



150 Bliain ag Fás

1851-2001

Scoil Chuimín

The Boys' School

Oughterard

A Unique Story

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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Contents

Hedge Schools by <i>Mícheál Ó Domhnaill</i>	7
Application (form) for a new school by <i>Christopher St. George</i>	9
The New School 1851 by <i>Mícheál Ó Domhnaill</i>	12
Griffith Valuation 1853 by <i>W. Griffith</i>	19
History Timeline for Oughterard	22
Naomh Cuimín	24
Folklore Corner by <i>Síle T. Ní Mhaoldomhnaigh</i>	27
Local Placenames of Interest	29
Extract from Galway Observer 1888 by <i>W. Donnellan</i>	31
Andrew Ferguson and the Connemara Bus	33
Seamus Ó Máille by <i>Pat McDonagh</i>	37
John King - oldest living past pupil by <i>Patrick Gillespie</i>	39
Memories of my Father - Johnny O'Connor by <i>Patti O'Connor</i>	41
My term in the Master's School by <i>Jack Fahy</i>	43
Ever hear of James Joyce by <i>Fr. Robert E. Lee</i>	45
Jigs, Reels & Algebra by <i>Jack Fahy</i>	47
Growing up in Oughterard by <i>Ken Monaghan</i>	49
Was that really how it was? by <i>Brian Geraghty</i>	54
Our Elvis - Michael John Joyce by <i>Brendan Ferguson</i>	59
School Day Memories by <i>Seán Joyce</i>	61
Well shod and Well groomed by <i>Brendan Ferguson</i>	63
Summer in the Sixties by <i>J.J. McCarthy</i>	66
From Waterfield to Japan by <i>Festus Jennings</i>	68
Tóinbhuí Memories by <i>Stephen McDonagh</i>	74
Scéal Sheanaféistín by <i>Labhrás MacDonnacha</i>	80
Ar Scoil i Seanaféistín by <i>Pádraic Breathnach</i>	82
Extract from the First Newsletter 1972	84
From Old to New by <i>Dave O'Connell</i>	86
Scoil Naomh Bhríd, Glann	88
Richard Remembers... by <i>Richard McDonagh</i>	89
The Football Tradition by <i>Frank Kyne</i>	90
Athens beckons for Lee by <i>Mairtín Lee</i>	100
Banna Ceoil Naomh Chuimín by <i>Sheila Gibney</i>	102
Staff Past and Present	108
Scoil Chuimín 2001	115

Cúpla Focal ón bPríomh-Oide

Comhghairdeachas agus fíor-bhuíochas chuig chuile dhuine a chuaigh i mbun na h-oibre seo chun comóradh céad cáoga blian Scoil Chuimín a chur i gcrích. Tá mór-bhuíochas le glacadh freisin le chuile dhuine sa chomhlúadár chabhraigh leis an scoil síos tríd na glúnta. Bhíodar ar fad páirteach i bhforbairt éagúl Scoil Chuimín le céad caoga blian anuas.

Great credit is due to the Sesquicentennial committee in undertaking and succeeding in publishing this valuable document. What started out with timid steps late last year has developed into a manuscript, like no other, that encompasses a social history spanning fifteen decades.

I'm quite certain that the stories contained herein will evoke many a lost memory and knowing smile today and over the coming years. With amalgamation pending, this publication will mark a significant milestone in the educational story of Oughterard. It also reflects the unique nature of the Boys' School in that story. Now, that story will not be lost to further generations.

Le gach deá ghuí,

Mícheál Ó Domhnaill

(Príomh Oide)

Write it down. The worst ink survives the best memory.

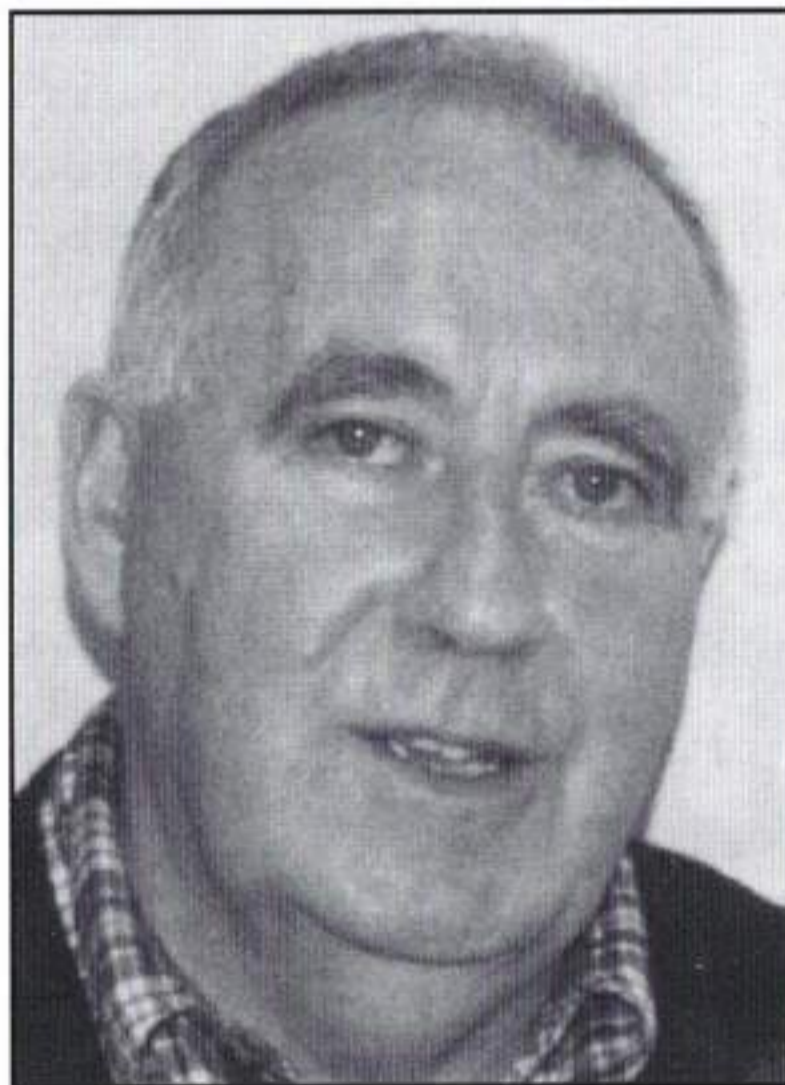
A Word from the Chairman

Mar chathaoirleach ar an mBord Bainistíochta, guím gach beannacht agus ráth Dé ar fhoireann agus buachaillí Scoil Chuimín ar an ócáid speisialta agus stairiúil seo i saol na scoile. Ar ndóigh, ní amháin gur ócáid ar leith í seo i scoil na mbuachaillí ach is ócáid ar leith í i saol an pharóiste agus comhlúadar Uachtar Árd i gcoitinne.

Congratulations to all in the Boys' School on the commemoration of the very special occasion of their 150th birthday. It is a significant milestone in the history of any organisation. We salute all the teachers for all their excellent work and dedication in the provision of education for the boys of this community in the recent and distant past. We salute all the boys who have passed through the school over the years and their parents. We salute the Boards and Managers, down through the years, who have made important decisions and worked for the benefit of all the boys in the school.

May God bless and protect you all,

Fr. P. Heneghan, Chairman Board Of Management 2001



Hedge-Schools

The term "hedge-school" loosely applies to schools of an unofficial nature that existed prior to the introduction of a national system of education in Ireland in 1830. The origin and development of hedge-schools is not well documented. This is due to their illegitimate status and the extremely harsh penalties for those involved. All forms of Catholic education were forced underground after Cromwell, during the reign of William and of course during the penal laws.

Pioneer Teachers and Pupils

The original location of the hedge-school was usually on a south-facing, sheltered slope with minimal protection being offered by the hedge. One of the pupils was usually posted as lookout to warn of any strangers or potential informers.

Pioneer teachers taught in appalling conditions. Under threat of arrest and jail, if found guilty of delivering instruction to pupils. Pioneer pupils sought to better themselves by any means including education, despite abject mass poverty.

Many of these impoverished people did not own any land, had no vote and survived from hand to mouth. Yet, they sought a light, a possibility, a hope, through even the crudest form of education. These schools were "fee-paying" (not necessarily money) in order for the teacher to survive. It is interesting to note that the presentation sisters were already operating a "free" school in Ragoon in Galway. The schoolhouse was built by contributions and books provided for through collections at an annual charity sermon.

Second Report from the Commissioners of Irish Education Enquiry 1826

However, by the beginning of the nineteenth century the restrictions and punishment eased and the schools moved to more public locations. The Oughterard hedge-schools moved to stone cabins and church steps from being at the mercy of the, sometimes unmerciful, elements outside.

The second report From the Commissioners of Irish Education enquiry in 1826 sought to identify the nature of any "private" education being provided throughout the country. Protestant and Catholic ministers and priests were asked to make parochial returns to assist in this enquiry. The vast majority of these "private" schools were fee paying and Catholic.

When you aim at nothing you will seldom miss the target.

Hedge-school in Oughterard Church

A number of hedge-schools predated the Boys' School in Oughterard. These schools predated the introduction of the National School System in 1831. It appears that the master of the Oughterard hedge-school was Liam Burke, a Catholic who taught his pupils in the church. Twenty-nine boys and five girls attended, a total of 34 pupils.

Hedge-Schools in Camp and Ballygally

Another larger Catholic school was based in the townland or Camp in which James Donnellan was master. This school was located in a thatched house built with stone and lime. It had 50 pupils - 35 boys and 15 girls. A further school was located in Ballygally where Richard McDonagh was master. This schoolhouse was located in "a small thatched cabin, built of stone and mortar". 32 pupils attended this school with - 18 boys and 14 girls.

Approval of Grant for New School in Oughterard 1846

By 1846 a list of 53 school in Connaught, eleven in Galway were approved by the Commissioner of National Education for grants towards building and fitting up of schoolhouses. "Oughterard Male" was granted £134 towards building and a further £15 for fitting up in 1846. A local contribution of £74 10s was required which was an exorbitant expectation considering the country was in the throes of the most devastating and relentless famine in its history. The expected enrolment was 100 for the male school and 100 for the female. Interestingly, the school roll number has survived to this day, 4786.

Information courtesy of Stephen McDonagh and National Archives.

The original letter of application overleaf

**Application to Commissioners for Education for aid
towards the building of a School House 1884.**

in the County of Galway
in the Parish of Kilcummin
in the Barony of Moycullen
in the townland of Outerard

*made by Christopher St. George of Tyrone
for 3 lives or 31 years who holds the fee simple.*

Trustees§

The Rev. Dr. Kirwan
The Rev. Robert Browne
George Cottingham Esq.
Henry Flanagan

The plot to (unclear)
The attendance computed at 200 males and 200 females.
Two schoolrooms.

Christopher St. George
Tyrone
Kilcolgan
Oranmore
Co. Galway

Report upon application for aid towards building a schoolhouse 1845

in the County of Galway.

Name of proposed school	Outerard National School.
Name of Patron or Correspondent	Christopher St George Esq. Kilcolgan Oranmore.
Post town	Oranmore.
Where is the site of proposed school ?	"In the town of Outerard, between the bridge and O'Flaherty's Hotel, directly opposite Dr. Kirwan's house.
1. In what townland ? In what Parish ? In what Barony ?	Outerard. Kilcummin. Moycullen.
2. State extent and dimensions.	1 rood.
3. Is it in a healthy situation ?	It is.
4. Is it enclosed, and how ?	It is, by a stone wall.
5. Is there any, and what extent, of ground for agricultural purposes ?	No.
6. Is it a portion of Church, chapel or Meeting house yard?	No.
7. Is it in connexion with Religious Establishment?	No.
8. State religion.	
9. What is the next Post town ?	Outerard.
10. Name of person holding lease on site and his title.	Christopher St. George of Tyrone Esq., posttown Oranmore, who is proprietor in fee.
11. Lease.	3 lives or 31 Years.
12. Rent.	No rent.
13. Trustees.	See previous.
14. What situations do they fill and fit?	The 1st ,R.C. Clergyman The 2nd, Protestan Clergyman The 3rd wealthy farmer The 4th Clerk of Petty Sessions. I consider them all fit to act as trustees.
15. No. of children expected	

- Male/ Female.
Population of parish
- 160 male 90 female 250 total.
500 within 2 miles of site who all need such a school.
16. Is the school under the direction of a committee ?
- No.
17. Amount of local subscription?
- One third of whole expense.
18. How is it proposed to keep House and Furniture under repair ?
- By local subscription.
19. Does necessity exist for new Schoolhouse here?
- A necessity does exist.
20. Names and circumstances of National Schools in the neighbourhood, and children attending, whether vested or non-vested.
- There are none
21. Names of all Schools for the poor within similar limits.
- There are none but a hedge-school in the village which is crowded with children.
22. Distance of other applicant schools.
- There are no other applicant schools within 20 miles of this.
23. Have you consulted the clergymen of different denominations as to making arrangements for Religious Instruction in the school?
- No. Neither the Protestant nor R.C. clergyman was at home, but I have been assured that both are anxious for the establishment of the school.
24. Have you presented to all parties concerned, including Trustees, a copy of the Trust Deed?
- I have presented a copy of the Trust Deed to such of the parties as I have been able to see.
25. Are they willing to execute such a deed and observe the rules therein?
- They are.
26. State any other material circumstances.
- I know of no other.
I recommend it to be entertained because a school is greatly needed in this neighbourhood.
(underlined by another)
27. Have you had an interview with the Patron?
- No. He lives too far from the site.
28. Have you communicated personally with any other individual and what was the result?
- All I have spoken to in the neighbourhood have expressed a wish to have a National School in the village
State date of visit 26th of September 1845.

Michael Lawlor Supt. of National Schools.

1851 – A New Beginning



The school in the 19th century. At the back is Mr. Morrisey (Teacher). To the front is teacher William Donnellan.

The Boys' School in the Mid-Nineteenth Century

The Boys' School officially opened its doors to its pupils on April 1st 1851. The enrolment in September the following year was 179 boys. When one sees the staggering numbers (1435) attending the school in the Workhouse, it is likely that an overflow from the Workhouse school may account for some of these numbers. Only one female worked in the "Oughterard Female School" at this time with an enrolment of 168. The average daily attendance was 52.

Boys and Girls in Oughterard NS 1851

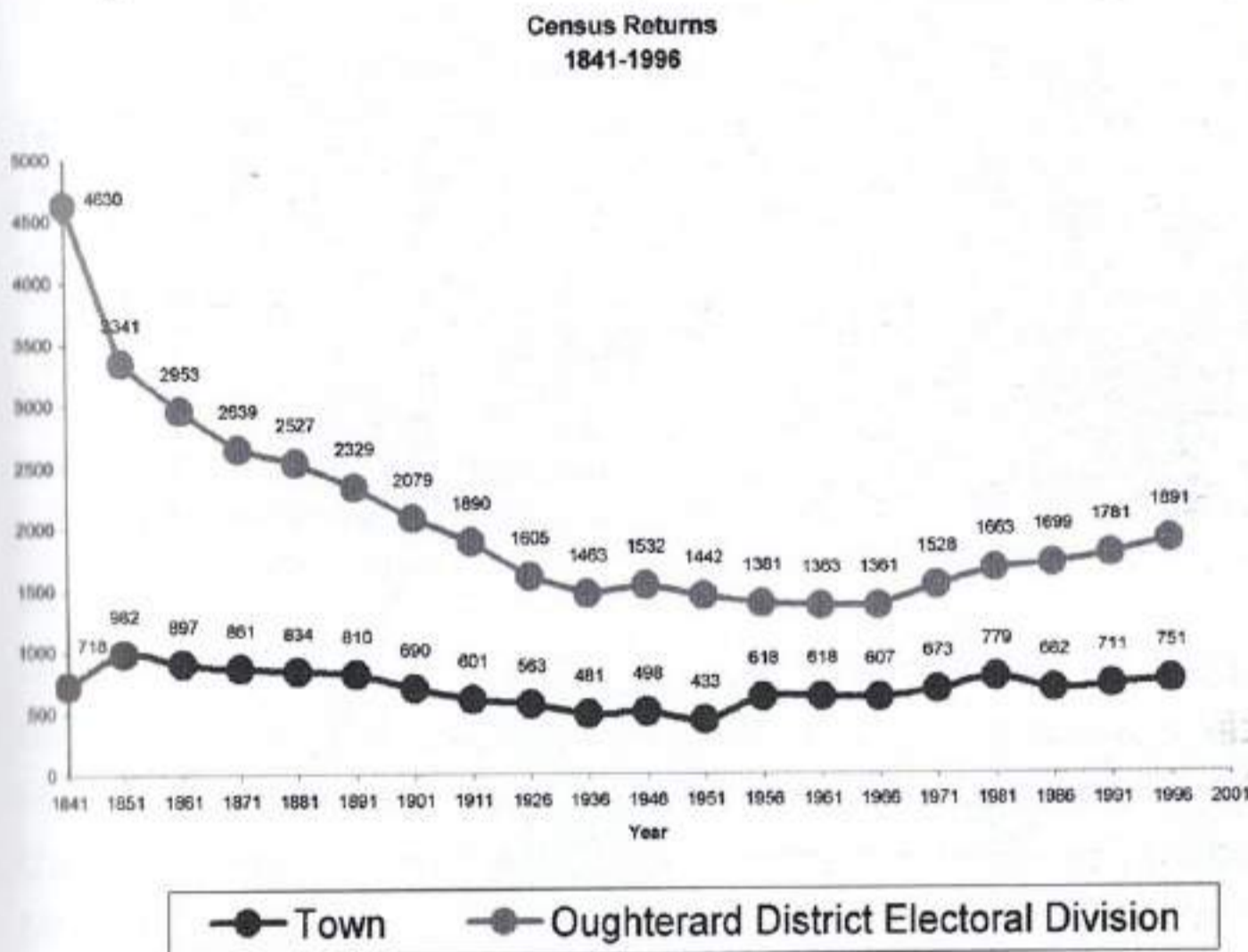
The new school-house was indeed a new beginning in 1851. In the hedge schools, the boys and girls were "mixed", while in the new school they were to be separated. "Oughterard Male" and "Oughterard Female" were founded as separate schools, even though they were located in the one building, separated only by a wooden partition. This original "Oughterard NS" (note name on original stone) was located in Carrowmanagh on Christopher St. George's land, as recorded by the 1853 Griffith Valuation. This building was the Old Boys' School (renovated in 1932). It appears the male and female schools had separate entrances. The school was overcrowded and the wooden partition was removed in 1879, with the girls moving across the bridge to the school set up by the Sisters of Mercy.

Workhouse School

Another local school located in the workhouse had 835 boys and 600 girls on their rolls in March 1852. With the effects of the famine easing and summer months the enrolment was almost halved by September with 377 boys and 372 girls. During this time only one male teacher and one female teacher was employed in the Workhouse.

Attendance

Average school attendance figures at the time were very low nationally, and "Oughterard Male" was no exception. Attendance averaged 35% to 45% in the mid-nineteenth century. This compares with 90% to 95% today. The ravages of famine, fever, emigration, admission to the workhouse and tragically, death, were some of the causes for pupils being struck off the rolls. It is notable from the census returns for the fifteen decades of the school's existence



that the town population remained remarkably steady, while the surrounding areas experienced significant depopulation since the peak of the 1840's.

The numbers in the classroom were much greater than would be accepted today. One teacher taught in the room with sometimes one hundred children in the room! The attendance today would entitle a school to four teachers. Attendance was also a fluctuating entity with the possibility of 170 boys arriving in the morning, if they all turned up. Because of the staggering numbers, a "monitor" system was introduced which involved a senior boy staying on in school to help teach some of the other pupils, usually the juniors. By the 1860's "monitors" were at work in almost every school. If these "monitors" were suitable and capable, they then progressed to become fully trained teachers after a probationary period. "Monitors" were working in Oughterard Boys School from at least the mid 1850's.



The Mayfly Market, Oughterard.

(Left to right): Joe Lydon, Delia Walsh, Michael John Lydon, Mary Rose Walsh, Bart Monaghan, Kate Finnerty, Paddy Masterson, Mickey Monaghan, Dave Walsh, Michael John Faherty, Mick Shaughnessy, Paddy Lydon, Mike Walsh.

Photograph courtesy of Stephen McDonagh, Malahide.

The Inspector

Another notable dimension to school at this time was the visit of much feared and often draconian schools' inspector. Much of school life hinged on this fearful encounter as a school's future and teacher's salary depended on the inspector's report. It would be reasonably accurate to state that the relationship between the teacher and the inspector was not exactly of a co-operative nature at all times. Relations could be antagonistic and even adversarial at times. To some Irish Catholic teachers the inspectorate was the personification of an oppressive colonial government.

Teachers' Pay 1850's.

Classes were vigorously tested in a number of subject areas. Teachers were sometimes berated for prompting pupils during the inspector's examination. This is not totally surprising given that a teacher's salary classification was dependent upon the inspector's report. In 1852 the average attendance was 75 pupils with one teacher, Mr. Patrick Donoghue. The teacher's pay was £20 4s. 3d. for the year.

Discipline

Discipline was strictly enforced with corporal punishment being the order of the day. Pupil talking was frowned upon unless one was asked a question. Classes were expected to march in and out in an "orderly manner". One may get an insight into the mind-set of the era with a typical homecoming conversation:

Mother: "How many wallops did you get today?"
Son: "None"
Mother: "Well you mustn't have learnt much so.."

Pupils' punctuality was also a less observed rule during the mid-nineteenth century. many boys would have a number of chores and jobs to attend to in the morning before school opening time. One must also consider that, notwithstanding the hedge-schools, these pupils were in many cases the first generation of their family to attend school on any basis.

"Personal Cleanliness" was regularly commented on by inspectors and teachers censured for not "enforcing" personal cleanliness on the boys. On visiting the school on the 8th March 1860 the inspector remarked: "Teacher must very strictly enforce personal cleanliness as the opposite is a prevailing and odious habit"

Boys' School Buildings

The Boys' school walls were white-washed, though that may not have been recognisable by the end of the school year. An out office/porch was also connected to the school in which the pupils' contribution of fuel/turf was stored and cap-racks were hung. In the classroom, maps of the British Isles, Europe and the World hung on the walls. Displayed over the blackboard was an "absentia slate" to record the attendance for the day. A clock was also a necessary school requisite, though it may not always have been accurate!

Dampness was a continuous problem in the school. Heating was by means of a turf-fire, which was supplied by pupils as part of their "local contribution" to the upkeep of the running costs of the schools. The teacher should also light the fire before the children assembled in the morning. Broken windowpanes were often left un-repaired. Lighting was solely by natural light, with no electric lighting until the late sixties. There would not be the luxury of an internal toilet for another 115 years!!

THE 1860'S CURRICULUM

SUBJECTS	
English	Grammar Reading Parsing Spelling
Arithmetic	Arithmetic Money Matters Geometry
Geography	Maps British Isles, Europe and The World
Religious Instruction	Kept strictly separate from secular instruction

Reading tablets were used by the pupils and the trusted blackboard and chalk for the teacher. Exercises would include dictation, reading. Much emphasis was placed on learning "by heart". Mental arithmetic was also encouraged.

As regards pupils' writing, ink-wells and pens were the

writing apparatus of the time. A strict form of writing was taught that should "not exhibit any personal freedom, nor to be too heavy and flourishes should not be encouraged".

According to directives from the Board of Education, schools were to strictly adhere to the timetable. A half an hour recreation per day (at twelve) was the norm. It was also suggested that a clear division be drawn between religious and secular instruction. Catholics were now permitted to practice and teach but the inspectors were insistent that at least four hours secular instruction be given each day and that "books of religious instruction" should be removed from the children during time of secular business.

Few have all they need, none all they wish.



Boys School Soccer Team 1894-95

(Back row - Left to right): **Willie Donnellan (Teacher)** - Maude Geraghty's Father, **Michael John McNab, Pat McQuinn, Geoghgan**, - Nan Burke's Uncle, **Michael Herry** - lived where Dr. McConnell is now, **Stephen Gannon** - Marcella Kinnevey's Father, **Matt Molly, Eighterard** - Matt Molloy's Uncle.
 (Back row - Left to right): **Jack Ferris, James McQuinn - Eighterard**, - Jim Gallagher's Grandfather in Camp Street, **Harry Ferris, Flagn** - lived where Dermot Joyce's apartments are now, **Willie Ferris**.

The three Ferris Brothers lived in Camp Street across from where Dr. McConnell's surgery is now.
 Picture taken outside Oughterard Boys School in 1895 - Picture courtesy of Marcella Kinnevey, Camp Street.

The Famine of the 1880's

The 1880 Agriculture became a compulsory subject and the fact that the West of Ireland had to survive another critical and devastating famine in the 1880's highlighted the importance of agriculture. The fact that so many still depended on potatoes as their staple diet is an indictment of the system still in place. An inspector to the school in 24th March, 1881 commented "great care should be bestowed upon the teaching of agriculture".

Not surprisingly, the famine of the 1880's had a much more devastating effect in the west than elsewhere. The horrific memories it evoked from the 1840's famine were contributory factors to increased land agitation and eventually this led to the end of the power of the landlords.

Overall Curriculum

A strict programme was laid out for the different classes, imported from the English system, with the material totally alien to the pupils and their experience. What is perhaps most noticeable about the curriculum from a modern viewpoint is the absence of Irish and History. As one social historian commented at the time, "the system of education in place at the time was more subjugation than emancipation."

A Connemara Boy in 1853

One should not get too carried away with romantic visions of sun-drenched hedge-schools or white-washed schools. The harsh reality of nineteenth living is shown in all its paucity, by a Scottish surveyor in 1853, on his first journey to Ireland and Connemara. He was sent to assess the bankrupt Martin estate with a view to its sale to potential investors on the London property market. On his travels he meets a boy of school going age

...an Irish curiosity, namely a Chimney sweep boy about ten years old, and three feet high, he had run away from his employer in the town of Galway, and had reached his out of the way spot, 60 miles distant, without a stitch of clothing, except a belt of sacking, about one foot in width, around the waist! When we met him, a thick shower snow was falling, and he was running along with his hands over his shoulders and a little hoe under his arm. I stopped him and asked his history. He laughed and told me - adding that he had just swept the Priest's chimney and he was on his way to do the same good office at the Constabulary Barracks. I asked where he put his money when he got it, and he said, in his hand, 'But' said I, 'How will you do when it accumulates?' 'Oh', he replied, 'I'll fall upon plan when that occurs.'

Extract courtesy of Tim Robinson from "Connemara after the Famine"

Allowing for slight exaggeration on the writer's part, the pathetic situation the boy finds himself in, despite all his obvious industry and resourcefulness, is deplorable for its wretched poverty.

The Griffith Valuation 1853

There are no complete set of census returns surviving for the period before 1901, the Griffith Valuation (also known as the Primary Valuation) was published between 1847 and 1864. There is a printed valuation book for each barony or poor law union, showing the names of occupiers of land and buildings, the names of those from whom they were leased and the amount and value of the property held.

Richard Griffith Valuation

1855

Valuation of Several Tenements

Union of Oughterard

County of Galway

O.S. Map Sheet 54 © 1930's showing Old Boys' National School



Map courtesy of Gerry Darcy

LANDOWNER / LESSOR	TOWNLAND
Henry Hodgson	Ballygally Annaghkey Arderrynaglaphy Barratleava Currarevagh (Residence) Illaundauvrack Annaghminnoge Is. Gortertwalla Barnagorteeny Gowlaun
Law Life Assurance Company (Formerly part of Martin Estate)	Bunakill Derryglinna Leitirfore Camus Leam East Leam West Baurusheen Inishdauwee Bunnagippaun Claremount Derrylaura Gortdrishagh Lettercraf Magherabeg New Village Rushveala Shanabhallimore Tonwee Tonweeroe Tullyvealnaslee Tullyvrick
Christopher St. George	Carrowmanagh Most of Clare Eighterard Most of Fough West section of town of Oughterard
James Martin	Drimneen Knockbaun Raha Callownamuck
Marianne Nolan	Portacarron Derryeighter A number of Corrib Islands
Kennedy	Gortnashingaun (R.C. Chapel & Yard) Innishlannaun Shamawagh

LANDOWNER / LESSOR	TOWNLAND
George F. O'Flaherty	Ardvarna Billamore (Carrowntobber) Canrawer Cregg Most of Fough East section of Main Street Most of Fough East section of Barrack Street (Camp) Glebe Glengowla East Glengowla West Lemonfield A number of Corrib Islands
James O'Hara	Aughnanure Knockillaree Moyvoon
Edmond O'Flaherty	Ardnasillagh Gortrevagh Rabbit Island
George Cottingham	Rusheeny
John Doig	Magheramore
Wm. D. Griffith	Farravaun
Others Property owners in town	Lyons Roche Geoghagan Holden Faherty Kavanagh Guilfoyle Fitzpatrick Higgins Jane Murphy - Lessor of police barrack and yard (half annual rent of £10) Madden Sullivan Mc Donagh Craig Hogan Joyce Walsh Naughton Bryan

Important dates in the History of Oughterard

2000 – 3000 B.C.

Cairn Seefin at Glann
Collapsed Dolmen at Willis Park Golf Club
Druid's Altar Stone – the Hatchery

6th – 12th Centuries

Ruins on Inchagoill
St. Patrick's Rock, Cloosh
Ruins of old church at Portacarron
St. Cuimin's Church, St. Cuimin's Well
Admanan visits Oughterard

- 1216** Fishing Rights on the Corrib granted by King John to Richard De Burgo
- 1217** The O'Flaherties cross Lough Corrib and settle in the area
- 1200's** Fough Castle, Camp St. is built to stem the tide of the De Burgo invasion
- 1560** Morogh O'Flaherty moves from Fough Castle to Aughnanure
- 1561** Cromwell invades Ireland and people are given protection at Aughnanure
- 1562** The O'Lees v The O'Flaherties
- 1666** The Owenriff is named
- 1667** The Penal Laws – Mass path at Knockillaree
- 1798** Barracks at Camp St. is built. People arrive in Oughterard after the defeat of the Irish at Ballinamuck, Co. Longford
The Lemonfield Regiment is established
- 1810** The Protestant Church is erected
- 1811** The oldest house in Oughterard (on the site of the Boat Inn) was built
- 1836** The Protestant Church was consecrated
- 1837** The Catholic Church was built
- 1838** School at Old Chapel. Chapel erected at Old Chapel

- 1835** Fever in Oughterard
- 1839** Four schools established by the "Irish Church Mission"
- 1840** "Faithful Companions of Jesus" arrive in Oughterard
- 1841** Cholera wipes out families at Claremount
- 1842** Two schools (Boys and Girls) opened at the Workhouse
- 1843** Clareville House is sold
- 1851** Boys' school at Carrowmanagh was opened
- 1844** Vincentian's Mission in Oughterard
Foundation Stone for Glann Church was laid
Addition to the Protestant Church was opened
Fr. Kavanagh begins missionary work in Oughterard
- 1858** Sisters of Mercy arrive
- 1864** First Portacarron evictions
- 1865** Second Portacarron evictions
- 1866** The old school at Leam was built (now a Church)
- 1867** Mercy school was built
- 1879** Boys' School Extended
- 1895 / 1935** Galway – Clifden Railway
- 1903/4** Padraic Pearse intervenes on behalf of Collum Wallace
- 1905** The Prince of Wales travelled through Oughterard
- 1906** The Railway was destroyed by a bomb
- 1907** The roads in Oughterard were tarred for the first time
- 1908** The new Connemara road was started
- 1909** "Cannonball" the famous horse dies
- 1932/33** The new Connemara road was opened
- 1932** The old Boys' school was renovated
The Lands of Oughterard were purchased by the Land Commission, and given to the people
- 1959** Leam school was built
- 1960** New Glann Church was opened
- 1980** St. Paul's pupils met Pope John Paul II
- 2001** Boys' School Sesquicentennial

Common sense is instinct, enough of it is genius.

Naomh Cuimín

Munster Royalty

Cuimin was born in Kerry and educated at St. Finbars in Cork. St. Cuimin descended from ancient Munster royalty. He departed Munster taking the principal transport route of the era, The Shannon. He travelled up the Shannon as far as Clonfert, where he made contact with Saint Brendan of Clonfert. Saint Brendan, who established the monastery at Clonfert in 556 appears to have made a big impression on St. Cuimin, in his saintly life.

Third order of Saints

St. Cuimin lived his saintly life on a diet of vegetables and water, depending on the alms of the faithful for his survival. He belonged to the Third Order of Saints who had different rules of conduct from the First Order (Saints from St. Patrick's time were the First Order) The Third Order, numbering only a hundred or so, consisted mainly of holy priests and a few bishops. They had no interest in material things and lived in desert places. They despised back biting, gossip and slander.

The third Order had different rituals of celebration, different tonsures and different Paschal solomisation from the First Order. Saint Cuimin, Éanna and Cronán were the more famous bishops.

Connemara & Oughterard

Cuimin also appears to have travelled the vicinity of Clonfert and further west into Connemara and almost certainly Oughterard, explaining the area's long association and affection for the Saint. He also probably made contact with St. Eanna during this period.

Cuimin was eventually promoted to Bishop of Clonfert in 621 as Brendan moved to Ardfert, Co. Kerry. It is reported that Cuimin was among the most learned Irishmen during the 7th century. Cuimin remained as Bishop at Clonfert from 621 to his death over forty years later. He was prominent in the controversy on the Paschal question culminating in the Whitby Conference in 654 A.D.

Final Pilgrimage

Some time later, around the early 660's, Cuimin was travelling down the Shannon to meet with Brendan in Ardfert or possibly Mount Brandon when he was struck ill and died on route near Scatterry Island.

His remains were transported with great pomp and ceremony on a final pilgrimage up the Shannon to his final resting place at Clonfert.



Oughterard Boys School

Pupils in the late 1920's with their teachers.
Photo courtesy of Nora Walsh, Main Street.



St. Cummins Well

Tobar Chuimín

The well is situated in Pairc an Tobair (now McDonnell's field at Wellfield). On the 13th October long ago, people came here on pilgrimages. They walked around the well saying the rosary and when they finished praying, they threw pennies into the well. These pennies were removed and given to the priest who offered Masses. Many people were cured at the well, according to tradition.

Penal Times

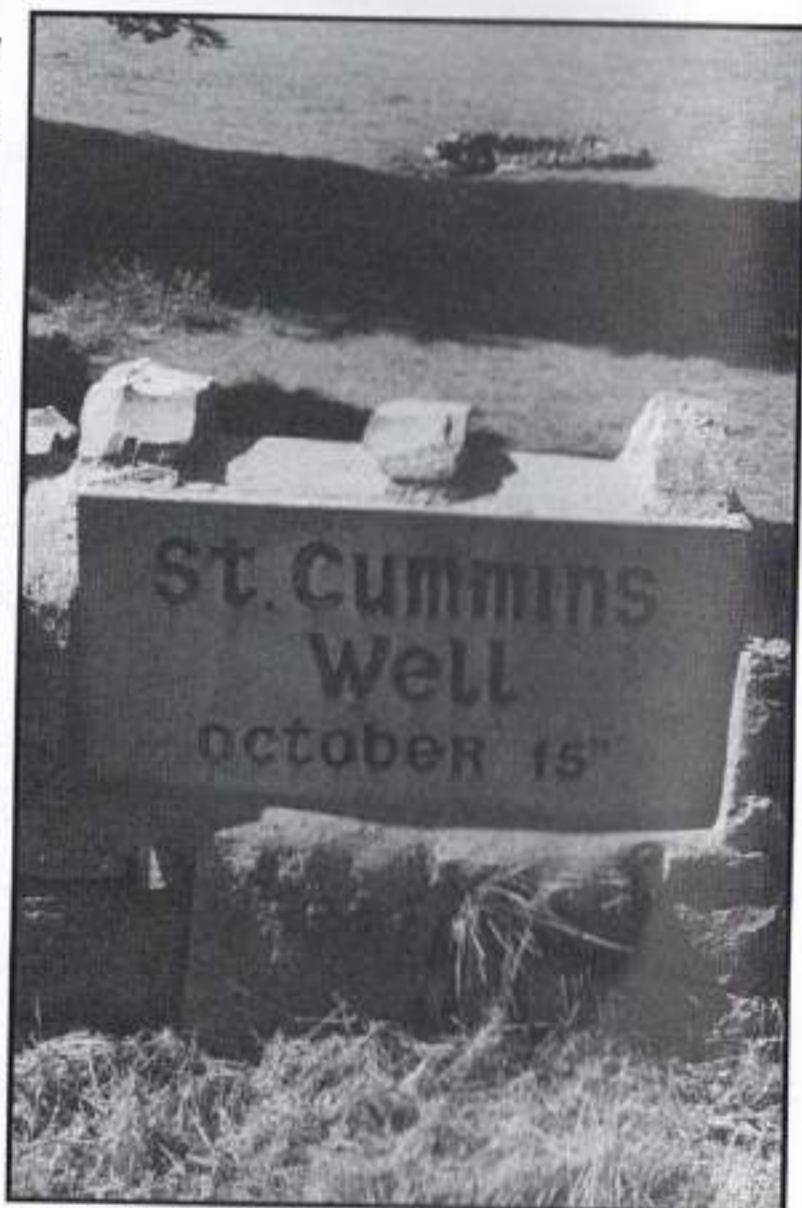
During Penal times, the well was closed on the order of an Englishman named 'Flight'. When he died, the well was reopened but not as many people as before came on pilgrimages. When it was reopened, three round

stones were found in the well. The old people believed the stones were put there, unnoticed by 'Flight' so that the people would not lose sight of the well.

Folklore

The Salvation Army lived in what is now McDonnell's of Wellfield, and they tried to fill the well with stones. No matter how many stones they put in the well, the water always came through. They also tried to boil the water but no matter what the intensity of the fire was, and no matter how long they left the kettle on the fire, the water would not boil. A blind person received sight at this well according to tradition. In 1832, famine and fever came to Oughterard. A tree which grew beside the well was destroyed by people who cut pieces off the tree, and hoped they would be cured by touching those pieces.

Information courtesy of Fr. Culloty and Mary Kyne.



Folklore Corner

*Local lore from 1937 Folklore Commission collected by Sixth Class pupils in the late thirties.
Collated by Tessie Moloney*

The Serpent in the Graveyard

It is believed that long ago, a serpent from the lake used to cross by tunnel through Lemonfield Bog to the graveyard. There he ate the bodies of the dead.

Mrs. McDonagh from Glann died, and one of her sons, Reamonn, vowed that the serpent would not eat his mother's body. So, sword in hand, he went that night to the graveyard. He went into the old church to pray as he awaited the coming of the serpent. He had a vision in which an angel appeared to him and ordered him to behead it in one blow, not to draw his sword twice. If even one drop of blood fell on his finger, or hand or foot, he was to amputate that limb immediately.

After a short time, Reamonn heard a sound coming. As soon as the serpent pushed its head in the church window, he raised his sword and with one blow, at the first attempt, he beheaded it. But a drop of the blood fell on his finger and immediately he cut it off. Then the serpent spoke and said that it was in great pain and to give it another blow to kill it outright.

But Reamonn didn't do that as shortly afterwards it died. He then mounted his horse and rode up the old road to Glann.

At the bridge, he was followed by a woman until he reached a stream. Here the woman was unable to cross the stream and so the bridge was known as "The Fairy Bridge" ever since.

The man died a few days later and on his tombstone in the graveyard a carving of a sword was to be seen. The serpent's tunnel was later discovered by men working in the bog in Lemonfield.

According to the old tradition, this event took place in the year 1812.

Thuas Seal, Thíos Seal.

Long ago, a rich man named Séamus Ua Concubhair lived in Tóinbhuí, Oughterard. He had a big farm of land, with large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. He used to kill a cow or bullock every month.

Often people would ask him why he was so foolish and so aimless that he would kill a beast every month. He always gave the same reply: "Neither God or the Devil can break me. My riches will last for ever and ever".

After some time, however, misfortune befell him. He lost his riches, his animals, his house and his land. He eventually had to walk from house to house and from town to town begging. He would often say, "This shows the ups and downs of life, i.e. Thuas Seal, Thíos Seal".

Old Castles : Aughnanure

An O Flaherty chieftain, Morogh na dtuagh lived in Fough Castle in Camp St. This castle was formerly occupied by a man called O Keane. There was strife between the O Flaherty clan when Queen Elizabeth appointed Morogh as chief of the entire clan, despite his position as under-chieftain. Some time afterwards he seized possession of Aughnanure, principal castle of Gnomor.



Ruins of St. Cummins Church in graveyard

This castle c. two miles from Oughterard is situated on the Druimmin River, a tributary of Lough Corrib. Domhnall Cron O Flaherty, Taoiseach of Gnomor, who had inhabited this castle, was in league with one of the Burke clan, MacWilliam Lower who had planned an insurrection against Queen Elizabeth. There was much evidence that Domhnall was disloyal to the queen. Morogh O Flaherty informed Bingham, Ruler of Connacht of this, which resulted in an attack on the castle by Bingham and Morogh, using big guns and arms. However an agreement was reached which left Domhnall Cron dispossessed. Thus Moroch got possession of Aughnanure Castle. He renovated it and lived there until he died. This was the first time that the big guns were used further west than Galway. Morogh strengthened and fortified the castle and it became the principal castle of West Connacht.

Stone Cairns.

In Carrowdulla, in the Oughterard Parish, a cairn of stones is visible on the top of a hill, which is presumed to have been a burial place, but no names are associated with it. Many small cairns of stones can be seen on the side of the road from Cornelistrum on the Big Wood Road to Collinamuck. The custom was that as a funeral passed, the coffin was left down and another stone was added to the cairn.

No reason is known for this custom, but no one liked to hear the following saying: "I'll put a stone on your grave"

On the road to Rusheeney, a large boulder can be seen on top of a hill on the left hand side, which is known as St. Patrick's Rock. Some people maintain that St. Patrick carried it on his back to the top of the hill. Others say that St. Patrick flung it from another hill and that it landed here. It could have been deposited here during the Ice Age, when the ice was moving towards the sea.

The strong, silent type gets credit for quite a lot about which they know nothing.

Local Place Names

CARRAMANAGH	Ceathramha-meadhonach – middle quarter
ARDVARNA	Ard Bhearna – high gap
AUGHNANURE	Achadh-n-lubhar – the field of the yew trees
BAURNAGORTHEENY	Barr-na-Goirtinidhe – the top of the little field (or garden)
BILLAMORE	Billa-Mór – fat, or thick, head or hill or in some cases tree.
CLAREMOUNT	Árd-Clar – upper plain
CREGG	a rocky place (creag – rock)
CLOOSHEREEN	cluas (on ear) girridhe (a hare) - a semi-detached or long strip of land sometimes got a freakish name like “hares ear”
DERRYMOYLE	Doireadh (oak) gleanna (glen) – oak wood of the glen This area was full of trees long ago, but they were all felled, which left the place bare or “maol”
DERRYLaura	Doireadh (oak) lair (a mare) – oak wood of the mare
GLENGOWLA	Gleann (glen) gabhail (river fork) glen of the river fork
GORTREVAGH	Gorth-Riabhaigh – enclosed grey field
GORTDRISAGH	Gorth-Disagh – enclosed brambly (briary) field
LEAM	leim – a leap
MAGHERABEG	the small plain
MAGHERAMOR	the big plain
LETTERFORE	Leitir (slope) hill slope of the spring (well)
MOYVOON	Magh-Un – plain of Un (old firbolg chief)
RUSHEENY	Ruisindle – underwoods or little woods
RAHA	forts
TULLYVRICK	Tuladh – hill or hillock of the badgers, or special hill Or – “Trout Hillock”- people long ago laid their trout on small hillocks when selling them

MACHAIRE MOR

Over a hundred years ago there were 160 houses here with 700-800 people. There was an old school here having as teacher an English soldier. Many tailors lived there. Ruins of an old Danish castle can still be seen . Colonel Dyke owned the land here as Landlord

CREIG

There is an underground tunnel between Creig and Ardvarna, called the Dane's Hole. A limekiln supplied lime to houses in Seannafeistín.

PAIRC AN UISCE (WATERFIELD)

This is a new townland which gets its name from the race course field which used to flood.

AN GLEANN

Glann lies in a valley between the mountains. There was a holy well at Baile Ui Ghailigh, which was visited by people every Sunday years ago, known as Tobar Churbert. Beside the well is an old graveyard. At Currach Dubh there was a copper mine.

SEAN-SEIPEAL (OLDCHAPEL)

During the famine an old chapel stood here. Beside it part of an old altar can be seen. The Galway road now runs through the site of this old chapel. A gable of the chapel still stands and is known as "Binn An Eidhin". Ruis an Bhearla is another name for this small townland.

BARR-UISIN (BAURISHEEN)

There are various opinions about this name. One person maintains that it got its name because rushes grew there. Another said that oysters were got in the lake here and the boat men came in with the oysters to sell them.

CEANN-RAMHAR – (CANRAWER)

Long ago a farmer here owned a lot of cattle and when he referred to them he would say "*An Ceann Ramhar*", hence the name.

Don't wait until your ship comes in. Row out to meet it.

The Galway Observer

17th June, 1888

Corrib Tragedy

" A most melancholy affair occurred on Lough Corrib, midway between Oughterard and Cong, in which three young men met with a watery grave, Joe Regan of Athenry, Owen Dogherty of Athenry, and a man named Doyle, a native of Dublin or Carlow, Willie Murray, Athlone, and Michael Walsh of Oughterard, all artisans, working for Messrs. Broderick of Athlone, at a new building at Oughterard. They all left in a boat for Cong after first Mass on Sunday morning.

They started for home about 8 o'clock in the evening and instead of rowing the boat they raised a sail of about 30 yards of canvas, with nothing to steer the boat but one of the oars. The sail jibed when they were about one mile and a half from Cong and of course all command of the boat was then lost. The man named Doyle and Owen Dogherty made a bad fight for life and disappeared after a brief struggle, and as the boat did not altogether turn over but on her beam, Murray got on her. Walsh fought hard to save Regan and actually carried him several times to the boat. He put him up on the gunwale then, with himself crosslegs on the side. They drifted three miles during which time Regan fell off several times and was again brought up by Walsh. Regan died in Walsh's arms an hour and a half before he had to let him go, but the sail caught a squall from the opposite side and capsized her, submerging Walsh under it. Then he had to let go Regan only in about seven feet of water and dived out from under the sail.

At this time, Murray would have had a narrow escape were it not for Walsh who helped him on the boat and placed him in such a position that he was able to hold on till they were put on Inishannagh shore (this is the island opposite Inchagoill). In the early hours of Monday morning Matthias Kinneavy heard shouting. He went out and brought them to shore safely, and put them into bed, and after having done all that was possible for the two men, he set sail for Oughterard.

In the meantime Mr. O'Flaherty, J.P., arrived in Inchagoill in his yacht, and having some stimulants on board he at once went to work to save the lives of the two men who lay at the time in a completely exhausted condition and swollen to the head with water.

When Kinneavy arrived at Oughterard the whole town was thrown into a terrible state. About a dozen crews, including the Ferris's, the Mannion's, the Joyces, the Glynn's and the Byrnes turned out accompanied by the police under Mr. Cumming, D.I. Dr. Gorham of Oughterard and the military doctor Mr. Leader and the Galway Observer correspondent Mr. Donnellan N.T. Although the waves rolled mountains high the crews forced their way ahead until they arrived at the island, five miles off.

The police, viz Gallagher, Sheehy, Barrett, Howard, Fox and their officer found the body of Joe Regan within 100 yards of the shore and had it conveyed to Oughterard. The remains were waked at Mr. Mannion's house where everything was in readiness for such a lamentable occasion. A number of his relatives and friends arrived on Tuesday and had the body removed to Athenry for burial on Wednesday. The search for the other two bodies continued up to a late hour.

There were at that time five families residing on Inchagoill, hence Kinneavy's hearing the shouting.

Report by W. Donnellan, N.T. Assistant in Boys' School and local correspondent for Galway Observer in the 1880's.

Don't wait until your ship comes in. Row out to meet it.

Andrew Ferguson & the Connemara Bus

Here are a few snippets of Andrews life and times :----



The Connemara Bus

- FRONT ROW :-** Jimmy Masterson, Paddy Geraghty, Kitt Otoole, Madge Duignan (Peadar,s wife), Margaret E. Walsh, Catherine Geoghegan and Bridget Geoghegan (Glengowla), Andrew Ferguson.
- SECOND ROW:-** Joe Halloran, Alfie Gibney, Unknown, Katie Burke, Maureen Walsh (Sandymount) Unknown, Mary Mannion.
- THIRD ROW:-** Tom Higgins (Doon), Kathleen Halloran, Mike Lydon.
- FOURTH ROW:-** Kathleen Ruttledge, Jack Mullins.
- BACK ROW:-** Nora Walsh, Sarah Ann Gibbons, Tom Sullivan, Tom Lydon (Billamore).

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY PEADAR DUIGNAN 1936 /7
Photograph courtesy of Nora Walsh, Main Street.

Born in the year of 1887 he attended Scoil Naomh Chuimín from 1894 to 1902 after which he helped out with the family grocery/ pub business.

In 1905 he got restless at home and yearned to travel. He went to China, joined the Shanghai Municipal Police and after a time attained the rank of Sergeant.

During the 1914—18 war the British Army recruited a Chinese labour force in a non-combat role on the Western Front and Andrew at that stage being fluent at Chinese served as an officer in that force.



BACK ROW (L-R):- No. 3 **Mike Molloy**, No. 4 **Bernie Walsh**, No. 6 **C. Delapp**, No. 8 **Tim Walsh**.
MIDDLE ROW (L-R):- No. 1 **Hubert Walsh**, Nos. 2,3, 4, 5 **The Gibneys Brothers**.
FRONT ROW (L-R):- No. 1 **Joe, Nee**, No. 2 **Eddie D'arcy**, No. 4 **Stephen Nee**, No. 5 **Tim Walsh**.

Photo courtesy of Audrey Cleggett, Main Street.

In 1920 Andrew came home to run the family business. This being the post rebellion period in Ireland many roads were impassable. The Galway/ Oughterard road being no exception, goods from Galway had to be transported by steamer to locations around Lough Corrib. Andrew being a good businessman bought a lorry, collected these goods at the New Quay and delivered them throughout Connemara.

In 1932 Andrew got Fahy Coachbuilders to build "**THE CONNEMARA BUS**" on a new Bedford chassis. This was the start of a reliable bus service for the people who lived a distance from the main road, e.g. Esker, Collinamuck, Tullykyne etc. where CIE would not travel. It was mostly used by people going to Galway for the market, cinema or social outings.

1964 saw Andrew retire at the age of 77 years after giving 34 years of faithful bus service to the people who lived on the byways of the Galway/Oughterard route. He sold his grocery/pub business in Oughterard and moved to Galway to live with his daughter Freda.

In 1969 Andrew died at the age of 82 years and was laid to rest in CillCuimin cemetery with his wife Daisy. May they rest in peace.

Brendan Ferguson *Nephew*



1952

(Front row L-R) Jackie Joyce (Bunnagippaun), Thomas Walsh (Bridge St.), Paddy Joe Joyce (Lemonfield), Laurence Curran (Rusheeny), Paddy Geoghegan (Rusheeny), Connie Ryan (Camp St.), Mike Naughton (Rusheeny), Pat Maloney (Bridge St.).

(Back row L-R) Sean Curran (Rusheeny), Dennis Geoghegan (Rusheeny), Paddy Hennelly (Main St.), Patrick Connelly (Camp St.), Colie Mannion (Main St.), Sheamus Geoghegan (Lemonfield), Pat Joyce (Lemonfield), Mattie Thornton (Derrylaura), Mrs. Flanagan, Teacher (Main St.).

Photo courtesy of Paddy Geoghegan (Rusheeny)



1923

(Back row L-R) Jim Egan, John Joyce, Michael Joyce, Martin Molloy, Pat Connelly, Paddy Kinneavey, Tommy Healy, Eddie Faherty, Paddy Molloy, Martin Kinneavey.

(Middle row L-R) Dinny Sullivan, Stanley McCarthy, Pat Connelly, Miko Burke, Maloney, John Shaughnessy, Paddy Noone, Martin Noone, Michael Joe Kelly, Paddy O'Brien.

(Front row L-R) Eddie O'Sullivan, John Joyce, John Joe Flaherty, Mattie Flaherty, Charlie Sullivan, Tommy O'Connor, Johnny Connor, Martin Faherty, Frank O'Brien, Joe Conneely, Joe Halloran.

Photo courtesy of *Padraic Faherty (Rushveala)* and *Ms. Freddie O'Connor (Gurthreevagh)*

Séamus Ó'Máille

By Pat McDonagh

Séamus Ó'Máille was born in Bridge St. Oughterard in 1900, and attended St. Cummin's Boys' School in 1909. He was a member of the Oughterard Battalion of the 4th Western Division I.R.A.

He was captured along with five others in Headford in 1922. He was held as a prisoner in the Dún Uí Mhaoiliosa Barracks, Galway where he was to be executed.

Owing to the death of the then Bishop of Galway, the six

were transferred to Tuam, where they were executed on the 11th April 1923.

The night before he was executed, he was given one last request, so he wrote a letter to his mother which is printed below.

Seamus was interred in Athlone for a length of time before being re-interred in Oughterard by his brother, John.



Photos courtesy of Pierce O'Malley, Station Road and Paddy Geogheganm Ganrawer.



Séamus Ó'Máille funeral.

Séamus Ó Máille's final letter to his mother before his execution in 1923

Dearest Mother,

I have to let you know the hard fact that I am going to be shot on the morrow, myself and five others, J. Maguire, J. Newell, M. Moylan, Frank Cunnane and M. Monaghan.

Dear Mother, I know this will break your heart, but mother I ask you to be brave and take it all for Ireland. Mother, think of all the mothers who have given up their sons for the same cause I now die. From 1916 up to this day many of the Mothers of Ireland have suffered the same pain that you now suffer, but Mother, she is a poor Mother who cannot say that she has given at least one son for the cause of Irish freedom.

Mother! You reared me hard and when I came of age it was for the freedom of my country I worked, and not for you. I always thought that one day I would be able to make you happy, but now that part I leave to Peter and John and I ask that request of them.

There is one thing you can be proud of, I was the first man in Coughterard to suffer imprisonment, and now, I give my final sacrifice that is, my life to help to save the life of the Irish nation. My little part in public life has been conducted the best way I thought possible to win respect for my country, and the cause which I stood for. Those who know me, know that I went out purely, for the freedom of my country.

Mother dear, I am sorry that I cannot write to all my friends, so give my best wishes to them all, the O'Tooles, O'Connors, Henleys and O'Malleys, Jack Connolly, B. Egan and the McDonoughs of Maam Cross and Rosmuck, and the others.

I would write to John, but sure, this one will do for himself and Kathleen. Poor John! If I were not here he would be in my boots, and I am glad that I am here to take his place.

Remember me to Fr. Craddock and ask him to pray for me. Write to my Liverpool friends and remember me to them all.

Mother! I will put in a note in this letter for Peter and Mary.

Mother dear, I am happy so don't worry about me. I pray God will give you strength to get you over this trouble. The priest is here with us, and the hour is drawing near. I will now finish, hoping to meet you in heaven.

Goodbye. From your fond son, with love and kisses.

Séamus.

Information supplied by Pierce O'Malley.

John King

Originally from Camp Street,

John King is the oldest living past pupil of the Boys' School.

He enrolled in 1917.

I was born in Camp St. in 1910. There were nine of us in the family, four girls and five boys. I was the third youngest. We lived in a small thatched house. I went to the Convent School for one year before I went to the Boys' School.

Teachers

We had many teachers in my time but only two at any one time. They were Mr. Heffernan, Mr. Moroney, Mr. Cooney, Mr. Marne, Mr. Fitzgibbon and finally Mr. Gerard Lee who was principal from 1928 – 1959 and was replaced by Frank Kyne on his retirement in 1959. Several assistants came and went. Classmates of mine were Michael Joyce (a brother of Tom the Sherrif), John Joyce, Billamore, Noel Dunseath (who lived where Tom (Yank) Healy retired too), Tommy Healy, Jim Egan, Frank Cunningham, Jimmy Halloran (Main St.), Eddie Lydon (Pub), Michael John Faherty (lived with his uncle Sonny Staunton, Old Chapel), Dickie Walsh (who lived in a thatched cottage where Tommy Geoghegan now lives) Dickie Walsh (related to the other Dickie).

Egan's Shed

I only mitched once, when we were too late for school and spent our time in Egan's shed. We had Catechism every day for three weeks before Confirmation. Also we had to learn Christian Doctrine off the blackboard. There were approximately 100 pupils at the boys' School.

Poor Attendance

If there was work to be done at home there would be a poor attendance. Mr. Heffernan was a very strict teacher. At school we played football, rounders and also running in a field at the rear of the school. School time was from 9 a.m. – 3 p.m.

Two students cleaned the school every day and before attendance in the morning one of the boys would light a fire to heat up the school. We would write on slates, with chalk, in the beginning and eventually we wrote in copybooks.

Free Cocoa

In the early 1920's when times were difficult and people were poorer the kids were entitled to free cocoa, bread, margarine and condensed milk. Some people thought it was charity but very few refused it.

Airplane Crash

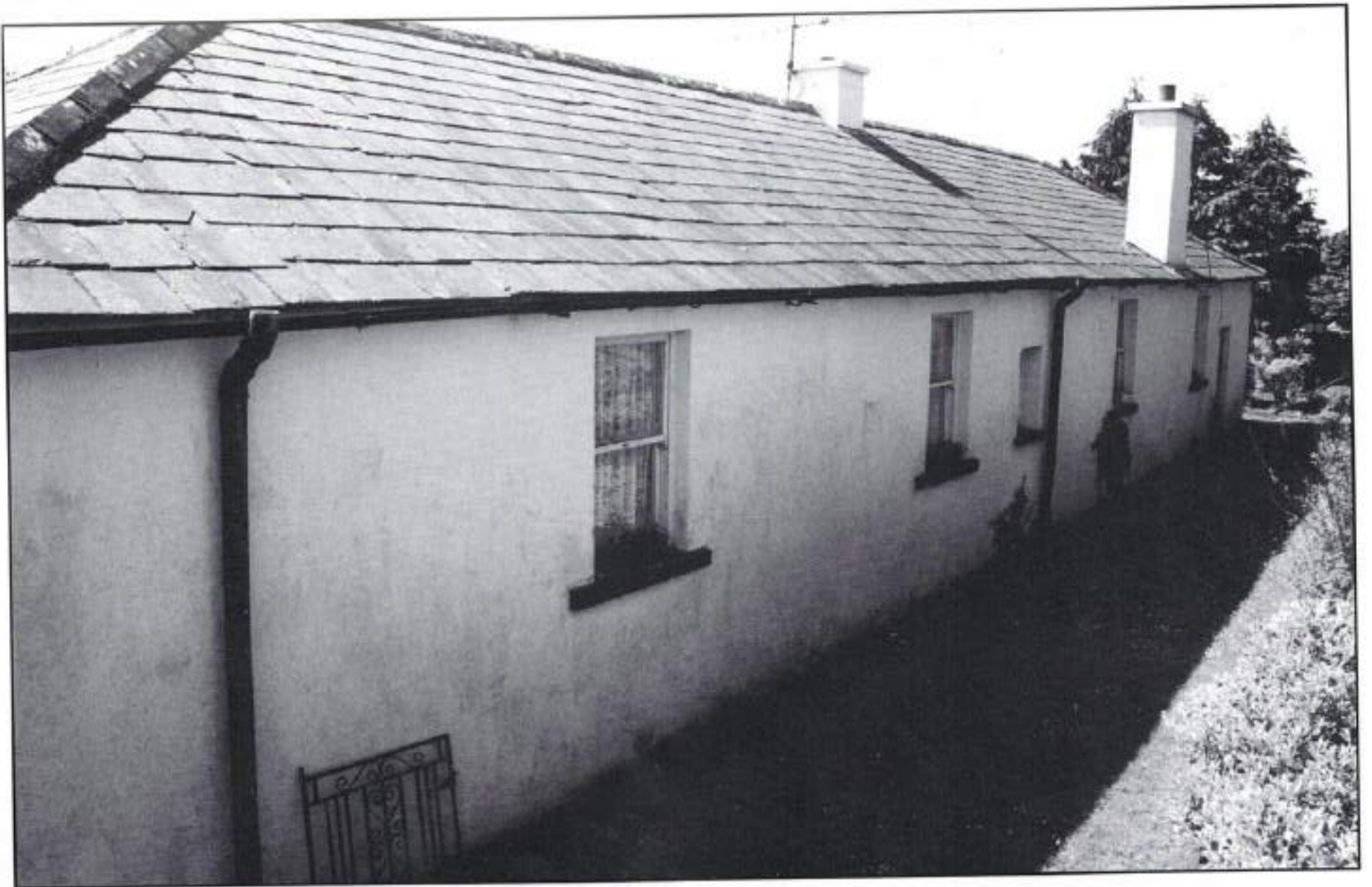
I also have fond memories of February 1926 when an airplane landed in a field near the school. It was a cold day and ironically that same day the Inspector was there to inspect us all. When we heard the plane we were up on the seats looking out the window. The Next thing, we heard the bang. The plane went across the road. It seems he couldn't make the run. He cut the top off the walls along the road and that took the wheels off. She glided about twenty yards further and then crashed. The plane was just stuck in the ground without wheels. Mr. Cooney was principal at the time. I was the first on the scene. I asked the pilot was he okay. "Ah, not too bad", he said. We were frightened all right. Something happened that we weren't aware of. It was a miracle because if they crashed a bit lower they would have hit a big wall of stone both sides of the road. She would have gone upside down after the first. There were two pilots and one was known as Maher, He had a brother who was a Sergeant in the Guards at the time. It was said they ran out of petrol. I think it was one of the first planes the Free state Government had at the time. It was a De Haviland G Bi-plane.



The plane was left in the field for a while and was eventually dismantled and taken away. At the time the field was owned by Old Tom Easley.

John King, Pat Gibbons and friend share a story.

Many who think they deserve a feather in their cap have a bee in their bonnet.



The Old Boys School in Carrowmanagh as it is today.

Memories of my Father

John O'Connor New Village 1914 – 1988

By Patti O'Connor

Early Childhood

Johnny O'Connor was born on January 1st 1914 in Oughterard. His father Laurence was from Oakfield and his mother Bridget Fahy was from Gortacarnaun. The family set up a business as butchers in Camp St. Today it is still a butcher shop owned by McGeoughs.

He attended the "Boys' School" as it was always called. His teachers were Mr. Cooney, Mr. Murphy and Mr. Melville who was from East Galway. He was also taught by Gerard Lee. Some of the teachers stayed in his own home in Camp St. as lodgers. There was no getting away from them!

Johnny's childhood was spent about the town and he frequently talked about Lemonfield and the White Hill.

In Exile

In 1933 he went to London to join the Irish Guards. He returned home in 1936 and went to work with his uncle in Headford in his butcher shop.

He went back to London in 1939 and joined the London Fire Brigade. He was there during "The Blitz" – the bombing of London by the German Luftwaffe in 1940. After that he joined the R.A.F. and traveled overseas to India and Burma, stopping off at South Africa. The journey took about six weeks. He spent about six years in the Far East altogether. During his time there he fell ill, contracting a form of malaria called Blackwater Fever. He made a miraculous recovery after spending a long time in a make shift camp hospital.

Home Again

After returning home to Oughterard, he met and married Josephine McDonagh from New Village, Glann. They had four children, Bridie, Patti, Kevin and Pauline.

They were farmers and he loved the land, especially growing crops.

In the sixties times were changing. He became an active member of the N.F.A. (now the I.F.A.) and Muintir na Tire.

Boxing Club

He also started a boxing club in which he trained young men and boys physical fitness and boxing. The club has been successful since the beginning and to this day. Máirtín Lee won national titles in 1969 and 1970. Since then 13 national and numerous Connacht and County titles were won by members of the club.

The Agricultural Show was another of Johnny's great interests. After its revival in 1961 he was actively involved in the running of this very successful annual event. It was held behind where the community center now stands.

Johnny suddenly took ill and died in January 1988. He was a great loss to his family and all his friends and neighbours.

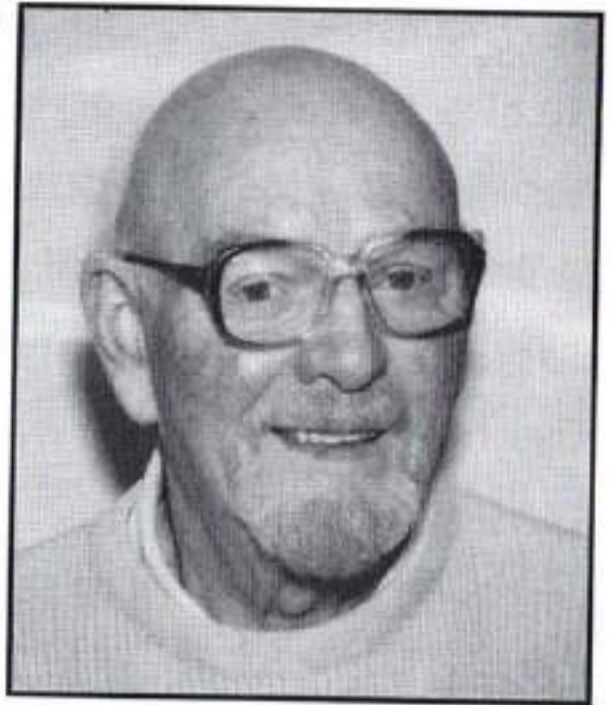
Ar dheis Dé go raibh a anam



John O'Connor about 1940 in the London Fire Brigade.

My Term in The "Masters" School – Jack Fahy

My arrival in the "Masters" School was really the beginning of an experience along the marathon journey through life.



Gerard Lee

It was a two-teacher school. Mr. Gerard Lee, Esker, Rosscahill, was principal and Mr. Melville was assistant teacher. To the best of my knowledge, the classes were distributed as follows. The principal had 3rd, 5th and 6th while the assistant had classes 1st, 2nd and 4th. The 4th class stood in a circle at the back of the other classes, who were seated. (The 4th class consisted of Pat and Padraic Sweeney, Jack Mullins, perhaps Alphie Gibney, Paddy Geraghty, Paddy Lydon (Billamore).

The pupils in my class then, as best I can recall, were Jack Natin, Paul Callanan (both near neighbours), Tom McGauley, Tom Lydon and Pierce McDonagh (Billamore), Jim Joe Clancy, Tom Sullivan, Paudie Walsh (Camp St.) and Jim Faherty (Tullyvrick). We spent three years with Mr. Dolan, but I cannot recall anything unusual happening during that period. Our school yard was quite a sizeable ground and we had plenty of space to play football, with a sponge ball.

Owenriff

The Owenriff river flows alongside the road at the west end of the town and overflowed its banks every year on at least a couple of occasions and the flood waters entered the houses from opposite the R C church down to the corner where the road turns sharp left for Carramanagh and Tonwee. I remember it very clearly because the flooding, if very severe, closed the Tonwee road to pedestrian traffic and that meant us students as well – although to be honest, we guys were in our bare feet generally and would have no great difficulty wading through it at all. However, we were only too happy to use it as an excuse to dodge school, as often as possible.

At around age 12 we all moved to the Principal's room. At that stage there were a few additions to the pupils in 3rd class: Johnny D'arcy, Magheramore and Jim Connor, Camp St. my first cousin. Our curriculum then was Irish, English, Maths, History, Geography, Algebra and Geometry. I liked all but Algebra, which I didn't fancy at all from the beginning. Geometry was acceptable. We sat in the desks but the 5th and 6th classes stood in a circle behind us.

The Inspector

An Inspector called to the school annually, and there was a certain amount of pupil preparation necessary in advance. It was something the teacher had to worry about, the scholars didn't lose any sleep over it, I can assure you. There would be questions asked in both English and Irish, but I cannot remember if maths was included in the questionnaire. I don't recall any pupil being asked to find the answer to a sum on the board. We had to be on our best behaviour, of course – no talking or messing of any sort, was requested while the Chief was in the classroom. Generally, nothing happened to earn the school a "black mark", that I can recall.

Hobbies

Smoking: - We discovered this "exciting hobby" long before our 13th birthday, but we only adopted it after moving into 5th class. How many of you have smoked woodbines, or have you ever heard of the weed until now? Well, it was the cheapest fag on the market, and was sold in a little open-ended paper pack of five. The most important thing about woodbines is that you could buy one at a time!

The Mayfly season, or "dap", as it was called, had a devastating effect on the school roll book Probably a third of the attendance was absent catching mayflies for the visitors, also the home anglers as well. At that time, as far as I can recall, mayflies sold at 4p per dozen. Now although I was a member of the fly pickers gang, I never mitched from school, but did the picking in the evenings. (In Frank Kyne's period as a principal teacher in Oughterard, he gave the lads at least one week off for just that purpose. They appreciated it – the lads, that is, not the flies!)

Everybody grows quieter as they grow older: there's generally more to keep quiet about.

" Ever hear of James Joyce?"

by Fr. Robert E. Lee

Fr. Robert is son of Gerard Lee, former Boys' School principal, and now parish priest in Liscannor Co. Clare.



The late Gerard Lee.

One day at lunch time in the Oughterard Boys' School, the teacher (my father) sent Ken Monaghan and me down to Gerald Molloy's shop, for a pouch of "St. Bruno Tobacco" (that was his brand, I well remember). En route to Molloy's, Ken asked me " Did you ever hear of James Joyce?" "The rugby player?" I asked, in reference to Jimmy Joyce of Oughterard.

"No, I'm talking about James Joyce the writer" Ken explained:

"He is my uncle". I had to admit that I had not known of the writer James Joyce. That was 1938 (perhaps we should have been talking too, about Oughterard's chances in the County Championships, for 1938 was the year the footballers would beat all comers!)

Ken Monaghan went to Terenure in September 1938 to begin Secondary School. I went to St. Mary's in Galway the following year, 3rd September 1939 – the first day of World War II. It would be 36 years before Ken and I crossed paths again! The years between for me would be signposted: Boarding School, Seminary 1, Hospital (long stay), Seminary 2, USA (20 years) and then back home.

One evening in September / October 1974 I looked up Ken Monaghan's number in Dublin. There were two Ken Monaghans, I got the other one first (No, he was never from Oughterard) Then I dialled the correct number – "Yes, I'm Ken Monaghan, yes originally from Oughterard (I sensed he was smiling) and who is this?" Bobbio, Bobbio? Who is that please? Remember the smirks from our school class mates when the teacher, tracing the life of St. Columban would talk about the saint's monastery in Bobbio, Northern Italy? Well, the lads would be laughing a little at me Ken, because my name sounded a lot like 'Bobbio.' 'Bobby', remember? "Bobby?" said Ken, "where are you? I would love to renew acquaintance." "I will be having mass in Blanchardstown Church tomorrow" (at whatever time) "You are a priest?" Ken asked (slightly surprised, I thought) and so we met and talked, talked, talked.

Ken and I have met a number of times in the past 26 years since the initial phone call in Dublin. He took me to his home where I met Lucy, his wife, and John, their son. Our paths have crossed in Ballyconneely where the Monaghans relax and in Liscannor for some further reminiscing – just last year. As I pen this little story, for the 150 years

commemorative book reflecting Scoil Chuimin, Ken Monaghan is (still) asking "Ever hear of James Joyce?" in Houston, Texas at a Joyce symposium.

Next time we meet, be it in Cellbridge or in Connemara, we inevitably will recount further incidents from school days of more than 60 years ago! There will be a mention of the game 'Cad' (should it be Gad (stick)?) which we played on the road by the school at Ton Bhui, a throw back to cricket perhaps,



Gerard Lee at the blackboard.

and we had competitions in weight throwing (cast stone) in our aspiration to be as good as Ned Tobin (or maybe Jackie Geoghegan)! Pace was at a premium in the matter of emulating the Olympics, and there was a day when the 'cad' and the 'cast stone' got dangerously close Anybody remember?

There were characters among our classmates, Terry Sweeney, bigger than the rest of us, long trousered. Terry died early but not before befriending one Paddy Hillary in Rockwell College, who, much later on, became Uactaran no hEireann for two terms. In our school there were clusters of families. Molloy's from Baurisheen, Darcys from Magheramore (two of my great-grandmothers were Darcys from Maghera) Gibneys from the town, Sullivans and Keoghs whose footballing expertise was best described by Micheal O h-Eithir. There were Joyces and O'Briens, rugby players of note who became doctors too. Then there was Cuimin Clancy from Glann, where he went to school, Olympian of 1948 (White City) whose USA collegiate discus record stood the test of decades! And what about Willie Power who would carry (smaller) me on his shoulders if I promised solemnly (nearly under oath) that I would 'never tell the auld fella' that he (Willie) was not staying this evening or the next evening to sweep the school floor.

Ar dheis Dé go raibh sé agus ár gcairde go léir!

Life is a short day, but it is a working day.

Jigs Reels & Algebra

by Jack Fahy

Gerard Lee was an excellent fiddle player and often played on Irish radio (Its title escapes me). Michael Roland, junior – at least a year younger than I was a wizard on the accordeon – or was it a melodeon? And the pair of them went on radio a few times per year. John D’arcy, Parishtown, was another gifted musician on the flute and all three of them played as a trio on Radio as well. Gerard used to take his fiddle to school occasionally and he would start to play some Irish tunes on it for the edification and education of us scholars. The tunes would be jigs, reels or hornpipes. His music was Irish to the core. I’ve got the impression he used to play it after a frustrating session of algebra. He occasionally stopped after a session of tunes, all in the same beat or rhythm and asked: “ Now boys were those tunes jigs, reels or hornpipes?” The response from the pupils was a deafening silence you could hear a pin drop.” Anyone like to venture a guess?” Deadly silence once more. Obviously we were all hopeless guessers! I was prepared to make a guess, but not being absolutely certain, I held my breath.

Now why was Jack the only one with an ear for music among the throng? Well, we had a gramophone at home and there were lots of Irish music records which I heard Dad play now and again, but I didn’t pay too much attention as I just couldn’t stay still for very long. Our gramophone was an exquisite cabinet affair about 3’ 3” high and square in shape. I think it was made of polished mahogany. In view of our teachers treat in entertaining us with his rousing music, I decided to take a “Crash Course” – hopefully not a record smash course! But first I had to ask Dad, who held the key to the gramophone. He was delighted that his wild son seemingly wanted to settle down to living a normal life, like everyone else. And Irish music was Dad’s favourite music, so he agreed to give me an opportunity to listen to and study the different tunes and be able to distinguish one from another, in class. Sunday afternoon was the appointed time for listening-in and learning. I was thrilled. He played three records, each one different from the others, or confined to either jigs, reels or hornpipes. Having heard each one through, I felt I had a very good knowledge of the difference of the beat for each type of tune. I could hardly wait for Gerard’s next tune-up with his fiddle. It was perhaps a month later that he opened the case and carefully and obviously lovingly extracted the fiddle once more. I was excited! – and could hardly wait for that first tune and the inevitable, all-important question. He

tuned the strings for a little while, drew the bow gently across them, then continued tuning "Oh! Get on with the music, Gerard!" a bunch of devilish belly dancing butterflies shouted, deep inside my tumbling tummy : I blushed with embarrassment in case they were heard by all. Then Gerard raised the fiddle to his chin, adjusted its position and played like an angel! But there was no mistaking the heart-warming rhythm of a fine Irish Reel. " Now, boys, does anyone know if that was a reel, jig or hornpipe?" the teacher enquired. My arm shot skywards. "Yes, Fahy", the teacher said. "Twas a reel, sir", I said with the coolness and confidence of a Ciaran Mac Mathúna, on his Sunday morning Irish music programme on radio – "Mo Ceol Thu." Good boy, Fahy, it is a reel". Gerard raised his fiddle once more and began to play with his usual expertise and virtuosity. There was no mistaking his "jumping" rhythm of an Irish jig. Having finished the tune, he lowered his fiddle and bow, and asked: "Anyone recognise that tune?" My hand went up again, but not with the energy of the first effort. "Well, Fahy, what do you think?" he asked. "I'm pretty sure it's a jig sir", sez I. "Correct again", he said. (The gang was dumbfounded – not that I happened to be right, but that I had the guts to risk it for a second time – or so they thought.)

Gerard, for the third time, raised the fiddle to his chin, tuned a little, and launched into his third tune. The rhythm and beat was once again, different to the others and slower, so I knew instantly that I had the answer. I could hardly restrain myself from letting off a rip-roaring –YIPPEE!!! But instead, listened to the music to check was it one of the tunes on our own records. I feel sure that my face was glowing – not with embarrassment but with a genuine sense of pride in myself and in my achievement. I was delighted Thrilled. Gerard ended the hornpipe with a flourish, as only he was capable of with his expertise. "Now boys, can anyone tell me what that tune was?" For the third time my hand shot for the stars, in confidence and anticipation. "Well, Fahy, what is it this time?" "I'm sure it's a hornpipe, sir", I replied, with a gleam of victory in my eye and a smile on my lips. Gerard smiled broadly, too, and said: "Congratulations, Fahy, you are right for the third time, and you have created a new record, three-in-a-row, for the first time ever in this school in my term here. Would you like to be a musician?" he warmly enquired. Well, I was just over the moon with the excitement of the occasion, especially having just created a record. "I'd love to become a musician, sir", I replied with all sincerity, and went speechless because of a sudden lump in my throat.

We never know the love of parents until we become parents ourselves.

Growing Up in Oughterard

By Ken Monaghan

Ken Monaghan, formerly of Main Street, presently involved with the James Joyce Centre in Dublin.



Once upon a time and a very good time it was , I grew up in Oughterard . I was born there in 1925 and lived for the first eighteen years of my life in the house now occupied by Brendan Ferguson . My father , Jack Monaghan , was the eldest son in the family who ran a very successful business in the premises now occupied by Tom Tuck and my mother , May , was from Dublin and was never fully approved of or accepted into the Monaghan family . The family felt that my mother was, almost by definition , a flighty young city girl who had ensnared my father in the rarefied atmosphere of the big smoke where he had spent some time . My father died when I was three years old and my mother was thrown back on her own resources to raise my two sisters and myself as best she could . It was always a struggle and we were always the poor relations but the memories that come crowding back to me whenever I think of Oughterard are happy ones and it was a very good place in which to grow up .

Directly opposite to where the Monaghan's shop was , Lizzie Byrne and her two brothers , ran a bakery and the smell of hot , freshly baked , bread being wafted across the road in the morning is one of my abiding memories . There is also a family story connected with Lizzie and her bread . In the late 1920s a sister of my mother's , Aunt Eileen, came home on holidays from Trieste in Italy where she was then living and brought her two daughters and one son with her . The two girls aged about six and seven were quite exotic looking with bright blonde hair and dark complexions and were absolutely uninhibited which meant that they did what they wanted to whenever they wanted to and they were addicted to Lizzie Byrne's hot turnovers . One morning as they were about to be dressed , Lizzie opened the door of the bakery and the two girls with the scent of bread in their nostrils , escaped from the arms of their mother who was about to dress them , and rushed across the road as they were, without a stitch on them , demanding in strident Italian , that Lizzie supply them with hot turnover . At the time Oughterard had not reached the stage of sophistication that it was acceptable for young girls , even at the tender



(Back row L-R) Mike Power (Power's Pub), Unknown, Mike Gill (Eightyard), John Gibney (MainSt.), Kenny O'Brien (Dr. O'Brien's son), Mike Joyce (Claremount), Kelly (Maghera).
(Middle row L-R) Darcy (Maghera), Tom Lydon (Billamore), M.J. Lydon (Camp St.), Pat Sweeney (lived where Karen's Hairdresser's is now), Unknown, Paddy Darcy (Maghera), Tommy Clancy (Rusheeney - now in Australia).
(Front row L-R) Andrew Darcy (Lemonfield), Jimmy Masterson (Waterfield), Pat Conneely (Rusheeney), Paddy Heffernan (lived where Russell Financial Services are now), Alfie Gibney (Claremorris), Stephen Joe Connolly (Maghera), Tom Sullivan (Footballer) Mick Rowland (lived across from Church of Ireland), Mattie Healy (Shopkeeper at the bridge).

Photo courtesy of Nora Walsh, Main Street.

ages of six and seven , to run naked through the streets and surely Lizzie Byrne must nearly have had a heart attack when they arrived at her door . Her consternation was as nothing compared to that of my aunt Molly who was even then taking down the shutters of the Post Office which she ran in the premises of the Monaghan shop across the road . My aunt Molly was a spinster lady of a particular prim disposition much given to prayer and pious incantations and , no doubt , she invoked the help of the good Lord for a town in which such depravity could occur . She was not completely surprised as she already suspected that there was bad blood in her sister-in-laws family . She had learned but recently that my mother was a sister of that awful writer , James Joyce , whom she always referred to as "that Anti-Christ". I do not know at what age I found out that I was a nephew of the man and it was never something about which I spoke . My mother used say to us that we should never deny the fact that we were related to James Joyce but that we did not have to advertise the fact either . Being related to probably the best known writer in the world was neither popular nor profitable in those days . However , this never impinged on my life as I grew up in Oughterard .

My best friend in those days was Brendan Gibney and the Gibney household was my home from home where I spent nearly as much time as I did in my own house. The Gibney family consisted of Nanny Gill , Mrs. Gibney's mother , who ran a small Shop , Mrs. Gibney herself who was a teacher in Doorus to which she Commuted by bicycle and rowboat through Glann each Friday and Sunday evenings .

I experienced great friendship and hospitality in the Gibney family where there were five boys Alfie , John , Frank , Brendan and Anthony. The eldest son, Paddy, was away and was never there in my time . Alfie was a very determined and organised young man who went to work in Kinnevy's boatyard at the bottom of Camp when he left school but was determined to further his education and attended the Tech whic had opened in either the old station or the workhouse (I cannot remember which) where he got his matric and afterwards put himself through University to become an engineer . Thankfully he is still alive and living in Mayo where he has practised his profession for many years . His achievement was quite extraordinary for the time and I often think of him and send him my greetings if he happens to read this .

Brendan Gibney and myself would , each day , crawl unwillingly to school passing The Kirk , the old Prebyterian Church which is now the Community Centre , but was then owned by my uncle Joe who had run for a time the first garage and petrol station here for a short time . It was an area that was strictly off limits but we did manage to effect an entry at the rear and discovered a fascinating array of motor and motor bike parts which we would visit to inspect from time to time though fearfully on my part in case of discovery .

School , for me , will always be Gerard Lee who was the master . He was a man who did not believe in spoiling the child and we frequently saw the day's disasters in his morning face but he was a man who was ahead of his time . He had a great range of interests and he taught us subjects outside the curriculum of the time . He taught us geometry and algebra , through Irish of course , and tried to instil in us a love of Irish music and an interest in the early settlers in Ireland such as the Firbolgs and the Milesians etc. I did not believe at the time that such people existed and that they were figments of a fevered imagination but now I regret that I did not pay more attention . He was a great teacher and if some of my recollections are of the physical punishment he meted out , it was the accepted practice of the time and we certainly were a stubborn collection of students who must have exasperated him beyond belief .

I have long exceeded my quota and though I could probably keep writing rubbish for some time I must finish . Life being what it is there is both sadness and happiness and everybody experiences both and simultaneously each period of our life can be the best of times and the worst of times and my memories are probably coloured by time and distance but I remember my time in Oughterard with the greatest nostalgia . It was all so very long ago so why is it then that when I come down the hill at Ardvarna and get my first view of the village I feel I am coming home .

A friend is someone who knows all about you but loves you just the same.

Was That Really How It Was ?

Brian Geraghty reminisces.

Brian Geraghty, formerly of Main street, and who now works with Bord Fáilte, Marine Development Department. He is married to Phyllis. They have 2 Children.



"And at that time" as the holy scribes would have written, "Hitler was only assumed dead, his army, now gone, had been replaced by Macalpine's, there was little of anything except scudawns every Friday, and you could smell them coming at Moycullen."

The time was the latter half of the nineteen forties and an Ireland, indeed a world, far removed from that of to-day. And it came to pass during that same time, so it did, that I completed my preliminary education at the Convent, with Sisters Albertis, Gertrude, Virginia and Dympna and headed up the Toínbhuí Road to the Boys' School.

Just think of it. Food and tea were rationed; electricity had not caught on as yet; central heating was entirely a grate thing; apart from apples and berries we seldom saw fruit, certainly not the foreign variety, such as bananas or oranges; not everyone had shoes, and you had to fast for twelve hours before receiving holy communion. There was only the odd phone (and it stayed in the one place); fax were facts, and some of the above facts were not nice ones. And you would likely be walking very awkwardly for some time if you presented a credit card in payment.

It was impossible, almost, to get petrol, not that one would ever need it, for motorised engines were in many ways akin to children. They were seen but seldom heard. Unlike children, however, they were a rarity. Their emissions were as rare as the calls of the cuckoo, or the curlew or the corncrake were frequent. Except for two, and they were as regular as the Arab call to prayer, when in season.

One was the evening chorus of Oughterard's seagull outboards making their way homewards, up the river by McCarthy's meadows, or into Baurisheen or Portacarron. Their drone was like music to the ears of those who waited; an assurance that not

only had their loved ones returned, but also that "the gints" were home safely. The latter were needed, for bread had to be put on the table.

Bolgers corner was our Speakers Corner. It was where real issues were raised and real decisions made. It was where you got a clip if you spoke outta turn, and where you in turn gave a clip or two a few years later to any over cheeky youngfella, when you had earned your stripes. First day I went to Toínbhuí, my mother packed my lunch into my bag, straightened me up and said "Study hard and don't waste your time, now that you are in the Boys School! Pay attention to Mrs. Flanagan and before long you'll be going into Mr. Lee. Don't get mixed up with bad companions.....and don't let your father hear you are one of these corner boys holding up Bolgers shed!"

I never let her down. Neither did I let down that "university of life", which she so irreverently referred to as Bolger's "Shed". I served a lot of stations, all enjoyable and most at Bolgers. There I took my early steps to manhood. For as Ralph Waldo Emerson, the American essayist, once wrote "I pay the schoolmaster, but 'tis the schoolboys that educate my son."

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We had occasional visitors to the school, who would be "on official business". We, the pupils, looked forward to these incursions into our school life. Primarily, I might add, because they gave us the opportunity to do "nothing", as if we ever did anything much. There was, however, a big difference between doing nothing "quietly", as we had to do during class time, and being able to kick up a big racket doing nothing, which was what we did during these visits.

One such visitor was local Garda, Sean Concannon. He came to check the rolls, and see to it that those who were listed were attending. He was a kind, gentle, smiling man, big in stature and voice, who always came through the door with a thundering "Dia dhibh and God bless all here".

After some chit chat he would go into conclave with the Master, both bent over the roll books, in a huddle. Occasionally he would straighten up, and a symphony of words would issue, immersed in a showerbath of spittle for those within range, to tri-

umphantly indicate a major piece of detection. "Ah hahah...hah hah..mo dhuine. I'll be talking to him!!!" Our Inspector Clauseu would have detected a "mitcher", who would shortly be getting a yellow card. The name would go into the black book, before Sean would take his leave, with a loud guffaw and a friendly wave.

By this time of course you'd have had lumps taken out of you with wallops from those in the desk behind, or clips of a ruler down on your ears. Of course you'd be passing on similar good wishes to those directly in front. Methods of conveyance varied. Apart from those mentioned, you could get a pinch on the backside or a pin stuck in it. Backsides also played host to rasping kicks from a twenty eight studded clog (colder months) or a probing toe (in summer), which would be stuck wherever it could do most damage.

Another such visitor was the district nurse. Her visits were never a cause celebre for me as she generally gave me a hard time. She had a sort of ritual, where she led us through a programme that saw us finish with the index finger of our right hand crossing our lips. This ensured complete silence, while she examined our eyes, ears, throats, noses and most especially our hair, before finally finishing with our shirt collars.

She was a wonderful nurse, and was totally dedicated to her work and to the people of her district. Her school visits, however, left me wide open for some serious slagging, once she took her leave, for the lady was my mother. It was all part of the growing-up process, however, making you realise early in life, that unlike Murphy's dog, you gotta be able to take it, as well as dish it out, in order to survive.

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History was Lee's favourite subject. He'd rattle it out, as if he had been there on the day, and so colourfully, that we felt we had been there also. The Fir Bolgs, the Milesians, na Tuatha Dé Danann, Brian Boru, the Normans, Tone, the United Irishmen, Emmet....we knew them all, personally.

I think Eoghan Ruadh Ó Neill was his favourite. At any rate, he would spend longer dealing with this period, than with any of the others. Once he spent about two

weeks painting the picture of this great Ulster prince for us; his every step was traced, every battle described, He damn near told us whether he preferred corn flakes to porridge.

The Monday of the third week was given over to revision. Lee opened proceedings early. "Tierney" he enquired "did you ever hear of Eoghan Ruadh Ó Neill?" Everyone anxiously awaited the reply. "No sir. Never." Lee did not flinch, nor did he bat an eyelid. He merely stared across the room towards the far wall... sad, possibly down, but not out. Slowly he began to smack his "scallop" against his "plus fours", ever so steadily at first, increasing the tempo, till he had going a real rhythm. Then it came... a measured and timely sigh, and a value judgment that clearly stated where all of us stood in his perspective.

No Sir" he repeated "No Sir...but Tierney, if he arrived into Oughterard with a fishing rod, you'd be the first one up to him selling mayflies.....wouldn't you Tierney?"

"Yes Sir." End of story

.So much for the hero of Benburb. A historical star without a doubt, but of questionable economic value to the youth of our small village beside Lough Corrib.

My uncle, Sean Donnellan is buried in the churchyard behind the Moycullen Church on the Tullykyne Road. My wife, Phil, and I came down from Dublin to the burial. The celebrating priest was Father Robert E. Lee, then only recently returned from West Virginia, and a son of "the man himself."

"Why don't you call to see him on your return journey," said Father Lee to me as we readied to hit the road back to Dublin. "I don't think he has too long left, and I know he would love to see you. Are you aware he opined in a radio interview that you were his star pupil."

I couldn't believe this. Me, his star pupil! No way did I deserve such a plaudit, and I wasn't being hypocritically humble about it. However, human nature being what it is, I must admit, I was chuffed.

We called to see him in Galway. Mrs Lee welcomed us into the sitting room, where he was propped up in an easy chair, and I could see he was pleased we had called. Whilst she prepared some tea we chatted about everything, from school events to my current job. It was a wonderful conversation.

After we supped he asked herself to bring in the fiddle. As we were leaving later, she told us he had not played for an age, so he must have been happy. I sat spellbound as he played some Irish traditional jigs and reels, and then came |The Cúilin, Oft in the Stilly Night and My Lagan Love. Toínbhuí came flooding back to me, bit by bit. I could see him there in the mind's eye, fiddle under the chin, as he led us through his favourite medley. A Nation Once Again....The Clare Dragoons and others, and I began to sing them as best I could, while he accompanied me on his fiddle.

It was then I realised what he meant to us. He was the igniting force right through our school days. Like him, others from my schooldays have passed away also. May they Rest in Peace and may the Good Lord keep the remainder of us en route for as long as possible. They were wonderful days and wonderful comrades in arms, or in books, or whatever. We were of one pulse.

*We were brothers all
In honour, as in one community,
Scholars and gentlemen.*

(The Prelude)

A bore is a person who lights up a room simply by leaving it.

Our Elvis - Michael John Joyce

by B. Ferguson

While attending N. Cuimins Boy School when the subject arose of "what we wanted to be when we grew up" most of us changed our minds from year to year, but one lad who didn't was Michael John Joyce (MJ). He was going to be a singer/entertainer and no doubt about it! For practising his entertainment skills he used his fellow pupils to the full. When the teacher would ask a question or look away for an instant MJ would pull a comical face or give a wrong/funny/ridiculous prompt to the poor unfortunate beside him. When the teacher would look again, you would be laughing and MJ would be sitting there looking quite innocent! Next You'd hear "Come up you fool" what were you laughing at? Nothing Sir. Only a fool laughs at nothing ... Hold it out! Another slap of the Hazel rod to ostensibly aid the learning process.

MJ, S singing debut was in the old "Kirk hall at the annual concerts organised by Mick Keogh and others. Later he entered talent competitions in both the Kirk and the Hibernian hall (in camp St.) after these performances he was dubbed "Elvis" and the name stuck.

The Boat Inn

During one of these concerts in 1964 MJ was spotted by Tom and Sheila Morley (who established "The Boat Inn") and engaged him to sing in their lounge bar at weekends. This venture proved successful and after playing with the "Royal Chords" in Castlebar for about a year he emigrated to the USA in 1966 to seek his fortune. Whilst in New York he was vocalist with various bands who played in such places as; "The Ambassador Club", "Jaeger House" and "The Red Mill" dance venues. Next MJ came in touch with band promoter Bill Fuller who engaged him to go on a tour of his dancehalls in Chicago, Boston and New York until St. Patrick's Day 1967. He played rockaway beach and the Catskill mountains until November 1967 when he came home to help his parents on the family farm.

Bill Fuller

In 1969 he was asked by Bill Fuller to come out to perform in New York, which he did, starting on St. Patrick's day he played "The Old Sheiling Club", "Danny Boy", and the "Pig N Whistle" in Manhattan plus "Dirty Nelly's in The Bronx. MJ says that people who heard him perform at one of these concerts put up the money for him to record his first album "Travelling Irish Lad". Except for one summer season spilt



Michael John with guitar.

Photograph courtesy of Brendan Ferguson, Main Street.

between Hamilton, Bermuda and "Centenary Club" New Hampshire, the next eight seasons were spent in Cape Cod; The winter season being spent in the Brodie Mountain Ski area.

He also tells me that on some of his Cape Cod gigs he entertained some of "The Kennedy's. In 1984 as MJ,s parents were now getting on in years he decided to come home for good and take care of them in their declining years.

Career Highlight

When asked about the highlight of his career he says there were two, both of which he is equally proud:

- (1) **The Recording and Release of his three albums:-**
("Travelling Irish Lad","Lonely" and "You Don't Love Me Anymore")
- (2) **His being conferred with "The Freedom of the City of New Britain" in Connecticut on 22nd April 1978 when he was presented with a scroll to that effect and "The Key of the City Gates"**

MJ is in semi-retirement for a few years now but on invitation has done concerts in Hamburg and Basil, Switzerland in recent years.

He now spends most of his time breeding Connemara Ponies and Fishing on Lough Corrib.

Even though MJ is semi-retired hopefully he will continue to entertain us for many years to come!

Long Live "Elvis"

School Day Memories by Sean Joyce, NZ

Sean Joyce ex Waterfield House, Oughterard.

- Education:** Naomh Cuimin 1952-1958
Technical School Fr. Griffin Road, Galway
- Occupation:** Computer Software Marketing for the JADE A company
in Cristchurch, New Zealand.
- Married** to Cork girl Vera .
- Children:** Two daughters Zeta and Jayne

Fancy the old school being 150 years! That means it was started in 1851 in the wake of the famine. Its hard to imagine the circumstances. It has just occurred to me that we might have been there for the centenary, were we?

I don't remember anything and I was 7 in 1951. Thinking back on my schooldays, a number of memories spring to mind...

The group photograph:

A group photograph and, for those who could afford it, an individual photograph. The cost was two and six, for the individuals and four and eleven for the group. The Assistant was to return on Monday and if sufficient monies and orders were collected. Then the travelling photographer was to return the following Monday. Sure enough the Assistant collected the money and the orders and that was the last we ever heard of him. Rumour was that it was some Englishman running a 'scam' along the west coast of Ireland. I clearly remember Mr. Lee's embarrassment at allowing us to be conned like that. Forty five years later I would happily pay big money for that group photo.

The fool with the ragweed.

One day Gerard Lee asked if anybody knew what a ragweed was and I was the only one who did. This was thanks to time spent at my grandmother's farm outside Enniskillen, watching my uncle mowing down ragweed and thistles with a scythe. Anyway, Mr. Lee asked that after the dinner break I bring back a ragweed and this I did. I sat with the plant in my lap the stalk coming above the desk and my eyes peeping out just above the wide and flat topped ragweed flower. Just as the session was about to start the Parish priest, Fr. McCullough, arrived and decided to talk to the class. He had very poor eyesight but before long he found me there in the fifth

row. Turning to Mr. Lee he asked "Who's that fool with the flower"? Mr. Lee abandoned me totally, feigned complete surprise at the exhibition and told me to "get rid of that thing". I took it to the door, threw it out and walked back to my seat, mortified. We never did find out what ever it was we were about to find out about ragweed.



Sean Byrne in New Zealand With his family.

The run around tree:

There was a sort of goal at each end of the playground and right in the middle a very big tree. It was a mature tree its branches were out of reach and they shaded a quarter of the area. Through the dinner break ad-hoc teams with home made hurleys fought for possession under this tree and battled each other to get the ball to the goal. In time, experience, painful experience, taught each of us to be very aware of this tree and soon and without a glance, any one of us could slip left or right around it. Years later reading about the sporting success of some of my school mates, I wondered if perhaps some part of this was due to their propensity to make sudden unpredictable diversions to avoid obstacles that no one else could see.

If you can't be a sun, don't be a cloud.

Well Shod and Well Groomed

Brendan Ferguson recalls schooldays.

Being a believer in being “well shod and well groomed” my father made sure I had a neat haircut and if my boots needed mending they were brought to Mairtin Heffernan the shoemaker for the necessary repairs to be ready for the first day of the school year.

This was always a morning full of thoughts ; of the fine summer days spent swimming, fishing, football, hurling, exploring local and neighbouring townlands, picking

mushrooms, and the collecting of briceens, grasshoppers and daddy longlegs all now finished for another year.

Then there was the upside of meeting all the lads after their holidays and sharing experiences that occurred since we last saw school almost two months ago.

On leaving my house in the morning I would join up with the lads from Oldchapel or Lemonfield and on reaching the bridge would be joined by the lads from Bridge St., Rusheeny, Magheramore, Bunnagippaun and Cloosh across the bridge then to be joined by the boys from Claremount and Derrylaura. When we would get to Boulgers Corner the lads from Camp St., Baurisheen, Tullavrick and Eighterard would join us coming via the short cut along the riverbank. From the Glan high road direction came the pupils from Carraghmanagh, Thonwee, Derrymoyle and Barrnagurteeny.

At this time the only roads that were tarred were the Galway – Clifden road and part of the (lower) Glann road. We all walked to school hail, rain or snow and some walked barefoot until the weather got too cold.

Bulls’ Eyes

When we had pocket money we would buy Penny bars, Bulls eyes, Clove drops or Sticks of liquorice at one of these shops : Matty Hanleys, Camp St.; Jimmy McDonaghs, Nanny Gills or Patrick Geoghegans Main St.; Jack McDonaghs, Bridge St. (here was the first shop in the town you could get Ice Pops then new to the market). For the pupils of Naoimh Cuimins the most popular sweet by far was Cleeves Slab Toffee sold by Molloys shop on the Bridge Street looking onto the river. This toffee came in a big slab of about 24 sections which had to be separated with a knife. Each section cost a half-penny and if you were lucky with the cut the slab would break in your favour giving you a little bit extra!





Confirmation 1956

(Back row L-R) John Clancy (Glengowla), Denny Curran (Lemonfield), Tommy Fahy (Bridge St.), John Kelly (Baurisheen), Paddy Halloran (Carramanagh).
(Centre row L-R) Peter Carr (Pollough), Paddy McGauley RIP (Tonwee), Paddy Sweeney (Collinamuck), Joe McDonagh (Seannafeistín), Mattie Tierney (Derrymoyle), Sean Osborne (Carramore-Knock), Frank Osborne (Cloonmore), Tommy Carter (Burnthouse), Donnaca Manning (Glan), Fr. McCullough P.P.
(Front row L-R) Bertie Manning (Glan), Gabriel Murray (Bridge St.), Jarleth Byrnes (Claremount), Bishop Browne, John Paul Stewart (Magheramore), Sean Lydon (Knockferry), Vincent Walsh RIP (Raha), Brendan Ferguson (Main St.), Sean Joyce (Waterfield), Unknown.

Photograph courtesy of Paddy Halloran, Camp Street.

Mayfly

When the Mayfly season came around it brought an influx of anglers to the hotels and guest houses in the vicinity. For those of us who picked mayflies' this was our first introduction to commercial enterprise. For a start the school attendance would be down by about a quarter and for those who reluctantly attended the bicycles and mayfly boxes would be ready for the dash to Glannwood, Foorannagh or Portacarron to get fresh green flies to sell to the "Gints" at the the hotels the next morning. You had to be up early to nab a regular customer and if you were lucky you could get an order for a week or even longer. The flies were sold @ 1/- (one shilling) per dozen i.e. one old penny each. Being a time of plenty for us we could now afford the luxury of bottles of orange, lemonade or cola and the special treat of whipped icecream topped with raspberry juice in Cleggets Icecream Parlour.

Owenriff

The "Owen Riff" was part of our playground. We set traps to catch briceens for the fishermen who trolled for trout in the early part of the season. Some children searched the bed of the river for fresh water mussels, an odd one of which would contain a pearl. In particular I remember Gabriel Murray and his endless, yet successful searching. We fished for eels, perch, trout and pike and I remember Stephen Molloy (Main St.) RIP being the most patient. We watched hundreds of little elvers travel up the slate near the waterfall.

In October on our way to school the most fascinating thing of all was the sight of all the trout going up the river to spawn. While waiting for "the flood" the trout would be visible in the river between the bridge and Boulgers Corner with dorsal fins so numerous one could walk on their backs across the river. This sight caused many late arrivals at school and slaps for the said offence.

To confirm to non-believers that there were BIG TROUT in the Corrib there was the spectacle of all these trout going up through the waterfall on their way to the spawning grounds when "the flood" came.

Action Replay

In the walk from the bridge to the school I recall Michael John Joyces action replay of the picture seen in Sullivans Hall the previous night with guns being drawn, horses being ridden, arrows being slung and "Bad Guys" being shot to the ground in agony; much to the amusement of those who could not get to the real thing.

If you can't be a sun, don't be a cloud.

Summer in The Sixties

JJ McCarthy



Boys School, Oughterard after "Debbie" 1961

I have heard that we can often remember things from the distant past better than more recently and that the memory is selective, only recalling pleasant memories. Both of these would appear to be true in relation to my memories of my time at Oughterard Boys' National School.

These pleasant memories include going to school on summer days in bare feet, stopping off at Molloy's shop to buy the penny "slabs" of toffee, getting out of class for confessions and altar boy training in the church. I remember that Patrick Kelly and Paddy Farrell were among the few to own bicycles, and if you were lucky enough they might give you a lift home on the crossbar in the evening after school. Another memory is of the big storm – I forget the year – which uprooted the trees in the school yard and provided us with a magical playground for weeks until the trees were removed.

The above piece was written by J. J. McCarthy, formerly of Main St. Oughterard, who is now a Lecturer in 3rd Level Education in Dublin.

Think before you ink.



Confirmation 1966

(Back row L-R) Unknown, Unknown, Frank Lydon, Festy Jennings, Ray Lee, Mike Walsh, Unknown, Tommy Kelly, Unknown, Unknown, J.P. Maloney, Paddy Clancy, Seamus McDonagh, John Sullivan, Kevin O'Connor, Mickey Quinn.

(Front row L-R) Paddy Carter, Miko Lambert, Pius Delapp, Martin Lee, Patrick McGauley, Padraic McQuinn, Brian Quinn, Dennis Gibbons, Bishop Browne, Freddie Tuck RIP, Pat Connelly, Michael Higgins, Mike Joyce, Stephen McDonagh, Peadar Coyne, Mike McGauley, Gerry Clancy RIP, Thomas Gibbons, Tony McDonagh, Larry O'Connor.

Photo courtesy of Marcella Kinneavy, Camp Street.

From Waterfield to Japan

Interesting memories of the Boys' School, from Festus Jennings, formerly of Waterfield, who is now teaching in Yokohama, Japan.

We came to Oughterard in 1958 to one of the Waterfield cottages, which became our home. The Boys' School was just across the road from where we lived. Shortly after settling in, I was taken there.

1851 Stone in Ground

There was a heavy gate of upright metal bars, painted green, between two pillars, and a high wall which separated the schoolyard from the road. Inside the wall were tall trees every few yards, some were enormous. Looking in the gate, you could see the gable of the school. On the wall was a plaque with the date 1932, when the building must have been repaired, for elsewhere, in the middle of the yard, a stone sunk in the ground had the date 1851 written on it. Along the front of the building was a gravel walkway about three yards wide. This took you past the door of the junior section all the way to the Master's door at the far side. Here the back wall was lower and you could get over it easily enough. Beyond was a field of clumpy grass and bulrushes, soggy underfoot, in many places. Fifty yards into this field some low trees and bushes overshadowed a spring well where pupils slaked their thirst after lunchtime.

Convent

All this I knew long afterwards, because I was only one week there (I think) that time when I was sent to the convent of Mercy School, near the church. I remember some of the huge trees very clearly, especially one in the corner nearest the road to Tonwee whose trunk divided at one point into three enormous branches, themselves the width of a normal tree. You could climb onto it from the top of the wall and it was the refuge of cats. I have only a very hazy memory of that week. Mrs. Flanagan was the teacher in the junior section. Mr. Lee was the master, but I can't remember his face.

I must have been a year in the convent. Sometime in spring, or early summer, our class was lined up outside and we were led up to the boys' school by a very tall girl.

There were two small cement steps in front of the wooden door. On the desk were evenly spaced holes, a foot or two apart, had delph inkwells, which were filled in the morning with ink, got by mixing powder and water. You dipped a pencil-shaped piece of wood with a nib attached into one of these every two or three words you wrote. On the wall (or maybe it was a stand) hung a huge chart with Irish words and lots of pictures, mostly of farm life, scythes and flails for thrashing, an iron kettle, a blacksmith's anvil and a man in black fleeing at top speed from a black bull.

Singing

Mrs. Flanagan taught singing to all the boys, children's songs like 'Trí Lucha Dalla' and patriotic songs like 'Greadaigh Troighthe'. Twice a week (I think) Mr. Kyne came into our room to teach us when the senior side had their singing class. Usually the older kids all sang in a group, if they were doing their scales it sounded at times a little forced or perfunctory, but when it was a song they liked it was belted out with great enthusiasm. One day a lone voice sang 'The Moon Behind the Hill' so well we could hear every word clearly through the partition and we all listened in total silence. It was Michael O'Toole from just up the road. He was very tall.

Patrick McGauley

There was another pupil who was also very tall, called Patrick McGauley who was easy to get on with, although I think he had finished by the time I got to know him. He left school early, as everyone had to do then, and worked locally for a while before emigrating to England. Shortly afterwards he died in an accident on a construction site. That was a great shock to everyone. We all knew where his house was. There was a spring well there and the people from the Waterfield cottages had to get water there one hard winter when the pipes all froze and broke. Even the lake was frozen over that year. It was the first time someone I knew died and that was an uncomfortable feeling.

Dusty Floors

On Fridays the classroom floor was swept. Two or three of us usually did this together talking all the while. Someone from the cottages nearby (myself very often since I was the nearest) ran over with a can to get water which was then sprinkled on the floor to keep the dust down.

Mrs. Flanagan was a nice person and I felt sorry for her. I heard her husband drowned in the sea near the Aran Islands. Afterwards I never knew what became of her. I think she was from Clare, but I'm not sure. Whenever a pupil got injured or cut, myself or another cottager raced out the door for a can of water.

Master's Room

When we got big we came into the Master's room. The number of boys was much bigger, and so were the boys themselves. Half were seated, the rest stood out by the wall in a U-shaped line. Those standing had reading classes in Irish and English. You also had a chance to look out the window or pick out countries on a big map of the world. You whispered the name of a country and the fellow beside you would try to spot it as fast as he could. Kieran McGloin from Glann and myself did that fairly often. When you were sitting you did maths, history and geography.



3rd, 4th and 5th Classes with their teachers, Mrs. F. O'Connell, Ms. C. Eustace, An t-Uasal P. Ó'Conghaile 2001

Back Row: Ms. Eustace, Mr. Ó Conghaile, Ben O' Callaghan, Keith Doyle, Eoin Gillespie, Conor Carey, Cathal Cormican, John Gibbons, Michael Walsh, Shane Molloy, Joseph Shaughnessy, Paul Mc Quinn, Shane Morley, Daniel Gibbons, Paul Mc Donagh, Aaron Casey, Martin Noone, J J Keogh, Mrs. Connell.

Middle Row: David Walsh, Daniel Flaherty, Seamus Larkin, Philip Doyle, Phelum Butler, Hugh Walsh, Fergal Darcy, Ryan Lucey, Nicky Byrne, Darragh Kelly, Stephen Killy, Patrick Gibbons, Alan Mc Quinn, Declan Walsh, Stephen Molloy, Mark Casey.

Front Row: John Mc Donagh, Claude Wicks - Green, Christopher O' Toole, Kevin Mc Mahon, Aaron Coady, Jack Cremin, Michael Mc Quinn, Stephen O' Toole, Daniel Lee, Niall Kenny, Stewart Upton, Liam Moran, Sam Mc Vey, Christopher O' Toole.

Lunch

Like the other cottagers, I went home for lunch. Most boys brought sandwiches and bottles of tea. In Winter these were warmed before a huge turf fire. Now and then when they really heated up the corks would fly up with a pop and bounce off the inside of the roof. People who had bogs brought turf, which was stored in a small room at the back of the school.

Playground

The back of the school was a small flat stony place where some of us played a kind of ground football with a passing resemblance to soccer. More often than not we watched the big game in the main yard. It was always furiously contested and worth watching.

Two captains would be picked first. They picked players in turn, first choice was decided by the toss of a coin. The winner said 'Bailim ort', the other fellow said something like 'Tuigim-me leat' (which must be 'Tiocfaidh me leat'). Then the ball was thrown in. Even though he was younger than most of the players, John McGauley from Barr Ruisin was extraordinary and was often the first choice in the selection. Because I knew him for a long time I was always up for his team to win. They all had their own manner of playing. John D'Arcy from Machaire Mor was the most Cu Chulainn-like. He always started quietly, if not indifferently, but if he was fouled, knocked down or annoyed in any way he would grab the ball from any pack, solo like a bolt of lightning by a multitude of players and blast a goal from point blank range. He never failed!

Ruisiní Stalwarts

There were two notable characters from Ruisini. Martin John Geoghegan who always had hobnails and always drop-kicked the ball – over great distances, and Murt Naughton who could take a free kick in his bare feet! You could walk barefoot easily in summer. It was common if you were going to the river for pinkeens. But the schoolyard wasn't as smooth as the road and only real tough guys could kick ball barefoot.

Connie De Lapp

There was a big solitary tree right in the middle of the yard. It had some few short branches and a wide mop of foliage on top. Sometimes a ball got stuck there and Connie De Lapp usually was called on to get it back. He was an expert at climbing trees and also with horses, as I found out later on.

Everyone was different and unusual in their own way. Our jumpers and trousers had many patches and stitches and everyone was in a lather of sweat by the time the final whistle went. As washing machines were few, it must have meant a lot of work for the mothers. In summer many boys went home across the fields, which meant crossing walls and drains until they reached Camp and the Glann road. I think Kevin O'Connor came the greatest distance and he was always on time, even in terrible weather.

"Shtyle, Shtyle"

Of course if there was an argument, Mr. Kyne would be consulted. Sometimes he had to interfere if a fight broke out. Although these fights were never vicious (usually it was to decide who was a better boxer) clearly it had to be discouraged and at such times they were slapped. This only happened, to my best recollection, in cases of unacceptable behaviour. If you were slapped, your reaction was studiously observed – it was a point of honour to take it like a man and prove you weren't a softie. Going back to your place, if you happened to pass someone you had wronged recently, they whispered 'shtyle', which didn't mean 'style' but more like 'You had it coming!'

Nicknames

Of course there were nicknames too. In themselves they were harmless. What annoyed you was the attempt to hurt your feelings. I was nicknamed 'jennet', a member of the equine / or asinine group apparently because it sounded like Jennings vaguely. It would be imprudent to say other people's nicknames, they were all common farm animals or fowl, or well known foods. Again, if a friend said it, it was more a term of familiarity rather than an insult. Sometimes small nonsense rhymes were composed, such as

Barr Ruisin, Barr Ruisin,

Under the wall,

A dropeen of buttermilk

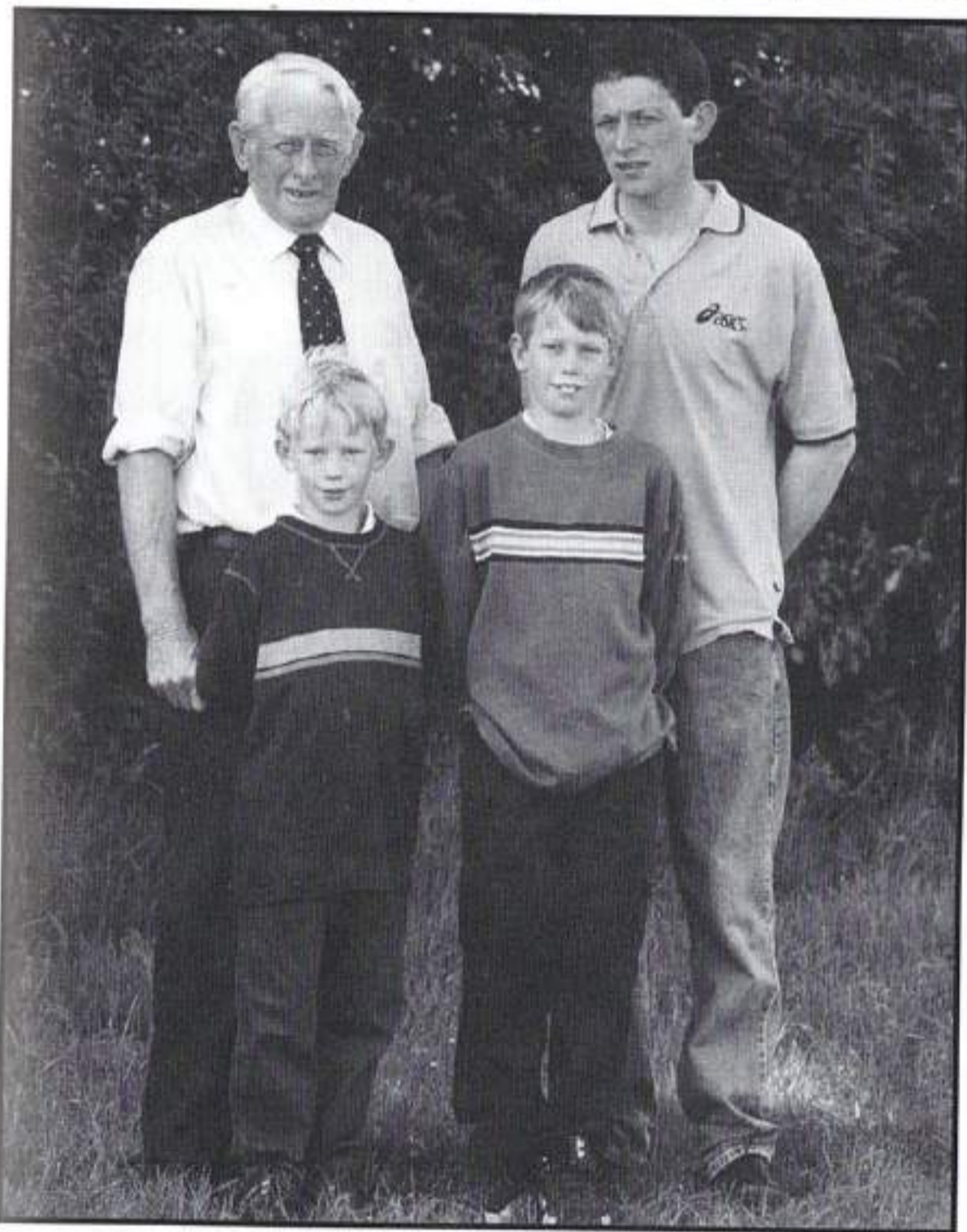
Would drown them all.

I don't know why Barr Ruisin people got that nickname – everyone drank buttermilk. I always got on well with Barr Ruisin people, so I hope it's safe for me to go home after saying that.

Visitors

Sometimes we had visitors. The nurse, Mrs. Geraghty, a kindly lady, would come and check everyone's ears, teeth and look inside the back of the shirt collar. I only remember seeing one person in pain in school – Stephen McQuinn got an acute attack of appendicitis and was lying down by the gable. The rest of us were grouped around him helplessly until he was taken away. That put everyone in a somber mood.

Another visitor was Fr. Duffy who was funny (unintentionally) and strict at the same time. He came to teach us how to pronounce Latin words so that we could be altar boys. Some of his remarks were hilarious but we dared not laugh. His sermons usually provoked a giggle among the congregation. He once remarked that the youth



of the country were in danger of going astray: 'Ask any young fellow who Daniel O'Connell was and they won't know, but ask them who Cliff Richard is and they'll know – because he's a pop singer'. I'm afraid I hadn't a clue who Cliff Richard was, but he was referring to young adults I suppose. His sermons were always interesting.

We were all different people then, I suppose.

3 Generations of the Molloy Family who attended the Boys' School

Peter (Grandfather) Frank (Son)
and Johnathan & Paul (Grandchildren)

Age is in the mind, not in the calendar.

Tóinbhuí Memories

Stephen McDonagh is the Vice-Principal of Saint Oliver Plunkett School in Malahide, Co. Dublin. He is married to Patricia and has 2 children.

*Monday, July 2nd 1962. England enacted the Commonwealth Immigration Act in attempt to halt the flow of "non nationals", France was about to proclaim Algeria's independence and filmgoers agonised over whether Sophia Loren was in a bigamous marriage to Carlo Ponti. All this, however, paled into insignificance compared to events in Oughterard because, on this morning, my classmates and I were starting in the Boys' School!!**



Convent

Four years earlier I had been escorted, somewhat unwillingly, to the Convent by Mary and Nora Lydon, who at that stage were in First and "High Babies" respectively and seasoned veterans of the academic scene. Since then Sr. Rose and Sr. Francis Xavier had taken the raw apprentice from Billamore and shaped and moulded me in preparation for my trip "across the bridge" - or so I thought!

I don't know exactly what I was expecting. Life in the Convent (I'm starting to sound like an ex-nun) was fairly uneventful as long as you kept an ear out for the swish of Sr. Dympna's beads and didn't rock the boat when Mr. Donegan, the Inspector of Schools, appeared (I was a trainee teacher myself before I realised that he was there to inspect the performance of the teachers, not us!). The playground was segregated along gender lines so chatting up Ruth Faherty or Hilary Joyce at lunch break, always assuming one knew how, was out of the question. My strongest memory of the Convent, though, is the smell of furniture polish. Little did I know that I wouldn't sniff it again, in school, until 1965.

**In those days, and indeed subsequently until 1979, the school year began on July 1st so schoolchildren transferred to their new class for up to five days before the summer holidays. (This meant that a teacher starting out worked a week at most and then got paid for the summer! Oh joy!)*

Boys' School

St. Cummins Boys NS opened in 1851 and, on my first day, looked like very little had been done to it in the intervening 111 years. The premises consisted of a long building which housed two classrooms separated by a wooden partition (more of which later) with an entrance at either end which led to a small hallway/cloakroom .

Next door was the senior classroom where 5th and 6th classes were taught by the principal, who was Mr. Kyne to us and Frankie Kyne to our elders who knew him through his exploits on the football field for Clonbur and Galway.

Mr. Kyne had become principal some three years earlier and lived in digs with the Maloneys at the bridge. He drove an NSU Prinz which he parked outside the gate. In my time at school I can only remember him missing one day. He was (and is) tall and dark-haired with a dark "5-o-clock shadow". This gave him a forbidding look which no doubt came in useful.

"Shtyle, Shtyle"

I mentioned the partition earlier. This was a wooden foldable structure (although I never remember seeing it folded back) which separated our room from "The Master's". From about five feet up were glass panels, the first row of which was frosted. Mr. Kyne was tall enough to be able to see in over the frosted panes. The most terrifying thing that could happen to a schoolboy at that time was to be in the middle of mischief in Mrs. Flanagan's room and to turn round and see The Master's eyes above the frosted glass. Then the connecting door would open, the finger would beckon and the offender would slouch meekly next door for his punishment.

This was always of the corporal variety. The instrument of chastisement was a length of knotty conifer taken from the trees which grew in the playground. There was no point in hiding or breaking it because there was plenty more where it came from. Retribution came in increments of one, two, four or six (or in really serious cases, twelve). It was regarded as a badge of courage to refrain from crying so all sorts of tricks were tried to lessen the sting. Spitting on the hands prior to, or after, was a sure thing, according to some. Holding the hand high above the shoulder, instead of straight out in front, was another. One way or the other the victim returned to his place with hands held tightly in the opposite armpits, to the mocking chorus of "Shtyle! Shtyle!" from his more fortunate classmates.

A lot has been written about corporal punishment since the late John Boland abolished it in 1982. I'm not sorry to see the back of it as I believe that discipline should come from the home, not the classroom. When the crutch of corporal punishment

was removed many teachers had to take a long hard look at their classroom management skills, or the lack of same. I have met people who were subjected to horrific beatings during their schooldays but there was never any of that in Tóinbhuí.

Spartan Conditions .

Conditions in the school, as I implied earlier, were Spartan. Mrs. Flanagan's room contained a few long bench-type desks. Second class (a few boys who had reached eight years of age in first) sat nearest the door, thirds were in the middle and fourths sat at the partition side. There was a blackboard and easel, a tall cupboard, a teacher's table and, in the corner by a back window, a glass-fronted press containing science equipment (scales, test tubes etc.) that was never opened while I was there. There was an open fire which the teacher had to light first thing. It was, of course, a turf fire. If I remember correctly, each family could choose to contribute a set amount of turf annually or the money to purchase it.

Mayfly Up

Every morning The Master would call the roll in both classrooms. Our names were in Irish and in alphabetical order...

"Pádraic Mac Cuinn..? Anseo! Stiofán Mac Donnchadha..? Anseo !..."

Then the daily attendance was filled in according to class level on a small blackboard kept on the windowsill. I seem to remember that the average attendance was about fifty seven.

This changed dramatically in late May each year. Name after name would be answered with

"As láthair !"

"Cá bhfuil sé?"

" Pickin' mayflies, Sir!"

The annual hatch was up. Out came the mayfly boxes from under the stairs. John Gibbons, at this stage an accomplished carpenter, had a beautiful plywood one with shamrock shaped airholes. The less organised of us (including yours truly) would get a shoe box in Johnny Keogh's, drive a few holes in it with an awl, and cut a small flap in the top. Then off we'd go to Scugh, Annach, Fórannach or Glann Wood to seek our fortune. I still remember the thrill of spotting the small green flies clinging to a rock, or a branch, or sitting, newly hatched, on the foam. Some days they'd be everywhere, other days we'd labour all day for three dozen. Then a rumour would sweep the shoreline- "Matty Molloy has twenty-five dozen picked in Portacarron !" The big

hatch, of course, was never where you were!! Then it was off to the corner of Egan's Hotel to flog the day's catch to a "gint" Half a crown a dozen they were then so if Matty really had struck lucky he had over £3 for his day's work. Great money for a schoolboy in the 60's.

Bowel and Bladder Problems

The school toilet facilities would not now be tolerated in an Afghan refugee camp. In the corner of the yard stood a square structure which housed a primitive urinal and two cubicles, each with a "hole in a board" toilet suspended over a pit. Once a year John Finnerty, or John Bone as he was called, dug the ordure from the pit. I have no idea what he did with it. It would not surprise me if many pupils suffered bowel and bladder problems in later years as a result of "holding in" to avoid visiting this awful place.

Light

There being no electricity, classes were taught in whatever light was available through the windows. On really dark days two small paraffin wall lamps were lit. This also meant that the teachers were confined to the "chalk and talk" method of imparting knowledge. Large tranches of stuff were learnt "off by heart", often in Irish. We learned the principal towns in each county-" Gaillimh, Tuaim, Béal Átha na Slua, Baile Átha an Rí, Gort Inse Gúaire, Uachtar Árd agus Clochán", and their "príomh thionscail"- "cadás" and "éadaí olna" were fairly widespread. The only "tionscail" we could learn for poor old Oughterard was "éadaí snámha", a nod to the swimwear manufactured at that time in the factory. V'soske was still in Moycullen and Engineered Components wasn't even a gleam in an entrepreneur's eye.

Catechism

The Catechism took up a lot of our time and brainpower, especially if the Diocesan Examiner was due to visit. It was stirring stuff. Baptism was the first sacrament "but, except in case of necessity, only a priest can lawfully give it". "My neighbour", we learned, "is all mankind, even those who injure me or differ from me in religion". Not everyone, it seems, took that one to heart. We learned about Calumny and Detraction. (I'm still not sure what the latter is). Catechism took on a special resonance before Confirmation, which used to take place every four years. Just before the big day a representative from the Bishop's Palace visited the parish to quiz the soon to be "soldiers of Christ" on the Green Book. The whole meaning of the Sacrament

took second place to the anxiety of possibly missing your question and thus , we thought , bringing disgrace on your family and several generations as yet unborn. As it happened, on the big day I was asked to recite the "Our Father"! Easy peasy, but a bit of an anti-climax.

Ventriloquists

Tables and Spellings, too, were learnt by heart and inspected on the Friday, often with painful consequences. We learned, like convicts, to speak out of the sides of our mouths so that we could say "Prompt me" to our neighbour in the line. I can't understand how no famous ventriloquists came out of Tóinbhúí!!

Handwriting

Handwriting was a trial, too. We used a "nib pen" - a cylindrical piece of wood with a metal nib attached. Each desk had a number of holes holding a ceramic inkwell. These were filled regularly with ink which , I think, the Master mixed from powder. We had been doing "joined writing" since we could hold a pen but this was very frustrating. The quick brown fox would just have jumped over the lazy dogs when, as if by magic, a big blob would appear on the page. Even a swift application of blotting paper wouldn't rescue it. Cursive writing indeed ! I think I know how it got the name ! Imagine the torture for "ciotógs" who were continually dragging the writing hand across the word just written. This was probably one of the reasons for the practice of forcing left-handers to write with their right, which thankfully had been discontinued in our day.

Lunchtime

Lunchtime, understandably enough, was the high point of the day. Juniors usually played at the rear of the school and the "big lads" in the front yard. Football was the game, except for a curious period each year when everyone brought "camógs" to school. These were bits of "two by one" about two feet long with a handle at one end, with which we played a hybrid type of hurling.

Teams were picked using a peculiar method which I have never heard used anywhere else but Oughterard. The first person to say "Ballamort" had first pick. The opposing captain would answer "Thige mé leat". Then players would be selected by saying "Buy (Beidh?) Tommy" and so on.

Lunch was usually a couple of sandwiches (jam, usually) and a bottle of milk, tea or cocoa. "Chef" sauce bottles were the most popular for the beverages. In the winter we would all line our bottles in front of the fire in the morning and often a lesson would

be interrupted in mid-flow by a loud "Pop!" as someone's cork flew across the room . This was our only brush with Science in the primary school .(One day I received lesson two in temperature and its effects when, my cocoa having overheated, I leaped the wall to the adjoining field and plunged it into the small spring well there, with predictable results).

Barefoot to School

In summer there was a period when pupils would come to school barefoot. Of course, most mummies wouldn't allow this so the shoes had to be removed en route, hidden in the hedge, and recovered on the way home.

At three o'clock those on bikes would dash out the gate in an attempt to be first to the bridge. Pat Higgins (who had the best bike) was hard to beat in these races except for the day he misjudged the corner and ended up in the middle of the river.

Secondary Scholarships

When I was in 5th a new secondary school opened in the Convent. The sixth class went off to be the first intake, lads like Gerry D'Arcy, Edward O'Sullivan, and Festy Jennings, as well as J.J Mc Carthy and Pat Connell who took the opportunity to resume their education. Suddenly, there was a chance for the youth of the area, whose parents couldn't otherwise have afforded to send them to St. Mary's, to continue their schooling (and meet girls at the same time!). The following year it was our turn. We all did the scholarship exam.(no "free" education at that time). First place was a full scholarship -the princely sum of £15!! And so we left the Boys School- myself, Pierce O' Malley, Robert O' Sullivan, John Mc Gauley, Kevin O' Connor, Mike Walsh , Tommy Kelly and one or two others. Pat Higgins was off to Newbridge College and the delights of boarding school.

During my days in Tonwee many momentous events occurred in the "outside world"; Marilyn Monroe died, the world held its breath during the Cuban missile crisis, the Beatles released their first LP, Christine Keeler brought down a government, a young boxer called Cassius Clay became world champion, Pope John XXIII died, President Kennedy came to Eyre Square in the summer before his assassination, we began to hear the word Vietnam, Nelson Mandela went to prison ,and Galway won the first of their "three in a row".

It seems a long time ago....

People who are full of the themselves, ought to diet.

SEANNAFEISTÍN

By Labhrás Mac Donnacha a past pupil of Scoil Chuimín 1986-1991

The village of Seanafeistín is situated half way between Oughterard and Rossaveal in a largely mountainous area. At the moment there are approximately twenty houses in Seanafeistín, a population of about eighty people and plans to construct four new houses.

However, this was not always the case as the village only came into being in the 1930's. It was at this time that the first houses were built in Seanafeistín by the Land Commission, who brought people from the Carraroe and Leitir Mór areas to live there. Along with the houses, a building was set aside at the time to act as a church and school for the people of the new village.

First Teacher

The village belonged to the parish of Oughterard and every fortnight the priest would come to read mass there. It was also in that same building that the children from Seanafeistín received their education for more than thirty years to come.

There was one full-time teacher in the school and it was Mrs. Annie Ridge nee King who served in this post for the longest period. Annie was originally from Glann but when she married she moved to Doiriú, Rossaveal. She and her family lived in the schoolhouse in Seanafeistín for a period before she got her own transport. She was well regarded by both the students and the people from the village. There were a number of other teachers there for shorter periods after Annie retired and the last teacher only taught there for a matter of weeks. She was Ms. Bernie Larkin from Seanafeistín, who had received her primary education in that same school from Mrs. Annie Ridge.

Central Heating

During the school year, each pupil had to bring a few sods of turf up to the school for heat during the day. Turf and other supplies were also provided for Annie's own private use while she lived there by families from the village.

The missions were also held in the church on one if not two occasions.

However, in the 1960's the Department of Education was closing schools in isolated areas that only had one teacher. With only one teacher in Seanafeistín it was decided to close the school there. An attempt was made by Thomas Keady of Knockadoe to have the pupils transferred down there to strengthen the number of pupils, so that the school there could avoid closure.

End of an Era

Despite his efforts, one morning thirty six years ago in 1965, when the pupils were walking up to school they met a school bus driven by Padraig Faherty. This bus was coming for the first time to bring the students from Seanafeistín to school in Oughterard, and this has now become the norm.

Even though the children had heard rumours that the school was to close, they did not know it was on this particular morning they were to be transferred, or that it was to Oughterard they were to go. It was probably decided to bring them to school in Oughterard because Seanafeistín belonged to that parish. Some of the first students to go out were Mary Ann Sweeney, Teresa Walsh and Michael McDonagh.

Fr. Heneghan

The building has recently been renovated to be used as a small community centre in Seanafeistín. It was Fr. Heneghan's idea to carry out the work so that it could once again be used by the community. The majority of the work was carried out by the local men and women. Card games are played there during the winter months and the prayer meeting is held there at Advent and Lent.

Ar Scoil i Seanaféistín

Padraic Breathnach, Formaoil, Iar Scoláire, Scoil Chuimín.

Mrs. Ridge

Is cuimhin liom nuair a bhí mé ag dul ar scoil sa sean scoil í Seanaféistín bhí air chuid againn siúl suas le trí míle agus dhá fhód móna a thabhairt go dtí an scoil gach lá le haghaidh na tíne sa scoil. Ba í Mrs. Ridge a bhí ina muinteoir sa scoil ag an am sin, ní raibh mé í bhfad ag dul ar scoil nuair a d'éirigh sí as obair agus chuaigh sí amach ar phinsean agus aon muinteoir a tháinig sa scoil as sin amach níor fhan aon daoine acu í bhfad. Athraíodh muid go dtí scoil Uachtar Árd. Níor thuig muid go raibh muid ag athrú go dtí scoil Uachtar Árd go bhfaca muid bus taoibh amuaigh ag geata na scoile í Seanaféistín ag dúnadh agus go raibh muid ag dul go dtí scoil Uachtar Árd!

Bearla

Níl mé cinnte den mbliain 1965, a chuaigh muid go dtí Uachtar Árd, is sé an trioblóid is mó a bhí againn le Uachtar Árd nach raibh mórán Béarla againn mar is le Gaeilge a tógadh muid. I sean Scoil Chuimín in Uachtar Árd a thosaigh buachaillí Seanaféistín. Ní raibh ach dhá muinteoir í Scoil Chuimín ag an am sin – Mrs. Finnerty agus Mr. Frank Kyne. Mar gheall gur muid na chéad daoine a bhí ag an scoil ar maidin thugadh muid móin isteach as “shed” a bhí í taobh thiar den scoil le haghaidh an dhá thine a bhí sa scoil sa dhá sheomra ranga a bhí í sean Scoil Chuimín.

1972

I 1972 tógadh scoil nua dona buachaillí in aice leis an áit a raibh an sean scoil agus ba bhréa an rud é gur tugadh Scoil Chuimín ar an scoil nua.

150 Ceiliúradh

Tá Scoil Chuimín ag ceiliúradh céad caoga blian d’aois í mbliana 2001 is ócáid mhór é seo do mhuintir Uachtar Árd agus do aon daoine a bhfuil baint acu le Scoil Chuimín. Go neirígh an tádhdh le gach daoine atá ag obair go crua í Scoil Chuimín agus le gach daoine a bheidh ag ceiliúradh céad caoga blian de Scoil Chuimín, go raibh maith agaibh go léir

Age is in the mind, not in the calendar.



Miss Maloney's Class 1990

(Back row L-R) Miss Maloney, David Byrnes, Patrick Delapp, Eoin Darcy, Derek Healy, Rory McGauley, Michael Conneely, John Paul Larkin, Ciarán Keane RIP, Rory Clancy.

(Middle row L-R) Eric Conneely, Matthew Clancy, Michael McGauley, Ciarán Conneely, Darren Lee, Mark McGauley, Ryan Dixon, Alan O'Brien, Liam Tierney.

(Front row L-R) Brian Healy, Donal Kelly, Adrian McQuinn, Joseph Gibbons, Derek Gibbons, Niall Tierney, Seán Duggan, Pádraic MacDonnacha, Caoimhín MacDonnacha.

Extract from the First Newsletter 1972

New Boys' School

On Monday 15th November 1972 the first pupils moved into the New Boys School. The old school had been in existence since 1851 - it had been enlarged in 1879 and repaired in 1932-33 but it had become abundantly clear that such a school was no longer a suitable building in which to educate the male youth of Oughterard. The new school cost in the region of £25,000 and a sum of £1,100 was contributed by the local community. A special Fund Raising Committee raised this money through raffles, dances, whist - drives, a boxing tournament and a sale of work.

The officers of this Fund Raising Committee were :

Chairman: Mrs. T. Keogh

Secretary: Mrs. Sheila Gibney

Treasurer: Mrs. S. Morley.

A further sum of approximately £300 was donated and the rest of the money came from the Office of Public Works (it would be more correct to say that the rest of the money is coming and will come from the Office of Public Works).

The school is centrally heated, has three classrooms, a general purpose room, a canteen, a teachers room and toilets and a cloak-rooms. The Contractor for the school was Mr. Sean Monahan and there were special sub-contracts for the heating and lighting. The architects were from the Office of Public Works.

The three teachers in the school at the moment are : Principal Mr. Frank Kyne, Mrs. Sheila Gibney and Miss Teresa Moloney. (Miss Moloney moved in from Leam school when this new school opened and Leam is now a one teacher school).

The new boys school is a fine structure with excellent equipment and durable furniture and quite a few generations of Oughterard people should profit from its coming.

A willing helper does not wait to be called.



Confirmation 1971

(Back row L-R) Unknown, Unknown, Unknown, Seamus Walsh, P.J.McGauley, Unknown, John Kelly, Unknown, Joe Gavin, Brendan McGauley.

(Front row L-R) Unknown, Unknown, Dermot Walsh, Richard Lee, Mike Flaherty, Unknown, Basil Keogh, Jimmy Butler, Donal Feeney, J.T. Gibbons, John Lee, Gerry Lee, Billy Walsh, Tim Lydon, Martin Kinnevey, Frank Gibbons, John Gibney, Pearse Clancy, Packie Molloy, Mike Keogh, Unknown, Unknown, McGloin, Richard Joyce, Frank Darcy.

Photograph courtesy of Marcella Kinneavey.

From Old to New Boys' School

By Dave O'Connell, News Editor of the Star Newspaper

We were the last class into the old St Cummin's School and the first into the new one.

New Boys' School 1972

We went from a draughty old building with freezing, outside toilets to a school so new we had to wear gym shoes once we came through the front door. The smell of newness, shining desks, blackboards not ravaged by years of chalk, radiators instead of turf fires - it was another world. The move from the convent to the boy's school - some of the lads took a short cut across the pipe over the river but those of us with no head for heights used the more traditional route - was the first step on the road to manhood.

It's nearly thirty years ago, but I remember it like yesterday. And it left an indelible mark.

The abiding smell was of those test papers - the old rolling drum that churned out the pages in pink methylated spirits. They may not have been the Leaving Cert but they were every bit as important to a boy who's just eight.





**Frank Gibney, Johnathan Hughes, Michael Sweeney,
Trevor Noone, Gary Hopkins, Frank McEvilly.**

Photograph courtesy of Sheila Gibney

Tessie Moloney taught the new boys in the school. And when Sheila Gibney opened our eyes to a glorious big world, we were finally spreading our wings. She was a progressive teacher in an era when that might well have been considered revolutionary - luckily for us, she had ideas ahead of her

time. She instilled in us a love of the world, by making us all little crew men on the fleet of Irish Shipping (long since departed, although it wasn't the Oughterard boys who put them on the rocks).

I was once the Captain of the Irish Pine, and - using thumb-tacks and a length of red twine on a giant map - I tracked its movements from Buenos Aires to Cape Town as it transported its cargo of iron ore and took on a load a timber.

At night we traipsed back up the dark road in small groups - Conor Gibney, Declan Harris, Pat Faherty and the rest of us - to learn how to play chess.

We also played football, although some were significantly better at it than the rest of us.

Before they built houses across the road we had more room for football under the supervision of the Master himself, Frank Kyne. We once qualified for the County Final of the Community Games and I even made the team - although hindsight has made it clear that it was for my height rather than any footballing ability. Still it was a day in the sun in Pearse Stadium, at the highest level I'd ever know.

For some of us, our schooldays in Oughterard ended after sixth class, but the memories still linger.

Somehow we seemed to learn more about the world back then than we could ever have managed afterwards.

You've heard of the three stages of man: youth, old age, and 'you're looking well!'

Glann School 1883 - 1972

On Wednesday 8th November 1972 Glann School, after a life span of eighty nine years, formally closed. A few tears were shed and some stray voices were heard to protest. But the decision to close it appeared to be irreversible and it is doubtful if there can be any turning back. For a period in the earlier part of the century it was a



Kevin Clancy (back left) lining out for Galway in the 1976 All Ireland Semi-Final against Dublin.

Photograph courtesy of Christy Roche.

two teacher school but since the 1940's the pupils have been taught by Mrs. T. Manning. Her success as a teacher and her popularity with all the people of Glann, young and old, is undisputed. And to mark the occasion of her retirement, Canon

McCullagh, on behalf of the people of Glann, presented Mrs. Manning with a set of Waterford Glass at a function in Glann school on Friday 8th December. The initiative for this presentation rested entirely with the people of Glann and it was greatly appreciated by the Manning family.



Maintaining the tradition. Matthew Clancy on the programme cover of the recent National League Final

Photograph courtesy of Patrick Gillespie

Cuimin Clancy, past pupil Glann School

Cuimin Clancy retains an outstanding place in Galway and Irish athletic history for his magnificent achievements in the 1940's. He won Irish discus and shot titles, the AAA discus championships at White City, competed in the Olympics in 1948 in London before going to Villanova University and becoming All American Inter-Collegiate discus champion as well as Irish record holder with 162 ft.!

Richard Remembers...

Richard McDonagh remembers the transition from lovely Glann to the Boys' School 1972.

The Glann school was opened in 1883. It was called Scoil Bhríd Naofa The following teachers taught at the school. Mrs. Divilly, Mrs. Morrissey, Miss Hession, Nancy Lydon and finally Mrs. Manning.

Boys' School

In September 1972 our lovely little one roomed school overlooking Lough Corrib had to close. We had one teacher called Mrs. Manning. We had one room with no running water and an open fire. There were about seventeen students.

Paddy Tierney

Four boys went to the Boys' school and the girls all went to the convent in Oughterard. The four boys were myself, my brothers Michael and Patrick and Tom Joyce. The first big change was that we had to get the school bus to school. Paddy Tierney was the driver. He is still the driver today.

The next change was that there were three teachers, Miss Moloney, Mrs. Gibney and Mr. Kyne, "The Master". It was a change to have only one or two classes in each room.

"Glann Goats"

It was a change to have to get to know all the other pupils as everyone in Glann school knew everything about everyone else. We were christened "The Glann Goats" The first good thing about the Boys' School was that there was a football pitch – "Bolger's", just across the road. The highlight of the week was when Mr. Kyne brought us training.

Treat

Another treat was that we had to get the bus down at the convent so each evening we had time to go to Mattie's, Pascal's or Tommie's for a few sweets. It was a big change going to the Boys' School. In Glann the teacher had more time to spend with each pupil because of the smaller school. The good thing about the Boys' school were the extra subjects and other facilities. It also helped us to mix better with other people.

There is no cure for birth or death, save to enjoy the interval.

The Football Tradition

by Frank Kyne

Miss Brooke-Leggat Cup 1920

In 1920 Miss Brooke - Leggatt, Wellpark, Oughterard, presented a cup and medals for competition among National Schools around Lough Corrib. The draw for the 1920 competition was Oughterard v Newtown, Cornamona v Glann.

In November, Oughterard played Glann in the final. Oughterard won by 6 points to nil, Mr. James Heffernan N.T. was the manager of the Oughterard team and Rev. James Considine C.C. was referee. Following is an account of that final taken from the Connacht Tribune of 6th November 1920:

First Half

Father Considine, the referee, had the teams lined up at 2.45. When the ball was thrown in by Miss Brooke-Leggatt (the donor of the cup) Oughterard immediately got possession per B. McGawley, who passed to Johnny Smallhorne who, notwithstanding a gallant defence by the Glann backs, scored a minor. On the kick-out Butler passed to Halloran, who ran the ball up along the left wing to within ten yards of the Oughterard goal, but T. Sweeney got the ball here and with a long kick sent to T. Murray, who passed to P. Gibbons but the shot went wide. When the ball was kicked out Murray got possession and sent back to Glann territory, but the Glann backs saved well and sent the ball to midfield. Again Oughterard sent to Glann goal, where Murray passed to Smallhorne, who scored another point. Butler kicked out and passed to Sullivan, who cleared well to midfield. McGawley got possession, and with a well-directed kick scored another point from midfield. At half time the scores were Oughterard 0-3, Glann 0-0.

Second Half

The second half was very exciting; Halloran, Flaherty and Sullivan forced the pace for Glann, and with a terrific rush brought the ball towards Oughterard territory. Things were looking serious for Oughterard when the tension was relieved by P. Darcy clearing to midfield. The pace was fast, and with only three minutes to go Oughterard put forth its best effort, and getting the ball to Glann territory P. Gibbons sent the ball over the crossbar. Glann rallied, but too late, and when the final whistle sounded the scores were as follows: Oughterard 0-6, Glann 0-0.

When the match was over, Miss Leggatt presented the cup to the Oughterard boys. It is a beautiful silver cup, which as an onlooker remarked, "would be regarded as a valuable trophy to be presented to the winners of an All-Ireland match".



1931 Football Team

Back Row L-R) Johnny Power, Tom D'arcy Stephen Connolly, Alf Gibney, Mick Joyce, Paddy Lydon, David Walsh (Camp) Pat McCarthy (Square), Michael McDonagh, Aiden Darcy, John Lydon, Paddy Darcy. **Teachers:** Gerard Lee and Milford Melville.
(Font Row L-R) Pat Sweeney, Kenny O'Brien, Tom Sullivan

Photograph courtesy of Alf Gibney.

Murphy's Hotel

After the cup was presented both teams journeyed to Murphy's Hotel, where Brooke-Leggatt entertained about fifty boys and some friends to tea, and when it was over the Oughterard and Glann boys together contributed several songs, amongst which were "Rally Round the Banner Boys", "The Hills of Donegal", etc.



Mike Walsh - part of the
1971 All Ireland U-21
Winning Team

Teams

1920 Boys' School Team: Jimmy Smallhorne, Johnny Smallhorne, Paddy Darcy, Frank Darcy, Pat McDonagh, Martin Joe Connor, Michael John Connor, Bartley Gannon, Bartley McGauley, Tom Sweeney, John Conneely, Peter Conneely, Tom King, Pat Gibbons, Charlie Clerkin and Stephen McDonagh.

Oughterard Boys v. Camp Boys

Miss Brooke-Leggatt also presented medals in 1920 for a competition between the Oughterard boys' team and Camp boys. She also presented a set of jerseys, togs and caps to these two teams. The town boys got white jerseys, white togs and white caps. The Camp boys got blue and white jerseys, blue and white caps and white togs. The town boys won these medals.

Oughterard Boys team: Frank Egan, John Egan, Jimmy Smallhorne, Johnny Smallhorne, Paddy Darcy, Frank Darcy, Tom Murray, Jack Mallon, Pat Gibbons, Charlie Clerkin and Joe Clerkin.



Kieran O'Sullivan in action
in the 1976 All Ireland
Minor Football Semi Final

Camp Boys team: Michael J. Connor, Martin Joe Connor, Bartley Gannon, Tom Sweeney, John Conneely, Pat McDonagh, Bartley McGawley (M), Peter Conneely, Bartley McGawley (P), Stephen McDonagh and Tom King.

1971 Galway National Schools

In 1971, National teachers in the Galway city area decided to organize hurling and football competitions based on school size, and also to compete in the inter-city league. Oughterard Boys N.S. has competed in this competition since 1971 with reasonable success especially in the years 1974 to 1977.



1975 Football Team

Back Row: F. Kyne, P. Conneely, J. McQuinn, T. Tierney, P. McQuinn, P. Molloy, J. McGauley, G. Gillespie, B. Farnan, R. Joyce, J. Joyce.

Front Row: B. Walsh, M. Gibbons, P. McDonagh, T. Morley, E. Walsh, C. Gibney, J. Clancy, B. Donnellan, M. Molloy, J. Conneely.

In 1972 Oughterard lost to Salthill C.B.S. in the final of Division II. In 1973 Oughterard lost to Gort in the final of division II. In 1974 Oughterard defeated Gort in the final of division II. As a result of this victory Oughterard played in division I in 1975 and defeated St. Patrick's, Galway in the final. As most of the players on this team were in sixth class

Oughterard played in division II in 1976 and defeated St. Brendan's Galway in the final. In 1977 Oughterard again competed in division I and again defeated St. Patrick's in the final in Pearse Stadium.



1989 Galway Under-21 All Ireland Finalists
Tommy Finnerty (4th from left) front row
and Alan O'Connor (3rd from right) back row.

1980's

In 1979, 1980 and 1983 Oughterard were defeated in the finals of division II by Renmore N.S. (1979) and by Gort in 1980 and 1983.

In 1985 Conrad Keogh represented the Oughterard club on the Galway Minor Team and in 1986 Tommy Finnerty won an All-Ireland minor medal with Galway.



Tommy Finnerty in action for Galway Under-21's in 1989 All Ireland Semi-Final.

Galway Inter-city Competition

Since 1971 many Oughterard players represented Galway in the inter-city competition.

1973 Billy Walsh, Daniel Sullivan

1974 Michael Noone, Eamon Walsh, Patrick McQuinn.

1975 Tony Morley and Conor Gibney.

1976 Matthew Tierney, Conor Gibney (Capt.), Stephen McDonnell, Harry Walsh and Michael O'Toole.

1977 Matthew Tierney, John Gillespie, Tony O'Halloran.

1978 Conrad Keogh, Kevin Watts, Joseph Tierney.

1979 Tommy Finnerty, Finbar O'Halloran, Gerard Geoghegan.

1980 Tommy Finnerty, Mark Molloy, Jimmy Molloy.

1981 Alan O'Connor.

1982 Alan O'Connor, Bosco O'Halloran.

1983 Bosco O'Halloran, Francis Kyne.

Oughterard in The Nineties

1993 John Canavan and John Tierney, Rusheeney represented the Club on the County U-16 Team (Ted Web Competition)
Galway won the competition that year.

1998 Padraig Boyce represented the Club on the Galway Senior Panel.
Galway won their first All-Ireland since 1966.
Matthew Clancy represented the Club on the County U-16 Team.

He was later chosen for the Connacht U-16 Team which traveled to New York to participate in a College's Tournament.

2000 Matthew Clancy played on The Galway Minor Team which was beaten in the Connacht Final.

Gearóid Clancy represented the Club on the County U-16 Team. Galway were beaten in the Final of the Ted Web Cup that year.

2001 Gearóid Clancy was chosen for the Connacht U-17 Team which traveled to Australia to participate in a College's Tournament.



2000 Kinnevey Cup being presented to the Oughterard Boys captain James Greaney (injured) and Stephen Walsh.

Niall Kinnevey Cup

The Niall Kinnevey Memorial Cup was inaugurated in 1991 by the Kinnevey family in Rosscahill. The Cup is played on an annual basis between the local schools, St. Annin's NS, NewTullyMuck (Newtown / Tullykyne / Collinamuck) and Moycullen.

1993 brought great success to the Boys' School with a well balanced team winning the County title (13-a-side) and bringing the Niall Kinnevey Cup to Oughterard for the first time. The Boys' school team overcame NewTullyMuck in an exciting final in Rosscahill. They defeated Scoil Iognaíid (The Jes) in a closely fought final in Inverin, only defeating them in the last minute with a goal.

The team at the time: Colm McGauley, Ryan Dixon, P.J. McGauley, Pat McGauley, Michael Kelly, John McGauley, Niall Tierney, Thomas Lee, Daniel Tuck, Terence Healy, Gavin Conneely, Gearóid Clancy, Thomas Walsh.

The school reached the Kinnevey Cup final again in 1997, but lost by one point to a strong Moycullen team. The final minutes were most entertaining but courage was not enough to win the day.



The victorious Boys School team after their thrilling Kinnevey Cup final 2000



Padraig Boyce with the 1998 All Ireland winning Galway panel.

2000

It was a different story, however, in 2000 with the Boys' School reaching the final again and this time coming up against Rosscahill. The prospect of an Oughterard victory looked bleak ten minutes into the second half, with Rosscahill leading by seven points and sailing. However, two goals and the game was on. A strong finish by the Oughterard boys culminated in a thrilling one point victory for the green and white.

The team that day was: Eoin McQuinn, Céin Conneely, Edward O'Sullivan, Steven Walsh, Francis Healy, Aonghus McGauley, Mark McGauley, Conor McQuinn, Ronan Molloy, Damien O'Reilly, Christopher O'Toole, Martin Coady, Darragh O'Halloran, Andrew Tuck, James Greaney and Joseph Greaney.

2001

This year the boys' School have already won the Connemara seven-a-side. They have also reached the final of the Cumann na mBunscoil 13-a-side due to be played in Tuam on June 16th.

*Article compiled by Frank Kyne,
with information from Gerry Gibbons, Micheál Ó Domhnaill and Oughterad, A GAA History.*

Photographs courtesy of Christy Roche, Julia O'Connor, Bríd Finnerty, Bridie Boyce and Patrick Gillespie.

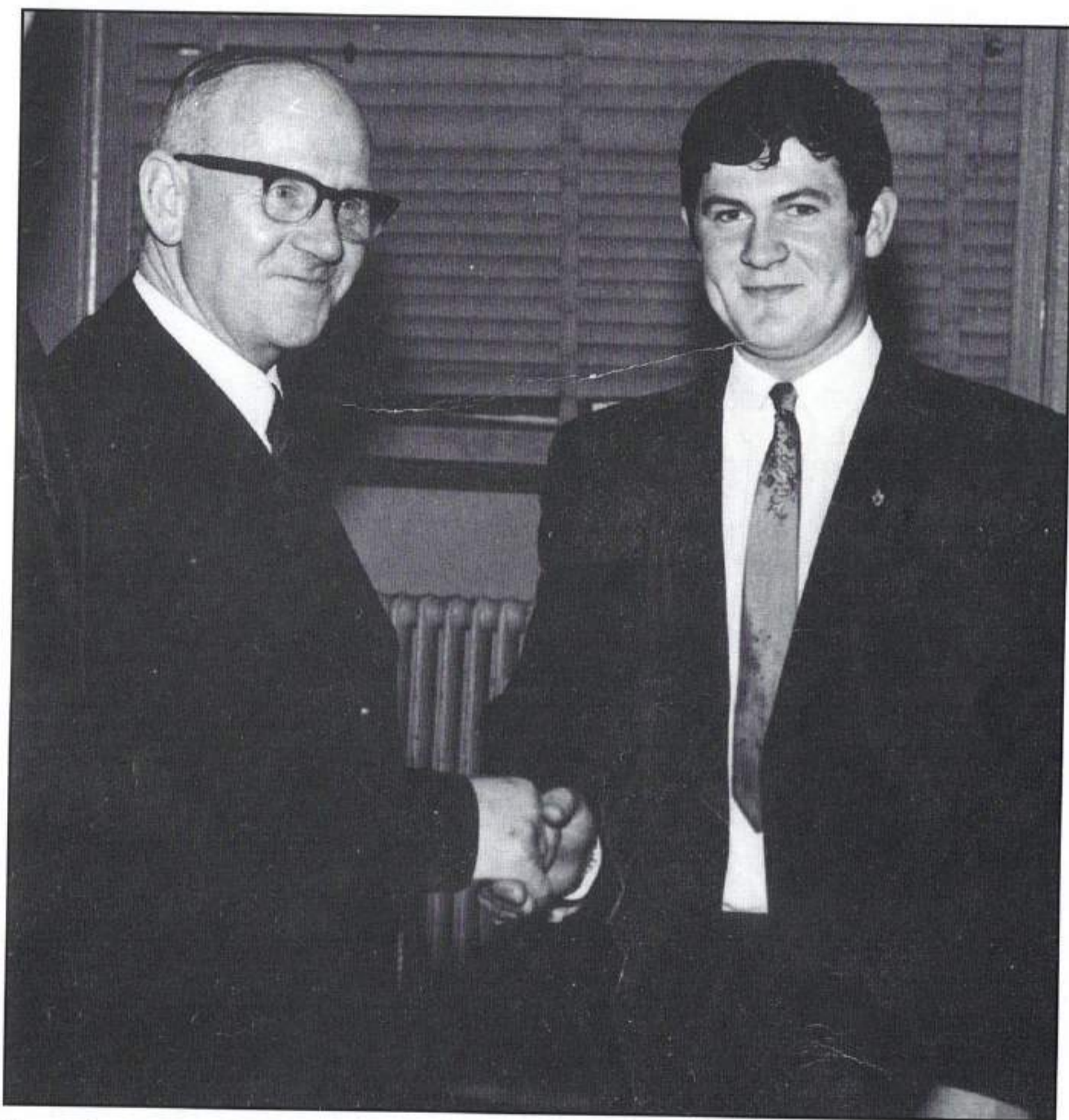


2001 Football Panel - Kinneavey Cup and Connemara Shield Winners

(Back row L-R) Aonghus Conneely, Joseph Geoghegan, Seán McDonagh, Mark Kavanagh, Andrew O'Toole, Padraic Joyce, Alan McQuinn, Paul Mulkerrins.
 (Middle row L-R) Patrick McQuinn, Conrad Clancy, Stephen McDonagh, Darragh O'Halloran, Ronan Molloy, Martin Coady, Simon Dixon, Mark McGauley.
 (Front row L-R) Luke McConnell, Damien O'Reilly, Christopher O'Toole, Conor McQuinn, Andrew Tuck, Rory Gibbons, David O'Toole, Joseph Greaney.

All-Ireland Carpentry Award 1972

John Gibbons, Glengowla and past pupil of Scoil Chuimín and Fr. Griffin Road Technical School receiving his All-Ireland award in carpentry. He had won first place in Ireland in joinery and carpentry. This success would have meant a trip to Munich for the International competitions in an ordinary year but, because the Olympics Games were being played in Munich that year, no international competition was held.



From The Connacht Tribune, Friday 2nd June 1972.

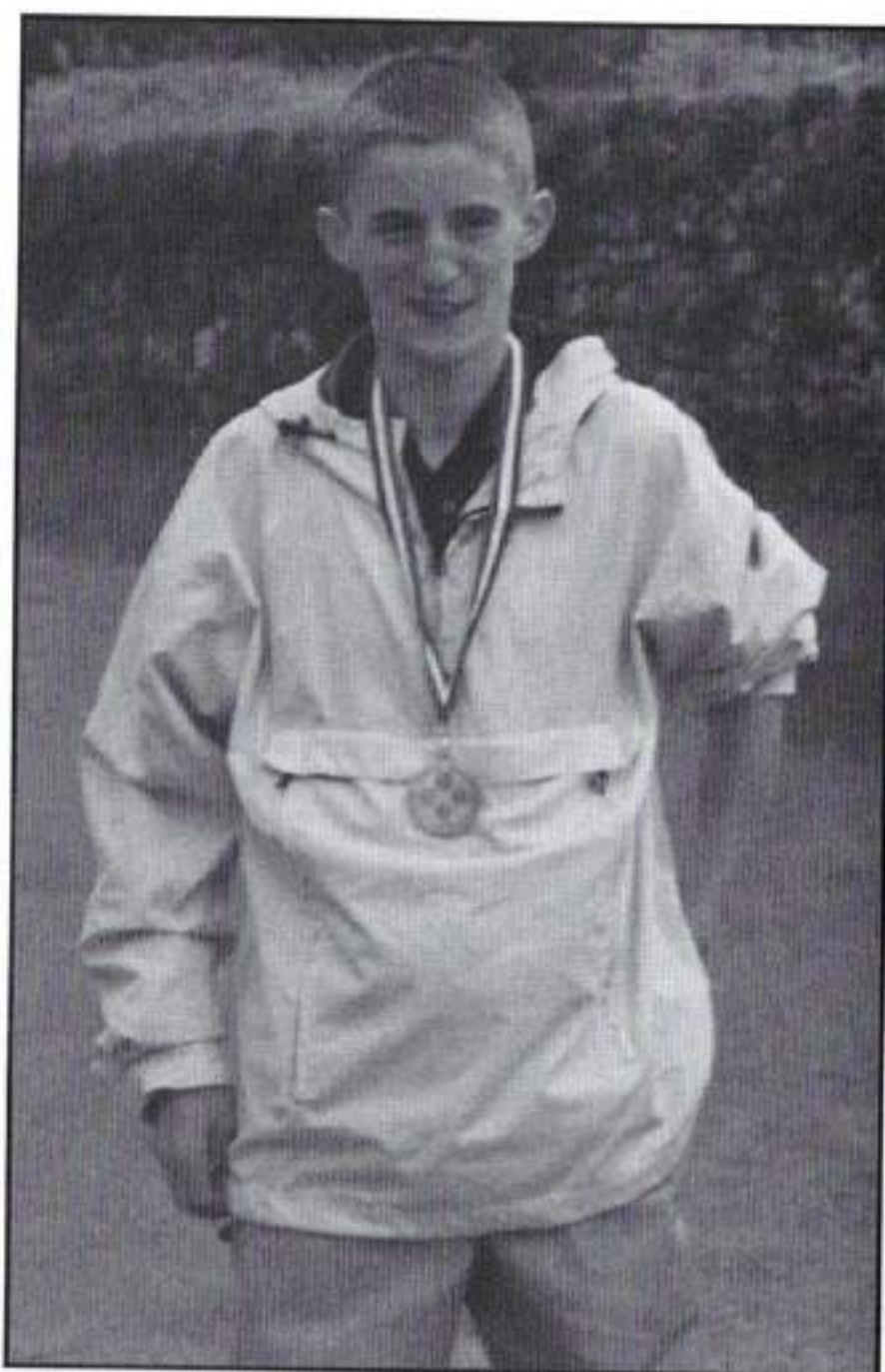
Athens Beckons for Thomas Lee

By Máirtín Lee

Thomas Lee

Thomas Lee, who recently won his sixth Irish Boxing Title, now holds the most National Titles won by any boxer in the Oughterard Boxing Club.

Thomas began boxing competitively at eleven years of age, in 1994, and reached the Irish Final in the 1994 /'95 season, where he was narrowly defeated on points. The following season, 1995 /'96, he was also defeated narrowly on points, in the Irish semi-final. In 1996 /'97 he won the first of what was later to become six Irish titles in – a – row, winning in 1997 /'98, 1998 /'99, two in the 1999 / 2000 season and his sixth in 2000 /'01.



Sports Star

In January 2000 he won the 'Best Boxer in Galway' award, and was the only Irish boxer chosen to participate in an Olympic training scheme at the Sydney Olympics 2000.

Thomas has represented Ireland at International level on five occasions and has won four out of his five contests, defeating opponents from England, Scotland, Wales and Italy, with his only defeat coming in a European Tournament in Hungary, where he won a bronze medal, being defeated in the semi-final by the Hungarian champion and eventual Tournament winner, on a computer score of eleven points to nine.

Thomas wins Bronze

At the European Multi Nations Tournament in Sardinia, in May 2001, Thomas won a bronze medal when he reached the semi-final after wins against Italian and Israeli opponents in the preliminary and quarter final respectively. Due to a serious hand injury, he withdrew from the semi-final contest in the third round on medical advice.

Past Winners

Other past pupils of the Boys' School to win National Boxing Titles were: Máirtín Lee in 1969 and 1970, Alan O'Connor in 1983, Rory McGauley in 1996 and Martin Healy in 2000.

Ardvarna

Local traditional music group, Ardvarna, whose members are Gerry D'Arcy, Pat Conneely, and Denis Geoghegan, launched their first CD, "Mayfly Days" in March 2001. Hundreds of followers and supporters from near and far attended the Corrib House Hotel for the occasion – a testament to the popularity of Ardvarna and their music.

The CD / Cassette contains 16 tracks of jigs, reels, hornpipes and songs which have become standard in the Ardvarna repertoire. "Baile Oughterard", sung in Irish, was composed by Gerry D'Arcy and describes life in Oughterard and its surrounding beauty.

It is to be hoped that after all these years of work and play, these recordings will give Ardvarna the "overnight success" they deserve.



Alan O'Connor



Ardvarna with famous Whistle-player Seán Ryan, who launched their CD "Mayfly Days"

Gerry D'Arcy and Pat Conneely are past pupils of The Boys' School.

Banna Ceoil Naomh Chuimín

by Sheila Gibney

Sheila Gibney taught in the Boys' School from 1970 to 1986.

Fr. Considine

One day in 1979, Fr. P. Considine visited the school and found a few small groups of boys playing recorders. He suggested we put them together and form a band. We started with about twenty-five members. We collected locally and bought drums, bell lyres, tenor, alto and bass recorders. Some of the boys had their own accordions.



Oughterard Festival

First Concert

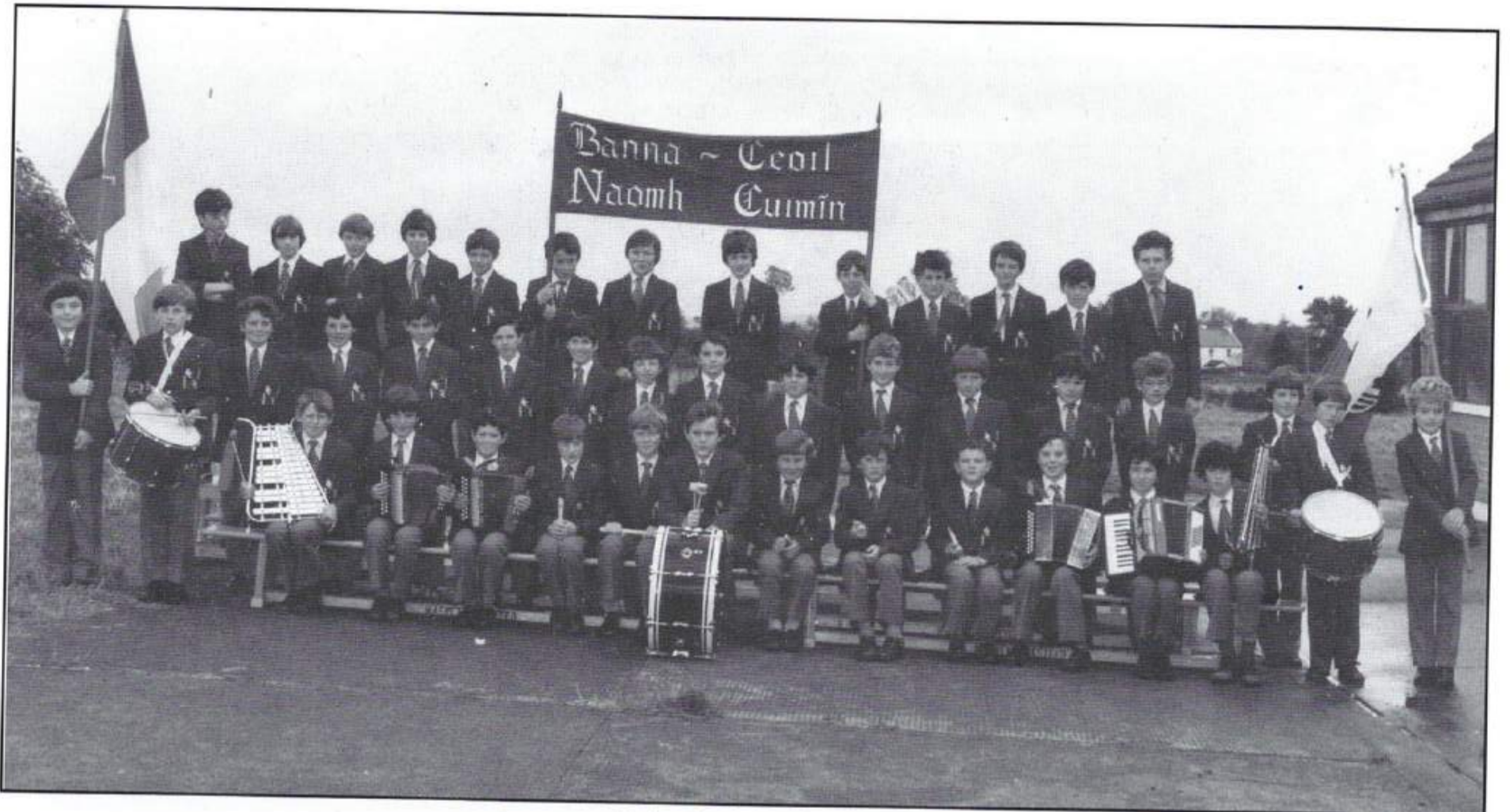
At our first concert the boys wore white shirts, black trousers and red velvet bows. (Picture below) After a few public appearances I decided to get uniforms. Our local bank manager lent me £2000. Anthony Ryans of Shop St. sent out their tailor and over fifty boys were measured individually for the uniforms that are still in use today. The first time they were seen was when the band marched up the centre of the Community Hall and took their places on stage. They looked magnificent.





School Band - 1980

(Back row L-R) John Fahy, Timothy Molloy, Francis Clarke, Michael O'Malley, Cathal O'Malley, Alan O'Connor, Tommy Kelly, Oliver Previte, Bernard Molloy, John Robert Tierney.
((Middle row L-R)) Frank McEvilly, Joseph McGauley, Gerry Conneely, Patrick Geoghegan, Michael Monaghan, Daniel Conneely, David Kelly, Kieran Tierney, S.P. Tierney.
((Front row L-R)) Frankie Gibney, Johnathan Hughes, Kevin McHugo, Finbarr O'Halloran, Michael Healy, Michael Sweeney.



School Band - 1980

(Back Row L. to R.) M. Sweeney, G. Conneely, D. Conneely, E. Prendergast, John Lambert, P.J. Gill, D. Watts, N. Moore, J. Geoghegan, B. Keogh, F. McEuilly, B. Kelly, F. Clarke.

(Middle L. to R) K. Geoghegan, F. Gibney, K. Tierney, T. Molloy, James Lambert, M. O' Malley, J. Fahy, J. Folan, P. McGauley, P. Welby, C. O' Malley, B. O' Halloran, P. Geoghegan, S.P. Tierney, B. Molloy.

(Front Row L. to R) D. Kelly, B. Finnerty, C. Gibbons, S. English, A. Harris, K. McHugo, D. Healy, P. Walsh, T. Healy, M. Monaghan, D. McEuilly, A. O' Connor, K. McQuinn, N. Geoghegan.



Present School Band - 2000



School Band - 1984 Festival Parade

BOYS WHO JOINED IN LATER YEARS

Daragh McGanley	Paraic Boyce	Brian Tierney	Gearoid Lydon
Paul Quigley	Harry O'Toole	Kevin Cunningham	Brian McDonagh
Richard Gibbons	Joseph Walsh	Sean Clancy	Frances Morley
Damien McDonagh	Trevor Moore	Michael English	Derek O'Kelly
Tommy King	Damien Healy	Seamus Fahy	Rory Burke
Edward Caine	Damien O'Malley	Dermot Boyce	Tommy Welby
Darren Higgins	T.J. Geoghegan	Eamon Quigley	Shane Watts
Patrick Mons	Jonathan Angland	Malachy Ruane	Paul Donnellan
Brian Ferguson	Mike Kelly	Jeremy du Bois	Martin Walsh
Stephen Kelly	Stephen Welson	John Monahan	William Hagg
Johnny Smith	Paraic Larkin	Charles Steward	Christopher McDonagh
Gerard Roche	Justin Keogh	Aiden Healy	Barney McAller
Matthew Gibbons	Peter Geoghegan	Noel Molloy	Kevin Clancy
Gabriel Geoghegan	Niall Welsh	Kieran McDonagh	Richard Juck
Enda O'Connor	Maurice Ferguson	Dara McAleer	Kevin Larkin
Sean McGanley	Shane Lydon	Matthew Costello	Brendan Larkin
Frank O'Holloran	Francis Kyne	Colman King	Fergus Gillespie
Mike Clancy	Martin Healy	Mark Caine	
Bobby Tierney	Michael Donnellan	Joseph Walsh	

Concerts

In order to repay our debt we ran a series of concerts. Among the artists we invited were Frank Patterson and Eily O'Grady, The Clancy Brothers, Sean Bán Breathnach, Fr. Michael Cleary and the Garda Síochána Band, to name but a few. In return we were invited to the depot to play. Members of the Gardai put the boys through their paces marching.

Marching

At first, marching and playing was difficult but Peter Cunningham spent a lot of time with the boys. Eventually we were able to lead the Festival Parade through the town on a few occasions. We played and sang Christmas carols in the Galway Shopping Centre. We entertained the guests outside the Gateway Hotel on Sunday mornings. It took us a few years to repay our debt to the bank but the boys enjoyed themselves. I know I did.

Today

The Boys' school band has continued to flourish, since its revival in the early 1990's, performing at numerous Christmas concerts and at senior citizen gatherings in the community center over the last ten years. The band has a junior and senior section. It is not presently, a marching band. Tin whistles have replaced recorders. A lot of people would love to see the band march again. The talent is there in the boys and in the teachers and if I can help in any small way, I will....

Better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to speak and remove all doubt.



1999 Band playing for Senior Citizens

Scoil Chuimín Staff

Past & Present

Principals

Patrick Donoghue	1851	1st April
Owen Joyce	1861	Retired due to ill health 1867
Michael O'Connor	1866	
Mr. Fahy	1868	
David J. O'Dowd	1883	
Mr. Cooney	1922 – 1924	
Gerard Lee	1928 – 1959	
Frank Kyne	1959 – 1997	
Mícheál Ó Domhnaill	1997 – Present	

Teachers

Michael Clarke	Jan. – Sept. 1861	
Thomas Commons	1863	Retired due to ill health at 42 years
Malachy Hanley	1863	
J. Reynolds	1864	
Richard O'Connor, Assistant	1866	
William Donnellan	1870 – 1898	
William Mannion	1869	
H. Riordan	1889	
Mr. Marne		
Mr. Fitzgibbon		
Mr. Heffernan		
Milford Melville	1931	
Martin Dolan	1932 – 1937	
Áine Uí Chonnachtaín	1938 – 1943	
Úna Bean Uí Fhlannagóin	1943 – 1964	
Bríd Bean Uí Fhlannachta	1964	
Tessie Moloney	1972 – 2000	
Sheila Gibney	1970 – 1986	
Martina Sullivan	1986 – 1988	
Mícheál Ó Domhnaill	1992 - 1997	
Helena Grogan	1996	
Frances O'Connell	1997	
Caroline Eustace	1998	
Pádraic Ó Conghaile	2000	

Managers / Chairpersons

1849 – 1852	James Caskaux ADM
1882 – 1864	Michael A. Kavanagh
1864 – 1874	George Usher
1874 – 1914	Redmond McDonagh
1914 – 1931	James Craddock
1931 – 1947	Mark D. Conroy
1947 – 1952	Michael Fallon
1952 – 1973	Thomas McCullagh
1973 – 1988	Patrick Eaton
1988 – 1995	Patrick Tully
1995 – 2000	Tom Culloty
2000 – 2001	Des Forde
2001 - Present	Patrick Heneghan

Monitors

J. Clancy	
Owen Joyce	1860
William Donnellan	1868
Thomas Curley	1868
Timothy Fahy	1869
Martin O'Dowd	1902

Remedial Teachers

Mrs. Brigid Brady
Miss Greally
Miss Rini Whyte
Ms. Aine Morgan

Caretakers

Mrs. Mary Noone
Padraic Keane
Michael Duffy
Dave Smyth
Oliver Lee

Secretaries

Mrs. Bridie Lucey
Mrs. Angela Lee

Frank Kyne Boys' School Principal from 1959 – 1997

A native of Clonbur, Frankie came from a well known athletic and football family (His brother was full back on the Galway Minor Team that won the All Ireland in 1952; that brother later became a County Councillor and died tragically at a very young age). In St. Mary's College, Frankie was a well-known footballer and was famous for his speed on solo runs. In St. Patrick's College of Education he was an important member of the football team and excelled at athletics; he won the college high jump championship in his final year, beating a colleague who had been All Ireland Colleges high Jump champion two years previously. Frank also held the Connacht High Jump record of 5'11".

He left St. Pat's College as a qualified teacher in 1953. Emigration had cleaned out his parish and there was no football team there. Frankie played with Oughterard in the championship that year when they reached the county final and were beaten by Dunmore. In that year Frankie came to be known as "Flier Kyne"! He got his place on the Galway senior football team that year. However, he was teaching in Co. Cavan and John Dunne, who was training the team, would not take on the cost of bringing Frankie down for league matches.



Frank Kyne on School tour to Clare.

Frankie has been always extremely fit and can boast that he never missed a day in school because of illness, in his whole career. He is highly respected by his past pupils.

"A man who has a thousand friends has not got one to spare, but he who has one enemy, he meets him everywhere"

By Liam Ó Mainín

In the middle of the classroom stood a big partition whose upper part had small glass windows. Only Mr. Kyne, the new master, was tall enough to look over this. Whenever his shadow appeared a hush fell over all the pupils on Mrs. Flanagan's side. Now and then someone would whisper 'the master', or 'Kyne' and observe the instant change in everyone's behaviour. Mr. Kyne had a considerable reputation among us, not just as a man of learning, but also as a sportsman, an athlete and a county footballer. His new regime brought a great sense of orderliness and security, which was certainly felt by the younger children.

Extract from Festus Jennings, formerly of Carrowmanagh

Both John and Gerard Gibney obtained Scholarships to St. Mary's College, Galway during their time in the "Master's Room" in 1973 and 1974.

An t-Ath Tomás Ó Cullota

Fr. Tom was chairman of the Board of Management from 1992 – 1999, during which he made a very important contribution to the continued development of Scoil Chuimín. An author of books on local history in his native Cork, a keen golfer, a GAA enthusiast and avid reader, he used his undoubted talents to the betterment of all in the community. With his extensive experience and knowledge of the educational system he had a very positive influence on all the schools in the parish. Tá sé faoi láthair ag feidhmiú mar shéiplíneach i nGaillimh.

Health is not valued till sickness comes.

Present School Staff

Tá **Mícheál Ó Domhnaill** ag múineadh i Scoil Chuimín ó 1992. Tá sé ag obair mar Phríomh-Oide ar an scoil ó 1997. Tá cónaí air sna Forbacha agus tá suim aige i gceol, spórt agus cúrsaí reatha. Tá sé pósta le triúr clainne.

Frances Connell was appointed to the Boys' School in September 1997. She teaches second and third class. Originally from Co. Mayo, she now lives locally in Rosscahill.

Caroline Eustace joined the Boys' School in September 1998 and is now teaching third and fourth class. Originally from Co. Clare, and now living in Galway.

Is as an Spidéal do **Phádraic Ó Conghaile**. Seo é an chead bhliain aige sa scoil seo. Bhí sé ag múineadh meánscoile ar feadh chúig bhliana. Tá an-suim aige sa bpeil agus bíonn sé ag cleachtadh peile lena buachailli taréis scoile.

Rini Whyte is a native of Roscommon, now living in Galway. She started her teaching career in a Boys' School in Finglas, Dublin, where she worked until 1981, when she was appointed Remedial Teacher in Oughterard. She is the youngest of a family of six. She loves animals, especially dogs, and her favourite pastime is reading.

Áine Morgan came to Galway from Clare in 1998 and taught in Rosedale Special School until February 2001, when she was appointed as Shared Learning Support Teacher. She enjoys the outdoors, ceol agus craic.



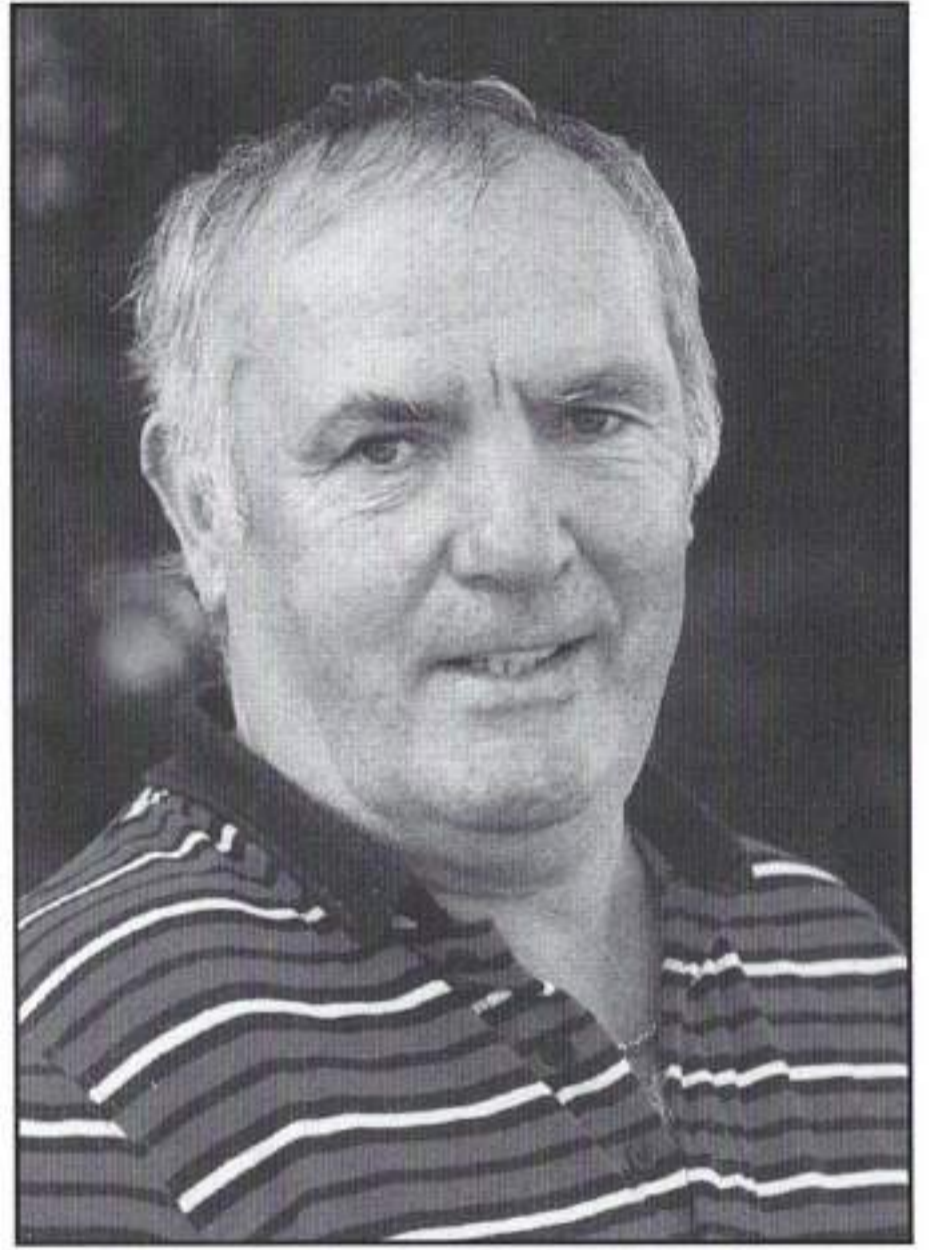
Staff 2001 - Present Staff in the Boys School

Back row: Angela Lee, (Sec.) Rini Whyte (Resource Teacher)
Caroline Eustace, Frances Connell.

Seated: Padraig Ó Conghaile, Micheál Ó Domhnaill (Principal)



Oliver Lee



Padraic Keane

Angela Lee has worked on the Boys' School staff as secretary and classroom assistant for the last two years.

Oliver Lee has been operating as school caretaker in the school for two years. He has a great love of football and is involved in the Oughterard Club at with training underage teams.

School Bus-drivers: Paddy Tierney, Peggy Tierney, Mark Geoghegan, Pádraic Faherty.

2001 Scoil Chuimín Board of Management

Chairman : Fr. P. Heneghan
Micheál Ó Domhnaill
Frances Connell
Seán O'Malley
Barbara McGauley
Patrick Gillespie
Mary Dixon
Sile T. Ni Mhaoldomhnaigh

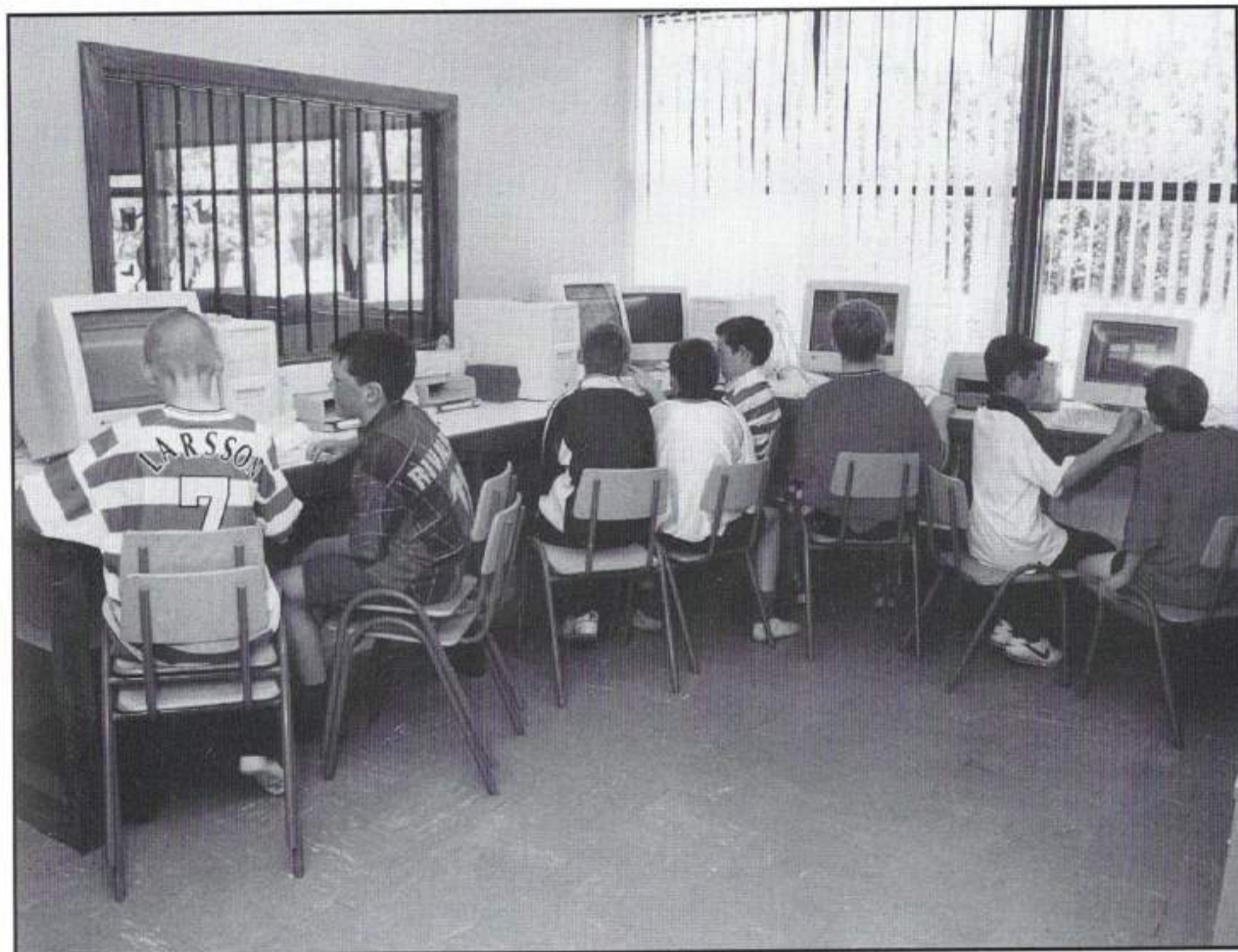


Boys' School Pupils - 2001

Scoil Cuimín 2001

IT

The Boys' School I.T. resources have received a significant injection from the Board of Management to commemorate the sequicentenary for the opening of the original Boys' School. Each classroom will have access to a P C and a network system of 4 computers has been installed in the library for use with projects and the senior classes. This major development is due to fundraising ventures organized mainly by the school's active parents committee.



Computer Room - 2001

Parents' Committee

The Parents' Committee in Scoil Chuimín are an invaluable part of the school set-up. The input they have made to school life for the boys and teachers is invaluable. From organising fund-raising ventures, golf days, cake sales or Art Classes, to helping with Concerts, Tours, sports days, football matches or bookfairs, their input is vital. This year the committee have purchased a camcorder for the school and a set of sweat-shirts. The 1851-2001 floral arrangement was also planted by them.



Parents' Committee with Tessie Maloney on the occasion of her retirement.



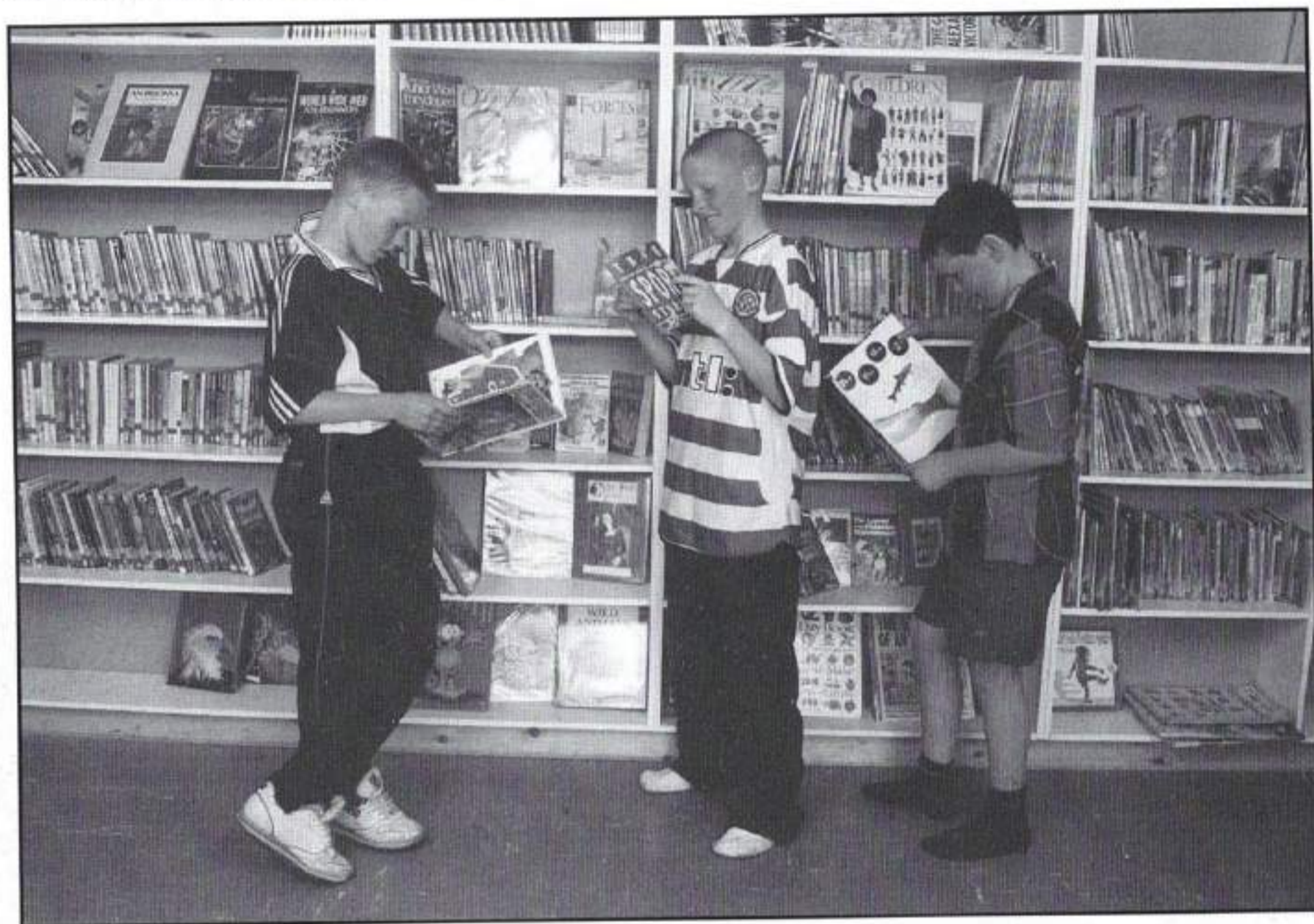
"The 4th Wise Man" Mass Concert - 1999



Community Games Gold Medal for Recycling

New Central Library

A well stocked central library has been put in place to promote the activity of reading among the boys. The benefit of this is already evident with reading for pleasure becoming a valuable school activity. Writers have visited the school, and book fairs organized to continue to develop the range and quality of books at the boys' disposal. Creative writing and art competitions based on reading and library activities form part of the book fair week.



Library Room

Boys' Band

The boys' school band has continued to flourish, since its revival in the early 1990's, performing at numerous Christmas concerts and at senior citizen gatherings in the community center over the last ten years. The band has a junior and senior section. It is not presently, a marching band. Tin whistles have replaced recorders.

Sports

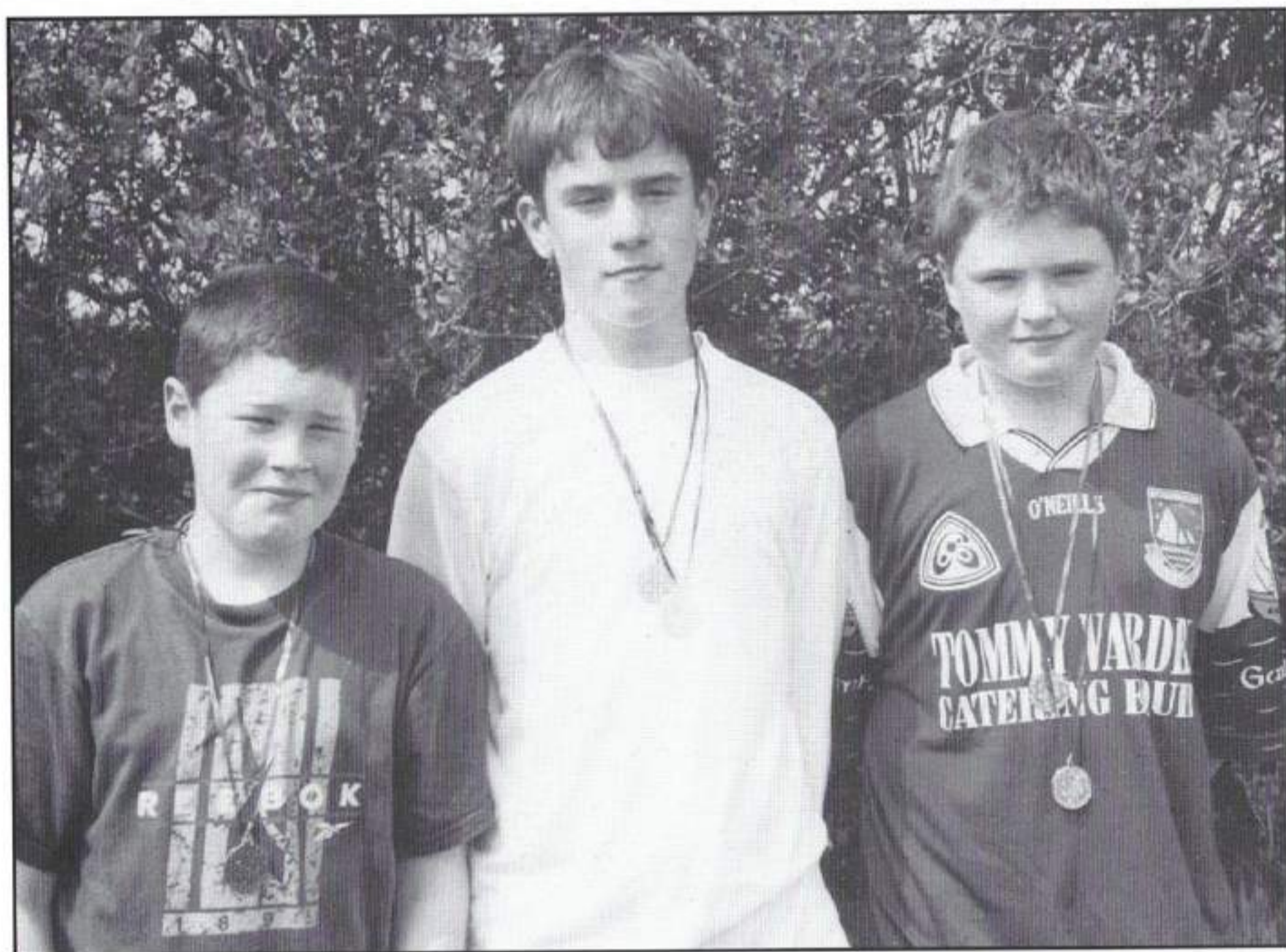
Gaelic football, basketball, indoor soccer and swimming are the main team games in which the boys participate as part of the Physical education programme conducted by the school. A sports day with 100m, 400m running, and team sports is organized annually.

An Scoil Glas – Civic responsibility

The school is presently engaged in a Green School's Programme which involves increased environmental awareness on all our parts. Issues such as recycling, composting and waste management are covered. A wormery is also in operation in the school, which is fed by the boys from waste paper and food. The boys also engage in charity work with collections for Chernobyl, Trócaire and Concern.

Seachtain na Gaeilge

Bíonn gníomhachtaí éagsúla ar siúl sa scoil chun forbairt a dhéanamh ar labhairt na Gaeilge sa scoil. I rith seachtain na Gaeilge í mbliana, bhí drámaíocht, filíocht agus amhránaíocht ar siúl ar fad trí ghaeilge. Tá sár-fhoireann sa scoil le líofacht Gaeilge ar a toil acu.



Community Games - Swimming 2001 Prize Winners

Rory Gibbons, Simon Dixon, Paul Mulkerrins.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.



Sixth Class 1992

(Back row L-R) Kenneth Ferguson, Mark O'Callaghan, Darren Waters, Cormac McDermott, Sean Tierney
(Front row L-R) P. Grealish, Alan Lee, Colin Maloney, Peter King, Patrick Darcy, Paul Stewart.



2nd Class Boys School 2001

(Left-right) Lawrence Larkin, Austin Maloney, Paul Lambert, Stephen Tierney, Jamsie Butler, Rory Burke, Paul Molloy.



Confirmation 1999

Front (L-r) Pearse Clancy, Cathal Noone, David Mannion, Bishop McLoughlin, Eanna Darcy, Mairtín Tierney, Kevin Joyce.

Back (L-r) Noel Byrnes, Fr. Tom Cullotty, William Clancy, Keith Gibbons, Dara Conneely, Morgan McDonagh, Jason Coyne, Micheál Ó Domhnaill (Principal)



Martina O'Sullivan with pupils from her class - 1980's



6th Class - 1988 Boys' School

Front Row: James Donnellan, James Stewart, Fergus Mc Kiernan, Tommy Welby, Kieran O' Halloran, Christopher Mc Donagh
Ciaran Healy.

Middle Row: Johnny O' Toole, Martin O' Malley, Jeremy Du Bois, Shane Watts, Fergus Gillespie, William Haag, Lawrence O' Toole.

Back Row: Mr. Frank Kyne, Eamonn Quigley, Finbarr Larkin, Brendan Hynes, Padraic Ó Conghaile.



3 Generation of the Dixon Family who attended the Boys' School
Michael (Grandfather) Tony (Son) and Simon & Jake (Grandchildren)



