

Adoon National School 1877 - 1976



School Re-union

10th - 11th August 2001

Souvenir Booklet

COUNTY LEITRIM

PARISHES



Adoon National School 1877-1976

FOREWORD

A love of learning has always been part of the Irish make up. We know from history of the fame of Irelands early Christian monasteries. We know that when schooling was suppressed under the Penal Laws - hedge schoolmasters, wandering poets, even local seanachies helped to keep the flame of knowledge alive. However for over 200 years no general opportunity for education existed in Ireland despite the best efforts of priests and people. It was only in 1831 that the British Government finally agreed to set up a commission for education in Ireland.

The proposals of this commission were not entirely acceptable as far as Catholic Education was concerned, but over time amendments were introduced and difficulties ironed out. And so it was that the "National School" system, as we would know it, came about. It was under this system, part parish funded, part state financed, that the schools of Ardlougher, Adoon, Cloone, Drumloughan (original school at the Monuments replaced 1908), Drumadorn (built in 1845 and replaced in 1905 by Corduff South) came into being in the parish of Cloone. However it was not long before the decline in rural population, coupled with a Department of Education policy of centralisation, led to the closure of smaller schools and their amalgamation with others.

In June 1966 Drumloughan closed, the same fate befell Corduff in June 1971, most of their remaining pupils transferring to Cloone. The 27th February 1976 was the last day of Class in Adoon. Mrs. Eilish Mc Tague and her 20 pupils were transferred to Cloone and Adoon, after just 14 years in its new location, closed its doors for the last time.

We are fortunate that Adoon Committee has taken on the task of chronicling the history of their school, which without their efforts might well have gone uncharted and be forgotten. They merit the gratitude of everyone concerned for their task of love. Congratulations to them, and thanks to all who gave assistance in any way. Their work will be a memorial to them as well as to the school they cherished.

Fr. Cathal Faughnan
9th JUNE 2001

“For Menswear &
Sportswear choose
the best”

Gerard Anthony

Carrick-on-Shannon, Co. Leitrim.

& **GA sports**

*Best Wishes to
Adoon Committee
in celebrating their
re-union!*

OUR REUNION - How it began!

Like many others who went to Adoon School, I left lovely Leitrim and headed for London to see the bright lights and spent many good years there and I lived in Carlow for 15 years but home was always on my mind. I would come home for weekends and holidays and often talk about the good old days in school, especially to my brother Michael. I often wondered where my school friends were and what they were doing now.

I returned to live in Leitrim in 1995 and went to see my old school one day to reminisce and it brought back to me many memories. I realised I did not even know what some of the people I went to school with looked like, I only knew a very small amount of them.

Last August at Cloone agricultural show, Michael, Pat Ellis (Donnelly) and I were talking about school reunions, which have been successfully held, and we decided we should have one ourselves. I placed an advertisement in the Leitrim Observer detailing our idea and a date for a meeting to organise a committee, to get our idea up and running. I was pleasantly surprised to see so many people turned up.

From that meeting on, the wheels were in motion. We began to search for the addresses of all the past pupils, many who are now scattered around the globe, using the school roll books as our guide. Sadly a number of them have passed away, may they rest in peace. Next we organised how we would celebrate the reunion and came up with our plan of celebrations. The meetings ran on very late some nights, when people's stories or incidents that happened during their days at Adoon would distract us and we would momentarily forget the job in hand!

We had a variety of fundraising events from raffles to race nights to ceillis. As well as our celebrations we now have our own souvenir booklet with interesting stories, poems, photographs and memories, which I hope will take your mind back to the days of Adoon School.

When I took on the role of putting the souvenir booklet, I didn't know what I was letting myself in for!! My kitchen table was covered in letters, articles and photographs for weeks on end, but with the help of a friend it started to take shape and then at last it was ready for the printers.

Overall, this was a very rewarding project and I would like to thank all the committee for their help and for attending our many meetings. I would also like to thank everyone who contributed to this book with photographs, articles, poems and so on, without which we would not have this booklet. I would also like to say a special word of thanks to Fr. Faughnan and Cloone School for giving us access to the roll books.

I would like to show on behalf of the committee and myself our appreciation to Gerald Higgins for allowing us to use the old School and to Kelly's for allowing us to visit the new School and to anyone who helped or contributed in any way.

I hope you have a very enjoyable time and thank you all for taking the time out to attend our reunion.

Eileen Harte, SECRETARY.



Eileen Harte, Drumboe

MY SCHOOLDAYS

My first day at Adoon school was on the 1st July 1941 when I was four and three-quarter years old. I must have walked from my home in Gorvagh with my sister Bríd, who was in 4th class and my brother Cathal, who was in 1st class - a distance of about two miles.

I was seated in the front desk in the junior room, in which Mrs. Mulligan was the assistant teacher, along with all the other newcomers. The teacher presented each one of us with a small red ball, which looked exactly like a plum. Now, I was familiar with plums, as they grew in our garden, so I promptly took a bite only to discover that it tasted awful. Mrs. Mulligan explained to us that this was plasticine and that when it was rolled out on the desk we could make snails, worms, houses and men from it. This kept us busy for a long time.

Gradually, we were introduced to slates and chalk and with these we learned to make our figures and letters. Slates and chalk were messy but very practical, as they saved on jotters and pencils. Later on I remember learning to write with the dreaded steel pen and ink which proved a nightmare because of the use of blotting paper which did not always prevent blots and blobs appearing as I wrote.

I remember to this day the Irish taught to us by Mrs. Mulligan - especially the story of 'Naomh Pádraig'. I never remember feeling cold although we had no fire in our room. Later on we got a parafin oil stove which smelled a lot.

One day, when I was in 2nd class, Mrs. Mulligan sent me outdoors with the infant class to teach them to count using the large ballframe. We were sitting just under the end window of the school in the sunshine. There was a little boy from Dublin on a short visit to the school and he had rude versions of prayers which he insisted on saying for us. I was mortified in case the teacher heard him. I was certainly glad when that session was over!

I don't remember much about my move to 3rd class and into the 'big' room. I remember seeing the fire surrounded by bottles of milk and tea as lunchtime approached. I also remember holding back the big red curtain, which divided the rooms, at roll-call time. Singing was taught by Mrs. Mulligan while my father, who was Principal, taught reading to the little ones. Pee Reynolds was the joker in the pack during singing lessons. As we stood around the room learning songs such as 'The Boys of Wexford', 'A Nation Once Again', 'Paddy Sheehan' and numerous other songs, Pee would drop his voice and sing an octave lower. Mrs. Mulligan would patrol around the room to try to discover who was doing this, but Pee would fool her every time.

The most dreaded hour of the week at school for me was sewing time. I hated it. The hard calico, rusty needles and bleeding fingers are my main memories of sewing class in Adoon. I really tried, but I was a disaster at needlework. I remember Mrs. Mulligan describing my buttonhole stitches as 'dragon's teeth'. The the infamous sock! Turning the heel, increasing, decreasing and narrowing for the toe! The four steel needles always seemed to be rusty - it must have been the dampness in the school that caused the needles to rust. Of course, the second sock never got knitted. I wonder why we didn't just do a small sock and learn all the skills of shaping the heel and toe on it.

My father seldom missed a day from school but, one day, when he was off sick, we decided to explore the road beyond the school which was a complete mystery to those who lived on the Gorvagh side of the school. After a quick lunch we set off down the road. The Reynolds family,

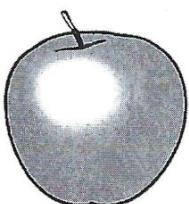
who lived just down the road, must have thought the army was coming, with the tramp of boots of those who were on the great adventure. Anyway, at Paddy Beirne's house we decided to turn back. As we neared the school we saw Mrs. Mulligan standing in the middle of the road waiting for us. She lined us up in the classroom to get our punishment. When she came to me she said "Your punishment is to tell your father what you did". Of course, I did no such thing. It was with great trepidation that we went to school the next day, but thankfully, Mrs. Mulligan did not tell my father what had happened, so all was well.

Time never seemed to matter then. We could spend ages coming home from school and there was no fuss. We had time to stand and watch the narrow-gauge train at the station at which Paddy Thomas was the station master. We could paddle in the stream under Barden's hill. We could pick wild strawberries and play games like 'Last' several times over. We could go barefooted in summer and feel the soft grass under our feet - this often led to stonebruises, thorns in our feet and other such injuries. My mother often threatened that if we took off our shoes going to or coming from school we would have to go barefooted to Mass, but, thankfully, she never carried out that threat.

I remember my schooldays as happy, carefree days. We had plenty of friends, made up our own games and played happily together. I have many memories of the old school in Adoon. Although we had not any of the modern facilities that children and teachers enjoy today - nevertheless we were content with our lot.. I feel that today's children are missing out on a lot of fun which we shared as children in the thirties and forties - the innocent games, which we ourselves created and enjoyed, kept us from being bored and we lived life to the full.

EILISH MCTEAGUE
MARCH 2001

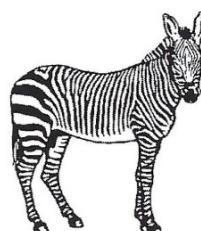
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*Wishing every success
and good luck to
Adoon School Reunion*

From
Paddy Bohan
Tranmore, Mohill.



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Oideachas Náisiúnta
Scrúdúcán rén Teistiméireacht
PRIMARY SCHOOL CERTIFICATE
AR BUN-OIDEACHAS
EXAMINATION

1937

Ceistiméireacht
THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT
é seo do bronnaod ar
Bernard Canning

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HAS BEEN AWARDED A PRIMARY SCHOOL CERTIFICATE
CÚRSA LÉIJIÚN DÓIN SÉAMADÓ RANG AJS
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& HAVING PASSED THE EXAMINATION IN THE FOLLOWING SUBJECTS

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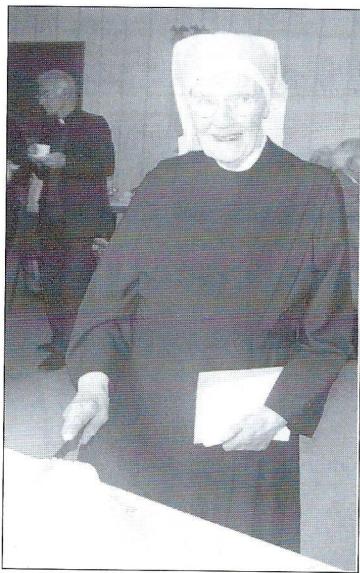
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A TRIBUTE TO A GENTLE LADY



In October 1999, I spent a short holiday with my sister Teresa, in Ponteland, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Prior to going, I went to visit Agnes Maguire in the O'Carolan Nursing Home, Mohill, and in so doing decided to visit her sister Margaret, a Sister in Saint Joseph's Convent, Little Sisters of the Poor, Newcastle.

With an appointment secured, I went along to meet Sister Eleanore as was her name in religion. On meeting with her I was immediately aware of a gentle lady, with a crystal clear mind and although in a wheelchair, no thought for herself but for those around her. The visit that might have been half an hour turned out to be closer to two hours. It was one visit I shall long remember. Leaving her I promised to call again, but the good Lord had other things in mind for Sister Eleanore and so called her to her heavenly reward on 18th May 2000.

Margaret J. Maguire had left Cooteswoods, Cloone, in the early forties to enter the Convent of The Little Sisters of the Poor in Raheny, Dublin. Margaret was born on 26th May 1916. Daughter of Felix and Margaret Maguire and sister of Mrs. Annie Donnelly, R.I.P., Glostermin, Fenagh, and aunt of Felix, Jim, Joe and Kathlenn and sister of Agnes Maguire. She was a past pupil of Adoon National School.

Adoon School was very special to her and she loved to remember her friends and reminisce about the happy days she spent there.

Her First Profession took place in the Convent of The Little Sisters of the Poor, Raheny, Dublin, on 10th December 1945. It was there she received her name in religion, Sister Eleanore de Maria Immaculate.

It must be remembered that these were very difficult years - the end of World War II - with many problems and many displaced and lonely people and a time of endless work for the Little Sisters.

Shortly after this, in the company of other Sisters, she left Ireland for the Provincial House, La Tour in Brittany, France. With her time complete in France, she returned to the Provincial House, Saint Peter's,

London and from there moved to Newcastle, where she was to spend the remainder of her life.

Her Perpetual Profession took place on 15th October 1950. Her Golden Jubilee of Professoin, 1945-1995, this celebration took place in Saint Joseph's Convent, Newcastle, with all her friends present including her nephew, Felix Donnelly and her good friends Margaret Flynn and Frances Walshe and all the Sisters for whom it was possible to be there.

This beautiful verse from the Offertory of the Mass has a wealth of meaning and would, I'm sure, on the day among the richer things bring her lovely Adoon lake to the fore.

*With love you have looked in my eyes, Lord
Smiling gently you called me by name,
And I left my boat by the Lakeside,
Now with you I shall seek other shores.*

A beautiful musical evening followed with a lovely meal. Sister Eleanore loved to visit her homeland and her family and her family and friends whom she loved so dearly.

On 18th May 2000, in the company of her beloved Sisters, she said her final goodbye. In that gracious Convent on the Hill looking over the Tyne as it winds its way to the sea, Sister Eleanore spent forty-five years in prayer and dedicated to her work for her great Northumbrian people. Her body is laid to rest in the little cemetery there with her good Sisters and all her friends.

You will join with me in saying in her nativetongue:-

'Ar dheis de go raibh an ainm dilis'.

by May Tiernan.



Nurse Mary Tiernan, Cornagher

Best wishes to Adoon School Re-union
from

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A REUNION TO CELEBRATE!



*Pictured above enjoying a bite to eat are:
Sister Loreto Higgins (R.S.C.) and Lena Canning (nee Higgins)*

Looking forward to meeting once again our class mates and friends from our school days in Adoon and to have the opportunity of reminiscing on the past.

Tess and Lena Higgins.

MEMORIES OF COMMUNION & CONFIRMATION



*Margaret McCaffrey
- taken on her First Holy Communion Day*



*Carmel and Caroline Beirne
- taken on Carmel's Confirmation Day*

MEMORIES OF MY SCHOOL DAYS

PATRICIA GUCKIAN (HIGGINS)

Like many others, I would say that my whole life was shaped and influenced by my earliest years in Adoon School, which I attended with the rest of my family - Tess, Lena, Annie Joe, Gerald, Leo and John Joe. We trudged our way from Currawn to Adoon in hail, rain or snow, often oblivious to the weather conditions as the seasons replaced each other in the eternal cycle of nature. As the month of May approached we looked forward to going barefooted in the company of the Morans, Hardigans, Cannings, Murphy's and Margaret McHugh (Harmon).

As we reached Beirnes, the thought of meeting humorous Paddy Beirne (R.I.P.) who taunted us for a kiss as we passed by his home. Jokingly, he would tell us that our teacher would be absent from school and this filled our hearts with overwhelming joy, but our spark of joy was quenched by seeing our teacher appearing at Tom Heerans (R.I.P.) gate.

My father (R.I.P.) went to his eternal reward when I was only five months old. My mother remained confident on placing a high value on education, as she saw education as a passport to a bright future and was constantly proactive in this regard.

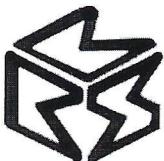
In my final years in Adoon, the occasion I looked forward to most was the bonfire upon Casey's bridge on the Glebe road. Family members congregated around the bonfire to chat and laugh as we danced to the tunes of Tilly Reynolds (R.I.P.) accordion. The bonfire on Casey's bridge is sadly a thing of the past.

Trudging through the snow and running barefooted on the dust-drenched roads, I greatly remember my school days in Adoon school, which laid the foundations for my successful life.



Patricia pictured outside Adoon National School.

Best Wishes to Adoon School Re-union



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FROM HEDGESCHOOLS TO NATIONAL SCHOOLS

Education at the end of the 18th century and the beginning of the 19th century was divisive and somewhat erratic. The vast majority of Catholic children, who generally belonged to the poorer classes, were receiving an education of sorts at the Hedge schools - so called because they were often held in the open air or in barns or stables.

It was unthinkable that children of the upper classes would sit or mix with the peasant class, so they had their own established schools in operation at the end of the 18th century. That led to a divisive gap in the elementary education system.

Charter schools were set up in 1815 which were funded by the State to provide a better type of education for the poorer children but the hedge schools continued to function well into the 19th century. Attendance at the hedge schools by both teachers and pupils was erratic, but nevertheless, thousands of children - both Protestant and Catholic - received a basic training in Reading, Writing and Arithmetic at the hedge schools which were dotted all over the country.

The Kildare Place Society set up schools in 1812 and in 1831 the National Board of Education was set up by the State. Adoon school was built under the auspices of the Education Board. The teachers would have been trained in the newly set-up training colleges and their salaries were paid by the Board. Books were prescribed for use and the curriculum in all schools was the same.

That was a major step forward in the education of the younger children and later secondary schools and universities were to provide them with further education.

BRID O'REILLY



Adoon New School as it stands today. May 2001

MEMORIES OF ADOON SCHOOL

My name was Maggie Bohan. I started at Adoon School on April 5th 1920. I was four years and four months old. My late grandmother bought me a pink knitted dress trimmed with blue tassels at the waist. My late mother said "that dress wont go on her back until she goes to school" so that's how I got to school before I was five.

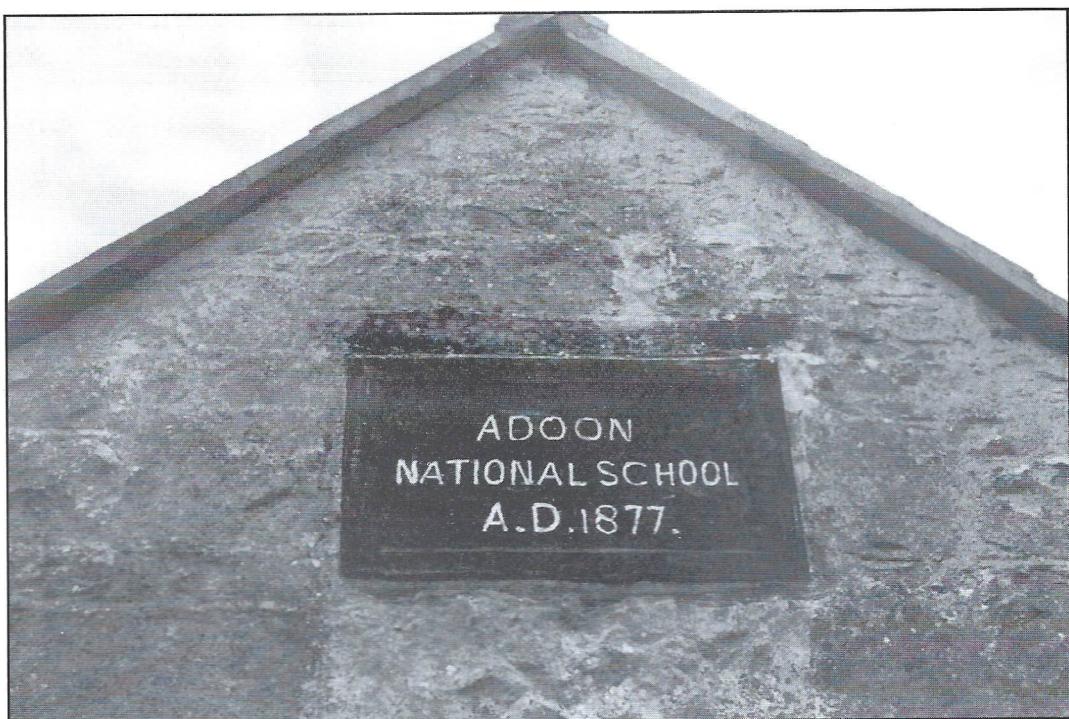
So off I went in my new dress, and in May, as the weather was nice I went in my bare feet, I got plenty of stone bruises. My five sisters and three brothers also went to Adoon.

My schoolteachers were Mrs Mulligan and Master Charles Flynn. We learned Gaelic, English, Maths and sewing. They were happy days. If we were good at school we got Xmas presents from the teachers. But if any child was disobedient they were put in a corner and made to be silent. I never got a slap. My school days at school were happy and good memories of Adoon School.

I reached 8th grade before I finished school. There was just the two of us Bernie Reynolds, who was also a cousin of mine.

Many years later when my oldest daughter Madge was five, she went to Adoon School for a month or so. She decided to go to school in her bare feet, but she found it hard on her feet. She liked all the subjects except the Irish, but she learnt a little of it and could say her prayers. Hoping you will find my story interesting of Adoon School.

YOURS SINCERELY, MARGARET BURKE (NEE MAGGIE BOHAN)



Adoon National School



Tom Heeney's Orchard



I often think of the time we planned to rob Tom's Orchard. We came up with what we thought was a brilliant idea one-day. Some poor brave soul would knock on the door for a drink of water and if nobody answered it meant the coast was clear for the robbery.

Little did we know that Tom was a little bit smarter than us, you see when nobody would answer the door, all of us headed for the forbidden fruit and as soon as the last person was in the orchard the door would open, out would come Tom, with a brush under his arm. All hell would break loose with shouting and roaring to get out, we always escaped just in time.

I can honestly say we never tasted one of those apples and all the times we tried to rob them. Then it was off to Kelly's orchard for the crabs - anything was better than nothing at all!

DERMOT MONAGHAN



Eddie McGarty and McCaffrey children paddling in the calm water of Adoon Lake.

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MEMORIES OF ADOON SCHOOL

BRIGIE HURSON (HARTE)

I started Adoon School when I was 4 years old. I loved going to that school and hated to have to go to Mohill when the time came.

I remember being late for school one day and I was crying because I was afraid Mrs. McTague was going to give out to me, but to my surprise she realised I was upset and said what a beautiful frock I was wearing, yes it was a new frock that was made for me. In those days we didn't have very many new clothes and I thought it was beautiful.



Jim Harte



*Kate Reynolds,
Mary Ann Reynolds Harte*

We went to school with our neighbours the Donnelly family, and every morning we were supposed to leave a bundle of stones if either family was gone before the other, but when we had a row I'm afraid there would be no sign of stones.

We are still friends now but alas not neighbours. I now take my own children to see where I went to school. They were amazed at the distance I had to walk.

I now live in Dublin, which is very different to the days when I went to Adoon School.

The committee have tried very hard to reproduce faithfully all the material submitted to it in the production of this souvenir booklet. However the committee can not take any responsibility for any errors or omissions and would like to point out that the views expressed herein are entirely those of the contributors.

THE SCHOOLS' MANUSCRIPT COLLECTION

The Schools' Manuscript Collection is the result of a Scheme, which took place in participating National Schools during 1937 and 1938. Almost 100,000 children, aged between eleven and fourteen years, from all over the country took part in the Scheme. Guidelines were laid down by the Irish Folklore Commission and carried out in co-operation with the Department of Education and the Irish National Teachers' Organisation. Selected children collected Folklore material, mainly from their parents, grandparents and older members of their local community.

Schools in County Leitrim submitted a total of 14,040 pages of folk tales, legends, riddles, customs and much more. The fascinating results of this initiative are preserved in the Department of Irish Folklore at University College Dublin. It is a major source of valuable information for scholars of folklore and people of all walks of life. "Old Schools" is one of the many stories written by my late father Bernard Canning, who was in sixth class in 1937. His whole collection of handwritten stories is of extreme sentimental value to our family particularly since his death in 1998.

BY MARY CONEFREY
(NEE CANNING, CORNAGHER)

OLD SCHOOLS

BY BERNARD CANNING, CORNAGHER, FOXFIELD P.O.

About 90 years ago there was a hedge-school in Ardloher on the farm which Patrick McKeon now owns. The farm belonged to Master Canning at the time that the school was there. Master Canning was a trained teacher and he taught English, Arithmetic, Geography and History.

On account of him being a good teacher, a school was built for him on his own land in the year 1857.

Each pupil had to pay 1D per week. The 1st book which a pupil used was the Primer. The 2nd book was Ridamideasy. The 3rd book used was 1st Sequel. The 4th book used was 2nd Sequel. The 5th book used was 3rd Sequel. The 6th and last book used by a pupil was The Universal.

No pupil got a copybook until he was eligible for the 3rd Sequel. Before that time he had to write on a slate with a slate pencil. The pupil used goose's quills when writing on their copybooks. They placed their copybooks on their knees when writing in the hedge-school. They had Desks in school that was built.

When Master Canning retired, his successor was Master Peter Healy who taught in Cloone afterwards. When he left Ardloher School Master Patrick McGowan took it in hands. Each of the 3 teachers was living in the Parish of Cloone. The School went down in the year 1887 because most of the pupils went to Adoon School. The ruins of it are still to be seen. They are quite near Hugh Prior's house.

Old Schools

Burnard Banning

bornagher Foxfield Po

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DID YOU KNOW?

by Mary Conefrey

THAT -

In October 1885, Mr. Patrick Murphy, who was a Monitor in Adoon National School, received the results of an examination he sat the previous July. He had been placed in first division of Third Class. His Teacher at Adoon School had been Mr. Francis Kelly, and due to Patrick's success, Mr. Kelly obtained the usual gratuity from the Commissioners of National Education. On the recommendation of his Inspector, J.M.K. Warner, Esq., Patrick Murphy had been appointed to the Principalship of Bawnboy Male National School. The Teachers and Pupils of Adoon National School regretted Patrick's departure from amongst them and wished him every success in his new sphere of duty.

THAT -

In June 1902, an election of County Councillors took place. The polling booths opened at ten o'clock in the morning and were kept open until eight that night. All the arrangements for the poll, which were as perfect as possible, were carried out under the supervision of Mr. Charles Dolan, County Returning Officer and Mr. Edward Geelan, Deputy Returning Officer. Owing to there being a County and District contest in the Mohill Electoral Division, there were two polling booths in the Mohill Courthouse, elsewhere there was one polling booth. There was a polling booth in Adoon National School, which was one of the polling stations for the Riverstown County Division. Mr. M. Wrenn, R.O. was Presiding Officer, with Mr. Francis Kelly, N.T., as poll clerk.

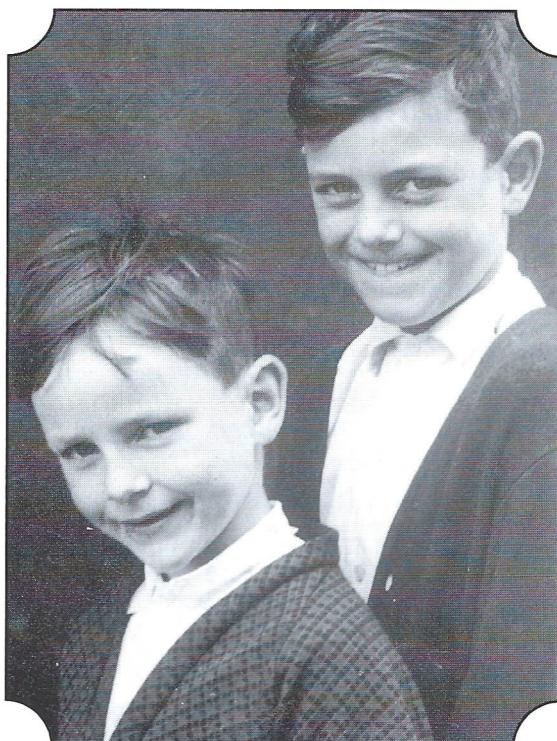
THAT -

In February 1904, a mark of distinction was conferred on Mr. F. Kelly, Principal Teacher of Adoon National School. He had been awarded the increment due to teachers of the first grade, an increase in annual salary of £20. The award had been made on the special recommendation of Head Inspector Craig, and was solely due to the high standard of efficiency maintained in Adoon School by its competent Principal. Mrs. Ellen Kelly, the assistant, who shared with her husband all the honour attached to the award, had also obtained the much-coveted merit. Mrs. Kelly was daughter of the late Mr. P. Gallagher, National Teacher, Drumkeeran.

(The above articles appeared in "The Leitrim Advertiser" and "The Leitrim Observer" Newspapers, Mary Conefrey acknowledges the research facilities available to her at Leitrim County Library, Ballinamore.)



Mary Canning, aged 6
Pupil at school from 1966 to 1971



Left to right: Sean and Michael Logan

MEMORIES OF ADOON

CATHAL FLYNN

I have great memories of Old Adoon School, as I started there when I was just four years old together with my older sister, Brigid and my younger sister Eilish followed on two years later (she later became a teacher in Adoon N.S)

My father Charlie Flynn was the principal teacher assisted by Mrs. Madge Mulligan and I attended there up until the time I left to go to Franciscan College, Multyfarnham to commence my secondary education.

My lasting memories are of the red curtain separating the juniors from the seniors with the turf fire straddling both sections. Turf was supplied by the children and some by the parish priest of Cloone, Fr. Clancy, who commanded great respect as well.

In my class, Packie Joe McHugh and myself had many a scrap but nobody got killed. We played in the small yard and on the road as well at lunchtime. We all walked to school- we came up from Gorvagh, past Wrynnns, Bardens, Dwyers, Thomas's, Murrays, McManus' and Keenans (at least two miles), but nobody noticed the distance then.

Every year, my father organised the children (boys) to draw home our turf from Gorvagh bog. There would be eight to ten asses and carts and plenty of helpers as well. It was like the days of the Romans and chariots with lads passing each other out to see who did the most runs! Great fun indeed!

My father was a great beekeeper and we always had sections of honey ready for the boys when the job was done. Jim Murray got a special section for himself every year, he was a great character.

In the summertime we went barefoot to school as that was the custom then and many a sore foot resulted, but again it was not considered serious. A stone bruise was a regular injury.

Confirmation was another big moment, certain big fellas were kept away, when the priest examined us before the event, as my father was not going to be embarrassed. However they did get confirmed eventually.

We had great respect for Mrs. Mulligan, as we were all afraid of her and her singing classes were devoutly to be missed if possible!

My childhood was enjoyable thanks mainly to Adoon N.S, among other things and for that I am delighted for this re-union to take place. Of course I have a vested interest thanks to dad and Eilish!



*Cathal Flynn
- Past pupil of Adoon N.S.
and former Leitrim footballer*

THE ROAD THAT LED FROM ADOON SCHOOL

BY PETER 'GILL' REYNOLDS



Peter 'Gill' Reynolds

As I gaze over the Hudson River overlooking the wondrous city of New York, I ponder to recall boyhood days in Adoon School and the surrounding areas. My dislike for school was ever present. I was never alone in this dislike as most of my classmates felt the same way. The school was very small with a coal fire to keep us warm. One of us was assigned to keep the fire alive each school day. Master Charlie Flynn was our teacher back in those days. He was a very impressive figure that rode his bike to the school every day, regardless of the weather.

We each sat in desks inside the school. Each day we would rush to get inside the school to get a desk with a good location. We would all try to avoid the side desk on the left because it was directly within view of the teacher. The middle desk was excellent. We would often use this middle desk to hide and play tricks when the teacher wasn't looking or preoccupied with another student. The back desk was the best of all. We would push and shuffle each other each day to sit there.

Another memory that sticks out at me is roll call. Each student had their name printed on the black board along with the total number of students that were present that day. However, attendance would drop significantly on days that the dentist would visit. Mrs. Mulligan taught in the other room. She showed a special interest in any person who was gifted with a good singing voice. Looking back, most of us needed more than a song or a gift to help us get through what lay ahead, and for many of us this future would include immigrating to a foreign land.

I remember while I was a pupil at Adoon school seeing Tom Heernan and Dan Reynolds work from dawn to dusk. Even though they have since passed on, I often remember the patience that these two men frequently showed to us because we broke their gates and fences many times during our frequent games of 'hounds and hares'. In this game, the hares would hide in the fields, the hounds would then go looking for the hares while howling like wolves. The object of the game was to throw sticks at the hares as they rose. However, if any lads had grudges against each other, the sticks would be thrown in a very sensitive place which would usually result in a fight. The hounds would back up the hounds and the hares would back up the hares and a free for all would take place. It was fun, but the end result was going home with bruises and welts all over various parts of your body. The winning side never complained of their discomfort because winning was much more important than pain.

We all later left Adoon school with a great feeling of pride and accomplishment. At this point, I was too young to immigrate. There were no secondary or technical schools in the locality or far afield. We had two choices: immigrate or farm. One day while shopping at Murphy's, Sean Murphy asked me if I would like to help out around the store. Murphy's Shop was my first experience with real work. For me, farming was over. I met many wonderful ladies who shopped at Murphy's. They all lived and worked on farms and they would sometimes discuss with me how difficult that this life was. Eggs were exchanged for groceries. At times some of these eggs were broken, but I felt compelled to overlook this many times. I had many responsibilities at the store. Mrs. Murphy was a strict disciplinarian. I can honestly say that I feared her when I was a young man. I had been a Gorvagh resident since my family had moved from Adoon.

I made many trips to the post office in Gorvagh in those days. The post-mistress there was my godmother, Madge Dwyer Wrynn, who is still alive and well. She was a very special person during my younger years. I still often speak with her today from my home in New York.

At Murphy's I finally had my own salary. I would go to the usual dance halls which included Fenaghville, Gorvagh Hall, and other places. And guess what? I even had a car at times. All of my friends would crowd into the car and if we ran out of room we would sometimes stow a passenger in the trunk. On one occasion, we forgot to open the trunk and left Tommy Fisher (R.I.P.) locked in their until our return.

At the end of my adolescence, I decided it was time for me to move on. With the excess of young people available to work at this time, Murphy's had little problem replacing me. Many people were immigrating to England, including many of my friends. I decided to make the big move abroad to England. It was sad saying goodbye to all of the customers that had become family to me during the time that I had worked in Murphy's. The store now has been closed for many years. The move to England was exciting to me but the future was unclear for me at this point and I did not know what lay ahead. On arrival there, I had good contacts and quickly got work with a car company in Coventry. Coventry was like being at home because the city was filled with Irish people.

I worked in Coventry for two years but the allure of America persuaded me to move again. America was an entirely different culture. I had contacts in New York and worked for short periods on different jobs waiting for the big one. My ship finally came in when I was hired by Con Edison. I served the company well for over twenty-five years. It was the best experience of my life. Their advanced technology and demands kept us moving ahead constantly. We were there for the blackout in New York City in the late 1970's to appease the fears of the people. We were heros the night that we got the electricity running again.

Con Edison afforded me the opportunity of retiring at a young age. I took this opportunity to explore the areas of the world that I have not seen through travel. I now spend my summers in New York and my winters basking in the sun in Miami and Key West in Florida near the crystal clear waters of the Gulf of Mexico. My thoughts take me back frequently to Adoon school where everything began. Now I take kindly the counsel of the years, gracefully surrendering the experience of youth. Above all, my thanks and gratitude to all of the terrific people who have planned this reunion for all of us Adooners to celebrate and relive our memories of bygone days.

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MY FOOTBALL DAYS IN ADOON N.S.

PADDY FLYNN

Our football was played at lunchtime and the school breaks. We played on the road outside the school, running all the way as far as John Dan's Cross. We played on the fields as well, especially when J.D. wasn't around. He wasn't too bad at all in that way, especially when you think back how we might be trampling grass and unsettling cattle, and all he did was threaten us from time to time, that was all.

Two captains picked the teams. Whoever won the toss got to pick the best man. That was very important. When it came to the last pick you often got two for the price of one, which was hard on the poor footballers, though they were glad to get a game at all. There were no referees and little or no traffic - the odd horse and cart, and now and again a donkey. When a cart was passing it was a great chance for a fellow to get a good run with the ball using the cart as a barrier or screen against the other team trying to get the ball. The only car we'd see was Father Clansy's baby Ford. The football scores were carried over from one game to the next and at the end of the day of the week the winners were known.

Once we arranged a game against Cloone School. That was a very big occasion. We played in Paddy Bohan's field. We all arrived walking, no gear for playing football - no togs, no jerseys, no football boots, no referee. I can't remember how the whole thing ended, except we finished up disputing the score, both schools claiming that they had won. The only shower we got after the game was straight from the sky.

We used two stones for goals, and people would be all the time moving the stones - narrowing and widening the goals to suit. The roads weren't tarred and were covered with scattered stones and full of potholes and they were dusty in dry weather. That was where we played, all along the road to the school to John Dan's, and sometimes taking to the hedges and fields as well, everybody doing their best to get a little advantage for

themselves.

In the school all sorts of little jobs were coveted, like going to the well for water, sprinkling the floor (which was an art in itself, as you could sprinkly some of the scholars sitting in the desks as well as the floor), filling the inkwells, lighting the fire, sweeping the floor, taking out the ashes. Mrs. Mulligan had a jack-in-the-box, a little toy sitting up on the shelf.

A little man used to jump out of the box. A certain boy, one evening waited for the jack to come up and hit him down again with a hammer or a stone. He never came up again. Mrs. Mulligan accused everyone in the room but the man who did it, who looked pure innocent. You wouldn't think butter would melt in his mouth. There were 110 of us crowded in the school, all crammed together. At Christmas there was always a big party. Loaf bread we'd get, butter and red jam and any amount of tea. These were great treats. The shop loaf with butter and jam was pure heaven.

I suppose it seems very little looking back on it now when there is such a plenty of everything but we were happy in our way. We didn't know what we were without and we were young and made our own fun and happiness. I will always cherish those days and games, simple as they were, and they have been with me all my life.



Paddy Flynn of Selton cutting hay with one horse power

MY WONDERFUL DAYS AT SCHOOL

In 1932, the year of the Eucharistic Congress, and my first days in school. Bridie Flynn and her sister Maggie took me on my first outing there. They were fast walkers and my mother's fears were that I would not be able for the pace - at least 3 miles over the fields and nearer to four if I had to walk around the road. But I survived and soon became a very good walker myself. The Flynn household was my magical visiting house and Mrs. Flynn - Kate to me, the only older married person I was allowed to call by Christian name - with Thomas her husband, listened to all my imaginary talk and play.

The walk to Adoon school took us past my Grand-Uncle Pat's house where I spent many wonderful days playing by the river which was called the Millrace, where a corn mill stood in the old days. I loved to listen to Uncle Pat tell all the wonderful stories of the Mill. Then on past the foot of Graphee Hill, where we were told that four people were buried there, who had died from what was locally named 'The Black Fever' of the Famine period. Once evening time came round it was a scary place for small children. Then on past John Canning's, Sonny Gannon's, John McLoughlin's, Mrs. Maguire's and later John McInteer's. John and Mrs. McLoughlin kept a big batch of turkeys and what we knew to be a wicked turkey cock. This kept us very quiet when we were going by the house. Packie McGarty had a wicked looking dog called 'Ted', but nevertheless the dog didn't stop us from sampling a few apples from the two big trees of very heavily laden sour apples. Close to here was a big pond or quarry which was a marvellous sliding venue in the black frosts of several weeks as I remember it. On to the McCaffrey home which was the last house en route. The only home funeral I ever saw was held there on the street with the 'Offerings' placed on a little table covered by a white cloth, and the priest, still robed in his vestments after offering Mass. All those wonderful people may they rest in peace!

On through McCaffrey's fields, which grew a lot of wild Irises, I thought they were beautiful. Now I know the farmer might not care much for them. We then had a difficult ditch to negotiate on to John 'Dan' Reynolds' land. Finally we arrived at the lane beside James McManus' home and his very tempting orchard, which was within three hundred yards of the school.



Chrissie and Paddy Tiernan bringing home the hay!

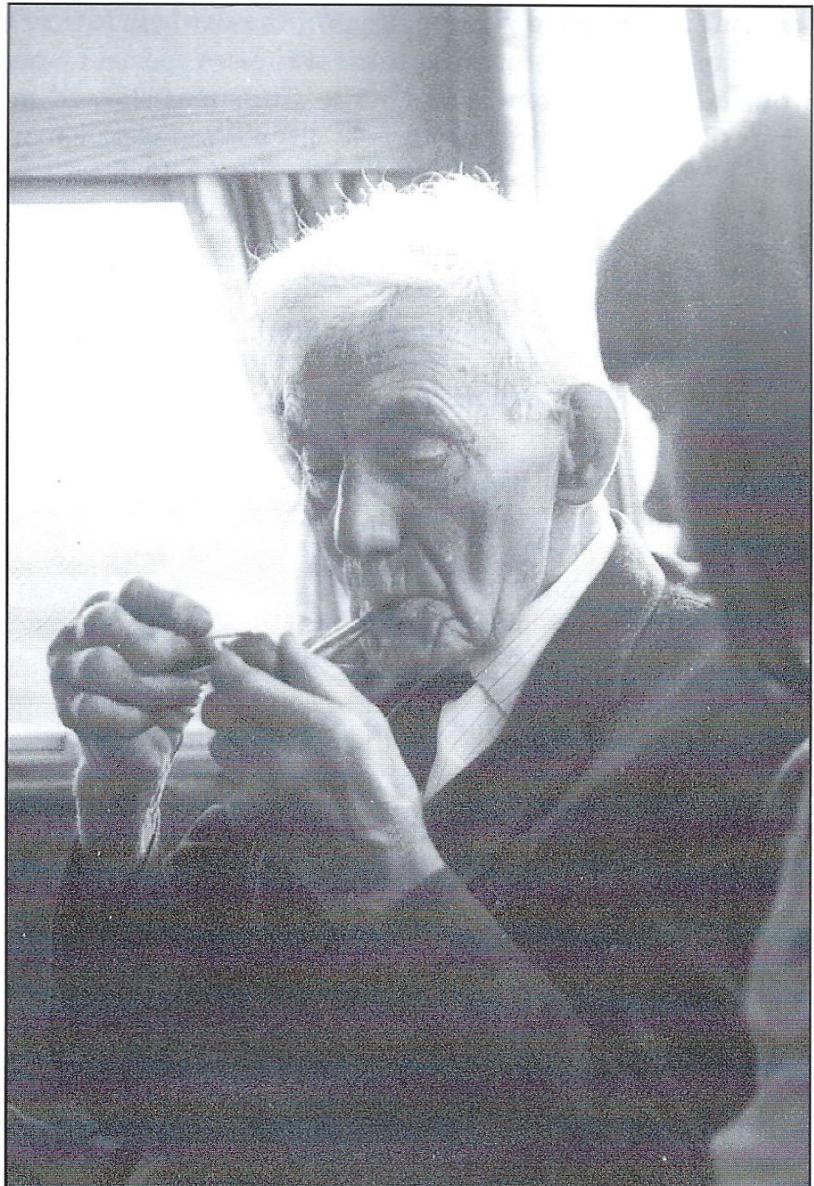
Roll call took place every morning at 9.30a.m. and was always in Irish and *always* called by Master Flynn who never appeared to be absent except maybe the day after the All Ireland Final. I knew him as a wonderful teacher who prepared us in no small measure for the tough world that lay ahead of us.

Mrs. Mulligan likewise who to my mind was a wonderful caring teacher. I remember her standing in a very large class of Junior and Senior Infants with First and Second class filling the desks and being kept very busy,

writing headlines or preparing the

next reading lesson or doing sums from the blackboard. Slates with chalk were used then. I can still remember the end of the Slate and Chalk era, when parents were very annoyed at having to buy jotters. The sleeve of your sweater or for the boys the 'big spit' had come to an end - hygiene being the culprit.

Irish was a very strong subject with both our teachers. Mrs. Mulligan had those charts on the wall, one big one that hung on the wall close to the big desk where the rolls were called. The pictures were all in beautiful colours - the birds, the nests, the hens and chicks, the ducks, the geese, the cows and calves, horses and many others all written in Irish. When she was hard pressed she took a senior to teach the others and I can tell you that was some honour. I recall one day being sent to the Porch thinking deep down to myself about being the teacher for one half-hour and Paddy Bohan do I remember you giving me a hard time!! The bucket of water that always stood there for whatever reason, presumably fire, was a source of great fun.



Granda Tiernan and Susan Moore - Summer 1972

Summer time was wonderful then; most children went about in bare feet. It might appear in this 'Tiger' world of ours that this was because we did not have shoes. It was mostly the sheer delight of getting your feet free on the soft earth. I know stones had the unhappy knack of coming in contact with your toes and heels but if left most of us with good firm feet. At lunchtime

Mrs. Mulligan ordered "hats on for all the infants and all under the trees" when the weather was very hot. There were two areas of tall green spruce trees, otherwise known as 'the dales' in each yard. June produced the wild strawberries. Dan's lane always had a heavy crop and there were many other great places. Harvest saw the apples, blackberries, sloes and the bill berries - these were tiny purple berries that grew on a one foot high shrub. These were to be found on Mick Murray's Hill - Cooteswoods that made you walk the long route home.

Winter, despite the cold and the rain - which I honestly don't remember, but I do remember the frost - the slides were of utmost importance to us children. I remember the "Irish Press" van being unable to cross Murray's Hill near to the school. On one particular day all of us girls went out of bounds to slide, lunchtime was forgotten. We heard the Master call, and seeing him outside the school sharpening his cane on his trouser leg. I'll leave you, the reader, to guess the rest!!

So much for the seasons, I must not leave out Father Conefrey. He was our treasure when he arrived on the horse and trap, with Murtagh Curran, a gramophone and a box of sweets. Music,

dancing and singing was the order of the day. He saw to it that all of us could learn the Jig, Reel and Hornpipe. For him Christmas was extra special. Good school attendance was encouraged. If your attendance from September to Christmas showed no absence or not more than three days, first, second and third prizes were given. You were encouraged to make something of use in the home or for yourself and this competition was taken very seriously culminating in the 'Hut' in Cloone as the hall was known with a big Christmas tree and party. I remember my brothers John and Pat spending a long time making a little schiveen each, the implement with which we planted potatoes. They were met by Thomas Keegan who was very jolly and with a big laugh he shouted "*The Baul Schiveens*". While mentioning Christmas I must not forget Mrs. Mulligan and her Christmas party with little toys for all. I remember getting a beautiful doll, I think it was for good attendance. Lizzie Bohan got the comrade doll, one had black hair and one fair. Lizzie was given the black haired one - her own hair colour, likewise, I got the fair-haired one because of my own fair hair. Did we ever think how small her salary was; yet she found some money to buy us toys?

Now I must go back to Master Charlie. Arriving into his charge as we did when we were in third class was a great jolt to our systems. Everything was much more difficult and much more was expected from you but there was a bonus - sitting nearer to the big coal fire in the winter. I must add that on very cold days we were allowed to go in relays to the fire. If any child was feeling poorly they were sent to the fire and of course our bottles of milk, if we so wished, were left standing by the fire. I remember seeing the milk bubble up the neck of the bottle because of the heat. Fourth class was a little harder; an extension of third as we all sat together. Writing was very important, the beautiful headline writing seeking perfection. Reading, history, geography and arithmetic were part of the syllabus. Poetry featured high up on the syllabus, poems such as "*An Dhroimeann don Dilis*", "*Cill Aodain*" and later on "*An Gleann in ár Togadh Mé*", "*The Wreck of the Hesperes*" and "*The Blacksmith of Limerick*". All of these were well learned and delivered with great feeling.

I can still remember the books we used in third and fourth class - "*The Kincora Readers*" with all the lovely stories like "*The Pied Piper of Hamlin*" not forgetting "*Mo Asál Beag Dubh*". "*A Lad of the O'Friels*" stands out in my mind and endeared me to Donegal forever with its great characters of *Dinny O'Friel* and *Master Whoriskey*.

With Mrs. Mulligan knitting and sewing were a speciality. Her lovely sewing book which was hand made by her from brown paper, the cardboard you found at home and she put all together, starting with the simple hem stitch and ending with a little gathered apron. Singing was a reprieve from the routine work. I remember when she got the new 'tuning fork' and being asked to take the high notes which sorted out a lot of us. She taught many songs like "*O Ro Sé do Bheadh Abhaile*", "*Fainne Geal an Lae*" to "*Kelly the Boy from Killane*".

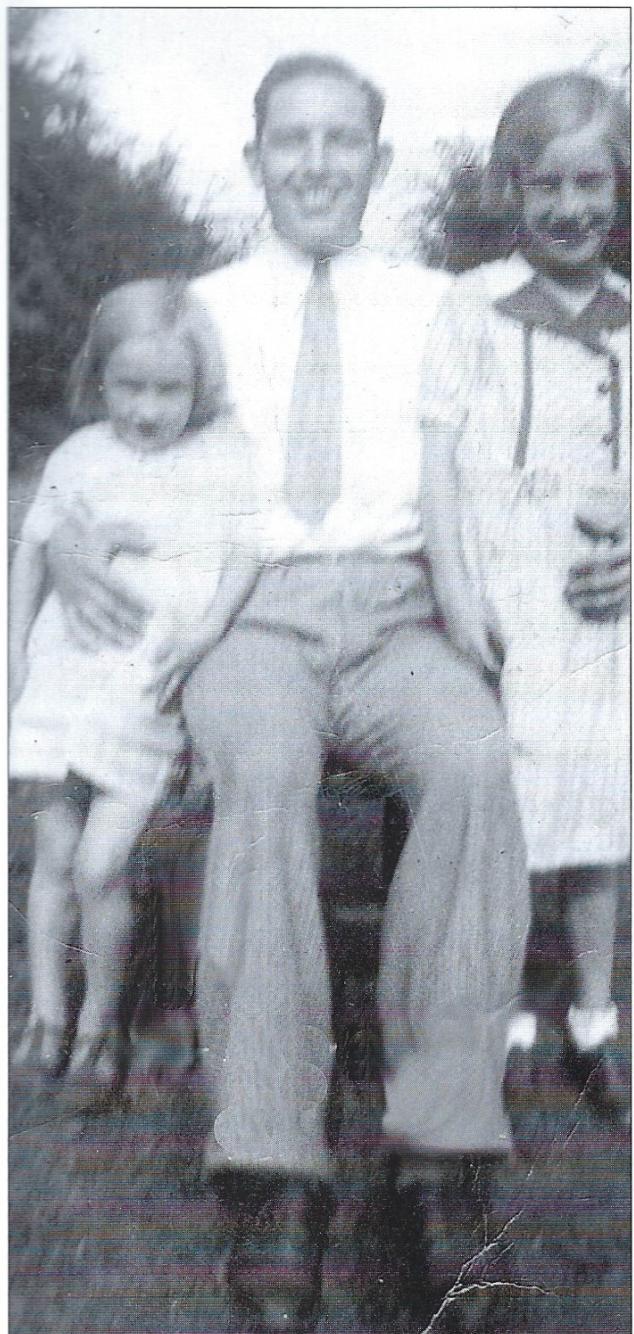
While mentioning her songs, I remember her delightful little poems like "*Little Boy Blue*", "*All in the April Evening*", "*Up the Airy Mountain, down the Rushy Glen*" and "*All Things Bright and Beautiful*".

Christian Doctrine was taught to us by both teachers in a way one could not forget. Mrs. Mulligan prepared us for Holy Communion with our prayers in English and Irish, and the 'short' Catechism questions were learned 'off-by-heart'. A big day took place in St. Mary's Church, Cloone, with all schools in the parish together for Mass and Holy Communion.

Confirmation class was prepared by Master Flynn, with more advanced prayers and the 'long' Catechism and lovely bible stories being well and truly learned. Another big event took place in St. Mary's Church, Cloone, with the Bishop - Dr. McNamee.

Finally, each year the Christian Doctrine exam was held. Each class gathered around the big table with (in my time) Father Brendan Hynes, whereas in fourth, fifth and sixth class a pupil could win the Class Certificate.

The much-feared day of the year was the visit of the Inspector, Mr. O'Connell, in his bright Donegal tweed suit. Everyone was sure to be on their best behaviour including the teachers.



Chrissie and May Tiernan, pictured at the sides of Jim Flynn, Coinagher.

because of his tricks. Berney Canning highly regarded because of his magic with maths, Philip Gannon, my classmate, waiting to check his home exercise. To be fair to all, each and every one brought their own brand of entertainment to that long walk.

We must not forget the musician of the area - Packie McGarty with the fiddle and the flute, which as well as entertaining, he taught many young people to play.

Murphy's Shop, Gorvagh, on a Sunday morning was always 'full to the door'. The 'give me' boys observed by the Master from the back of the shop, were reminded of the folly of their ways on Mondays in school. Tom Reynolds 'Gill' was a great character, though I doubt if any of us recognised it then, always with a fast answer to "I'll put a bee in your ear" "Ah! Don't, he might sting me" would be the reply. A budding poet into the bargain like the following lines he wrote on his father:

*Tommy Gill he wears a blue shirt
He is known well and tall
He didn't like the beef he got
On Hughie Logan's stall
Now the scratching time is over
And the 'flays' are on the hill
They'd rather perish on the ground
Than light on Tommy Gill.*

Finally, a wonderful memory is here to be shared when we think of the days we trod this road together from Graphee Hill to Dan's lane. There were the Cornulla Tiernans, Jeannie, Frank Joe and Paddy, the Gaffney's - Ellie Rose, Peter and John, Ellie Rose Conway, my two brothers, John and Pat and my sister Chrissie and later Teresa. There were also my cousins Joe, Pat and later Mary, Annie and Josephine, the Cannings - Berney, Margaret and Katie, the Gannons - Pat, Philip, Willie, John and much later Michael and Mary, the McGarty's - Frank, Michael, Eddie, Peter, Molly and later Jim. The last person to join en route was Mary Teresa Rogers.

Frank Joe Tiernan, the life and soul of the party, or indeed the consternation - either was readily available. Many times we had to creep past some house

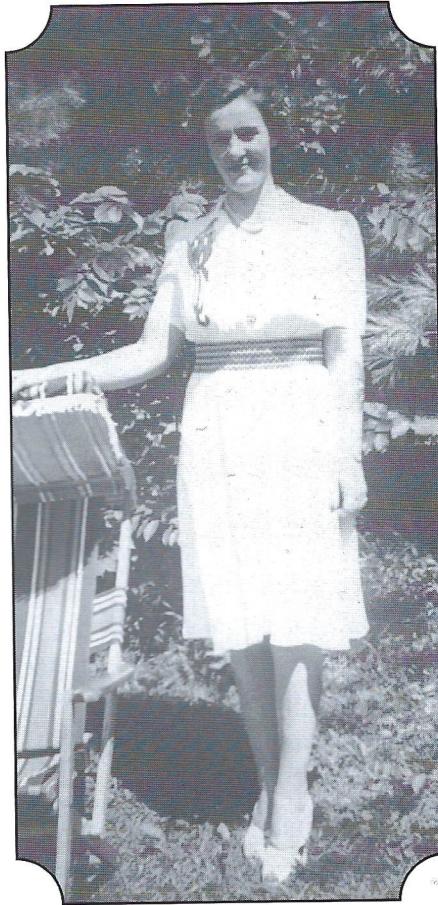
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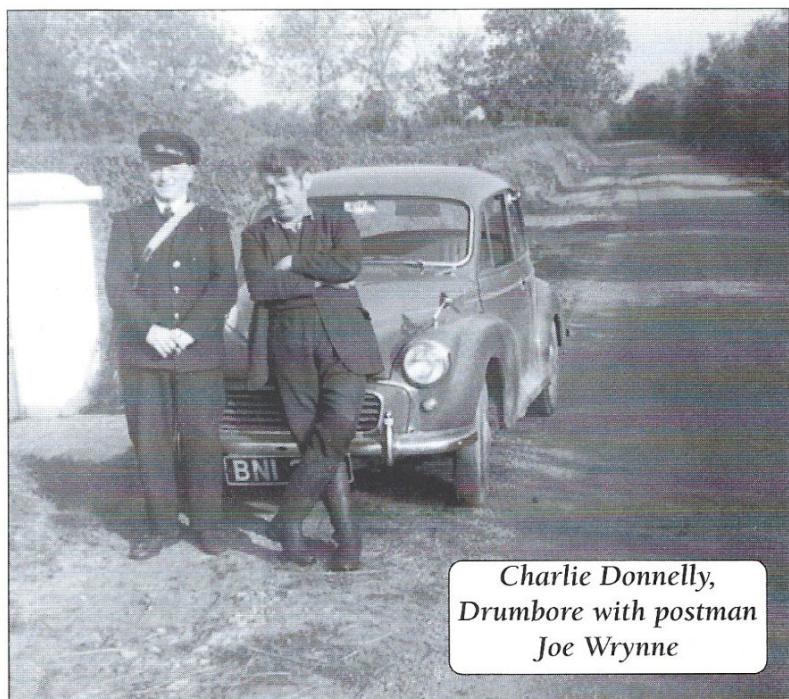
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*Charlie Donnelly,
Drumbore with postman
Joe Wrynn*

ADOON NATIONAL SCHOOL

A few things that I recall going to Adoon N.S. were, firstly, the hard stones walking barefoot on going down the Drumgowla road with no shoes on, trying to walk on the grass margin, and it was four miles to walk.

My next memory was our postman Joe Wrynn, R.I.P. would always give us a lift when he would have post on that route, and it was very special to sit in a car, as they were far and few. We would bring bottles of tea and soda bread for the lunch, the tea would be warmed beside the fire, and the lovely smell of tea when bubbling in the bottle - sometimes the bottle would crack with the heat of the fire. To have a fire in the winter months every parent would have to bring some turf or money. A donkey and cart would transport the turf to the school.

Mrs. Moran and Mrs. McTeigue were the two teachers that stand out in my mind, and who I got on very well with. In Mrs. Moran's class, which was up to second class - when she would have to go out someplace, she would put me in charge and I enjoyed looking after the younger ones.

When I came into Mrs. McTeigues

class it was a lot harder, and I got a few slaps of the ruler from time to time.

I will conclude with always remembering my best friend, Bella Fox (Wrynn), we skipped around the yard and played always together. During them School-days we thought we would never part - but we still meet from time to time and talk back on our good old days in Adoon.

BY MARY M`CDERMOTT - HARTE



*Clockwise from back: Mary Harte, Eileen Harte,
Brigie Harte, Sean Harte*



Sisters Ellie Dillon and Mary Ann Harte (RIP) ne Reynolds. Summer 1968

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE

*The years have passed - and all too soon
Since we attended Adoon school.*

*The old schoolhouse with just one room
Standing still and silent in the gloom
Provided inspiration, education, fun
But now, alas, its race is run.*

*We, who trudged there day by day
Through field and lane and stony plain,
Look back and dream - perhaps to mourn
A bygone age, where friends were made -
Each face recalls some youthful escapade.*

*Those teachers true- they did their best,
To give their pupils added zest
To prepare for life - at home or abroad.
Some now have gone to their Eternal Reward.
They toiled each day with chalk on board
Enduring cold and damp, to teach the word.*

*One large turf fire provided heat
As pupils filled each narrow seat.
Those long hard desks, with inkwells crude
Held just half the education-seeking brood.
Others sat on forms or stood, indeed,
As teachers taught them how to read.
Sums were done on slates of blue
Fractions, decimals, long-division too.*

*At lunchtime they played upon the road
Or in the playground, bumpy.
They stubbed their toes, they scratched their knees
And climbed through hedges, thorny.
Yet still they came and went too soon
The children of the parish of Cloone.*

*As we regard the old schoolhouse
Now bleak and grey and empty.
We see in dreams our comrades dear -
Our friends of years gone by.
We hear the laughter, we hear the shouts
Of children at their play.
The past is gone but thoughts will stay
With us, forever and a day.*

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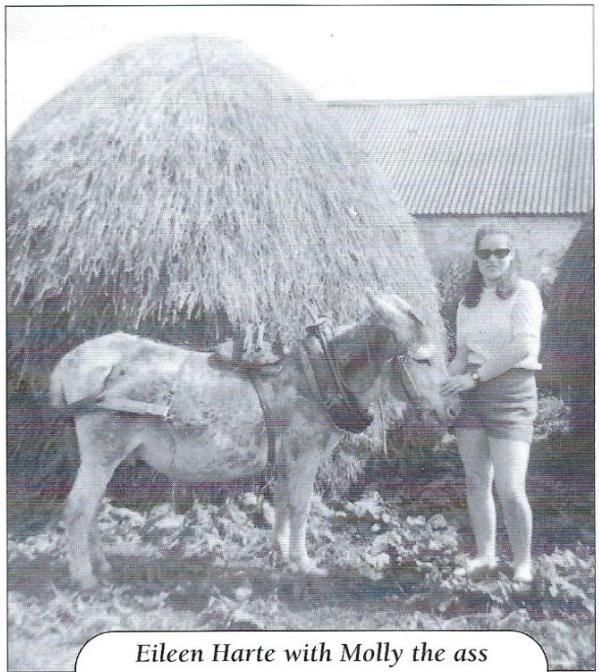
*Music on Sunday Night
by Country One!!!*



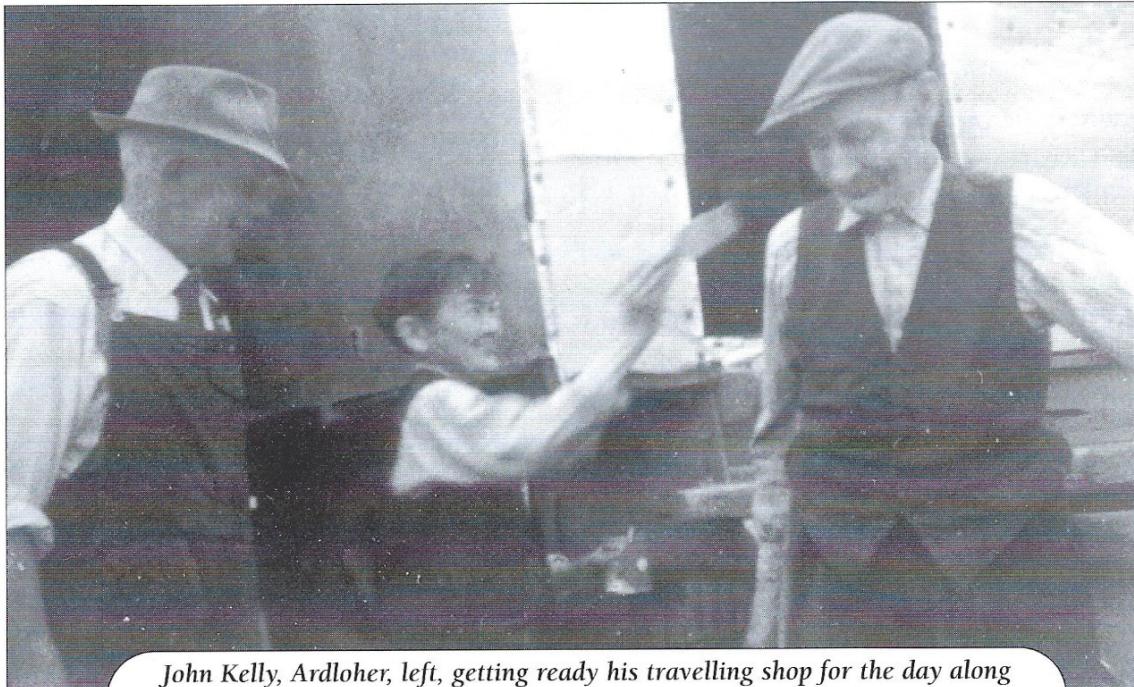
LOCAL HEROES



*Kate Reynolds and Seamus Reynolds,
Adoon at the Mohill Show*



*Eileen Harte with Molly the ass
after a hard day's work*



*John Kelly, Ardloher, left, getting ready his travelling shop for the day along
with Mattie Connefry, Drumwanore, painter and John Kennedy, neighbour,
Cornagher formerly Stracarne, Gorvagh. [1962]*

GORVAGH G.A.A.

Gorvagh Brian Boru's made their debut in 1889, they took part in a tournament in Fenagh on 16.11.1889 beating Mohill by 0.1 to 0.0 but lost to Fenagh in the semi-final by 0.4 to 0.1. Gorvagh took part in the championship of 1890 and 1891 but the G.A.A. went into decline until 1904.

In 1904 Brian Borus were reformed and their first game was against Eslin Sarsfields in Gorvagh. They competed in the 1904 and 1905 championship with little success.

In 1907 Gorvagh had wins over Cloone, Ballinamore and a walk over from Bornacoola in the delayed 1906 championships. The final against Fenagh took place in Ballinamore on 29.3.1908. In a tough game Gorvagh were leading by 0.4 to 0.3 when a melee developed after 40 minutes. After Gorvagh left the field the referee awarded the game to Fenagh. Among the Gorvagh players that day were Willie McGuinness, Berney Wrynn, Artie Shaw, Tom and Matt Wrynn, James and Charlie Flynn whose brother John was Fenagh's star. After the debacle of 1908 Gorvagh went into decline when Charlie Flynn went to training college in Dublin where he played club football with Erins Hope and Keatings and with the Dublin senior team from 1911 to 1913.

In 1917 a new club called SHAMROCKS emerged with players from Gorvagh and Cornagun. Shamrocks were unbeaten in the 1917 junior championship beating Kiltyhugh in the final on 10.3.1918. This team which sadly only lasted for one year was one of the best ever in Leitrim with top class players in Jack and Mike Bohan, Frank Cassells, Frank and Sonny Murphy, Pee Guckian, John Murphy, Perk, Tom, Pat, Danny and Michael Heenan.

In 1923 the Gorvagh club was reformed. 1924 to 1927 were the glory years of Gorvagh football winning 4 county titles in a row a feat, which is unequalled since then.

Among the great players on the team were six Murphy cousins John Curran, Pee Guckian, Paddy Boyle, Mick Casserley, Mick Bohan, Packy Flynn, The 'Gunner' Reynolds, Berney O'Neill, Jack Bohan, James Reynolds and Pee Murray.

Gorvagh beat Fenagh in the 1924/25/26 finals and Annaduff in the 1927 final. Gorvagh lost to Annaduff in the 1928 final by a single point, the absence of Jack Bohan that day because his brother was seriously ill in Dublin cost Gorvagh a fifth title in a row. Mick Casserly, Berney O'Neill, Jack Bohan and Pee Murray starred in Leitrim's Connaught championship win of 1927. 1931 saw the break up of that great Gorvagh team.

On 24.8.1935 Ballinamore beat Gorvagh by 2.2 to 1.2 in the Leitrim minor final. Gorvagh won the 1937 south Leitrim Junior title but they lost to Glenfarne in the county final.

Funshinagh fielded a junior team between 1938 and 1944. They played their home games in Breandrum King, among their players were; Matty Bohan, Peter Harkin, Tommy Beirne, Paddy Wrynn, Johnny and Willie Grier, Michael and Stephen Flynn.

Gorvagh won the 1947 Leitrim Junior League title and the South Leitrim Junior championship but lost again to Glenfaren section in the County final. Caillan Conefrey won a Connaught Junior medal with Leitrim in 1946.

Because of the huge rise in emigration, after the war Gorvagh was unable to field a team after 1949. Joe Wrynn attempted a revival in 1967 with a minor team. July 1968 marked a final appearance of a Gorvagh team losing to Ballinamore in the minor championship. Cathal Flynn was our sporting hero in the 1950's and '60's.

He won minor medals with Fenagh in 1950 and 1951. In 1952 along with his cousin Turlough O'Flynn, Drumdard, Cathal won a Leinster Colleges medal with Franciscan College, Multyfarnham beating St. Mels in the final, in which Cathal had the game of his life scoring 1.7 out of 1.8. Leo Kenny R.I.P. scored the other point. 1952 was a memorable year for Cathal, he captained The Leitrim minor team having turned down the chance to play with Westmeath who won the Leinster Minor title that year. In 1952 Cathal also made his debut for Leitrim seniors against Cavan in the league, carrying on a great family tradition, his father Charley, and his uncles James, Frank and Joe all played senior football for Leitrim. James's grandson Padraig also from Selton is now a regular with Leitrim. Cathal later played club football with Sean McDermott's in Dublin. He was Leitrim's top scorer between 1956 and 1966 with an amazing tally of over 40 goals and 360 points in 90 games over this period. The 1958 Railway Cup was one of the highlights of his career, in the semi-final played in Ballinasloe on 16.2.1958. Cathal and Packy McGarty scored 1.9 out of Connaught's total of 1.11 a feat which was memorable in more ways than one because they were both left behind in Dublin and had to hire a car at the cost of £5 to get to Ballinasloe. In the final on 17.3.1958 Connaught beat

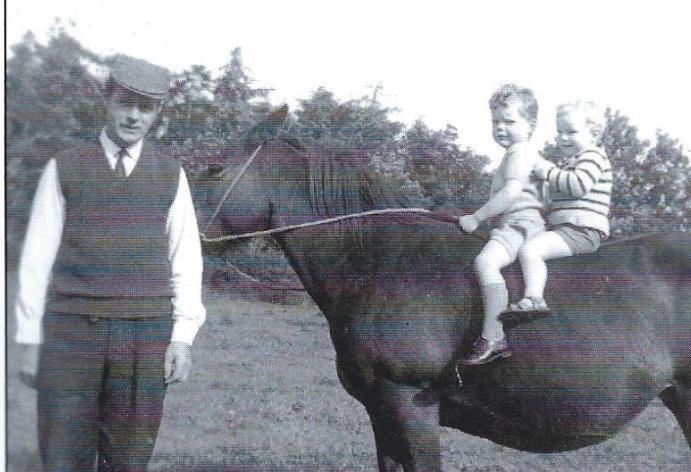
Munster by 2.7 to 0.8

Recently the Leitrim Observer published their Millennium team; and it seems extraordinary to me that Gorvagh natives Jack Bohan, Paddy Murphy, John and Charlie failed to win a place on the team. John Flynn and his brother Charlie were the driving force behind the G.A.A. in Leitrim in the troubled times between 1908 to 1929. For the past 50 years Gorvagh players have found a happy home with the Fenagh Club. On 17.3.2000 Fenagh ably assisted by Padraig, Niall and Brendan Flynn, Sean Logan, Darragh Barden and managed by Don Flynn and Hubie Reynolds all from Gorvagh, won the Leitrim Senior League breaking a senior hooch that lasted since 1932.

BY
CATHAL FLYNN



Charlie Flynn
(N.T.)
- Principal - Adoon
N.S. for over 30
years



P J Heenan, Patrick and Noel on the Horse.
1968

L to R: Jane Harmon Stevens, Conn picturesd with
her cousin Margaret harmon McHugh at the old
school, Sept 1999





PICTURE TAKEN IN

Back Row (L-R): Eamon Hardgaden, Joe Tiernan, Mel Tiernan, Tommy McCaffrey (R.I.P.), Joe Beirne
Fourth Row (L-R): Phil Fitzpatrick, Paddy Beirne, Betty Gannon, Eileen Duignan, Colette Moran, Phyllis
Third Row (L-R): Annie K. Gaffney, Teresa Tiernan, Margaret Harman, Brigid Canning, Elizabeth Branigan
Second Row (L-R): Master Lyons (Teacher), Seamus Reynolds, Maurice Tubman, Anthony Canning
Front Row (L-R): Martin Dowd, Patsy Burke, Mel Reynolds, Gerry Duignan, Tom Bohan, Michael



1956 APPROXIMATELY

Boys: Liam Tubman, George Fitzpatrick.

Girls: Carmel Beirne, Anna Fitzpatrick, Bella Fox.

Boys: Nancy Tiernan, Mary Tiernan, Trudy Tiernan, Margaret Dowd, Mary Harte.

Boys: T.P. Moran, Terry Gannon, Tommy Hargaden, Eamon Tubman, Gabriel Moran, Mary Moran (Teacher).

Girls: Michéal Duignan, Brendan Bohan.

LEAVING THE MARK

BY MATTHEW REYNOLDS

I was a member of a family of six boys and one sister. We lived on a farm at Adoon Lower and our house had the distinction of being the last house in the parish of Cloone. Most of our family attended Adoon school but Margie my sister and myself attended Glostermin school for a brief period of about two years before transferring to Adoon school.

We left home at about 9:00a.m. to be in school for 9:30a.m., to be late would demand an explanation to the Master and if the offence was repeated would warrant a "Wallop" of the sally stick that was always close at hand and was in plentiful supply from the hedge adjoining the school in "John Dans" land.

Where we lived in Adoon Lower there was another family beside us, sons and daughters of Pat Canning from Drumhirk. We had an agreement down the years that if either family had gone before the other to school we would leave a mark at Pat Murphy's gate - two stones on top of each other, and this we never failed to do. Both families got to school by using the G.N.R. (Great Northern Railway) by kind permission of a railway supervisor, a lovely, kindly man Paddy Thomas (R.I.P.). He always warned us that when we heard a train coming we were to hide in the long grass and he would explain that it was illegal to have any civilians on the Railway, but Paddy was such a nice man he could not refuse. We left the railway track a mile further on.

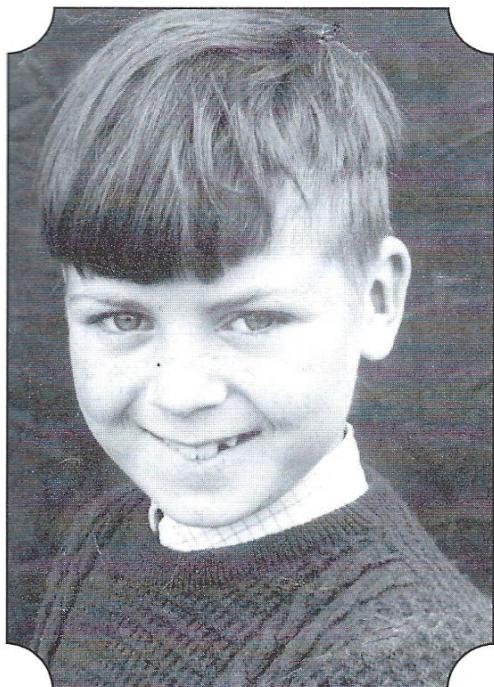
We were now on the Cloone road about a mile away from the school. There were a large number of children from Cornagher: Tiernans, Gannons, Gaffneys, and McGartys and they joined us along the way, they came across the fields and made their exit by "Dans lane". It was said that anybody that lived North of Adoon lake were known as "Arabians" and they always accepted such a remark in good humour.

It was a two-teacher school, Mrs. Mulligan and Charles Flynn (R.I.P.). We had a terrible fear of both of them. At the slightest breach of discipline everybody without exception, got a terrible hiding with that stout sally stick. I never had any ill will against any of the teachers as I supposed we deserved all we got.

The school itself was primitive as were all rural schools of the time. Draughty, cold and damp with only one turf fire to heat the entire building in wintertime. The turf was provided by an ass load from each parent. There were two dry toilets out the back, boys and girls, they were cleaned once a year by a man from Mohill. We knew him by no other name only "Daw". There was no drinking water at the school and the thirst we experienced in summer, I never forgot. Some of us might mention our predicament to the master and an older boy would be dispatched to "Slevins" springwell beside Adoon Lake for a bucket of water and needless to say on return it would not last long.

There was one particular family who stick out in my mind and they were the Doonans from the upper part of the parish. Their mother (R.I.P.) was an expert hand at making oaten bread, better known as "Bonack". It was a beautiful taste and we would exchange half our own lunch for a small taste of the Bonack.

The average attendance was about 50-60 boys and girls, but come wintertime when the potatoes were dug and other activities ceased on the farm, it was all hands back to school. I can remember one winter morning when all were back, the roll totalled 101 children. When I look at that little building today "the old school" I wonder how we were all made fit into it. I remained on in school until I was in 7th high standard and that was as far as you could go there. There was no secondary education then, just the privileged few (and they were few) got away to college, usually St. Mels in Longford.



Gene Murray

I must say that I left Adoon School with a first class standard of education of the time. Thanks to the late Charles Flynn (R.I.P.). Later on I sat an exam in Irish, Maths and English for an Garda Siochana which I had no problem in passing. I remained in the force until my retirement in 1985.

I return once a year to have a look at that old school and try once again to remember all the names of those boy and girls that spent their seven years studying for their future life.

May both Charles Flynn and Mrs. Mulligan enjoy their eternal reward.

MATHEW REYNOLDS



*The last days of Murphy's. June 1984
Michael Murray, Adoon; Molly Canning,
Corgallion; Shaun Murphy*



Terry McCaffrey and his wife Mary, Adoon



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THE DAY ADOON SCHOOL FELL

Early February in 1924, a storm was blowing up, when Pat, my brother and I left for school.

On our way we met, Charles Flynn, Headteacher on his way to school where he taught us pupils.

At the time, he lived in Selton, the home of the Flynnns. We traveled the railway line via Adoon station. When we got there miss sharply had the school opened and the older boys were lighting the fire.

Our day started with the master calling the rolls. A lot of pupils were absent that day. Morning prayers were said and our hard study began.

A lady inspector called to inspect the girls' needlework.

As it was a very cold morning, miss sharply told Chrissie Reynolds and I, the only two infants to go up to the fire, everything was normal but the storm became stronger at twelve midday. The Angelus was said- the master told us move quickly from the fireside, after that the chimney came through the roof.

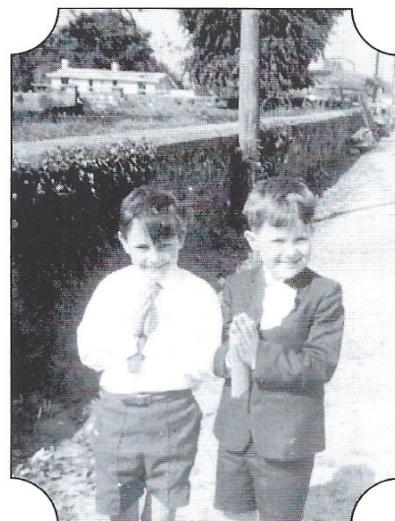
Then there were cries and shouts for help and panic had set in. Chrissie and I took refuge under the masters' desk. As the door could not be opened with the wind blowing, some of the older boys broke the windows and jumped out. Miss Sharply tried to break the window with her hands, but Frank Reynolds

came to the rescue and kicked out the window, who was later to become Father Frank Reynolds R.I.P. The injured were taken out, Michael Murray and his brother Tom and Paddy Reynolds.

They realised two pupils were missing but we were afraid to come out, but when Mick Duignan and P.J. Hargaden had to carry us out we were hysterical. On our way home it was great to see all houses standing and gratefully, our own.

The majority of those people are now deceased.

By one of the survivors MICHAEL LOGAN.



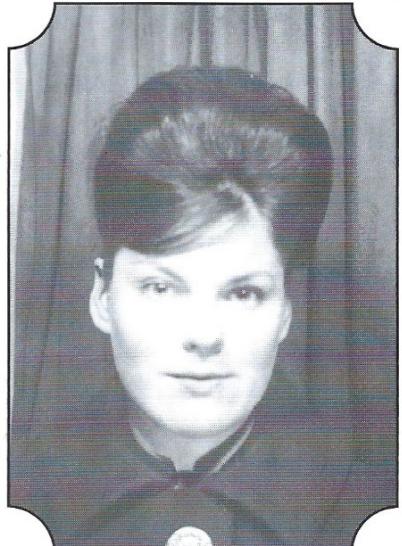
*Sean Logan and Seamus McTeague
on Communion Day.*



Sean McGarty at school [1952]



Sheila Heenan



Lizzy Bohan, Sallyfield

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FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL, COMMUNION & CONFIRMATION

The forward move of the calendar from the sharp, windy days of March and April to the green and flowery days of May 1938 meant that the Easter school holidays had come to an end and that the time had arrived for me to commence my schooling at Adoon national school situated at a distance of about two miles from my home at Curraun. My mother bought me new clothes and with a new satchel strung over my shoulder, with little in it except my jotter, pencil, lunch and bottle of milk, I set off with my sisters Teresa, Lena, Annie Joe who were already well established in the school..

The plaque on the outside wall of the school proclaimed that it was built in A.D. 1877. Having hung my coat in the porch near the turf box I parted the long heavy red curtain dividing the school into two classrooms and took my place with the low infants in a corner of the classroom. The teachers, Mrs. Madge Mulligan and Mr. Charles Flynn made me welcome. Mrs Mulligan would be my teacher and later in the day she invited me to look up at the toys on the shelf in the classroom and to pick whichever one I liked best. I picked out a train engine and she took it down and gave it to me to keep. I was overjoyed and couldn't wait to get home fast enough that evening to show it to mam. A school friend of my sisters Mary Rodgers offered me a big red apple on condition that I gave her something in return. I had a penny in my pocket that I offered her and she gladly took it for the apple.

I progressed through low infants, senior infants and into first class where I learned to write with a steel pen and dip the nib into the inkwell in the desk. Having entered second class the mistress prepared us for first holy communion and a good deal of our time was taken up learning from the "short" catechism. Father Lee from cloone visited the school frequently to examine our progress. On the day prior to the communion, Father Lee came to the school to hear our first confessions. He sat on a chair in the porch between the hanging

coats and the turf box. The children queued along the curtain dividing the classrooms and when their turn came around they went to the porch and knelt on the flagstone floor. I confessed my transgressions and omissions as having been committed twice in each instance and this caused some concern to Father Lee as he wondered aloud if I could count properly.

The following morning Mam dressed me in a new navy blue jacket, short pants, black shoes and an open neck white shirt and sent me off with my pal Christy Bohan - who was also receiving his first holy communion - and his dad in their ass and trap to Cloone church. Afterwards we went to a local pub where Christy and I enjoyed a glass of ginger ale and biscuits.

The Second World War was raging. I listened to the adults talking about the many people being killed, houses burned and towns bombed. I was in the third class and my teacher, Master Flynn bought the Irish Independent every day and read it while standing and resting against his high desk. As we didn't have a wireless at home and we seldom got to buy a newspaper, mam asked my sisters and I to write as many of the newspaper headlines as we could into our jotters so that she could get an idea of what was making the news. The headlines always seemed to be about the war and they gave mam an indication of where the worst fighting was taking place and she would tell us about it.

In March 1944, Master Flynn commenced preparing my class for confirmation in Cloone church in two months time. We had to learn off all the questions and answers to them that are included in the catechism in order to become, as he said strong and perfect Christians. The master told us to bring a shilling in order to buy the "long" catechism and catechism notes. The red covered catechism notes explained the meaning of those questions and answers.

My sister Annie Joe would be confirmed with me and we both learned from the same books and asked each other questions to test our knowledge. The master spent an hour each day with those of us to be confirmed and if we didn't know the correct answers to the questions he would get very cross. We studied the catechism every night by the light of the oil lamp or the firelight. The parish priest at Cloone, Father Clancy, frequently visited us and if we didn't know the answers he would get very annoyed and shout angrily at us.

The master informed us that four boys and four girls would be brought up before the bishop on the altar to answer questions and that I would be one of the boys. At first I was somewhat nervous at the prospect but by the time confirmation came around I felt confident.

Each evening after school for about a month leading up to confirmation day we attended catechism lessons with Father Clancy in Cloone church. To get to Cloone my sister and I crossed our meadows, several drains and Michael Gilhoolys hill before reaching the Drumgowlia road at which point we met up with other classmates. On the way somebody

mentioned going to Maggie Mitchell's shop for sweets and I asked if anyone knew what was in her shop window. One boy said "there is nothing in one window and nothing at all in the other". After the catechism lessons I called to Maggies shop for two-pence worth of sweets and a liquorice pipe if I had the extra half-penny for it. If I had three pence I might buy a bottle of Brillintine hair oil and then hurry for home by the same route before darkness fell.

On the evening prior to the confirmation, mam spent some time ironing my shirt and Annie Joes outfit. The iron had a hatch on the back which could be opened to allow a hot fire brick to be placed inside. This heated the metal sufficiently to iron the clothes smooth. While the ironing was in progress a second brick sat in the fire to replace the first one when it became cool. On confirmation day mam brought Annie Joe, Lena, my younger brother Leo and I to Cloone church in our horse and trap. The soft cushions, leather upholstery and rubber shod wheels made the trap a very comfortable means of transport on the rough road. I wore a new blue serge suit and Annie Joe wore a new white dress and veil. We each had a new prayer book and a set of rosary beads. It was a great day in our lives.



*Members of the Higgins family, Curraun, who attended Adoon National School:
(L-R): Teresa (Sister Frances Loreto - Irish Sisters of Charity); Lena (Canning);
Gerald; Patricia (Guckian) and Annie Josephine (Robinson)*

The four boys and four girls were brought up to the altar where they stood in front of the bishop. I was one of the boys. The bishop talked to us and asked us questions about committing sin and about what is in the long catechism. My replies were satisfactory until he asked me what kind of things could be stolen from another person. I pondered this for a while before replying "his stuff". This drew a big laugh from the congregation. When confirmation was over Master Flynn gave us all money and told us that we did very well and that we looked lovely. We were all delighted to hear this and more so to get the money.

Mam brought us to Sonnie Pope's pub near the church for minerals and biscuits. She took something stronger herself. We met up with a lot of other people in the pub and had great fun. One fellow in the pub told us that there are two popes, the pope in Rome, Pius xii, and the pope of cloone, Sonnie pope.

When the party was over we returned home in the horse and trap. Later that evening I tackled up the ass and trap and Annie Joe and I headed for Mohill to have our photograph taken by Tommy McTaggart. His studio was very dark and he put us standing in front of the camera that was supported on a tripod in the middle of the room. He went behind the

camera, pulled a dark cloth down over his head and took our photograph. We then went to Rossie Crossans shop where we bought sweets, biscuits and ice cream with money we had received for our confirmation. On returning home we shared the goodies with mam and our brothers and sisters. We had a wonderful day and were exhausted by the time we got to bed.



*Superintendent Gerald P. Higgins, Limerick City
who attended the old Adoon National School*



Paddy Beirne



Carmel Beirne

Best wishes to Adoon School Reunion, from

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Knowing the train timetable a certain pupil, Pat by name, was dispatched to the gate to give warning when the inspector would appear on the horizon. Very soon Pat returned in a hurry to say, "he's coming". All hands were ordered to "sit up and answer out".

Just then Mick Duignan, Gerrys grandfather passed in an ass and cart on his way from Murphy's shop. Time was passing and still no sign of our visitor. The master grew impatient and excitedly asked Pat how was he coming. "Please sir, he was coming in an ass and cart". Poor Pat was not commended for his detective endeavours! A second emissary was dispatched to return almost immediately with word that a tall well-dressed gentleman with briefcase and umbrella was approaching the gate. For a second time the order to "sit up and answer out", was given. Utter silence prevailed when the stranger entered. As in recent times because of lapse of memory, I can recall no more details of that particular inspection, except how relieved we all were especially the master, when the afternoon train was due.

I have a clear recollection of the 11th of January 1929-the day of the big wind. From early morning the storm raged. None of us was allowed to go to school, except Frank, who wouldn't miss school, the rest of us were easily persuaded to stay home. Luckily few attended that day because about 11:00am after being buffeted for many hours the 52 year old 10ft high brick chimney that rested on the back wall finally yielded to the pressure and keeled over on to the slated roof ending up around the fireplace bringing with it slates, rafters and ceiling. Miraculously nobody was seriously injured but all were in serious shock. However on the brighter side the school was closed for more than a week.

Three years later, further damage was inflicted on our school not by natural forces but by human endeavour. A non-native who worked for a local farmer for some years seemed to have an aversion to politics. He decided to stop the general election of 1932 by

smashing up the school, which would be used as a polling booth. So two nights before the election, with his bare fists he smashed two windows and then attacked the door with his heavy nailed boots. To increase his kicking power, he grasped the door jams with his bleeding hands resulting in bloodstained walls- a reminder of the exodus. However his blood was spilled in vain as the election was held, Fianna Fail got a 16 year term in government and poor Pat got a long rest for his endeavours.

Returning to the road as our playground, the girls entertained themselves with tig and other non-strenuous activity. If they played football they would be dubbed as "tomboys", how times have changed! The boys played football whenever a ball was available, be it a windball, a sponge ball or even scraps of Jasper Tullys' "Roscommon Herald" used as lunch wrappers tied ball shape by pieces of twine. Stones acted as goalposts and we were off without linesmen or referee! Playing in Croke park would not have given us more satisfaction. If no ball was available we organised "boxing matches" as we called them. A certain pair would be designated for Monday, another pair for Tuesday and so on for the week. All contests were fair and sporting bearing no animosity. A contest that never faded from memory was that between Paddy Beirne and Mike Joe Walsh- God rest them both. Barry McGuigan would hate to meet either of them! A more serious confrontation regularly occurred at Dan's Cross on the way home between the Cloones and the Mohills, when dangerous missiles were sometimes used, luckily without serious injuries.

School amenities were crude in our era. Yet we boasted of having running water. That water still runs down Dan's hill into the water table along the road. Boots, feet, hands and faces were washed in this water and when thirsty we drank it. No bacterial or mineral tests in those days!

Best wishes to

Adoon School Re-union

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Irish Night: -

Saturday 11th August



LOCAL MUSICIANS WELCOME

Toilet Facilities were abysmal with two cubicles or "privies" as we called them for the entire school population. No wonder that the boys preferred to irrigate the hedges along the road at lunchtime.

All pupils went barefoot in summer. Quite early in Spring, the tough guys among us competed for the honour of being the first to doff the boots and last to don them in Early winter. Cut toes and very painful stone bruises were regular experiences of the barefoot brigade.

During my term I had experience only of two teachers Charlie Flynn and Madge Sharply, both graded "highly efficient" very dedicated, conscientious, disciplinarians who seldom missed a day. Discipline had to be strict to keep order and make educational progress in such cramped conditions. Inspectors showed no mercy if educational progress was not apparent regardless of numbers or accommodation. Hence we had to "sit up and answer out". We thank those teachers who gave us a good foundation in the three R's and trust that the God Lord has rewarded them for their labours.

MICHAEL REYNOLDS



*Michael, Maureen, James & Frank Reynolds
- Adoon. Photo taken in 1927*



*Micahel Murray, Adoon with
children Michael Murray (junior) Michéal
Murphy, Dublin, Joseph Dwyer, Gorvagh*



Tommy Fisher, Aidan Heeran and Fintan Heeran. [1987]

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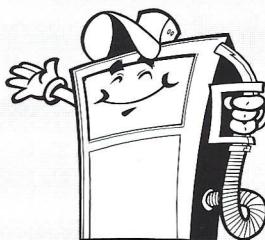
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EDDIE McGARTY

It was May 1936 when I started school. The postman, Johnny Wrynn (R.I.P.) used to come to the school and give us letters to give to our mother (R.I.P.). He had no bicycle. He walked with a black thorn stick. Mrs. Mulligan (R.I.P.) taught junior infants, high infants, first and second class. Master Flynn (R.I.P.) was the teacher of 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th and so on. We had to bring a load of turf to the school for the winter months. Murtha Curran (R.I.P.), a step dancer used to come to the school on and off and that was a good day, he had a fiddle with him and Mrs. Mulligan would play it and he would dance. We enjoyed it and had fun. We got out of school at about half past three.

So confirmation came along. When we had our dinner taken, we had to go to Cloone church, to Father Glancy (R.I.P.) for Catechism. We had to be there around 5 o'clock, myself, Pat

Tiernan (R.I.P.) and John Gannon, now in Manchester. We used to call the road we went the valley of the black pig. We had no boots on and often got our toes cut, but we enjoyed it, we had no other way of getting there. We got an ass one day along the road, but we could not get Pat Tiernan up on the ass, what fun! He used to say, "flute the ass", it was a good laugh, God be with him.

EDDIE MCGARTY.
Adoon.



Michael (Stringer) Reynolds and Family, Michael was part of the Police in the Barracks at Gorvagh (1900 - 1916)

L-R: Stella (nun), Father (r.i.p.), Michael jnr (r.i.p.), Nuala and Mother (r.i.p.).

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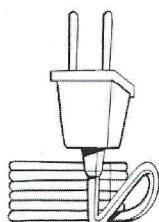
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Noel Reynolds went to school 1915. He was Detective Inspector in Dublin castle, successfully investigated a number of famous crimes including murder cases, which have been recorded in a book on famous Irish murder cases.

Along with him in this picture his sister May a nun in Dominican order, both are dead.



Sean McGarty with dog and Brian McIntyre with turkey coming home from school on the 24th April 1952.



Maggie
(Flynn) Minihan
in Adoon school
in 30's



Seamus Reynolds, Adoon

SR. ELEANORE REMEMBERED

by Paddy & Margaret Flynn

Sr. Eleanore (McGuire), Past Pupil of Adoon National School, died 18th May 2000 at the age of 84. She had 54 years of religious profession as a Little Sister of the Poor. She entered as a Postulant in Dublin and made her Profession on 10th December 1945. On 15th October 1950, Sr. Eleanore made her final Vows at the Motherhouse in France, (La Tour St. Joseph) then left for Newcastle-upon-Tyne. She stayed in that home (St. Joseph's) for more than forty-five years. She was the collecting Little Sister and was very humble and affectionate. She showed great interest in the families, remembering the name of each one. Without doing anything extraordinary, she made a lasting impression on many people by her simplicity and generosity. She prayed constantly for her many friends and benefactors. Her peaceful face seemed to mirror her union with God. In 1994 Sr. Eleanore had to give up the collecting rounds but she continued to help the Little Sisters and residents in the home.

Sr. Eleanore spent her last days in a profound peace, which struck everyone who went to see her. She has gone to her Eternal Home in Heaven, but we hold cherished memories in our hearts of her holidaying in her beloved County Leitrim and our many visits to St. Joseph's Home, Newcastle, especially on the occasion of her Golden Jubilee in 1995 and on her 80th birthday in 1996.

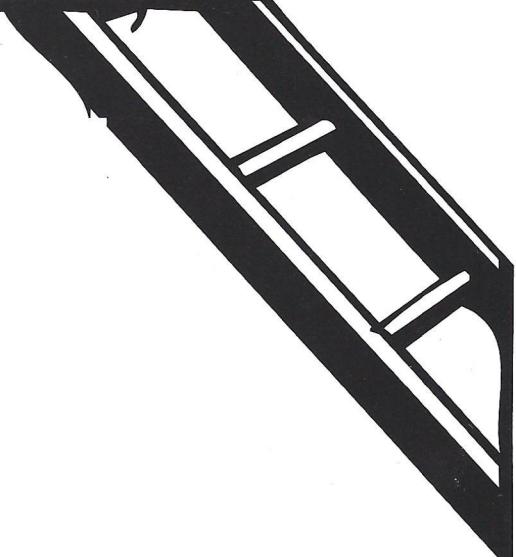
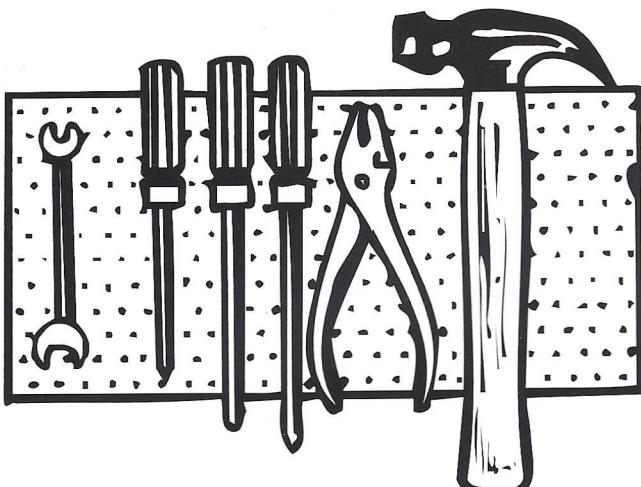
There is much more that could be written about Sr. Eleanore but we think this sums up the saintly life of a wonderful nun and friend.



*Sr. Eleanore
(80th Birthday 1996)*

PATRICK McGARTY, BRIDGE McGARTY & SON FRANK





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MEDICAL ATTENTION AND KEEPING THE HOME FIRES BURNING

The evening prior to the visit of the county Medical officer, Doctor Reynolds, Ballinamore, to our school was given over to washing, scrubbing and ironing clothes in preparation for the medical examination, which the doctor would carry out on all children in the school. The Master and Mistress had made it clear to all of us that even though we might be wearing old clothing we must turn out clean and tidy.

Mam ensured that we were thoroughly washed, that we wore our best gansey and that all our clothes were clean. She brought the seven of us, Teresa, Lena, Annie Joe, Leo, John Joe, Patricia and myself to the school in the horse and trap and, on arrival, there was a line of traps and carts belonging to the other pupils' parents already there. I tied our horse to a bush and entered the school with mam and my brothers and sisters. As pre-school children had also been brought, there was plenty of screaming and shouting.

It was strange to see all the mothers and fathers in the school as we were used to seeing only the children and teachers there. The doctor and nurse in their white coats examined each child in turn in the mistress's end of the school and inoculated them against diphtheria. Most of the children screamed when they got the injection and their parents tried to pacify them. When my turn came, Doctor Reynolds examined me all over and inoculated me in the right arm. Although it was painful I did not cry. He looked down my throat, declared that I had enlarged tonsils and told my mam that I would have to get them removed.

Some weeks later Mam received notification for me to attend Mohill hospital for this operation. I had heard that one of my classmates, Eddie McGarty, was also going to the hospital at the same time as me for a similar operation and as I had never been in hospital previously, I was glad that Eddie would be there to keep me company. When the appointed day arrived, I was admitted to the hospital and put into a large bed that had railings on it like a child's cot. Eddie was in a bed like mine alongside me and I was glad to see him there. There were about twelve other beds in the ward with boys and men in them.

The next morning a nurse got me out of bed and put me lying on a trolley which she wheeled out from the ward and into the operating theatre. A chloroform mask was placed upon my face and I got a peculiar smell from it and tried to push it away. The nurse told me to keep still for a moment and that is all I remember.

Some hours later I awoke in bed with a nurse standing over me. My throat and mouth were very sore and I felt sick. The nurse told me my tonsils had been removed and that I would be better again after a couple of days. Eddie had also undergone his operation and he was back in the bed near me.

Mam and my brothers and sisters visited me. They stood around me but I was unable to reply on account of my sore throat. Master Flynn also visited Eddie and I. He told us that we had our tonsils taken out at the right time when we were young and reassured us that we would soon be better and back at home and at school. The matron, Mrs. Mitchell, who was a native of Cloone parish, came to our beds very often to see us. Eddie and I liked her and the other nurses, they were all very good to us.

A man who was a patient in the ward directly opposite my bed had a bandage around his neck and there was a Garda sitting by his bedside. The patient's arms were strapped to the bed. I

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was informed that he was dangerous and that he tried to kill himself, but I was not afraid, as I knew the Garda would not let him harm anybody in the ward. The Garda came to my bedside often. He talked to me and told me funny stories. He said his name was Joe Stack, and that he was a native of County Kerry and that he was stationed in Mohill. He also told me that part of the hospital was originally the old workhouse, that catered for people suffering the effects of famine fever and starvation as a result of the failure of the potato crops during the late 1840's. He said that hundreds of people who died in the workhouse are buried in paupers' graves in Bully's acre adjacent to the hospital.

When the school re-opened after the Easter break our shoes were discarded and we walked to school in bare feet. The shoes were not worn again to school until the following September.

One of the highlights of the summer holidays was the day I and a number of my school pals drew home Master Flynn's turf with our asses and carts from the Gorvagh bog, a distance of about one mile. In preparation my brothers Leo, John Joe and I washed the cart, greased the axle spindles, made sure that the shoeing bands on the wheels were tight, oiled and mended the harness as necessary and gave the ass a good brushing down. If he needed to be shod I brought him to Frank "the smithy" Reynolds at his forge at Gorvagh. I wanted my ass and cart to look as good, if not better, than any of the others in the convoy on that special day.

We assembled near Master Flynn's turf bank at nine o'clock in the morning and lined up our asses and carts by the turf clamps. As each cart was filled, the two men and the lad in charge of the ass and cart headed off to the Master's house where two other men emptied each cart and pitched the turf into the shed. The loads came fast and frequent and by about four o'clock the job was completed. The asses were then taken out from under the carts, fed and watered.

The master invited us into his house for dinner and we sat around tables in the kitchen eagerly awaiting the meal. His wife Mary and children Brid, Cathal and Eilish served the food and before long we were tucking into a delicious dinner. Afters included sections of honey taken directly from the beehives in the master's garden.

When we had filled ourselves with the gorgeous food we all headed for Sean Murphy's field, formed two teams and played a game of Gaelic football with Master Flynn acting as referee. The craic was mighty and as dusk began to close in, the game came to an end and we harnessed the asses again to reach home before darkness fell. Aside from being a day to remember, the Master gave us our schoolbooks free of charge for the following year as compensation. That day in September prior to the re-opening of the school was one I looked forward to with great enthusiasm every summer.

There was one fireplace in Adoon School in which a fire was lit. To keep the fire burning each household whose children attended had to send an ass-cartload of turf maybe once or twice a year to the school. When the master announced that it was the turn of the Higgins family to bring the turf, my brothers and I spent that evening getting the ass and cart ready and selecting the best turf in the shed. We piled the turf high in the cart over the sideboards and covered the load with mealbags to prevent any falling out.

I would be excused for being late going to school that day. With the help of a few other boys I unloaded the turf into the turf box in the porch and piled it high up to the ceiling. Then I took the ass from under the cart and, after removing the harness tied him to a tree in the corner of the schoolyard with a bag of hay for him to eat. Going home that evening school pals piled into the cart with the result that the poor ass had a heavier load to draw than he had on the way to school.

Dymphna Butler

~ Salmon Leap ~

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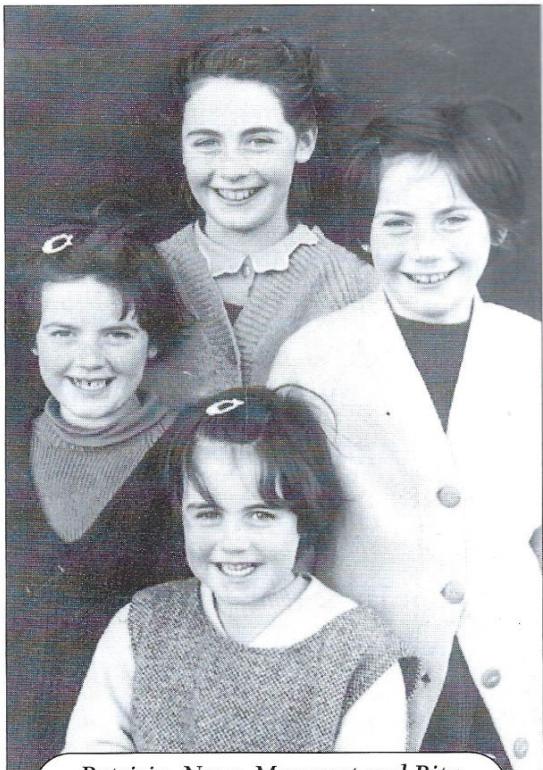
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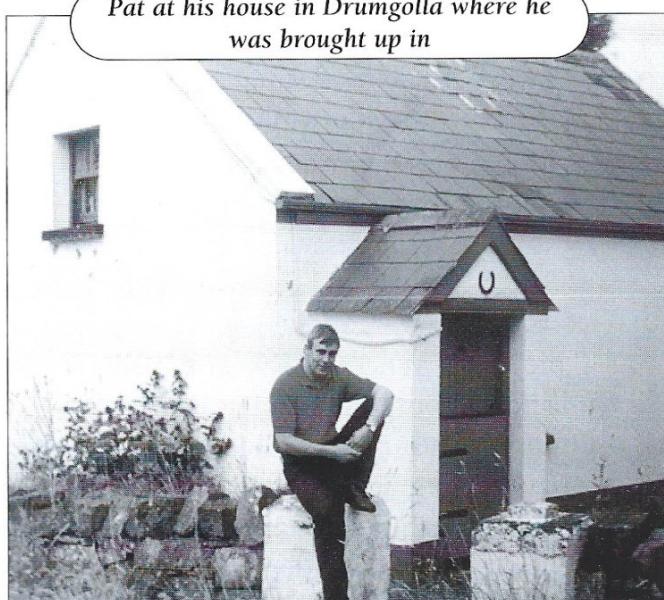




Back: l to r, Joe Harte, Kathleen Harte (Clarke) R.I.P; Front Martina Harte (Ward)



Patricia, Nora, Margaret and Rita Donnelly, Drumgowla



Pat at his house in Drumgowla where he was brought up in



Rosemary and Pat Donnelly

LIFE IN THE ADOON AREA IN THE 1930's & 1940's

Those of us who lived in the vicinity of Adoon school in the late thirties and early forties grew up in a peaceful, happy-go-lucky environment. Money was scarce in the Leitrim of that era, yet looking back, no-one seemed to bemoan the fact that their lifestyles were limited in any way. There was a free and easy atmosphere in which one made the most of whatever they had and the memories of that time are happy ones.

The main form of transport was the train which travelled through the countryside picking up and depositing passengers at many of the small stations which dotted the countryside. This was a narrow-gauge train from which, at Dromod, passengers could transfer to the larger train for the onward journey to Dublin. Throughout the countryside everyone seemed to have a bicycle to take them from place to place and of course the ass and cart or trap were in constant use. There were a few hackney cars to be hired on important occasions.

Life seemed to revolve around the local country shop where neighbours could meet and chat. Murphy's of Gorvagh was the local shop and Tommy Kelly's horse-drawn travelling shop also supplied the basic needs of the people. Murphy's, at Christmas time, was a very busy place. As they were Egg and Poultry exporters, the buying and selling of turkeys started a few weeks before Christmas. Pluckers were employed to do the plucking and so some necessary extra money could be earned at that time by the local men and boys.

Another great gathering place was the local forge - then the property of Frank Reynolds or the Smithy as he was usually known. He regaled his customers with stories and one could hear the laughter coming from the forge as he tapped away on his anvil until late each evening. He was one of the many good characters who are now sadly absent from the country areas throughout Ireland.

Doctors from Mohill attended the local Dispensary (a building which was provided by Lord Leitrim) - a service which was welcomed by all. The Dispensary has also been razed to the ground - another landmark gone from the area. The local hall was the centre for entertainment, especially during the Winter months. Variety concerts and plays were produced each year and many talented local people took part in these performances. The hall has recently been renovated as a fine Community Centre which shows that the community in the Gorvagh area is aware of the need for such a facility. The local post-office was managed by the Wrynn family and only recently closed - another great service removed from the people.

The most important building in the community was of course, the Church which stood and still stands on the top of the hill at Gorvagh. This small church was the centrepiece of life in the early part of the century and still is to this day.

Roads in the Adoon area were very poor - rough and stony - and punctured tyres were the order of the day. Yet the teachers in the school cycled to work every day no matter what the weather was like. Most of the children walked to school, at least until they got older and could ride a bicycle. Rehearsal for Confirmation meant visits to Cloone by the class - by bicycle of course. This was enjoyed by all, except on one occasion when an unfortunate hen ran across the road at the wrong time and got entangled in the spokes of a bicycle. Whether she survived or not is unknown but the cyclist, thankfully, was unhurt. The trips to Cloone also involved a visit to Maggie Mitchell's shop for much needed refreshment after the arduous journey!

Radios were very scarce in the Adoon and Gorvagh areas at that time. People gathered into houses where there was a radio to hear the football matches on Sundays.

There was a very friendly atmosphere on these occasions and indeed on the occasions when people went on a 'ceili' to each others houses and passed away a few pleasant hours chatting and talking.

Young men met after work each evening at the local crossroads to while away an hour or two throwing skittles or playing marbles. The Mill farm was the scene for many a rough-and-tumble football match on a summer's evening. Yes, there was no sign of boredom among the youth of those years.

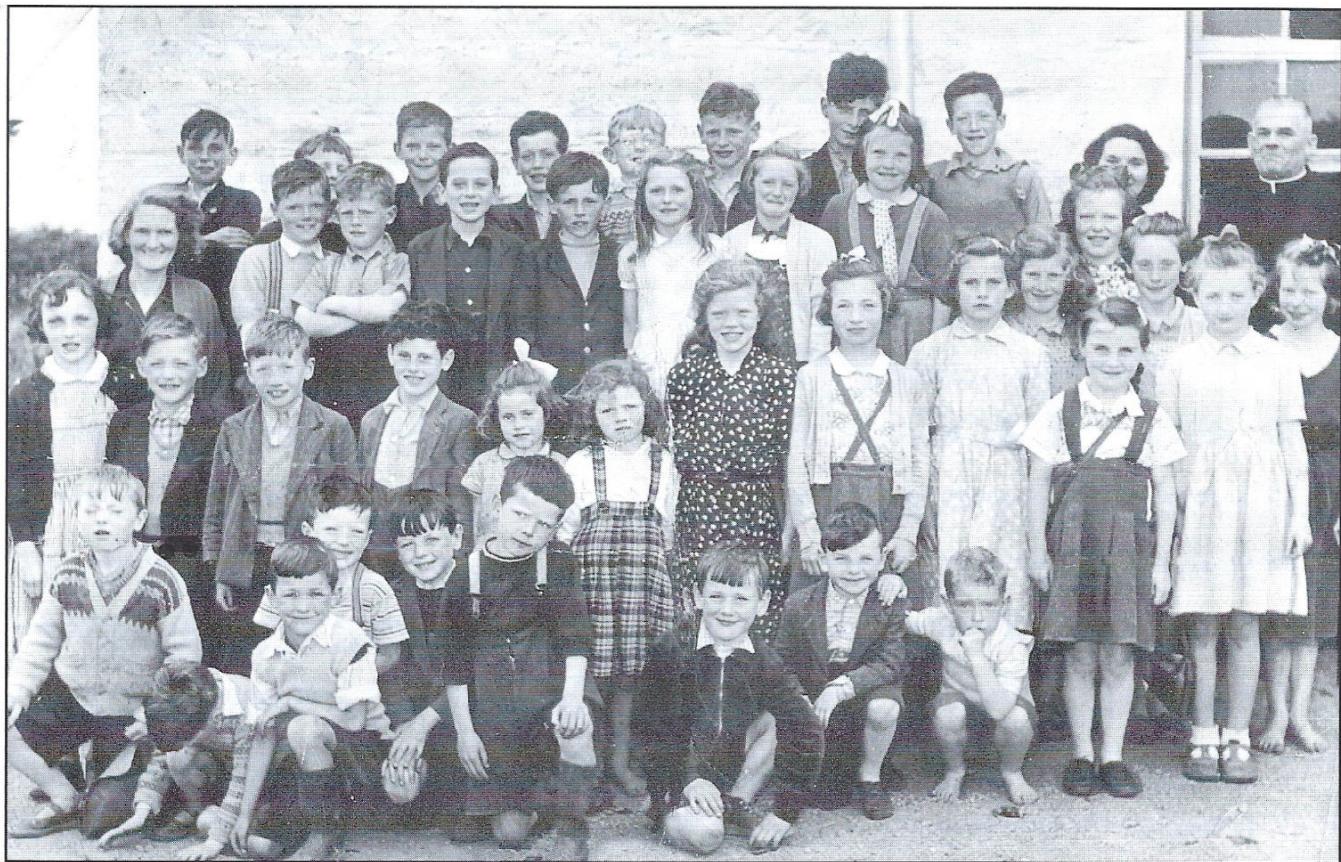
The war years passed us by almost unnoticed - at least by the children. Rationing didn't seem to bother the young people and there was always plenty to eat. Most people grew their own vegetables and almost every

family kept poultry so there was always food on the table.

Unfortunately, many of the young boys and girls who attended Adoon school at that time were destined for emigration. Work was scarce and so, many went abroad to earn a living. Thankfully all of them have fared very well abroad and have not forgotten their roots in Leitrim.

The re-union will hopefully bring together many who have not met for half a century or more as well as those who attended the school more recently. All will have their own personal stories to tell of life in a small country school and in a quiet corner of County Leitrim.

BRID O'REILLY



ADOON NATIONAL SCHOOL 1958

Back Row: Tommy McCaffrey r.i.p., Declan Reynolds, Joe Tiernan, Liam Tubman, Ciaran Moran, Mel Reynolds, Seamus Reynolds, Michael Duignan, Mrs. McTague, Fr. P. Moran r.i.p.

3rd Row: Mrs. Moran, Joe Beirne, Gerard Duignan, Terence McCaffrey, Paddy Beirne, Carmel Beirne, Doreen Moran, Lizzie Tiernan r.i.p., Teresa Tiernan.

2nd Row: Margaret Dowd, Martin Dowd, Phil Fitzpatrick, Jim Harte, Eileen Harte, Bernadette Beirne, Eileen Duignan, Anna Fitzpatrick, Mary Tiernan, Eleanor Canning, Mary Harte, Marcella Reynolds, Bella Fox, Gertie Tiernan.

Front Row: Michael Tubman, Michael Murray, Padraig Monaghan, Mel Duignan, Joe McCaffrey, Michael Tiernan, Niall Reynolds, Danny Reynolds, Johnny McCaffrey.

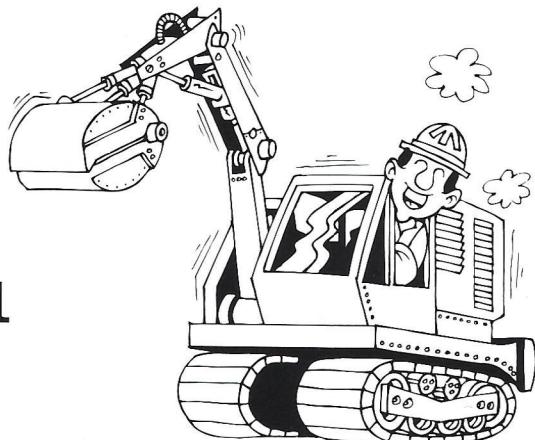
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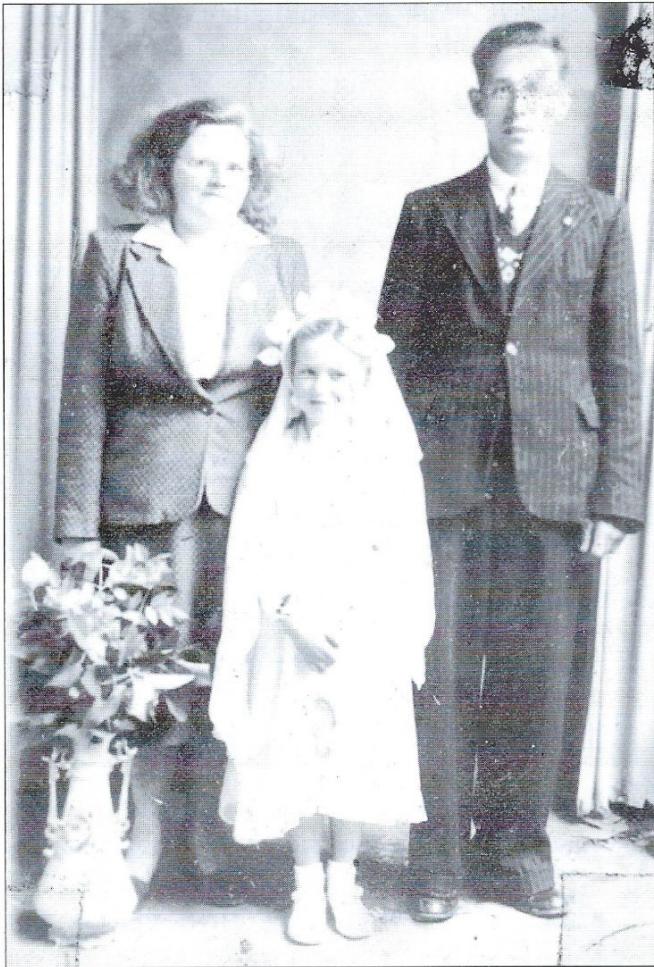


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*Wishing every success and good luck to
Adoon School Reunion*

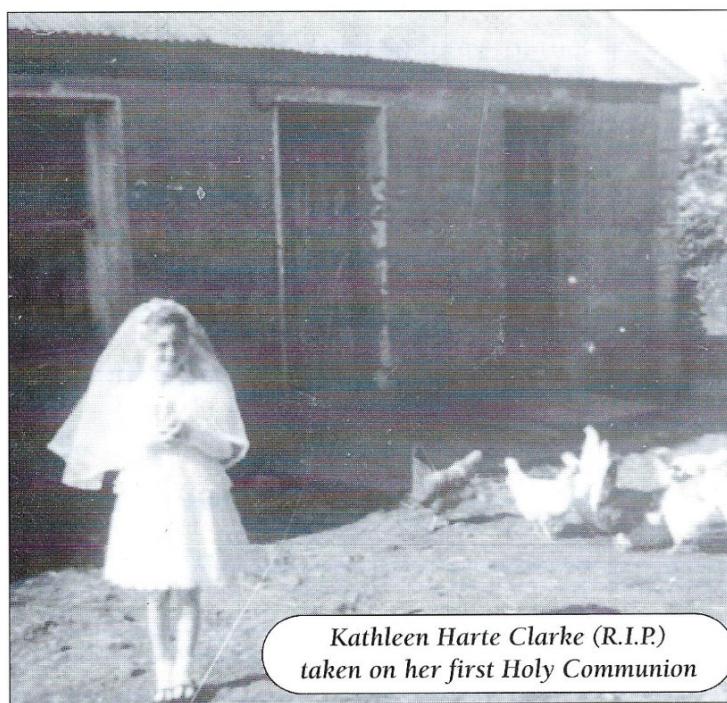
MEMORIES OF COMMUNION & CONFIRMATION



Philomena Beirne pictured here with her parents Paddy and Nan Beirne on the day of her First Holy Communion.



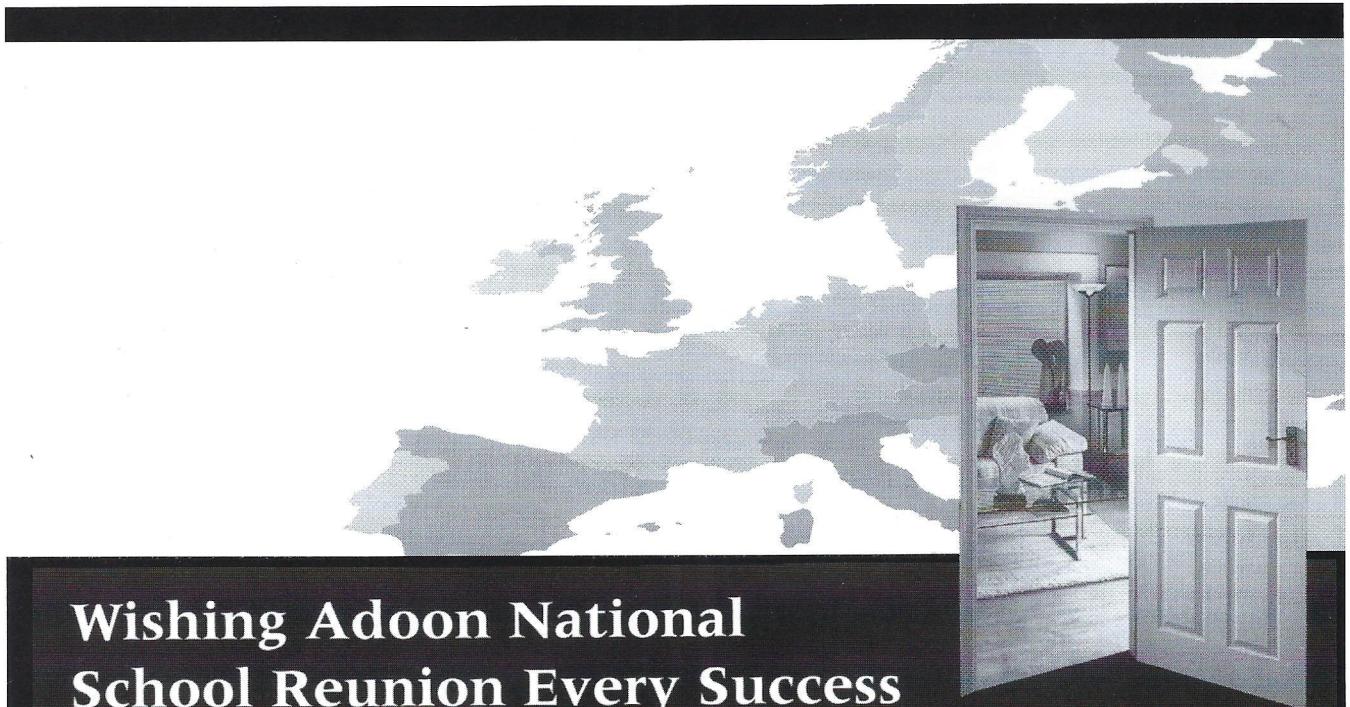
Terry Gannon, Drumbore
Holy Communion



Kathleen Harte Clarke (R.I.P.)
taken on her first Holy Communion



Michéal
O'Airt
- Photo
taken on
First Holy
Communion



**Wishing Adoon National
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THE TEACHERS, THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE

Our clock had stopped working and because of the Second World War we could neither get it repaired nor purchase a replacement. It was the only clock we had. We were obliged to rely upon the passing trains to give us an indication of the time to rise in the mornings for school. When the clock changed forward an hour from winter time to summer time, our schools starting and finishing times only changed by half an hour. This could have been a source of confusion but the passing train was our guide and it proved reliable.

Paddy Thomas and Joe McCabe worked on the railway line keeping it maintained and safe for the trains. They travelled and carried their tools by means of a hand propelled bogie. As a train approached they dismantled the bogie, lifted it from the line and replaced it again once the train had passed. I often wished I could get a jaunt on it but unfortunately never did.

Occasionally on the way home from school I stopped to watch Paddy and Joe hammer the dogs into the sleepers to secure the iron rails or lever up the rails with crowbars to add more stones beneath and prevent them from sinking under the weight of the trains. They told me tales about the railway and advised me to always close gates after me when I have to cross the line. There was a notice on one of the gates stating "any person who omits to shut and fasten this gate is liable to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings". That was a very substantial amount of money in those days.

From time to time the master, who was affectionately known as Master Charlie, asked me to call to his brother Frank Flynn's bookshop in Mohill, on Saturday or after second mass on Sunday to collect a parcel of copybooks and take it with me to school on Monday morning. He always gave me the money to pay for the copybooks and a few pence over and above for myself.

Frank Flynn always talked to me when I called and asked me how his brother Charlie was treating me. He was glad to hear me say that I

was getting on well with my teachers. He spoke about his upbringing at Selton, near where a monument stands commemorating six men killed by the black and tans during the troubles. He told me that his brother Charlie was one of those arrested afterwards and questioned about the incident. I never heard Master Charlie speak about it.

Whenever I attended Gaelic football matches at Selton hill I usually visited the monument and tried to read the Irish language inscription on the base in an effort to understand what was happening in the locality during that time.

I have happy memories of the years I attended Adoon school. Mrs. Madge Mulligan and Master Charlie Flynn gave me a good basic education and prepared me for the difficulties of life ahead. In reflecting on their qualities and efforts the following lines of Oliver Goldsmith's poem "the Deserted village" come to mind:

*Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,*



Mrs Madge Mulligan, Teacher

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*There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
While words of learned length
and thund'ring sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.*

Charlie went to his eternal reward in the year 1956 about two months before my mam's death. May God reward them for their endeavours.

The school closed its doors for the last time in September 1964. The solid stone walled building still stands largely intact except that the window frames have decayed and the slated roof has been replaced by galvanised iron. "Adoon national school, A.D. 1877" is engraved in the stone plaque embedded at the gable end of the porch and clearly visible from the roadway. The smooth flagstone outside the entrance door, which was so comforting to step on in bare feet after having walked the rough gravel road from Curraun, is still there. The thumb-latch that was handled by so many children over the years opening and closing the door still serves

the same purpose. The building stands as a monument to all those who passed through its classrooms before taking their different pathways in life. Many of them have now passed on.

The words of Charlie Kingsleys poem "young and old" sum up the situation:

*When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.
When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young.*

Gerard Higgins

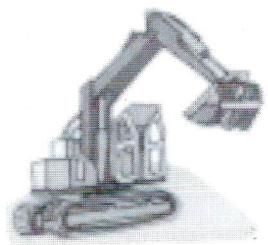


Mrs McGrath, Teacher

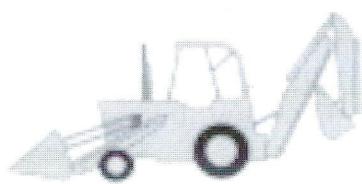
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THE EGG STAFF



Photo taken outside Shawn Murphy's Egg Store about 40 years ago!
Back Row (L-R): Shawn Murphy r.i.p., Tommy Wrynn, Michael Murray,
Lizzie Monaghan (nee Bohan), Liam Murphy r.i.p., Maggie O'Neill.
Front Row (L-R): Jack Murphy r.i.p., Packie Joe Fox r.i.p., Fergus Duffy r.i.p., James Wrynn r.i.p

MY TIME AS A TEACHER IN ADOON SCHOOL

I was appointed Assistant teacher in Adoon old school on 1st July 1957. This was one year after my father - Charles Flynn (former Principal in the school) - died. May he Rest In Peace. Thomas Lyons was Principal at the time. The following September, when Thomas Lyons did not return to continue his position as Principal in Adoon, the Parish Priest of Cloone, Fr. Boylan, offered the post to Mrs. Moran but, as she had too many commitments at the time, she declined the position.

Fr. Boylan then offered the position of Principal to me. After much thought, I accepted the offer. I still had to obtain my Diploma which meant two Inspector's report on my work and this meant very hard work for a newly appointed teacher as well as the responsibilities of being Principal. Another event which was due the following year was Confirmation which was administered every three years. So I had to prepare pupils in 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th classes for Confirmation. As the numbers were large, it was a real challenge for me and thankfully I was able to cope with it at the time.

I had never seen a Roll-Book during my years in training college. Luckily, my sister Bríd (who was also a teacher) was my guiding light as regards the maintenance of registers, roll-books etc., until I could manage everything myself.

I remember Fr. Glancy coming to the school to examine the children who were being prepared for Confirmation. Now, I had spent many days trying to teach the difference between fast days and days of abstinence. This was very hard for young children to understand. Of course, this was the very subject that Fr. Glancy decided to pick for his examination. It proved to be a complete disaster and he got really angry with the children. All I could do was to hurry off down to the corner of the room and pretend to be tidying books on the shelves. Fr. Glancy gave up after some time and all settled down. Somehow we got through Confirmation that year.

Some time later, the Inspector came for my final Diploma exam and it was with great relief that I became a fully qualified teacher. My teaching career continued with the occasional visit from the Department of Education's Inspectors. One such visit sticks out in my memory. At the time G.A.A. in Leitrim was on an upsurge and Leitrim footballers were doing very well - in 1958 I think it was. I had the fire lit and the children were settling down to work. I felt I just had to have a quick peek at the Leitrim Observer to read the write-up on the recently-played match. I had the Observer spread all over the big table in the classroom when in marched Mr. McCormack - the area Inspector who lived in Monaghan. Luckily for me he was also a football fan and congratulated me on Leitrim's win. He was a very understanding man!

Life in Adoon school went on like this for many years. Mrs. Moran was the Assistant in the school and each evening she had to wait for her husband to collect her (he was also a teacher) and I usually waited with her until his arrival. One evening, as we waited, a huge rat ambled out from under Mrs. Moran's press looking for food. I can tell you there was a hasty exit out the door and the next day poison was laid for him. There were many such encounters with rats in the old school. Although we worked in very primitive conditions we were happy and contented with our lot. We did the best we could without modern aids such as computers, television, photocopiers and all the other amenities which primary school children enjoy to-day.

There was a great rejoicing when we moved to the new school. It was such a change - it seemed like heaven. We had indoor toilets, electricity, cloakrooms and wash hand basins. The only drawback was the terrible heating system. The stoves were almost impossible to light and so it was often lunchtime before the rooms got warm. Molly Canning, who worked in Murphy's shop often gave me broken orange boxes and when these were soaked in paraffin in the drip from the oil tank, they helped to get the fires going. Mickey Murray (R.I.P.) who also worked in Murphy's used to smuggle some bits of timber to us to help light the coal which he delivered to the school. Many a prayer I said for them both. Teachers and pupils often had to keep their coats on until lunchtime because of the heating problem but, otherwise, the new school was a vast improvement on the old one in which so many had received their education despite the lack of proper facilities.

Mrs. Moran later moved to Cloone school and she was replaced as Assistant by Mrs. Madden and we worked happily together for a number of years. In 1971, Mrs. Madden transferred to Cloone and Mrs. McGrath was appointed to the vacancy in Adoon. After three happy years teaching together the decrease in numbers attending the school meant that it became a one-teacher school.

In February 1976, the school was amalgamated with the central school in Cloone. It was a sad day for pupils and teacher alike. I had spent twenty-eight years as pupil and teacher in Adoon school. It was the end of an era for the building as a school. Later it was purchased and renovated to make a pleasant family summer home. I hope the new owners are as happy there as I was for so many years.

EILISH MCTEAGUE



THE LAST PUPILS OF ADOON NEW SCHOOL

Front Row, L to r: Michael McCaffrey, Martina Harte, Mary Tiernan, Sharon Monaghan, Sheila Heenan, Fiona Heenan, Shane Mohaghan, Barry Heenan. Middle row: Tracy Monaghan, Caroline Heenan, Cathal Heenan, Tony Barden, Noel Heenan, Aidan Heenan, Fintan Heenan. Back Row: Padraig Reynold, Francis McTaigue, Pat Heenan, Mona Barden, Joe Harte. Teacher: Mrs McTaigue

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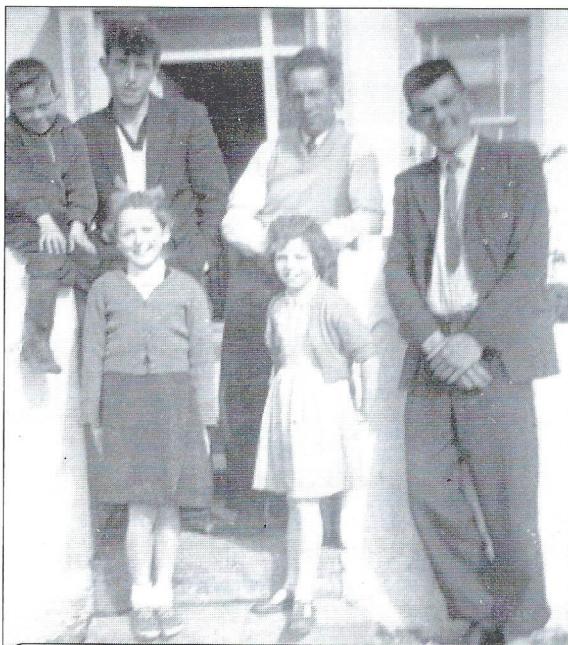
MEMORIES OF COMMUNION & CONFIRMATION



Annie J.
and Gerald P.
Higgins, Curraun,
on the occasion of
their Confirmation
in
Saint Mary's
Church, Cloone,
on 9th April 1944.



Margaret Harmon - Confirmation Day



Tommy Beirne, Joe Hardigan,
Paddy Beirne (R.I.P.), Joseph Moran,
Carmel & Bernadette Beirne. [1961]



Ellen Barry & Anne Judge



From left: Maureen Canning, Lizzy Bohan, Breda Canning,
Josie Bohan, Tess Canning, Philomena Beirne [1956]



Fr. Frank Reynolds,
Lincoln, Nebraska, USA



Tess Canning [1953]



Breen McIntyre



Margaret Harmon &
Collette Moran [1961]



Teresa, John and Mary Tiernan. [1993]

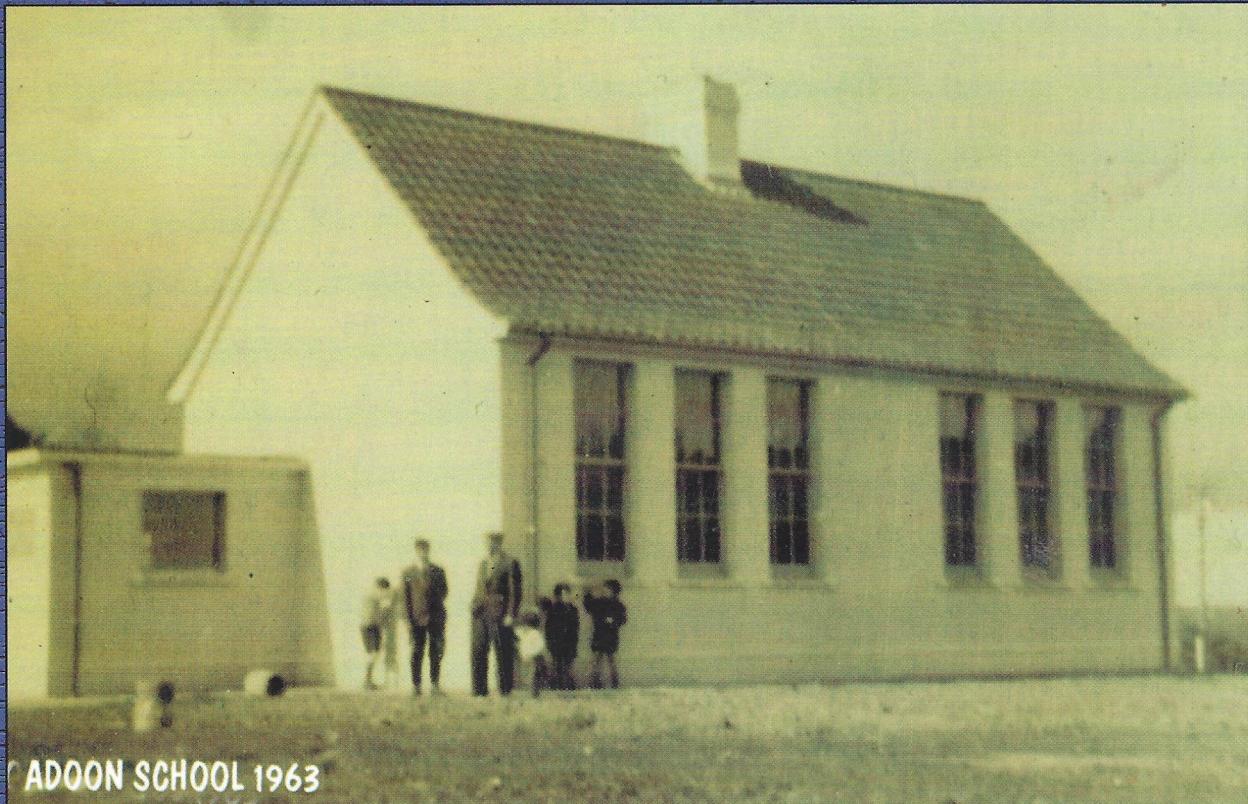


Paddy McIntyre

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New School



Old School