, a tailor, a dressmaker, and the remainder were private houses. There were about forty-five school going children between twelve of the thirty-six houses.

All the shops would be regarded as huckster shops nowadays with everything unwrapped; windows full of tempting sweets, pink lucky–lumps with money inside some of them. There were black liquorice five-a-penny and tiny multi coloured aniseed balls ten-a-penny. Who cared if the bees and bluebottles were buzzing over the open boxes? Batch and pan loaves were heaped on one shelf and unwashed vegetables on another. The snuff and tobacco were on the high shelves. Cigarettes were scarce and hidden. All the shops were small then and carried everything except maybe bags. Lots of items even tea and sugar were sold in cones of newspaper.
The loose milk was delivered to three shops in Pound/Connolly Street arriving in big creamery cans, by pony and cart, and it was so scarce that customers would be waiting around the shop door, first come first served, with various receptacles such as huge mugs, jugs, bowls, bottles, and cans.
The one café was more an "Eating House" than a café, and our house was also an "Eating House" on Fair Days. Hamilton's Forge was a concrete lean-to at the gable of their house, now an office block. It was like a big black hole full of horses and little men, with a red fire at the far end. Little girls did not hang around the forge. They just crawled by slowly watching the blacksmiths, with their backs towards the big quiet horses, nailing the shoe to the hoof resting between their knees, smelling the burning hooves, and listening to the hiss when the white hot irons were cooled in the cold water. People were shy about drinking then. Most pubs had screened windows and double doors for privacy. If women went inside at all it was in the snug where they would not be seen by other customers.

Saturday was Market Day and the horse and donkey carts were bumper to bumper on both sides of the streets. Paddy Kelly's forge was on Burton Street. Sometimes the carts were left all day and the hungry calves and bonhams would be lamenting and squealing from under the sack covered carts.

Stephen Burns collected empty jam pots and porter/stout/Guinness bottles. He wheeled his barrow through the streets paying a penny or two pence to adults for bottles or jars and giving windmills to children. He made the windmills himself: two strips of soft cardboard gummed like a cross, with a small square of coloured paper gummed to the four ends like a swastika. He had a bundle of sticks, a wooden orange box split up or twigs from the hedges to which he would attach the cardboard crosses with a straight pin. No worries then about splinters, or poking eyes out, or awful insurance claims for unsafe toys.
The gas man collected the money from the meters in a strong wooden barrow which he parked outside each house. I don't believe he ever locked it and as far as I know he was never robbed or mugged, neither did anyone run off with his barrow. Gone are the days.

The buttermilk man, humped in a greening black overcoat, sitting on a board which was resting on his donkey cart would jog down the street calling; "Fresh buttermilk tuppence a quart" And the Town Crier, Ned Kelly, placarded in front and behind, wearing a black top hat and navy boots would march through the town ringing his noisy bell and shouting; "Roll up! Roll up! Roll up! Don't forget the Dance in the Town Hall tonight! Dancing from 9pm unto 2, and the price is five shillings for the Dance in the Town Hall tonight."
The parcel post was also delivered by wheelbarrow; a huge green wicker basket with a lid, two short shafts for pushing, two bunty (short/sturdy) legs for parking and two big bicycle wheels.

The town was small then with the main shopping located at O'Connell Street with top fashion located at Johnson's, Mullaney's, Mode's, Goods', Blackrock, Stephenson's and Lyons'. Alan Johnson's, Rogers and Lyons Shoes and the GPO, were in Wine Street, as was the Gaiety Cinema. Smartwear, Tyler's, My Lady, Strong's, Carroll's and Cullen's Sub Post Office were in Castle Street.

Hardware stores such as Green and McNiece, Meldrum's, Woods', Western Wholesale, Wood and Iron, Hanley's and Nelson's, carried everything from half soles to greaseproof paper. Books were on High Street; if it wasn't in Keaney's it wasn't in Sligo. The Wallace family business sold every religious book and item imaginable, as well as newspapers and dulse, pronounced dillisk (edible salty seaweed), eaten dry from the bag, also boiled in milk and eaten as a vegetable on Fridays when meat wasn't allowed.

Woolworth's was the perfect rendezvous for everyone especially students. With the open layout of the shop no one was hidden, everyone was protected from the elements, and there was no need to be shopping. The atmosphere was pleasant with soft gramophone music in the background.

There were several good grocery / pub /butcher shops all over the town: Scanlon's, McGowan's, McCrann's, Campbell's, Conway's, Murphy's, Cosgrove's, the Crescent, Tansey's, McDonagh's, Billy Peebles, Blackwood's, Bewleys', Moody's, Smoker's Own, Higgins and Kiernan's. of course not forgetting Finn's and McMorrow's who were in Holborn Street. Tim's, Cavanagh's, Collins', O'Hara's, Quirke's, and Thady Foley's were all flourishing businesses.

There were four bakeries; Tighe's, Macarthur's, Curry's and Farrell's. There were two Flanagan shops on High Street, selling everything from blocks of salt to coal. Most of the shopfronts were lovely but inside the wooden floors were uneven and the money was passed from the counter to the office by cables. The assistant would stuff the money and the docket into the cuplike container, screw it into the overhead cable, or into a socket in the wall, pull a cord and off it went to the office returning with a receipt and the change. The pubs had sawdust on the floors and spittoons at strategic points for spittle. IMCO and Prescott's were Cleaners and Dyers. There was a pawnshop on High Street. I don't remember the three balls but I'm sure they were there. We lacked nothing then. There were barber shops for men, I don't recall hairdressers for women and parents cut the children's hair.

Often on Sunday morning the Connolly Pipe Band would do a practice march around the Town, out the Market Yard, turn left through Temple Street and St. Patrick's Terrace, down Pound / Connolly Street. All of us would make a mad dash from the dinner table to the front door to watch and listen. One particular lady who lived on the street, clad in crossover and slippers, with a tin basin under her arm, would get carried away with the music, follow the Band with the others through the streets to the Town Hall, and get the potatoes on her way back if the shop was still open.

The Mercy Convent was smaller, with as few as four in the Leaving Certificate then in the mid-fifties. Saint Laurence's Orphanage and Saint Anne's Laundry were part of the Mercy Convent, and it must have been well enough managed at that time. Summerhill College was also smaller and packed with boarders, always wearing their blue and white scarves. The Ursuline Convent was posh and also had boarders. There was always a little bit of rivalry between the three second level colleges.

Saint Anne's Church, Doorly Park and Cranmore were just green fields then, as was Circular Road, Cairns Hill and Maugheraboy. Good walkers walked right around several times a day then and teenagers cycled everywhere.

The Cathedral hasn't changed but the Friary today bears no resemblance to how it looked inside and out, in the fifties. The Mercy Convent, The Ursuline and Summerhill Colleges are bigger and better. The orphanage and the laundry are gone. The Market Yard and Carraroe are thriving. I remember Sligo in the rare old times.

Ballymote News for 1956 collected by Alfie Banks from the local notes prepared for the Sligo Champion by the correspondent, Batty Cawley.

Submitted by Edel Banks. Edited by Neal Farry

Alfie Banks strolling on his native Kellystown shore (photo courtesy of Gerard Banks)

When I received the 1956 collection of Ballymote News items from Edel Banks of Clondalkin I was immediately smitten by the warmth and enthusiastic style of writing and the meticulous images presented of Ballymote in 1956. I found the content both captivating and fascinating because I was well acquainted with both Batty and Alfie, and as a twelve-year old boy living in a Ballymote Public House in that year, I was beginning to augment my awareness of social developments in the wider community. The total contents of the rescued news items would fill a book. Consequently, I am obliged to confine myself to reports that I believe most reflect the unique concerns and preoccupations of the people of Ballymote in that year.

In the first instance, I will quote a number of what we would now consider unusual news items, but were considered normal by all concerned at that time.

"A collision in which a motor van and three cars were involved occurred in Teeling St., Ballymote on Saturday evening. It appears that when travelling down the street a motor car driven by the owner, Mr. L-- of M----, got out of control and crashed into a van and two motor cars which were parked in a row on one side of the street. None of the vehicles were badly damaged, and Mr. L--- and his two passengers escaped uninjured." The owners of the van and the two parked cars were also named.

Another accident report reads as follows: "Mr. G. H. of Ballymote received severe facial injuries when he fell off a bicycle in Emmet Street, Ballymote on Saturday last.". It seems likely that if some incidents were common knowledge and the talk-of-the-town, no offence would be intended or taken in having them revealed to the world in the Ballymote Notes.

Ceremonies in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Ballymote received very extensive coverage. On 14th January 1956 the Sligo Champion proclaimed in this fashion: "Edifying scenes were witnessed in Ballymote Church on Christmas morning, when at the early Masses almost 3,000 people received Holy Communion. The celebrant, Right Rev. Mons P. J. Roughneen P.P. V.F. wished the congregation and their families a happy and a holy Christmas. During the Mass sacred hymns appropriate to the occasion were played by the local Convent School's flageolet band. The choir was under Mrs. M. Mullen N.T., who presided at the organ."

The F.C.A. Church Parade was described in the following terms: "A most imposing spectacle was witnessed on St. Patrick's Day when the Ballymote Battalion F.C.A., almost at full strength, under their commanding officer, Capt. M. F. McAndrew, paraded to the local Church of the Immaculate Conception, where they assisted at the 12 o'clock Mass, celebrated by Rev. J. F. O'Hara C.C. Headed by the Battalion colours and the Ballyrush Pipers' Band and the staff officers, Lieut. E. Gilhawley and Lieut. B. McGarvey, the parade consisted of units from Ballymote, Achonry, Ballyrush, Ballinafad, Carrowkeel, Culfodda, Keash, Killoran, Ballinacarrow, Monasteraden and Geevagh, which were under Lieutenants Conlon, McNiffe, Dwyer, and Jordan, flanked by Sergt. Surlis, Corporals Brady, Kelly and Mullaney".

We are informed in the edition of 31st March that Rev. J. F. O'Hara C.C. Ballymote had recently commemorated the silver jubilee of

his ordination in Salamanca in 1931 by celebrating a Solemn High Mass of Thanksgiving in Ballymote Church. Five priests from Ballymote and adjoining parishes were concelebrants. Fr. O'Hara was a native of Aclare. The climax of Fr. O'Hara's career was thus narrated by our local correspondent: "In 1935 he was nominated by the Irish Bishops as Vice-Rector of his Alma Mater in Salamanca. During this time, he showed exceptional courage and unequalled perseverance by discharging the duties of his office during the two great revolutions in Spain. Fr. O'Hara arranged the transport of his students by sea and accompanied them to the port of Saint Jean de Luis in France. Instead of leaving Spain, as he might have done, he returned to his post in Salamanca where he looked after the temporalities and the properties of the Irish College during the Franco-Republican Civil War".

A 1956 Sligo Champion newsprint photo of Fr. O'Hara C. C. He is here walking in the Corpus Christi procession in Ballymote where he had celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination.

On the Sunday prior to the 26th April 100 children received their First Holy Communion in Ballymote Church. They were subsequently entertained to breakfast by the Sisters of Mercy.

During the week prior to 1st May a very large and enthusiastic meeting of the townspeople, presided over by Mons. Roughneen P.P.V.F., was held in the Loftus Hall to plan the carnival that would be held in August in aid of the local Convent of Mercy Secondary School, which was at that point in time in the course of erection at a cost of £16,000. Messrs T. Martin, Hibernian Bank and R. Molloy were unanimously appointed joint treasurers.

A 1956 Sligo Champion newsprint photo of a group of Ballymote girl boarders in Swinford Mercy College. Fr. Wims of Ballymote is also included.

In the Champion issue of 4th August final arrangements for the Carnival in aid of the newly extended Secondary School were announced. In the Champion we read along these lines: "At a meeting of the Carnival Committee, with Rev. J. F. O'Hara presiding, the following arrangements were finalised. During the fortnight seven dances will be held in Ireland's largest dance marquee, 5,000 sq. ft., which will be located in the yard of the Boys' National School. Two of the orchestras that have been booked are those of Gay McIntyre and Pat O'Hara. Pongo, Wheel of Fortune and other games will take place in the Loftus Hall every night. A very special attraction during the Carnival will be the Gala Variety Concert to be held in the Marquee on Tuesday 9th inst. The artistes will include Michael O'Higgins (Radio Eireann singer), Sean Gaughan (Feis Ceoil Cup Winner), Joseph Murtagh, Joan Burnside, Val Henry (magician), Patrick Coyle, Patricia Begley, Carmel Cawley and Mrs. J. Ballantine-Koss. A one-act comedy, "The Workhouse Ward" by Lady Gregory will be produced by the local Dramatic Society. During the interval music will be provided by the Glenside Band".

While we are concerning ourselves with matters of entertainment it is essential that we take note of the March 3rd account in the Ballymote Notes. "Heartiest congratulations to Mr. Thomas McGettrick N.T., Ballymote, who was awarded the T. J. McCormack Gold Medal for the best characterisation at the Drama Festival held in Tubbercurry last week. Mr. McGettrick is a member of the Ballymote Dramatic Society, which obtained second place for their production of "The Whip Hand" in the competition for three-act plays (confined). The other members of the cast were Mrs. J. Scanlon, Messrs J. Meehan, P. K. Johnson, F. Flannery, P. Mullen and C. McGoey, Misses N. Clancy, E. Crowley and N. Meehan". The Producer was Rev. P. Higgins C.C.

Further evidence of significant local development is declared in the Champion tidings of 1st May

Prior to 1957 two classrooms of Ballymote Mercy Secondary School were accommodated in this building. There was another classroom in the Convent itself.

Colaiste Mhuire, Ballymote in 2021.

when handball was in the spotlight. "Having recently built a back wall, two side walls and put in a new floor in the local ballcourt, the members of Ballymote Handball Club are at present engaged in the erection of a gallery which, when completed, will accommodate 400 people." This significant modernisation of the ballcourt was the outcome of unstinting efforts by the committee under the inspired leadership of the chairman, Tim Daly. Michael Hannan of Ballymote was the Secretary of the County Handball Board and was a driving force in advancing the interests of the game in Ballymote, Collooney and in many other parishes. The other members of the Ballymote Handball Committee, who were appointed at the AGM in December 1955, were Michael Hannan Sr., F. Sheridan, J. J. Gorman, D. Brennan, M. Hannan Jr., P. Mullen, J. Ward, E. Hannon, J. Kilcoyne & O. Cunnane. At a meeting of the Connacht Handball Council in March it was decided, on the proposal of Ballymote's Michael Hannan, that the 1956 Connacht Senior, Junior and Minor Softball Singles and Doubles Finals would be played in the Ballymote Court. The winners of the Gael-Linn Handball tournaments in Ballymote and Collooney for 1956 were respectively, Mick Cunnane and Des Walsh. The trials to select handballers to represent Sligo at Senior and Junior levels brought players from Ballyrush, Ballisodare, Collooney, Carrigans, Ballymote and Easkey to Ballymote on 16th May. A "25" Drive to raise funds for the Ballymote Handball Club was held in the Loftus Hall from 26th Feb. to 4th March. A very successful tournament for juvenile players was also held in the ballcourt.

The arrivals and departures of a number of our visitors received special attention from the local correspondent. "After an absence of 47 years in the States, Mr. Alfred Hever, son of Thomas and Eleanor Hever and a brother of Francis Hever of Co. Monaghan, visited his native town, Ballymote, during the week. Mr. Hever vividly recalled his exploits in World War 1 with the U.S. army in France. After being taken prisoner by German forces he managed to escape and was commended for gallantry by General Pershing of the U.S. army".

"Miss Hannah McEvoy, of Kearny, New Jersey is spending a holiday in Ballymote. A daughter of Bartholemew and the late Mrs. Healy of Teeling St., Ballymote, Mrs McEvoy emigrated to the States in 1930. Her husband, Patrick McEvoy, played a prominent part in the fight for Irish independence".

"After spending a holiday with his sister, Mrs. Patrick Henry, Oldrock, Mr. Owen Leonard returned to New Jersey, USA during the week. Mr. Leonard, who had been away from this country for 29 years, was accompanied by his wife, formerly Miss Mary Forde of Castlerea, Co. Roscommon".

"Mr. Tommy Murray of London, who has won £1,500 in an Australian football Pool, is a native of Ballymote. Mr. Murray recently returned to England after spending a holiday with his father, Mr. Thos. Murray, who resides in Marren Park."

"The Misses Kathleen and Rita Conlon, daughters of Mrs. Conlon and the late John Conlon, Oldrock, Ballymote, recently sailed from Cobh to join their cousin, Mrs. O'Hanlon, Columbus, Ohio, USA".

"During the week Rev. Fr. Herbert Fincham P.P., West Grimstead, Horsham, Sussex, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Gertie Fincham, paid a flying visit to Ballymote. Mrs. Fincham, who is a sister of the late Jim and Letty Reynolds, Beechmount, (The Cryan home beside the Art Deco), Teeling St., Ballymote and of Mrs. T. Morrin, late of Swinford, celebrated her ninetieth birthday on the 6th August".

Several activities of Ballymote Golf Club were also chronicled. "Over 20 members of the local Golf Club took part in the competition for the Canon Quinn Cup over the Templehouse Links on Sunday 15th October. The winner was Mr. P. Hayden, with Mr. J. Kivlehan as runner-up." "The golf competition for the Monsignor Roughneen Cup took place over the Templehouse Links on Sunday 25th June. The winner was Mr. V. Kennedy B.Agric.Sc. (The Club's Captain) and the runner-up was Mr. N. Buckley". On Sunday 6th February the annual dance under the auspices of the local Golf Club was held in the Loftus hall. The hall was artistically decorated for the occasion and the music supplied by Denis Cronin and his 10-piece orchestra. During the interval Mr.

P. K. Johnson Solr., on behalf of the organising committee, thanked all who patronised the function". To mark the occasion of the recent wedding of Mr. Patrick Tansey, Secretary of the Golf Club to his bride Miss Nellie Meehan, the happy couple were the recipients of a wireless set from the members of the club.

Mr. Cawley focused the readers' attention on an occurrence of good fortune in June. "Congratulations are extended to Miss Mary Hunt, Keenaghan, who last week won first prize in a Dublin Sunday Paper Fashion Competition. Miss Hunt, who is attached to the teaching staff of Carrowreagh School, will be awarded a prize of a Summer Shopping Spree".

Diligent achievement is thereafter saluted in four cases. "For fifteen years safe driving, Mr. Ignatius Scully, Grattan Street, a popular member of the C.I.E. road freight staff has been awarded a special gold star by the Safety-First Association of Ireland. The Ballymote stationmaster, Mr. Leonard, presented the award and congratulated Mr. Scully".

"Bernadette Chambers, Marren Park, Ballymote, secured second place in the recent County Council Scholarship examination. Miss Chambers is a daughter of John and Mrs. May Chambers and was a pupil of the Convent of Mercy, Ballymote. She will now continue her studies in Swinford Mercy Secondary School"

Miss Marie Trumble, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. James Trumble, Keash, was congratulated on obtaining her S.R.N. degree in a London hospital.

Congratulations were also extended to Miss Teresa Redican, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Redican, Rathmullen, and a student of Ballymote Secondary School, on her success in the Intermediate Examination.

On 7th January the column outlining the 1955 Christmas business activity in Ballymote Post Office is worthy of note. "There was a general increase in postal traffic at Ballymote Post Office. Registered parcels posted to English addresses showed an increase of 10 % over Christmas 1954. Incoming parcels showed a similar increase, while the volume of Christmas cards was greater than ever. Complete clearances were made in good time for Christmas Eve deliveries. Money orders from England and the USA were much lower than last year, both in number and value. There was also a noticeable falling off in the volume of American mails, particularly in the number of gift parcels. Friday 23rd was a very heavy day when the supplementary payments were made to old age pensioners and widows and orphans. For the smooth running of affairs much credit is due to the Postmaster, Mr. S. Ruddy, and his efficient and painstaking staff".

On the 25th June the Post Office Staff Dance was held in the Loftus Hall. The music was supplied by Pat O'Hara & his Dance Orchestra. During the year the entire staff of Ballymote Post Office subscribed generously to a testimonial and presentation of a beautiful three-piece-suite to postal staff members Mr. Billy and Mrs. Nuncie Meehan, who had celebrated their wedding in the recent past.

A July golden wedding and a February wedding that Mr. Cawley communicated will, no doubt, arouse the memories of many of our senior citizens. "Mr. Patrick Gardiner, Creamery Road and his wife, formerly Miss Catherine Pearson, celebrated the golden jubilee of their wedding on Thursday last at a Mass of Thanksgiving, which was attended by a large congregation in Ballymote Church".

"The wedding took place in Ballymote Church of Mr. Francie Scanlon, son of Mr. & Mrs. Jas. Scanlon, Carrigans Upper and Miss Mary Frances Sharkey, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. F. Sharkey, Ballybrennan. The bride, who was given away by her father, had as bridesmaid her cousin Miss Margaret Doddy. The best man was Mr. Matt Scanlon, brother of the groom. Subsequently, a reception was held in the Grand Hotel, Sligo and later the happy couple left for Dublin, where the honeymoon was spent".

While considering the affairs of Ballymote's financial centre, which was thriving in 1956, our attention was drawn to a transfer presentation of a well esteemed banking family. "At a very enjoyable function held in the Elms, Ballymote, on Monday night, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. F. Scott were presented with a silver three-tiered cake stand and a silver sauce boat from the members of the Methodist Church. Mr. Scott, who had been cashier at the Ballymote Branch of the Ulster Bank, has been transferred to Killyleagh. Mrs. Scott had been the honorary organist in the local Methodist Church for a number of years. (now the home of Mrs. Y. Hewitt). The gifts were presented by Rev. McCaffrey, President of the Methodist Church of Ireland. He wished Mr. & Mrs. Scott and their son Charles every success in their new home".

Due to the fact that all bank officials lived in Ballymote while they were employed in the local offices, the transfers of such workers were regularly acknowledged in the local notes. "During the week Mr. Michael McGovern, a clerk in the local branch of the Ulster Bank and secretary of Ballymote Total Abstinence Association, left town on transfer to Sligo. He has been replaced by Mr. Michael Winters, Ballina". "Mr. Charlie McGoey, a member of the clerical staff of the Hibernian Bank, left town on transfer to Ballybay, Co. Monaghan. Mr. McGoey was

a prominent member of the local Dramatic Society and of the Ballymote G.A.A., Golf and Tennis Clubs".

The movement of Gardai was duly and similarly noted. "Garda J. Callaghan, who had been stationed here for the past twelve months, has been transferred to Aclare, where he replaces Garda P. J. Hartigan, who has taken up duty in Ballymote".

The Prize & Parents' Day at Ballymote Vocational School was accorded comprehensive publicity on 7th April. Rev. Fr. O'Hara C.C. presided and the meeting was attended by Mr. T. McEvilly C.E.O. and by Rev. P. Higgins C.C. In the course of his address, the Principal, Mr. T. J. McCarrick noted that a very high percentage of the students do show their appreciation for the education provided by enthusiastic efforts to make progress. He added that it was important that parents realise the necessity of regular and punctual attendance. When the certificates were presented, it was evident that the results in the Department of Education's Examinations had again been satisfactory. Mr. McCarrick thanked each member of the staff for their efforts and especially Fr. O'Hara who directed Religious Instruction. In conclusion, the Principal spoke in the following terms: "It affords me great pleasure to welcome as a member of our staff, a past pupil of our school, Kevin McBrien".

At the AGM of Ballymote GAA club in March the following officers were appointed: President, Rev. P. Higgins C.C.; Chairman, Mr. J. O'Hara; Vice Chairman, Mr. J. Flannery; Secretary & Treasurer, Mr. P. Mullen; Team Manager, T. Daly. Mr. F. Flannery was appointed the club's referee for games in Co. Sligo. The Senior team enjoyed a moderately successful season reaching the semi-finals of the Sligo Senior League and Championship where they were defeated by Curry and Tubbercurry. Paddy Mullen, Padraig Dockry and Séamus Keevans represented Sligo at Senior level during the season. Paddy Mullen was also a member of the Sligo Junior team that won the Connacht Junior Championship in July. Sligo played Westmeath in Corran Park in November in the National League. The Ballymote Senior panel players were J. Killoran, E. Hannan, J. Flannery, T. Muldoon, J. Hogge, M. Alcock, E. Mullen, M. Scanlon, B. Colvert, B. Scully, S. Hannan, P. McGuinness, M. Carr, M. Fitzsimons, M. Butler, P. Dockry, A. Brady, G. Cassidy, C. McGoey, M. Winters, F. Alcock, B. Alcock, F. Conlon, E. Fox and D. Collins. The club's schoolboys' league involved almost 40 boys and was very successfully concluded. The teams and participants were: St. Patrick's - Padraic Breheny, Brendan Coleman, Gerry McDonagh, Gerry Mattimoe, Paul Galvin, Pat Ruddy, Hubert McDermott, and Tommy Healy; Rovers – Jimmy Finn, Ciaran Oates, Bernard Tansey, Willie Reynolds, Cyril Hogge, Michael Gilmartin, Michael Hoey, Tony Meehan and James Murray; St. Anthony's – Stepho Benton, Brendan Benton, Martin McDonagh, John McAndrew, Charlie McGarvey, Padraic Hunt, Michael Rogers and Owen Duffy; St. James – Neal Farry, Jim Sreenan, Francis Donoghue, Paddy Prior, Michael Hannan, Tommy McCarrick, Jimmy Donoghue, John Rogers and Fergus McArdle; St. Leo's – Rainey Cassidy, Noel Clarke, John Cassidy, John Killoran, Leonard Scully, Noel Healy, Gerry Berry and Richard Molloy.

At the October meeting of Ballymote & District Angling Club held in Hogge's Hotel the following officers and committee members were appointed: President, Mr. T. J. Gallagher; Chairman, J. D. Fairweather; Vice Chairman, P. Rouillier; Treasurer, P. Rogers; Secretary, E. McGettrick. Committee: Mrs. Kitchen, Dr. T. Taheny, Messrs T. Henry, P. Duffy, P. Goulden, T. P. Healy, T. McGettrick and P. McLoughlin. Plans by the Inland Fisheries' Trust for the further stocking of Lough Labe with 3,000 rainbow trout were noted. The planting of additional shrubs and trees at the northern shore were discussed and it was decided to limit the Labe fishing open season from May 1st to July 31st. It was also revealed that the Fisheries' Trust intended to carry out a concentrated scheme on Lough Feenagh and if possible, to stock that lake with brown trout. The Fisheries' Trust also believed that Cloonacleigha lake would be suitable for the development of trout.

On 10th December the death occurred of Mr. Bertie Farry. Mr. Farry played a prominent part in the War of Independence as a member of the Ballymote Battallion I.R.A. He was a keen Gaelic footballer who was a member of the Sligo Junior team that won the Connacht Championship in 1926. Bertie also played with the Ballymote 1926 Sligo Senior Championship winning team. As a Fianna Fáil member of Sligo County Council, Mr. Farry gave 17 years of service during the thirties and forties. Mr. Farry's career and funeral were comprehensively covered in the edition of 15th December 1956.

The announcement of the formation of Ballymote Macra na Feirme Branch makes interesting reading; "A large and enthusiastic meeting of young farmers of the locality were addressed by the National Organiser, Mr. Louis Moran, in the Vocational School. Mr. Moran stressed the educational, cultural and social aspects of the organisation, informing the gathering about the national stock-judging competition, the national public speaking and national question-time competitions. The following officers were elected: Chairman, Mr. James Flanagan, Ballinascarrow; Secretary, Mr. P. J. McGettrick, Cluid;

Treasurer, Mr. J. Walsh, Derroon. Mr. K. McBrien R.Sc.I. presided at the meeting".

The Ancient Order of Hibernians press release provided the following information: "At a meeting of Ballymote A.O.H., held in the Hibernian Hall the following officers were elected: President, Mr. P. Connell; Vice President, Mr. Joseph Quinn; Secretary, Mr. Michael Hannan, Treasurer, Mr. Michael P. Scanlon; Caretaker, Mr. J. Price. Trustees: Messrs J. Quinn, M. Hever, M. Hannan, and P. Hever. It was decided that the Hall would be open each night during the winter for the benefit of card players".

The edition of 16th June details the agenda of the Old Age Pension Committee in this manner. "Mr. M. McGettrick M.I.A.A., presided at the monthly meeting of Ballymote O.A.P. Committee held in the Courthouse on Monday. The other members present were Miss D. Bohan, Messrs B. Farry, B. Cawley and J. White. The Clerk, Miss B. Bohan, was also in attendance. Five cases were satisfactorily dealt with and one adjourned to the next meeting, due to the non-attendance of one of the claimants".

The Sligo Champion features for 1956 provide much evidence of a thriving social scene in Ballymote. Nevertheless, it must be appreciated that in 1955/56 Ireland was deep in recession. The summary of local community business activity during Christmas 1955/56 makes depressing reading. "The quietest Christmas in living memory was the general consensus of opinion in Ballymote. Traders who had experienced a quiet pre-Christmas trade expected a last-minute rush of business that did not materialise. The reduced prices for fowl made the women cautious, and in many cases only the bare necessities were purchased. The majority of traders reported a falling-off on last year's takings".

While the economy was indeed ailing the people of 1956 Ballymote were not prepared to accept the situation without a positive response. This counteraction was outlined in the edition of 29th December 1956. "A letter written by former residents of the Ballymote area, now resident in Dublin, to Monsignor Roughneen P.P.V.F. in which they advocated and stressed the necessity for the establishment of an industry in Ballymote, has given rise to a surge of enthusiasm in the locality which may well lead to the thriving South Sligo town taking its rightful place on the industrial map of the county. A highly enthusiastic meeting attended by upwards of two hundred farmers and local business people was held in the Loftus Hall on Wednesday of last week. Opinions and views were put forward by several of those in attendance. It was decided on the motion of Mr. P. F. Begley, seconded by Mr. J. Healy, to invite the writers of the letter to Ballymote to discuss the matter with the townspeople at a further meeting to be held early in the New Year". Monsignor Roughneen chaired the meeting.

I wish to express my gratitude to Mr. Paul Deering, Editor, who has granted permission for the use of extracts from the Sligo Champion issues of 1956. (NF).

The Month of May

by Michael Gorman, Submitted by Derek Davey

Standing over my mother's dead body
I note, as for the first time,
the freckles on her neck and shoulder
gone from the world of small gesture
that never drew attention to itself,
the way she sprinkled a modicum of salt
along the edge of a closed egg salad
years before, in the Mozart café.

Everything is suddenly magnified,
I can follow individual blades of grass
moving on the hospital lawn,
a poster on a faraway pole
in familiar blocks of colour
declares the circus is in town.
Alex Lacey, lion tamer,
the Fling Sousas Acrobatic troupe,
Miss Beatrix Spindler
with her amazing Spanish horses
are appearing at Sligo Fairgreen.

She carted us off together, once,
paid in to an everyday field
beside the river at Ballisodare
where we watched stars of
all-in wrestling
avoid each other entirely
as they crashed into parallel ropes
on a makeshift, elevated stage.

We never look closely enough.
After the show was over,
the cars filed out an open gate,
midges hovered in the river light.

Kilmorgan's Forgotten Cleric

by John Mc Donagh

The parish that we now know as Ballymote is an amalgamation of two ancient county Sligo parishes. Emlefad, which contains an old seventeenth century church and an historic burial ground, and Kilmorgan to the north east of Ballymote, an ancient monastic site, also containing the ruins of an old seventeenth church and some burials of historic interest.

Listed in the Griffiths Valuation of Kilmorgan 1858 as one of the tenants on the estate of Jemmet Duke, is a certain Francis Davy, with a holding of twenty-eight acres. Two of Francis' sons, Patrick and Owen, were educated in the seminary of Maynooth and became priests. While Patrick's ministry as a priest was spent in England, his brother Owen, the subject of this article, would spend most of his life in Australia. His lifetime achievements as a priest, pastor, educator and tireless ecclesiastical worker in the diocese of Sandhurst, in the Australian state of Victoria, were truly remarkable.

Owen Davy was born in 1843 and was ordained on 18th June 1869. The name appears as No.1706 in the list of ordinations and students published in The Irish Ecclesiastical records: Matriculation 15.11.1862; Ordination 18.5.1869.

Fr. Owen's first assignment was that of curate in Curry, Co. Sligo. Following that he was appointed Parish Priest in Swinford, Co.Mayo.

In the year 1875 his organisational skills and talents came to the attention of the visiting Australian Bishop Martin Crane, who persuaded the young Owen to leave Ireland and emigrate to a place far away from his native land in the newly formed diocese of Sandhurst, Victoria, in Southern Australia.

The Rev. Dean Owen Davy

Australia 1875

What awaited the young Fr. Owen on the other side of the globe in 1875 must indeed have presented a major challenge. This young, vast and grossly undeveloped area of central Victoria was at that time, a lawless and often dangerous place. The British authorities were still shipping out convicts, orphans, vagrants and anybody considered to be a drain on the wealthy Victorian society at home, in the hope and expectation that they could exploit for the crown, the wealth and resources of this underdeveloped land.

It must have been an absolute culture shock for somebody to move from the temperate Irish climate to the blistering heat and arid conditions of Victoria. From the rain, the small farms and boglands of just a few acres, to the vast cattle and sheep stations, often hundreds of thousands of acres in extent; from the subsistence farming and thatched cottages of Western Ireland to the goldfields and vast mining enterprises around Bendigo; from the fervent Catholic congregations in the west of Ireland to the multiracial, multicultural, population of every religion, and often no religion at all, that had flooded into

Victoria to exploit its newly-found riches.

Bendigo, in Central Victoria is the main town in the Sandhurst diocese. It gained international notoriety during the Christmas of 1851 when Margaret Kennedy discovered gold nuggets on her land near the town. The whole area then experienced an almost unprecedented influx of people from nearly every corner of the Earth, all hoping to make their fortunes in these newly discovered goldfields. By the following June the population of Bendigo had increased from 800 to 20,000 and Bendigo became one of the world's best ever gold producing regions, producing two tons of gold nearly every week, enough to make England, then Australia's colonial master, very wealthy. Enough gold in fact was mined to pay off the debts accrued by England from her involvement in all the various wars of the mid-nineteenth century.

Here in this vast, wild and often lawless area Fr. Owen was to spend the rest of his life, tirelessly working and raising funds, to build schools and churches and to establish the Catholic faith in the mining towns and camps and among the workers and herders of the huge cattle and sheep stations around Bendigo, Benalla and Wangaratta.

Central Victoria was indeed a very lawless area at that particular time. Ned Kelly, the notorious bushranger who hailed from the Benalla region, was at the height of his lawless career, robbing banks, gold shipments and stealing horses and cattle. Following a shootout, in which his brother Dan Kelly and two other members of his gang were killed, he was captured and executed in Melbourne jail in 1880, having been convicted of murdering four policemen.

Also, the indigenous Aboriginal population quite understandably resented their traditional lands being taken over by settlers and were often hostile. Only a few years earlier, eight ranch hands had been slaughtered in a confrontation between the natives and settlers, the so called "Battle of Broken River." Over one hundred native Australians were murdered by the settlers in reprisals.

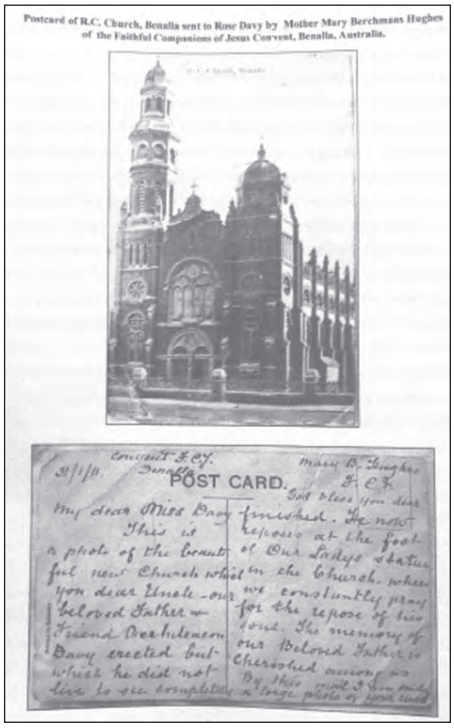
Fr. Owen's new ministry

Sandhurst, a Catholic Mission since 1852, had only separated from Melbourne and become a diocese two years before the arrival of Fr. Owen. It certainly proved an outlet and provided an awesome challenge for his exceptional natural skills and talents. According to the diocesan records Fr. Owen sailed from London on the Dunallstair accompanied by three professed Sisters of Mercy and four postulants. The six weeks voyage took them across the stormy waters of the Bay of Biscay and through the searing heat of the newly constructed Suez Canal.

They arrived in Melbourne on December 26th 1875 and from there made the two and a half hour train journey to Bendigo. From 1876 to 1880 Fr Davy worked in Bendigo. In 1880 he was made D.D. by Bishop Crane and appointed P.P. of Benalla where he worked for the next four years. He was then recalled to Bendigo and made a Dean in February 1885. The following year he returned to Ireland for well-earned rest and recuperation.

Quote from the Sandhurst diocesan archives-- 'On return from his holidays in 1887 he was sent to Benalla as pastor. The twenty years that followed, with a break in 1903 to 1904 would appear to mark a great advancement in the development and equipping of the parish. A church was built in Violet Town in 1899 and schools were built at Benalla and Dookie. The old presbytery on the Mansfield Road was replaced by something more appropriate next to St Joseph's Church.

As a reward for dedicated service and for introducing the F.C.J. nuns he was created an Archdeacon in November 1901. It was at this stage that he became Vicar General of the diocese. The bringing of a famous church bell in 1904, the building of the famous St Joseph's Church in 1907, the raising of funds for a new bishop's house in Bendigo ---- these and many more



Postcard of R.C. Church, Benalla sent to Rose Davy by Mother Mary Berchmans Hughes of the Faithful Companions of Jesus Convent, Benalla, Australia.

of his achievements are recorded in the Benalla centenary publication of 1976'.

The building programmes

Dean Davy was very focused on providing education for children in the Sandhurst diocese during his time there. Hence his dedication to bringing the Mercy Sisters to Bendigo and twenty-four years later, in the year 1900 he brought the F.C.J. (Faithful Companions of Jesus) Sisters to Benalla. They established a convent and school there, providing excellent educational facilities and opportunities for many hundreds of children.

Dean Owen Davy was also responsible for building churches at Devenish, Bungeet and Violet Town and raising funds for new churches at Euroa and Gowangardie along with new schools at Benalla and Dookie. But his crowning achievement, although he did not live to see its completion, must have been St. Joseph's Pro- Cathedral in Benalla. Surely a tireless worker!

In 1903 Dean Davy took another well-deserved break which he spent

THE SECOND PARISH PRIEST

Father Owen Davy succeeded Father Scanlon but, in 1884, following his appointment as a Dean and Vicar-General of the Diocese he left Benalla to take up his new duties in Bendigo. A farewell function saw the presentation of 400 sovereigns to Dean Davy and the local paper stated that the Benalla Mission was then in a flourishing state with no debt on the Churches and Schools.

Following Dean Davy's departure Father John P. Carolan, an alumnus of Maynooth College in Ireland, was transferred as Parish Priest from Heathcote to Benalla where he worked until 1887. At that time his priestly duties took him to Shepparton and Dean Davy returned to his former Parish of Benalla to begin a fruitful pastorate which still endears him to those older residents who remember him well.

[illegible], Ballytale, Co. Sligo

He was born in (Swinford) Co. Mayo Ireland, and completed his studies for the priesthood at Maynooth College where he was ordained in 1869. He was Parish Priest of his native parish when Bishop Crane pursuaded him to come to Australia in 1876 where his first duties were in Bendigo collecting for the building of the Bishop's Palace.

However, Benalla and district saw the fruits of Dean Davy's greatest work. He attended with zeal to the spiritual needs of his flock and travelled regularly to the country school to give religious instruction to the children. In addition he embarked on an extensive building programme.

He was responsible for the churches at Devenish, Bungeet 1882 and Violet Town, 1899. The old church at Violet Town was moved to Rothesay and is still in use. He built new schools at Benalla and Dookie and extended the church at Cashel.

New churches at Euroa and Gowangardie were assisted by funds which he collected.

The old Presbytery in Benalla — "Vaucluse" along the Mansfield Road was replaced in 1900 by the Presbytery on the present site adjacent to the Church in Arundel Street. It was in the same year that the Convent was built.

Parish newsletter article

mostly around his native place in Kilmorgan and Ballymote. It looks as if he planned to retire here because he purchased a plot in the new cemetery in Ballymote and erected a spectacular marble headstone with the inscription, "Erected by The Rev. Dean Davy O.D.V.C. Sandhurst, Australia, In memory of his beloved parents Francis and Anne Davey and his beloved brothers John and Martin Davy of Kilmorgan. Their remains lie in the old abbey. May they rest in peace." Perhaps he was planning to be buried there himself, or maybe he wanted to be remembered around his native Ballymote.

Archdeacon Davy passed on to his eternal reward at the age of sixty-five on January 22nd 1908. According to contemporary newspaper reports; "He died of heart failure exacerbated by the intense heat." His remains were interred in the local cemetery but later transferred to St Joseph's Pro-Cathederal (still under construction in 1908).

In his will he left £3,988 to charitable, religious and educational purposes in the parish that he had brought to such a high status.

Apart from the headstone, all references and all memories seem to have disappeared from the place where he was born and reared. It is not often that somebody, born at the start of the Gorta Mór could make such a contribution to the propagation and promotion of the Faith that he cherished so much.

I am delighted for this opportunity to have The Rev. Dean Owen Davy's memory and achievements recorded for posterity.

I wish to express my heartfelt thanks to Eithne Gallagher Ballaghaderreen and Donna Bailey of the Sandhurst diocesan archives for their invaluable help in writing this article

To this day the FCJ School in Benalla, still bestow students with the Dean Davy Award each year. This is the

The Dean Davy Award

highest academic award presented to a student annually who has received the highest number of Academic Excellence Awards achieving an A/A+ throughout the academic year.

Memories and Musings

BENALLA JUBILEE

By "M"

A chance remark brought to my notice the golden jubilee ball of the Benalla F.C.J. Convent's Past Pupils' Association, held recently and reported elsewhere in *The Advocate*.

Actually, the fiftieth anniversary of the Sisters' arrival in Benalla will not take place until later in the year, but the ball was a fitting commencement of the celebrations. From our files of 1900, I have extracted the following notes of the arrival of the first nuns: On Tuesday morning (August 14) eight nuns of the Order of the "Faithful Companions of Jesus" arrived in Benalla from Melbourne. They came from Richmond (Vaucluse), where there is a large community of the Order. . . . At the station they were met by Rev. Dean Owen Davy, Rev. James O'Reilly, and a large number of the parishioners, who escorted them to the church. On the church grounds they received a real Irish welcome from a still larger body of the people, together with the school children, who sang appropriate hymns, and accompanied them into the church, where Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given, and the Te Deum sung by the choir. The Dean delivered a short address, in which, on behalf of the people and himself, he tendered a cordial welcome to them to Benalla. "You have come here at my invitation," he said, "and with the hearty and earnest approval of the Bishop of the diocese. We have been looking forward with great interest to this happy day, and we rejoice exceedingly to see you in our midst, prepared to devote your lives to the welfare of religion and the education of the children of this parish. I can promise you that you will receive—because I know that you will deserve—the respect and the esteem of all classes in this town, as well as the affectionate regard of our own Catholic people. None can value more highly than I do the services rendered to religion and education by your Order wherever it exists. I have learnt with great pleasure, on very good authority, that the excellence of the education given in your schools, in both England and France, is unrivalled, and that the religious training of your pupils is unsurpassed. In

Above newsletter taken from the National Library of Australia.

Girl Guides in Ballymote in the 1980s

by Belinda O'Dea (nee O'Dowd)

If you know what a lanyard or a woggle is, ever polished your trefoil with brasso, been in a patrol named after a bird, made a promise over a reflective surface and lived by the motto "Be prepared", at least for a time, you were probably one of this group ...

Back row l-r:
Michelle Parke, Michelle Concannon, Belinda O'Dowd, Bernadette Dwyer, Anne Conheady, Maura Watson, Karina Mattimoe, Antoinette Martin.

2nd row l-r:
Mrs. Maree O'Dowd, Eithne Martin, Ann Cannon, Assumpta Golden, Marion Porter, Esther Cassidy, Rosaleen Mullen, Mrs. Pauline Farrell, Mrs. Brenda Duffy (RIP)

3rd row l-r:
Mrs. Maureen Sheridan, Caroline Dwyer, Lara Waldron, Sinead O'Connor, Anne Sheridan, Louise Dockry, Mrs. Attracta Molloy (RIP), Justina Mattimoe, Mairead Gannon, Suzanne Doddy, Mrs. Gladys Hannon.

Before we were Girl Guides some of us were Brownies. The unit was led by Mrs. Doreen Lavin and called "Brown Owl". It started in the Community Centre at the top of The Rock in the late '70s. There we were introduced to an array of knots, a secret left-handed handshake, sang camp songs, skipped around a homemade toadstool and a pool (or mirror) like fairies and tried to do a good deed everyday.

Why a toadstool and a pool? The story goes that a tired mother who was at the end of her tether with messy lazy children wished she had a "Brownie", who was a creature who mysteriously tidied the house everyday before anyone got up, so the children decided to visit a brown owl in the forest to find out how to get one.
The brown owl told them to go to a pool, turn around three times and say: "Twist me and turn me and show me the elf.
I looked in the water and there saw ....."
The owl said the Brownies' name will rhyme with elf so, you guessed it, the child sees themselves. Being a Brownie is all about lending a hand, which is their motto. I can now say as a mother, kudos to the adult who adapted that story from a much older publication by Mrs J.H. Ewing and added to the Brownie handbook of 1969.

Our uniform was a blue dress with a matching blue belt and of course had the all essential pockets. Everyone knows you need pockets to lend a hand and later to be prepared. We wore blue wool-like hats and our trefoil was pinned onto a yellow cross-over neck piece.

From there we progressed to Girl Guides in the '80s where the emphasis was less on lending a hand (aka housework) and was more about learning practical skills as we started to prepare for life after being a child.

Weekly meetings were run out of the old Protestant Hall opposite the mart (now a funeral parlour). My mother Maree O'Dowd was one of the adult leaders whose Girl Guide moniker was "Tawny Owl".

Our uniform dress was now transformed by an amazing leather belt that had hooks for our pen knives etc. I had a spork too! We had a more grown up looking blue beret now and a white cord called a lanyard was draped over our light blue scarves. The scarves could be folded to look like a tie or draped around the neck and pulled together with the aforementioned woggle (instead of tying the two ends together). The brass trefoil badge would be pinned to the scarf. The scarf could also be used for an array of things when we went camping. The adult leaders or owls wore a navy skirt and jumper with a light blue shirt and darker blue tie. And, of course they too had the amazing leather belt.

I was the leader of the Kingfisher Patrol and had to learn to sew onto my uniform dress, a very pretty badge

with a kingfisher embroidered on it. (Or maybe my mother sewed it on for me which is highly likely!) As we learned skills we earned more badges. Note our toadstool and pool made out of a colander and tin foil in the group photo. Ingenuity at its finest.

My daughter was the Dolphin patrol leader in her Girl Guide unit in Australia. It's amazing how some things don't change much. The first Girl Guide troop was formed in the UK in 1910 after some controversy happened at the first ever Boy Scout rally in 1909 in London.

Lt-Gen. Baden-Powell had seen how useful young lads were for carrying messages during the second Boer war at the siege of Mafeking 1899-1900, so when he came home he put his observations to the test with a camp for 21 boys and subsequently wrote the book "Scouting for boys" which covered tracking, signalling and cooking. Soon the boys began to form patrols and troops but it didn't go unnoticed by the girls either who followed suit regardless of what Baden-Powell or society thought about weak girls.

After the girls caused a ruckus at the 1909 rally and Baden-Powell got some negative publicity from "The Spectator" he asked his sister Agnes Baden-Powell to form a separate female Girl Guide organisation which officially happened in 1910. The Girl Guide movement first came to Ireland in 1911.

My favourite part was camping, as it was for my daughter here in Australia too. It really was and is such fun. We camped at Lissadell in the '80s where we could also go for a summer dip in the Atlantic. We were taught how to roll our sleeping bags in our ground sheets to make them water tight and made a handle to carry our roll, with some very nifty knots.
The tents were huge big green canvas affairs with no floor making the ground sheets essential so we wouldn't get "damp to our bones!" It took many girls and adult owls to set up and there plenty of mallet action. I notice the adult leaders in Australia are not called Tawny or Brown Owl but are instead are called Wombat and Kookaburra.

The centrepiece of our Lissadell camp was a forest fancy dress "gala" where we had to improvise our costumes out of twigs, leaves, moss and shells. By this point we could have been teens because I remember there was great interest in the Boy Scout camp next door.

Our weekly meetings back at base in Ballymote introduced us to many things like macrame and skincare to name a couple, we also did cookouts, had Halloween fun, made Christmas wreaths etc.

We had a few trips to Dublin too, one I can recall was to see a pantomime in the Gaiety theatre, which was a first for many. Another time we entered a National Girl Guide talent competition where we did a play all dressed as flowers - naturally we made all the costumes too (out of crepe paper). Needless to say we won! Such talented little flowers.

We marched in a few St. Patrick's Day parades where I draw your attention to my mother's high heeled footwear in the attached photo. Mrs. Farrell wasn't exactly in flats either. Total legends.

Thanks again to all the Owls, some of whom are sadly no longer with us, who introduced us to practical feminism and helped us become the strong women I hope we are today.

Penny for The Missions

by Joan Gleeson

The morning was the usual wet, cold, windy December morning in 1952. The peat fires were being lit and the blue smoke ascended from every chimney. As I put my cardboard case of books on the carrier of the bike, I could hear the whistle of the Dublin train thundering up the railway tracks. The delightful solemn peal of the Ballymote Church bell for the half-eight mass in the morning reminded me to say the morning offering of the Prayers, Works and Sufferings for the day ahead.

With the wind on my back, I had happy thoughts of being in good time for school with a few minutes to spare to copy the Latin in the bicycle shed. Those happy thoughts were short lived! As often happens to 'the best laid plans of mice and men', 'ní mar a síltear a bítear!'

A couple of hundred yards down the road, the bicycle chain started to miss connections to make the wheels move forward causing the bike to come to a full stop at a neighbour's gate. Peddling like fury made no impression. I howled in horror, as at that rate, there was no way I'd make the school even that side of the Christmas tests on my old crock of a bike - not to mention the fact that I didn't have the required 'penny for the missions', the penalty for late arrival.

The woman of the house, Mary Brigit, God be good to her - one of the funniest and most resourceful ladies in all Knocknagower, which was a metropolis of five families or thereabouts, was on her way out to milk the cows. Down she came to see what all the commotion was about.

Having ascertained the extent of my distress,
"Wait here" she said, "I'll be back in a minute".
Wait here? Salt in the wound; I'm going nowhere!
Turning on her heel, Mary B. swiftly returned with the tried and tested remedy of a shovelful of ashes and a bottle of Knock Holy Water.
"Stand back, a ghrá. The nuns wouldn't approve of ashes on them nice polished shoes".

With the steady hand of a master, she proceeded to sprinkle the ashes along the cogs, manually turning the pedals to cover the whole chain. Just like equations in the geometry class, this proved to be the answer to the problem. The dust and grit did the job. The cogs connected: QED, with a generous blessing of the Knock Holy Water (well I was wet anyway)
"On your bike" says she, "and on the way home from the town, bring me tuppence worth of cloves from Dockry's Bakery. Now here's that penny for the missions".

On arrival at the school, class had started. The teacher spotted me sneaking in at the bottom of the class even though she was facing the blackboard. Eyes in the back of the veil. The expression on the faces of my classmates had that 'you're in for it' look.
"Late again Siobhan. 'Penny for the Missions!' Well, what's your excuse today then? Waylaid by the gander guarding his territory were we?"
"No Sister, the bicycle was 'missing'."
"Missing?" She queried. "Missing? Was it stolen?"
"Oh no Sister, you see the chain got stretched from peddling up the Captain's Brae every morning and it wouldn't turn the wheels anymore."
There was no answer to that.

Now, Sister was a boarder in her school days and entered the convent after doing the Leaving. She never learned to ride a bike or knew the intricacies of its maintenance. Rattling mudguards, loose chains, slow punctures and disintegrated rubber on the pedals were all Greek to her. Not needing any more explanations, she dismissed me saying, "Sit down and take out your exercise copy and don't make a habit of being late".

As the years went on, those pennies for the missions accumulated. Sometimes even loose bicycle chains are an answer to prayer.

The Captain's Brae on the road going up to the Convent where many a student's bicycle chain became stretched.

Timekeeping through the Ages

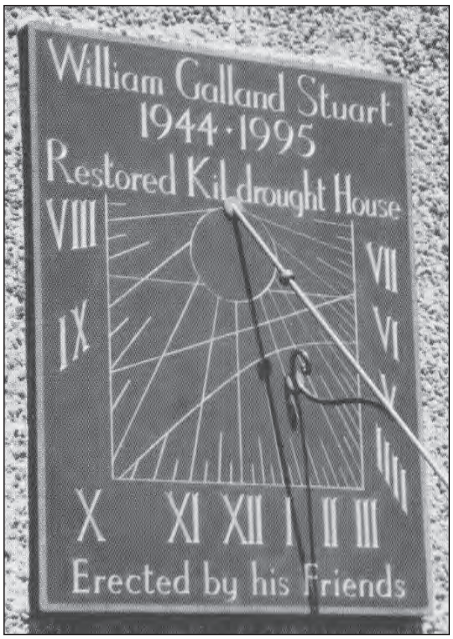
by Owen M. Duffy

The rotation of the earth on its axis and on its daily round is the basic clock that regulates our lives. Our time of waking, eating, working, relaxation and sleep is dependent on the earth's rotation. It is the fundamental cycle that has governed human life throughout the ages. In addition, the annual rotation of the earth around the sun, resulting in the change in the length of days and nights and in the seasons, has governed the way in which we live. However, the need and desire to divide the day into measurable parts has existed since the cradle of civilisation and back as far as 4000 years. This need led the ancient Greeks, Egyptians and Romans to create several types of sundials, sandglasses and water clocks. There is evidence that sundials were in use in Mesopotamia and China in the tenth century BC.

The water clock or "Clepsydra" also gained in popularity in earlier times. There were many types of clepsydra though the most common was a type of metal basin on the sides of which the hours and half hours were etched. Into the vessel the water dripped, drop by drop, and marked as it fell the passing hours with tolerable accuracy. And importantly, no sun was needed to 'time' the clepsydra.

It can be confidently claimed that the sundial is the oldest scientific instrument in existence. The first sundial constructed in ancient Rome was designed by the architect and engineer Vitruvius Pollio. By the year 100 AD it was discovered that a shadow cast by a sloping object was a far more accurate timekeeper than a shadow cast by a vertical object. They also discovered that if the shadow-casting object is parallel to the earth's axis, the direction of the shadow at any given hour of the day is constant, regardless of the season of the year. By the year 200 AD the Greeks, who introduced trigonometry into mathematics, designed a system of plotting the hour lines on a sundial. This system continued to be used by European sundial makers. Between the years 1500 and 1800 the sundial showing the hour of the day by means of a shadow cast by the central bar or pointer, now known as a "gnomon", came into general use. This was the great age of the "European Sundial". The gnomon points to the north star or "true north".

Two types of sundial were made. Firstly "The Vertical Sundial", this was designed to be erected on a wall facing directly south, with the gnomon pointing to the North Pole. In this way the shadow will be exactly on 12 (midday or noon) when the sun is highest in the sky. This type of vertical sundial was traditionally made for the south facing walls of large houses, public buildings and monasteries and was always positioned high up on the wall so that it was easily read by large numbers of people at any one time. The vertical sundial shown here was erected to the memory of the noted Irish horologist, William Galland Stuart on 30th June 2001.

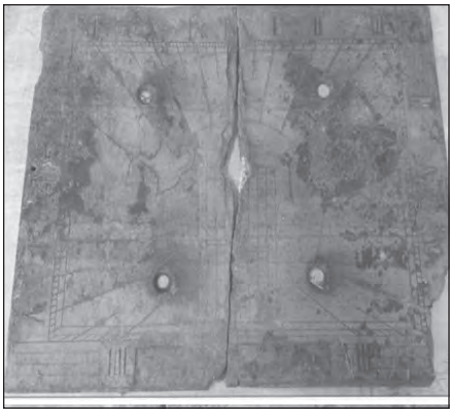


The Verticial Sundial.
The design was based on a dial erected by Joseph Fade in the year 1739 at Furrypark, Raheny, Dublin.

In the 18th century, the more popular type of sundial was the horizontal or garden sundial. Every Irish gentleman of means would almost certainly have had a sundial commissioned for his estate from an established mathematical instrument maker. Such an instrument would of necessity be well made since its purpose was to determine the time by which any household clocks would be regulated. It was used to determine the time by which the estate chores were carried out. Not only were they finely engraved with the customary hour lines but also perhaps furnished with features which might include astronomical and calendrical tables. These horizontal sundials were then set upon a graceful pedestal in the focal point of a formal garden or in sunny position in the centre of a rose garden. The horizontal sundial was usually standing about as high as a man's chest (4 ft 6 inches).

The horizontal sundial inscribed with the name C.F.Taaffe is typical of the horizontal sundial type described above. Francis Taaffe was born in Ballymote in 1639 and became 3rd Earl of Carlingford, 4th Viscount Taaffe of Corran and 4th Baron of Ballymote. He died in August 1704 and was buried at Nancy Cathedral in Lorraine, France. The ancestral home of the Taaffe family was Drumraine House, Ballymote while descendants also lived at Lisananny, Ballymote in the 1880s.

The earliest ordnance survey map published in 1837 shows a town sundial in Ballymote in an open green area close to the Court House and where the Art Deco is presently located.



The C.F.Taaffe sundial

A 1837 OS map showing town sundial

Most of the horizontal sundials produced locally had a diameter of approx. 12 inches and with a central style hole from which the hour lines radiate. Artisans continued to produce sundials well into the 20th century. Many schoolmasters produced sundials for time demonstration purposes in their schools. Schoolmasters had the mathematical instruments, a plentiful supply of slate and the mathematical expertise to produce accurate sundials. Patrick McNamara, the school headmaster at Tavrane National School also produced a sundial and dated it 18–0 5–1858. Patrick McNamara is fondly remembered in the beautiful and touching ballad "Kilkelly Ireland" recorded by the Clancy Brothers.

Some highly skilled tradesmen like Richard Brennan from Phaleesh,

The Patrick McNamara sundial dated, 18-05-1858

Killavil (born in 1868) made high quality sundials from marble and slate with the gnomon cast in brass. Richard's main occupation was blacksmithing and he specialised in the making of very ornamental gates, many of which are still to be seen in the Killavil area. Richard was probably encouraged and helped to make sundials by his older brother Martin who was schoolmaster in the local national school. Martin displayed two of these sundials in the front garden of his home in Knockgrania. Richard emigrated to the USA in the early part of the twentieth century and was a close friend of Michael Coleman who recorded a jig on the fiddle known as "Richard Brennan's Favourite". Richard died in the United States in ca 1939.

Michael James Marren, Comdt. of the 3rd Battalion Sligo Brigade Irish Republican Army also produced a sundial prior to his death in 1921. Michael James had trained in carpentry at McDonagh's carpentry and joinery works in Knockgrania, becoming an accomplished tradesman. Pat Hunt, Captain of the 3rd Brigade, also from Knockgrania, was a trusted friend and ally of Marren and accompanied him on many activities and raids in the 1918/1921 period. Comdt. M.J. Marren was accidentally drowned in Strandhill on the 12th July 1921, the day following the truce. Pat Hunt later settled on Wolfe Tone Street, Ballymote and proudly displayed

The M.J. Marren sundial showing the time at 6.40 pm

a marble sundial bearing the name Comdt. M.J. Marren on a graceful pedestal in the lawn area adjoining his home.

Many other artisans in the South Sligo area manufactured very ornamental sundials.

Serene he stands amongst the flowers,
But only counts life's sunny hours.
For him dull days do not exist,
The brazen faced old optimist
Author Unknown

Time Keeping Machines:

As sundials required sunny days to show the time, they were non-functional on overcast days. By the year 1300 artisans had set about attempting to build time machines for cathedrals, churches and monasteries in England, France and Italy. The very first of these indicated the time by striking a bell and thereby alerting the monastic community to its daily duties and prayer. These new inventions did not have a face (dial) and so the name adopted for this machine was from the Latin word for bell, "Clocca". By the year 1581 the Italian Astronomer and physicist Galileo discovered the properties of the pendulum and its use for timekeeping machines. These new machines were designed to keep uniform hours and the day was divided into 24 periods or hours in the 14th century. Now the question

is when to begin counting the hours or the start of day! Eventually the French system of dividing the day into two periods of twelve hours was adopted universally and counting to start at midnight. Efforts pre-1800 to change timekeeping into a decimal arrangement failed completely. In 1657 Christian Huygens, made the first pendulum controlled clock. It was only after this novel development that the hour could be divided accurately into 60 minutes and the minute into 60 seconds.

By the year 1700 English and French clocks made their appearance in the houses of only the most affluent. Ever gaining, ever losing time, these earliest mechanical timepieces were the playthings of estate owners, bankers and rich merchants and their exact time would be set by reference to the sundial.

Sundial

In general, it is true to say that our ancestors enjoyed a more leisurely approach to timekeeping. Getting up at cockcrow was a term in wide usage. The discovery of the benefits of Huygens "anchor escapement" paved the way for the development of longcase clocks which became known as "Grandfather clocks". These longcase clocks kept accurate time to a few seconds per week. The first longcase clock maker to set up business in Sligo in ca 1735 was John Irwin. A fine example of one of his handmade longcase clocks was installed in Castletown House in Celbridge Co. Kildare and still graces the main hallway to this day. The dial bears the name "Jon Irwin, Sligoe". The development of Sligo Port, a new Customs house and private warehousing led to a rapid increase in foreign and domestic trade passing through the port and Sligo town. As time passed Sligo's maritime trade became the chief source of prosperity for Sligo town and its surroundings. This in turn led to a growth in the number of rich merchants in the town. But by the year 1800 clocks and watches were still the possession of only the very wealthy.

By the year 1737 a Yorkshire carpenter named John Harrison had designed the first marine chronometer which could be used successfully to measure longitude at sea. By the year 1773 Harrison had perfected his chronometer and was awarded a prize of £20,000 which is equivalent to £12 million pounds in today's money. Dava Sobel who wrote the book "Longitude" described the Harrison Chronometer saga as "The true story of a lone genius who solved the greatest scientific problem of his time".

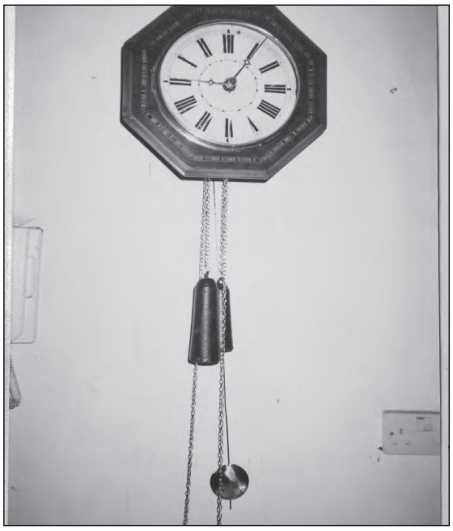
After about 1800, Black Forest clock production started to make clocks more affordable, these being made mainly of wood. Production of these low-cost clocks was in an area of South West Germany known as The Schwarzwald.

In this area of the Black Forest, what began as a cottage industry by farmers when snowed in over the winter months, developed to the extent that in the 1850's more than half a million Black Forest clocks were being produced and exported all over Europe. German clock salesmen travelled the byroads of Ireland and other European countries selling these mainly wooden clocks. They were dressed in traditional Black Forest costume which consisted of knee breeches, white stockings, and a silk waistcoat under a full-length coat. On their backs they carried the "Tragstuhl" or carrying frame for the unassembled 'flat pack' clocks. The only fully assembled clock sat on top of the Tragstuhl and pulling a string attached to the clock bell sounded the chimes as he passed by the country houses.

These mainly wooden clocks became known locally as "The Wag on the Wall" and cost twelve shillings and six pence in the 1880's. When a sale was made, the clock peddler would assemble the "wag" on the kitchen table in the purchaser's home, hang the clock and set it in beat high up on the kitchen wall. Once the clock was ticking the following day, a half crown was collected from the new owner. The balance of the price would be collected over a period. This was the first form of hire purchase that the Irish referred to as "the scatter and gather system". Sometimes these wags were known as Dutch clocks. The reason being that when the clock peddler was asked where he was from, he would reply "Deutsche" meaning German.

Not only were these wags to be found in country cottages, smallholdings, and schools, but also in thousands of city and town dwellers' houses who required some form of timekeeping. This is the school clock that the Irish Fenian, John Boyle O'Reilly wrote about so lovingly a poem in 1867 while in Arbour Hill prison and on board the Hougoumont ship while being transported as a Fenian prisoner to Australia. Vere Foster, who was first president of the INTO (1868 – 1872) also had this poem printed on school copybooks. The poem is included at the end of this article.

By about 1845 mass production of clock parts and clocks in the United States of America reduced the cost of



Wooden carving of the German clock peddler and "The wag on the wall clocks" which he sold after assembly.

clocks still further. The Americans had designed the machinery to mass produce clocks and watches. Mass fabrication of interchangeable clock and watch parts resulted in the production of inexpensive timepieces. The main company producing pocket watches was "The American Waltham Watch Company" which was based in the town of Waltham, Massachusetts. Many of the Waltham pocket watches were sent to Ireland pre 1900 by immigrant relations. By the year 1900 the Waltham pocket watch and chain became an integral part of an Irishman's Sunday dress, proudly displayed on his waistcoat. The earliest wall clock imported from the States in the 1860's was known as the American weight driven OG clock.

Later-on spring driven cottage clocks and drop dial clocks were imported and by the year 1910 the American "Gingerbread Mantle clocks" became the popular wedding present. Many Gingerbread clocks were sold by Andrew Rogers, Ballymote in ca 1918. Andrew was grandfather of

24 hour American weight driven OG clock from ca 1870

A Gingerbread clock sold by Andrew Rogers, Ballymote in 1918.

Ballymote Heritage member, Michael Rogers, O'Connell Street.

By World War 1, pocket watches had been reduced so much in size that it could be strapped onto the wrist. This in fact aided the timing of operations during the war. Self-winding watches made their first appearance in the 1920's. This was also the time that the first radio was developed and the first news programmes broadcast. And radio broadcasting developments were soon to revolutionise timekeeping methods.

By the year 1928 an extremely reliable and inexpensive frequency source was discovered in New York which was as revolutionary as the pendulum or the

balance spring over 270 years earlier. Originally developed for use in radio broadcasting, it was discovered that a quartz crystal vibrates at a highly regular rate when an electric current is passed through it. The first quartz clocks installed at The Royal Observatory in 1939 varied by only two thousandths of a second per day. By the 1950's the accuracy of the quartz watch had been increased to the equivalent of one second in 30 years. The quartz crystal or silicon dioxide is used in our timekeeping devices, clocks, watches, and other timepieces at present.

By 1948 the first atomic clock was developed in Washington and was shown to be a more precise and stable source of timekeeping. It is worked on the atom's natural resonant frequency (oscillation between two of its energy states). The cesium 133 atomic clock was developed in the 1950's and has an accuracy of one billionth part of a second per day. Since 1967, the new definition of a second is based on the resonant frequency of the cesium atom and has been adopted as the new standard of time. The atomic clock based on ytterbium ticks trillions of times a second and is highly stable. The ytterbium atomic clock is accurate all the way to the femtosecond scale (1/000,000,000,000,000th of a second). Leila Stein writing in "Popular Mechanics" wrote recently that the latest atomic clock based on entangled atoms is so accurate that its timing over the entire age of the universe would be less than one hundred milliseconds off. And GPS satellites can now beam the time signal to all android devices in use today. All the satellite clocks which beam these time signals are atomic.

Scientists are now working on the development of a nuclear clock using the isotope thorium 229. And much like Harrison's marine chronometer of two hundred and fifty years ago, the nuclear clock will be an essential part of timekeeping for future travels into far outer space.

Although we can measure time more accurately now, nothing will change the fact that we will never have enough of it. The old period sundials and clocks handed down from generation to generation will always hold a special place in many homes and will remain important family heirlooms.

THE OLD SCHOOL CLOCK

Old memories rush o'er my mind just now
Of faces and friends of the past;
Of that happy time when life's dreams were all bright,
E'er the clear sky of youth was o'ercast.
Very dear are those mem'ries – they've clung round my heart,
And bravely withstood Time's rude shock;
But not one is more hallowed or dear to me now
Than the face of the old school clock.

T'was a quaint old clock with a quaint old face,
And great iron weights and chain;
It stopped when it liked, and before it struck
It creaked as If 'twere in pain.
It had seen many years, and it seemed to say,
"I'm one of the real old stock"
To the youthful fry, who with reverence looked
On the face of the old school clock.

How many a time have I laboured to sketch
That yellow and time-honoured face,
With its basket of flowers, its figures, and hands,
And the weights and the chains in their place;
How oft have I gazed with admiring eye,
As I sat on the wooden block,
And pondered and guessed at the wonderful things
That were inside that old school clock.

What a terrible frown did the old clock wear
To the truant, who timidly cast
An anxious eye on those merciless hands
That for him had been moving too fast;
But it's frown soon changed, for it loved to smile
On the thoughtless, noisy flock,
And it creaked and whirled and struck with glee-
Did the genial, good-humoured old clock.
Well years had passed, and my mind was filled
With the world, its cares and ways,
When again I stood in that little school
Where I spent my boyhood's days.
My old friend was gone! And there hung a thing
That my sorrow seemed to mock,
As I gazed with a tear and a softened heart
At a new-fashioned Yankee clock.

'Twas a gaudy thing with bright-painted sides,
And it looked with an insolent stare
On the desks and the seats and on everything old
And I thought of the friendly air
Of the face that I missed, with its weights and chains,
All gone to the auctioneer's block:
'Tis a thing of the past,-nevermore shall I see
But in mem'ry that old school clock.

'Tis the way of the world: old friends pass away,
And fresh faces arise in their stead;
But still 'mid the din and the battle of life
We cherish fond thoughts of the dead.
Yes, dearly those memories cling round my heart,
And bravely withstand Time's rude shock;
But not one is more dear or more hallowed to me
Than the face of that old school clock.

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A 'Sub-Circular Feature' in Ballinafad and Bunnadober, Co. Sligo

by Martin A. Timoney

The village of Ballinafad is easily recognized by those driving south along the N4 towards Boyle. As you begin to rise onto the Curlew Mountains, Ballinafad Castle and the National Field Study Centre, now by a different name, are in front of the village. Some years ago, while casually looking across the 6" OS map, Sligo Sheet 40, of the valley to the west of the castle, an oddity in the field pattern stood out for the first time, this despite frequently passing these roads.

Ballinafad Castle

This enormous 'sub-circular feature', measuring about a kilometre in diameter, almost 80 hectares or 195 acres, has about 130 fields in it. It shows on OS maps from 1838 and on aerial photos on Geohive. The reader should look at these on this excellent OS Geohive website where you can overlay the maps and aerial photos. This feature spans the east end of the valley in the townlands of Ballinafad, 124 acres, and Bunnadober, 199 acres, but it does not include all of either. The circuit is about 3,150 m in length, and only from south to southwest is there a stretch where it crosses open fields; otherwise it consists of non-spectacular field boundaries, hedges, banks, and two water courses in parts. This circuit is so enormous that it cannot be photographed with any good effect from the high ground on either side of the valley. The road along the circuit from north to northeast rises and falls a number of times by as much as 10 m in short distances.
The Irish Transverse Mercator for southwest is 577240, 808075, and ITM 577830, 808800 for northeast.
There is an oval ringfort, Sl.040-188, 41 m by 23 m in diameter, known as Lios Bán in 1836 (OS Letters) towards the west. It is on the west side of the Srugal, presumably from An Sruth Geal, the White or Clear Water Stream, which pours down from the Curlew Mountains. Another ringfort, Sl.040-183, circular at 27 m in diameter, possibly known as Cuineacair in 1836, is outside the north edge. The castle is west of the stream where it forms the east side of the circuit.

The OS maps indicate a Kiln, Pound, Corn Mill and Mill Race inside the northeast boundary, a Corn Kiln inside the west side of the circuit, and a Pound north of the castle; all these are probably Post Medieval, even 19th century in date. There is no indication of prehistoric activity, no barrow, cairn or megalith within or close.

Consulting many archaeologists and historians brought expressions of amazement, and, while all accepted that there is a 'something' worthy of further study here, none had an explanation that even they themselves found reasonable.

There are no logical geological or geomorphological explanations for it – it is not the result of natural processes – it is manmade, but by whom and when remains a mystery. Perhaps publishing this article in The Corran Herald will bring forward some explanation. No matter what, there is a huge 'sub-circular feature' here crying out for further investigation! How long has it been there? Who designed and determined it? These are questions whose answers are lost in the mists of time, but may have answers in some dusty old book or in local Ballinafad tradition.

A Real Legend

by Gerry McLaughlin

The biographical picture above is of a veteran of Jadotville, who is the writer's first cousin Seámus "Congo" O'Kane from Castlefin.

There are many GAA legends all over Ireland, but we have quite a legend in our own clan, our first cousin Seamus "Congo" O'Kane who certainly merits that title in many respects.

He was born in Doneyloop in 1936, the same year as Mick O'Dwyer, and Mick O'Connell both of whom he played against and the great Michael McGowan from Leitrim and De La Salle Ballyshannon. Seamus has the unique record of playing senior football for four counties, Tyrone (where his heart was), Donegal Leitrim and Westmeath.

He joined the Irish Army in the late 1950s but it is understood that he may also have been involved in the IRA's Border Campaign from 1956-1962.
Seamus was a superb athlete and a marksman in every respect, a crack shot with the Army and a great free taker who once got up at 6 am to practice frees before playing in a Westmeath county final.

Seamus served in the Congo and was part of the famous 35th Battalion that held off around 2000 Katangese at the famous Siege of Jadotville until they ran out of ammunition, food and water after over a week. They surrendered under the orders of their Commandant Pat Quinlan and were wrongly vilified as cowards by army top brass, but were recognized as heroes a few years ago, too late for Seamus as he died of natural causes in 2006.
When he was in the Army Barracks in Athlone in the early 1960's he played in goals for Athlone Town soccer team (The infamous GAA ban on foreign games was in force at that time) under a different name and had to sneak out of the barracks by throwing his boots over the wall. He was also a fine athlete and came second to Noel Carroll (an Irish International) in the Irish Army 800 metres. He won an O'Byrne Cup medal with Westmeath who beat Dublin in 1960 and he was midfield with the late Mick Carley a great Westmeath player. He won two Leitrim county championships in 1963 and 1965 with Aughavas and a Leitrim SHC medal with Mohill around the same time. 'Congo' also won a Westmeath county championship medal with St Mary's of Athlone.

In 1971, at the age of 35 he won a Donegal county championship with Sean MacCumhaills when they beat Clanna Gael (A combination of Four Masters and St Nauls) in the final. Congo scored six points, five from frees and was taken off near the end and refused to sit with the team for the meal and hitched back to Castlefin. He broke his collar bone the next year so could not play much outfield but played in goals for MacCumhaills in the 1973 final which they lost to St Jospeh's and he managed his own Robert Emmets to a county JFC title in 1987.

Congo played for Tyrone seniors from the early to the late 1960s, for Donegal once, and for Leitrim and Westmeath when he was really at himself.

At his peak he was a very strong skillful player with a great strike from the ground and his heart was in Clady/Urney, the club he played with for many years and won a few Fr Campbell Cup medals with them and he won a few underage titles with Robert Emmetts.
He was a marksman in every sense of the word, as the forces of the Crown found out to their cost. He had served with some of the Brits in the Congo with the UN and when they were stopping some cars around Strabane and West Tyrone they used to ask the driver

"Hey mate is "Congo" O'Kane about tonight, tell him we'll get him.....they never did!
In later years he gave me a great interview for the Sunday Life and and he got a great kick out of the headline "O' Kane And Very Able"

The sub headline was *"Seamus retires after a long career in the army"*....and they did not know just how right they were. He would never talk to me about his career in that other army but any republican I spoke to, said he was of the highest integrity and the deadliest calibre.

He passed away in 2006 from fibrosis of the lung and he got the full send off...Joe Boland the photographer has a great photo of masked men firing over his grave in the early hours of a Sunday morning a few days after he was buried in Doneyloop, Joe made the boys fire twice as he did not get the right "shot" first time around!

There was a colour party behind the coffin on the day of his funeral and who was stuck in the middle of it but Big Martin Griffin, he and Congo were big buddies. But Congo was an idealist and he was never in it for the money, he was in the struggle, because it was in his blood and because he believed it was the right thing to do, that is where the line *"he would never wear Armani"* came from. All of his family represented Tyrone at some level or other, Hugo, Noel (the ex referee), Brendan and Kevin and their sister Teresa who played camogie for Tyrone and the Kanes played Seven -A-Sides with their father Mick O'Kane in goals. So you see, there is quare stuff in our breed. My brother Liam captained the Fermanagh senior footballers to a NFL quarter final against Galway in 1980 and I captained the senior hurlers in 1982 and 1985.

We were totally illegal being from Donegal, just like our big cousin Congo, we never recognised any frontiers.

A rare sight! Seamus McGloin working with a loy in preparation for planting potatoes.

Photos courtesy of Joe McGowan, Mullaghmore

Woolworths

by Michael Gorman Submitted by Derek Davey

Most of those who passed
through the swing doors
had little to spend
but were drawn in
by the shiny heat,
the dark polished floorboards,
the open-topped rectangles
of clear glass
dividing products into sections,
the pink nylon coats
of the sales assistants,
the red, clock-faced weighing machine
spitting cards of racing cars
with an arrow on the back
pointing out your own weight
to the nearest half-stone.

Spring

by J. B. Robin

It was all about her
Everything was about her

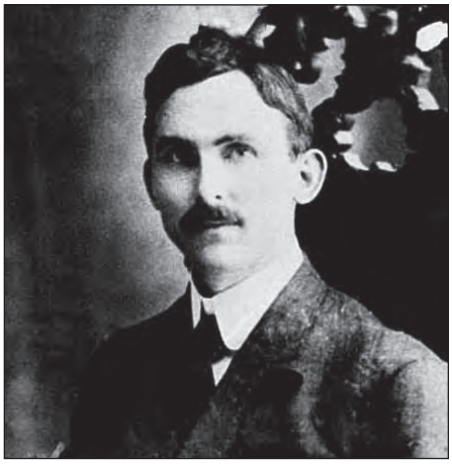
When she entered the room
Every noise, every word

That is until it broke
Then it was all about him

The Bard of Kilmactigue – Henry L. Gavigan (1872-1933)

by Pat McCarrick

When Henry L. Gavigan died in New York in 1933, a work colleague described him in the following terms, "In all my years I have never known a finer character, a more forgiving man. No, coarse, vulgar or double-meaning word ever passed his unsullied lips. The General Post Office will never know his like again. We all loved him and to each of us his death is a personal loss. When the twilight of death closed about him it grieved the hearts of those who loved him and they mourned his passing as one near and dear to them."



Henry L. Gavigan

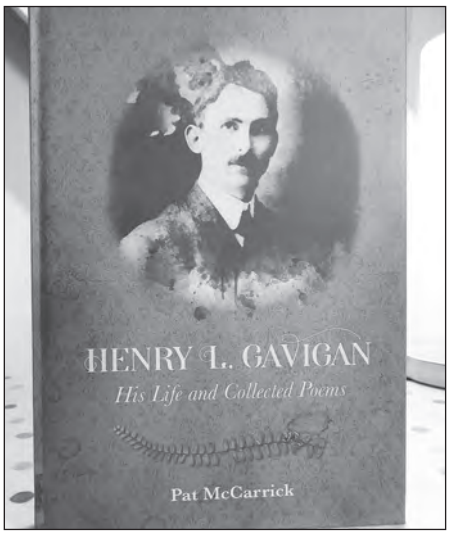
Born in Claddagh in December 1872, Henry seems to have been the tenth of eleven children born to Patrick Gavaghan and Mary Henry. Patrick was a native of Claddagh but Mary was from the townland of Cloonbaniff, near Knocknashee. The family lived in a small cottage and survived on a farm of about twelve acres. It would seem that nearly all the family emigrated to America. James, known locally as 'Robinson', remained with his mother in the home place.

Henry seemed very much to enjoy his childhood and was able to take full advantage of time spent at Knox National School and later at Kilmactigue. There he was taught by the local schoolmaster, James McIntyre. McInytre was his uncle by marriage and was a man that Henry very much admired, as indicated in his poem, Hallowed Paths:

"And here across the water,
while the strivings of the mart,
All but distract me, old Knox school
lives ever in my heart
And McIntyre, the Master –
God who guides us keep his soul;
Methinks I hear his shadow voice,
calling the shadow roll."

Henry departed for America in 1893 at the age of twenty-one. He had possibly remained in school until that time because he undoubtedly had acquired a considerable education. When he arrived in New York he was greeted there by his older brothers, Anthony and Joseph. Joseph was established there as a journalist and he may well have been the one who decided that the family name needed be changed to, Gavan. This decision was well enforced because every single sibling that went to America subsequently, used this new version surname. It seems that the eldest brother, Anthony, who continued to use the name, Gavigan, had got himself into a bit of trouble and this was the main reason why his brothers and sisters subsequently changed the family name.

The family quickly began to prosper in New York. Henry eventually joined the US Postal Service and through time, went from being a lowly clerk to a head of department. Joseph became a lawyer but later returned to newspaper work as a managing editor of a daily New York newspaper. Anthony, after his early troubled days, became a lawyer as well as a journalist and author. A fourth brother, John, worked



on the trains, married and went on to have a family whose descendants still live in the New York area today. A sister, Annie, seemed to have kept house for Joseph and Henry for many years. Annie, incidentally was the most prolific poet of all the family, having her poems published regularly in newspapers and periodicals right up to the mid-1950s.

While the family were all highly literate, Henry became the most noted penman among them. His works were printed regularly in the US and in Ireland, most notable in the pages of Old Moore's Almanac. His poems were imbued with a great love of Ireland, Kilmactigue and his native Claddagh. One example of his poetic style appears in his poem, The Hills of Kilmactigue, brought to popular attention in recent years through the singing of Colm O'Donnell.

"Of Kilmactigue I'm truly proud,
no matter where I stray,
Far from that land, my own
so grand, my native heath so gay.
Where e'er I roam I think of
home, fond memories ever fly
To boyhood village days
I passed in dear old Kilmactigue."

Without exception, all of these Gavaghan/Gavigan/Gavan children displayed a great love for their mother, who continued to live in Claddagh until her death. This unfailing adoration is profoundly illustrated in an elegy written by Henry, on hearing of the death of his mother in 1921.

"Dear breast that pillowed
my baby head now
cold in the shrouding clay,
Would God I could kneel
in Kilmactigue by your
sainted grave to-day;
I would weep till my eyes
ran dry of tears and
find in that flood relief,
For the aching heart and
the empty years and
the depth of a wordless grief."

Henry was a regular on the social scene in New York throughout his life. He was a keen fiddle player and was referred to in one newspaper report of the time as; "The Irish tenor, Henry L. Gavan." He was an inveterate writer of letters to local and national newspapers, usually highlighting the need to honour some great Irish writer or patriot. He loved the poetry of Oliver Goldsmith and was an avid supporter of the cause for Irish freedom. He made many return trips to Ireland, among them a visit to his mother in 1911 and his last, to attend the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin in 1932.

Henry Lawrence Gavigan; pilgrim, patriot, poet and proud son of Claddagh, died suddenly on the 23rd of March, 1933 in a Manhattan hospital. He is buried is Calvary Cemetery in Queens.

Pat McCarrick is a first cousin, two generations removed, of Henry L. Gavigan and he is currently researching his life and works. Pat has recently published a biography titled Henry L. Gavigan, His Life and Collected Poems.

Picnic

by Michael Gorman Submitted by Derek Davey

She remembers the day at Rosses Point,
the men lying on the grass,
their heads under the engine of cars,
hiding from the sun.
They were the family by the seaside
finding their own sand dune
facing the red, corrugated roof
of the Neptune Beachery Stores.
Following the impossible freedom
of the polo-necked, middle-aged golfers
in games stretching to Ben Bulben.
Drinking hot, sugared tea
with hardly a puff of wind
as her mother shouted,
'Isn't it a glorious day
to a passing perfect stranger.
With the shock at the sound
of the word 'glorious',
always a mystery, before
and the broken sadness
of their enforced joy,
they didn't know whether
to laugh or cry.

Heroes

by Michael Gorman Submitted by Derek Davey

Kerchief and whiskers.
Flashed and flustered
from all the shouting,
Ned Kelly, the last town crier
was ringing a golden bell
with a blue wooden handle,
reeling off the attractions
of the Aughamore Regatta.

Holding a small mirror
in his left hand,
shooting a gun over his shoulder
with his right,
Kit Carson knocked a cigarette
clean from his assistant's mouth
across the lit-up stage
of the packed Gillooly Hall.

Jimmy Hasty the one-armed man,
was playing for Dundalk.
He had vertical take-off.
From a standing start
he rose higher than any.
His movements were tidy
and his feet were quick.

At the final whistle
we ran on to the pitch
to get a closer look.
The left sleeve of his jersey
was tied in a knot
just under the stump.

William Patrick Partridge - Finding an Unsung Hero

By Michael J Meehan

"I almost ceased to breathe their name,
Then caught it echoing down the wind." ('After Aughrim' by Emily Lawless).

"Who is William Patrick Partridge?" I ask the librarian when handed a book on his life, the biography by Hugh Geraghty that had arrived at the branch library. She thought I might be interested in the life of a Sligo man who fought in the 1916 Rising. Back in 2006, I had never heard of W.P. Partridge. I hesitated, but an address in the publisher's blurb caught my interest. No 6 Chapel St., Sligo was a house I knew as a child, where a granduncle had lived.
So, who was this overlooked, forgotten hero of the Easter Rising, the man Countess Markievicz spoke of in her graveside oration as "the purest soul, the noblest and bravest patriot Ireland ever had."
He was born on 6 March 1874, at Sligo Hospital, lived at 6 Chapel St. and baptised at the Church of the Union of St John. That row of houses in Chapel St was demolished around 1919-1920 and new houses built there by local builders, the Galloways. To celebrate the centenary of the Rebellion in 2016, a plaque was unveiled at No 6, to commemorate the life and times of William Patrick Partridge. This was an initiative of the Sligo Tidy Towns committee.

His father, Benjamin Partridge, who was English, had come to Ireland for work on the railways, which developed some decades after the British network. He was employed as a train driver with the Midland and Great Western and married a Catholic girl, Ellen Hall, from Athlone. The couple came to Sligo in 1867, lived at Waste Garden Lane (now Harmony Hill) for a time. This reversal of 19th century

The Plaque commemorating William Patrick Partridge at 6 Chapel St., Sligo

emigration in Ireland, was the result of the boom in railway construction. In the stagnant economy of post Famine Ireland, there was one other boom in the economy, the building of Churches and the need for sculptors and stone carvers. This brought James Pearse from Birmingham to Dublin in 1850, to establish a stone masonry business. Decades later, in the next century, their sons helped change the course of Irish history.

William Patrick had a brief childhood in Sligo; late in 1874 his father was transferred to open the branch rail line from Kilfree Junction to Ballaghaderreen where he drove the first train on this branch line. The Partridge family moved to Ballaghaderreen the same year. William Patrick was educated at the local National School and St Nathy's College. In 1886 he became a Catholic. At a young age, he was writing poems and stories and learned Irish as he grew up with Gaelic influences. His older brother, Felix (1872 - 1957) was the author of many bi-lingual plays.
In 1891, aged 17, William Patrick was back in Sligo, an apprentice mechanical fitter at the Great Western rail sheds in the town. He was moved to the Broadstone, Dublin in 1893, to work at the railway workshop. He joined the A.S.E. trade union and became an active trade unionist. At Emmet Hall, Inchicore, he met Jim Larkin, joined the Gaelic League Branch and later became the Treasurer. That part of Dublin was one of the few industrialised districts in Ireland, outside Belfast, due to the rail works and ancillary industries; a seed bed for trade unionism.

William Partridge had become a skilful public speaker and campaigned for improved housing and education for workers. He was elected to Dublin City Council for Sinn Féin, but in 1906 was forced to resign when his employer began to question the political activities of Sinn Féin. He was re-elected to the Council for the Labour Party in 1913. He had lost his job in 1912 for publicly accusing the Great Western of sectarianism and nepotism in employment. The long festering tension between workers and employers was about to explode in the Great Lockout of 1913.
On August 26th, 1913, 400 Dublin employers began locking the workplace gates to prevent workers returning to their jobs. Earlier the tram drivers had abandoned their vehicles in a protest over the employers' efforts to smash the unions. Arthur Guinness was one of the few employers in the city who refused to join the Lockout. William Partridge became a leading activist during the strike, was appointed editor of the "Irish Worker" and spoke at public meetings on behalf of workers and their families. The response to attacks on strike pickets by the Police (D.M.P.) and the A.O.H. was the founding of the Irish Citizen Army (a workers' militia) by Connolly, Larkin, Sean O Casey

(Playwright) and other prominent socialists. Partridge was a member of the first Army Council. The strike lasted almost six months; the workers were starved into submission in January 1914.

A horror fell on the city over the coldest winter for decades. Constance Markievicz, Delia Larkin and Dr Kathleen Lynn set up soup kitchens in Liberty Hall to feed the hungry children of the strikers. Larkin and Partridge spoke at rallies in several North of England cities to raise funds for the families of the strikers and addressed the British Trade Union Council on the Lockout. In a letter to the Irish Times, 7 October 1913, George Russell (AE) claimed "an oligarchy of four hundred Masters deciding openly upon starving one hundred thousand people". W.B. Yeats also penned a letter to the paper, they refused to publish so he sent it to the Irish Worker, much to that paper's amazement. Later came the poet's great poem "September 1913".

"Romantic Ireland's dead and gone.
It's with O Leary in the grave".

Partridge was active in what became known as "the Children to England" relief plan, where children of the strikers would be temporarily cared for by English families. This was opposed to by the Catholic Church, A.O.H. and others. Partridge, though a devout Catholic, attacked the Archbishop, the clergy and the A.O.H. for their opposition to the relief plan. He wrote "the Catholic citizens of Dublin, who would not subscribe sufficient to feed the hungry school children, ought to have the decency to keep their mouths as closed as their pockets, when the Catholic and non-Catholic people of England are helping". The novel by James Plunket "Strumpet City" and the RTÉ drama of the same name, is a well remembered epic of that time in Dublin.

In 1914, Partridge opposed the Great War, which started in August of that year and the threat of conscription in Ireland. He was a prominent speaker on Home Rule. He was in Kerry in 1915 to help organise the Union, the nationalist cause and the anti-war movement. His activities did not go unnoticed at Dublin Castle, as future events were to prove.

The tragedy of the Great War fell across Europe. Thousands of young Irish men joined the British Army, some for economic reasons, some for adventure, some for "little Catholic Belgium" and some for "King and country". But a wind of change was stirring in Ireland; Home Rule and the Ulster question and in August 1915, the Pearse oration over the grave of O Donovan Rossa in Glasnevin, that exhumed the spirit of the old Fenians, as one of the last old Fenians was laid to rest.

Before Easter 1916, James Connolly sent Partridge to Kerry as part of the plan for the Rising; prepare for the landing of guns at Fenit Harbour from a German ship; meet Roger Casement who was to land on the Kerry coast from a German submarine. The plan was for rail workers to take control of the trains, then distribute the arms to waiting Volunteers across Munster. The Aud, with the cargo of arms, had to be scuttled off the Cork coast to avoid capture. Casement was arrested by police at Banna Strand. The plan ended in failure.

Partridge returned to Dublin late on Good Friday. It is reported he told a young North Kerry volunteer "We are going on in Dublin, no difference".

Though now ill with Bright's Disease, Partridge was on duty with the Citizen Army in Liberty Hall on Easter Sunday for the historic printing of the Proclamation. On Easter Monday, still suffering with the disease, he joined the Rebellion in St Stephen's Green, under the command of Michael Mallin and second-in-command, Countess Constance Markievicz. They dug trenches in the Green, traded gunfire with the British Army at the Shelbourne Hotel, but had to retreat to the College of Surgeons on the Tuesday. That night Partridge was worried about his wife, who was about to give birth. Constance Markievicz promised that if she survived, she would look after the child and have Eva act as Godmother.

Late on Wednesday, a group of Volunteers led by Partridge went to burn a house behind the British position in Harcourt St. They came under machine gun fire. Margaret Skinnider was wounded and a young volunteer killed. Partridge carried Skinnider back to the College and returned to recover the body of Fred Ryan. There is a podcast of a radio interview from the RTÉ Archives in which an elderly Margaret Skinnider recalls for Donncha Ó Dúlaing her part in the Harcourt St engagement.

Through the week, Partridge led the rosary at night in the College, his head bandaged that made him look "like a monk at prayer". How he sustained the injury is not recorded. He gave Constance a rosary beads which she wore around her neck.

The 1916 surrender took place on Saturday at the GPO and on Sunday at the College of Surgeons. The artist, Kathleen Fox (1880-1963) sketched events during the week of the Rising. She sketched the surrender at the College of Surgeons and later a full painting titled "The Arrest of Constance Markievicz 1916" in which you can see Partridge with the bandaged head. The painting is now part of the Niland collection at The Model, Sligo and can be seen at the Sligo County Museum.

William Partridge was jailed at Kilmainham and shared a cell with his comrade, Michael Mallin. Mallin, was executed on 8 May 1916. Partridge was sentenced to 15 years penal servitude in Dartmoor Prison, not for his part in the Rising but for his anti-war speeches in Kerry in 1915. His health continued to deteriorate from Bright's disease while in prison. In April 1917, he was released from prison on compassionate grounds and returned to Ballaghaderreen, where he died on 26 July 1917 aged 43 years.

Constance Markievicz, with the

remaining prisoners, was released in June 1917. She returned to a tumultuous homecoming in Dublin on 21 June. The film "Mise Eire" has memorable newsreel footage of the occasion as well as the Seán Ó Riada music score.

On Sunday 24 June the Countess was baptised and received into the Catholic Church at Clonliffe College. After the death of William Partridge in July, she wrote to Mrs Partridge to ask if the funeral could be postponed to the Sunday "for Mr Partridge is the man I have to thank that I am a Catholic". She delivered the oration at the funeral in Kilcolman Old Cemetery, Ballaghaderreen and wore the Citizen Army uniform and the tunic of Michael Mallin, their old comrade. It was said, she fired revolver shots over the grave

The Mayor of Sligo, Alderman Declan Bree hosted a Civic Reception in 2004 for Hugh Geraghty, author of the Partridge biography in recognition of his meticulously reconstructed "Life and Times of William Patrick Partridge".

Bibliography:

William Patrick Partridge and His Times*:* (1874-1917). Author, Hugh Geraghty.
Sisters against the Empire: Countess Constance Markievicz and Eva Gore-Booth 1916-1917. Author, Patrick Quigley.
The Sligo Champion

Plaque commemorating William Patrick Partridge at 6 Chapel St., Sligo

Ballymote Boys' National School 1959/1960.

Back Row Left to Right: Sean Davey, Sean Feehily, Jim Donoghue, Seamus McGuinn, Batty Coleman, Vincent Breheny, Fergus McArdle

Middle Row Left to Right: Joseph Golden, Eamon Sreenan, David Berry, Ignatius Scully, Brendan Healy, Eugene Leonard, Derek Droughton, Chris Reid, Principal,

Front Row Left to Right: Brian Meehan, Val Rogers, Andrew Davey, David Corr, Owen Wims, Peter Golden, Patrick Chambers. *(Photo courtesy of Derek Davey)*

Professor Hubert McDermott

by Derek Davey

Professor Hubert McDermott is to be conferred with an honorary doctorate by The National University of Ireland, Galway this year. The following is the announcement by N.U.I.G. of Hubert's award and was circulated to the relevant educational institutions. It is a biographical account of his early education and his long association with N.U.I.G. and numerous educational bodies.

The National University of Ireland, Galway has decided to confer an honorary doctorate of literature (D.Litt.) on Professor Hubert McDermott. The formal citation states "is in recognition of a lifetime of outstanding, multifaceted service to the university and to education". Porfessor Hubert McDermott is the first member of staff, ever, to be thus honoured.

Hubert McDermott is a native of Ballymote and received his primary education at the Mercy Convent and Boys' National school. Having attended the Franciscan College, Gormanston, for his secondary education, Hubert went to University College, Galway – now N.U.I.G. where he read English for BA. and MA. Degrees. His D.Phil degree was awarded by the University of Ulster. Hubert was appointed to a lectureship in English in Galway in 1965 and delivered his last lecture in 2015.

Hubert was a member of the university's Governing Authority for 45 years. He also served as a member of The Conference of Irish Universities, The Senate of the National University of Ireland, The National Council of Educational Awards and The Irish Council for Overseas Students. He was one of the founders of Cumann Céimithe na Gaillimhe (The Galway Graduates' Association) and remains a trustee.

For many years, Professor McDermott was head of the department of Engish, chair of the Board to the Extra Mural Studies and the Board of Applied Communications. He was also, until his retirement, the director of the university's MA in Journalism.

In addition to his work in English, Professor McDermott has delivered programmes in communication in every university college – Arts, Medicine, Science/Engineering and Business/Law, at both undergraduate and postgraduate level. For instance, he taught a two-semester programme in communication skills to industrial engineering undergraduates for over fifteen years. Similarly, he taught a one-semester module in presentation skills to postgraduate marketing students, from the initiation of the Diploma in Marketing Practice, in the 1980s, until his retirement.

Professor McDermott has been centrally involved in and deeply committed to the development of the university's adult and continuing education programmes during all his years on staff. As chair of the university's Board of Extra Mural Studies, over many years, he helped to shepherd in a new Evening BA degree programme for part-time students.

He taught continuously on this programme from its inception until his retirement. Additionally, he taught stand-alone modules in communications for adults. These took place in over 30 towns all over Ireland for more than forty years. Locations ranged from Buncrana and Carndonagh in the north, to Tullamore and Dublin in the east, to Charleville and Cork in the south. In this context, Hubert is, perhaps, best known in Sligo for his many courses in communications delivered in Tubbercurry and Sligo.

Novel and Romance: the Odyssey to Tom Jones, a major monograph by Professor McDermott, is widely regarded as ushering in a new and revolutionary approach to an understanding of the history and development of English fiction. Hubert has wide experience as external examiner in both English and Communications for many Irish and UK universities.

Michael Gannon and the Lakes

by Grace Henry (Age 11years)

Grace Henry, Lough Gara

Residents of a house 3 in Cloonacleigha (Owenmore, Sligo)

Surname	Forename	Age	Sex	Relation to head
Gannon	Michael	52	Male	Head of Family
Gannon	Sarah	50	Female	Wife
Gannon	John William	22	Male	Son
Gannon	Mary	19	Female	Daughter
Gannon	Margaret	16	Female	Daughter
Gannon	Michael	14	Male	Son
Gannon	Josph	13	Male	Son
Gannon	Patrick	11	Male	Son

My name is Grace Henry, I live in Monasteraden very near the lake called Lough Gara. I am the youngest of three girls.

When we were small my grandparents were afraid that we would get drowned in the lake. Michael Gannon was my great, great, great grandfather. He lived in Cloonacleigha. He had a small farm there beside Cloonacleigha Lake where we now keep our sheep.

Michael had a family of two girls and five boys. In the 1880s to 1890s, when his sons grew up and went to Dublin, they owned a shoe shop in Abbey Street. Hannons from Ballymote also had a shoe shop on Abbey Street, Dublin. Michael's family used to post him the paper every day. At that time there was no road to Cloonacleigha. The postman was on foot, the poor man would want a good Christmas present.

When Michael Gannon was leaving Cloonacleigha to move to a farm in Cartron, right across the lake, maybe around 1912, the weather was very cold, it could have been called the Beast from the East. There was at least six inches of ice on the lake. Michael Gannon brought all of his furniture and potatoes across the ice on the lake with his donkey and cart.

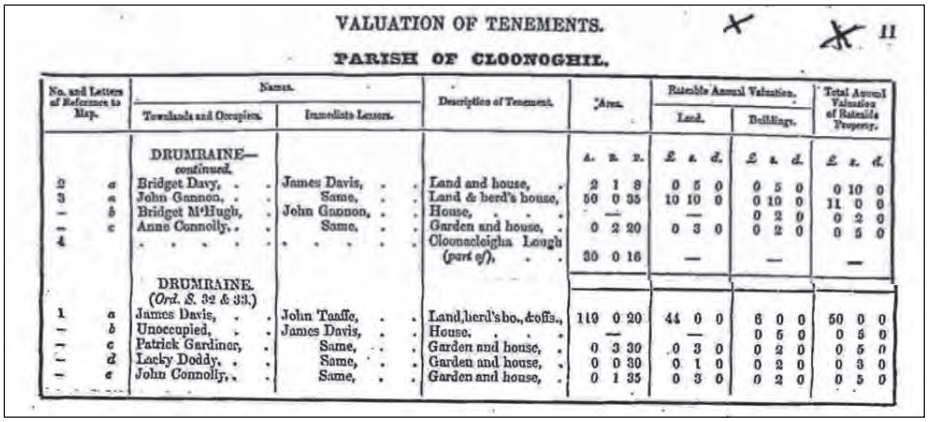
The house in Cartron was overlooking Templehouse Lake. Sarah Henry from Achonry was Michael Gannon's wife. She became very sick in 1919 and was seen by Dr. McDool from Sligo, married to a Perceval lady from Templehouse. He operated on her appendix; this was very serious at that time. Doctor McDool stayed with her for three days. It was very hot weather. He was able to look over at Templehouse. Sarah did not survive, she died one week later, R.I.P.

Death and Funeral
of Mr. Michael Gannon

Late of Cartron, Bunninadden

We regret to have to announce the death of the above-named gentleman which occurred at the residence of his son, Mr. Joseph Gannon, Dublin. Although he had passed his ninetieth year, he retained all his mental faculties unimpaired to the last. He was head of the firm Gannon Bros., Ltd., Upper Abbey Street, Dublin, since the death of his son Mr. Thomas H. Gannon, the founder of the business, some dozen years ago. He was one of the last of his generation, all or nearly all of his contemporaries having gone to the Great Beyond ahead of him: but he is dearly missed by his sons, daughters and relatives to whom he endeared himself in a marked degree by his numerous excellent qualities of mind and heart and his death is regretted by a very large number of dear friends and acquaintances. A man of a gentle and unassuming disposition – highly educated and intelligent – of the highest integrity and honesty he commanded the respect and esteem of everybody who knew him. May his soul rest in peace.

His funeral on the 6th inst. From Dublin by motor hearse to Ballymote Cemetery was large and representative. The chief mourners were – Patrick and Joseph Gannon (sons); Mrs. M. Doddy (daughter); Mrs. E Gannon (daughter-in-law);



VALUATION OF TENEMENTS.

PARISH OF CLOONOGHIL.

No. and Letters of Reference to Map.	Names. Townlands and Occupiers.	Names. Immediate Lessors.	Description of Tenement.	Area.	Rateable Annual Valuation. Land.	Rateable Annual Valuation. Buildings.	Total Annual Valuation of Rateable Property.
	DRUMRAINE—continued.			a. r. p.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
2 a	Bridget Davy,	James Davis,	Land and house,	2 1 8	0 5 0	0 5 0	0 10 0
3 a	John Gannon,	Same,	Land & herd's house,	50 0 35	10 10 0	0 10 0	11 0 0
— b	Bridget M'Hugh,	John Gannon,	House,	—	—	0 2 0	0 2 0
— c	Anne Connolly,	Same,	Garden and house,	0 2 20	0 3 0	0 2 0	0 5 0
4			Cloonacleigha Lough (part of),	30 0 16	—	—	—
	DRUMRAINE. (Ord. S. 32 & 33.)						
1 a	James Davis,	John Tuffe,	Land, herd's ho., & offs.,	119 0 20	44 0 0	6 0 0	50 0 0
— b	Unoccupied,	James Davis,	House,	—	—	0 5 0	0 5 0
— c	Patrick Gardiner,	Same,	Garden and house,	0 3 30	0 3 0	0 2 0	0 5 0
— d	Lacky Doddy,	Same,	Garden and house,	0 0 30	0 1 0	0 2 0	0 3 0
— e	John Connolly,	Same,	Garden and house,	0 1 35	0 3 0	0 2 0	0 5 0

Griffith's Valuation 1875 showing John Gannon living in the townland of Drumraine which sits between the 'sister lakes' of Cloonacleigha and Templehouse

Mr. T. Doddy (son-in-law); John, Thomas, Val and Patrick Doddy and Declan Gannon (grandsons); Sarah, Beaty, Maureen, Lena, Philomena Doddy and Pauline Gannon (granddaughters); Stephen and Patrick Doddy (great-grand-children); Mrs. T. M. Doddy, Mr. Martin Doddy, Miss McGoldrick, Messrs. Michael and Thomas Hunt, Mr. James Gannon, P.C.; Mr. W. Brennan, ex-N.T., Miss W. Brennan, Miss Hunt.
Sligo Champion 30.03.1940, Page 9

John Gannon
John Gannon was Michael's father and he had cattle on the island on Templehouse Lake. John was meeting a cattle buyer on the island. His second wife was Beasie McDonagh from Oldrock Bridge. She was an aunt of Mike McDonagh. In those days you had to row a boat to the island. Beasie rowed the boat with John to the island to meet the buyers. John instructed her to wait in the boat until he came back from the sale. Beasie was annoyed about this as she had wanted to meet the buyers. She rowed away from the island and left him there for the night. She went back for him the next day. However that went…

The Bridge

Submitted by Padraig Doddy & Fiona Doherty

Simple walkway/ bridge crossing the Bunninadden River at Roadstown around the 1890s.

As far as we know this photo was taken some time before 1900. The historic 1838 OS 6-inch map shows a crossing that is probably only stepping stones but on the 1890 OS 25-inch map a solid walkway / bridge (without a wall) similar to the photo is shown.

The bridge crosses the Bunnanadden River on the road to Achonry and connects the townlands of Ballynaraw South (Baile na Rátha Theas - townland of the ring fort) and Ballinvally East (Baile an Bhealaigh Thoir-town of the road or pass) also known as Roadstown. Bunnanadden (Bun an Fheadáin) means the mouth or end of the stream and this stream / river rises in Pollnahincha (Poll na hInse - hole /river meadow) in Quarryfield and flows down through the village of Bunninadden and makes its way to Cloonacleigha Lake.

Padraig Doddy recounts some history of the original bridge – 'An incident occurred at the bridge when the Parson and his wife were on their way to service in Achonry Cathedral. They were travelling by pony and trap and the pony bolted and I believe they finished up in the river. As a result of that incident, the walls were built on the bridge some years later. I believe it was Charlie Scanlon (RIP) that built the walls.'

The photo also shows a building with a thatched roof and a small window. This was Fr John Doddy's (a 19th century Achonry priest) church that he used in the 1820s after he was removed from the administration of the parish by Bishop McNicholas for challenging his authority. He was later reinstated by the bishop. (See article in Corran Herald No.46 2013 /2014 - 'John Doddy, a Rebel Cleric' by John C. McTernan).

Padraig Doddy - 'The late Padraig McDermott told me that when he started school, there was still a church window in that house. Fr Doddy's brother Thomas and his wife also had a house in there. Fr Doddy died in 1869 and Pat Snee, a witness to his death, made an X- mark signature as he could neither read nor write. Fr Doddy is buried in an unmarked grave in Kilturra Cemetery.'

Padraig Doddy pictured on the bridge in 2021.

The First Sligo Train

by David Casey

Railways were started in Ireland in 1834 with the opening of the Dublin to Kingstown (Dun Laoghaire) line. The Dublin to Longford extension was completed in 1855 and the engineer was William Dargan. The Sligo train was first run on the 3rd December 1862 just over a decade after the Great Famine. This was the opening of the extension of the railway line from Longford to Sligo by the Midland Great Western Railway. The contractors were Smyth & Knight.

A train left Sligo for Dublin at 7.15 am and another train departed Broadstone station in Dublin for Sligo at 8.30 am. The train departing Broadstone had the directors and chief officers of the Midland Great Western Railway on board. A reception was planned for their arrival in Sligo in the afternoon and a banquet in the Grand Jury room in the Court House in the evening.

The arrival of the train was eagerly awaited by the local people at the new stations along the railway line and there was cheering when it arrived at the various stations by all accounts. The new stations were Dromod, Carrick-on-Shannon, Boyle, Ballymote, Collooney, Ballisodare and Sligo. The architect of the buildings for the new railway stations was George Wilkinson. The train arrived in Sligo around 1.30pm. There was a large welcoming and cheering crowd. The Mayor and members of the Corporation and of the Town and Harbour Commissioners greeted the arrivals and there was a holiday in the town.

The first train to Sligo consisted of a steam train, a break van, another van, a first class carriage and a carriage known as the Dargan Saloon after the engineer William Dargan. The Dargan Saloon or Carriage no. 47 is part of the collection in the Ulster Folk and Transport Museum at Cultra, Hollywood, Co Down. The Dargan Carriage is a link with the first Sligo train.

First train in Sligo

William Dargan

The following information is attached to the record of the Dargan carriage at the Ulster Folk and Transport Museum.

'HOYFM.277.1990 – Dargan Railway Carriage – MGWR Midland Great Western Railway saloon railway carriage used by William Dargan. William Dargan, the 'father of Irish railways', had this luxurious carriage built for his own use in 1844 when travelling to supervise his projects. Dargan was the leading Irish railway engineer of his generation. He constructed the first railway in the country – the Dublin & Kingstown – and many other major routes. Dargan presented his carriage to the Midland Great Western Railway on completion of the line from Athlone to Galway. It was used as a Directors' saloon and by European royalty when visiting Ireland on hunting trips. The hooks on the roof gutter were for a communication cord one end of which was connected to the train engine's whistle; passengers could pull the cord to attract the driver's attention. Carriage no. 47 was at least in service until 1919, but in 1947 it was discovered being used as a paint store. It was rescued, given to the museum, and restored. Length 34ft approx; Gauge 5ft 3in; Wheel arrangement 6 wheel'.

Sources:
McTernan, John C. In Sligo Long Ago: Aspects of Town and County over two centuries (Sligo, 2001). (142-162)
Bowen-Walsh, Peter. (2016) The coming of the railways to Collooney and Ballisodare. The Sligo Field Club Journal Vol. 2, 2016. (84-102)

Commandant Michael J. Marren: Centenary of his Death

Submitted by Padraig Doddy

On the 21st July,1921 Commandant Michael J. Marren was accidentally drowned in Strandhill. Marren's feats are legendary in the South Sligo area where he grew up and commanded the Gurteen Battalion of the IRA during the Irish War of Independence. After the body had been recovered from the sea twelve days later and buried in Mount Irwin Cemetery near Gurteen, Canon O'Connor officiated at the graveside. In his eulogy he said, "…a brave soldier or a more fearless companion of the Irish cause never breathed the breath of life; a man universally beloved by his own people and by everyone within the circle of his acquaintance." For many years afterwards, the Marren Marathon was held each year. This was a race from Strandhill to Gurteen via Sligo, Ballisodare, Collooney and Ballymote, a distance of just over 26 miles and the first three winners were J. J. O'Connor (1927), Army A C.; D. J. McKeon, Blackrock, Dublin A.C. (1928) and D. J. McKeon, Dublin (1929). Perhaps a revival of the Marren Marathon could be organised? The following song was composed by his mother Mrs Marren of Knocknaskeagh - before she died when she was over 80 years..

Commandant Marren (SONG)

1.
The west is now eclipsed in the mourning.
For the bravest is laid in the tomb,
The death of Commandant Marren,
Has cast o'er Connaught a gloom.

2.
He fought for the cause of old Ireland
And evaded arrest for five years
Beloved by all his companions
And the pride of the bold volunteers.

3.
Young Marren he loved his dear country
With a love that can ne'er be surpassed
A hero and also a brave leader
He was true to the cause till the last.

4.
When oft times out-numbered in action
He fought with a verdure so bold
That he captured those vicious brown-foxes
By the men of the Green, White and Gold

5.
The Green, White and Gold were his colours
By their aid he would fight night and day
It was woe to the man who would tempt him
By the cause of those colours betrayed

6.
The brown-foxes anxiously sought him.
But needless to say, 'twas in vain
He was hid from those tyrant traitors
By the invisible band of Sinn Fein.

7.
As a leader no man could surpass him
For he acted with judgement and skill
In the ranks a place is left vacant
That no man ever can fill.

8.
In conflict he was a brave soldier
And no cowardice did ever show
In planning he could not be equalled
For he always out-numbered his foe.

9.
When the truce of old Ireland was called on
As a free man for Strandhill he was bound
And when out for a dip in the ocean
Alas: young Marren was drowned.

10.
When the news of his fate circulated
It filled every heart with dismay
For to think that a brave noble leader
Could be cold 'neath the depth of the sea.

11.
Volunteers sure they came from all over
When they heard this companion was drowned
Night and day they kept searching the ocean
Till at length his dead body was found

12.
The grief of his parents and comrades
As they stood on the strand on that day
When his remains were washed in by a spring-tide
They all bent down for to pray.

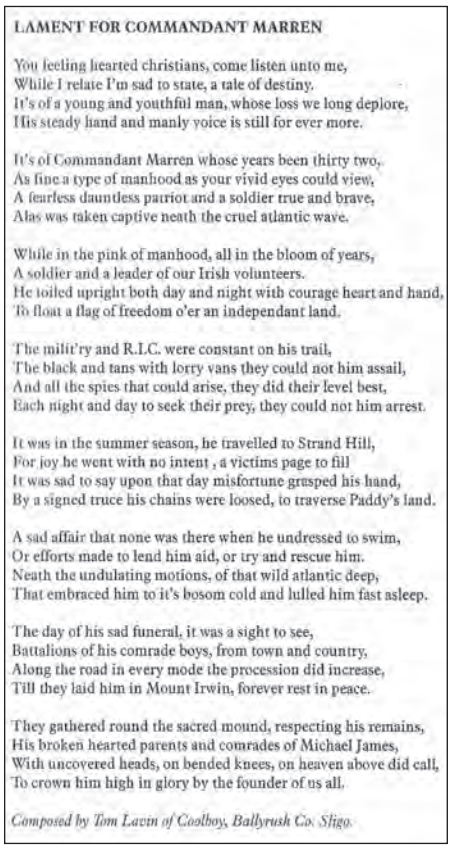
13.
The day of the funeral was touching
When 6,000 marched four men deep
The dead march was played on the brass band
'Twould make the hardest heart weep.

14.
Many friends as they stood by the grave-side
Requested the people to pray
When relating the tragic occurrence
To Sonny a tribute did pay.

15.
High masses were offered in many a place
From Sligo to his native Gurteen
And the numbers that attended those masses
Will forever remember the scene.

16.
Three valleys were filled 'mid he silence
And the last part were sounded 'mid tears,
The rosary was recited in Irish
For the rest of young Marren the brave

This song can be found in The Schools' Collection, Volume 0185, Page 0491-0493. Killavil NS. The teacher was Seán Ó Conláin. See link https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4701757/4699980. The Schools Folklore Collection - between 1937-1939, schoolchildren were encouraged to collect and document folklore and local history.



LAMENT FOR COMMANDANT MARREN

You feeling hearted christians, come listen unto me,
While I relate I'm sad to state, a tale of destiny.
It's of a young and youthful man, whose loss we long deplore,
His steady hand and manly voice is still for ever more.

It's of Commandant Marren whose years been thirty two,
As fine a type of manhood as your vivid eyes could view,
A fearless dauntless patriot and a soldier true and brave,
Alas was taken captive neath the cruel atlantic wave.

While in the pink of manhood, all in the bloom of years,
A soldier and a leader of our Irish volunteers.
He toiled upright both day and night with courage heart and hand,
To float a flag of freedom o'er an independant land.

The milit'ry and R.I.C. were constant on his trail,
The black and tans with lorry vans they could not him assail,
And all the spies that could arise, they did their level best,
Each night and day to seek their prey, they could not him arrest.

It was in the summer season, he travelled to Strand Hill,
For joy he went with no intent , a victims page to fill
It was sad to say upon that day misfortune grasped his hand,
By a signed truce his chains were loosed, to traverse Paddy's land.

A sad affair that none was there when he undressed to swim,
Or efforts made to lend him aid, or try and rescue him.
Neath the undulating motions, of that wild atlantic deep,
That embraced him to it's bosom cold and lulled him fast asleep.

The day of his sad funeral, it was a sight to see,
Battalions of his comrade boys, from town and country,
Along the road in every mode the procession did increase,
Till they laid him in Mount Irwin, forever rest in peace.

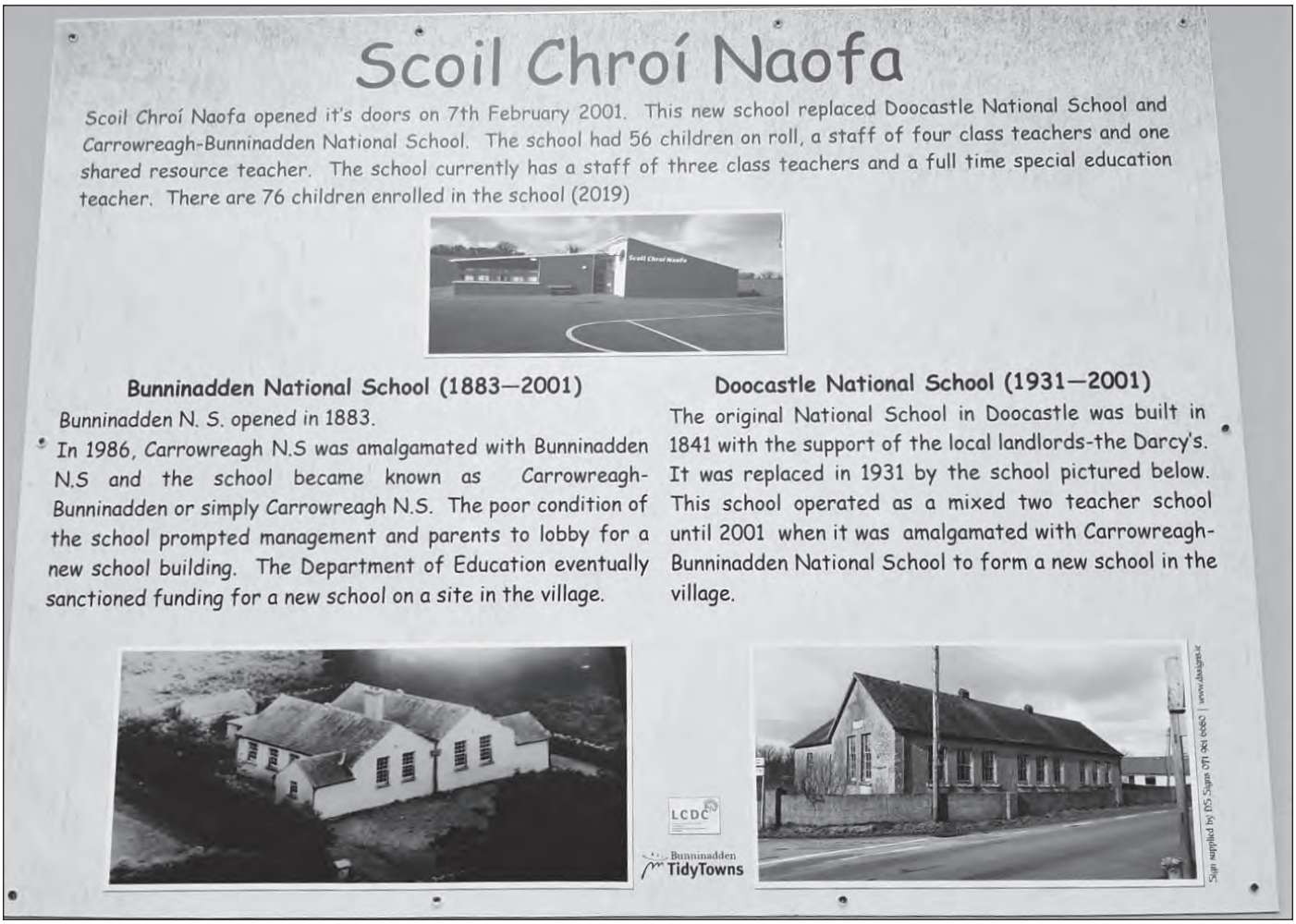
They gathered round the sacred mound, respecting his remains,
His broken hearted parents and comrades of Michael James,
With uncovered heads, on bended knees, on heaven above did call,
To crown him high in glory by the founder of us all.

Composed by Tom Lavin of Coolboy, Ballyrush Co. Sligo.

The Lament for Commandant Marren (composed by Tom Lavin of Coolboy, Ballyrush, Co. Sligo) - courtesy of Tommie Kearns (Ballymote, Co. Sligo and Perth, Western Australia) song book- 'Lough Arrow's Lovely Beach-Songs of My Homeland'.

Bunninadden National School

Submitted by Padraig Doddy



Above: A plaque on the original Bunninadden NS building dates its construction to 1883 although Ordnance Survey maps from the 1840s shows that there was a pre-existing school near this site. In 1986, the school became known as Carrowreagh-Bunninadden NS when the two schools were amalgamated. The school closed in 2000 and is no longer in use. Pupils moved to the newly built Scoil Chroí Naofa (Bunninadden NS) in 2001 at a site next to St. Nathy's Church in the village.
Photo of plaque courtesy of Bernie Burke.

John Henry McDermott (1874 – 1942) pictured here with his twin daughters and son Louie. He was a National School teacher at Bunninadden NS.

Two Sligo Architects:

Sir John Benson (1812-1874) and John O'Reilly (1928-2020)

by John Coleman

The remarkable career of Collooney born architect and engineer Sir John Benson has been detailed by Sligo historians Terence O'Rorke (*History of Sligo, Town and County*, 1890 [facsimile, 1986], ii, pp 520-2) and John C. McTernan (*Worthies of Sligo*, Sligo 1994, pp 16-19); Benson has also been given an entry in the *Dictionary of Irish Biography* (DIB) (Cambridge 2009, i, pp 458-9). Sir John spent most of his career in Cork and his significant body of work there is given considerable attention in the recently published Cork City and County by Frank Keohane, a volume in the Buildings of Ireland series (New Haven and London, 2020). A painting of the buildings he designed for the 1852 Great Exhibition in Cork was sold at auction in Dublin recently. John O'Reilly, who died in 2020, had a distinguished career as an architect. John's mother was a member of the Murrough family of Strandhill, he grew up in Ballymote and attended St Nathy's College in Ballaghaderreen. Notable achievements in his long and distinguished career have been outlined in tributes in the *Irish Times* and in the *Journal of the Royal Institute of Architects of Ireland* (RIAI).

Cork exhibition 1852 buildings by Sir John Benson, watercolour by James Mahony ARHA

Sir John Benson (1812-1874)

From a modest background, Benson's talent was recognised by the astronomer Edward Joshua Cooper of Markree and he attended the Dublin Society Schools which provided a professional training in architectural drawing. He subsequently undertook work in Sligo, including the remodelling of Markree Castle and he designed the Catholic Church in Collooney, before moving to Cork in 1846 to take up his initial appointment as county surveyor of the West Riding. He subsequently acquired responsibilities for architectural and engineering works in respect of the city and Cork Harbour Commissioners and designed roads and bridges in the city and county and numerous public buildings in the city. His most famous work beyond Cork was the design of the buildings for the Great Exhibition held in the grounds of the Royal Dublin Society on the Leinster Lawn in Dublin in 1853 (on the south side of Leinster House). The building was immediately regarded as such a success that he was conferred with a knighthood at the opening ceremony. There are no less than twenty-eight references to Benson's Cork buildings in Frank Keohane's recently published book. Keohane notes the sophistication of Benson's buildings which are individualistic, while being characteristic of the fashionable idioms of the age. In his public buildings, Benson often favoured working in the *Italian Lombardic* style and Keohane compliments his inventiveness in how this is achieved by banded use of contrasting Cork red sandstone in combination with white sandstone. Keohane singles out for praise Benson's surviving building in this style, constructed as part of the new Cork Waterworks

(1857-63) (now Lifetime Lab), which he describes as 'Benson at his best'. Keohane praises Benson's work on the famous English Market (1862); contrasting the superiority of Benson's Princes Street entrance with the 'dull' Grand Parade façade designed later by the city engineer. Keohane is impressed by the 'large and imposing' (former) St Vincent's church (1851-6) on Sunday's Well Road. The twin arched entrance to the demolished Cornmarket has been moved to Bishop Lucey Park. Benson's impressive Butter Exchange (1849-50) and Firkin Crane (1853-5) (also associated with the buttertrade), have fortunately found new uses as a craft centre and a dance centre. Mention is given to Benson's work on adding a new wing to Fota House (1866) which is now open to the public under the management of the Irish Heritage Trust. Mention is made of the mortuary chapel at St. Finbarr's cemetery, several bridges and churches as well as buildings where his work is not so evident due to subsequent alterations, notably Kent Station.

Great Exhibition, Dublin 1853 Buildings by Sir John Benson, Illustrated London News 4th June 1853 p456

John O'Reilly (1928-2020)

Writing in the journal of the RIAI, fellow architect Robin Mandal described John O'Reilly as 'the epitome of the renaissance man – gifted with a thirst for knowledge of a breadth beyond his needs'. Mandal noted that, despite having his practice in Dublin, John never considered himself a Dubliner, having grown up in Ballymote and living in his later years in Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow where he and his wife Mary (neé Gardiner), a fellow architect whom he met in college, created a wonderful garden where they hosted charitable events. After graduating from the School of Architecture at University College Dublin (UCD), John worked initially with the OPW before setting up in private practice. His best-known work is the Swan Centre in Rathmines, completed in 1984, where he led in implementing the concept of a mixed-use community architecture, combining shopping, cinema, restaurants and housing. As president of the RIAI after Ireland joined the EU in 1973, John was responsible for negotiating amicable separation of the RIAI from the Royal Institute of British Architects (RIBA) so that the RIBA could be represented on the Architects Council of Europe. Mandal acknowledges John's persuasive powers which helped to ensure that changes were supported by the Royal Society of Ulster Architects and the Royal Incorporation of Architects of Scotland. In a professional capacity, Mandal also notes that John put his diplomatic skills to good use in alternative dispute resolution, as an arbitrator, conciliator, and mediator. John's pride in his Ballymote origins was always reflected in our conversations over recent years when I met him with his wife Mary at events organised by the Friends of the National Collections of Ireland (FNCI).

Colonel Wingfield's Estate, Enniscrone, Co. Sligo

by Kevin McLoughlin

Colonel Edward Wingfield was born in 1771. He inherited the extensive Scurmore Estate in the barony of Tireragh from his father (Richard Wingfield, 3rd Viscount Powerscourt). The Scurmore estate extended widely along the Moy Estuary to Ardnaree, Ballina. The land first came into the possession of the Wingfields around the year 1600 when Lewis Wingfield came to Ireland with the English army and obtained from the Crown a grant of lands in Co. Sligo.

Wingfield took an active interest in his tenants - the old school on the Ballina side of Killanley on the Quay Road was initially a dispensary built by Wingfield to assist in healthcare and he converted a residence into a schoolhouse about a mile from Scurmore. He sought a strong police presence on his lands and built a station in Corballa which he leased to the police and is quoted as saying "disconcerting Patrick Howley and his faction and be able to keep the Molly Maguire family from settling in our district". It didn't always go to plan however, as he later preferred charges against Constable Gardiner in which he alleged he was guilty of disobedience of orders and disrespectful conduct, neglect of duty, being absent without leave and other manifestations of insubordination. He claimed that on several Sundays in July 1825, Gardiner failed to alert the district magistrates (Wingfield and Reverend James Burrowes) to outbreaks of disorder in the area under his jurisdiction. These related to the area around Culleens, Corballa and Carrowhubbock where 'a number of idle and disorderly people collected at unlicensed public houses and illegally assembled horse racing and ball playing in profanation of the Sabbath'.

In the 1840's he enlarged Scurmore House and built farm offices (which are still there). He preferred Protestants in positions of responsibility and had a man called Burrow manage his farm at Scurmore. The beef cattle were sent by ship from Sligo port to Liverpool. His fishery at Scurmore (still visible) was managed by William Holliday and its annual catch of salmon was also mainly transported to Liverpool.

A progressive landlord (though some might have said aggressive landlord), Wingfield set about squaring (stripping) his land in the 1840's which meant many tenants had to level their own houses and move from one location to another – some entirely removed from the land and some small tenants dispossessed in the process. He provided some assistance for tenants to emigrate, though still on a small scale as the famine had not yet arrived. Some tenants surrendered their land for compensation alone as squaring peaked by the mid-forties.

Wingfield also set about drainage of his estate with the deepening of some streams and allowed a limited burning of some low-lying bottoms for reclamation. A lot of roadworks took place at that time to access the newly acquired squared holdings. By August 1846, Wingfield wrote "there was full employment here and most of the cottages thatched and inhabited and the old ones eradicated". Yet some tenants were in financial difficulties and some evictions did take place e.g., those of Patrick Howley and Pat Manning who blamed the potato failure, which had been extensive on the Wingfield estate in late 1845, for their difficulties. Some evictions were to encourage others in arrears to surrender their holdings and save him time and money in gaining possession.

When the potato crop failed again in 1846, the outlook for collecting rents was gloomy. The potato crisis was being aggravated by the Corn Laws and when the laws were repealed by Prime Minister Robert Peel - in part due to the famine in Ireland, Wingfield (a Tory) was very unhappy, writing "I regret we lost our battle of Protection, but with some desertion from our ranks we have kept our character". However, Wingfield had some meal distributed to tenants at his own expense and later decided to build a corn-mill. Two builders applied to do the job – Michael Howley from Ballina, a 'Holy Roman' he wrote in a letter and Evans Grosse from Ardnaree, a Protestant – the latter selected to build the mill at Ballyholan, near Ardnaree. One of Wingfield's larger tenants grew fields of turnips which helped alleviate some of the starvation.

Wingfield's efforts to use the government's new schemes of famine relief to carry out public works such as building roads were largely not successful as his proposals were rejected by the Board of Works – possibly as Wingfield would be the greatest beneficiary of the proposed roadworks. Some drainage works were approved but too late by the end of 1846 the poor were in a wretched state with 13 to 15 daily deaths in the poor house.

In 1847 – the worst year of the famine – Wingfield organised a programme of assisted emigration from his estate mainly from the port of Sligo to North America. If his tenants were in arrears of rent, he allowed them to sell whatever property they had on their holdings to finance their departure.

By 1848, due to death and other forms of depopulation – voluntary surrender or eviction – many of the holdings on Wingfield's estate lay idle and going to waste. Yet he believed it was "better to have an empty house than a bad tenant" in correspondence to his deputy "you acted very judiciously by putting such a rent on the 40 acres

Scurmore House later became Scurmore Hotel. Here is an artist's impression of the hotel in the middle of the last century. Image courtesy of http://www.enniscrone.ie/scurmore_house

Priest Duffy wants to get into his clutches, as to prevent any further application from him, for you know they are not the description of persons I would think of having as tenants". Wingfield preferred to have English farmers settle on his lands and was writing about this in 1849 "preferring Protestants at all times". He also sensed unease about times to come; "we are all anxiety about the intended revolution in Ireland, that in France being now an old story, but tho' the priests seem to be gagged by the Pope's mandate I see no prospect of peace or tranquillity in Ireland".

Wingfield was now spending more time in England or at his home in Dublin, though he still maintained an active interest in his Sligo estate and his tenants. He respected the industrious tenants but had little time for the idle, especially if they were heavy drinkers. He continued to support his dispensaries in Killanley and Ballina and the Fever Hospital in Ballina.

While his principal residence was in Dublin, Edward had occasionally lived in Moyview, (Ringroe) until 1840 and later in Scurmore House. He fished for salmon using nets on the Moy Estuary and in 1854 caught 4791 salmon valued at £600. In 1857 a case was brought against Wingfield by Mary Anne and Andrew Clarke who claimed they had 1000 year lease (having an annual payment of £250 to Lord Arran) to fish in the tidal part of the river - the jury found in their favour, ending Wingfield's fishery in the area.

Edward died in 1859 leaving a legacy that included other estates including one near Tubbercurry. He had one daughter, Harriet from his marriage to Harriet Westenra and she married Sir William Verner. On Wingfield's death, his Dublin estates passed to the Verners and merged with their estates in Armagh and Tyrone, while his other estates reverted to the Wingfields (as he had no son). Some of the estate was sold in the late 19th century when the family seemed to reside mostly in England. In the 1870s John Wingfield Stratford, nephew of Edward, owned 6555 acres in Co. Sligo, 2361 acres in Co. Mayo, 2213 acres in Co. Clare, 2502 acres in Co. Limerick, 201 acres in Co. Wicklow and 2 acres in Dublin city.

References

Thanks to documents belonging to the late Canon Tom Finan, Professor of Ancient Classics, Maynooth College, for the information on Wingfield's Estate - from communications between Wingfield and Steward/Kincaid who were the agents for his estate (Steward/Kincaid Papers).

Townlands on Wingfield's Estate - Cabragheel, Bartragh, Muckduff, Scurmore, Carrowcardin, Knockagower, Carrowurlar, Ballymoghany. Dooneen, Rinroe, Lecarrownaveagh, Rathmurphy, Bunnanilra, Newtown, Carraun, Knockbrack, Ballyholan, Behy More, Behy Beg, Breaghwy, Lissard More, EllaghBeg, Graffy and the townland of Coolrecuill (1300 statute acres) west of Tubbercurry.

Some of the Estates records come from Griffith's Valuation of Ireland 1850 - 1858.

Bunnanadden – Old and New Images

by Clare Doohan

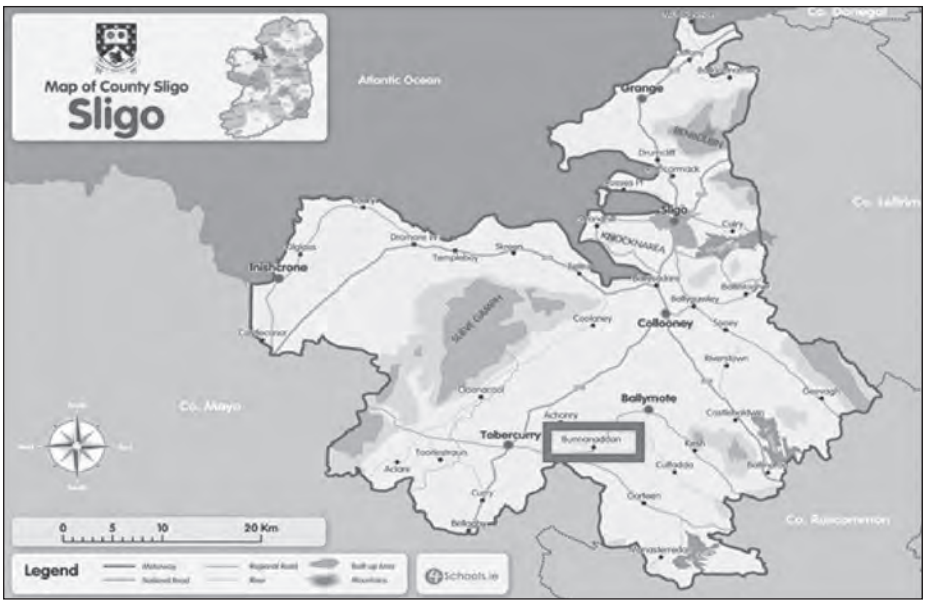
I have always been interested in photographs and the stories that they can tell and this article will compare both old and modern photographs of my village, Bunnanadden, which is situated in rural South Sligo, five miles from the town of Ballymote. The Irish version of Bunnanadden is Bun an Fheadáin meaning the mouth or end of the stream. [1]

There are old and new photographs of the village shown here ranging in time from the early 1900's to the present day and they give a fascinating insight into the lives of the local people and show the changes that have occurred over the decades including the different shops, pubs and also the Eucharistic procession which was held once a year in springtime.

'By looking at one's likeness or that of a familiar place from a photograph, people saw the world in a new light and they got different insights into their lives.'[2] 'When a photograph is examined thoroughly and put in context, it can be a very important historical aid to researchers.' [3]

Image 1a: Bunnanadden Village in the early 1940's.

Image 1b: Bunnanadden at same street corner in 2017.



Map of Co. Sligo showing village of Bunninadden.

There were approximately seven shops and four pubs in Bunnanadden from the early 1900's on. Shops would appear overnight as there were very few regulations then. Between 1850-1920, changes in agricultural practices, improved transport systems and infrastructural support meant that goods were circulated around the country more efficiently, which greatly benefited the commercial industry. At the same time, many small grocer shops appeared in the countryside.[4] At one end of the village, "Pattie Mc Dermott had a bar and sold a few groceries and the papers. He had always to be called Mr. McDermott." People who emigrated to Britain or

Image 2a: Bunnanadden in the 1960's from the Ballymote side.

Image 2b: Bunnanadden from the Ballymote side in 2017.

the U.S.A bought their travel tickets there. Martin Doddy's shop on the opposite side of the road was the biggest in the area and his sister Bea ran it. Further up the street, Kathleen McDermott's mother had a shop for a while in the 1940s-50's. There was a sergeant and three guards stationed next door in the Garda station which was closed for good in 2011.

At the other end of the village, there was Foye's shop and Killoran's shop and Phil McDermott Landers also had a shop in the 1950's. Most of the four pubs, P. McDermott, P. Gilmartins, C.Scanlons, and Diamonds sold a few groceries as well as alcohol and cigarettes.[5]

In Image 1a, a scene from the early 1900's, we are looking at the village from the Achonry road. It is a quiet day, but there are a few people around. There is just gravel on the road. Some of the houses are still thatched and some are slated. There is no sign of any car in the photo, just a horse and sidecar at the corner and a donkey's cart leaning against the wall nearby. There is another sidecar at the end of the street, outside Scanlon's pub. There are porter barrels outside Gilmartin's pub.

Behind where the little child is playing is a one-storey house, which was known locally as "Honeymoon Cottage". It was the custom for a newly married couple to spend their wedding night there.[6] Today "Honeymoon Cottage" and the building on the other side of Gilmartin's Pub are no longer there and the road is now tarmacked. Horses have been replaced by cars - otherwise Bunnanadden remains the same as the scene in the photo (Image 1b).

In Image 2a, we have a view of the village in the 1960's from the Ballymote side. In the early 1900's, the first two-storey house on the corner belonged to John O Dowd, Irish Nationalist MP for South Sligo for 18 years (1900-18). Seán and Mary Cahill became the subsequent owners and Mary ran the post office from the 1950's to the late 1980's. There are cars visible in this photo - a Ford Anglia is parked outside Cahill's house. Telephone wires and electricity poles can be seen and the road is tarred. There is a petrol pump outside Scanlon's pub, which is now no longer thatched. A water tank is at the back of Scanlon's, which was common practice then, even with a public water supply. Every house had a patch of ground on which many residents grew vegetables, kept hens and even pigs in some cases. There is a field in the foreground where the present-day car park is now built (Image 2b). Today, 60 years on, not much has changed - one new house has been built and the original single-storey house furthest from the pub has been demolished

In Image 3a, we see a view of the Catholic Church of the Sacred Heart and the old parochial house, probably from the 1960's. The Rose Window is clearly seen at the front of the church. This window was donated by John Ormsby Cooke in the early 1900's, in memory of the landlord family, Cookes of Kilturra and he was the last member of the Cooke landlord family.[7] The old parochial house is gone and the new one stands nearer the church. The front area is now a tarmac car park and the car park and the present day parochial house were built in the 1970's and 80's (Image 3b). A local 87 year old parishioner, Kathleen McDermott, told me that in the 1930's-40's, "I remember a long row of bicycles, leaning against the church wall on a Sunday during Mass."

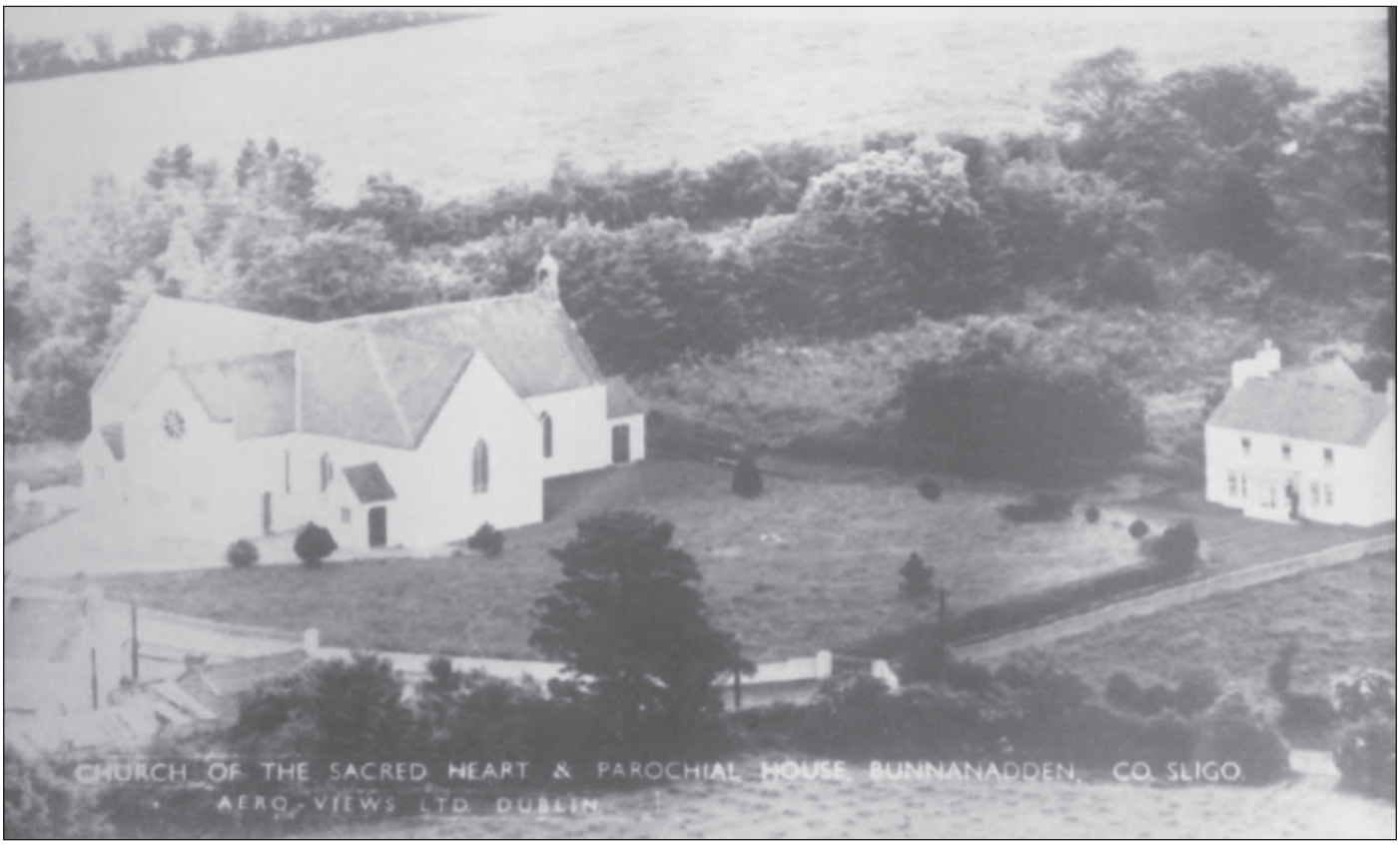


Image 3a: Church of the Sacred Heart and Parochial House, Bunnanadden in the 1950's-60's

Image 3b: Church of the Sacred Heart and Parochial House, Bunnanadden in 2017.

Image 4a: P. J. McDermott's pub in the 1940's.

Image 4b: McDermott's pub (now Perry's) in 2017.

In Image 4a, we see P. J. McDermott's Pub. Bicycles were the main mode of transport then as can be seen in this photo from the 1940's, with only one motor car partly to be seen. Today, the pub is called "The Tavern" and is owned by Tony and Bernadine Perry (Image 4b). Bikes have been replaced by cars.

The shipping advertisements to the side of the pub clearly show how regularly people emigrated from this area and used P. J. McDermott as the local booking agent for trans-Atlantic journeys. The name of the shipping agency is advertised in lettering under the pub window and is only partially readable in the photo. An advertisement for "Grocery and Fancy Goods" is visible under the opposite window. The historian, Enda Delaney wrote, emigration was at its height for the 20th Century, similar to the 1850's after the Great Irish Famine.[8] Kevin Doohan and his brother Paddy from Quarryfield, Bunnanadden emigrated to the U.S.A. in the late 1940s, as did many of their fellow neighbours mostly going to America or Britain. The men in the photo are obviously in their Sunday best.

Despite the emigration, 1949 was a very productive year for the village of Bunnanadden. 'The recently formed Young Farmers' Club set up a weekly market. Quarterly fairs were introduced again. The building of a gravity water scheme was started that year. The rural electrification scheme was expected in the following year. The flight from the land should now cease, seeing that all the amenities enjoyed by town-dwellers may henceforth be enjoyed in country homesteads.'[9]

Image 5a is a photograph of the Eucharistic procession which was celebrated in Bunnanadden village in Spring–early Summer every year in the 1930-40's. The photograph shows the large congregation making their way back up through the village to the Church of the Sacred Heart. Mc Namee's owned the pub then, before Gilmartin's (as in Image 1a) and its porch is thatched. The sidecars in the corner show the mode of transport that was used then and there are no motor cars in view. The women are all wearing cloche hats or other head gear. Today, secular parades, like tractor runs have replaced the annual Eucharistic Processions.

In Image 6a, we see another wonderful photo taken on the Eucharistic Procession Day showing Louis McDermott's house, marvellously decorated in celebration of the occasion. The two large windows with their displays show the presence of a shop. A weighing machine for sacks of potatoes can be seen on the left of the photo, next to the temporary altar for the service. A Model T Ford motor car is parked beside the house, to the right of the picture. Today, the house no longer contains a shop.

Phil McDermott Landers, Louis McDermott's daughter, told me that all the houses in the village were decorated with flowers. "Mrs. Killoran made a great job of her house. The children threw flower petals in front

Image 5a: Bunnanadden Eucharistic Procession in the 1940's.

of the Blessed Sacrament as it passed by all along the route up to Martin Doddy's shop. The little girls wore veils and the choir sang songs and said the Rosary. Benediction was celebrated in front of my house on the corner. There was a wonderful smell of flowers. The windows were decorated as were the altars out on the street. There was a big rush to collect flowers in the days before the procession. The country people would bring them in. Miss Kerins would conduct the children."[10]

Image 5b: Bunnanadden at same street corner in 2017.

I really enjoyed this opportunity of finding and looking at these wonderful old photos of Bunnanadden village and comparing them to modern photos taken at the same angle, but in a different era. The photos show big differences in the life style of Bunnanadden people between the past and the present day, both socially and economically. Today the village contains the parish church, two pubs, a national school, a community hall and a successful business, O Brien's Tractors. Up until 2011, two shops and a post office were also open and serving the community, but like many towns in rural Ireland there are now only closed shop fronts in Bunnanadden (apart from O'Brien's Tractors). It is another world. The photos document these changes very clearly and show what a vital asset they are in recording and demonstrating the life people lived in Bunnanadden in the past.

Image 6a: Phil McDermott Landers' homeplace decorated for a Sunday Eucharistic Procession in the 1940s

Image 6b: McDermott's House (now Gildea's) in Bunnanadden.

Footnotes:

[1]Archdeacon Terence O Rorke, *The History of Sligo Town and County, Vol. 2,* (Dublin 1986), p. 190.

[2]Liam Kelly, *Photographs and Photography in Irish Local History,* (Dublin, 2008), p. 13.

[3] L. Kelly, *Photographs and Photography in Irish Local History,* p. 103.

[4] Teagasc, Farming & Country Life 1916 (Carlow 2016), pp 69-70.

[5] Interview with Annie Mae Gormanly, Bunnanadden, 05 November 2015.

[6] Interview with Pauline Rodgers, Bunnanadden, 24 October 2017.

[7] T. Foye, *Parish of Bunninadden,* (Sligo Champion Publishing 1949), p. 21.

[8] The Irish Times *Generation Emigration* <www.irishtimes.com/blogs/generationemigration20/11/11/02/traditions-of-emigrationtheirishhabitofgoing >.

[9] T. Foye, *"The Parish of Bunninadden",* (Sligo Champion Publishers 1949), pp. 22-23.

[10] Interview with Mrs. Phil Mc Dermott Landers, Bunnanadden in 24 April 2014.

List of Images

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Image 1b. Bunnanadden in the 1960's, from the Ballymote side – Photo by author, Clare Doohan.

Image 2a. Aerial view of Bunnanadden from the Ballymote side in 2017. Courtesy of Pauline Rogers.

Image 2b. Bunnanadden from the Ballymote side in 2017. Photo by author.

Image 3a. Church of the Sacred Heart and Parochial House, Bunnanadden, Co. Sligo. Aero View Ltd, Dublin. Courtesy of P. Rogers, Bunnanadden.

Image 3b. Church of the Sacred Heart and the modern-day Parochial House, Bunnanadden. Photo by author.

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Image 5a. Bunnanadden Eucharistic Procession in 1940's. Courtesy of P. Rogers, Bunnanadden.

Image 5b. The same corner of Bunnanadden in 2017. Photo by author.

Image 6a. Phil McDermott Landers' home place in Bunnanadden, during the Eucharistic Procession in the 1940's. Courtesy of P. Rogers, Bunnanadden.

Image 6b. Same house in 2017. Photo by author.

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Co Sligo map courtesy of 4Schools.ie, Sligo County Map < https://4schools.ie/content/sligo-county-map-0 > .

Sligo Watch and Clockmakers

by Owen M. Duffy

Many families have a clock with a name on its face (dial) along with 'Sligo' but know nothing of the maker or the period in which it was made. The following is a list of references used to identify watch and clockmakers who carried on business in Sligo from the 1700's to the present.

By far the most interesting method of identification of makers is firstly by locating surviving clocks and watches. This is followed by studying the design of the clock's case and its type of mechanism, thus establishing when the maker was in business in Sligo.

A few previous lists have been drawn up for Ireland. One was drawn up by M.S Dudley Westropp, while he was Keeper of the Art and Industrial Division of the National Museum in 1930 - 1936. He listed approximately 500 watch and clockmakers in Ireland. Then in 1963, Geraldine Fennell produced a useful guide to Irish watch and clockmakers, listing approximately 1,000 makers and published by the National Museum. Her list was drawn up from National Museum references and from registrations with The Goldsmiths' Company in Dublin. The Watch and Clockmakers' Guild came under the Goldsmiths' umbrella and so this provides a useful source of watch and clock makers.

In the year 2000 a list of Watch and Clockmakers was produced by the late William G Stuart and arranged and edited by David Arthur Boles. They listed over 2400 up to the year 1900. Both William and David were founder members of 'The Irish Antiquarian Horology Society (Irish Section)'. It was founded on 5th December 1972.

The Census of Elphin published in 1749 under the direction of Bishop Edward Synge lists the names, addresses and occupations for thirteen parishes in the Sligo town area. It lists Arthur Williams as watchmaker in Sligo in 1749.

The street and trade directories for Sligo give fairly accurate information on watch and clockmakers. Pigot & Company Provincial Directory published in 1824, lists three watch and clockmakers in Sligo at that time. Slater's Commercial Directory of 1846 cited William Molyneaux & Son at No 5 Castle Street and Patrick Moore at 38 Market Street. The Sligo Independent County Directory of 1889 lists five clockmakers in business in Sligo.

In addition, advertisements in the Sligo newspapers are a valuable source. These are: The Sligo Champion, 1836 to the present, The Sligo Independent, 1855 to 1962, The Sligo Chronicle, from 1850.

Variation in the spelling of clockmakers' names are commonly found. One must remember that the further back one goes in time, the greater is the variation in name spelling, especially surnames. At the beginning of the 18th and early 19th centuries, only a minority could read and fewer still could write. Oftentimes the person or scribe would then write down something that matched the sound of the spoken name and this seemed perfectly adequate at the time.

A List of the Watch & Clockmakers of Sligo

John Irwin, clockmaker in Sligo ca. 1735 – 1740. A fine example of one of his longcase clocks graces the main hallway of Castletown House in Celbridge, County Kildare. This clock would have been handmade and may have been purchased during William James Conolly's time as M.P for Ballyshannon, as he would have been passing through Sligo on his way back to his Castletown estate. The brass chapter ring on the dial is signed "Jon Irwin, Sligoe" Its case is typical of the traditional Chippendale tall clock type.

Arthur Williams was listed as a watchmaker in Sligo town in The Census of Elphin, published in 1749 under the direction of Bishop Edward Synge.

John Clemens was also listed as a watchmaker in St Johns, Sligo town, in the 1749 Census of Elphin. Note that all entries in the Census of Elphin may be viewed at the Public Records Office or online on the "Findmypast" website.

James Black was listed by Fennell as Watch & Clockmaker in Sligo in ca. 1763. A fine longcase by him has a beautiful flame mahogany case with a square brass dial, and "James Black, Sligo" engraved on its chapter ring. The mechanism of this clock is hand made. It is obvious from the quality of this clock that James was a Master clockmaker.

David Bissett, clockmaker was listed by Fennell and was in business in Sligo in ca. 1776.

James McDowall (variant of surname McDauall) worked as a watch and clockmaker in Sligo in 1820 – 1824. A fine longcase clock by him has a beautiful mahogany case in the Georgian style, with a square white painted dial, and about thirteen inches square. The introduction of white dials in the 1830's was classed as an improvement over the brass dial, as it was easier to read late in the evening and in poor light conditions.

William Molyneaux operated as a watch and clockmaker at Market

A Clock made by John Irwin, Sligo C 1735

A Clock made by James Black, Sligo in C 1760

Street, Sligo in the 1820 – 1824 period (William G. Stuart). The design of one of his longcase clocks is typical of early Victorian design, with a circular twelve-inch white painted dial signed "William Molyneux, Sligo". Members of the Nelson family of clockmakers were involved with William Molyneux in ca. 1828.

James Little was also clockmaking in Sligo in ca. 1830. The late Tom Flaherty viewed one of his longcase clocks that had a painted white arched dial. Tom was one of the best known of the Dublin clock repairers in the 1990's, who had trained in Coventry and was originally from Doon, Gurteen.

Nelsons Watch and Clockmakers, Castle Street, Sligo. As was mentioned earlier, members of the Nelson family were involved with William Molyneaux in the clockmaking business in Sligo in 1828. Francis Nelson was born in Omagh in 1837 and he trained as a clockmaker in Enniskillen (probably with John Molyneaux, Enniskillen).

Francis then set up independently as a clockmaker in Enniskillen. He met and married Hannah West of Calry while visiting his brother James who was already in business in Sligo. Francis and Hannah married in 1862. Francis later joined his brother James in business in their Castle Street premises.

The Nelson brothers James and Francis installed and commissioned the turret clock in Sligo Town Hall, Quay Street, Sligo in 1877. They retailed lever watches with their own name on the dial and movement. The Mayoral chain was made by the Nelson Brothers in 1882. Fifteen former Mayors of Sligo contributed a link to the 18-carat gold chain. James Nelson served as Mayor of Sligo in 1885 and again in 1887.

Francis' son James J Nelson was born in Sligo in 1863 and followed his father into the business of clockmaking. Like the Molyneaux business of Enniskillen, the Nelsons sold clocks and watches, jewellery, hardware, and fishing tackle and were also licenced dealers in firearms. The business operated initially as J. Nelson and later Nelson & Son and Nelson Brothers in the 1920's (Francis W and James Coulthard Nelson). James Coulthard Nelson's son Drummond operated the business until his retirement. Nelsons remained one of Sligo's most reputable clockmaking businesses until it closed its doors for the final time in 1986.

William Roy, Watch and Clockmaker, was in business at 11 Castle Street in 1858. A few Roy

longcase clocks are in existence in the county.

Solomon Rombach, Watch and Clockmaker, ran his business at No 4 Knox Street in 1858, (part of what is now Hargadon's of O'Connell Street). Solomon originally came from an area of Germany south east of Dresden and close to the Black Forest. A fine example of one of Solomon's arch-dial longcase clocks has been examined recently in County Roscommon.

Robert Irvine, Watch and Clockmaker, was in business at 25 Ratcliffe Street in 1894.

The Sligo Independent County Directory (Almanac & guide) 1889 listed the following clockmakers in business in Sligo:

P. Clancy watchmaker, Ratcliffe Street,

Graham J, & J., Castle Street

Shaw Alex, Knox Street,

Nelson Bros., Castle Street,

Wherly Bros., Thomas Street.

Wehrly Brothers: In ca. 1870 three Wehrly brothers from Rohrbach, deep in the Black Forest of Germany, acquired a premises in Sligo on Thomas Street and commenced repairing clocks and watches. Then in ca. 1900 two of the brothers Edward and Adolph acquired a premises at No 3 Knox Street (O'Connell St) Sligo and expanded the business. Both of Adolph's sons, namely Frederick and Edward, trained as watchmakers and Frederick worked for a time with Rolex before returning to join with Edward in the family business.

Tony Wehrly took over the business from his dad Edward and in 2009 Tony's son Richard became the fourth generation of Wehrlys to join the business and was President of the Retail Jewellers of Ireland in 2016. Then, in 2019, their business was shortlisted for the UK and Ireland Retailer of the Year, at a function in the Artillery Gardens in London.

John Wilkin was listed as a watch, clockmaker and jeweller in Slater's Commercial Directory of 1881. His premises was at 45 Knox Street, Sligo

Armin Lowe set up as watch and clockmaker at No. 22A Grattan Street in the year 1949. Armin originally trained in the upkeep and maintenance of Navigational Instruments and later trained as a watchmaker. His son Patrick who trained in the Irish Swiss School of Horology, carries on the business to this day.

Some watchmakers who carried on business on a small scale in Sligo were never recorded in pre-1900 directories.

Edward Loftus and his son John Loftus resided at No. 24 Chapel Street and carried on their business from there. Some of Sligo's senior citizens still remember the window of number 24 displaying watches and clocks.

James Sutherland worked as a clockmaker for Nelsons in the 1920's and many still remember him inside the shop window with his eye monocle in place as he carried out repair.

Albert Shaw trained with Drummond Nelson and attended The Swiss School of Horology in Dublin. He set up in business in 1986 when Nelsons closed their premises. In 1992 he acquired No. 50 O'Connell Street and set up in watch and clock repair and jewellery sales. The business is now closed.

William F Henry established a watchmaker and jewellery business on High Street in the year 1951. His son Tony successfully ran the business until it closed in 2018. His brother Gilbert continues to run a jewellery premises on High Street.

Handymen were also known to take an interest in clock repairing. **Pat Doddy**, Rathdooneymore (born 1886) and **Robert Clarke,** Carrownanty, Ballymote developed an interest in clock repair. Robert (Robby) would also install electrics and do whatever plumbing was required. **John Broe**, who had a bicycle shop in Collooney, would also repair an alarm clock as well as mend a puncture.

A Longcase clock dial made by William Molyneux circa 1830

A Dial of Solomon Rombach longcase clock

A William Roy longcase clock dial

A Wehrly Brothers drop-dial clock Circa 1890

A Clock by James McDauall, Sligo C 1824

In general, it is true to say that our ancestors enjoyed a more leisurely approach to timekeeping. Across shows the face of the Coney Island drop dial clock from ca 1890. The clock is still installed in McGowan's

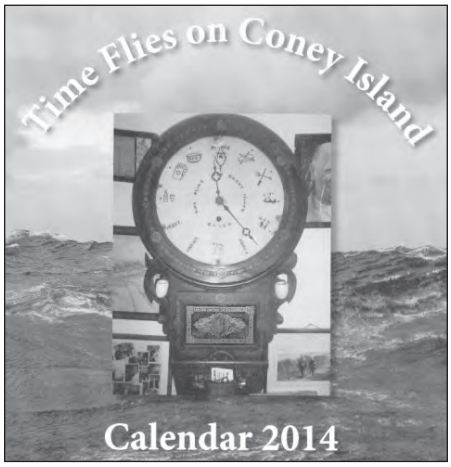
A Clock by James Nelson, Castle Street, Sligo

shop and public house on Coney Island. The damaged dial of this clock was repainted as shown above by William James Houston on one of his visits to Coney Island post 1915. William James who came to Ballymote in ca 1915, worked with Murray's coachbuilders of Newtown Street, Ballymote. His expertise is still to be seen on many of the fine paintings and wall murals which he created over the years. William James died on 16th September 1963 at Gibraltar Cottage, Sligo and is buried in St Columba's Cemetery, Ballymote.

"Watch for ye know not the hour"

Saint Paul's Protestant Church in Collooney was built just over 300 years ago, in 1720. The oldest Church turret clock in Sligo County was installed in Saint Paul's exactly 200 years ago, namely in 1821. This clock was made by "Twaites and Reed", one of the oldest and most famous clockmaking firms in Clerkenwell, London. This firm maintained all the clocks of The Palace of Westminster, and The Great Westminster Clock known as "Big Ben" for over thirty years.

When St Paul's clock was installed initially in 1821, it struck the hour on a single bell. Then in 1895 a



Coney Island Drop Dial Clock

quarter-hour striking mechanism, also manufactured by Twaites and Reed, was added to the original clock's mechanism. This required a further four bells to be added to facilitate the Westminster chime. The peal of four bells was manufactured by John J Murphy, Bell Founder, 14 Thomas Street, Dublin. Three of the four bells are inscribed as follows:

"To the Glory of God and in memory of T.J. Meredith Captain 90th Regt. 1860",

"In memory of Herbert Willoughby Meredith R.N 1894,

"Watch for ye know not the hour".

They were the gift of Sidney Margaret Kincaid in memory of her first husband Thomas James Meredith and their son Herbert. Thomas J Meredith was the last of the Meredith family to carry out major work on their Cloonamahon estate. The estate was sold to the Congested Districts Board in 1907 by Dr Henry Colpoys Tweedy, son in law of Thomas J Meredith.

Mr John Bourke, Church Sexton at

St Paul's Protestant Church, built in 1720 remodelled in 1837

St Paul's at present, has followed in the footsteps of Lloyds and Irwins in guaranteeing that the Turret Clock and chiming mechanism is kept in superb working condition and keeping exact time.

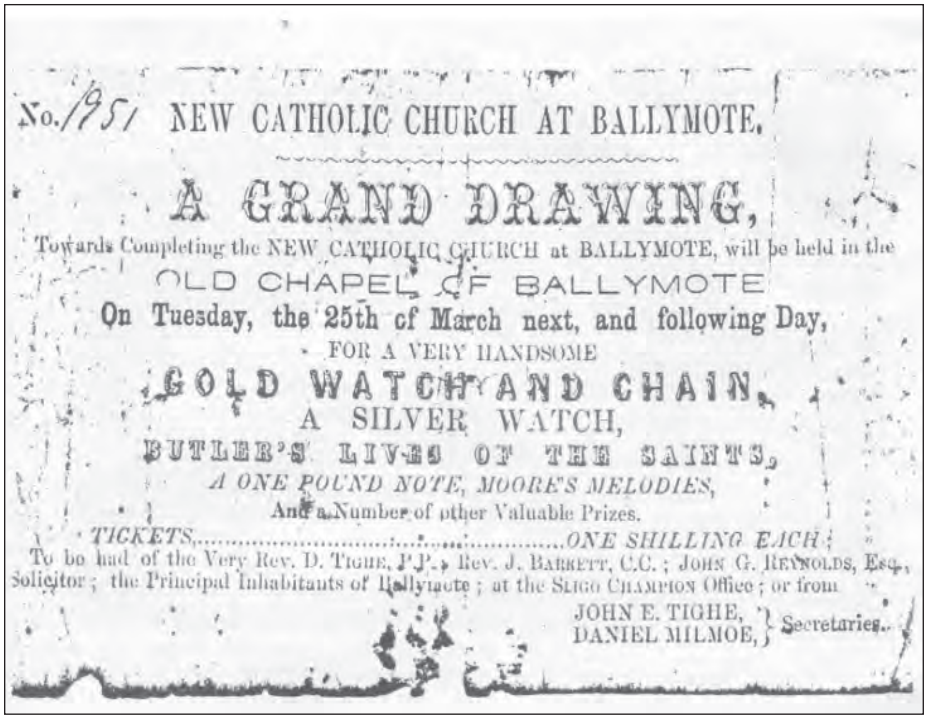
In the year 1837 Saint Paul's was committed for restoration to Collooney native, Sir John Benson (1812 – 1874) who added trancepts, re-roofed the building and furnished the interior with a tastefully designed groined ceiling.

He was also involved at an early age in the restoration of Markree Castle for Edward Joshua Cooper. He was knighted for his design of The Great Industrial Exhibition building of 1853. Sir John Benson is an ancestor of Pam Benson, Ballymote Heritage Society's longstanding treasurer.

Grateful appreciation to the following for their continued encouragement and knowledge.
David Arthur Boles, Dublin,
Tony Wehrly O'Connell Street, Sligo,
Patrick Lowe, Grattan Street, Sligo,
Linda Woodmartin, Woodville, Sligo,
Rene Shaw, O'Connell Street, Sligo,
Mr John Bourke, Sexton at St Pauls Protestant Church.

References:

The History of Sligo Town & County. T O'Rorke, DD .MRIA.



No. 951 NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH AT BALLYMOTE.

A GRAND DRAWING,

Towards Completing the NEW CATHOLIC CHURCH at BALLYMOTE, will be held in the

OLD CHAPEL OF BALLYMOTE

On Tuesday, the 25th of March next, and following Day,

FOR A VERY HANDSOME

GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN,

A SILVER WATCH,

BUTLER'S LIVES OF THE SAINTS,

A ONE POUND NOTE, MOORE'S MELODIES,

And a Number of other Valuable Prizes.

TICKETS.....ONE SHILLING EACH;

To be had of the Very Rev. D. Tighe, P.P.; Rev. J. Barrett, C.C.; John G. Reynolds, Esq., Solicitor; the Principal Inhabitants of Ballymote; at the Sligo Champion Office; or from

JOHN E. TIGHE,
DANIEL MILMOE, } Secretaries.

A raffle ticket of the time (1862), which is preserved in parish records, shows some of the way funds were collected for a new church in Ballymote. The solemn dedication and official opening of the church was on 4th September 1864.

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