

THE CORRAN HERALD

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M A D A M E The Rebel Countess

JIM McGARRY

Towards the end of the last century, a big crowd had gathered on Claragh Hills, Co. Sligo for the annual point to point meeting of O'Hara's Harriers. It was a bitterly cold day, intensified on the bleak, shelterless hills. But it was lit by the personality of a local heroine of the hunting field, immaculately attired and superbly mounted.

Ladies' Races had not been introduced at that time and so it was that in the principal open race, there was a solitary lady rider in a dark green riding habit, riding side-saddle. A renowned horsewoman whose breathtaking exploits cross-country were the topic of the day - she was the focus of all eyes as she weighed in for the big race. Finally she emerged from the saddling enclosure to a spontaneous cheer from the spectators.

Many of the best point to point riders in Connaught were in the big field, but there was no doubt about the favourite with the crowd.

Of the big field only four were seriously in the running approaching the last double bank, three men and the solitary female, riding neck to neck. The flag-poles marking the course over the bank were just sufficiently wide apart to allow three horses to cross it abreast. The three riders decided this was the place to shake off the favourite. But they reckoned without the indomitable courage and horsemanship of their opponent. It looked like suicide as the four riders raced in a solid phalanx to the bank, with the favourite on the inside. Instead of slackening her speed as the others expected, she lifted her crop and drove for the bank, landed on it a stride in front of the others, was first off it and first home. The hill of Claragh echoed the wild applause of the excited crowd for their favourite's win. It was yet another story to add to her already legendary epic of horsemanship.

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THE TITANIC

The Cloonagashel Connection

A letter from Sr. Monessa King of Needham, Mass., U.S.A. to George Hannan of Cloonagashel has revealed how a quirk of fate probably saved the lives of George's mother, Hannah (nee King) and Charlie King when the Titanic sank on the night of April 14th, 1912, with 1,500 casualties. Charlie King of Cambs had returned to Ireland on the vacation in the spring of 1912. Charlie had booked his return passage to the U.S. on the Titanic. His cousin, Hannah King, then aged 15, was anxious to emigrate and Charlie was to take her under his wing for the voyage. However, some heart-searching and indecision on the part of Hannah's parents caused both Charlie and Hannah to miss the ill-fated maiden voyage of the Titanic. No doubt the subsequent disaster dispelled any annoyance Charlie King may have felt as a result of the upsetting of his travel arrangements.

Eventually, Hannah King decided against emigration and she later married Josie Hannon of O'Connell Street, Ballymote.

Happy Easter Wishes

The Year of the Blizzard

By P.J. DUFFY

Forty years ago this month, the country shivered in what, so far, has been the worst snowstorm of the century, and for many people a sort of dark never to be forgotten phenomenon.

February 21st, 1947 was a bitter cold day which had been preceded by weeks of similar harsh weather, in which black frost froze the lakes and rivers of the country. In the afternoon a stiff North Easterly breeze began carrying with it specks of tiny snowflakes which continued to fall up until the time people retired to their beds. Many harboured hopes that the presence of snow would bring about a softening in weather conditions resulting in the thaw.

On the following morning all hopes of improvement were dashed as a fierce blizzard driven by a biting wind swept the whole countryside. The atmosphere changed to darkness as the powdery snow whirled about in the directions. Roads become impassable with all traffic coming to a complete standstill.

Outlying livestock, which had sought shelter alongside ditches and hedges shivered, and many suffocated as the piling snow mounted above their heads. The more delicate ones succumbed because of the freezing temperatures.

The desperate conditions prevailing on the day of February 22nd made it impossible for most livestock to be accounted for, and even to unlatch the bolt in an iron gate meant that your hand stuck to the bolt.

February 23rd, the storm had blown over, and the great search to locate sheep and cattle got underway. It was here that the use of a dog became a major source of assistance, in locating live animals trapped in their snow tunnels, for although large numbers had perished there were still hundreds of survivors trapped in this way.

In the case of the sheep, what usually happened was that they moved into circles, heads together, pointing upwards as the drifting snow pitted them in. The sustained heat rising from their breath often melted the snow to a height of several feet above where they stood, and this enabled them to receive enough air to survive until help, which often took days, arrived.

Overnight the whole landscape had taken on a sort of Antarctic resemblance, as drifts, some as high as fourteen feet, stood on her with the highest hedgerows. The strong wind currents prevailing on the day of the storm had blown the snow into the most beautiful curves and contours you could ask to see. I have often since thought, what a study it would have been for a modern day artist. The following sunny days which followed in the wake of the blizzard were in turn followed by nights of severe frost, which turned the snowdrifts into rock solid masses that looked like glaciers. As a youth, I clearly remember walking across the Owenbeg river on top of a snowdrift, and listening to water gurgling below under the ice at a depth of about eight feet.

On the leaves of thatched houses huge icicles clear as crystal glass pointed towards the ground, and at the outlets from spring wells, ice crystals formed nightly as the surplus water edged its way through freezing temperatures.

Mention of icicles reminds me of a little incident which took place at the time, when a local chap went to a neighbour's house to have a number of buttons sewn into the waist of his trousers. The job of sewing the buttons fell to a girl who lived next door, but who happened to be visiting at the time. In order to avail of the maximum amount of light, didn't she stand your man at the door leading to the kitchen. As she finished sewing the last button she reached out, plucked an icicle from the eave of the house and thrust it down the waist of the trousers. The poor fellow let go a yell, and shouted 'What's that' as the chilly ice slid past his privates, and down the leg of his trousers.

Although the world war had come to an end almost two years previously, food rationing was still being enforced by the Government of the day. Streams of shoppers plodded daily through the snowdrifts en route to the local town. Towards nighttime they would return home, carrying on their backs the weekly rations.

The remains of persons who died during the storm, and in the week that followed, had to be taken to the Church and local cemetery, either by sleigh or hand barrow, the latter device being a crude

construction made up of a sheet of galvanised iron supported by two long joists of timber. The coffin was then mounted on top of this frame, and working in relays of four at a time, the young men of the area took the remains of the deceased person on this makeshift bier, to its final resting place.

Let's remember that the blizzard followed in the wake of the disastrous harvest of 1944, at a time when people were still being compelled to till one fourth of all, their arable lands. In September of that year, the authorities recruited an emergency Labour force to assist farmers in salvaging what remained of their weather beaten crops. With the arrival of March fodder for livestock got scarcer and scarcer, as the prevailing harsh weather kept up the increase in appetite. Hay which usually sold at five shillings, now fetched the staggering sum of thirty shillings her hundred weight (8 stones).

In the end there wasn't enough to go around, with the result that cattle died by the score, and in all areas the Burnhouse Service, with it's dreaded adour of rotting flesh, became a regular visitor, and was to remain so for weeks to come.

Amid forecasts, that the drifts would remain until the arrival of June, the middle of March saw a gradual thaw get underway. There were grave fears that a rapid thaw would bring about extensive flooding, as all rivers and streams were frozen solid and heavily dammed by the packed snow lying on top. Fortunately, the mild thaw kept on as, temperatures kept rising, and by the first of April the first green fields were coming into sight once more. Daily, in the distance you could hear crashing sounds of ice boulders, as the rivers began to throw.

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Fastprint

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SR. CONSILIO

A tribute to her achievements

If you mention the name of Sr Consilio in Collooney the immediate response is 'ah she was great, she did a lot for the children'. As one of her proteges I endorse the response and would add much more. Sr Consilio gave many many children the opportunity to develop their musical and other talents.

In this issue of the 'Corran Herald' we are pleased to present to our readers an account of the tremendous work undertaken in Collooney over 21 years by the nun from Clifden in Galway.

BIRTH OF THE BAND

Sr. Consilio came to Collooney in 1959 to teach children in their initial three years to schooling. Soon after her arrival she started to teach music. The old 'Clarks' tin whistle which was affordable to one and all was the chosen instrument. When we reached first class it was time to go home and announce 'I have to get a new tin whistle for the band'. The possibility of not being

allowed into the band didn't occur there; we were unaware. We already had 'd,r,m,f,s,l,t,d,' and a fine rendering of 'Seánín an Rothar, aon, dó, trí' or 'I'm a little teapot' with actions of course. All we had to do now was learn a play-yes - 'The Dawning of the Day'.

After school once and often twice a week we would 'stay behind' for a band practise. It didn't occur to us that Sr. Consilio was staying behind too, after a hard day's teaching. The notes would be written on the blackboard for us and with tin whistles at the ready we would play the notes as our teacher ponted with a long ruler and sang each note aloud. Then off we would go armed with our new tune to try it out at home where it never sounded as good as when we had all played together. The children who couldn't succeed with the tin whistle were provided with triangle or tambourines to play with the band.

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4 CONSILIO

TIME TO MARCH:

When we could play all the marches we joined our betters and this meant we had to learn the march in time and in line. We would march up and down the avenue to the convent and the Lord help anyone who would step out of line. St. Patrick's Day arrived and before second mass was over we would line up outside the girls' school in readiness. At the right moment we would start our parade. The big drum would beat out instructions, our feet would shuffle in readiness, the music would start and off we would go. It was a wonderful feeling for us, smiling at one and all despite the tin whistles. Sr. Consilio would walk along the pavement willing us to keep in line and to play our tunes well.

In later years we went from our own village parade to join the big parade in Sligo. However, this never held the same joy as the parade in our own town, where we recognised all the smiling faces and even then recognised the proud look on our parents' faces. It is to be remembered at this point in our story that all this was made possible by the hard work of Sr. Consilio.

After a few years some of us were lucky enough to be the proud owners of an accordion. Sr. Consilio taught us to master our new instrument and now when we marched we were an impressive sight and sound. We wore green pleated skirts, white blouse with green tie. The knotting of the tie frequently created problems for the girls. The problem was solved if your father's neck was narrow enough he would tie the knot on himself first, loosen the tie, take it over his head and place it around your neck. For many of our fathers this would be the first dealings

they ever had in the dressing of their daughters, and so a certain pride was involved. To complete our uniform we wore golden braid around our knee-high white socks with black shoes completing our attire.

Our big drum was painted with green, white and gold stripes by Kevin D'Arcy our local artist and the band leader carried a Shield which read 'Buionn Ceoil - Cuil Mhaoile'. The Collooney Girls' band marched through Collooney many times throughout the year. St. Patrick's Day, Easter Sunday, the Feast of Corpus Christi when all the newly painted houses would have a beautiful altar placed at their door. On that parade with our eyes fixed on the altars our lines suffered. Our usual marches were, replaced by suitable hymns for the day. 'Collooney Girls' Band' was versatile as was their teacher, Sr. Consilio.

SURPRISE PARADE

It was late one Sunday evening in the middle of July 1964, the sky was about to take on its nightly hue. All was quiet in the village of Collooney. Suddenly out of the silence came the sound of musica. Doors opened, people appeared from nowhere - What was happening? The band came into view and instead of the customary shield a large Silver Cup was held aloft by the leader. Up went the cheers for although no one knew what we were celebrating, the air was charged with our delight, our music was vibrant and the people of the town took our cue and cheered us on. By the time we reached the end of the village, word had gone round that we were the 'Connaught Champion Marching Band' of the day. Sr. Consilio was proud and for once marched beside us regardless of our step and accepted the cheering she so justly deserved.

TELEVISION APPEARANCE

In the 1960's there was a programme on Telifis Eireann called 'Seoirse agus Beartlai'. It was a great favourite with children at the time because of Beartlai the dummy and the fact that it was children and young teenagers who performed traditional music, song and dance. If you hadn't a television then you paid a visit to a house that had when the programme was due. Sr. Consilio arranged an audition for our band to appear on this programme. We were accepted and preparations were made for the occasion. The excitement was immense, this would be the first time for most of the children to see Dublin. We were to leave Collooney in the 'middle of the night' a delight in itself. The entire event was like a dream and over twenty years later would still be taken for the same except for a single treasured photo taken from the programme as the camera fell upon my face barely visible above the accordion.

FLEADHANNA AND ANNUAL TREATS

Throughout the year we attended the 'Fleadh' where we performed to the best of our ability. There was never too much emphasis on the winning of medals. We took part which was the important aspect.

Before the schools summer holidays we had a party. Big basins full of trifle, whispered jelly, blancmange were carefully transported from the convent kitchen to the school in readiness and anticipation.

Brought up in an era when we were taught to speak only when spoken to and never to ask for more, we sat and waited for our share. Soon however with Sr. Consilio's intervention and spirit for the occasion that was in it, our retiring nature was forgotten and the party enjoyed to the full.

The Linen Industry

HERITAGE OF OTHER TIMES

5

BY TOM McGETTRICK

.....

The extract given below is from a book telling of events in Ballymote two hundred and ten years ago. It is a firsthand account of the linen industry in the town written by Arthur Young in his book 'A Tour of Ireland'.

Arthur Young came to Ballymote in 1776 especially to write about it. It is a very well told story. That linen industry has left a heritage which today can in many instances be clearly identified. Mill Street and Newtown are names to which the extract gives meaning. The linen mill was at the end of Mill Street. There is still a vague outline of it there. The millrace and the dam which created the reservoir for the water to drive the mill are still there. The Fitzmaurices, a family with various titles, built Earlsfort House and changed the name of the townland from Carrow-cawley to Earlsfield to honour themselves. One of them built the Round Tower on Carrownanty Hill — an imposing landmark which some years ago toppled over and brought some local history with it.

.....

Mr. Young wrote:

'Reaching Ballymote in the evening, the residence of the Hon. Mr. Fitzmaurice, where I expected great pleasure in viewing a manufactory, of which I heard much since I came to Ireland. He was so kind as to give me the following account of it, in the most liberal manner:

"Twenty years ago the late Lord Shelburne came to Ballymoat, a wild uncultivated region, without industry or civility; and the people all Roman Catholics, without an atom of a manufacture, not even spinning. In order to change this state of things, his Lordship contracted with people in the north, to bring Protestant weavers, and establish a manufactory, as the only means of making the change he wished; this was done; but, falling into the hands of rascals, he lost £5000 by the business, with only 17 Protestant families, and 26 and 27 looms established for it. Upon his death, Lady Shelburne wished to carry his scheme into execution, and to do it, gave much encouragement to Mr. Wakefield, the great Irish factor in London, by granting advantageous leases, under the contract of building and colonizing, by weavers from the north, and carrying on the manufactory.

He found about 20 looms, working upon their own account, and made a considerable progress in this for five years, raising several buildings, cottages for the weavers, and was going on as well as the variety of his business would admit, employing 60 looms. He then died, when a stand was made to all the works for a year, in which everything went much to ruin. Lady Shelburne then employed a new manager to carry on the manufacture upon his own account, giving him profitable grants of lands to encourage him to do it with spirit. He continued for five years, employing 60 looms also; but his circumstances failing, a fresh stop was put to the work.

Then it was that Mr. Fitzmaurice, in the year 1774, determined to exert himself in pushing on a manufactory, which promised to be of such essential service to the whole country. To do this with effect, he saw that it was necessary to take it entirely into his own hands. He could lend money to the manager to enable him to go on, but that would be, at best, hazardous, and could never do it in the complete manner in which he wished to establish it. In the period of consideration, Mr. Fitzmaurice was advised by his friends, never to engage in so complex a business as a manufacture in which he must of necessity become a merchant; also engage in all the hazard, irksomeness & c. of commerce, so Fitzmaurice, in the year 1774, determined to exert himself in pushing on a manufactory, which promised to be of such essential service to the whole country. To do this with effect, he saw that it was necessary to take it entirely into his own hands. He could lend money to the manager to enable him to go on, but that would be, at best, hazardous, and could never do it in the complete manner in which he wished to establish it. In the period of consideration, Mr. Fitzmaurice was advised by his friends, never to engage in so complex a business as a manufacture in which he must of necessity become a merchant; also engage in all the hazard, irksomeness & c. of commerce, so totally different from his birth, education, ideas and pursuits; but, tired with the inactivity of common life, he determined not only to turn manufacturer, but to carry on the business in the most spirited and vigorous manner that was possible. In the first place he took every means of making himself a complete master of the business;

he went through various manufactures, enquired into the minutiae, and took every measure to know it to the bottom. This he did, so repeatedly, and with such attention in the whole progress, from spinning to bleaching, and selling, that he became as through a master of it, as an experienced manager; he has woven linen, and done every part of the business, with his own hands.

As he determined to have the works complete, he took Mr. Stansfield, the engineer, so well known for his improved sawmills, into his pay; he sent him over to Ballymoat, in the winter of 1774, in order to erect the machinery of a bleach mill, upon the very best construction; he went to all the great mills in the north of Ireland to inspect them, to remark their deficiencies, that they might be improved in the mills he intended to erect. This knowledge being gained, the work was begun, and as water was necessary, a great basin was formed by a dam across a valley, by which means $3\frac{1}{2}$ acres were floated, to serve as reservoir for dry seasons, to secure plenty at all times. All the machinery of the mill is perfectly well constructed, and worthy of the artist who formed it; in general it is upon the common principle of other bleach-mills executed in a manner superior to any other in Ireland. In several particulars it is much improved; a washing-wheel, on the new construction used in England, is added; beetlers are improved in their motion on the cylinder, by giving something more of time to their rebound; the motion given to the rubbing boards is in a manner different from the common and in general the wheels are all so proportioned, that every operation may go on in the full velocity, without one part being stopped at all upon account of another, which is not generally the case; the water-wheel is also formed to work with the least quantity of water possible; all the works going on with no larger quantity than will flow through a pipe of a 9 inch bore. Here are two beetling cylinders, three pair of rubbing boards, a pair of stocks, a washing wheel, two large coppers for boiling or bucking, a room for drying, and another for folding, the whole contained in a well-erected edifice, 81 feet long by 28 feet broad, and 17 high.

It is hoped to continue the extract in the next issue.

Riverstown

- the hidden monument

Today the village of Riverstown rests quietly between its two rivers the Uncion and the Douglas. On passing through one could be forgiven for thinking that the village has always been so.

However, tucked away in a field behind the village there stands a monument which bears witness to former days of struggle and strife. The following is an account of the historical event which the monument recalls.

For many months cattle-driving had been the practice in rural districts of Ireland in an effort to obtain the land for the use of the people. It has been a peaceful demonstration of the people's own need for the land, peaceful until the early hours of Thursday morning, October 29th, 1908 when a terrible tragedy occurred at Ardkeeran farm in Riverstown. On this night approximately fifty men assembled near 'Coopers Hill' and planned to drive the cattle from Ardkeeran farm the property of Owen Phibbs D.L. Amongst the men was 19 year old John Stenson, a farm labourer and native of Tubbercurry. He was employed by John Miliken of Rusheen, Riverstown.

The band of men marched past the barracks, through the school lane and a number of them crossed the wall that led to Ardkeeran farm. On crossing the boundary they were ordered back by 12 R.I.C. men who were lying in ambush and standing guard over the cattle grazing on the farm. Among the R.I.C. men were Headd Constable Donovan and Sergeant Patrick McHugh who was stationed at Riverstown with Constable McNamara.

The crowd were ordered to go back: 'Desist in the name of the King'. A verbal conflict ensued and stones were thrown. Suddenly a hot was fired in all directions. After a pitched battle lasting for some time the crowd retired across the wall and ran to the safety of their homes.

Not so however John Stenson. He had received a fatal shot during the course of the gunfire and now lay dead upon the soil he wanted to set free for the use of the people.

The Sligo newspapers of the time, 'The Sligo Champion' and 'The Sligo Independent', relate the inquest which was held in the Couthouse in Riverstown shortly after the tragedy. The inquest was conducted by:

Dr. Roe - District Coroner
Francis Comer - District Inspector R.I.C., Ballymote.

Mr. H.J. Tully - Solicitor
Sligo appears for the next of him Catherine Stenson. The jury consisted of fifteen men. Dr. Edward K. Frazer, G.P. Riverstown Dispensary gave evidence on his verdict of the cause of death 'Death in my opinion was caused by laceration of the brain. The wound could have been caused by a bullet and evidently the person who fired and the man who was shot were on the same level with each other and facing each other'. During the inquest a local villager offered to give evidence but the Coroner refused on the grounds that he had not been summoned to do so. The jury's verdict found that the deceased man came by his death by laceration of the brain caused by a bullet wound.

The account of John Stenson's premature death in the struggle to obtain the land for the people recalls to mind the Land League, formed by Michael Davitt in 1879 at Irishtown, Co. Mayo. The Land League campaigned long and hard to end the landlord system and restore the land to the Irish people.

The success of the Land League was great but one cannot but wonder if Davitt, Parnell and others turned in their graves the night John Stenson met his untimely death.

Narrative by Patricia McNally. Appreciation to Mr. Higgins, Headmaster Riverstown National School for detailed information.

JOHN STENSON

I

He stands alone within the field,
His country free to view,
The country that gave birth to him,
Yes, to him and all he knew.

II

He stands mute upon his pedestal,
Yet he will speak aloud,
And tell to me, and tell to you
Of his country he is proud.

By

Patricia McNally

FRED FINN MEMORIAL

A ceremony to mark the unveiling of a memorial to noted musician, the late Fred Finn, will take place at Killaville, on Sunday, May 3rd, 1987.

The programme will include a parade of musicians from the ruin of the old handball alley, where he played and won so many competitions in the early years of his life, to the site of the memorial, situated opposite the Church gate at Killaville.

I've been informed by a member of the committee that the response to fund raising for the memorial has been fantastic, with subscriptions coming in from right across the country, a remarkable tribute indeed to the memory of an extraordinary man.

It is expected that a large number of musicians, and Fred Finn admirers from over a wide area, will be in attendance at the ceremony.

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KARATE KID II COMPETITION

1st PRIZE

Giant Karate Kid Cinema Poster
PLUS
3 Official Stills from the Movie
PLUS
10 Free rental Tapes of your choice

2nd PRIZE:

2 Official Stills from the Movie
PLUS
5 Free Rentals of your choice

3rd PRIZE

2 Free Rentals of your choice
PLUS
1 Blank 4 Hour Tape

1) Name the 2 stars of Karate Kid I & II.

A. _____

2) Who Directed Karate Kid II

A. _____

3) Who is 'Kumiko'?

A. _____

4) Name Miyagi's sworn enemy.

A. _____

5) What part of Japan does Miyagi come from

A. _____

NAME:

ADDRESS:

Return to VIDEO SERVICES, BALLYMOTE, before APRIL 30th,

The Courthouse Ballymote

In 1899 this building was the scene of a dramatic political event. In January of that year the Grand Jury system was abolished and in its place County and District Councils were to be elected. For the purpose of selecting candidates, the Mayor of Sligo and M.P. for the Courthouse summoned a convention at Ballymote, the Courthouse was the only building in town suitable for such a gathering, but the day before the convention the following telegram was sent to the caretaker, Jackson Hawksby, by the Sub Sheriff, Colonel Coffey:-

"Rosses Point January 11th,
1899 - Mayor McHugh
cannot have Courthouse
to-morrow"

When McHugh and his followers arrived he found the doors barred and locked. He demanded admission in ten minutes; after consulting with the District Inspector of the R.I.C. Hawksby returned with a refusal. McHugh turned to the local League Secretary and said: John Gilmartin, get me a sledge hammer - I am not going to ask you to do anything I would not do myself". In a short time Gilmartin returned with the sledge and with a few hefty blows McHugh sent the doors flying off their hinges, the party trooped into the building and transacted their business unmolested. James Hannon, J.P. was the first County Councillor selected and afterwards elected for Ballymote area. The District Councillors chosen were:- John Gilmartin, Thomas Gallagher, James Kane, James Cunnane and Matthew Hannon. McHugh's action caused a great sensation both in this country and elsewhere, being featured in the Paris newspaper "Le Temps". A local poet made a "New Hit" and gave us a ballad of which I quote the opening verse and cho us:-

"To a Courthouse not remote,
Well it's christened Ballymote.
Now myraids of good men
gathered there,
Up from Sligo, Screen and Curry,
Leaguers hastened in a hurry,
But the cream of all dandies
was the mayor".

Bat J. Keaney Comdt., (rtd).

BALLYMOTE TENNIS CLUB 1918



The Corran Herald would be most grateful for information to help identify members of the club included in this picture.

The Changing Times.

BY ELIZABETH MURRAY

Young Ireland has the fastest growing society in the EEC. The present generation were born in the thriving late sixties. At that time, to quote from Rita Childers 'Woman's Liberation in Ireland', Irish women were liberated for the first time in history, with running water in the home, modern electrical equipment, higher living standards, subsidies for better housing conditions.

Family social reform changed the generation gap. There are numerous examples of this, such as laws passed relating to domicile, marital problems, discrimination, married women's careers, third level education, free health schemes, promotion in the arts, and many free handouts.

Then came the recession and with it our present crime wave. Outlawing is the order of the day.

We would need a new legal system that would impose jail sentences of 20 - 30 years for violent robbery. Statistics have shown that sociology cannot deal with crime — take Spike Island and the kid glove treatment.

Ireland has become industrialised, urbanised and commercialised in the last ten years due to foreign enterprise. The silicon chip and computer have replaced the work force, Robots assemble cars, and so forth. People resort to the dangers of the black economy to survive, the Demon Dialer takes over and fraudulence breaks the codes in industry where multi-nationalists get out and wreck the economy. The future generation cannot depend on employment agencies for jobs when here is a bureaucratically controlled system penalised by government tax.

The introduction of high technology into today's workplace is a world wide indication that we will never return to full employment again. The alternative is part-time work or else a shorter working week. It is possible to achieve fulfilment in self-employment. More consideration should be given to natural producers. The pattern of life must change by generating home products, using local raw materials rather than importing them to create employment. The World War 2 period showed the necessity of recycling waste products. This would save the country £½ m. annually.

There is a rewarding aspect to creative work-sharing. Productive work can be anything we do in the home which might contribute to the economy of the country

Mullaghmore

(Great top or Summit)

The village of Mullaghmore, a fishing and seaside resort on the most northerly point of County Sligo, owes its origin to Lord Palmerstown who was responsible for the construction of a harbour around which the village grew up. After the Cromwellian rape of this country, a belt of land five miles deep along the coast line from Mullaghmore to Limerick was reserved and parcelled out to disbanded Cromwellian Officers and adventurers who had contributed money to the campaign. They could be relied on to guard the coast for the Saxon. Later the whole of County Sligo came under this plantation scheme, with the exception of Coolavin, which was considered poor land. Even planters already settled under earlier grants had to be re-affirmed under the Cromwellian settlement scheme. The Palmerstown parcel extended for about six miles from Mullaghmore towards Lissadell and was about two miles in width. Lord Palmerstown appears to have been generally fair to his tenants and did much to improve their condition. He was involved, however, in a very heated dispute with the Catholic Clergy over trying to force on them a position whereby Catholic children would be compelled to attend Protestant schools in the area.

This was eventually solved by the provision of separate Catholic schools. Afterward the Palmerstowns appear to have recognised the rights of their catholic tenants and workers. Lord Palmerstown died in 1865 and the property passed to his Grandson. He became Baron Mount Temple in 1880. On his death, reputed to result from a lice-plague and malnutrition, the property passed to his

grandson. He became Baron Mount Temple in 1880. On his death, reputed to result from a lice-plague and malnutrition. The property with Classie-Bawn Castle passed to his nephew, the Hon. Evelyn Ashley and from him to his granddaughter Edwina, wife of Lord Louis Mountbatton. She died in 1960 and Classie-Bawn passed to her husband Lord Louise Mountbatton.

Bat J. Keaney

JOHN DODDY LOUNGE & BAR Petrol & Oils— O'CONNELL ST. BALLYMOTE

THE SEANCHAI

I wander the byways, walk every road,
Although I am old I carry no load.
If at your house by chance, I should stay,
Let me lie in the barn, sleep on the hay,
By the fireside sit, with something to eat,
A small piece of bread, a morsel of meat.
I am a Seanachai, a teller of tales,
Tell of the animals, of people and whales.
All children to me quickly do run,
Listen so quietly till my stories are done.
Many the stories that I have to tell,
Though old my voice is as clear as a bell.
I tell the fairies and leprechaun kings,
The mouse as it runs, the bird as it sings.
Of Kings long ago, when the years they were old,
Went into battle, wearing armour of gold,
One day I will walk to my heaven on high,
People will say did the Seanchai die,
Please don't grieve now that the Seanchai's gone,
To the people of Ireland my stories belong.

By The Flintstones

WHAT DR. A. DUNLEAVY (BALLYMOTE) SAID IN 1740

It is no wonder then that a language of neither Court nor City nor Bar nor Business ever since the beginning of James I reign should have suffered vast alterations and corruptions and be now on the brink of utter decay, as it really is to the great dishonour and shame of the natives who shall always pass everywhere for Irishmen although Irishmen without Irish is an incongruity and a great bull. Besides the Irish language is undeniably a very ancient Mother Language and one of the smoothest in Europe, no way abounding with monosyllables, nor clogged with rugged consonants which make a harsh sound that grates upon the ear. . . . What a discredit then must it be to the whole nation to let such a language go to wrack.

From "The Elements of the Irish Language." Paris, 1742.

PIONEERS OF 1894

The Parish can hardly boast to-day as it did in the days of six active football teams. There were at least two of them which often brought victory to the Parish in the County Championships played in the field at Carrowmanty, now the site of the Cemetery of St. Columba. Little did many of the players dream that the scene of their many glories would one day offer them a last resting place. Looking, however, through a victorious Round Tower team of 1894 one is still able to congratulate many an old resident in the parish in enjoying a hale and hearty life. J. Chambers (captain), M. Doolill, P. Reynolds, B. Henry, M. McGuinness, J. McGuinness, B. Healy, W. Farkes, J. J. Henry, D. McKeown, J. Hannon, J. Mooney, M. Rogers, M. Dunne, J. McNiffe, J. O'Connor.

McDonagh's "Ballymote and the Parish of Emlaghfad." 1936.

The Park — EARLSFIELD

Much of Ireland's history is centred round the ruins of its monasteries and castles, and many of our country's place names could be used as a caption to a chapter of stirring events. What memories the name Baile an Mhota, the Town of the Moated Castle, would recall to one who could have lived down the centuries in its shadow from the time De Burgo, the Red Earl whom Bruce later defeated at Baile Muine, laid the first stone of the Castle to the days when its last inhabitants, the Taaffes, abandoned it to the parasitic ivy to be a sanctuary for the birds.

And within nailing distance of those old walls are the lands of Earlsfield, where the Park we bless to-day is. Why Earlsfield? That is a question which has a story as answer. We had the Red Earl mentioned above in 1300, and three centuries later O'Donnell, again red, Earl of Tirconnell, and again, almost a century and a half later, the Fitzmaurices, Earls of Orkney and Kirkwall, red in their association with the Protestant ascendancy of the time. All these took a hand in making Ballymote's history, but the last mentioned is the family with which our story deals.

In those days land was parcelled out in quarters and from the area which, as far as I can gather, was called Carrowcawley, Cawley's Quarter, one Fitzmaurice, through confiscation, obtained wide territory round the present Convent of Mercy. High up here he built his home, now the Convent, where he could keep watch over his broad acres and his flax mills and millers from the North in the lower regions of Mill Street and what is often called Newtown.

It has come down in local history that this industrious Earl caused stones to be removed from the precincts of the old Franciscan ruins nearby to build his mansion. Fr. Dunleavy of Ballymote, nephew of the more famous Dr. A. Dunleavy of Catechism fame and an illustrious son of the parish, remonstrated, but to no avail. "These stones will revert to a consecrated home," he said quietly and left it at that. To his new home the Earl gave the name Earlsfield.

Now follows a geographical, historical pot pourri relating to the area for much of which tradition is the author, but it can, in some cases, be assisted by certain present-day indications of its truth. The old road at the upper or Convent end of the Park was once an important outlet from the town leading in the direction of Sligo, the continuation of which was the Old Sligo Road further down which everybody knows. This road, some few hundred yards below the Park, passed by the home of Bishop Brett, one time Bishop of Killala and later of Elphin. Old ruins, and a large coach-house like structure, still stand among the ancient beeches there. Carolan the Bard was a frequent visitor at the Brett home. This old road can be traced for some distance. If the contention that the Castle and the present Catholic Church were built on what was once the bed of a river, and that the area running north from that along by the railway was once a marsh, it does not appear that the road to Sligo could run where it now does.

Earlsfield, with most of the lands around Ballymote, has gone into the State records as the Gore-Booth estate because that great Lissadell family acquired the rents when the Earl, and his projects, too, passed away. The Gethings became the owners of Earlsfield and retained it down to modern times; Captain Gethings was captain of the Ballymote Militia. The late Dean Connington purchased the house and grounds for the nuns, who then resided at Castle Lodge, thus fulfilling Fr. Dunleavy's words. The lands of Earlsfield went back in divisions to the people. The late T. H. Canon Quinn, P.P., became the owner of the Park lands from Miss Ward of Teeling Street, and on his death it was sold by his legatee to a representative committee to become our long wished for Park.

That is the past, a long period in short, a period when coercion, oppression and persecution pulled down and built up. We of this historic capital of Corran must continue its story into the future. Our aim to-day is to give to our town and county a Park in name and nature. To achieve our ends we have but one weapon, co-operation, and the glory of our achievement will be, with God's help, not an arena worthy to the eye so much as one where manliness, healthy exercise, and traditional culture will thrive to form characters moulded for the glory of God and Ireland.

T. P. McG.

Extract taken from Programme Ballymote Park 1949

Changing

CONTINUED

From page 4

It stimulates the mind. It adds to the quality of life and satisfaction, which restores a healthy relationship in the community.

The greatest change has come about in the public sector. Today the rat race is on. People tend to see themselves as earning their dignity rather than realising that it should come from within themselves, irrespective of what they may achieve through power or wealth. This is very evident also in the field of sport, where there is much commercial and political exploitation. If any sector of the community suffers from a sense of denial, their status in life may be attributed to the educational system of the past, not to any fault of their won.

The present change in social attitudes is due to the worldwide influence of television and the other Media of Communication, and results in a change of lifestyles. Today traditional values are hard to find.

The family unit can be lost in a permissive society. Little or no provision is made for extended families based on loyalty. Some people no longer regard their parents as important. Physical expression is very evident today, but I would like to think that the lack of Christian values and ethics is representative only of a minority. One cannot but notice the decline in religious practices. Religion is a cultural identity that we should be proud of regardless of race or creed. There's great interest in transcendental meditation. Some engage in Charismatic movements, others in Yoga, and so forth. These can sometimes be very rewarding.

There is a great danger that Ireland could be left with an aged population in the years to come. Emigration is here again. We are an English speaking nation in the EEC. We have inherited Irish (Gaelic) as our first language and for people from into an Irish free state it is a sad day that we do not sing our National Anthem in Gaelic.

Last but not least, we owe so much to the young people of today for their participation in Community Welfare activities. 'Without charity you cannot enter the kingdom'. Surely the £50 m. Live Aid event should be a flash of light into the dark corners of the earth and should be seen to go down in history.

Where was 'Gluinaraght or St. Attracta's Knees?'

In Vol 18 (pp. 10-11) of the J.C. McDonagh Manuscript written about 1933 and now in Sligo County Library, there is mention, drawing and a photograph, of a site called 'Gluinaraght or St. Attracta's Knees' at which there appears to be a slab bearing a very simple cross and two bullaun depressions.

The text is as follows:

'It is known locally as the Saint's House but it is really a low stone wall surrounding a flat rock which has two saucer-like impressions and a cross made by the intersection of two fissures. The indentations are believed to have been the imprint of St. Attracta's knees and are very regular in their make.

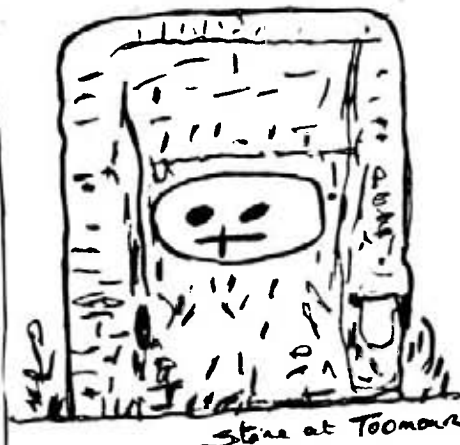
'This place appears to be still frequented by pilgrims for I found coins and beads, etc. in various parts of the enclosure but local residents appear to be very reticent about the stations, if any performed.

'Gluinaraght is the name applied to the little stone enclosure in the townland of Tawnawéalon near Brishliev on the Curlew mountains. According to one old resident it lay quite close to one of the roads of Primitive times which crossed the Curlews and ran through the western part of the range ...'

As the manuscript is not clear on the actual location of the site other than that it is on the Curlew Mountains, probably in the townland of Tawnalion or Tawnalealon, its precise location has not been established despite intensive field-work in the approximate area; there appears to be no local recollection of the place.

If the stone is as McDonagh describes it, then it can be compared with a stone in front of the ancient altar at Toomour near Keash which has three bullaun depressions and three crosses cut in it. Bullaun stones are thought to have been used for crushing metal ore in advance of smelting on Early Monastic sites. The cross as drawn by McDonagh is simple and can be compared with crosses at Tumour and Carrowtemple.

The discovery of the stone would establish the whereabouts of yet another Early Christian enclosure, another part of our heritage. Anyone aware of its whereabouts should contact the present writer who lives in Keash.



Weather permitting it is hoped to have a covered platform erected in the Church grounds, where persons from the music world can assemble, and guided by a capable M.C., old and new alike.

The ring of the fiddle and sound of the flute will not sound peculiar in the Church grounds, for back in the sixties the late Fr. James O'Hara, then County Chairman of C.C.E., held some very successful feiseanna there. Young musicians aged 18 years and under will have a chance to compete for the Fred Finn cup, a perpetual challenge, trophy, sponsored by the committee and presently on display at the home of Mrs. Rose Finn.

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During the second week of April, with traces of snow still remaining on headlands and along forces, ploughman with their teams of horses could be seen ploughing in the fields.

Mother nature now relented and come to the rescue of starving livestock by sending on an early growth, which took large numbers of them from deaths door.

People who were around at the time will agree that the blizzard with its harsh consequences, was a never-to-be forgotten experience. Being a teenager then, I remember a few of us boys visiting at nighttime in the house of a middle aged couple who lived nearby. They owned a very old gramophone, and every other night, the man of the house would get the instrument out to play some records. The kitchen door was usually left open, to prevent smoke that rose from the big turf fire blazing on the hearth, from puffing down the chimney.

The gramophone was placed on a table with its large Coke-shaped amplifier facing towards the doorway.

This couple also kept a dog called Hitler which they had gotten as a puppy at the time of the outbreak of world war two. The wise old collie sitting by the fireside, would whinge and whine when (his master, played his favourite tunes. Passers by on the roadway situated a couple of hundred yards away, told me afterwards that they had often stood in the freezing cold, listening to the tunes of Michael Coleman, coming across from the direction of the little thatched house. It was, I suppose one way of whiling away the dreary nights which followed days of endless drudgery, brought about by the storm.

Let's, for a moment, imagine what the consequences would be, if say, today we were faced with a similar situation. There is no doubt about it but the volume of disruption would be enormous. True, we have got more efficient ways of disposing of road blockages, and other congestion resulting from snowstorms, but what about our public services upon which we have become almost totally dependent? There is a grave risk that they would become totally paralysed.

present day generation would, I'm afraid, be caught napping and the effect on livestock would certainly be phenomenal.

Many of the people who were around during the blizzard had experienced hardship brought about by the emergency regulations, resulting from two world wars, and you had those who had seen active service on the battlefields of Europe. Some had been through the war of independence, the civil war and more recently the economic war. They were, so to speak, a race tempered by enduring hardship, and the blizzard was for them, just another stiff handle which had to be overcome.

What are the chances of a similar storm blowing up again? Well, weather experts maintain that the likelihood of a repeat performance taking place in the near future, is a rare possibility indeed.

The blizzard was, it seems, just one of those rare occurrences which came about when the forces of nature run riot, and as a result we got what was tantamount to a real taste of Siberian weather.

Where are they now?



PUPILS & TEACHERS OF COLAISTE MUIRE, BALLYMOTE 1957.

Sr. Consilio

Our annual outing was the only opportunity for many of the children to see that part of Ireland 'outside to Collooney'. Sr. Consilio gave us our first sight of Galway and its Cathedral, the Twelve Pins, the Winding Roads of Connemara that lead to Clifden, the home of Padraic Pearse. On another trip we were taken to Dublin to see 'The Greatest Story Ever Told' on the cinemascope.

CHRISTMAS ACTIVITIES

The approach of Christmas meant preparation for the concert and carol singing. The concerts were full of variety; drama, music, song and dance. We performed Goldilock & the Three Bears in full costume. I have often wondered since how Sr. Consilio managed to obtain the costumes for us, the children of Collooney. Other acts included the 'Maypole', 'Black & White Minstrel Show', 'The Tinker's Wedding', and one which has a great success 'Phil the Fluter's Ball'. The amount of effort and work involved in putting on a full concert can only be understood by anyone who may have undertaken such a project.

Despite the cold December nights when hands were cold in kid gloves let alone when required to play the accordion uncovered, we spent many hours carol singing. We travelled to Coolaney, Ballisodare, Ballinacarrow and Lisaneenagh and we always well accepted. We, of course, favoured the heat of the pubs we visited and often we gave the occupants a few reels and jigs much to their delight.

Recently whilst in Dublin I spoke of Sr. Consilio to Micheal O' hEidhin the schools' music inspector and smiling he called to mind an episode I would like to relate: 'I was passing through

Collooney one cold December night. I stopped at a shop to buy something. When I got out of the car I heard Carol singers and when I looked there was Sr. Consilio conducting, her band of musicians and singers. I stood silent, thrilled with my good fortune, and listened with delight for Sr. Consilio whose work with the children I was well aware of would never consent to my request to hear her band, let alone to see her conducting in her own inimitable way. I waited until the carol was finished, then clapped and said 'Well done Consilio'. Well she turned around like a flash, her hands went up to her face and she said 'Good Lord Michéal, what on earth are you doing here?' That tale reminded me somehow of the onerous task which Sr. Consilio took upon herself, her success was as great as her humility.

The occupants of Nazareth House and Cregg House were also visited each Christmas and we would play and sing and they loved to join in.

THE CHOIR

As well as teacher of drama, music and the arts, Sr. Consilio was also responsible for the tuition of the choir. In those days we could sing the entire mass in Latin, Irish and English. Funeral days in Collooney meant an hour off school to sing the 'Requiem Mass'. Christmas, Easter, October and May had devotions besides the normal services Sr. Consilio provided the congregation with a worthy choir. Provision was made for the occasions when she would be away. The organ was always made available to whomever could play it.

Every opportunity was given to nurture our musical ability in every aspect. Talents that may have remained dormant for many were brought to the surface.

SR. CONSILIO GOES BUT LEAVES A TRAIL

Sr. Consilio left Collooney in 1980 after 21 years of service to the community. Collooney's loss was surely Swinford's gain. However, there remained in Collooney a record of work well done which to this day and for many years to come will remain as a living monument to her.

The music that was taught within the confines of the single classroom has brought pleasure to many, comfort to others and in this present day of unemployment, the prospect of work for those who wish to teach and ensure the survival of our great heritage.

Sr. Consilio and her like are the strongholds of our society and an example to all who might feel the efforts of one person to be insufficient or insignificant.

NARRATIVE BY
PATRICIA McNALLY

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mote and wishes them every
success with their business.

Also a long and happy retire-
ment to Jimmy and Margaret
Porter.

The Rebel Countess

CONTINUED

It was not until the excitement abated somewhat that it was noticed that the rider was not wearing her riding skirt. Suddenly somebody pointed it out flying gallantly in the strong breeze from the inside post on the last bank, where the race was lost and won. Only a prophet, that day, could have foreseen the symbolism of the dark green skirt flying from a flag pole at C'aragh. The skirt belonged to Constance Gore Booth who as Madame de Markievicz changed the dark green skirt for the dark green uniform of the heros of Easter week.

At that time it was impossible to foresee that the heroine of the hunting field and the toast of London and Paris, would one day become the national heroine of the Great Strike of 1913 and of Easter Week 1916. It is strange that she is remembered, today, by many as the poet described her:-

*'The older is condemned to death,
Pardoned, drags out lonely years,
Conspiring among the ignorant'.*

Nothing, of course, could be further from the truth of the public life and work of the greatest Irishwoman of this century.

Although one of the outstanding personalities of the time, the Countess side-stepped involvement with the literary movement. It was only after 1916 that she claimed the attention of Ireland's greatest poet and then merely to be immortalised in his verse for the wrong reasons. He denounced the gazelle he had met, but obviously not understood, at Lisadell. Possibly the fact that she preferred men of action like Connolly and Larkin to long-haired poets, even of world repute, contributed to her denunciation.

Certainly her own course was one of action through membership of Inghinidhe-na-hEireann, the founding of Fianna Eireann and finally membership of the Irish Citizen Army.

Most rebels are made rebels by the poverty and conditions in which they are reared. Constance Gore Booth was born on one of the largest estates and into one of the most affluent families in the West of Ireland. Her whole upbringing prepared her for a life of leisure and luxury. But like her sister Eva, the poetess, she abandoned all to dedicate her life to the service of the poor. The Republic she wanted was Connolly's Republic.

In retrospect it is easy to see how certain impetuous mistakes might have been avoided. But one must judge her in the context of her time. And in that context she was the first woman ever to be elected to Parliament, later to become Minister for Labour. In the Easter Rising she was appointed Second in Command of the College of Surgeons because of her marksmanship with a rifle and her supreme courage. Still later she became the only woman to have a statue in her honour erected in Dublin, - even if that statue was later dishonoured.

Such honours do not happen by chance. And nobody even won honours more worthily than the Countess or Madame as she was affectionately known to her comrades in arms.

A crack shot, she trained some of the future fighters of Easter Week in Fianna Eireann. Con Colbert, one of the earliest members of the Fianna was the youngest executed after Easter Week. Rory O'Connor and Sean Heuston were among the earliest recruits.

In the Great Strike of 1913 she organised the food kitchens in Liberty Hall and thereby enshrined herself in the hearts of the poor of Dublin. It was as a member of the Citizen Army that she took part in the Rising of 1916. And it was because of her marksmanship with a rifle that she was appointed Second in Command of the College of Surgeons. History records her success in that role and her supreme courage in the final hours before Pearse's surrender ordered the laying down of arms. It also records a high standard of obedience to authority, her unfailing good humour and sense of fun.

As a young girl who won a bet from a visiting judge by impersonating a woman of the roads; as the heroine of Easter Week, she dispersed afternoon tea to horrified members of her own class, sitting on upturned boxes, in the College of Surgeons, where they were temporarily detained on their way back to Dublin from Fairyhouse.

In the evenings the soldiers sang patriotic songs including 'the Battle Hymn' by the Countess of which she herself said 'It's not great verse, but it's damn good propaganda'.

When Pearse surrendered to General Lowe the latter immediately demanded that the Countess be handed over, which shows the importance the British attached to her. She too, was condemned to death but the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life because the British feared the outcry the execution of a woman would trigger off. Not since the execution of Marie Antoinette during the French Reign of Terror had a woman been executed by order of a Government. For this reason only was Constance denied her Martyr's Crown. Later when told in prison of the executions she cried: 'Why didn't they let me die with my friends?'

It was in keeping with her refusal to travel in a motor car, after the surrender of the College of Surgeons; 'I shall march at the head of my men as Second in Command and shall share their fate'. But the latter was denied her.

It is impossible for anyone to assess the true character of the Countess before first reading some, if not all, of her letters from prison. From Aylesbury Prison, where thieves and murderesses were her only company, her letters possess a shining quality that only a person of true nobility, in its wider sense, could have written. It was during one of her terms in prison that she once again made history by becoming the first woman ever to be elected a Member of Parliament. In 1919 she was appointed Minister for Labour and in writing her letter of acceptance of the office, wrote her own epitaph 'I can give you all my time for Ireland's work'.

Her death in the public ward of a Dublin Hospital and subsequent lying in state in the Rotunda, followed by a state funeral completed the meteoric career of the happy warrior.

It was a far cry from the day she left her dark green skirt fluttering in the breeze on the wind-swept hills of Claragh in her native County Sligo.

Michael Coleman

As we list to the reel being embellished.
On the strings of his violin;
We know how the music was cherished,
By the heart of the player within.
For Coleman was a man with a mission,
From the green glens of Antrim to
For Coleman was a man with a mission,
And a natural talent to play;
In the lovely unwritten tradition,
Preserved on his records today.

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He is honoured throughout our old Nation,
From the green glens of Antrim to Cork;
In his youth by enforced emigration
He arrived on the streets of New York.

He played in the great U.S. cities,
Where the Irish are destined to roam,
To bring to the youngsters and kiddies,
Their parent's grand music of home.

And the older ones listened in rapture,
Remembering their long long ago's;
With thoughts racing back to recapture,
The laughter and tapping of toes.

For wherever the flute and the fiddle,
Bring sadness and joy to the heart;
Here's the turf fire, the cradle and griddle,
Around which they met at the start.

And Killavil you've given full measure,
Of talent and pleasure the while;
Our country has learned to treasure,
Great reels in our own Sligo style.

Though the player and his fiddle lie sleeping,
And his old home's near crumbled and gone;
Our tradition is safe in his keeping,
Coleman's music will always live on.

THOMAS COEN, BELFAST.

BALLYMOTE 1824
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Dublin and Provincial
Directory 1824 cont. from page
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and arrive at the same time with the
Dublin mail. Letters from England
and Scotland are sent by the Dublin
mail.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

It is very interesting to read the views of four teenagers, as reported in the February CORRAN HERALD. I note that there is a complaint about the lack of sufficient interests to occupy their leisure hours (hours expected to increase in the future, due to the lack of employment). Reference was made to St. Joseph's Young Priests' Society and to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

As regards the Young Priests' Society, it is vital to have a branch in every parish as the Society helps all young men aspiring to the priesthood. The St. Vincent de Paul society is a worldwide organisation with millions of members. There are over 1,000 branches in the 32 counties of Ireland. At last years AGM, 80% of the delegates were teenagers. The society is particularly interested in the welfare of teenagers, and we would like to see yet more of them involved in it. I would like to take this opportunity to thank the students of Colaiste Muire and Corran College for their successful fund-raising efforts on our behalf.

The Heritage Group was describes as being of no interest to young people. In this Group we are interested not only in the past but in the present and the future as well. We wish to preserve and protect our national heritage and transmit it safely to the future - to tomorrow's adults who are today's young people. Our ancient monument and sites, our song, music, stories and language - these are the interest and responsibility of us all.

STAN CASEY,
Ballymote.
April, 1987.

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